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## DORA MOORE.

### OR—

## THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

### CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

She procured a soft linen cloth, and wetting it in warm water, sponged him all over. He was soon asleep, and very quiet, while Dora, sitting on a stool at his side, laid her head on the straw and slept too.

In three or four days, the nature of the disease was very evident. And now poor Dora had a hard time. She scarcely allowed herself to sleep night or day, and had it not been for the occasional assistance of Dennis, the little girl would have sunk under her burden, for Biddy declared she had more than she could do with her own, "without heeding other folks sick grails."

Jemmy's head and face were swollen, and for some days and nights, he could not open his eyes. Close by his cot sat the patient watcher, hushing as well as she was able the noise of the other children, and soothing with kind words, and little songs the suffering Jemmy. Dennis Murphy would sometimes leave his work and come in, to relieve Dora. "Ye're my own flesh and blood," he would say, "and ye shall not suffer, so there I lie down on my bed and take a sleep, and I'll watch Jemmy." He would carry the sick child in his arms and tell him stories until he, too, fell asleep, and leaving them both in the cabin he joined his wife in the field again.

But the fever was in Killaloe, and many a house was filled with the sick and dying. Dennis was a strong hearty man, and as he just then had a plenty of work, not a very common occurrence, he was busy from morning till night, not having one fear of the prevailing disease. It was a warm day in midsummer, he came in at noon for his dinner. The potatoes were boiled, and Biddy poured them into a basket, and the family gathered around the table.

"Have ye a cup of tay?" said Dennis to his wife.

She handed him the teapot and he prepared a cup for Jemmy, adding a biscuit which he had bought for the child.

"There take a sup yourself," he said as he handed it to Dora, "ye look pale and weary, and it will do ye good; and Biddy, mavourneen, fix some more for me, and make it strong, my head is like to split with the pain in it."

Biddy did as she was bid, and made no objections to any little additions to the sick child's comfort, for he had laid all day like one in the stupor of death. She thought he could live but few hours longer, and that subdued feeling, which the approach of death always produces, was mingled in her case, with self-reproach. She even joined Dora in her watch by Jemmy. It was now three weeks since he was laid on that bed; his face so plump and ruddy then, wore now the pallor of death, it was thin and wan with suffering, the eyes were sunken, opening only now and then, to be sure that "Dodo" was near; the little wan hand lay in that of his sister, but he had not strength to press hers. He drew his breath slowly, and Dora's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him.

"And do ye think he will die, aunty?"

"May be not. I'll fix some whiskey and sugar in warm water, and it will put the life into him."

Dora fed him a little, and he seemed better. In a few minutes Dennis came in.

"I'm shure the devil is in my poor head, and not a bit of work can I do, this blessed day for the thumping and knocking he keeps up. I'll rest a bit on the bed."

He threw himself down, but he could not sleep, and all night he lay in great distress. He had had the small pox, so there was no apprehension of that disease, but when morning came and Biddy saw the flushed face, and felt the hot breath and beating pulse, she knew too well, that the dreaded fever had come into her cabin. At first she was almost distracted, tearing her hair, and rocking herself to and fro exclaiming:

"Oh, then, and its bad luck we have. Yah, aowah, magree, and we'll sup sorrow now. The Lord have mercy on us—Oh Dennis, my boy, its the fever ye have."

He heeded her not, for he was tossing restlessly about, his mind wandering, and his fever very high. Throwing her apron over her head, Biddy continued her wailing. Soon a soft hand was laid on hers.

"Oh, aunty, and shure ye wont blame the good God, who sends the trouble. See Jemmy, he sleeps sweetly, he's better, only very wake, indeed, and we'll nurse Uncle Dennis, and he'll be himself again."

"Och and its the fever, Dora, ye don't know—taint the small pox—folk don't die much with that, but its the raging fever, it's truly."

Little Dora [did know too well, the danger, for she remembered how soon it had sent her father to the grave. She stood still a moment, as if in doubt what to do, and then said in a low voice, "And maybe the docther can cure him, may I go call him?"

"Yes, yes," said Biddy, a sudden hope breaking in upon her, forgetful for the moment that she had refused this aid to Dora, in her need.

Dora needed no second bidding, and in half an hour the doctor was at the bedside. It was a bad case, but he did what he could. "The fever must have its run," he said to Biddy, "follow my directions and we'll hope for the best." He looked at Jemmy "Poor child!" he said, "he's had a hard time of it, and ye mustn't let him take cold."

This last direction was somewhat difficult to follow. Poor Dennis was burning with fever, and must have air. Jemmy was chilly and needed warmth. To make matters worse, it rained, the thatch leaked, and there was scarcely a spot in the cabin perfectly dry. It required all Biddy's time to attend to her husband and the care of the children fell upon Dora, in addition to her sick brother.

For many days the strong man lay in the delirium of the fever, and poor Biddy anxiously watched "the turning." Alas! that time never came. He died suddenly, one night, all unconscious himself of the approach of death. Loud and long were Biddy's lamentations, and dark indeed, was that cabin, the rain poured, and the wind beat against the thin wall, and on the thatch scattering it in all directions. The earthen floor was soaked, and the few articles which Dora could procure, were not sufficient to protect poor Jemmy from being wetted. The dead man lay in one corner, Biddy sat mourning on a stool by the turf fire, with her children hanging to her gown, and Dora lay by the side of Jemmy trying, with her own body, to shield him from the chilly rain.

The neighbors were kind, as Irish neighbors always are, but for three days, the cabin was one scene of confusion, then came, according to custom, the wake for the dead. During this time little Jemmy did not gain in strength, he had evidently taken cold, and cried much with pain in his head. His eyelids swelled again, so that he could not open them, and like all children recovering from disease, he was very fretful. Biddy was absorbed in her own sorrow, and Dora, worn out with watching and grief, sometimes gave way to weeping.

She sat in a dark corner and cried, when she thought of her mother, and the old times at home. Cheer up little one, you will need all the courage of your brave little heart. The time for Uncle Mike's return had come and gone without Dora's seeing him, for she could not leave the cabin to meet him by the great rock. She had hoped he would come to see her, and on that hope her heart had fed many days. He would have done so, but on inquiring, he learned that Jemmy was better, and that there was fever at the cabin, so he went on his way. Jemmy again rallied, his face was pale, but the swelling had subsided, and he became more quiet.

"Dodo, all dark," he cried one morning, "open door Dodo! open door!"

"The door is open, darlint, see, aowah, see the sun dances on the floor," and she took him in her lap, and pointed to the bright spot, and to the clear sun shine without.

"All dark Dodo," all dark," "open door," he again exclaimed moving restlessly about.

"See darlint, see," cried his sister, "see the green pratie vines, and look, look! the daisies are laughing in the grass." But again came that plaintive cry:

"All dark Dodo," all dark," "open door Dodo!"

Dora rose, lifted him up and looked earnestly into his eyes. She could see nothing wrong but he now held out his little thin hand imploringly.

"Where Dodo! Jemmy no see Dodo!"

The little hand was then laid upon his sister's face, he stroked it, felt of her eyes, her nose, her mouth, and then smiled faintly.

"Dodo," he said and put his lips to her cheek.

"Yes its Dodo, don't ye see Dodo darlint?"

"Me no see Dodo, Dodo here," and again he laid his face to hers, and nestled closely there "All dark, Dodo," and his arms hung around her neck with a tighter grasp.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Dora in an agony of apprehension. She laid Jemmy down on the bed, and going to her aunt who sat rocking herself to and fro in an old chair. "Aunty, Jemmy can't see me, nor the sunlight, nor the praties out there."

"Then Dora its the small-pox has taken the light out of his eyes, as it did out of Mark the fiddler's, he took the disease when he was a baby and niver a bit of a sunlight has he disarned since. Och! and its the trouble I have entirely, and why didn't God take the poor little scrawl, that'll be nothing but a burden, and lave me my Dennis? Troth and I've supped trouble enough!" and she threw her apron over her face, and turned away.

Poor Dora sunk down upon the floor of the cabin, her hands crossed on her lap, and her eyes turned to Jemmy's bed. She shed no tears; this sudden sorrow had stupified her—but there she sat, still as marble, her face almost as white and

rigid, and thus she remained all a moan from Jemmy recalled her to herself. She sprung to his side, lay down upon the bed, closed him in her arms, and when his hand was again passed over her face, and he fell asleep, assured Dodo was near, then came the bitter tears. She lay and wept, but the tears were good for her little breaking heart.

### CHAPTER VI.

NEWS FROM AMERICA—THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

It was the potato harvest in Ireland, and all over the country the laborers were busy on their little patches of land gathering their winter food. Alas! they had little reward for their toil—the rot which had commenced two years before, now threatened to be more serious than ever. The peasantry were discouraged, and despair entered many hearts.

It was a rainy morning when a little ragged barefooted girl, too scantily clad for the weather, but with her soft brown hair smoothly combed, entered the Post Office at Killaloe. "And please sir, is there a letter from Ameriky to Dennis Murphy?"

It was that same voice that for many weeks had made that inquiry; it was sweet, but plaintive, for it was toned by a heart made sad by hope deferred.

The kind postman looked over his bundles, "Troth and I'm not sure, for there sartinly was some from Ameriky in the mail this very morning," and as he spoke he shuffled over a pack of nondescript missives, of all sizes and shapes, and of somewhat difficult chirography. Dora's eyes were fixed on them as if she longed to see for herself—he stopped at one thick letter "Cornelius farrel." Didn't some of those Farrels go out in the same ship wid the widow Moore—

"Yes, yes," said Dora eagerly, "maybe there's a letter in there, please open and see."

"No, no, Honey, I'm the post master, and I no be for dishonoring myself that way, but here's John Caffee, Cornelius' brother, maybe he'd venture."

He was called in from amid a group of idlers at the door. "And is it me that's got the letter from Ameriky did ye say?"

"Not you, but your sister's husband that is, Cornelius."

"Bedad its the same," said Dora, "and it upon the quick, for the boys are want to hear the news."

No letter dropped out for Dora, but she stood close to the tall, rough looking man, looking eagerly up to hear the letter, hoping some news from her mother. The reader was unaccustomed to epistolary correspondence, and could have hoed an acre of potatoes with as much ease as decipher the letter. It was long, and the words came with jerks. It was something like riding over a western corduroy road. It took at least an hour, but patiently were the little girl's blue eyes turned to the reader, waiting for one word, just the one word from mother.

We give the letter to the reader as it was written:

Detroit October 22th 1851.

My dear friend Cornelius farrel and family & Mrs Coffey & family, I teak the pleasure of Sinding you these few lines hoping to find all of you in as good a state of health as this leaves me and all the rest of my family at present thanks Be to god for his mercy. now my dear friends I am happy to inform you that we arrived safe being only 6 weeks from the day I left home until I landed in detroit where I met my own friends which was not a place of hunger nor starvation thanks Be to the lord for my blessing, my dear friends to tell the truth about my friends here and of the country I see that Every thing is to be pressed by giving Every one its own du. the friend are doing well and in good health and the country cannot Be Beat in the whole world unless By amans own fault By drinking or otherwise to leasy to work where a man can Earn 7 shillings per day here now, in sum places 8c. and by Jobing this Season of the year around the Stores & docks his pay will be from 10 to 15 cents per hour. 100 cents makes 1 dollar that is 8 shillings of our currency. prices of provisions By the 100 lbs pork 5 dollars now it Sells Sum times for 3 dollars beef from 3 to 4 dollars per 100 lbs 100 lbs maiks one hundred wt here Butter 1 shilling per lb potatoes Sumtimes Sells for 2 shillings they sell now for 4 shillings that is 60 cents which is 1-2 daler. house rent in the city is high but out in the country if a man would work for a farmer he might get a house for little or nothing, my dear daughter mairy I want to inform you that timothy coffee and me met his Sister Mrs dinin in new york and coffee got work there the same day he landed he concluded to Star there until I would rite to him from detroit after I arrived I rite to him and got no answer very likely he maid up his mind Stay there until he will have mains to Sind for you that is the best of my opinion. if he did not rite to you from new york, for fear I would not receiv any account from him, you can rite yourself Direct you letter John dinin No 80 pine Street New york up stairs. Dan donovan wishes that Cornelius farrel would sind him all the information he can about his Brothersinlaw he might try to send for them. This is the place for any man let him be rich or poor. the more money a man bring here the sooner he can Settle down here is the abgeet with a man starts poor it will teak double the time to put the thought of home out of his mind. I would advise the Best farmer in ould Ireland to leav that country of starvation. what signify is the term of their lease on land at home where they could have maid property here that no man could dare Say leave my land? as I said above it will teak a man sum time to forget the foolish thoughts of home then a man will feel satisfied when he will see the differins. I dont like to mention any mans name to come for fear of their landlord. James Collins wishes you to show this letter to charly collins. I am the man that rote the letter and told no false story, and I would like to hear from my Brothers John and timothy Collinans. Charly collins will find it out and sind us all accounts. I hope to do something for them next spring with the Help of god, my dear friends I am happy to inform you

that Micheal is here & Denis is about 12 miles out in the country to work and in good health. Dan and his family is will and doing well James Collin and family is in good health & doing will I steps with Bigs. Cornelius died in the city of detroit he sickness after the voice died 2 months after he landed, and James Driscoll is very much oblige to me for all the information I gave him about his mother and Brother, he rote 3 letters and got no answer Before, he and his family is in good health, he wishes to heer from them. the Big deary John Driscoll John Mahony and his family is will the mayburys are doing will. thomas maybury Berried his wife 4 months ago. Jerry Cullinane left here 12 months ago I herd only wonst from him since, he was in good health thin. I would like hear from teady, tell the widow carty of tallough that this is a Better place than Boston. this is as good a times we had in a merrie this last 20 years for earning money, the first people that in this part of the city was the maburys & John mahony & 3 more famils from the county cork it got the name of corks town. let noman that can pay for his passag loose no more of his time let him land in any part of the country he never again will See an hour of hunger let his family be Ever so large. If any of you will come out come by they way of new york & albaney & Buffalow from there to detroit then. you Jerry Donovan goblen would do well here. I would have more than I could think of to mention if I had room. Direct your letter to James Cullinane detroit Steat of michigan wayne county 8c no more at prest from your affectionate motherinlaw But Sinds you our Best respect and to all inquiring friends and neighbor.

Daniel Donovan & Mrs & Micheal & James Cullinane and wife Sinds their Best respect to all the neighbours. Denis came in at the time I was going to inclose it. I forgot to say that the widow moore was sick wid fever when we landed, and was taken to the Hospital.

Dora heard the last words, and slipping silently out, returned quickly to the cabin.

As she entered it, Biddy was pouring some "stirabout" into a wooden bowl, around which her two little hungry children had gathered, eager to eat. Jemmy sat in one corner of the cabin, moaning for food, he had smelled the mudding, and heard the children's exclamations of pleasure, and the little thin hands were stretched out pleadingly—

"Jemmy some, Jemmy some!" but no notice was taken of him until his importunity had become troublesome.

"Hush up there," said Biddy, or I'll give ye to the pig."

"And then piggy eat him all up," said little Katy, in a most sepulchral voice, as she proceeded to fill her mouth with the glowing stir-about. Jemmy said no more, but sat in silence—his little breast heaving with suppressed sighs. Suddenly his head was bent forward, and his face brightened up; he had heard Dora's step.

"Dodo, Dodo!" he exclaimed, and the little girl ran towards him, and drew his head close to her breast. She had never left him for so long a time since he was taken sick.

"And have ye got the letter and the Gould yer mother promised to send?" said Biddy.

Dora shook her head, but could not speak.

"You're come again widout it! and what's the reason, pray? Is the crater dead, that she should forget her own childer?"

Dora burst into tears. "Oh, aunty, and it's in the hospital she is, sick with the fever."

"God preserve us, she's as good as dead then. Och, and I'm an afflicted crathur! Who is to find the pratees for ye all, to say nothing for another. I tould Martin twas ill luck sent the two spalpeens here."

Dora did not answer—her own heart was busy with similar thoughts, and young as she was in years, she was growing wise in trouble. But Jemmy was hungry, and asked to be fed.

"May I give him some?" said Dora.

"Of coorse ye must; but ye'll have to take the food from my own childer to feed him; it's starvation times, now; there's no pratees to be had for love or money."

"There's some in the ground, aunty, and I'll dig them; maybe they're not all bad."

"Sorra a hap'worth of 'em will ye find, but ye may try."

Dora fed Jemmy; but though very hungry herself, she ate nothing, and when her little brother was asleep, she went into the field. Her delight was great, to find a basket of good potatoes.

"Shure, and didn't God send them to the hungry?" she said.

It did indeed seem a mercy from heaven; for that night a baby was born in the cabin. It died soon after it opened its eyes to the light, and Biddy, with her usual want of submission, bitterly lamented what she called her greatest misfortune yet—to have a "dead baby."

Dora was for awhile nurse and housekeeper; the latter office had few duties, save boiling the potatoes, or making the "stirabout." Food was scarce and high; and the little money which was left to Biddy after paying the expenses of her husband's funeral, was now almost gone. The poor woman had little strength of body or mind to arouse herself to exertion, and looked upon Dora and Jemmy as a burden which she could ill sustain in addition to her own. Dora's hopes of hearing from her mother, became weaker every day, and she finally ceased going to the post office.

One day when there was little to eat, and Jemmy, who was growing stronger and craved food, cried because he could not have enough, Biddy said:—

"It will be better for ye, Dora, to take Jemmy and go to the poor-house—ye'll have stir-about enough there."

Dora, who had watched so faithfully by her aunt during her sickness, turned her blue eyes towards the speaker, to read the expression of her face, for she doubted whether she had heard aright. Cold and pitiless it was.

"I mane what I say, Dora Moore; ye needn't think to hear from your mother—she's dead and buried, no doubt; this comes of leaving ones' chil-

der to go to Ameriky. I'll not lave mine for all the Gould in the counthry."

The blood, (the rich blood of the old O'Neills) as Uncle Mike would say, mounted to Dora's cheek and forehead, and her little heart swelled with wounded pride and indignation.

"And I'll be a burden to ye no longer, Biddy Murphy. If the likes of ye will turn poor little Jemmy and myself, out of yer cabin, maybe he who feeds the birds will take care of us. I'll not stay another night under your roof. Come, Jemmy, darlint, we'll go away."

With his hand closely locked in that of his sister, the little blind boy went out, pleased to be in the fresh air, and by the side of the green hedges, where the little birds were singing so sweetly. Dora bent her steps to the great rocks, and sitting down on the beach, awaited the coming of the steamboat. She longed to see the face of the only friend left to her, and when the boat came, how eagerly she watched for the sight of the old hat, from beneath which the long white hair of Uncle Mike fell almost to his shoulders. But she waited in vain, he was not there, and Dora thought he had probably forgotten her. The sun was high in the heaven, and she purposed a long walk.

"Come, Jemmy, do ye want to see the old house where mammy used to sing us to sleep, and where Pusheen, and Brindle and Piggy live?"

"Will mammy take Jemmy and sing, Dodo?"

"No, darlint; but Dodo'll sing ye a song by the spring, close to the old dial. Are ye strong, darlint? Can ye walk?"

"Yes, yes, with Dodo," and the little fellow skipped along, delighted with his freedom. It was six miles, as I think we have before stated, from Killaloe to the old house; no great task for Dora alone, for the road was smooth and good, and the weather fine, but Jemmy wearied in a mile or two. Dora sat down to rest, and finding some black currants growing wild, she gave them to him; he soon fell asleep, and she sat by the side of the hedge, with his head resting in her lap, but she dared not allow him a long nap.

"Come, Jemmy, rouse up, darlint. We'll be there before night."

The little fellow was very patient and obedient with his sister. She described all she saw, and told him of the birds, whose music gave him so much delight. The sense of hearing was becoming more acute, and his little hands were stretched out pleadingly—

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The birds didn't sing this morning, the road was wet, the mist cold and penetrating, and poor Dora, so "weary" as she expressed it, that the way seemed very long.

It was with difficulty she could drag herself forward, and her only hope lay in the kindness of the old neighbors, who knew them in better days.

At last she caught sight of the little church. It was of stone, very ancient and covered with ivy, and stood close to the burying ground.

"There is the church, Jemmy, darling—I'm sorry you can't see it with your own eyes, but it's the same, honey, where mammy used to go Sundays."

"Dodo see it, Dodo see it!" said Jemmy, delighted at her speaking more cheerfully, for he had become infected with the sadness of the sister.

"And there's dear father's grave," said the little girl, "we'll go and sit beside it."

They crept through a gap in the wall, and Dora sat down by the rude cross, and leaned her head upon it. Jemmy stood near her with his hand upon her head.

"Dodo's hot," said he.

"Yes, darling, I'm burning with the heat." She took the bread which she had saved, and put it in Jemmy's hands. "Eat it, Jemmy, it's good."

The little boy was pleased with the treat, and sitting down on a stone which Dora had placed for him, he began to eat.

Dora's fever fit passed away, and for a moment she felt a cold chill creeping over her, then her head became dizzy, everything around seemed in motion, and she sunk down upon the damp grass; poor weary woman was exhausted, and the little girl lay prostrate on her father's grave in a deadly swoon.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "THE GOOD PRIEST."

When Jemmy had finished eating his bread, he put out his hand towards the spot where Dora had been sitting. He felt the wooden cross, but the soft brown hair on which his hand loved to rest, was not there. He groped around until he found the prostrate form, and passing his hand over her face, he perceived, by the sense of touch, that the eyelids were closed.

"Dodo sleep," he whispered to himself, and, feeling the little snail which had fallen down, he very gently spread it over her, and sat down again on the stone, scarcely moving at all, lest he should disturb her slumber.

Some hours passed; the sun had come out, and dried up the moisture on the grass; little Jemmy felt the warm sunbeams, and put out his hands to catch them. Soon he became weary, for the light and warmth went away, and he knew it was darker and colder. He bent down to Dora's ear.

"Wake up, sissy—Jemmy, tired."

There was no answer, and he touched his lips to her cheek.

"Dodo, Dodo, wake up—Jemmy cold and tired."

The cheek he touched was icy cold. He took her hand to put around his own neck, as she was wont to do. It fell lifeless by her side. A strange fear seized the little fellow, and he cried a loud, bitter cry. Alas! there came no answer, save the cawing of the twittering rooks, on the little quaint tower of the old church, and the whisper of the evening breeze among the branches of the yew trees in the yard. Again the child knelt down, and raising his sister's head in his little arms, he said, in a plaintive voice,

"Please, sissy, wake up—Jemmy tired."

Just then, the churchyard gate creaked on its hinges. Jemmy heard the sound, and, looking along to his sister, a man with a lighted lantern came out of the church. Jemmy heard the foot-steps approaching, and with another earnest cry, he pressed his cheek to his sister's.

"Please, Dodo, wake."

The man heard the voice, and holding his lantern aloft, came forward in the direction of the sound. It was Father Doherty. As his light fell on the children, he at once recognized Dora.

"How came you here, little ones?"

The voice was kind and gentle, and Jemmy, a little reassured, said,

"Sissy sleep; please wake sissy?"

The good priest bent over the little girl. He felt her pulse, placed his ear to her mouth, and then laid his hand on her heart.

"Poor child!" he said, "I wish I had come here two hours ago. Little boy, can you carry the lantern? I will take sissy up."

"Me no see lantern. Jemmy no see at all."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the priest, as he came nearer and examined the child. "Take hold of my gown, Jemmy, while I carry Dora," he said.

Then placing the lantern on a high tombstone, he bore the little girl towards the church, the door of which stood open. He laid her gently on a cushion, and procured a little wine which he forced into her mouth, and this with the aid of friction, soon caused the sufferer to open her eyes, but she only gazed wildly around her a moment, and closed them again. The priest continued his exertions, little Jemmy, in the meanwhile, standing by, still grasping tightly the good man's gown.

Again Dora opened her eyes, and this time she said, in a low voice, as if she had hardly breath to articulate, "Jemmy." The little boy laid his hand in hers; a pleasant smile passed over Dora's face, and again her eyes closed, while her hand still grasped that of her little brother.

The priest's house was near, and as soon as Dora had revived sufficiently to understand where she was, Father Doherty bore her in his arms, and laid her on his own bed, Jemmy keeping his hold upon his dress, but keeping very quiet, as the good priest told him it would make sissy sick if he ried.

It was not until Dora's head was laid upon the pillow, and Jemmy had dropped asleep, with his hand in hers, that the priest thought of his errand to the churchyard, and then came the puzzling question—What shall I do with these children? His housekeeper lay a corpse in the next room, and it was to select a spot for her grave, and to see the old sexton who lived on the opposite side of the churchyard, that he had gone out that evening. The only dweller in the house beside was a bed-ridden sister; the fever was spreading rapidly in the village, and as he watched the little girl tossing so restlessly about in a troubled sleep, he felt sure that she too had the disease.

He would gladly have taken care of the little ones himself, but, alas! he was poor, very poor, for he would not take from his suffering flock more than was necessary for his own simple living. They were already burdened with church rates and taxes, and now that sickness was in their midst, the struggle to obtain food enough to support life was very hard. He gave some simple remedies to Dora, and then sat down in his big oak chair to collect his scattered thoughts.

"Yes," he said to himself, "the hospital will be best for them, and a word from me will ensure kindness to the patient. But the poor blind boy—he will die, if separated from his sister. Better run the risk of contagion than break his heart by taking him from her."

Accordingly, the next day a cart was procured, filled with clean straw neatly covered, and the children, accompanied by Father Doherty, were driven to the hospital.

There was some objection made to admitting

Jemmy, but at the intercession of the priest, and moved somewhat by the earnest entreaty of Dora, "Please, sir, don't separate us. Jemmy will be very quiet, if ye will let him sit on the floor by my bed."

The child still clung to his sister, sobbing as if his heart would break, for he now understood that she was very sick, and the voice of the keeper sounded strange and harsh to him.

"Hush, darling," said Dora, "ye'll stay, and be quiet, while sissy is sick. There, sit down on the floor, and I'll give ye my hand."

The bed was low, and the little boy sat down very quietly, when he found they were not to take him away. The priest procured the privilege of a bed upon the floor for Jemmy, and giving him a biscuit, promised to call and see them very soon.

Dora was too sick to care much about her removal to the hospital; she had an indistinct idea of long rows of beds, of groans and exclamations, and then came the delirium of fever, when she thought her mother was with her, and that she sat upon her father's knee. Now and then she sang snatches of the songs she had learned, or fancied herself dancing on the sand, to the music of Mick Nogher's flute. Sweet, wild dreams she had of her infancy, of the old home, the meadow, the little spring, and the old sun-dial. Then a sudden change would come, and throwing her arms wildly around, she cried,

"Oh, auntie, did ye say she was dead—dead and buried in the cold ground? Come, mother, come and take me; take Jemmy, too, that we be all dead together! And can ye send me out, auntie, with poor little Jemmy, and no mother to feed us?"

"Poor child!" said the doctor, as he took his annual rounds, and parting the beautiful brown hair from her forehead, gazed into the sweet, fair face of Dora. "Nurse, you must cut off these curls. Give her some water to drink; she'll need nothing more now," and he passed on.

Hundreds of patients required his care, and how could he see that his orders were all executed? Had he known how earnestly the sufferer pleaded for that water, and that she lay for hours tormented by a burning thirst, without one drop of cooling liquid, he would have enforced obedience to his directions.

"Some water, if you please," Dora would say, when the attendant came near.

"Yes, yes, child, I hear, but a body can't do every thing at once, I'll be with you."

But the time did not come; other more impatient sufferers received attention, to silence their complaints, and Dora was left, unheeded for. Once, little Jemmy, whose hearing had become acute, caught the rustle of the attendant's gown, as she passed to a cot near them, and ventured to go towards her, pulling her dress, as he said,

"Wather, wather for Dodo!"

The motion, slight as it was, caused her to turn hastily round, and in doing so, she let fall a bowl of hot gruel, spilling it upon her clothes, and scalding Jemmy's hand slightly. He cried with the pain, and she was angry with him for causing the accident. With a slight motion of her foot, she pushed him towards his bed.

"Get out of my way, you troublesome little grawl. You've no business here, and I'll speak to the master on the quick, to take ye away."

The trembling child crouched down on his bed of straw, sobbing violently, but not daring to cry aloud, while Dora, too sick to speak words of comfort, could only put out her hand, and take the aching arm of the child, but she understood the meaning of Jemmy's words, and, the burning tears wet her cheeks. The attendant, a kind-hearted woman in the main, soon came near her.

"And what are ye wanting?"

"A little water, if you please, ma'am," said Dora. The gentle, imploring voice, and the sweet face of the little girl touched the heart of the attendant, accustomed though she was to scenes of suffering.

"Ye shall have it, darling, and maybe I haven't done ye justice, but a poor body like me, almost loses her wits, with the groaning and screaming of the fever patients. There, I'll bring ye a tin cup of the wather, and put by your side, if the little spalpeen there won't put it over, as he's like to do; but ye shan't be bothered with him. I'll spake to the master to-morrow, and he'll maybe find a good place for him."

"Please, don't," said Dora, "it will be the death of Jemmy to leave me. I'm all the frind he has in the world—he can't see widout me. Ye're very kind, intirely, and I'll thry hard to keep Jemmy from throubling ye."

"Never mind, then; I won't be hard on a poor dark thing like him. Here's the wather, and now sure, and didn't the docther tell me to cut your curls? Och, it's a pity, now, but never mind, mavourneen, they'll grow again. Fux! how onlucky I am!" drawing from her pocket one half of a pair of scissors.

"I broke these this morning, but I'll have 'em mended, and cut your hair as soon as convenient."

Then brushing the tangled curls from Dora's forehead, she hastened away to a patient in a distant part of the room, who had been calling loudly for some minutes. The water soothed Dora, and the few kind words, though so carelessly spoken, were a pleasant opiate. She soon fell asleep, and Jemmy, curling himself up on the foot of her bed, slept too.

They were still sleeping when Father Doherty entered. He looked pale and worn, and his step was feeble, for he had not spared himself, during the sick and troublous times, but had traveled from cabin to cabin, to comfort the dying and aid the suffering. He smiled when he saw how comfortably the children looked, and congratulated himself that he had brought them here; and it was well, perhaps, that he knew nothing of Dora's heart-sickness for her mother, of her fears for Jemmy, and her real suffering there, unattended by one loving heart, bound by the ties of kindred.

Poor child! that aching head needed a mother's gentle hand, and the sweet music of a mother's voice, but the good priest little knew, as he bent over that lowly bed, to cravo God's blessing upon the orphans, of this hunger and thirst of the loving spirit of the sick child.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### "THE JOLLY PRIEST."

"One of those happy souls  
Which are the salt of the earth,  
And without whom, the world would smell  
Like what it is—a tomb."

Not far from the hospital was the residence of a wealthy Irish gentleman. The road thither, runs by the side of the Shannon. It was broad, neatly covered with pounded stone, and lined on each side with trees and green hedges. Now and then a stone gateway led to some fairy cottage, or a green lane branched off to where little groups of moss-roofed and ivy-covered cabins, were tastefully clustered together.

On the smooth round hills at the right, were two ancient castles, and between them, on a little eminence, one of those mysterious round towers over which antiquarians have puzzled themselves so much. Farther on, a neat, romantic path, wins the traveller to enter, and charmed by the scenery, he forgets everything else, till he comes suddenly upon a splendid arched gateway, supported by white stone pillars. It is open, and you pass on to the

lodge, where the keeper, a ruddy cheeked, hale old man of seventy, with long, white hair falling to his shoulders, sits leaning on his oaken staff. He has the free open heart of his master, and we are permitted to stroll on, enchanted, by moss-covered grottoes where the water trickles musically over the rocks, and where, at every turn the sweet breath of flowers bids you welcome. Now you stop to admire a fairy little castle, wrought with exquisite taste, of rare shells of every hue, and anon turn to a rustic miniature cottage, made of small round sticks of wood, with the bark on, and put together like patchwork in diamonds, wheels and stars; the floors laid in small pebbles fancifully arranged also in various figures. The cottage is embosomed in shrubbery, but the door stands open, you enter and seat yourself in a rustic chair made of the grape-vine curiously twisted together, and take a peep out of the lattice. Here your eyes rest on a green, smoothly shaven lawn, that slopes gradually from the castle itself. Ay! there it is; your eye catches glimpses of its stone walls through the trees, and high above them, rises the old tower with its clock. The long, soft twilight of this green isle, is stealing quietly upon the scene, and as the setting sun gilds the little round windows of the tower, and touches the tops of the tallest trees, you leave the cottage, and ascend the eminence on which the castle stands. And now another and a different view meets the eye, yonder on the softly rounded hills, herds of white cattle, so much loved by the Irish, are feeding, while upon the other, stretches a noble deer park, with its three hundred antlered dwellers, and near this, the bushy covert for the timid hare; and still beyond these, dotting the green surface of the upland you discern flocks of sheep, tended by little maidens.

At your feet is the conservatory and garden, filled with rare and beautiful plants, fruits of other climes; the grape from sunny France, the American peach, the golden orange, and the melting pear.

The door of the library which looks towards the west stands invitingly open, and taking the liberty of all narrators to be truthfully present, we enter. It is a fine large room wainscoted with black oak; a soft, rich carpet covers the floor, and though it is September, a wood fire burns on the ample hearth, just tempering the evening air. The library is choice and well selected, and several fine pictures adorn the walls. A Madonna that wins the eye at once, by the softness of its coloring, and the sweet sad beauty of its face; opposite hangs a stag hunt. The poor, hunted deer is just about to leap a precipice, when the dog comes up and fastens his teeth in the sides of the noble animal; you see the despair of the wounded stag, the very quivering of his muscles, and the fierce, pitiless triumph of his assailant, and turn with a feeling of relief, to "The Holy Family," a fine old painting which hangs near.

There is a bust of O'Connell over the book shelves, and one or two marble statues in niches in the wall, but the living group attracts our eye.

In a spacious and quaintly carved bog wood chair, sits a portly gentleman with a red, full face, a jolly countenance, a head redeemed from baldness by a circle of dark, curly hair, upon the crown, leaving the broad, smooth forehead without shadow. The mouth was large, the corners having an inclination upward, as if to laughing given. Ay! the inclination is strong now, as he sits with a blue covered quarterly in his hand, reading. There is a twitching of the muscles, and a sparkle of the blue eyes, as if the fountain of mirth was filled to the brim. And now it overflows! Mouth and eyes laugh in concert, and the white, unbroken rows of teeth, perfect still, though they have seen fifty years of service, keep out as "they say," "I know the fun too." Ha! ha! he echoes through the library, while the big head of the merry gentleman is thrown back, and his fat legs forward, displaying a pair of embroidered velvet slippers over silk hose.

An old gentleman in a rich, but not gaudy dressing gown drops the pen in his hand turns from his writing desk, and asks with a quiet smile, "What now Father McSweeney?" while a younger man than either of the two we have named, and dressed in a blue coat and white vest, the faultless fit of which indicates a French tailor, looks over the top of his newspaper, at the jolly old priest, (for priest he is, notwithstanding his appearance gives no indication of a close acquaintance with fast days, or night vigils), and says, "If you find merriment in that blue looking missive, pray let us share it."

Ha! ha! he again echoes through the room, while the red fat cheeks of Father McSweeney shake like new currant jelly, and clapping his broad hand upon his round, capacious knee he exclaims:

"A jolly dog arnt he? that Sydney Smith, Protestant, heretic preacher as he is, I long to embrace him, yea to hug him to my heart."

"I am not certain, but the embrace would be more painful than pleasing," said the gray-headed old gentleman at the desk, looking, as he spoke, at the huge arms and hands of the priest.

"No, no my good sir, the warmth of my heart would soften the hardness of the muscles. He's got the right of it, sir, and his wit and sarcasm will cut some of those noble lords to the bone. He carves like a skilful surgeon, the scalpel is sharp and glittering, and there are no bowels of compassion, in him who wields it; he stops not till the false logic, of high Toryism, lies a disjointed, dissected mass upon his table, and all may see that no heart is there."

"Pray read aloud, said the younger gentleman, and let us share this delicious titbit which seems to tickle your palate so amazingly."

"Yes that I will, and it will give you, as Dr. Johnson, once said of a good joke, an inch of fat to your ribs, but in the first place, you must read again, that reported speech of Mr. P's in the House of Commons. You read it with spirit and emphasis; you Americans seem to be born orators and speech makers. It must arise from your annual custom of choosing the best school boy in every village, to read aloud to the assembled citizens, your glorious Declaration of Independence. I can fancy the fellow, standing with inflated lungs beneath the folds of that flag, 'which waves

In mockery o'er a land of slaves."

"No more of that an thou lovest me Hal" said the American.

"Well, sir, to the speech if you please."

Mr. Hall, turning to his paper reads as follows:

"The honorable member has proposed conciliatory measures for Ireland. A fallacy, an impossibility. They have been tried again and again, and like spoiled children, indulgence only makes them worse."

We need a more vigorous government for that untaxed, ungrateful country. We hope this year of famine will teach them a lesson. For many years past, the country has been convulsed and the empire harassed, by their loud and threatening demand for repeal, and the incessant outcry of the people, that all their distresses were owing to the oppression of the Saxon, and that the Irish nation itself was perfectly adequate to all the duties of self-government."

How has England replied to this senseless clamor, this disgraceful ingratitude?

By voting ten million sterling this very year, to relieve the distresses which the heedlessness, and indolence of the Irish, have brought upon themselves.

We say advisedly, brought upon themselves. For mark-worthy circumstances! The destruction

of the potato crop, has been just as complete, and the food of the people has been just as entirely, swept away in the West Highlands of Scotland as in Ireland, but there has been no grant of public money to Scotland. The cruel Anglo-Saxons have given it all to the discontented, untaxed Gael in the Emerald Isle.

"Now hear my reverend wit, upon the subject," said Father McSweeney.

"What amuses me most, is to hear of the indulgences which the Catholics have received, and their exorbitance in not being satisfied with those indulgences: now, if you complain to me that a man is obtrusive, and shameless in his requests, and that it is impossible to bring him to reason, I must first of all hear the whole of your conduct towards him; for you may have taken from him so much in the first instance, that in spite of a long series of restitution, a vast latitude for petition may still remain behind."

"There is a village, (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense; by an extraordinary piece of tyranny, the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer: the next year, the inhabitants of the persecuted street, (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner; the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it; every enemy to it, was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: 'Ten years ago were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese-parings! Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now with the audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer; there are not more than half a dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

"Is not this, my dainty Abraham, the very nonsense and the very insult which is talked to and practiced upon the Catholics? You are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice, should ask for perfect justice; that he has been robbed of coat and cloak, will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content, and I (who, though an inhabitant of the village, have persevered, thank God, some sense of justice), most earnestly counsel these half fed claimants to persevere in their just demands, till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others; and if they see a little attenuated lawyer squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire him to empty their pockets, and pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl and pudding, which he has filched from the public feast, to carry home to his wife and children."

During the reading, the old gentleman in the dressing-gown sat leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow upon his writing table. A smile flitted over his countenance, as he watched the expressive face of the jovial priest, but it passed away, and the habitual look of seriousness and thought was resumed.

That side view of the old gentleman's face, presents a fine profile; the features are regular, the lips shut closely over the teeth, giving to the mouth an expression of firmness; but the soft grey eyes are full of gentleness, and the head arches up, indicating, as the phrenologists would say, a fine moral development. The whole look and bearing of the man, was that of a well-bred and travelled gentleman. A child would not hesitate to approach him, and play fearlessly by his side.

Very different was he from Father McSweeney. The same child that would play at Mr. O'Neil's feet, and even venture to put its little hand into the pocket of the dressing-gown for the bon bons which were sure to be there, would expect a good frolic with the jolly priest, a ride on his broad back, or a toss to the ceiling; but as the keeper of a tame lion, when sporting with his royal captive, watches continually for some outbreak of forest habits, so does the child turn ever and anon, his timid eyes to the broad face of the priest, lest the misanthropic mood change. The impulsive, warm-hearted Father McSweeney, and the calm, meditative, somewhat sad Irish lord, though unlike in personal appearance, are now, and have been from boyhood, firm and constant friends.

"There, isn't that good reasoning?" said the reverend father, as he laid down his quarterly, and turned to his two listeners. "I can't expect you to see its force, Mr. Hall, it's too much of an argument ad hominem, for one of your countrymen; but, my lord, you certainly cannot join issue with that honorable member of Parliament, Mr. P."

"Not at all, not at all, Father McSweeney," said his lordship; "and yet, I must confess, that since my return, though I have been studying the character of my nation, with a view to understand what she needs, I am now more puzzled than when I commenced, twelve months ago. Of one thing I am convinced, that grants and indulgences from Parliament will not remedy the evils under which we labor—they are but so many opiates, merely soothing, not striking at the root of the disease."

"I can cut the Gordian knot at once, my lord. Give the Irish their liberty, let them govern themselves, and they will take their rightful place among other nations. We are, in fetters now, and there is no scope for energy or ambition. The fire of the old warriors yet lives in their descendants, and needs only air and breathing space, to blaze out anew."

O'Neil shook his head gravely.

"I acknowledge we have inflammable material enough—but would our countrymen learn self-government easily? Would they even in a republic

lean government acknowledge the popular maxim of democracy—Vox populi, vox Dei?"

"It seems to me that we need more education, rather than a larger liberty for the masses."

"I should think, my lord, you had become infected with the Yankee notions, 'common schools,' and 'progress.' Beggars your pardon, Mr. Hall, I consider them humbugs. The people should be taught their prayers and their creed, the spellings-book, and how to keep accounts. Beyond this, they better not go. This tampering with matters too high for them, makes restless spirits. Look at France, she was bitten by philosophy, and went mad."

"Is not emigration doing something for Ireland?" inquired Mr. Hall. "This 'celtic exodus,' as it is called, must drain your country of its superabundant population, and leave more land and fewer laborers, thus giving a better chance to those that remain. Your country is densely settled, you can well spare a portion."

I would rather they should go than starve, Mr. Hall, but we love our country, sir; not an emigrant leaves the Green Isle unless driven forth by hunger, and all would gladly return could they have even the ordinary comforts of life at home. No sir, I would the old Irish glory were restored, her independence of England asserted, and the love of country which once animated her ancient chieftains, awake anew in the bosoms of those who bear their names, and in whose veins runs their blood." He glanced towards the old gentleman, whose quiet smile showed he understood the allusion.

"But," said O'Neil, "these speculations will do for better times; at present, the famine should occupy our time and thoughts. My steward told me that within ten miles of us the distress is awful. The dead and dying lie by the roadside, and children have been found asleep at the cabin door, or under turf heaps, while the last of their relations were lying unburied on the cabin floor. The hospital is filling up daily, for fever and cholera come like birds of prey to the battle-field of famine. Tomorrow I must visit the various wards, for, as inspector I cannot rest unless assured that these poor sufferers are not neglected. Will you accompany me?"

"Most willingly" said the priest, and as our American friend wishes for information, perhaps he would like to see the inside of an Irish hospital. "I was about to ask the privilege," said Mr. Hall.

At this moment the door of the library opened, and a young girl glided in. After a graceful and modest recognition of the two visitors, she took her seat in a vacant chair by her father, Mr. O'Neil.

"My, Maud! and is it so near the dinner hour?" he said, looking at his watch. It was the custom of the daughter to join her father in the library a short time before dinner.

"I have been so entertained that I had taken no note of the lapse of time."

[To be Continued.]

## TRUE HEARTS;

OR,

## THE YOUNG RECTOR.

Over the hushed loveliness of the Leicestershire hills, and lakes and meadows, shone the full moon of a September midnight; and, bathed in the fairy radiance, earth seemed still to wear the freshness of its June.

It seemed, in the still beauty of that hour, that the visible presence of the angel of peace pervaded all things; and yet there, where love and light seemed hovering over life, in the hush of that holy night, from one lone heart was going up a prayer for strength—strength to drain its overflowing draught of bitterness.

A simple couch was drawn to an open window, and upon it reclined the form of young Arthur Rivers. The mellow light that lay so softly and caressingly around him revealed, an upturned face, upon which, genius and nobleness and suffering had set the insignia of an almost heavenly beauty. The brow from which the dark hair swept back was now intensely pale—the eye burning—and the delicate and finely cut lips firmly compressed, as if all his powers were at play to crush back the strong emotions that struggled in his soul. The figure which reclined so gracefully in the shade, appeared symmetrical; and yet twenty-two summers had brought to it but little of the stalwart strength of manhood; the limbs were boyishly delicate; and one femininely beautiful hand held in its nervous, almost convulsive grasp, a crutch. Arthur Rivers was hopelessly lame!

Ah, what a sad and bitter history lay in those two words! Darkened years of boyhood, when, over his couch of pain and suffering, no anxious mother hung to soothe the troubling and restless spirit—the agony of that time, when, as disease passed away, and health once more began to throb in the faint pulses, slowly came the agonizing consciousness that the power to roam at will, as he had been wont to do, over forest, and meadow, and hill, was gone for ever! One of his limbs, disease had crippled; and the wise men of the neighborhood shook their heads and sighed, and said there was no help.

Heaven alone could know the measure of this affliction's anguish—know the fierce struggle that had riven his proud spirit, ere it learned to bow meekly beneath the heavy chastening. Early hopes were crushed; boyhood's dreams became as mockeries; and the future, bright with visions of love and glory, for ever overshadowed. But the nobility of his spirit was higher than all; and how beautiful had his nature unfolded! how, amid heavenly light and culture, had the young flower of his life blossomed into perfect loveliness and purity!

Ah! might not the time come when some pitying, tender glance, should bring to his heart anguish, such as it never knew before? The time had come now. With all the strength of his earnest nature, his pure, high heart and impassioned soul, Arthur Rivers loved. Oh! could not that drop in the



wishes, he saw her growing up beneath his eye, into a beautiful and accomplished woman.

During her sixteenth year, she had been sent, by the advice of some female friends, who, the father thought, must know better than himself, to "finish her education at a fashionable boarding-school," and, when in the spring she returned pale and languid, he was filled with remorseful anxiety, and sought for some quiet country spot where she might regain the color on her cheek.

In the village of Merton, the home of Arthur Rivers, was now residing a French family, Monsieur and Madame D'Alvernay, who had been driven, by the revolution of 1830, to seek a refuge in a foreign land. They were persons of high birth, of warm hearts, and of cultivated intellect, and had been friends of Mr. Grahame when in France, in early years. To them he wrote, knowing that his daughter could have with them, during the delicious summer, a happy and beautiful home, and besides all, unrivaled advantages for perfecting herself in a correct and elegant pronunciation of the French language.

Thus it was that sweet Helen Grahame came to visit the little village of Merton. It was not far distant from the metropolis; and every week the fond father spent with them a day, bringing renewed expressions of delight at his daughter's rapid improvement, and unbounded thanks to the friends who had been so kind.

It was a pleasant life for Helen. With books and music, with riding and, walking, the days flew by golden-winged. The early morning hours were devoted to study; and the companion of those studies, was Arthur Rivers.

Soon after Madame D'Alvernay's arrival in the village, she had become interested in the sad, sweet face of the orphan. She had watched him poring over the few books which his limited income allowed him; she had seen eye and lip eloquent alike of genius and sadness, and her heart yearned towards him. With the most delicate kindness, she had won him often to her home. He had free access to her well-filled library; and, at the time of Helen's arrival, he had been for some weeks her daily pupil.

And thus they passed, morning after morning together, now studying intently, now reading aloud, and more often forgetfully, growing eloquent over some beautiful passage; while the fragrant air, through the open window passed from brow to brow, and rustled the leaves of their idle books.

Their acquaintance was gradual—for Arthur's manner was timid and subdued; but his sad and beautiful dependence had awakened a fount of tenderness in Helen's pure heart; and it was to her a new and inexpressible source of joy to hold communion with so gifted and lofty a mind as Arthur's.

And Arthur himself—he had looked upon her as she first stood before him, with almost a feeling of awe—a hushing of the heart—to see any earthly thing so beautiful. But, as day by day, her gentle, all womanly nature unfolded itself, he had drawn nearer and nearer, yielding unresistingly to her sweet influence, daring not to question of his own heart its new happiness. For the first time, he felt the bliss of perfect human sympathy; he saw the golden dreams that floated over his own soul, reflected as truly, as waves give back the brightness of the summer cloud.

But this dear, delicious dreaming could not last long. Suddenly, as though lightning had riven his soul, came the consciousness of his love, and at the same time the conviction of its utter hopelessness.

It was when, many weeks after his acquaintance with Helen, he first chanced to be in the presence of her father. It was the rapid, eagle glance which that proud, worldly man, bent from his child to Arthur—the glance that rested for one moment on Helen, as she stood in more than wonted beauty by his side, and then, as from an immeasurable height, down on the pale face of Arthur—an expression of perfect security, of calm satisfaction, that there could be no danger—a look of quiet, careless indifference.

Oh, in that moment how far off Helen seemed! How the gulf, across which even hope's shadow might not pass, appeared to widen before him! All his love, with all its bitterness, stood disclosed, and he shrank within himself, folding to his breast the sharpest anguish he had ever known. He saw that the father, whom Helen loved with such intense affection, would have scorned even the possibility that one like him, should dare to love his child; and what wild folly to once dream that even Helen's gentleness and tenderness could ever be more for him!

He was calm when he again met Helen—his brow paler, perchance—his eyes more sad, but that was all. Helen was always kind, ever thoughtful of his happiness, ever ministering in some manner to his welfare! She had noticed his increased sadness, though she dreamed not of the cause. Daily her heart was more and more enlisted for one who had so little to make life happy—and gently, unconsciously—for there had been nothing to awaken her—she was loving Arthur Rivers.

At length, the time long dreaded by Arthur, the day of parting, came. For the last time, the proud father had been down to see his child, and was now to bear her away. For the last time, Arthur and Helen stood together in the shadow of the cottage porch.

The moonlight fell upon them like a blessing; and Arthur leaned against the slender pillar, and gazed silently upon the beautiful being before him. She had arrayed herself to welcome her father, in a simple robe of white, and that coronet braid was twined with a delicate band of pearls. It was a dangerous hour for the strength of Arthur's resolve; his heart seemed hushed within him, and he dared not trust himself to speak the words of parting.

At length the low voice of Helen faltered: "It is late, Arthur, and I must go in now. Take this ring," drawing one from her finger, which he had often admired. "Do not forget me; and, if ever you should come to London, you know who will be most glad to see you."

"Forget you!" gasped Arthur. And Helen started as she looked upon the pale face, full revealed in the moonlight, and saw the expression of anguish, deep, unutterable anguish, that passed over it. In the impulsiveness of her nature, she longed to fling her arms about his neck, and tell him how dear he was to her, to soothe his suffering and love him always. But she only uttered—

"Farewell," her hand in his, and her downcast eyes dimmed with bitter tears.

"God bless you, Helen, dearest!" murmured Arthur. One moment his arm was around her waist, his lip to hers; the next, he was lost amid the thick shadows of the trees.

And thus they parted on the night when our story opens. One to wrestle with the anguish of his lot, to pray for strength to bear the burden of his sorrow; the other to comprehend, for the first time, the strength of her new affection, to mourn over its sadness, and, weeping herself to sleep, dream bright dreams of a happy future for them both.

Three years had passed away, and Helen Grahame was a beautiful woman. The fragile form had ripened into fullness; the varying color on the cheek became calm; the girl, with her timid, playful, or queenly moods, had expanded into the quiet dignity of womanhood.

It might have seemed to the world that there was a reserve about her unlike the impulsive earnest-

ness of her girlhood; but, to those who knew her well, she was dear Helen Grahame still. From beneath those dark lashes, stole out the same soft, loving light as of old; and the lips seemed moulded to tenderness as well as beauty. But ah, better than all, the heart kept still its early purity! The world had not entered in to sully; on its inner leaves yet slept the dew of truth. And, shrouded in that heart, sheltered from all eyes, veiled by light words and happy smiles, was a sad, dear memory, like a ceaseless music, to which her life kept time—the remembrance of the love of Arthur Rivers. How she thought of him in his loneliness and sadness, with none to say the kind, sweet things he loved to hear, none to call the light to his eye, the glow to his cheek!

She had never seen Arthur since their first parting. Madame D'Alvernay had left Merton, in the year following, to join friends from France, who were residing at Oxford; and from her, she had learned that a relative of Arthur, residing in the same place, had found him out, and was coming to take him to his home.

At the close of that summer, when Helen returned from her round of visits at the watering-places, she was handed a letter from some one who had called in her absence. It was Arthur. He had stayed a few days in the metropolis on his way to Oxford, and had called to see her. The letter ran thus:—

"I was fearful, Helen, when I called at your door this morning, that you might be absent. It would have been pleasant to see you once more before going so far away; but it is, perhaps, better as it is."

"I feel impelled to write to you of the sudden change in my present life, and the course which I have been now enabled to mark out for the future. The memory of your generous kindness gives me a hope that you will not think it wholly devoid of interest."

"It was with a joy deep and inexpressible, that I welcomed the advent of my newly-found relative, my uncle. Secluded in that little village, I had always believed myself alone in the world. I knew not that on the wide earth, dwelt any with whom I might claim kindred; and my heart swelled with a flood of gratitude to heaven, as I felt myself folded in those arms, which encircled me with the tenderness of a father. My uncle is wealthy in this world's goods, but richest in a heart full of kindly feeling and generous affection."

"My lonely life has known seasons of agony and trial. Of the desolation of the past year, I may not speak. Prevented, by the dispensation of Providence, from following the pursuits of other men, the life of inaction I was forced to lead, had become to me almost insupportable. I felt that there were duties for me to fulfil, and that in their performance I must find my happiness. But vainly I strove, fettered and alone, to discover the path in which I must walk. I sought to cultivate, by close study, the powers of my mind; but harassed as I was by other thoughts, my frame seemed to lack energy for toil; and through the long winter past, I was often ill, and dependent on the kindness of those about me. But it is over now, and my long-cherished hopes seem about to be realized; the fierce struggle of my heart is calmed, and the dawn of a better life appears to be opening before me. I am to pursue my education for the church; and, if I may be allowed to show, to those whose spirits are dark as my own has been, the light of heavenly consolations, I cannot fail of a joy that is above the world, in the trust that the life God has given has not been spent in vain."

"I can never forget you, Helen; for you were the realization of my dreams of loveliness and truth, and the memory of you is next to heaven. God be with you!"

"ARTHUR."

Helen's tears fell fast over the words traced by that dear hand. That she loved Arthur with all the strength of her nature, she was more than ever assured; and, sad as this love seemed, she folded it to her heart as life's dearest joy; and over it would sometimes steal the faint light of a dim hope—for the young spirit is slow to learn how much of gloom may hover around a life.

But, though thoughts and memories such as these were ever in the mind of Helen Grahame, it was not in a secluded existence. Living in the midst of a world of gaiety and fashion, suitors more than one had come to seek the hand of the beautiful heiress; and as Helen kindly, but firmly refused them, with a thrill of pride, she compared the image treasured in her heart, with these votaries of wealth and the world.

Among the gentlemen whom Helen most frequently met in society and at her father's house, was Colonel Harrington, a man of good family, though of limited fortune. He was some thirty-five years of age; but, with his elegant person and faultless taste in dress, few would have supposed him to have yet reached thirty. The past five or six years of his life had been spent in Paris; but, on the death of his father, he had returned to take possession of his inheritance, and was now living in the family mansion.

Mr. Grahame had been the intimate friend of his father; and a continuance of this profitable friendship from father to son, Harrington wisely thought, would be most advantageous. With his fascinating address and inimitable powers of pleasing, this was not difficult of accomplishment; and it was not long before he had insinuated himself thoroughly into the old man's affections, and had more than once received weighty proof of his confidence and good opinion. For, though Harrington was not obviously a dissipated man, he lived quite fast enough for his not luxurious income; and a friendly loan at certain times was most acceptable.

Colonel Harrington met Helen, and from the first was completely fascinated. Her beauty was of a kind that had always attracted him more than any other; and the queenliness of her manner, and the unconscious grace with which she wore the honors of her belisheism, woke his unbounded admiration. He was charmed with her intellect, and with the nature exhibited in her earnest devotion to her father. But her beauty, her surpassing loveliness most held him in thrall.

Harrington was a perfect man of the world;—circumstances had taught him policy and shrewdness. He knew himself well ingratiated into Mr. Grahame's favor, and he flattered himself that Helen was not indifferent. It was true that she liked Colonel Harrington, but not in the way that he would have wished. His highbred manner and the grace of his conversation could not fail to please; and she received him cordially always, for of no one did her father speak more warmly.

Moreover, he was eminently handsome, and possessed that apparently unconscious deference of manner so flattering, and that tact so necessary in saying the charming nothing of society—for a delicate-minded woman, however fond of admiration she may be, rarely receives graciously a broad or direct compliment; while one gracefully implied, lingers with its author pleasantly in the memory.

It was most natural she should like him as an acquaintance; every one did. He was always agreeable; and, with his experiences of foreign life, had enlivened many an hour, both for her father and herself. Of his feelings towards her, Helen had not a suspicion. Therefore, it was with surprise and sincere regret, that one evening, as she sat alone with him in the drawing-room, she heard

from his lips an avowal of his passion—an offer of his hand and heart.

Very firmly, but with kindness, he was rejected, Helen expressing the wish that their friendship might remain unbroken.

Harrington stood silent for a moment; he had not expected this; he had come full of confident hope, and with scarce a fear of refusal; and at her words all the long-suppressed passion of his nature seemed to burst forth. In almost wild language, he poured out his love, and hope, and disappointment, and, carried away by the fierce excitement of the moment, his words implied that she had encouraged his preference to bring him to this moment of confession.

Helen rose from her seat, her eye flashed, and she seemed struggling to repress the utterance of her indignation, as she said:

"You strangely forget yourself, Colonel Harrington. Will you wait till assured that this interview has already been so long?"

Her words recalled Harrington to his senses; the color mounted to his brow, for he saw the error he had committed. Never had she looked so beautiful to him as now, when she stood, her figure drawn up to its full height, her cheek glowing, her eye dark and brilliant, and her lip curled; never had she seemed so worth all sacrifice to obtain; and yet the scorn of that lip thrilled to his very soul. He turned at last her presence, but, as he closed the hall-door behind him, he lingered for a moment on the step, and, with clenched hands, he muttered:

"She shall be mine yet!"

The next day, Helen redrew from Harrington a note. It contained no allusion to his love, but an acknowledgment of his fat, and a confession that his words, uttered in the excitement of passion, had no foundation in truth; also a humble petition for pardon.

Harrington had now purpose to attain. His strong will was aroused, all his faculties were bent upon one object. He had studied Helen; he thought he knew her character now thoroughly; and he felt a proud confidence yet to bring about a time, when Helen Grahame should not dare to refuse his love, or spurn him from her presence.

Weeks passed on, and yet met again in society. Harrington, always deferential, was now more so than ever; but, although did not obtrude his attentions to the world, his manner appeared unchanged. Who would be known, that, under that calm and pleasing exterior, was hidden such a scheming heart!

Helen did not see him the house as often as formerly; but her father and he were often together, and no one's society seemed to afford Mr. Grahame so much pleasure.

As time wore away, Helen began to be anxious for her father's health. He had, for a year or so, been less strong than before, and of late he seemed feeble and oppressed with care and thought. She watched him with anxious affection; but he was restless and often absent from home. Colonel Harrington was frequent with him. Sometimes they would be gone on journeys together, for days; and when once a while her father would return from these excursions more cheerful and in better health, Helen would with kindest feelings on one whom she thought so helped to raise her father's drooping spirits.

Months passed on, a life had grown strange to Helen. Her father constantly engaged, and his pale face looked full of care. He did not stay to listen to her songs, nor per in the evening, as he had been wont to talk all that had interested her through the day. Business of some kind seemed wholly to engross him; and when not from home, he was engaged in his library, which Colonel Harrington and one or two others only were admitted.

One evening Helen received a message to attend her father. It was with an indefinite apprehension that she rose to obey the summons; there had been so little intercourse of late between them. He had been so engrossed with cares, in which she had no share, that her heart sank within her in a nameless fear, as it lingered for a moment at the door, and listened if there were others with him.

All was silent; and, as she opened the door, her father was sitting at the table, on which were strewn books and papers, holding in his hand an open letter. He rose to greet her as she entered, but he did not speak; he only motioned her to a seat on a cushion beside him, and placed the letter in her hand. It was an offer from Colonel Harrington.

The old man's face as she pursued it, and looked at her anxiously as she gave it back.

"Father," she said, "Colonel Harrington knows that I cannot marry him; for I told him so more than a year ago."

"And why my child?" said he, seriously. "He is of fine family; his heart is warm and noble, and he loves you."

"But I cannot marry him, father; and you would not that your child should wed without affection? As your friend, I beg him—that is all."

"But, Helen," said the old man, "I shall not be with you all; and before I die I must see you wedded. I feel that I have some one with whom to live, who will love and cherish you as I have. You say you esteem this man. Ah, my child, you would love him, then, were he your husband! Marry him, and you would be happy. His father and I desired this long ago; and could never find one more worthy of you, my dear child, than the son of my old friend."

Helen forced a smile to her lips as she parted the gray from off her father's forehead, and answered, "you know, father, I never mean to marry. I go to live always with you, and we shall be happy together; and, when you have done with this care and business which has kept you so long, have so many pleasant plans for us both."

And she went her arms about his neck, and kissed his cheek.

The old man's face for a few moments, but his chest heaved his lips quivered, and he seemed to be struggling with some fierce emotion. At length he raised eyes, and with a hollow voice said, "Helen, must marry this man."

"Father!" said his child.

"Helen, you must marry him, or to-morrow I am bankrupt—I am a beggar. Oh, save me—save me, my child. Can I live to see the name, upon which, for ten to fifteen years, no man has dared to breathe, with disgrace? Oh, if you love me, if—if you would not see my heart wither beneath dishonor, consent to this marriage! Edward Harrington loves you—he is worthy of you."

And the old man's hands imploringly. It was a moment for Helen; for an instant she saw, in the blood receding from her veins, curling round her heart. Her cheek wore the color of death, and her voice was low, but fearfully distinct, as she said, "Father, I cannot marry Mr. Harrington, for I love another! Question not of this heart-revealing. I call heaven to witness that I will never leave you nor forsake you. I earthly love shall come between me and only death shall separate me from you. Spot of disgrace, my father—there is no disgrace in the fortune that your youth

amassed is gone, it is God's will. Call it a misfortune if you will, but dishonor and the name of Walter Grahame, can never even be whispered together."

Her voice grew stronger as she went on, and she threw herself into the old man's arms.

"Ah, my father, I will work for you so willingly, so cheerfully! We will go from here, and we shall be very happy."

And thus she continued, with her arms twined around his neck, and her soft, pleading eyes bent upon his face. Seriously, calmly, and soon cheerfully she talked, till the father, subdued and passive as a child, bowed his head upon her shoulder, and gave vent in tears to his overcharged heart. And then slowly and cautiously Helen drew from him an outline of this story. He had been engaged with Colonel Harrington and some few of his friends in the railway speculations which at that time were engrossing so large a portion of the community. Drawn into the affair at first solely by the kind wish to assist the son of his friend, he had at length become interested for himself; and, through the matchless subtlety of Harrington, he had gone on and on, until now the golden bubble was about to burst. He was, though unconscious of it, completely in the power of the wily Harrington, who now, as Mr. Grahame stood on the verge of ruin, came in the guise of friendship, offering to stand between him and destruction, to clear him from the maze of difficulties, to save him from the bankruptcy that to the old man he well knew was such a bitter humiliation; and he would do it only as his son.

And this was the plot that Harrington had slowly, and cautiously, and with the utmost craftiness, brought to its height; and, like a flash of light, Helen comprehended it all—saw through the wily stratagem of which her father seemed to have no suspicion. Oh, how her spirit shrank from the revelation of such villainy! From one who could so craftily dupe an old man, and scheme to force into a marriage, all sacrifice, a young and innocent girl! Ah, she felt now, were her heart a thousand times freer, she could die sooner than profane her soul by such a union!

Well as Harrington had studied Helen Grahame, his mind was not pure enough to pierce into the hidden depths of a nature like hers. Little therefore, was he prepared for the result which the morrow would disclose.

Helen left not her father that night until she had seen written and sealed the letter which contained her calm and dignified rejection. She went not to rest until she had stolen to her father's room, and with her cheek nestled to his, watched by him until his low breathing told her that cares and griefs were for a while forgotten.

Helen wisely judged that it was best to leave as soon as possible the scene of so many now painful associations; and she accordingly wrote to a distant female relative of her father, requesting to be received until her plans for the future could be matured. Her father's affairs were to be arranged somewhat before leaving them with his lawyer, and there passed some days of painful trial for them both. Then as they turned to take a last look at the home which they were leaving for ever, she clasped his hand in hers, and, with a warm light in her loving eyes, whispered, "We are all the world to each other now."

What were Colonel Harrington's feelings as he perused the unlooked-for answer to his letter, we shall not attempt to describe. Foiled in his base schemes, his hope gone, his passion a fire that must live upon itself—we have done with him.

Disposing of his affairs as speedily as possible, he resumed his Parisian life, finding perhaps, in the gay capital of France, the excitement that he wished, in following the course of dissipation upon which he had already entered.

It was in the latter part of June, an afternoon of surpassing loveliness, when Mr. Grahame and Helen alighted at the gates of the tasteful country dwelling which was to be for a while their home. All was light, and bloom, and beauty; and the melody of birds, and the fragrance of flowers, came like a ministry of love to the weary heart of Helen.

On the steps of the elm-shadowed porch, stood the gentle, elderly matron, waiting to receive them; and in her cordial welcome of them both, and her kind attentions to her father, Helen forgot for awhile that they were poor and alone in the world.

Fatigued and exhausted by this journey, early after dinner her father sought his room, and Helen was left alone with her newly-found relative, whose kindness had already won upon her love.

The sun had set; but the lingering June twilight threw its strange beauty over the landscape, as they sat where the evening air stole in among the roses by the little porch. The quiet loveliness of the hour brought a weight of memories to Helen's heart, and she listened dreamily to the words with which her hostess thought to entertain her—description, of lakes to be sailed upon; brooks to be angled, flower-clad hills to be climbed.

"Is not that beautiful?" exclaimed the old lady, after a pause, directing Helen's attention to the church spire at a little distance, whose gilded cross, catching the rays of the just rising moon, glittered against the sky, while all around lay yet in a shadow.

"That is our church—St. Mary's; and close by—you cannot see it now—stands the rectory. It is a fairy-like little place, with its piazza, its vines, and its trellises; and it is to-morrow, when I think of it," exclaimed the old lady, "that our new rector, who has been officiating as curate through the spring, is to be installed; and I have wondered if there was ever a man so loved by every heart in his congregation, as our Mr. Rivers."

Rivers!—the word thrilled like an electric touch; it called her from the reverie into which she had well-nigh fallen in the soft dreamy twilight. The hands were involuntarily clasped; and it was well that the deepening shadows veiled the change of her eager face. She listened, indeed, now.

"I've heard," continued the kind-hearted old lady, "that his life has been a sad one. His mother married, when very young, without asking her father's consent, and he never would see her again, nor forgive her. When she had been married about ten years, her husband died, leaving her with this child, and but a trifling property. She was too proud to appeal to her family, and she removed from London, where she had been residing, to a small village, where, in three or four years after her husband, she died very suddenly, leaving the boy among strangers. About four years ago, his mother's brother, who had long been seeking a clue to their residence, found him out, and took him to Oxford. They say he was very lame then, even had to walk with a crutch; but he was placed under eminent physicians at Oxford, where he went to take his degree; and he is completely cured of his lameness. He seems to like this new place; and I am sure we shall do all in our power to make his life a happy one. His uncle is coming down to be present at his installation, in his new living."

What a tumult was going on in Helen's heart as she sat in the shadow listening to the calm voice at her side. Arthur was here; they should meet to-morrow was the first thought of irrepressible joy. But ah, how changed was now the position of each! She had left him poor and a cripple, with scarce a friend; then her voice was to his life's only music, her smile its only light, her presence its dearest joy; now he had friends, and station and health. Men of intellect and culture knew him as their

peer, and a thousand hearts rejoiced to love him. And she was poor, with only her own hopeful energies to support herself and the father whom misfortune and illness had enfeebled both in mind and body. He had found a resting-place, a home; while she was but to commence the struggle with the world. It was a dream, this meeting with Arthur, in which she had never indulged—a hope on which fancy had not been allowed to linger. She had so long looked upon her love as but a beautiful memory, a truth which, though the life of her life, should never know expression, that this bringing up to reality, of what had so long been of the heart, was startling.

Her hostess was called away. Helen was left alone, and for a few moments she let the long-suppressed tide of feeling have its way. She was sitting with her brow bowed upon her clasped hands when a step upon the gravel-walk aroused her—a gentle, uncertain step; and springing forth into the moonlight, she stood face to face with Arthur, tears yet glistened on the long lashes of her dark eyes.

In that moment of sudden meeting, each soul was revealed. They met as they had parted, with the same hearts, in the same radiant moonlight, under the same glowing stars: but the flowers, then fading to their autumn death, were now in the fullness of bloom and beauty. Oh, would their hopes, then pale and dying, wake to anew and glowing life, like the flowers of June? But the light that filled their hearts, as they sat now side by side, knew no shadow. Arthur had heard of Helen and her father's arrival, through his uncle, who had travelled with them, and been attracted so much by Helen's loveliness as to seek out their name and destination.

We leave it to our imaginative reader to expatiate on our good lady's bewilderment when she returned home and found the new rector sitting in her place, and talking so earnestly and familiarly with Helen, as also on the thousand surmises which floated through and somewhat disturbed her usually quiet brain, as she laid her head upon her pillow that night.

A few evenings subsequent, Helen sat in her own room, lost in thought over the following letter from Arthur Rivers:—

"Dearest Helen,—When I tell you that I love you earnestly and devotedly, with all the strength and truth of my nature; it is but a revealing of that which has dwelt in my heart for years—A love whose music the storm-winds of anguish may never drown, whose light the floods of sorrow might never quench."

"I loved you, Helen when we were together in the blessed days gone by. Of my spirit's subsequent trials I will not now speak. They are past; and you know with what feelings I left my village home, and went with my uncle to Oxford, the city of his residence. It was shortly after my arrival that a hope was held out to me—one that never had entered into my dreams of the future—that of a cure of my lameness; and for this purpose, I was placed under the care of eminently skillful surgeons, I could never express to you the almost wild joy, the fullness of gratitude that filled all my soul, as I felt myself, week after week, growing stronger and freer—when at last, without even a cane to assist my steps, I walked forth into the world. Life seemed a fresh gift, a new and untold power; and hopes and aspirations that I had crushed into silence, rose again with renewed strength."

"I was successful in my university studies. My uncle had assured me more than once that the wealth lavished so freely on me now would one day be mine; and, with all my new joys, Helen, there stole into my heart visions of love and of you. I thought of your states father, with his pride of birth and station, and my cheek glowed with the consciousness that I could now offer him a name which could rank with his own, and that there was wealth at my command for its support."

"But such thoughts entered not into my dreams of you. There came many shadowing fears. Young and beautiful as you were, might not your heart long ere this have been given to some noble one among the many who would seek your hand? And, ah! even were you free, could I hope, that, because I loved you so passionately, I should be loved in return? But yet I cherished the blessed thought in the radiance which had been let in upon my heart; its freed fountains were leaping and sparkling, and I let them have their way."

"My uncle was going to Brighton on a short visit, and I accepted his kind invitation to accompany him. It was the day after our arrival, that I was sitting at the window of the hotel, looking out upon the busy throng in the King's Road. I was thinking of you, joying to know that we breathed the same air, that ere night I should stand in your presence. I heard attention called to a lady who had just alighted from a carriage close by. I looked with the rest. Helen, it was you! And, oh! how beautiful you were! You lingered for a moment on the steps, all unconscious of the admiring eyes that were bent upon you. 'Who is she?' were the eager inquiries all about me. There was an answer—'The beautiful Miss Grahame; and she is engaged to Colonel Harrington!'"

"The words rang on my senses like the rushing of water in the ears of a drowning man. I felt faint and dizzy, and I put up my hand to clear the mist that seemed gathering before my eyes. But, by a strong effort, I overmastered the rush of feeling, and rallied my strength to wait for one more glimpse of the face, which I then thought I should look upon for the last time. At this instant, two gentlemen came up the street, and stopped as they saw the waiting carriage. One was your father; the other, I heard it spoken, was Colonel Harrington. They lingered there for your reappearance; and at length you came forth. Colonel Harrington handed you to your carriage; both entered after you—the door was shut—and you drove away. Ah, Helen, the darkness that my heart knew at that moment! All its radiance vanished, all its rushing tides driven back to their source! My uncle wondered at my listlessness, at the sadness I could not at all conceal; while I longed only to be once more at home, once more immersed in those studies which must now wholly engross me."

"And thus have glided by the past eighteen months. Early in this spring, I was ordained, and came as curate to this place; and, in the society of its refined people, and amid the arduous yet pleasant duties of their pastor, I have known as much of happiness as was possible for me to enjoy."

"Before your arrival, I had heard of the failure of the rich Mr. Grahame; and my heart had been awakened to a sympathy for you, though the misfortune could not fall heavily on you—a bride—as I now suppose you to be. How I heard of your arrival in this village, you know. When I heard also that you were Miss Grahame—without a thought, I yielded to my first impulse, and hastened to your side!"

"Oh, Helen! will you love me?—will you accept the heart that has so long been only yours?—will you be my wife, and share my home? You have said your life was to be devoted to your father; but Helen, would he not be my father also our home his home? I shall not deprive him of a daughter, but will be to him a son, on whose strong arm he may lean for support; and it shall be my joy to assist you to make his life happy. If I have his consent—Oh! say, Helen, that you will not refuse! Heaven bless you! ARTHUR."

And so the rectory soon saw a wedding! And







any moment, and that as he did avail himself of his opportunity to do so, he cannot now, with propriety, review the proceedings. To this I reply, that under the informal circumstances attending the inquiry—taking also into view the strong bias of the accuser and his counsel—it would have exposed Mr. Willis to severe misapprehension, if he had endeavored to narrow down the investigation, by insisting on his legal rights. It was emphatically the part of the Faculty, to have protected him, had they appreciated the singular one-sidedness of the whole procedure.

2. In the second place—I protest against the use of the inquiry of Friday evening as a basis of judgment upon Mr. Willis, because the sole testimony offered on that occasion was that of the accuser, and I impeach that testimony as unworthy of confidence in the premises on the following grounds:—

1. It may be proved that Professor Heustis has long been noted for an intense and implacable prejudice against the whole subject of Spiritualism, so called that he has often denounced its alleged phenomena to be deceptions, and its "mediums" to be impostors, and therefore was utterly precluded from that candor and impartiality of mind which would enable him to investigate, without fatal bias, the *modus operandi* of Mr. Willis, on the occasions when the deceptions he charges upon him are alleged to have been practised.

2. It may be proved that in the interval between the time of filing his accusations against Mr. Willis with the Faculty, and the period appointed for a hearing thereupon, Professor Heustis occupied the season of one his regular lectures before the Scientific School, with the subject matter of the said accusation; that he exultingly declared his preconceived opinions to have been triumphantly vindicated; and that he openly and passionately branded Mr. Willis, by name, as a deceiver and a cheat.

And I insist that a person who could thus violate the proprieties of his position, as the purveyor of charges yet unproved and uninvestigated, and use the opportunities and influence of his office to pre-occupy public opinion, and forestall your decision, has evinced an intensity of feeling against the person of Mr. Willis, sufficient to fatally color whatever evidence he might have to offer you. At the best, it would be only the assertion of a single person, against which, until it should be corroborated by other evidence, the explanation of Mr. Willis constitutes a complete legal offset. And in view of this extreme bias of feeling it is entirely unworthy to be taken into account.

I do therefore solemnly and earnestly protest against the acceptance of Mr. Heustis' testimony unless corroborated, and against the use of the inquiry of Friday evening last, as the basis of a judgment upon Mr. Willis. All which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed.)

HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

#### THE ANCIENTS OF HARVARD.

MR. DEGENOWSKI, in his last and very able work, "Europe and America," says:—"The American colleges, although possessing men of eminent learning, and great mental accomplishments, have not exercised such an influence on the social or scientific progress of the country, as have projected an striking light on philosophical, scientific, or social problems," as belong to, or have proceeded from, the universities of Italy and Germany. "The American colleges," he adds, "reverberating English immobility, have a taint of an aristocratical and exclusive, and often arrogant character."

His remarks have received a forcible illustration in the conduct of the Theological Faculty of Harvard College in the treatment of the subject of *Spiritualism*, and of Mr. Willis, by that eminently "respectable" body, aided and supported by their eminent professors in other departments of the institution of whom the *Courier* thinks so highly. Bacon said that he had taken all knowledge for his province; but Bacon, so far from assuming, as what the Harvard Faculty and Professors, that what was unknown to him could by no possibility be worth knowing, was the champion of that "new philosophy" which, by its application to human affairs has wrought results so vast in the world. If the men at Cambridge had Bacon's modesty, they would be able to see that the course they have pursued is one that would disgrace even the most ignorant of people, and that it is especially calculated to cover with confusion, as to its final consequence, those who assume to be men of learning. It is characteristic of true knowledge, that it is modest and diffident when engaged in inquiries respecting any new agent, and that it makes due allowance for the imperfect nature of human faculties.

The really enlightened mind is in nothing more remarkable than this, the consciousness of how little is really known, even to those who know the most. Hence such a mind does not treat every new thing with contempt, or seek to destroy the reputation for honor of men who profess to have acquired new powers. What has been done at Cambridge, by men who are supposed to possess great knowledge, is more like what is generally supposed to come from ignorance than to be the result of culture. Yet it is unfortunately too true that the most unreasonable, bigoted, and dishonest action, in opposition to the spread of knowledge, has proceeded, not from the ignorant, but from men of letters, men of science, and men of religion. What we have seen done at Cambridge, both as to its mean intolerance and its downright knavery could be paralleled fifty times over by facts taken from the history of human progress, the actors in all such cases being among the most learned men of their ages.

The history of humanity is the history of a struggle, constantly renewed, as often as the right has been victorious, waged, not between learning and ignorance, using the words according to their common acceptance, but between the few whose learning has taught them the extent of their ignorance and the many who claim to be learned, but who in reality are only mere egotists, with just enough knowledge to make them mischievous the moment they get out of the beaten track. Mankind would have been living in caves, and eating acorns at this moment, if they had been doomed to get forward only through the help of the self-styled men of learning, who know merely what others have discovered, and who by their own labors have not added a single chapter to the annals of human knowledge.

The learned council at Salamanca, the majority of whose members considered Columbus an impostor, is a fair type of most learned institutions, which look upon all attempts to extend the bounds of human knowledge as a reflection on their excellence. If there be something which they do not know, would not its establishment cause the world to hold them ignorant, careless of their duty, and deserving of punishment? By that sentiment's force which makes everything struggle for life, such institutions are led to look with hatred upon all innovators, and to seek their destruction. They

affect to be above the ordinary influences that be-little humanity, and yet they give way to the pressure of the meanest influence of all.

The thing that strikes one most, who has examined the course of action pursued by the learned humbugs at Cambridge towards Mr. Willis, is their rank dishonesty. They have not acted with that common fairness which is to be found in the ordinary transactions of the mass of mankind, and without which society could not long exist, save on conditions which would render tyranny an absolute necessity. They saw something new arise, which is called *Spiritualism*. They saw that thousands upon thousands of people were affected by this new manifestation of power, and that all classes of society were affected by it. Its advocates have their papers and their books. They do things explainable by no human law. It was easy to laugh at such things a few years ago, but of late the matter has become serious. It compelled the grave attention of even learned Professors. Had they been what they should have been, occupying as they do the places of teachers; they would not only have examined the subject, but they would have done so in a sober, an appreciating, and an honest spirit—the spirit of the inquirer after knowledge, who does not enter upon his task with the hope and expectation that he shall add to the amount of villany that is known to exist in the world, but with the determination, humanly speaking, to arrive at the truth. Their whole conduct was such as to show that they are knaves, and that they entered upon their inquiries in the spirit of a foregone conclusion. They acted in accordance with the dictates of the Jewwood code, that Lynch law of feudal times—which were, to hang a man, then to try him, and then to prefer the accusation. There are none so lawless, none so regardless of the rules of ordinary fairness, as those who are constantly having the law in their mouths, and who would have the world believe that they are the very fifth essence of integrity.

The chief actor in the Cambridge business, Eustis, is one of those fellows who, having acquired a certain amount of knowledge,—and not a large one either,—which they are employed in dribbling out to those who can hardly know less, are enraged when they hear of anything being propounded that is out of their circle. As egotistical as ignorant, they cannot suppose that there may be powers with which they are unacquainted, and they set down as impostors all who know more than themselves, or whose gifts are beyond their limited range of thought and experience. These creatures, the moral fungi of the world, are nothing new. They meet us everywhere in history, and probably were not unknown in those remote times when the masted ones existed. Nor is there any prospect that the breed will soon become extinct. They have figured as opponents of every movement that has been made to advance knowledge, and not unfrequently they have had the satisfaction—an exquisite one to their miserable nature—of burning those whom they could not confute. The only difference between Heustis and the very worst of his class, men whose names have become types of all that is mean and infamous, is, that they had the power to do evil as well as the will to think evil, while he lives in an age, which with all its faults, has resolutely set its face against the more savage forms of persecution. That Eustis would cause Mr. Willis to be put to death, if he had the power to carry out his malignant nature's development, few will doubt who know anything of the ferocity of those "respectabilities" who find their preconceived notions disturbed by the inquiries of men more originally endowed than themselves. The common idea is that there is something so severe in science that it raises its votaries above the ordinary influences of humanity, and that they live in a pure and elevated moral atmosphere to which base thoughts can never penetrate. But this idea, how pleasing soever in itself, is without any good foundation. Not only have scientific men quarrelled even diabolically, among themselves, but they have very often led the way in those attacks on others which originated in a desire to prevent the progress of science. The annals of scientific discovery and invention are studded all over with illustrations of this fact; and they ought to prevent men from relying for truth, and freedom from prejudice, on those persons who have no further claim for consideration, than what is founded on mere assumption of superiority, because they admit all things that are established, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The persons by whom Mr. Willis has been suspended, apparently acted in collusion with Heustis, or else they are the merest bigots that live. Their proceedings when he was under examination would have reflected disgrace upon the worst legal tribunal that ever was composed of pettifoggers. There was nothing manly in their conduct. They had condemned Mr. Willis before the examination was commenced, and that examination was devoted to the distortion of facts, in order that they might find the color of a pretence for venting their hatred upon him. Their proceedings were conducted on the principle of compelling him to prove that he was not guilty of fraud and deception, when it was their business to show that he was guilty, and, failing to do so, pronounce him free of all suspicion of guilt.

To compel a man to prove a negative—and particularly before a tribunal that has condemned him in advance—is something new; but it is apparently in accordance with Harvard morals and Harvard logic. When before a tribunal, an innocent man will naturally adduce all the facts in his power calculated to make the truth clear, but it is not on that account the less incumbent on the prosecutors' part—persecutors in this case—to establish their position by affirmative evidence. What should we think of the trial of a man by one of our courts, against whom no evidence could be adduced, but who was expected to establish his innocence, and who should be subjected to a rigid examination, all the arts of pettifoggery being made use of, to entrap him into improper admissions? Such a trial would be universally condemned, and no man would be harmed by it. Now, it was just such a trial as that which Mr. Willis had. He was taken before a body of men who had prejudged his case, and who would not have acquitted him, if he had produced a thousand facts in support of his innocence. A puritan before Jeffries would have had rather more chance of an acquittal than Mr. Willis.

had before the narrow-minded fogies who assumed the right to try him, and who allowed a *quack* to be introduced into the business, to take the—to him,—proper part of a pettifogger, so unjust were their proceedings, so inquisitorial, so subservient to all those rules that have been formed for the protection of innocence against power, that the gentleman who attended the trial for the purpose of seeing that the defendant should have fair play,—or something as near to it as a Cambridge Theological Faculty could allow him to have,—felt compelled to protest against them (which Protest will be found in another column); and the consequence of that protest was, that they dared not proceed to extremities. They were frightened from their original purpose, and, instead of expelling Mr. Willis, they suspended him, kindly announcing to him that, whenever he could make up his mind to admit that he was a cheat and a liar, he should be once more admitted to all the privileges of the Theological department of the college! Thus they added the most sneaking cowardice to the most intense malignity. They had all the venom of serpents, but they dared not use it in full. They were determined to injure Mr. Willis, to put the seal of condemnation upon him if they could, and therefore they suspended him. But we do not believe they can succeed. The time has passed away, when any blighting act can proceed from a Theological Faculty, or from any department of such a concern as Harvard College, which is at least a hundred years behind the age, and a thousand leagues from any suspicion of justice in its transactions with others.

#### European Items.

The British Parliament has met. Nothing but formalities have been done as yet. Evelyn Denison was elected Speaker of the House of Commons.

Despatches from the French Ambassador at Madrid, announce that the Spanish government accepts the principle of an arrangement with Mexico.

The Duke Constantine had been received with royal honors in every part of France, which he had visited. He was last at Paris.

The Federal Council of Switzerland, by an unanimous vote, has agreed to accept the proposition of the four powers for the settlement of the Neuchâtel question. The King of Prussia is to get his million francs, but the Swiss will not recognize his title of Prince of Neuchâtel.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the last surviving daughter of George III., died April 30.

Le Nord of Brussels, says the French authorities will formally demand a permanent embassy at Peking, and, in case of a refusal, will endeavor, in concert with the English forces, to penetrate to the capital by water, and there dictate terms to the Chinese government.

The Mandarin Governor of Whampoa, had sentenced three Chinese merchants to death, for having carried on commercial relations with the English, contrary to his commands.

The accounts of the revolt and slaughter of 2000 Chinese, by Sir James Brooke, at Sarawak, are confirmed.

The Carmen (Peruvian ship) from Swatow for Callao, sunk March 9, with the whole of her emigrants, (Coolies), by whom she had been set on fire. The mate and six passengers escaped, and have arrived here. Her master and crew, it is feared, were drowned when the vessel sunk.

The reception of the new Austrian Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, was rather cold.

#### PRACTICAL SERMON.

Colored ministers often excel in those qualities in which many of their white brethren are specially deficient—pungency and directness. The following sketch of a sermon, for whose accuracy the editor of an exchange gives his personal voucher, is a good illustration of these important qualities:

Dropping into an African meeting house in the outskirts of the city, we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sable divine thus illustrated his argument:

"Brethren, when I was in Virginia one day, de old woman's kitchen table got broke, an' I was sent into de woods to cut a tree to make a new leaf for it. So I took de ax on de shoulder, and I wander into de depth of de forest.

All nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple trees like new quarter dollars in de missionary box; de sun shone as brilliant, and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden; and de little bell round de old sheep's neck tinkled softly and musically in the distance.

I spied a tree suitable for de purpose, and raised de ax to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree! De branches reached to de four corners of de earth, an' raise up so high in de air above, an' de squirrel's hop about in de limbs like little angels flopping their wings in de kingdom of heaven. Dat tree war full ob promise, my friends, jest like a great many ob you.

Den I cut into de trunk and made de chips fly like de mighty scales dropping from Paul's eyes. Two, three out I gave dat tree, and alas, it was holler in de butt!

Dat tree was much like you, my friends,—full of promise outside, but holler in de butt!"

The groans from the amen corner of the room were truly contrite and affecting; but we will venture a small wager that that was the most practical sermon preached in the city, on that day, at least.

THE INDIAN ENOS, who was Fremont's first guide across the plains, has been captured and taken to Fort Orford, Oregon, for trial for being the chief of a gang that murdered the Indian agent Wright and his party a year since.

CHARLOTTE BROWN, it is said, wrote "Jane Eyre," in a chamber, the windows of which overlooked a quiet, sequestered grave-yard.

Thus do the flowers of beauty grow over the grave of the outward departed.

For the Banner of Light.

MR. EDITOR.—In your last number we endeavored to refute from personal experience, the position taken by Rev. T. S. King, in a recent discourse, with regard to communications that purport to come from the spiritual world, through the writing and trance mediums of the present day. We presented to your readers, a single quotation from the sermon alluded to, but as time and space did not admit of our giving in addition to our own comments, more than a brief extract from one communication "claiming to be especially spiritual," we would resume the subject and offer further proof of the injustice of such wholesale, sweeping denunciations.

We appeal to your unbiased judgment, dear reader, with regard to the communications offered below. Are they "Sentimental drivel" or "nebulous commonplaces"? Do they "deal with particulars" of dress, manners and customs of the inhabitants of spirit land? Are they calculated to draw the soul away from God, and truth? We have had no experience in the "stammerings of trifles through the alphabet, around a table" of which our Rev. Brother speaks, but we have felt the noblest faculties of our nature stirred to a higher perception of God's wisdom, and of duty, and charity, and the dependence of souls on God, by these very systems of communication thus denounced and ridiculed. We say with heart and soul, welcome, the most tedious process, by which we may renew our intercourse with the beloved one, who has passed into another form of life: removed to "another street in the city of God."

We will listen with interest and patience, with glad and grateful joy, to the sounds that rap out to us simple messages of love. We will not bring to bear upon them the cold criticism of intellect, and weigh each word, scan each sentence, to see if it does justice to the intellectual capacity of our friend when on earth, but we will respond with all the earnestness with which we would have responded to that beloved one, when in the earthly form, and bless God, for even so imperfect a method of communication. We have had no experience with "creatures in the cellar, calabans of eternity," whose acquaintance our Rev. Brother seems to have made, nor do we desire any. The spirits with whom we hold communication, come to us all radiant, with the glorious sunlight of heaven. They speak to us of the divine worth of purity and goodness as follows, and leave with us the holy calm of their presence.

"Tis blessed, dear A—to roam through the heavenly fields of God's love; to drink rich draughts of that water of life, that flows inexhaustibly from the divine centre; to pluck the rich fruitage of the tree of life, and to bathe in the very sunshine, the pure lustre of God's love. I left you dear A—after much suffering, for the home of peace. Yet not for long, for I soon found that my Father still permitted me to be near my earthly friends, and as soon as the blessed consciousness of the spirit's birth, into a new, and more glorious sphere of life, came fully to me, I came to you, and tried to whisper to you peace and consolation. You did not realize that I was so near you, but you did feel at times a sweet calm feeling, stealing over you, and that was my loving influence." Only purity and holiness of life, dear A—lived the spirit for the presence of the Saviour. I loved his holy character, and he revealed to me God my Father, in all the fullness of his love, and that took away the sting of death, and converted him into one of God's most beautiful angels, sent to give me rest. Jesus is our brother, and I cannot tell you how his love, makes the blissful happiness of heaven, to thrill the pure soul. It flows around me and in me, transfused and blended with the love of the Father, and makes every string of the immortal harp divine, to vibrate with the rich melody of angelic music.

"I want to wake you again of Jesus the beloved, and give you truths concerning the inner life, dear friend that shall bring you into more conscious communion with God, and enable your spirit to grow in grace, and become all radiant, even in the earthly home, with the divine radiance of purity. Dear friend R—breaths over you the richest and holiest of blessings, and prays the Divine and Holy one, to draw you nearer and nearer, closer and closer to his great heart of life and love. Peace be with you, God's peace. Angels of purity, beautiful and bright surround you, and you will become most lovely with the lustre of that perfect purity that marked Jesus, in his earthly career."

We have omitted a remarkable text that came in the above communication, on account of its private personal nature. We know that by no human means could the medium have informed himself of it.

The following came as if to prepare us for a heavy sorrow, that was about to come upon us, although at the time it was given, our life-sky wore so serene, and untroubled an aspect, that we did not dream that the storm cloud was so near. But when it burst upon us, then we remembered the words of our message from above, and our heart was strengthened and comforted, thereby.

Dear reader, if the cup of grief, has ever been pressed to your lips! or you are now crying "Father if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," read this message, that came to us from a dear one passed on, and let it strengthen your soul as it has ours—

In this earthly sphere, where immortal spirits are surrounded by physical restraints, where infinite souls are shut up in prison-houses of clay, suffering and sorrow must be. Jesus knew this, and he felt it to be true; and was it not from the depths of his own experience, that he said—"If a corn of wheat fall into the ground, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," meaning the discipline to which the grain is submitted by nature; that is, the forcing processes of nature which are brought to bear upon it, which shatter its outer casing, destroys its symmetry as a seed, and develop the germ of the perfect plant, that lies within. Just so, is it, with that seed-grain of immortality—the human body. It contains the germ of a plant of infinite beauty, whose rich fragrance is the joy of its great Creator, and which can be developed only by a patient submission to the opposing, forcing elements at work about it. They are its aids to production and development. The sufferings, the privations to which the soul is

subjected, are the vital elements that are at work upon it, developing its full symmetry and beauty. Marvel not at this; for even he who has been long held up to the world, as the pattern of all purity, holiness and perfection, "was made perfect through suffering." He was not, as many so erroneously suppose, born sinless, any more than the rest of his race; for if so, then the words I have quoted above are meaningless. And when the apostle says he was made perfect through suffering, he speaks idle words that have no sense or use. Ah, yes! that holy and beautiful character was wrought out of the elements of our poor humanity, against which so much is said, and in that fact lies the whole force and beauty of it. Jesus knew that he must work out his own salvation, and that he must himself be the architect of his own character.

And when the blow had fallen upon us, and we lay writhing beneath the stroke, crushed and despairing, there came to us the following message of comfort from a sainted mother.

My beloved, my only child—though clouds and darkness now surround you in the externals, yet beyond, is a radiance and a glory all divine. Look up, my child, and see the brightness that overarches you. It is the brightness of God's love, and angels are its revelators. They will minister to you, dear child, even as angels once ministered to the agony that was breathed upon the midnight air beneath the shades of Gethsemane.

Look away from yourself. Look away to that gentle sufferer and be strong; ready to die for your truth, for your inspiration, as he died for his. My child, I would have you strong. All the closer shall these, your present trials, bring you to the infinite heart of love, that beats responsive to every throb and thrill of your own. Be strong in faith, strong in trust, strong in your own soul, and the dark clouds shall drop bright pearl-drops of blessing—the tears shall become priceless gems, and the cross receive the halo and the crown.

There is an infinity in the human heart that no philosophy can fathom. A depth that analysis can never reach. But the simple word mother, with which so much tenderness inevitably connects itself, sounds that depth. Happy the man who can clasp a mother in his proud, strong arms—hear her ethereal voice sounding in his ear, words of counsel and of love.

And thrice blessed that man, who, having seen the coffin lid close on those eyes, that never looked upon him save with gentleness and affection, can realize that her pure presence is still with him—that her love is deathless as her soul, and that God has mercifully opened a door of communion between her spirit and his own.

We must crave pardon for trespassing so long upon your patience. In our next communication, we shall present some facts of physical phenomena, that have come under our observation.

Truly yours,

AMCUS.

#### The Busy World.

NAVAL.—The U. S. Steamship Minnesota, at Philadelphia, was placed in commission on Friday, and will sail in a few days for Norfolk and thence to China, taking out our new Minister, Wm. B. Read, Esq.

COLONIZATION.—About twelve thousand people of color left the United States for Africa, during the last year. More than half of them were emancipated for the purpose.

HEMP EXPORTED FROM KANSAS.—Nineteen bales of hemp, the first shipment of the article ever made from Kansas, arrived at St. Louis on the 11th inst.

BUT WANTED AT HOME.—The last number of the Leavenworth Herald goes in for hanging the Free State men. It says its "only hope for Kansas is in hemp."

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—About 260 bushels of the seed of the Chinese Sugar Cane, has been distributed by the Patent Office this season.

THE PIANO FORTE was invented by J. C. Schroder of Dresden, in 1717, and the first instrument was made in London in 1776, by a German named Zum-bale.

CONNECTICUT FINANCES.—The report of the State Comptroller of Connecticut says the State is in debt \$37,531.

THE OYSTER TRADE OF BALTIMORE gives employment to over three hundred vessels, and to nearly nine thousand men.

THE EXPRESS INTEREST.—The express interest in the United States is estimated at ten millions of dollars.

YANKEE CLOCKS.—Two and a half million feet of pine lumber were used in making clocks in Connecticut last year.

FOR KANSAS.—A German society in Chicago, numbering some 800 members, are about to start for Kansas to form a city and settlement.

BOSTON sold more barrels of flour last year than Baltimore, which was formerly one of the largest flour markets in the world.

CALIFORNIA has not increased in population the past year, unless from its own internal resources; the arrivals at San Francisco for the last six months, were 927 less than the departures.

THE NET REVENUE of the Niagara Suspension Bridge Co., last year was \$37,966. Total dividends 15 per cent. on a capital of \$600,000.

STATUE OF FRANKLIN.—An elegant marble statue of Franklin is to be inaugurated on the 1st of June by the Franklin Lodge of Odd Fellows of Philadelphia.

ADVANCE IN BEEF.—At the New York cattle market on Wednesday, the prices of beef cattle advanced one and a half cents per pound.

THE PORTLAND MECHANIC BLUES, Capt. Roberts, have voted to join the celebration at Charlestown on the 17th of June.

THE LARGEST MILL IN THE WORLD.—The largest and most comprehensive mill in the world is the Pacific, at Lawrence, Massachusetts. The floor surface is sixteen acres.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL is about to introduce dromedaries into that country.

THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE, at its late session, appropriated \$42,000 for the support of the charitable institutions of the State.



# DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1857.

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

## AN ATTEMPTED APOLOGY.

We do not like apologies, they always seem to us as begging pleas for compliments, yet we will say just here, that should our correspondents notice any delay of attention, or our readers any neglect of the minutiae of this department, they can excuse us, for the reason that the present and the two preceding numbers, have been attended to while making a journey of the West and the Canada. We have jotted down our thoughts in jolting cars, and collected our facts and fancies amid baggage masters, porters, hotel servants, and conductors declaring us "all aboard." This note is written while we are being whirled along through Western cities at 40 miles an hour, and we must surely get some savan to decipher our marks before the compositor can give them to you. We shall be "at home" again, when we will attend to the ten thousand inquiries and favors of our friends.

## "DEAD AND BURIED."

An Orthodox paper, in its summary of intelligence, alludes to a portion of California, as "desitute of religion," which to it, means an absence of their peculiar views of God, man, and the devil. We judge so, from the fact that the editor of the aforesaid paper is considered a sane man, one in possession of his judgment and reason, and therefore knows that there is not a spot in the universe of God, not a soul in existence, that is destitute of "religion," as God understands it. "Our Father in Heaven" is not a partialist; he causes his sun to shine on all, and surely he will not do less for his children, in a matter so essential to their happiness here and hereafter as "religion."

As illustrative of the destitution, the writer says:—

"A friend of a deceased man rode two days through Shasta and its vicinage, to find some one to pray at his interment. Not one could be found, and the man was buried without prayer."

Our friend is mistaken again. The "man" was not buried. Talk about burying a man, in the light of to-day! Sir, it is impossible. If it were indeed true that he was buried, covered up six feet beneath the surface of the earth, it were sad to think of its being done "without prayer." But as it was the omission was surely not a very grievous sin. The man was not there; at least he was not that cold body, and if, instead of riding two days to find a man whose education or creed would qualify him to pray over the dead bones, he had remained at home, buried the body, and looked up in love and trust to where the man was, a living being, he would have found that such an act would have been a prayer that brought a speedy answer in blessings, too great for human utterance.

## SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

We are glad to notice a more candid spirit manifested by many of the daily papers, upon the subject of Spiritualism.

Bitter denunciations, and accusations of deception and jugglery will avail nothing towards checking or explaining the phenomena which are daily attracting larger and larger attention.

It becomes therefore the duty of those to whom the public look for information, to enter into the discussion of this subject in an impartial manner.

It is simply absurd for any person at this late day to cry out "cheat" or "delusion" in view of the fact that such a large portion of the best reasoners and earnest thinkers among us, are satisfied that no explanation can be given of these phenomena based upon human agency. We copy from the *Traveller* the following reply to the bigoted and unjust personal attacks so frequent of late in the Boston *Courier*:

"The Boston *Courier*, of yesterday, comments at much length upon the statement which was made a week or two since in *The Traveller*, about certain experiments at a house in this city, where Messrs. Hume and Willis were present as mediums. It will be remembered that we attempted no solution of these phenomena, further than to express our conviction, that, whatever might be their real nature, they were obviously not the result of any species of jugglery."

"The *Courier* does not dispute the occurrence of the phenomena described in our article. It does better—it accounts for them. Its explanation is, that they were the production of successful jugglery, such as that of Signor Blitz, Herr Alexander, and Monsieur Adonis. With a charming assumption of mental and scientific superiority, it sets out with the proposition that nobody knows how to observe but the gentlemen who write for the *Courier*. The millions of persons of character and intelligence, who in the last seven years have witnessed the manifestations in question, are honest and well-meaning simpletons, whose eyes and other natural organs of sensation are not to be trusted. The faculty of observation does not belong to men of the world; not to business men, whose daily life and avocations teach them a perpetual lesson of weariness, and close, suspicious study of character and conduct—but to a few academical recluses."

"The *Courier* concludes its long array of assertions, and of such words as 'trick,' 'slight of hand,' 'jugglery,' and 'legerdemain,' by copying an offer made by some person in Worcester, of \$100 reward to anybody who shall cause a table, or chair, or book to be moved or tipped in any direction, two inches, without the interposition of hands, or any material connection, provided that the person at tempting to perform the feat, shall, in case of failure, pay \$100 to the party offering the reward."

"Next to the proposition to apply the dissecting knife to the spiritual hand, the *Courier* appears to consider this pecuniary offer as settling the question, because it has not yet been accepted. Very good. We believe that it is generally held that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. We therefore offer to give one hundred dollars to any gentleman who writes for the *Courier*, or to any gentleman connected with Harvard University, who will move a table, chair or book in any direction, two inches, by jugglery, or slight of hand, or by the aid of confederates, in presence of twelve observers selected by ourselves, who shall be permitted to examine said table or other article, and watch said gentleman, as closely as we were permitted to watch and examine Messrs. Hume and Willis, in case no one of the said twelve observers is able to point out the mode in which the table or other article shall have been caused to move—provided that in case of failure to perform the feat, the said gentleman among the Indians, the sum of one hundred dollars."

Furthermore, we will guarantee to the gentleman who may accept this offer that he shall be treated like a gentleman; that he shall not be considered a cheat and impostor until he proves himself to be such; and that he shall not be insulted by stupid propositions or impertinent menaces of the use of the dissecting knife. If this proposition be not accepted within one week, we shall withdraw it, and take it for granted that the gentleman who wrote for the *Courier*, as well as those who are connected with Harvard University, have at length seen their error, renounced their ridiculous belief in jugglery and legerdemain, and come to the rational and modest conclusion that there are things in heaven and earth which are not dreamed of in their philosophy."

## REPLY TO EDITORS AND EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

The editorial of the Providence Post quotes and comments upon the editorial of the Boston Herald, on spiritualism. I will quote, and comment upon both, and if any other, editor, judge, or justice, is able to out or over, justify my receptive sense of the philosophy in question, they surely have the field before them. Without equivocation or succumbing to the popular wit and monied interest, I still maintain the spiritual origin of the grand phenomena of this our new and inspiratory age, as the only solution of the world's mystery.

The editor of the Boston Herald has seen in a house in Beacon street a heavy extension table perform in broad daylight, and says "these antics are not to be accounted for by natural laws or by the tricks of legerdemain or jugglery." This is a little in advance of the *Courier*.

The editor of the Providence Post says, "that these antics are controlled by mind, in the body or out of it, is indisputable." This is a step higher than the Herald. But the P. Post continues, and says what is not really true, viz., "it is generally believed by the spiritualists that the living persons conversed with (through the various instrumentalities) whether in the body or out of it, are unconscious of what is going on around them." Now, it is only the external mediumship, or part held insensible, that is unconscious, not the spirit or person "conversed with." This latter alone is all that we pretend to converse with, and surely this spirit person is conscious of what is going on around us. Truly these editors are confessedly in the dark. They say it is for want of science. But material science alone will never satisfy them.

The best known science, at Harvard or at any University in either hemisphere, has proved its inadequacy.

The *Courier* confesses to the same want of light, only is still deeper in *Slygian darkness*, that is in the grossest or greatest popular light of this dark material world. The *Traveller* is a slight grade in advance. Its editor sees and follows no such dismal light, no such blind guide, to the philosophy of modern spiritualism, as the witty tricks of Signor Blitz, Herr Alexander and Monsieur Adonis.

Still, like the others, he is in want of the true light. He has beat the *Courier* in the same darkness, as illustrated by his heroic offer of \$100, if the *Courier's* position, jugglery, can be properly sustained to solve the case of betting the same amount, at Worcester.

The *Courier* is evidently wrong in thinking it an argument against the claims of spiritualism, that the original \$100 challenge was not accepted by the offer of the same sum by the medium. It is always *dos volente*, and thus at the will and power of the spirit and at the concurrence of outward conditions, and not at the instance of the medium, to do any particular thing. All this is to be considered, to say nothing of the *illness of money* betting in the serious drama of convincing mortals of the special presence and power of actual spirits, good and bad, in the production of modern manifestations. The evil spirits, so called, have no power over us, farther than our states and conditions of mind and body, attract and suffer them, still they are equal proof of the immortality and interests of the human soul, and of the spiritual world.

Before these editors, and a skeptical world, must I assume the position of the spiritual origin of these phenomena. I know it looks positive, without the required logic of ordinary ratiocination. But as I stated in my first letter to the *Courier*, there is no other solution but the intuitive and necessary acceptance of the *a priori* spirit-philosopher, as drawing into life and connection the material evidence. You may exhaust all the *a posteriori* logic of the materialistic schools, and yet come no nearer to the soul's demand until you "come up higher" into your spirit natures, and feel the conscious perception and connection of supreme, and to ourselves, superior intelligence. Reason can never be any warrant against our statement, and all good reason is subservient to and in harmony with it.

Lift yourselves, by the forthcoming attractions of the spirit-divinity, above the incubus of these grosser elements and spheres of the money-making—which is most often the semi-intellectual—yet broad and effective logic. The higher regions of celestial justice, perception and benevolence, will not merely satisfy you of the spiritual and divine origin of the manifestations, but they will be a pure guaranty against the reception of any evil communications from what we term evil spirits.

There are no spirits without the original elements of Divinity within, and that Divinity will eventually gain ascendancy in every immortal intelligence. The higher sense of the Divine Word sustains us. What ever seems to the contrary in the letter is only the truth of fallacious appearances tormenting those sinners who err by letting themselves down so low into the unconnected sense of the "letter" which "killeth."

The lower manifestations of to-day only as signs prove the higher, if we will but receive them.

Boston May 21, 1857.

W. H. PORTER.

A communication from Mr. Dallas to Lord Clarendon announces the presentation by the American Government, of a silver medal and a sum of money, varying from 100 to 800, to the Margate boatmen, who rescued the crew of the ship *Northern Belle*.

## THOUGHT AND ACTION.

The distinction between thought and action is not a distinction of genera, but of species. Thought is action of another kind, and action so called, is, in every rational being, nay, strictly in everything, the expression of thought. The first proposition, that thought is action, seems more doubted in fact, and by implication, than in express form, for the act that never finds a physical expression, is without evidence to testify its existence.

Everything is approachable, but by mediation of its kind. Pure reverie, and wordless aspiration, unuttered reason, and disembodied feeling, can find no conscious reception in the senses, till they are themselves organized, with sensuous forms. The dreamer then, the philosopher of ideas rather than things, the poet and the enthusiast, floating in soft atmospheres of inexpressible thought, are to the eyes of sensible men, mere good-for-nothings, idlers that drink God's sunshine without so much as wafting bloom-sweetness on the desert air.

But the poet knows, and the lover knows, that the dream-world is a world of life, too, and mute thought works, and the world of men is wiser for even the unuttered wisdom of the thinker, is better for the deep wordless love that moves the pulses of the idealist. The nerve-telegraph between soul and sense, is but dimly understood, even in the intimate relation which they bear in our bodily lives; still less has it been appreciated as a sub-marine communication across the gulf of death, where for the great mass of lives here, its existence has rarely been suspected.

The radical error of divorcing thought from action, gave us an easy consequence, the sad doubt of life where life had no expression, for though we felt the silent motions of another world, sphering our world to more harmonious rounds, we lacked the sensate, the muscular action, and substantial presence, which corroborate to the mind its subtle impressions, and at length usurp their place as an essential proof.

Yet look for a moment at this question, if you doubt that the unuttered mind, works. You cannot doubt that the poems of a great poet, are rightly called his works, but ask yourself, is it for the more manual task of the scribe, which very slight mentality is enough to regulate and propel, that they are worthy of the name? or for the motion of the enunciate muscles? If such were the case, the county clerk, and the auctioneer, cast the works of Homer, Milton and Shakespeare, in the shade, by their sylvan exercise.

Old blind Milton, with heaven ablaze in his soul, and the hell-fires, smoking and surging under, and the green new earth between them, scorched now by the recussant flames, now lit by the descending glories,—Milton the mighty, though he never laid hand to the pen which wrote the story of a lost Paradise, makes good his claim to stand forever pre-eminent among the workers—through all the silent years his work was ripening in his soul. If he had never found expression we should have never known, perhaps, that he did work, but the fact stands patent that the mute years were the true years of work in which the expression in heroic rhythms, was only a grand witness.

After a cunning artificer has thoroughly built his cathedral, or steam-engine, or divine comedy, the hand-work which reveals, in bodily attestation, the laborous task of the mind, is slight in comparison, and level to the most common capacity.

What accidents of time and place may have out off the electric wire, between some great soul and our senses, before his poem, or ship, or government,—the work of his silent thought, could get expressed in hand-work, we may never know; but when we think what a slight turn of the headman's axe, as the sword of turbulent civil war, might have cut off the fine brain of Milton, all seething with the busy thoughts that now stand fixed in monumental eternity, we can readily believe that many a work is elaborated in heaven, which only lacked expression upon earth. And since the heavens are opened to us, and the lost clue of sensate relationship between the souls of our here and hereafter, has been caught up again, we may reasonably expect that some of these for which earth yet has need, will be handed back along the subtle chords of some pure heart, to thrill us with strange melody, the mingled tones of our paired life, and heaven's completer psalm.

In these we shall find some compensation for the ineffectual efforts of unalangued souls, if we may coin a word, and the insufficiency of all expressions to reproduce the thought.

The highest expression of thought is just when it is the instantaneous unfolding of thought, giving tone and vehemence to the quick flash of the idea as thunder utters the intense force of silent lightning.

Thus in oratory the impromptu burst of eloquence brings out its appropriate action, with just so much more of vividness, and truth to nature, as the thought is fresh and vital. In art, the hand works busiest and best, while the ideal is keenest and most alive.

So we are taught to discern that not only is thought true action, but action is essentially vital only by the reflected activity of thought. We may go further at a fitting time, and show how action in mere earth and fluids, and the machinery of nature, is but the expression of ideas existent in the mind of God.

## LIGHT SHINES ON ALL ALIKE.

Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, who lived before Christ, 550 years, wrote:—

"Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation of all the rest."

Pythagoras, who flourished before Christ, 600 years, a Grecian philosopher, wrote:—

"It is much more holy to be injured than to kill a man."

Jesus said:—

"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

Confucius, Pythagoras and Jesus taught the same doctrine of forgiveness; the former's words and those of Jesus are more nearly alike; but Christ has given the sentiment in the most simple, touching and concise language.

Reports are again in circulation that the King of Denmark will be forced to abdicate.

For the Banner of Light.

## WHAT IS THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM?

BY CORA WILBURN.

This is an oft-repeated question, put by those, who have, at the best, and viewed the outside of Spiritualism, who have never taken the pains to investigate its principles, its divine foundation, its beautiful, soul-felt revelations, and the glorious certainties by those very manifestations obtained, that by so many are pronounced puerile, absurd, and contradictory. Contradictory? Do not the varying sects of Christianity wage a perpetual warfare with one another? Do they not draw a line of prohibition and exclusiveness around their favorite dogmas, bidding their followers blindly to believe, and reason not?

But Spiritualism bids you unfold those divine capacities within the soul, expand the aspirations, elevate and refine, not deaden the affections; purify, and not mortify, the spirit, by the cultivation of those inner powers by God bestowed. To the most boundless and holy ambition, that of becoming a sereph in purity, an archangel in celestial lore, it joins the deepest, soul-felt humility; for well knows the soul, admitting the spiritual teachings of the present, that repentance alone availeth not for "wrong committed; that every soul must work out, diligently, faithfully, and guardedly, its own salvation. Upon itself depends whether its yearning aspirations for the holier, higher life, shall be darkened by the mists of error, and the spirit frame for itself long years of torture and hopeless expectation; or, whether, by a pure and ever striving life, it shall obtain the fragrant home of beauty, for which the love-yearning heart, and poetic fancy longs.

Yes, all creeds teach self-renunciation, and high and holy endeavor, but they render the effort painful; make of it a confect dire, with antagonisms that exist not, and seek to inculcate the love of God, and obedience to his laws, by the demoralizing agency of fear. Spiritualism reveals the *near* and *human* heaven, to which all souls aspire, with unperverted longing, in their legitimate search for happiness. A home of liberty, peace and joy; a land whose features vary as the colorings of men's minds; a realm where the glories of science unfold in simple beauty, to the earnest, seeking, and childlike soul; where Memory and Hope—earth's attending angels—still guide and illumine the heavenly pathway; where beauty reigns and love, blest and hallowed, forms the crowning glory of the spirit life.

With us, immortality is no undefined state; it is a reality. Our homes are no air-castles, cloud-woven and unsubstantial; we know the spiritual life to be an existence of action and progression—an existence whose every step is prayer, whose every aspiration is worship, whose endeavors are unselfish good, whose aim and realization is happiness.

These truths, these blessed convictions come home to our hearts, by the very means the uninvestigating scoff at. Unseen intelligences rap upon our tables; by that seemingly puerile mode of communications, many a widowed heart has been cheered by a celestial message. Many an orphaned bosom met with a parent's answering sympathy; many a childless household gladdened by an angel-child's remembrance.

This is what Spiritualism has done, is doing daily for thousands. Oh, scoffing brothers, could but the heart's records be placed before you, what thrilling pictures of earthly sorrow changed to heavenly rapture, would pass before your vision. What strains of triumphant joy, from bosoms erst wrung with grief, would rise upon the sunny air. What inspired prayers of rapturous thankfulness, what blissful greetings, even here, of kindred spirits of the glorified, *star-crowned*, angel, with the mortal wayfarer! And in the soul, oh, Spirit Father! what waves of blissful thought, outrolling in broad streams of universal love! What low, melodious whisperings, soft, spirit greetings upon the entranced brow; hallowing inspirations, flowing in sunny delight over the world-weary heart! The tearfully joyous thanks of grateful millions accord to the highest heavens, for the great boon secured—the blessed communion of angel-friends.

And yet man, so vain and presumptuous, while he prepares himself in outward festal garb, and smiling demeanor, to enter an earthly assembly, yet cares not for inner preparation of purity and elevated thought, to gain communion with angel minds, not by aspiring godliness and world-wide charity, he seeks their intercourse, that of the pure, the truthful, the exalted, but selfishly, impetuously, he demands the proofs of spirit presence, without reverence, without faith or love.

It is a well-known fact, that often guilt has trembled in the presence of human innocence, and in nature's solitude, the strong heart of hardened wrong, grown soft and yielding to better influences. The eyes of deceitful cunning, the leer of sensuality quail beneath the searching gaze of human integrity and purity.

Oh, selfish materialist! would you commune with superior beings, world-entranced woman? would you receive the tender messages of departed friends without the preparation of one act of love and beauty, that would claim admittance to the portals of the dawn light? You deny, within your souls, the holiest influences, yet would meet with spirits face to face. You behold not truth, in its unadorned loveliness of self-reliant speech and action, yet imperiously demand that truth from higher spheres.

What good has Spiritualism done? Many of earth's most degraded ones have been awakened from their moral lethargy by spirit power; aroused to battle with error, to overcome the acquired evil, by the innate propensity, to good. No amount of preaching or denunciation could effect this wondrous change, but conviction came; in some better moment a spirit mother's hand has guided an erring son "unto the light." A long departed father has sent a message, a tempted child, and the lustre of purity has revived; the almost extinguished light of hope has been kindled—the despairing spirit has been fortified "to conquer and be strong." Go, skeptic and scorner—go with unprejudiced spirit, among the records of Spiritualism, and a mind, seek among the records of Spiritualism, and among the crowd of conflicting opinions, you will find, many gems of truth—many a well-spring of life and beauty. You are surrounded on earth by

antagonisms and warring opinions and clashing interests, yet reason and conscience guide the true in earnest, amid the discordant elements; and, to the heart-seeker, truth must, will come, with gladdening beam. But, until infant lips shall cease to murmur in discordant tones of growing selfishness, until dreaming, poetic youth shall guard and cherish its loving, ideal dreams, nor veil its heart's spontaneity beneath the semblance of obedience to wordy show; until love shall become earth's beautifier—not as now, a desecrated name, and perverted influence; until hearts shall cease to weep in tears of blood, for the cruel mammon chains, crushing out its best affections—not until friendship shall cease to be a hollow protestation, and truth and right, and feeling, shall claim pre-eminence, unchecked by worldly praise or blame,—when man awakens thoroughly to his higher destiny, outside of creed and form, when woman recognizes her true position and mighty influence—when all hearts yield to the beauty of unselfish lives, then shall the contradictory messages of spirits, as well as the stinging falsehoods of earth no more trouble and perplex our souls; then, when man proclaims the universal brotherhood, doubt shall cease, no lowering gloom-clouds darken the spiritual horizon, nor cast their shadows o'er the soul, then, and not until then.

Were there no liars and bigots here, no stony hearts, no vice-enveloped spirits, by society engendered by selfishness and dire neglect cast forth upon the world, there could be no such beings in the spirit world, and its dark and repulsive spheres would exist no more. Death, as it has been called, cannot transform the spirit—that must attain to purity and happiness by self endeavor. Spiritualism, therefore, lays a weighty obligation upon us, confides to us a sacred trust, self elevation, and with it an influence upon others; not alone upon our immediate surroundings, but upon the spirits of the departed, powerful for misdirection or for good, as is the bent of our own endeavors.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1857.

## THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit within the mansion,  
In the old, familiar seat;  
And shade and sunshine chase each other  
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-briar's arms have wrestled upwards  
In the summer that is past,  
And the willow trails its branches lower  
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
From out the haunted chamber;  
To fill the house, that once was joyful,  
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces  
Within the doorway come;  
Voices that wake the sleeper's mate  
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing in tones as glad as ever,  
The songs they loved to hear;  
They braid the rose in summer garlands,  
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,  
Her blue eyes at the window-pane  
Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,  
Unmindful of my pain,  
I think she has but newly left me,  
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,  
To dress her dark-brown hair;  
I hear the rustle of her garments—  
Her light step on the stair!

O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
Least eyes betray should see  
My cheeks preface the rush of rapture  
Her coming brings to me!

She tarrys long; but lo! a whisper  
Beyond the open door,  
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,  
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,  
The vine whose shadowy leaves sway;  
And my patient heart must still await her,  
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,  
As many a time before;  
Her foot will never stir at my threshold,  
Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. HENDERSON, will speak in the Melodeon on Sunday, Sept. 1st, at 3 and 4 o'clock P. M.

In CHALMERS'—Meetings will be held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

MEETINGS IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning afternoons, at FARMOR HALL, Winterset street. D. J. Goddard regular speaker.

In CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 4 o'clock.

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

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

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

## The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the *Banner of Light*. 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 seek for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as communications, without alteration by us.

## A Vision.—Marion Heckle.

The vision was given by the medium, who described the spirits she saw in the room, and gave their conversation as they communicated to her.

I see a lady who I should think was about twenty years old; has brown hair—eyes neither light nor dark. She says her name is Marion Heckle, and that she has a brother keeping a milliner's store. She has been here about two years; she keeps moving off, but somehow I can't move towards her. Somebody else says he was killed in Newton about a year ago; was a baker, and killed by the cars.

## ELIZA.—EAST BOSTON.

Here's a lady very anxious to commune: Says she died in East Boston about four months ago, of consumption. Her name is Eliza. I can't get the remainder of her name.

## JOSHUA DAVIS.

Here's a gentleman who looks to be sixty years old. He says his name is Joshua Davis, and he wants to communicate to his daughter and his son. He wants her to be a medium for the public, and he wants her to, but she fears. Within his soul, he is very quiet, very calm, or people will say he is insane. The manifestation of a good spirit will be calm, a soothing, quiet nature, while the evil will tend to irritate.

## DOMINIO PERDUTTO.

Some one here wants to send a message to Michael



**Canavan.** The name of the spirit is Dominic Perdu; a short thick-set, fat old man, some sixty years old; I should think. He wants to ask him if he remembers the many happy times he has had at his house? They used to hold meetings there Sunday-mass and vesper. Wants him to know he isn't dead, and to ask him if he remembers the time his body was carried to Dover, years ago, to be buried? Thinks he might know who spoke over his body? He wishes to commune with his son Peter, he says, and his daughter Mary, and son Dominic. He has three children, he says, and they married Michael's brother, James. He says he came to his death by a fall, and died about two months after falling down stairs, as near as he can remember.

Oh, let me come from here; the air is too cold—too clear, I breathe it in, and it goes right out again. There is the sweetest little baby here ever saw. The old man says the priest is his father, and the old fellow is laughing as hard as he can.

#### GEO. GAINES.

Oh, isn't it beautiful here, so many bright colors? There is one old gentleman here, about fifty years of age, who says he has been here seven years. He says he died in California; name Geo. Gaines. He wishes to commune with his friends. He shows me a book—the only name I see in it is Henrietta. He says if he could only speak to his friends, he should be happy. They are in Portsmouth now—a wife and child, whose name is Henrietta.

#### CAROLINE BROWN.

I see three children—Caroline Brown is the name of one them. An old man, who says his name on earth was Fishley, is with them. He is very bright, and requests to be called Grandfather Fishley. Oh, he looks so pleasant! He has got a son here with him.

#### DWIGHT WALKER.

I see a young man, about thirty, rather small, blue-eyes, sandy hair, who wishes to commune to his brothers, and to his father and mother. His name is Dwight Walker. You will find his bones near where you will find these children. The little one says she has told you where that is. This Walker looks dark, as though he was not happy. He has a machine through which water runs to purify it. That represents, he says, his coming to earth to be purified.

I see your father. He is rather short, thick set, brown hair, rather light eyes, full face, very pleasant looking, but he would not be called very good looking. He wants me to tell you that he will be at the west at the time appointed. He can do nothing but present himself as he does to me.

#### WILDER.

I see a lady who says her name was Wilder, and that she was killed by the upsetting of an omnibus, a few years ago. She sends much love to her companion on earth.

#### TIBBETTS.

I see another man, who says his name was Tibbetts. The snow fell on him two years ago, in Boston and caused his death. There is somebody with an awful large nose here. Oh what a name! Ganson Glynes. He lived in St. Petersburg he says. I can't understand him well.

#### William Sumner.

Great God! how I wish I could be clothed with material just long enough to exonerate one who has been dishonored by the public on my account. Oh, God! why may I not be permitted to comfort the sorrowing ones, who are sorely repenting of folly—for it surely was folly, rather than sin.

I saw the youth, and love-loving nature of one I had become acquainted with, and acted upon it, thinking no harm, fearing no future. But, alas! seeds sown in folly, often spring up in dishonor. I surely intended no harm towards the lady or her companion; but, oh, when man feels himself most secure, he often is standing upon the brink of moral death. I cannot rest in the home my spirit has fled to, and therefore I return, to root up, if possible, all evil weeds, and to ask forgiveness of all I may have sinned against. And as they hope for forgiveness in the future, I pray them to forgive me; and not only me, but one who is left on earth to fight with the tongue of public slander.

True, she has committed the sin of folly—if sin it may be deemed—yet she repents, for I read repentance upon the mental, in secret, which will not lie. Then why should not the companion forgive, and still the tongue of slander? Oh, my God! clothe me with power to rend asunder the bands of public prejudice. This prayer I am daily sending upward from the plane whereon I dwell.

Oh, ye who are so ready to denounce the erring, take heed, for although you stand in the present, you may fall in the no far distant future.

Oh, my parents, think of me as in a progressive state, bound to a state of happiness, as I out the fetters which bound me to earth and earth's follies. I wish my father to know that what I told him a few days previous to my death, in reference to what I now write about, was true. He may place full reliance upon it, without any doubt.

The grave may hold my body, but it cannot hold my spirit; and I am permitted, by the God who breathes life into all mortals, to return for good.

One word to the companion ere I leave. Will you not pause and consider ere you decide? Oh, take not a step that you will repent of during your natural existence; but consider, forgive, and act upon your own reason, without prejudice, and you will do well.

You ask me to prove myself to the people, that they may know it is I, and none other, who gives these ideas. What shall I give, other than I have? I have given you truth, and we are told that shall stand, and its course be onward and upward.

My folks will know this, and understand it. They who see it, will recognize it, if they know ought of the circumstances, or of myself.

I come and present myself to you, and expect to stand or fall upon my own merits. Remember, I ask not for justice towards myself, but towards one left in the earth life.

A word to one who will act upon the case. Consider, well, judge not rashly; for remember, the Judge of all the earth, will do right, and you should therefore do right also.

Oh, learn to forgive the child who has lived under the mantle of folly, and you shall find peace in forgiving; if you consider it sin, say, "God and sin no more," and hush forever the wild tumult that rages around the stricken one, and it shall be well with you.

Wm. SUMNER.

[Throughout the giving of this, which was written, the medium was deeply impressed that it was given by Gardner, of Hingham; this will satisfy the people that it did not come from her mind.]

#### Thomas McAllister, to his Mother, Boston.

To my dear, dear mother I write, that I may bring peace to her troubled soul. Dear mother, mourn not for me. I am happy, and would not return to earth to live. Yet I cannot but grieve when I see you so unhappy. Do dry your tears and be happy. Think of what I suffered on earth, and then I am sure you will not murmur at my absence. It was better that I should go, and I will be ready to meet you when you come to me. I am often with you, but do not come, dear mother, to make you unhappy.—I come to ask you to forgive all my past folly, and think of me as ever nigh you. And all the family, I have not forgotten one, but think of you most, my own dear mother—you who were so kind to me, who never thought it too hard to wait upon me, when I could not rest. Now I return, to bless you for all, and teach you how to be happy. Dear mother, weep no more! Oh, let me see you happy. If you cannot understand this now, you will in time, and through all time; do not fail to be as happy as you can. This is from your son in the spirit land.

May 6th, 1857.

Thos. McAllister.

#### Alfred A. Whittemore.

I'm glad to meet you. I suppose it is hardly worth while for me to communicate, but I might as well try. I've got a long yarn to spin some time, and if I don't begin, I shall never get through. I have a mother and three sisters on earth. I have got one sister, who, when I left these parts, lived in Charlestown, and her name was Baker. She married a man by that name. He had plenty of money, and owned the vessel I sailed in. I wasn't captain—hadn't got to that then. The last I heard of my mother and two sisters, they lived in Dorchester. I died of fever, in a foreign land. I went to sea, a great many times, and got caught at last. Now you see I want to communicate to my friends, if I can. I have a father with me in the spirit land. Did you ever hear of a turpentine manufacturer? Well, that was my father's business. I have been here, as near as I can tell, five years. I started for California, got wrecked, and was in the water a number of hours with a fellow, and was saved. I then started on another voyage, and took fever and died.

Do you know Thomas Whittemore? So do I, because he was a relative of mine—he was cousin to my father. My mother was poor—some of her relations were rich, and they chose to look down upon her. I did not like that, and don't like it any better now. She was as good as they, and better—a good mother, and a good woman.

My oldest sister taught school, before she was married; her name was Ellen Whittemore, before she was married. I had two small sisters—one named Sarah, and the other Sophronia. My folks are all Universalists; my mother belongs to that church, so did my father. Well, they are on pretty safe ground; but they do not see as they ought to—they are better off than some of the people. My name is Alfred A. Whittemore. I sent a message to Thomas, once, and he denied me; he lives in Cambridge. I used to go to the Trumpet office to get a paper for my mother.

I was the first fellow who went to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, excepting those who worked there. I went up outside, and carried up the flag.

I have a cousin who lived in Lowell, and kept a store there, whose name was Whittemore. He kept a grocery store.

#### Jim Williams.

I feel disposed to commune awhile, this morning, but at the outset I am going to tell you that you must not look for dressed up ideas, because I am not capable of giving you anything very fine. Neither did I come to write to those who cannot take me just as I am. Well, to begin with, I am now quite happy, because, I see a chance of getting much happier, and no prospect of a worse hell than I have already passed through. Now I would not advise any of my friends to do as I did—as they value their happiness here, they had better shun my example.

I have been miserably unhappy. I don't care to tell how miserable. I wish to write to the boys, who used to sport with me. I want to tell them how often I am with them, and how I wish I could speak and tell them to stop, ere they bring up where I did. I want them to understand I am not dead, and what is more, that I am not likely to die.

When I first came here, I used to think, oh, if I could only die, and get out of my misery! But death was not in the market, so I was obliged to endure all I had brought upon myself. Now here I wish to ask forgiveness of the man I stole that last watch from, and a score of others I served in like manner. I was up at Joe's last night, and oh, how I wished to commune with him, but it was no go; so I was obliged to leave without being known. But I shall make a strike there soon, and shall effect something in good time. Now if you are not disposed to believe me, wait and see what Jim Williams can do, and will do.

#### Sophia Amos, to her sister Elizabeth and Atkins A. Clark, Boston.

May I return from the regions of light, and be permitted to send a message to my sister Elizabeth and friends?

I am happy, and wish to see all my dear friends happy also. To my dear sister, I say, you who saw me take my leave of earth, and pass on to the home where I now dwell, can you not realize that I did indeed, return and stand by your side? Oh, I see you cannot, but in time you will, for it is even so.

I am often with you, and wish you to know of my coming. I will often try to manifest to you, that I may be an instrument in making calm the storms of earth life. Oh, be strong in all that tendeth to good—the angels are constantly watching over you.

Now a word to the best friend I had on earth when I left. You who were so kind to me during my sickness,—to you, I shall ever return with messages of love, and of peace. Those kindnesses were not bestowed in vain. I am now in a state where I can appreciate all I received at your hands, and hence I return with blessings. Oh, be happy in your little paradise on earth. You may, if you will, for many angels are showering blossoms all around you, which will in time be formed into a wreath not made on earth.

Let all the storms of earth come upon you, but fear not, for all will be well. I shall meet you in Heaven. From Sophia Amos to her sister Elizabeth and Atkins A. Clark.

#### Mr. Beman, a Baker, Boston.

I was told that if I came here, I could communicate with my wife. There are some things that we do not wish to communicate to the public, so I can't give you all I would here.

I have been in the spirit life but a short time, and I see trouble in the earth life since I left. My son has left home, because he does not like the mother I brought there before I left. I want harmony among all my earth friends, particularly those so near me. I wish to make peace, and let them know that I am aware of all that is going on, and that it is not pleasing to me that they do not live in harmony.

I did not do exactly right when on earth, but I am sincerely repentant of all the evil I have committed.

I think I have given you as much as I ought to at this time, and under the circumstances I am placed in. As I am a stranger to you, and you are to my friends, I will think whether I can say more through the channel you offer, after leaving, and come again to you.

My name was Beman, I was a baker in Boston.

#### David Blaisdell.

My name was David Blaisdell. John Good'in is here with me. We used to be friends on earth. I lived in the same place with him, and have got folks there, and children here. Julia, my daughter, lives here, or somewhere about here. Oh, I am all confused; I cannot stay; it puts me so much in mind of what I suffered when on earth. I did not do exactly right when I lived in the form; but I am trying to do better now. Good bye.

#### Mark Fernald.

And God said let there be light, and man says let there be no light. Now God is the superior, and man the inferior; hence the saying of man will be swallowed up in the decree of God. And the light will shine, for God commandeth it, to make brilliant the firmament of old theology. And thus it shall continue to increase, as the inhabitants of earth are ready to receive it. In vain will the minister cry out to the people to obscure the light; in vain will they close their eyes to the great truths that will present to them, and seal their ears to the sweet sounds from high heaven's courts, for the light shall shine, and the truth shall be made visible by the light, and the sound of angel voices will still be heard in the land, until the whole earth is purged of its dross, and the sayings of the revelator, John, are fulfilled.

MARK FERNALD.

#### J. M. Marston, Lowell.

I have now been in the spirit land long enough to understand my true condition. When I first entered what seems to be my present home, I was filled with a mixture of fear and wonder—fear, because I thought I might be dreaming, and that what I saw might soon fade away; wonder, because all was so different from what I had expected. I could hardly realize I had passed from earth. Soon I was met by my former companion, and an infant son, who passed from earth a few years ago. They told me I was no more a dweller on earth, and led me away, that I might find repose. But as the needle is attracted by the magnet, so my spirit was attracted back to earth, by the mighty magnet called love, for that I had left behind me. And even now I linger near them, striving in vain to make them understand my presence. I sincerely regret many errors I committed during my earth existence, but that which many seem disposed to censure me for, I look upon as small in the great scale of human events, especially when I consider that circumstances, over which I had no control, bound me to that I utterly detested. Here permit me to say a few words to those who are bound in like manner. As you value your future happiness, it is your duty to do all in your power to read aright the fetters that bind you, and go free. Oh, if I were on earth again, I should choose a far different path; therefore, be advised, dear friends, by one who is only dead in the flesh, and alive in the spirit. Oh, do not wait until you are laid low by the hand of disease, as I did, ere you attend to the wants of the spirit. All my earth life was spent in attending to the wants of my body, while my spirit was continually reminding me of my duty that way. But alas! the cries of the spirit were unheeded by me until the eleventh hour.

Many who may peruse these lines will doubtless cry out humbug. Well, I cannot blame them, for perhaps I should do the same if I were on earth, and should receive such from any one who had passed from my sight. I cannot fully understand why I can come and commune so quick after my change; but they who brought me hither tell me it is right, and that I shall soon understand all that seems so dark to me now.

Oh, my beloved companion and children, my spirit constantly hovers near them, as though loth to be parted from them; but the angels are whispering, "You shall join them again, when they take their flight from earth." Oh, happy thought, when realized in faith!

My friends, will you cast a mantle of charity and forgiveness over all my sins, and remember only my virtues, if I had any? I shall often return to many of you who knew me so well when I was with you, and shall endeavor to do what I can towards increasing your happiness. My sins are over—my earth life is done; my body sleeps quietly, but my spirit is still anxious for the welfare of those dear to me.

Many thanks are due the kind physicians who attended me in my sickness; they did well, but I was marked for a change, and therefore all their labors were in vain. May their earthly lives be long, and filled with happiness, and their hour of change as peaceful as mine.

One word to my enemies, which is only—forgive. I wish to leave no sting behind, for it will bring death to my soul, should I do so. To my brothers in the holy faith: I shall meet you here. To the public: do unto others as ye would that they should do to you, and true happiness shall be yours.

J. M. MARSTON, to his family, his friends, his enemies, and the public.

#### Willy Downing.

I believe I have been to you before, sir. My name is Willy Downing. I jumped out of the window. You must know, first of all, I was the idol of the family. I have two sisters and a mother, no brother. I suppose as there was no boy, and I was the youngest, I was made a pet. The last place I remember living at on earth, was called Allen place, either No. 3 or 4, I don't know which. Now, I don't know whether they are there or not. I have lost track of them; not for want of love on their part, or on mine, but I can't see them for some cause or other. Now, if you will put me on the track of them, I will be very much obliged to you.

I'll tell you how to go to work to find them. Perhaps Huxman can tell you. Do you know him? He was the man I worked for, and it does not matter if you don't know him.

Tell my folks to go to a good medium—I don't care where, as I have much to say to them. I was out off so quick, I had no chance to talk as I wanted to. Oh, my mother and sisters! they were all in all to me. They are good—you will never find any better. Perhaps I am prejudiced in their favor, but others say so. I can't tell you what I would tell them, because it is not for you, only for them—so pardon me.

If you can't find Huxman, I'll tell you another way. I told you we last lived in Allen Place. If we had moved from there, it has escaped my memory. Allen Place leads out of Allen street. You go through an arch, and come to some wooden buildings in front; take the left hand door—I think it is either three or four. Perhaps that is the first place for you to go, to find out where they are. I don't know why I do not see them. You can tell as much about that as I can; but it is true. I feel as though I must manifest to them now. They have never ceased to mourn for me. Ask them, if you ever see them, whether this is not so.

I have told you as near the truth as I recollect. I have endeavored to tell truth, and that is the best I can do.

#### To James Dennett, of Portsmouth, from his daughter Elizabeth.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words were sounding in my ears for much time ere I passed from earth to the spirit land. I return to you that I may approach those dear to me. Oh, how sweet to be remembered by those we love on earth! I have aged parents still living in the earth life.

I am the sister of one James Dennett, who communed with you a short time since. My mother has lived under the shadow of religion for many long years; but oh, cannot I give her some new star to place among the gems that are already there? Can I not unseal her now sealed vision, and make her rejoice in her unsealed vision? The angels above tell me I can, and 'tis for this I come.

I have two brothers and one sister on earth—Ephraim, Burnham, and Mary Jane. Oh, my beloved parents! is there nothing I can do to make you happy? If they can but realize the presence of those they love so well, how happy the realization would make them!

Oh, plead with them that they receive me, for who shall say that I cannot make them happy? During my long sickness I believe the angels ministered unto me; I believe that they came to me, and informed me of many things that should transpire in the future. They told me I should pass away as the leaves fell from the trees, and it was so. I could not understand it then—now I comprehend it.

My disease was consumption. My parents live in Portsmouth, N. H. My father's name is James.

#### C. S. Campbell.

I have folded my arms and laid me down to sleep. I speak of the body; no marble slab marks its resting place, but a huge pile of stones surmounts my grave, which you will find in the Madagascar Isle. A raging fever bore my spirit from the mortal, and the natives laid that mortal away, after I had no further use for it. Ten years have passed since then, and I have learned to be happy. I was born in Pennsylvania, where I have kindred remaining at this time. I use a mortal hand to make a few thoughts visible.

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

## SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THIS

### OLD AND NEW WORLD:

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

[Continued.]

Morning came, the ship was bounding over the sea, and there was naught to be seen—"but the blue above and the blue below."

The second night out, being quite unwell, (not sea sick) I turned in to my berth, from which I was startled by a knocking at my state room door, and informed by my friend, that the second mate was very ill, and that there was no physician on board, and desiring that I should go and see the man, which I did, and found him suffering under a violent attack of the cholera, and for a few hours it was extremely doubtful, if he would ever be any better, but possessing a strong constitution, with the most constant care he was on deck again in a few days. During the remainder of the passage, which was a very long and tedious one, over forty of the passengers were on the sick list from various causes, but most fortunately not one of which went over the side, or found a watery grave.

Seamen are the most superstitious set of men with which it has ever been my lot to meet.—In fact there are but few things that transpire at sea, with them, but what prognosticate evil in some way. If a school of porpoises are seen following the ship, then there is going to be a "devil of a blow." If sun dogs are seen in the Northern horizon then you must "look out for breakers." If there are head winds and things don't go exactly right, then there is a "Jonah on board," and so on through a long catalogue of such notions, and I feel most confident if the sailors of the Constitution had known that there was a spirit medium on board they would have attributed the succession of head winds which we had to encounter to her, and would have attempted to throw her overboard or mutinied. The latter of which they actually did on account of the brutal treatment of the first officer who was a Scotchman, and came aft, but again returned to duty on being promised by the Captain, that they should be treated better in future.

On our arrival the mate was discharged, and thrown into prison for smuggling; thus quickly receiving his just due for his brutality to his brother seamen. There is a very great responsibility resting upon our rich merchants for the manner in which they deal with those who toil night and day in the face of danger and death on the rolling deep, for a mere pittance to build up for them princely fortunes, to live in luxury and ease.

I will here relate a little incident that occurred one night during our passage out. There arose a terrific gale and we were startled from our slumbers by the cry of "all hands on deck." Springing from my berth, I made for the companion-way, and looking out upon the wild scene which presented itself to my view, I could see the giant waves foaming with rage, as one pursued the other in quick succession, tossing our noble ship like a feather upon its deep swelling bosom, the huge masts bent like supple reeds before the violence of the storm, and her snowy canvass unable to bear the unequal pressure was rent in shreds and borne away into the darkness of the night. More and more the war of elements increased, until our gallant vessel groaned in agony as she struggled with the angry billows, which every moment threatened to bury us in the deep caverns of the sea. The hoarse voice of the commander trembled as he rose above the war of elements. The iron hearted seamen quailed with fear; no mad oath escaped his lips, as he looked into the stern face of death, who hovered over him threatening every minute to strike him with his uplifted dart. Amid such a scene as this, I returned to our state-room with a heart which by its tumultuous throbbing told me that I had not an over stock of courage. Holding on to my berth I distinctly heard those familiar sounds which I had become so accustomed to listen to in more quiet places, calling over the letters of the alphabet the following cheering message was given to us: "Fear not, the danger is past, you shall arrive at your destined port in safety." In fifteen minutes afterwards, it was as calm as the loveliest evening in summer, save the heavy swell of the sea. The moon shone out brightly, and truly there was no danger. I do not relate this incident because I would have the reader believe that the spirits exercised any special control over the storm for our particular benefit; far from it, but simply to illustrate that they have the power to do so, when permitted, as much so to-day as when Christ said to the tempest "Be still," and it was so at his command. I believe that they saw that there was no danger, and further that the storm would subside as suddenly as it did, which was almost instantaneously.

Judge Edmonds, of New York, related to me a similar case in his own experience, which illustrates the fact of spirit power over the elements. After a long and tedious passage of thirty-three days, our ears were greeted with the joyful cry from the mast-head, of "land, ho!" and two hours later, Cape Clear loomed up in the distance, and our eyes for the first time caught a glimpse of the shores of old Ireland, "the gem of the sea," and shortly after, the gray and dim hills of Wales, with Mount Snowdon, sitting in their midst, like a giant on his throne, were seen on our starboard bow. Running before a good breeze, we were soon off Holy-head light, where we were becalmed, and forced to lie until a steamer hove in sight and took us in tow, up to Liverpool, where we arrived October 14th, thirty-six days from New York. Thirty-four out of the thirty-six days, Mrs. Hayden was confined to her state-room by severe sea-sickness, from the effects of which her life was despaired of for some time, even after our arrival at London.

Deeply grateful for having escaped the many dangers of the sea, we once more placed our feet upon dry land—upon the soil of Old England, determined never to trust ourselves to the fickleness of the winds so long as there were vessels propelled by steam.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"A Journey to London.—English Railway Bores.—The Great Metropolis.—Yorkshire—Private Hotel.—Exciting Moments.—Words of Comfort.—First Communication.—A New Abode.—Dr. Hoyal.—First Professional Seance. Knebworth. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. M. P.

It is not our intention to write a book of travel, or to describe the scenery, and people of the country, more than what is necessary, to relieve the sameness of our subject and to maintain the connection of our narrative. We shall not stop, therefore, to give a description of Liverpool, with its famed docks, and magnificent St. George's Hall,

as we presume many of our readers are already familiar with a description of the same.

On the morning of October fifteenth, we took our seats in the carriages of the Great Northern and Western Railway Company, for London, distant two hundred and ten miles from Liverpool.

How unlike our own magnificent cars are the railway carriages of England, which are but so many boxes set on wheels, in which you are stowed and locked up, like sheep; each compartment is intended to accommodate ten persons, but their height is not sufficient to permit a person to stand erect in them. There were no arms or cushions to the seats of the second class carriages, which are the most patronized, by what are termed the respectable classes, and those whose pockets are not overburdened with pounds, shillings and pence, which we found were as much demanded and worshipped by John Bull, as dollars, and cents are by Brother Jonathan, notwithstanding his boast to the contrary.

Punch, says facetiously, that the English railway companies employ the most experienced carpenters to find the hardest boards in the kingdom, for railway carriage seats. The second class fares are, (or were at the time we were in England,) about one third higher than our best class fares. The English railways are exceedingly fine, but our cars are elegant drawing rooms, in comparison with their carriages.

The trains have no conductors as in our cars, but a guard who is stationed in a breakvan in the rear the most remote from danger. The baggage, or as they term it "luggage," is placed on the tops of the carriages, stage coach fashion, instead of in a special car, as with us. Before reaching a terminus the train is brought to a dead stand, and a score or less, of the servants of the company, besiege the carriages to take up the tickets, a proceeding which in this fast country, would justly be considered decidedly behind the progress of the age.

The day was unusually fine, and save the hardness of our seats, which were most uncomfortable, we enjoyed the journey very much. Although everything was old and time worn, to us it was new.

The towns and villages through which we passed did not present that thriving and lively appearance so observable in our own favored land. There was a care-worn expression, in the pale and sickly bricks—a wasting with decay, as though weary with the weight of years, and we left Liverpool at a quarter to eleven A. M. The sun had left the little island long before we reached our journey's end, and we made our first appearance in London, amid the glare of innumerable gas lights. We were in the world renowned metropolis of Europe; at the mammoth station of Great Britain—Euston square. Looking from out our box, to catch our "first impression" of the monster city, we were saluted with the familiar cry of—

"Want a keeb, sir?"

Yes, we did want a cab, and creeping out of our place of confinement, we crawled into another still smaller box, of questionable purity, judging from the fumes of bad tobacco and decayed malt, giving to our friend Cabby the direction to which we desired to be "set down," and where we were to pass our first night in "town." We booked at the "Yorkshire Private Hotel," Seymour street, Euston square, where the first spirit communication, through the sounds, was received in the Old World. I am thus particular in the minutiae, because these things will become a matter of history, and it is well that a faithful record should be preserved for the benefit of those whom it will interest in future, when the spiritual phenomena shall be more fully recognized and better understood than at present.

After tea we took our places at a table in our own private room, to ascertain if our spirit friends were still with us, and prepared to fulfill their promise to respond to us when desired.

As we took our seats, there was a quickening of the pulse—a nervous anxiety in our faces. All was still, hushed as the grave—we looked at each other but spoke not, for words were inadequate for the occasion, as they had no power to express the throbbing tumult of the heart—had we crossed the stormy Atlantic only to reap disappointment for our reward? Impossible! they will not desert us now. But hark! a slight tremor is felt in the table; a few faint ticks or raps are heard. Our hearts beat more freely, a mountain has fallen from our shoulders. "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" But louder and firmer came the gentle pattering until the room was musical with the cheering sounds. A moment's pause succeeds—one long breath of relief is drawn and then—comes the call for the alphabet, followed by a well known and to us much loved signal.

Dear readers, you can but little know or appreciate with what intense anxiety we pointed to those twenty-six letters, eloquent in their very silence. But the telegraph between Heaven and Earth was in operation—one by one those dumb letters assumed intelligent sentences, and the following dispatch lie before us speaking in more than thunder tones of Hope and Joy. We were but as children far away from home—alone, and in spite of ourselves, tears suffused our eyes, and we believe could the most bitter skeptic have looked in upon us at that moment, he would have been converted or at least have acquiesced in any imposture. But here is the communication; the first glad tidings whispered to us on the other side of the Atlantic from our spirit friends.

"Oh, how we have longed to give you words of comfort; to free your minds from anxiety concerning your success here. We want you to keep constantly in your minds the little motto, 'There is no such word as fail.' Leave it with us, and free your minds from care. 'We have promised and we will perform.'—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

And nobly did they fulfill their promise. That little message was of priceless value to us in those anxious moments, and to the last hour of our mortal lives shall we treasure it for the joy that it sent to our hearts.



## Pearls.

— elegiac  
And equal idea, and level are mountains,  
That on the crystal base of all Time,  
Shall lie forever.

Each block of marble in the mine  
Conceals the Paphian Queen—  
Apollo robed in light divine,  
Of Pallas, the serene.  
It only needs the lofty thought  
To give the glorious birth,  
And lo, by skillful fingers wrought,  
They captivate the earth.

So, in the hardest human heart  
One fountain well appears,  
A fountain in some hidden part  
That brims with gentle tears.  
It only needs the master touch  
Of Love or Pity's hand,  
And lo, the rock, with water bursts,  
And gushes o'er the land.

Time is the most precious and yet the most brittle jewel  
we have. It is what every man bills largely for when he  
wants it, but squanders away when he gets it.

— "Tis a little thing

To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juices  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours,  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unarm'd, 'twill fall  
Like choicest music."

Correction does much, but encouragement does more—  
encouragement after censure is as sunshine after a shower.

Thro' Childhood's morning-land, serene  
She walks, betwixt us twain, like Love;  
While, in a robe of light above,  
Her better Angel walks unseen,

Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild:  
Then lost her starry garments' trail  
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,  
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

Ambition, when lawless, is a curse; when guided by wis-  
dom, a blessing to its possessor, and a benefactor of the  
race.

Not by appointment do we meet Delight  
And Joy; they heed not our expectancy;  
But round some corner in the streets of life,  
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.

A n unstable man, who does not know which way to take  
or how to act, is one who "fear ghosts at the front door and  
thieves at the back."

Written for the Banner of Light.

## AN ADVENTURE IN 1775.

BY CYRUS COBB.

At about eleven o'clock, on a dark night in the month of September, 1775, two forms issued from a narrow lane in the south part of Boston, and quickly crossing the "border street," made their way to a small sailing craft, which was handily secured to the wharf, on which they cautiously, though quickly trod. Having arrived at the spot where the painter was fastened, one of them held up his hand for a moment, and then turning to the other who was much younger and smaller, he remarked in a tone at once firm and anxious:

"The wind seems dying away, Cornelius; we must get started at once."

His companion made no reply, but quickly unfasting the painter, he drew the boat up to the wharf; the elder of the two immediately descended to the craft by means of iron spikes driven into one of the piles, and was quickly followed by the younger. In a moment or two after, their boat was slowly leaving the wharf, laden so heavily as to sink it nearly to the gunwales.

These two persons, who were thus so cautiously and secretly passing out into the harbor, were characters, well known in those first days of our revolution.

The elder was Samuel Hobe, the man, who before all others, was selected for dangerous enterprises. His never flinching courage and powerful strength, combined with a remarkable aptness for expedients and stratagems in times of immediate peril, rendered him invaluable to those, who wished errands of great importance and danger accomplished.

His companion was Cornelius Hobe, his son, a youth who, though he did not possess the strength and experience of his father, yet was equal to him in courage, and his superior in a handy quickness. Combined, they were equal to almost any undertaking.

The enterprise in which they were now engaged had for its object the supplying of a small craft, which lay hidden about twenty-five miles down the bay, with provisions, and ammunition. The said schooner was bound on one of those bold adventures, which rendered our seaport fore-fathers so famous at that time.

Samuel Hobe and his son well knew the danger which they were undergoing in thus attempting to pass through the fleet of British ships, then blockading the harbor; but the danger was a pleasure, rather than otherwise. Yet the unmistakable dying away of the wind, which seriously affected the progress of their boat, caused them great anxiety.

The wind was by no means strong when they started, and by the time they had reached a point opposite what is now "Castle Island" the craft hardly moved through the water.

"This is bad, Cornelius," uttered the father, as he glanced into the darkness with an expression of anxiety; "the wind bid fair at ten o'clock. I thought I could read weather better than this."

"It is a strange circumstance," answered the son; "it seems to be one of those cases, which we can't read, try our best, it seems to me though, father, as if the wind had gone away to shift a little, and would be back again to put fresh hands to our craft."

The father smiled at this shrewd remark, which was uttered with much confidence. He placed great reliance in the instinctive perceptions of Cornelius, and his words had the effect of removing, to a great degree, the expression of anxiety which had agitated his countenance.

The wind now died entirely away. The sail flapped lazily to the motion of the boat, as it was rocked by the swells of the sea; the bow pointed to this place and then to that; and the rudder remained a powerless thing.

"The oars, Cornelius, we must use our oars," uttered the father. "Furl that sail quick, or its flapping will bring some of those cursed Britishers on to us."

Cornelius hastily obeyed the order, while the elder Hobe drew two long oars from their places, and, placing one in readiness for his son, he sat down with the other in his grasp.

"Wouldn't it be better to get up under the island here, and wait for a breeze, father?" asked Cornelius.

"No—we have lost too much time now—pull. Nothing more was said. The long muffled oars

were now put to the work. Samuel Hobe took the stern seat, leaving the bow for his weaker son. Their long, careful, steady strokes moved the boat through the water with an almost deathlike stillness, yet with a rapidity which was remarkable, considering the weight of the stores that were aboard.

Nevertheless, their progress seemed torturingly slow to the Hobes, who knew that the success of their adventure depended on their reaching a distance of twenty-five miles before daylight. They pulled on and on with compressed lips and anxious scowles, now and then staying their oars, and listening with strained ears, while they peered anxiously into the darkness, endeavoring to detect the cause of their alarm.

They had proceeded in this manner for about twelve miles down the harbor, when suddenly the sound of oars met their ears. They both sprang half up from their seats, and gazed anxiously toward the spot from whence the sounds came.

"It is one of the Britisher's boats, father!" exclaimed the startled son in a whisper.

In the excitement of the moment, Cornelius splashed the water with his oar.

"Hark!" exclaimed a voice in the darkness, "I heard the splash of an oar. Some of the land-lubbers are out on one of their cursed larks, I'll wager my chest!"

Every word came distinctly to the Hobes in the still night air. They now held their breath, and setting their nerves with alarmed determination, they pulled out to sea with almost the stillness of the grave.

But the ears of the man, whose voice they had heard, were sharp. They could hear him order the men to cease rowing; and there came an oppressive stillness. Suddenly his voice again came along the water:

"I hear them, the lubbers! They are pulling out to sea. Quick, quick boys! they haven't more than four oars at the most! It sounds as though there was something heavy in that craft. Pull I say boys! Hurrah for a prize!"

"Hurrah for a prize!" came hoarsely through the darkness from the throats of the British crew.

The Hobes could now hear the hasty pulling of their oars. Seeing that it was useless to attempt escaping directly out to sea, they turned to the left, in the hopes of meeting with one of the island bluffs, which they judged were in this vicinity.

They were not mistaken; soon rocks began to make their appearance above the water, and immediately after a high bluff appeared in the darkness.

"Pull for dear life now, Cornelius!" exclaimed the father. "The cursed wretches are nearly upon us!"

Cornelius threw all of his strength into his desperate efforts, and for a moment or two he seemed to even pull his father around.

"Sh—boy, hold your strength a little. You'll have to use it for your life soon, if I am not mistaken. Hark boy!—they're coming!—By Heaven! they've found us out!—Pull, pull, boy! get behind that bluff!—I've an idea! The dive, boy, the dive!—Quick—quick!"

The next instant, their boat passed behind the bluff; quick as lightning, Samuel Hobe dropped his oar, and springing to the bow of the boat, grasped a coil of rope, on one end of which was attached a strong iron hook.

"Off with your things, boy, the dive!—We'll give them a bath, the cursed Britishers!"

"The same as I did last month, father?" hurriedly uttered Cornelius.

"Yes, yes, my boy, here! get over on this side—there!" exclaimed the elder Hobe, as his son disappeared over the larboard side of the boat, still holding onto the gunwale with one hand, while the other grasped the rope on which the hook was attached.

The next moment the sound of oars reached their ears.

"Now God be with you, my boy!" exclaimed the father. "Start the moment you hear me speak."

They could now distinctly hear every sound on board the pursuing boat. A harsh grating noise reached their ears.

"Curse the rocks!" uttered one of the crew; "the cowardly lubbers have led us into a trap. Push her off on that side, boys."

"Now all!" exclaimed the voice which they had formerly heard.

The next moment there came a grinding sound, and then a noise in the water, which told that the boat was once more free.

The pursuers now approached more cautiously, the officer sending a man to the bows to make out "rocks" the best he could. A slight jar, which did not stop the boat, called forth an exclamation from the officer.

"You lubber forward there, do you want to sink us? Go forward, Tom, and help him. Stand one on each side. Now look sharp, or I'll have you strung up. Pull slow, boys,—we'll soon be out of this cursed hole."

The men now dipped their oars with extreme care. The water throughout this place, was very deep, although the bluff was but a few rods distant; the rough jagged rocks around which the experienced Hobes had passed in perfect safety, looked fierce to the boat's crew.

"Curse the lubberly rebels!" exclaimed one of the men, as his oar glanced off from a rock; "I'll wager my next mess, we've lost 'em."

"Give it up Mr. Powell!" exclaimed another, as the boat again jarred against a rock.

"Silence Jack!" returned the officer, who was not at all pleased with the shape matters were taking; "I'll go through here against the powers of Heaven and earth."

"Against the powers of Heaven and earth! Against the powers of HEAVEN!"

"These words came back on the ears of the pursuers in a deep and sepulchral voice. They dropped their oars, every man of them, and looked with startled and soared faces toward the spot from whence the words proceeded. There, but a short distance from the corner of the bluff which they at this instant passed, stood a tall figure in a boat, wrapt in a mysterious garment, with one arm raised toward Heaven; the solemn and majestic air of the whole, well becoming the conception of an ancient Prophet. The superstitious sailors were, for a while, awe-stricken. The solemn returning of his own impious words, threw a chill of indefinable dread into the heart of the officer.

"Against the powers of Heaven! Man, do! thou know what thou hast spoken. Heaven! Heaven! Look up to Heaven!"—here the figure, before them raised an arm upward with an expression of indescribable majesty. "Look up, and see the Heaven above you in wrath because of your wickedness. Look up, I cry to you, and beg for forgiveness!"

The hour of the night; the gloomy darkness with which they were surrounded; the air of mysterious majesty pervading the figure before them; and the sepulchral tones of his voice, together with the words which issued from his mouth, produced upon the British sailors, who were at all times superstitious, an effect of unutterable awe. When he uttered the last words, in a voice, concentrated to the highest point of impressive command, every soul instinctively cast his eyes upward.

At the same instant a hand appeared above the

gunwale behind them, and, removing one of the thole-pins, inserted in its place an iron hook.

The hand had hardly disappeared, when the officer, having somewhat recovered from the first effects of the startling scene, which held them all spell-bound, suddenly exclaimed:

"It's a trick, boys! By the powers above and below, that ranting priest is the very chap we are after!"

He had scarcely given utterance to these words, when a terrific shriek issued from under their very gunwale into the night air, chilling their blood with horror. With a simultaneous movement they started toward the spot.

In an instant the form of Samuel Hobe, all dressed in his mysterious robe, bent, and, grasping a rope which ran over the larboard gunwale into the water, he gave a quick vigorous pull.

The British boat tipped violently, throwing every one of the men, unguided as they were, sheer into the water. In the same second, a slight form leaped like lightning into the empty boat, and the elder Hobe, seizing the oars of his own craft, which had been previously prepared, with a few vigorous pulls dragged the other, by means of the hooked rope which yet remained in the thole-pin hole, far from the reach of the struggling Englishmen.

As their deep hoarse curses grated on the night air, Samuel Hobe could not repress a grim smile of triumph. He did not much fear for their lives, as the island was only a few rods from the scene of their discomfiture.

"The cursed priest!" was uttered by one of the panting strugglers. "Cursed hypocrite."

"Yes, I say,—" him," came from a violently struggling throat. "Cur-se-d fools!—to sta-and gar-ping—"

Cornelius could not help laughing outright at these spluttering words; but the next instant his laugh ceased, and he cried:

"Father, father! here's one of them ahold of the stern! What shall I do? let him be or knock him off? I'll make him a prisoner if you say so, father."

"Oh, don't knock me off sir!" pleaded the terrified man; "I can't swim!"

"Make him a prisoner, Cornelius," interrupted the father.

"Yes, let me be a prisoner, if I must; but for God's sake don't knock me off!" uttered the trembling victim.

Samuel Hobe directed his son to pull the English boat up to his, while he continued pulling for dear life; for the discomfited English crew had now reached the island, and were crying lustily for help, which must soon bring some British boats down upon him from some of the neighboring frigates.

Having drawn the boat up by means of the rope, they together quickly secured their prisoner.

He was a young man of excellent appearance; his countenance not at all agreeing with the usual ideas, entertained at that time of a British sailor. His name was given as George Harding, so well known afterwards in the "privateer" service of our country.

Cornelius now took one of the oars, from his father, and they pulled with all their strength: for the sounds of approaching boats could be heard in the distance. Soon, however, the wind which Cornelius had so shrewdly predicted, came sure enough, and the boat made its way out to sea with considerable speed; at least with speed enough; to take Samuel and his son clear of their enemies, and to enable them to reach their destination at about day-break.

Their prisoner was so charmed by the kind treatment which he had received from the Hobes, that he offered with a free will to become one of the schooner's crew, and his name, as we before stated, eventually became popular in the annals of our revolutionary privateering.

His English companions supposed he was drowned, and by reason of his changing his name, they never were made wiser in regard to his fate.

Samuel Hobe and his son, during the revolutionary struggle, passed through many as critical scenes as the one which I have here related.

## Agriculture.

CULTIVATION OF THE SWEET POTATOE. Select your richest and most sandy soil; if you have no sandy soil, then your highest and driest loam; plough it deep, not less than eight inches; cover with a coat of well rotted manure; cross-plough, and-deep; one week before planting out your sets, say 15th of May, draw upon the ground fresh barn-yard manure; spread it four inches thick, and eighteen inches wide, in rows; then cover, by ploughing a deep furrow each side; you have now a ridge or bed nearly two and a half feet broad at the bottom, and one at the top; over this top spread two inches thick of refuse charcoal, from the old coal pit, or your coal bin; set your plants on this ridge, one in every two feet; keep them clean of weeds, and the tops or vines from taking root from time to time, as they grow.

The variety among sweet potatoes is, perhaps, as great as among Irish potatoes; and one sweet potatoe is not as good as another, any more than one Irish potato is as good as another. Those who are about to procure seed for sprouting sets, or those intending to purchase sets, should therefore be careful to know what kind of a sweet potatoe to plant they are purchasing. Our own experience is, that the variety having a vine or top, with dark green, not reddish foliage, and producing an oblong obovate or ovate pyriform tuber, that is of a rich pale yellow, both outside and in, is the best variety. Some say the vine and tuber of the red sweet potato will endure more frost.

VARNISH FOR RUSTIC GARDEN SEATS.—First wash the woodwork with soap and water, and when dry do it over on a hot sunny day with common boiled linseed oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects. Now is the time for varnishing such seats.

HAVE YOU A CHOICE GRAPE CUTTING THAT YOU WANT TO GROW?—Then go to the woods, dig some roots of a wild grape vine, cut them into pieces of about six inches long, cut your choice grape vine or cutting into pieces of only one, or, at most, two buds; insert the lower end, by the common cleft-grafting method, into the piece of wild vine root; plant it in the earth, leaving the bud of the cutting, just level with the top of the ground. Every one so made will grow, and in two years become bearing plants.

ASPARAGUS. No plant is better adapted to our salt atmosphere and soil than asparagus. Yet it is surprising when there are some acres of ground wholly uncultivated, where it would flourish as well as in the richest prepared soil in the State, so little is cultivated. No bed underlaid with old roots, bones, soot and salt, is so well prepared as the old salt marshes, which have been covered with a coat of soil and left to decompose, and in which the roots of asparagus plants would find a most luxuriant life. There are acres of ground upon which salt works have stood, so salted that vegetation is of little account, where possibly some stray plant of asparagus has already found root, as if to teach

the value of such localities,—that might be turned into most profitable land. There is no reason that the very best plants should not be cultivated, and the earliest supplies sent to Boston markets from this country. It is certainly to be hoped that every man will look about his lands, and that every spot that is fit for the cultivation of asparagus, will be occupied.

## THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Knock! Knock!  
You cannot come in,  
The door is brass  
And the bolt is sin.  
Stand on the threshold, trembling and cold  
Beautiful angel with hair of gold!

Maud comes hither and sits on my knee;  
I'll kiss thy lips, and thou'lt kiss me.  
Beatrice, thou of the milk-white hands,  
Fondle my long hair's electric strands.  
Blanche, no putting! I vow I will rest  
My head, if I like, in this dove-like breast.

Knock! Knock!  
You cannot come in,  
The door is brass  
And the bolt is sin.  
You are not meet for this company bold,  
Heavenly angel with hair of gold!

File the wood up in the chimney wide  
'Till the flame leaps high like the devil's pride,  
In Silver tankards slumber the wine,  
Fondle my long hair's electric strands.  
Blanche, no putting! I vow I will rest  
My head, if I like, in this dove-like breast.

Knock! Knock!  
You cannot come in,  
The door is brass  
And the bolt is sin.  
Rollie and riot you must not behold,  
White-robed angel with hair of gold!

The wine is bitter!—the blaze is dim!  
What horrible chill creeps over each limb?  
I scarce can see as I gaze abroad—  
Where are ye, Beatrice, Blanche and Maud?  
Ah, Heaven! Come kiss me—some fire—a light?  
Speak temons, or else I shall perish with fright!

Knock! Knock!  
How did you come in,  
The door was brass  
And the bolt was sin.  
Where are your white robes, your hair of gold?  
Angel of Death your touch is cold!

## SONNET.

Let not thy youth in thoughtless pleasure, fly,  
When life is passing after life in pain to thee,  
With keen reproaches for its misery.  
Alas! 'twill be in vain for thee to sigh  
O'er time allowed to pass with folly by,  
What if thy body thou unceasingly  
If in thy mind thou but a desert see—  
A charmed spot—bound with a sunless sky?  
We would not have thee dull and never gay,  
Ungenerous, never smile, nor dance, nor sing;  
But oh! what to the husbandman would'st say  
Were he unmindful of the spring?  
Passed he in idleness the vernal day,  
To have in autumn's hour no gathering!

## Scientific and Mechanical.

NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY. A gentleman by the name of Burges has discovered a new application of electricity to the prevention of burglaries and fires. It consists of a spring concealed in every door, window-shutter, or desk, to which it may be desired to apply it; and it is so arranged that when any attempt at burglarious entry, or even at tampering with a lock is made, an electric circuit is completed which causes an alarm bell to ring. In the day time the circuit can be shut off by turning a handle. Even fire will find it difficult to break out without leave. The contrivance for curbing the devouring element is constructed on the principle of Breguet's thermometer; when the temperature of a room rises from any cause beyond a given limit—say one hundred and twenty degrees—the electric circuit will be completed and the alarm bell will summon instant assistance.

HYDROS STEAM ENGINE. A large silk machinery is being constructed in Newark to be driven by a water wheel, the water for which is pumped in a continuous circuit by steam. The pressure maintained on the jet of water is very great, and the wheel is a small and exceedingly well finished turbine, the diameter of which is only about one foot. The revolutions are consequently so rapid that instead of multiplying the speed in transmitting it, to the shafting, as is usually necessary with all machinery of this description, whether impelled by water or steam power, it has in this case actually to be reduced. It is claimed by the inventor, Mr. Wm. Baxter, that the simplicity and economy of the steam pumping machinery employed, is such as to more than balance the waste in transmitting the power through the water wheel, and that consequently the power is produced and given off to the machinery, at a less cost for fuel, and with less wear and tear of the machinery, as well as also more steadily, than in the ordinary steam engines.

## Flashes of Fun.

A HEALTHY STATE OF MORALS. "What's the state of morals in your district?" said a long-faced reformer to a farmer who recently visited town.

"Pretty good," replied the farmer, "everybody seems disposed to mind their own business in our parts."

A DESPERATE DISEASE. "Jimmy, are your folks all well?"

"Yes, ma'am, all but Sally Ann."

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"O, nothin' particular—only she had the hoop-in' cough once, and she haint never got over it. The cough ain't any account now, but she's has the hoop despr'te."

PSALM TUNES. "Neighbor Jones," said a rigid church member, "I have been informed that you often drive your team, and even go a-fishing or a-hunting on the Sabbath."

"True," replied Jones; "but then on those occasions I always whistle psalm tunes."

GIVE US THE DATE. At a concert, recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, couldn't you fix the date?"

"Yes, that's what we want—just give us the date, Mister."

POLICY.—A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works.

"Och, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that—I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

A HEATHEN EDITOR.—The following atrocity was committed by an old bachelor in Wisconsin, who is an editor:—

Why is a bridegroom more expensive than the bride?

Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold.

A HIT AT THE SHOPPERS.—A medical man says that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods clerks, and never buy anything, ought to be called counter-irritants.

HOLD ON!—"When a feller has reached a certain pint in drinkin'" said an old soaker, "I think he's better stop."

"Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

A HUNGRY MAN.—Last week a man, bolted a door, threw up a window of a house, and afterwards swallowed a whole story. He has had no appetite since.

## Advertisements.

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222—George Atkins, Healer and Clairvoyant Medium of Charlestown, will be in Webster, Mass., three first days of every fortnight, commencing with Monday, June 1st. The friends in that vicinity desiring his services to lecture or attend to the sick, will please address D. R. Brockwell, of that place.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE. Having no symptoms with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a combination of speculating individuals, having no higher object than money-making; frequently disregarding the interest of the sufferer, and too often taking advantage of those unacquainted with their craft; practicing, for their own convenience, no real knowledge or deception, I have come to the conclusion that I may as well as some of our individuals in the city, establish myself in an institution alone, with my wife and boy to constitute the whole faculty; professing that I have cured more of the rheumatism or cases of disease by which mortals are afflicted, than any other physician in my