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## HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of  
LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

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PART XIII.—BACHELOR OF ARTS—CONTINUED.  
He began; and with the effort gained courage and strength enough to carry him forward with a great deal of credit. I dare not try to tell with what an anxious tremor his watchful mother regarded him at the commencement, nor how relieved she felt when he had finally made his bow and gone back down the stairs. Nor should I be willing to mention the excessive interest with which the beautiful eyes of Anna Willows rested on him, or the decided feeling of pride that lit up the countenance of her mother at being thus certainly assured of his triumph. Mrs. Willows whispered her hearty congratulations across Anna's lap to the young man's mother, and said she was glad she had come so far out of her way to witness the performance of one, in whom of late years his mother had succeeded in so deeply interesting her.

Judge McBride was satisfied. He said he was, and that settled it. He insisted next that Mrs. Willows and her daughter should accompany them home to Huckabuck, and Robert was to become, by special arrangement, the escort of the latter. It was a happy idea, and well carried out besides.  
Early the next morning, therefore, the gay party embarked in a little steamboat across the Sound, intending to drop in at a pretty inland town a dozen miles or so up the Thames, and from thence to resume their journey overland to quiet old Huckabuck. At which place they arrived after a good deal of dust and fatigue, prepared to enjoy the cool country scenes all the more for the sweltering process to which, for the last few days, they had been subjected. The lady and her daughter became the guests of the Judge's family, and felt that beneath the shadows of his stately eucalyptus they could be perfectly at home and at their ease.

Robert was now a man. He had almost arrived at the limit of twenty-one years. From the day he reached home again and felt the inquisitive eyes of the Huckabuckers upon him, his heart told him that delightful boyhood had passed with him forever. There were no more Colleges for him to go to; no more schools in which he might be shut away from the transient pleasures of early youth. His father's roof was still his own, to be sure, but how long could he hope now to claim a refuge there? Manhood gives one a very early glimpse of its duties, as it never fails likewise to hint freely of its responsibilities.

Mrs. Willows, as has been observed, was an old friend and schoolmate of Robert's mother, whose former intimacy they had but of late years begun to renew. Perhaps it was nothing but pure friendship on Mrs. McBride's part now, or it might have been something different. At all events, she appeared to feel no regret at seeing the turn matters were taking. Indeed, both mothers soon found reason to exchange mutual congratulations on the subject, and to signify their satisfaction by divers nods, smiles, and winks, whose meaning to themselves at least was perfectly obvious.

Huckabuck that summer was a hum of life and animation. Whether John Kagg had slyly gone and inserted an account of what he could do for the public in the newspapers or not, I have no means of knowing; not having seen his advertisement myself, of course I am not personally competent to say. But it is a notorious fact that that summer was a wonderfully gay season for the town, and especially for the old tavern that stood in the hot sun on the corner. Monsieur and Madame Kagg were deeply in for it. As for him, he never pretended to find time to put on over so thin a coat; and for her part, she could not stop long enough even to pull down her rolled-up sleeves. Company came in to them from all about; especially from the cities. The old bar-rack was running over. The little low parlor was filled all day with ladies and gentlemen, talking and laughing as busy as they could; while a row of drooping Huckabuckers sat propped up against the house on the low lazy-bench outside, squirted tobacco-juice at the patches of sunlight beneath the big elm tree, listened in their sneaking fashion to what was going on through the windows, and proceeded to laugh and comment upon the same at their earliest leisure. I always wondered why John Kagg did not make so great a nuisance as that bench away from the windows; but it is not such a subject for wonder, when you come to recollect that he, and all the rest of them for that, honestly considered it one of the most attractive and free-and-easy features about his establishment.

About this time Byron Danister began to betray a partiality for dropping in at the tavern parlor, and to find relief from his usual ennui in the gay conversation and agreeable flirtations that helped wear away those long and hot summer days. The evenings, too, were very beautiful, just at the time of

Robert's arrival home, the full moon investing the landscape with all the charms of a fairy world. At such parts of the day it was the habit of the young people to go sauntering up and down the village street, revelling in the soft romance of the moonlight, admiring the thousand illusions to the right and left of them, and chattering to one another upon such pleasant trifles as from one moment to the next accidentally rose to their thoughts. The example set by the young ladies at the tavern acted like a contagion; for there was not an evening, before long—that is, when the moon shone—that failed to find a row of girls promenading the street beneath the branches of the great elms, with not unfrequently a knot of young fellows stringing along bashfully behind them.

The Judge's house was an Elysium. His son had just left College, blushing with his well-earned honors—for Robert in truth had made good use of his advantages in New Haven—and was ready to think of going about the study of his profession. Mrs. McBride was equally happy in her son, and in the prospects she was engaged in arranging for him with the generous assistance of her friend, Mrs. Willows. The three girls found a world of enjoyment in each other's society, and daily compared their private experiences till it would seem as if their several histories had been read through aloud from title-page to colophon. They sat in the spacious entry, on these warm evenings, and talked themselves drowsy in the stillness of approaching night; or listened in thoughtful silence to the chirping of the myriad crickets in the grass. Or they set forth on a stroll to the upper part of the street, where they were quite free from the natural inquisitiveness of the villagers. Almost always, as it happened, Robert walked by the side of Anna. The sisters appeared to recognize the propriety of such a companionship at once. And as Robert and Anna went on before, they would whisper their opinions to one another very slyly in the rear, and now and then exchange glances that meant a great deal more than they cared otherwise to express.

I ought to observe here that Mrs. Willows was a lady of very extensive wealth, and enjoyed a delightful suburban residence in the near neighborhood of Boston. She owned a pretty rustic cottage as could be found in a drive of ten miles anywhere around her. And with this single child Anna, with her heart busied, too, about her education, her social advancement, and her happiness at all times—the mother passed an existence by no means destitute of its delightful compensations.

Robert proposed, one morning, to go over to the pond—which was at some distance up the river—and get an armful of pond lilies. He had planned his expedition for a pretty early hour in the morning, too, when the flowers would be in the freshness of their beauty. As it happened, something occurred about the house to keep both his sisters at home, and he saw that he might thus be doomed to an unexpected disappointment. But Anna had acquired a wonderful degree of physical courage since her arrival in the country, and promptly answered that she was ready to go, even if the rest refused; and she announced herself so ardently, with such a captivating smile playing over her face, that Robert looked at her charming countenance and inwardly thanked Fate that his sisters were to be kept at home. So equipping himself for the walk, and looking more attractive in the fur-off recesses of that buff linen sun-bonnet than any modiste of Boston could have the art to make her appear in a hat of knotted ribbons and laces, Anna slung a willow basket over her arm, and stood on the threshold of the door only long enough to ask the rest if they did not envy her.

The walk was rather long, and a little fatiguing. They stopped here and there by the way to rest themselves, for the sun was getting up pretty well in the sky, and sent its rays on a search for shelter wherever there was even a leaf to offer it. From the winding road on the bank, the little Huckabuck stream looked like a great serpent asleep in the hollow of the hills, with his head run somewhere under the shelving shores. On little sand-flats in the river's bed grew coarse rushes and reeds, over which blue-winged insects—monsters, too, in their way—were skimming and dancing, and among whose stems great sedate frogs, with yellow throats, were sitting complacently on their broad haunches, and contemplating the many wonders of their existence. Birds went twittering and skipping in and out the dense thickets of alder bushes, where they had managed to find snug and secret places to hide away their young. The slender-bodied insects known to boys as "Devil's needles," were steering their courses up and down the bosom of the sluggish stream, now just dipping their glazed gossamer wings in the water, and now glancing away like an arrow of living light.

All the various sights and sounds of true country life were remarked and enjoyed by Anna, who had the advantage of being assisted by the enthusiastic spirit at her elbow. They walked on until the road plunged into a patch of woodland, and then Robert conducted her by a cut "across lots" straight down to the river's edge. There had once been an old fulling-mill close by, and the pond alone remained to speak of its pre-Adamite existence; but it was a very small affair of a pond at best, and considered dangerous in the way of drowning nothing of more consequence than frogs, speckled turtle, and a coil of striped water-snakes. On either bank it was hedged in with high rows of black alders and dense patches of coarse brake, and in the morning sun lay like a pretty mirror framed with leafy bushes.

They stopped a few minutes to admire the picture which this sleepy little pond offered them. Some people think there is no lake but the lake at Saratoga; but Anna thought she had found one that was nothing but beauty, the whole length and breadth of its surface. The world had never heard of this inland mill-pond. No dainty letters had been written to the metropolitan press, describing its many-sided aspects in the changed attitudes of the sun. Anna felt almost entitled to possession, on the ground of being the first discoverer. The farmers of course knew there was such a sheet of water thereabouts, and spoke of it as Goggle Pond—so called, perhaps, from the euphonious surname of some early proprietor; but who had ever thought enough of its beauty to visit it of a summer morning, or just as the sun got down behind the belt of wood to the west of it? Who ever launched a boat on its sleepy tide, and pushed off from the shore under the illusory enchantment of the moonlight? How many gay plonies were ever celebrated on its bank, whence the laughing voices might dance over its liquid floor across to the hills on the opposite side?

On this particular morning the bosom of the pond was a mosaic of little water pictures. Its smooth face was pled and mottled with all the gaudy colors the sun was ever known to illustrate. At every variety of wild flower was to be found a pool of its vicinity, the contrast of whose hues added strikingly to the brilliant cabinet picture it offered. But the glory of the little pond was its water-lilies; not the coarse yellow ones, that seem enduring only at a distance; but those snow-white blossoms that burst out like stars of purity all over the water's surface, or sit moored like palaces of ivory, wave-washed, as in proud old Venice, along the line of their lowest stair. From point to point the sparkling eyes of the delighted girl ran, and saw nothing but these luxuriant beds of lilies. Their roots were in the mud, but what could be whiter—what could be purer—what could more thoroughly satisfy every unspoken aspiration of the innocent heart, than the unstained interior of their ivory walls?

Robert proceeded to find her a seat on a fallen tree close by, and immediately hurried off to cut a pole and wade into the mud after these bright jewels of the morning. She sat and contemplated the scene in silence. Its beauty made her dumb. Its freshness came over her soul like a fragrance. The birds and the frogs furnished fit music for an entertainment so new and peculiar. Her spirits fell into a dreaming mood. Her eyes, from their former brilliancy, relapsed into an expression of thoughtfulness and repose.

Out of this quiet reverie Robert at length awakened her by making his appearance on the bank close by with his arms full of the much-desired flowers. He came and laid them on the log beside her. "They are all yours," said he; and sat down with her, taking off his hat to cool his forehead. It seemed as if there would be no end to her admiration. As she began to assort their long and leathery stems from the tangled heap, she offered him her thanks many and many times, declaring that to him she owed a delight so sincere and lasting.

They chatted of the beautiful flower, its habits, and its purity. About the birds, the water, and the rushes. Of the sky, and the hills; and the little pond. Of the stillness of the morning, the repose of the woods, and the beauty of the country in summer. And then of College—of the present time—of themselves. Anna all the while engaged in arranging the lily-blossoms, and her face flushing more or less with the changing play of her feelings.

Robert often glanced around to behold the features of the person whose voice was thus charming him, and dropped his eyes to the ground each time with a sigh. Some of those sighs Anna could not very well help catching a hint of. And she blushed still the more with her discoveries, and wished in her heart that the top of human happiness was that day hers. He grew bolder presently, and even ventured to praise her skill in arranging the flowers. A fire in tow is a swift traveler; and so a whisper, or a soft, low tone between young persons inclined to love, in its way is a messenger quite as rapid. Before many minutes the two friends had become very confidential.

Neither could have told how it was. Neither might really have known it. But their voices grew more and more low. Their hands occasionally came in gentle contact, as he explained to her how much fairer and fresher this blossom was than that. Anna almost felt his breath upon her cheek; and his heart went faster than a trip-hammer in a hurry, to know that now and then her flowing curls touched ever so lightly the back of his hand.

I know not how it is. Nobody knows how it is. It stands out forever in this world of business and farms—a great mystery. When every one of the secret mazes of the heart shall have been explored—

when the sharp eye of analysis shall have threaded its way through all the winding passages that open from one changing sentiment into another—when the cold skill of a bloodless science shall have weighed every part, and priced every part, and adjusted every part, telling us how this is, and how that is, and explaining why it is that we find the other and better half of ourselves here, and do not find it there—then let us acknowledge that this mystery is no longer a mystery, and that all the crooked and entangled paths have been made plain!

They were in love, before they knew it. He found a nature in her, even by the glimpse of that brief moment, which in reality she did not possess; and she suffered herself to be deceived no less in him. It is the fate of all impulsive lovers, let their age, or experience, foot up what it may. As he sat and regarded her sweet face, he felt sure it bespoke, and could only bespeak, the inward possession of those ideal qualities for which his heart secretly yearned. And while she sat there on the log, and twisted the lily stems, and thought of the youth at her side, she knew that his form, his voice, his gesture, his look, expressed all those manly and noble traits, which with her were already a subject of such undying admiration.

"Dear Anna!" It was nothing but a soft breath, on that still summer morning. But its significance, like a swift thought, comprehended the desires; the aims, the hopes, the aspirations of a lifetime. He held her hand in his own. The sweet lilies lay in her lap, breathing out a fragrant blessing. Such a dreamy spot it was to grow confidential in. So silent, save the gentle rippling of the river that echoed its murmuring cadences in their hearts.

They finally arose and set out on their return. Neither knew a thought but of placid delight. Their twin-souls could have embraced the very trees, with all the exuberance of their foliage; could have surrounded the hills, the rocks, the river, the clouds,—nay, all nature itself, with the encircling arms of their newly awakened love. By the side of that, all other things looked diminutive indeed. In its bright light, the world, hardly endurable before in many places, suddenly took on shapes of speechless beauty. Oh, the glory of the First Love! Oh, the majesty, the beauty, the purity of Love! Oh, the ineffable joy that steals like a perfumed breath over the tumultuous soul, and stills it to a peace that promises to be everlasting! Why are these moments—so rare, too, in human life,—only such tantalizing illusions? Why do they mock us so at every turn of memory, and chide us for letting go the golden chain that once linked us so closely with Heaven?

When they came to the little brick school-house, Robert playfully proposed to go in for a few minutes, and see how the schoolmistress managed with her young brood. They caught the drawing notes of the Abecedarians long before they reached the door. If anything, the sound helped make the air of the village in that quarter seem more drowsy than over.

Patty came to the door, blushing to think she was going to have visitors. Robert made her acquainted with his friend, and both were politely shown in. At first, it was all they could do to keep from laughing. As it was, they compromised with the temptation by taking up with a permanent smile. Robert thought for himself that he was certainly guilty of a grin.

Patty went round the realms of her empire, and asserted herself supreme. When the little ones found that "company" had come, how straight they all sat up,—and how fast the sleepy ones righted themselves from horizontal to perpendicular,—and what a strange look, something betwixt bewilderment and wisdom, they put on! There were all shapes and sizes. All hues of hair,—all varieties of dress. A room full of children; that is, full of youth, and innocence, and joyousness, and truth. The two lovers saw it so, and felt that they had but entered a temple whither their own hearts would naturally have led them.

But the little schoolmistress had impressed Anna deeply. That cheerful face had a great many charms for every one. Even Mr. Ellery Zigzag would not have dared to deny it. It haunted her after she went home again, and formed the topic of a good deal of the afternoon's conversation in the cool parlor. Mrs. McBride, however, must needs be at the pains to recount all that was unhappy in the poor girl's history, lest the latter might succeed in making a white mark for herself somewhere in the world. Was that just the kindest thing you could do, Mrs. McBride? especially when the Judge was secretly connected with the dark tragedy that must cloud her life to its close? Was there no generous word you could have dropped for her just at the right time? Not even a silent look of sympathy, that you might have spared from the large storehouse of your private family affections? Must the world always make itself an accuser? And will the time never come, when people may think it as charitable to forget, as it now seems spiteful and rancorous to remember?

### XIV. MILITARY AND OTHERWISE.

General Tunbely thought it all over to himself, and came to the conclusion that it would do. He had a little money, and that was something; but if he feared for his deficiency in anything, it was in the article of courage.

Still, what was there to be afraid of, after all? There was Miss Abigail in the house with her, all as nice as a bird in a pie. He knew Abigail well, for she had been his housekeeper; and he thought he had good reason to know, too, that the black wench

he was now forced to employ was never going to make her place good. But he was not in quest of a housekeeper, exactly; what he wanted was a wife. And people had said, long and long before,—for people will talk, and nobody can stop them,—that he ought never to have let Miss Abigail go from under his roof as long as it was in his power to make her a good husband. But in an evil hour for himself he did, and now he was promised a restless and uneasy life to make up for it. It was good enough for him.

Having formed his purpose to honor the rich Widow Banister with an evening call, along in the season of early Autumn, he spruced up in his loftiest dicker and squeaking Sunday boots, and pushed out to sea. It was a bold push for the General, though he really did a great many bold things, now and then, without being aware of it. He went off, therefore, in one of his impulses; it would be wonderful if he did not come back thoroughly cowed, broken, and disheartened. Such had been his experience before. Indeed, he had many a time given his own honest word for it, that as soon as it was found he was paying his addresses to a lady, some one else crowded in where he had no business, and took the treasure right out of his hands. And it was even so.

When the General got to the door of the Pine Tree Mansion, he stopped a minute to let his noisy heart get quiet a little under his ruffled shirt-bosom, and then tapped ever so gently (for him) with his knuckles. It was a side-door that he had seen fit to address, although he knew as well as any one that the house had an ample entrance in front. Miss Lovitt heard the knock, for she was not far off, and came to see what was the matter; but when she found only General Tunbely there, she observed—"Bless me! Why, it's nobody but you, General! How you did scare me!—Come in!"

And in he walked, taking off his hat as he put foot over the threshold, and holding it playfully in both hands after he sat down. For a minute he thought he could not say anything. He kept crowding one hand into his left breast, as if he were eager to stow his heart into quieter quarters. It went bump—bump—bump! all the time. He was sure Miss Lovitt must have heard it, which he would not have had her do for any consideration worth naming. Finally he plucked up and told her what a fine evening it was. "Beautiful," said she; and observed that she had been thinking of going out for a bit of a walk herself. "How lucky it would have been!" she thought. "I wish from my soul you would go now!" she thought.

"Is Mrs. Banister at home?" he inquired, giving his hat an idle sort of a swing between his hands, and not seeming to care a fig whether she was or not. "Oh, yes," said Miss Lovitt, "she's at home, she's most allers at. She don't manage to git out, somehow, but drooble little."

The General sat and tried to find the true heart of his puzzle. He had his objections to letting Abigail think he came over expressly to see the widow, lest, perhaps, when he did see her, she might give his address but poor encouragement. And if, on the other hand, he should fall in with the widow somewhere about the house by accident, as it were, it was the easiest thing imaginable to make or think—in case she seemed to care nothing about him—that he only dropped in to see how his old housekeeper liked her new situation. Thus was his heart divided against itself. He really itched to see the Widow Banister, and her alone; but he would never have consented to it, at the expense of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of Miss Lovitt. Therefore he did nothing but sit still and watch the turn of his luck. Therefore, too, as Miss Lovitt showed no impatience to go and summon her, he gradually relapsed from his jubilant mood into one of positive sullenness and displeasure. And the prospect was, that whichever had the General's company that evening,—maid or widow,—she would find, before it was over with, she had been entertaining a most restless and uncomfortable customer.

Miss Lovitt proceeded to draw up her chair as near to the General's as the state of the weather permitted, and to get out her knitting. She was knitting forever—knit, knit, knitting. But, as it happened, she never knit mittens. Nothing but men's and boys' woolen socks; for which she was in the habit of receiving twenty cents apiece of Mr. Pennybright, store pay.

"How do you like your new woman, General," she ventured, drawing out her needle and basting on her old friend a sidelong glance.

"Oh, pretty well," said he. "She aint what you was to me, Abigail." The susceptible maiden sighed. "But what," said he, "can you expect of a nigger? Nothing at all!" And looked as sour as a boy who has been told to go to bed without his supper.

Little was to be heard for some time but the click of her busy needles. You would have expected to see stockings drop off the ends of them, at the rate of at least a pair a minute. The play of a Jacquard Loom was no quicker than that of her nimble and maidenly fingers.

"Miss Banister's got rather a nice pl. here, see ha'n't she?" said the General, gazing about him. "Pity she don't think of getting somebody to live with her—stayin' off alone here, so! I wonder she don't. D'you ever hear her say anything about it?"

"Why, lawful sakes alive!" returned Abigail, "ha'n't she got me here in the house with her? What more could she ask for, pray? When I lived with you, General, you didn't want anybody else in the house, I hope, did you?"

"No—no; but I didn't mean exactly that, though. I meant—"



Miss Lovitt coughed up one of the spitefullest coughs that ever stuck in a human throat. She knew what he meant well enough.

"I meant," she continued, "that I should think the wicker I want some sort of a man round. I'm sure I should, Abigail!" He called her Abigail then, thinking that her heart shared the momentary glow of his own. But it was a mistake.

"Wal," said she, in less than a second, "I'm sure I shouldn't!"

"What's the reason, Abigail?" and he looked round very seriously in her face.

"Because I shouldn't!" she answered him again. "That's reason enough for anybody!"

The General dropped his eyes to the floor, and began to swing his hat by the edges of its brim. He was thoughtful. At last he came out with something further: "Wal, I don't know how 'tis with her, I'm sure; but that was only my conjecture. I consented so much; and I don't guess I'm so very fur out of the way, after all!"

Abigail was not particular about resuming the subject, however, since it could not be supposed to bring her a great deal of satisfaction. But seeing that the General was wholly inclined that way, and not knowing what it might lead to if he was allowed his head, she exercised her art to ferry his skill over into another channel. Anything, she thought, rather than that he should insist on seeing the widow.

"Do you think we're agoin' to have early frosts, this Fall, General?"

"I dono, I'm sure," said he, very quick; though he was gazing at the floor as if he didn't much care, either one way or the other.

"I hope not," she followed up; "for we've got lots o' squashes in the field a'ready, and not half o' 'em ripe yet; and if a good smart frost sh'd come, I don't know what we sh'd do for pies next winter!"

"I guess I could fetch the Widdler over a mess o' mine, couldn't I?" he inquired.

"Oh, but you don't plant our kind, General! We had a pertikler sort o' seed, you know. I don't b'lieve Miss Banister'd be able to eat your kind. You raise 'em for the cattle, don't you?"

"No, I don't!"—responded the hurt General—"raise 'em for my cattle; they're good enough for the Queen to eat, if she loves squash pie! You'd eat 'em, many a time, Miss Lovitt; you know you have!"

"Well, I guess I'd forgot," said she. "But I sh'd be rather loth to make a lady a present of such things, when I knew she'd always been in the habit of eatin' better. Lost any calves, this summer, General?"

"Calves?" he asked, lifting his face enough to bring his eyes to bear upon hers.

"Yes, calves; you hev had bad luck at times, you know."

"I dono as I've had bad luck this season, though. Got more stock now'n I know what to do with. How many cows does the Widdler keep?"

"Only two. I milk them. Taint quite as much work to do the dairy business here as 'twas over 't your house. Great diff'rence, I find."

The General fell into another musing fit.

"How'll your 'aters turn out this Fall, General?" pursued the old maid. "Well's common?"

"For't I know, they will." And subsided into his silence and abstraction.

But Abigail was not willing to let him alone yet. "Get about the same price for pork, I s'pose?" But he made her no answer. "Pork'll be full's high 's common, this season, won't it?" she repeated, raising her voice.

"I guess so," he answered, seeming momentarily to wake up from a fit of drowsiness.

The unusual energy she had infused into her speech, however, had the effect to startle Mrs. Banister from her quiet in the farther front room; and out she came to see what might be going on. The moment she opened the door, the General half rose from his chair, assuming an extremely ludicrous posture, and wished her Good Evening. She merely bowed, not having the pleasure of that gentleman's personal acquaintance, and supposing he had dropped in to see Abigail Lovitt. "I couldn't think what the noise was," said she to Abigail, turning immediately to go back again. The General's heart bumped against his ribs with more violence than ever. He began to frown and scowl at Abigail, by way of hinting that he wished an introduction. Then he thrust out his foot in the old maid's direction, and would even have kicked her if he could. Next he began to "hem," and to cough. And finally to make "facs." Abigail saw it all out of the corner of one of her eyes, and knew just what it meant; but she was not the woman to throw away her own opportunities, by any manner of means. Accordingly the Widow was permitted to retreat to her solitude without any further interruption. Abigail felt like a general after victory. Her companion grew red in the face with rage. A turkey cock would have fought him without ceremony, for daring thus to usurp his own scarlet colors.

He got up to go. "But you aint in such a great hurry, be you?" submitted the artful old maid. "Yes," said the General, "I'm goin'!"—and as crusty as pie-crust itself. Abigail essayed to stop him; but that she couldn't do. So she followed him outside the door, and on to the gate; and bade him Good Night with as much feeling as if they had just concluded the best of bargains with one another.

As soon as the General got out into the road, he began to grit his teeth. "I'm cursed," said he,—for he would sometimes use strong language after dark,—if I aint headed off wherever I go! But never mind; I'll try that thing over agin, some time! See if I don't, now!"

Stopping in at John Kagg's, he went to the little bar and called for his bitters. Those were not the piping times of tee-totalism at the tavern that are known there in these more modern days, and it was no particular scandal for a man like General Tunbely to drop in once or twice a day and take a drop. Still, the General ought to have known what he was about better than to pour out half a tumbler of raw brandy, and drink it off without even a dash of water in it. John Kagg put back the stopper in the decanter as quick as he could, and felt bewildered. He did not seem quite certain that the General had not lost his wits.

At that moment a voice, shrill and clear, saluted the discomfited man: "Never give it up so, Mr. Brown! Never give it up so! Try agin! Try, try agin! Go it, Boots! Who-ee! Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly!"

The General started; but it was nothing but the noisy old parrot. He pushed out through the door

as fast as he could, however, resolved that he would try it again, and before a great while, too.

Which he did. Not once only, but twice; three, four, five, six times. Each time redoubling his energy and boldness. Each time giving his old house-keeper more and more significant hints. Finally calling at the front door, but even there fairly headed off by the wary Abigail. Then he tried to find out when Abigail was likely to be absent; but she never was absent. She guarded that house like an ogre. Man could not come nigh it, unless she knew his business, age, wealth, and name. "It was not to be entered, except over the threshold of her vigilance. A watch dog never guarded a poor man's coat and dinner more faithfully than she guarded the Pine Tree mansion. But—it ought to be said to the dog's credit—she was not always unselfish in her devotion. That fact would put such a comparison to death very soon.

And speaking of dogs, it leads quite naturally to the subject of rats. What there is to be said about rats is, that Miss Sally Tiptoe thought she certainly smelt one. It had got into the Widow Banister's meal, it seems, and was making havoc there at a rate that ought to be put a stop to.

Accordingly Miss Sally, unable to endure the annoyance any longer, put on her things and walked over there.

"How do you do, Mrs. Banister?" said she; "I've come all the way here to bring you a present!"

"A present!" exclaimed the delighted lady; "how glad I shall be to receive one, I am sure!"

"Oh, well," returned Miss Sally, "it isn't of such great value, for that matter; and yet, I didn't know but it might please you."

The Widow signified that it could not fail of that; and expressed her gratitude to Miss Sally in advance for so much thoughtfulness.

"La, sakes!" exclaimed the indefatigable Sister, drawing forth something from a basket she had on her arm. "It's not such a great affair. It's only a few birds!"

"Birds!" said the delighted Widow. "Oh, what a beauty—beauty—beauty!"

And Miss Sally sat down on the table a bough all stuck over with leaves and lichens, its dried branches and sprays covered thick with bright little birds of the most beautiful plumage. Mrs. Banister could not help exclaiming again. The bough, indeed, looked as if it might be vocal. But its charming occupants were all mute. Their waxen eyes shone a great deal brighter than when endowed with sight, and stared at you with a boldness that much belied the timidity of their original nature. The little creatures had been arranged, however, with the utmost taste and skill, and seemed, as you looked at them, as if they were really fluttering and dancing from spray to spray.

"If you will accept them," said Miss Tiptoe. "My Brother got them during the last vacation, in Boston."

"And probably for an ornament to his own mantle, did he not?" asked the Widow, unwilling to take what he had originally intended for other purposes.

"Oh, no; not at all, I assure you." She approached a step or two nearer the Widow, and dropped her voice almost to a whisper. "He got them to give to you, Mrs. Banister; but his courage failed him. And so I determined to bring them myself! Jin—ha—ha!"

"Oh, well," returned the Widow, "if that is it, I'm sure I have no objection to receiving them from you, Miss Tiptoe; and a very handsome present I think them, too."

Miss Sally hardly knew what sort of an answer this speech required. She was chiefly solicitous that Mrs. B. should consider them as a gift from her brother; but as such they had manifestly not been accepted. The whole purpose of so large an outlay—for it was a costly piece of business for the Tiptoes—was that it might in the end come back again, with a rich interest, in the shape, perhaps, of the wealthy widow herself. Mr. Tiptoe looked the right sort of courage as much as Gen. Tunbely did. But one advantage the humble schoolmaster had over his secret rival; and that was the aid and comfort of a scheming, shrewd, and indefatigable sister. As for the halting General, not even his familiar old house-keeper was ready to help him.

Miss Sally told her affectionate brother what she had done, as soon as she got home again, and set about spurring him on to further effort in the same direction. She was exceedingly careful, however, not to intimate that the widow had received the present as coming from herself, instead of from him; and this deceit naturally assisted his courage. His face lit up with a very sickly smile, on hearing this report of the success of his sister's project, and he thought to himself that from that day forward he might begin to hope. Still Sally was not altogether unwilling to put him to the torture; for nobody knew better than she how much he needed the spur, the whip, and the goad, in a matter that seemed to promise such generous developments. So, therefore, she went on to remark—"You mustn't think you have n't got something to do yourself, now! You've got to be wide awake for it, and go ahead like a man!"

He answered her only with a smile. "Now, think well of it," she persisted. "I beg you won't let that great whale of a Tunbely drive you away! I hope you are smart enough for him; and you a gentleman with a profession! a minister! a Reverend!"

He smiled again and ventured to respond to her persuasive remarks by a slight negative shake of his head; meaning that if he could help it, he certainly was not disposed to suffer the military gentleman aforesaid to interfere.

"And you're got to be pretty watchful, too, let me tell you," said she, if you mean to be in time. Why delay at all? Why not go right about it? She accepted your present a'ready. Now follow it up. Don't be fearful or backward. She's nobody but a woman; and what is there so very dreadful about a woman to be afraid of? I charge you now, don't lose any time! Improve your advantage, and you'll be sure of your reward! She can't resist you, brother—I know she can't!"

And he seemed to think so, too.

## XV.

### A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

One day in the winter that followed close upon the preliminary skirmishes recorded in the last chapter, Patty found herself in the pleasant little sitting-room of the Pine Tree mansion, listening with great pleasure to the talk of her friend, Mrs. Banister, on the subject of her own travels in the world, and answering such occasional questions as were asked, with a

confidence which astonished herself. By little and little she had become acquainted with that lady; now fetching her a letter from the Post Office, now running over with some trifling dainty from kind Mrs. Shadblow's hands, and again dropping in as she went by, to see if there was not some little service which she might be able to perform. The widow appeared to have conceived a strong partiality for the orphan; and, for her being situated just as she was with Mrs. Shadblow, would certainly have proposed to adopt her. She was such a young companion as she would most have liked. And her sad history interested the child with even a deeper interest in that lady's eyes. She had probably seen sorrow herself, and knew how to extend sympathy to the whole family of sufferers the world over.

When the eyes of Patty fell on the collection of birds brought by Miss Tiptoe, she found it impossible to repress her delight. It burst forth in exclamations that surpassed every limit of reason. And naturally enough; for she had never before seen so perfect a specimen of art and nature combined. Besides this, it was exactly to her own taste. It struck a deep chord in her feelings. She was the fondest creature of birds in the world; and this exhibition of her pretty favorites was calculated to heighten her passion beyond all its former bounds.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" was her constant exclamation. Her lips were rounded to no syllable but "Oh! oh! oh!" She walked around them, as they stood on the shelf, surveying them on all sides, and in every possible light. She had nothing for them but unqualified admiration.

Mrs. Banister went on chatting with her about the plumage, the character, and the habits of the various birds that inhabited the bough. Patty stood silent, and kept her eyes fixed on them for some time in thought. "I wonder if it's such hard work to stuff birds?" said she at length.

Her friend assured her she knew it was not; that it could be done with a very little labor; and that the most there was needed about it was taste, and a good degree of skill, which latter would come sooner or later with practice.

"But don't you think I could learn to do it myself, Mrs. Banister?" she inquired, betraying a great deal of eagerness in putting the question.

"Certainly I do. What's to hinder, pray?"

"Perhaps a good many things," suggested Patty, with her usual timidity.

"And perhaps nothing," answered Mrs. B. "At any rate, I think you might try."

"I want to do something," observed Patty.

Mrs. Banister looked at her, to understand what she meant. "You are not unoccupied, are you?" she asked the child.

"No; but what I do at home don't seem to help much. I want to do different. I think I'd like to learn to stuff birds. I know I've got a taste for it. I wonder who would teach me, Mrs. Banister?"

"I can find out where these were made," answered the latter, "if that would help you any."

"Oh, I wish you would! I wish you would!" was Patty's eager exclamation.

"But then," said her friend, "perhaps that would n't be of any service to you, either; for these were stuffed in Boston, as I happen to know."

The girl's countenance fell. She thought that was a great way off. "You said so and so about here to teach you this art. It's not so easy for you to get to Boston for an instructor, I suppose?"

Patty was plunged in thought. For the first time the possibility of leaving Hucklebuck altogether shot across her mind. Perhaps—said she to herself—I may go where this person is, and learn of him. In that instant her whole soul was in a tumult. The old scenes began to recede already, and new ones to open rapidly before her.

"I don't know," at length she ventured; but I think I should like to go to Boston."

Again Mrs. Banister was astonished. "You are not discontented, I hope?" she asked.

"No; but I wish I could earn my own living!" She had tasted the first sweets of that labor during the past summer, while engaged in her little school.

"Mrs. Shadblow is too good to me now, and always has been; but I don't like to think I'm depending on her when I might just as well be doing something for myself. Now if I could get in the way of work like this"—and she paused while she pointed at the thicket of birds, not daring to say what she would do.

"Oh, well," answered Mrs. Banister; "I can find out the man's name for you, I suppose."

"I wish you would!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm sure I should have a great deal to thank you for!"

"And then," added her admiring friend, "if you needed any assistance, you know."

She did not finish her sentence, but its meaning went straight to Patty's heart. She was thrilled with a sudden feeling of gratitude. By an accident like this, she seemed to behold the great world opened broadly to her, and welcoming her among its stout-hearted laborers. The sudden emotion of joy mastered her. She trembled in every joint. The blood mounted to her forehead, and shot back again across her cheeks and neck. She would have given expression to her thanks, but could not find the words.

"But I should suppose you would dislike leaving your good friend Mrs. Shadblow, too much to go away so far from her," said Mrs. Banister. "Boston would be a new place for you. You would hardly think yourself in the same world that you inhabit here. Do you imagine you would not be too homesick to stay?"

"Perhaps I should be homesick at first," she returned; "but I should hope soon to get over that. I feel that I must go somewhere; for there is very little for me to do here at home, it seems. If I could only go away now, Mrs. Banister, and send something back to Mrs. Shadblow!" That appeared to be the height of her desire; a very generous and proper desire, too.

"Yes, but you hardly know yet, my dear, what it is to be alone in the world; without acquaintances, or friends. Do you think you could endure it?"

Patty reflected. It did not escape her, either, that she had already had a bitter experience in life, and that severer trials could scarcely encompass her.

"I might, perhaps," she answered, "soon find friends I wanted, for I should not need many. And if I could n't—why, I should try and do without. I suppose I must learn patience, as well as other folks. At least, Mrs. Shadblow tells me I must."

"Well," continued the sympathizing widow, "I will say this to you; suppose you think your resolution all over again; be careful not to be in haste, or to feel impatient; once establish in your mind what course you think you are qualified to pursue, and then prepare to follow it out. As for myself, since

you have spoken so frankly and trustfully to me on the subject, I will stand ready to offer you all the assistance in my power."

"Oh, I thank you, Mrs. Banister," broke in the grateful girl. "How can I thank you enough?"

"And to begin with, I will ascertain the name of the person from whom these birds came, and put you in the way of getting a little instruction from him in his art. You think you have a taste for it above such work as sewing, or teaching, or any occupation of that kind?"

"I have, most certainly," she answered with much emphasis.

"Then I would advise you to make some sort of a beginning at it. But you shall think more about the matter. I will talk with you again upon it. We can arrange upon something, I think. But do not get disheartened. Do what there is at hand to do, and hope for better things."

Over and over again did Patty attempt to express her gratitude; but words failed her entirely. The moisture of her speaking eyes conveyed more meaning than any ordinary language was capable of.

And with a heart beating high for joy at the encouragement thus unexpectedly found, her eyes sparkling as they never seemed to sparkle before, her face suffused with a beautiful color that was eloquence itself, and her breath heaving with the triumphant emotions that sought in vain to control it altogether, she took her leave of Mrs. Banister at the door, and promised to come in often and make her presence as welcome as it seemed to be on that day.

Patty's way of life with Mrs. Shadblow was as even as circumstances allowed. Of course I mean only family circumstances; for to those huge historic events that now and then swayed Hucklebuck as a mighty wind sways a gigantic forest tree, it is not to be supposed that, as an humble and entirely unpretending individual, she bore any perceptible relation.

Mrs. Shadblow continued all she ever had been to Patty. Nay, if it was fairly possible to believe such a thing, she was every day, and every month, an improvement on the days and months that had preceded it. In her heart the girl found the love almost of a mother. She looked up with respect and affection to her protector, and the latter confided without limit in her.

But with the passing years, Mr. Shadblow could not be said to have made any very commendable advance upon it. He became crusty, irritable, complaining, and cross as fast as he could; till now at the present period of Patty's life, just as she was attaining strength and judgment to enable her to help herself, he was confirmed in habits that no one expected him ever to break through, and rendered him nothing but a trial to those who were obliged to come in his way.

Latterly, too, he had kept the house pretty closely, and hugged the fire like a cat. Day in and day out,—morning, noon, and night,—he sat dozing or brooding over the little bed of coals, for he had grown exceedingly stingy of his wood,—venting his spleen on the weather, the sun, the house, or his neighbors, and uttering complaints that would have justified any wife, however patient and loving, in stuffing her ears with cotton, or running off out of his hearing. Having thus shaped his infernal life by the power of his long-continued habits of peevishness, his face naturally took on the livid of the master whose emotions it was formed to serve. Hence it looked sometimes like an apple, overbaked and dreadfully puckered. As for the ugly wrinkles, you need not have tried to count them. Nor, indeed, were his eyes scarcely visible amongst such a confusion of plaiting and cross-plaiting of the skin; and even if they had been ten times more so, they would not have been able to command, as they should, the expression of his features.

Mr. Shadblow was a thoroughly miserable man. He could do nothing, and he could bear nothing. He fretted, and grunted, and found fault, and snarled all the time. If the bright morning or afternoon sun shone ever so pleasantly into his snug little box of a keeping-room, all its golden hues vanished the instant he turned about, and seemed to be transmuted in a minute into the saddest dun color in the world. His domestic sky was everlastingly overcast. He neither enjoyed himself, nor would he permit his family to enjoy themselves. Now it was the fuel that was coming short, and now the provisions. At one time he was deserted of all his friends, and at another he was alarmed lest they should conspire together and gluttonously eat him out of house and home.

But if there was any particular nightmare that bedroze him, in this morbid state of mind, it was the appalling fear that he was surely coming to want. This had troubled him for a great many years, and engrossed him with those minute cares for his possessions that were fast shrinking the dimensions of his soul into those of a miser; but at the present time it had finally got the full control of him. Every day he talked, by his unhappy fire-side, about coming to want. He even stunted himself of food, when his cellar, his granary, and his barns, were all bursting. He sometimes took back part of the meagre fork-fuls of hay that he threw into his cattle mangers, and thought the dumb creatures ought to do with a little less than they used to. He hadily brought into the house every bit of rusty old iron, every scrap of leather, every pin and broken-eyed needle that he picked up while grubbing about the door yard, and insisted in a whining and pitiable tone that none of these things ought to be wasted, and that, unless they could be more saving, they would very soon come to the poor-house.

It was hard getting along with him. It was a serious winter indeed for Patty, who would have been but too glad of an opportunity to earn her own subsistence, but who nevertheless disliked the necessity that would drive her into exile from her best and kindest friend—Mrs. Shadblow. Still, she was so severely tried, before it was over, that she fully resolved to embark in some independent undertaking by the Spring, and felt obliged to tell Mrs. Shadblow so without concealment or reserve. Her good friend was made not a little glad at hearing of her determination, but on further reflection it became apparent enough to her that her house was no longer a place for a person like Patty Hawkins. Besides, their old relation to one another was in a degree changed. Her protegee was no longer the mere child she had been. She was right upon the threshold of womanly life now, and her young mind was more or less occupied, it was to be expected, with its own hopes and prospects for the future. Mrs. Shadblow knew that she must let her go before long, and daily endeavored to strengthen her heart for the trial, whether it was to come sooner or later.

## XVI.

### LOVE AND LAW.

"Now, Robert," said his father to him in the office, one day, "as you are going to study law, you had better set about it at once. I shall have your name entered as a student in my own office, and here are your books. I shall first set you about reading Blackstone. That is the best thing to begin upon. This will be time enough for Chitty, by-and-by. But for Selwyn's Nisi Prius, too. And for all those other books. So now, there's your first volume of Blackstone, and there is your table; you can have that to yourself. I shall expect you to sweep the office and make the fires; and you may have the privilege of coming to me with all the knotty points that perplex you. Two years in my office, you see, and I shall get you admitted without any sort of trouble. Be diligent; and the time will very soon pass away, you'll find."

And with so brief an introduction to his studies as this, Robert McBride took his book and his chair, and bent over to the work he had to do.

There is more difference between the habits of students than one would be ready to suppose. Some knock into their task like a hungry dog trying for a meal off a dried bone. Others skip and skim over their duties like swallows over a mill-pond; and seem to make no more of it than if they were all the while at play. Robert McBride was one of the quick ones. It did not take him half a day to comprehend a thing. When he entered upon a subject, he did it head foremost, so to speak, and invariably came through safe on the other side; so that, daylight alone through in an instant. If he did sometimes sit very patiently in his old office chair, it need not be supposed he was absorbed with his book; for, his father not being at hand much of the time, he found abundant amusement in whittling the arms of the chair, strewing the floor around him with chips, and carving out, white paper figures with his pen-knife to his heart's content.

Some idle, but delicious recollections of his college life kept him companionship when thus alone, that were no very great incitements to a course of sober study, and sometimes made him almost uneasy under the restraints with which he had consented to surround himself. These he battled as vigorously as he could—which was never very hard, it may be believed—and thought he should before long master them. But still it was a struggle; and he knew it was a struggle; and from this state of affairs his quick thought reflected that, with a person of any degree of taste or sentiment, it must be a struggle to the end. And when it was ended, the finer, the higher, and the richer nature would have been not merely vanquished, but altogether driven out.

As the winter began to wear on, he discovered that he was working his way into the mysteries of Blackstone's Commentaries very fast. Page after page melted down beneath his application, to confirm him in the idea that he was to make a lawyer at last. Every morning he had a rousing fire kindled in the rusty old Franklin stove in the office. Every afternoon, when the yellow sun got round so as to shine in at the cobwebbed western window, that opened out upon the garden, he sat and mused upon matters as pleasantly as a careless dreamer drifting down a sluggish river. This lazy life suited him. It gave him leisure for thoughts and recollections that he considered preferable to anything he could find in the pages of his books.

Byron Banister happened in one day.

There was a difference of but four years in their ages, Robert being the younger. The son and heir of the richest person in Hucklebuck had an abundance of time on his hands, which he employed as inclination prompted him. When at home, he had latterly affected a partiality for Robert McBride; especially since the advent of the Judge's visitors, and Robert's entrance on the duties of the office.

"So," said he, as he opened the door one afternoon, and stamped the snow off his feet, "here you are yet! Pegging away, just like any shoemaker! But I suppose you are fond of it?"

"Well," acquiesced Robert, offering his visitor a chair, "try to be. But some of it makes rather dry work, I find."

His companion smiled, as he scraped his feet on the semicircular hearth of the stove, and observed further—"I should imagine you would prefer to pursue your studies in some large city, where you might enjoy wider advantages; in Boston, for instance. I find Boston just about the place for me; I don't know how it would suit you, though."

As he made this last remark, he threw a hasty glance at Robert's countenance, to see what effect it had on him.

"Would n't it suit me, though?" replied Robert, snapping his fingers and looking up in a pleasant surprise.

"Well, then, what's to prevent? If you have any preference, you ought to be allowed the benefit of it, certainly." And he drew forth a couple of cigars, and offered Robert one of them.

"Oh, nothing," said the latter, settling himself in his chair again, after lighting the roll. "Only the old man, you know!"

Banister bowed in silence, giving him to understand that he saw through it.

"No," continued Robert, after puffing awhile like a furnace bellows—"I think I'll have to content myself here for the present. By-and-by, perhaps, I shall talk to him seriously about it; but 'twont do now. And still, I declare I should like to go to Boston. Nothing in the world would suit me any better."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

### THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

In early life, David kept his father's sheep. His life was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet in the eyes of wise men labor is truly honorable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labor is man's natural condition, and most favorable to mental health and bodily vigor. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer, that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupations, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and patience; and that in every department of manly life, the most honorable, who can earn their own living by their own labor.



## Poetry.

[From the New York Leader]  
A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY BELLOVA HAYES.

I dreamed by the bending willows,  
By the restless murmuring billows,  
Of a land in a climate fair;  
Where the light-blossomed glades of gladness,  
Dispel every cloud of sadness,  
From the brows of the dwellers there.

I thought in that mystic vision,  
That I roamed through that clime elysian,  
And paused by a crystal stream  
That sprang in a pebbly fountain,  
From the heart of a sapphire mountain,  
That glowed 'neath the mild moon's beam.

I passed by a crystal grotto,  
And saw there a golden motto  
Of Friendship, Love, Virtue and Truth;  
And saw through the amaranth portals,  
The forms of the blest immortals,  
Enjoying perpetual youth.

In the hearts of that happy number  
Wakes the harp from its earthly slumber—  
Touched by a Father's hand;  
And sounds of low music quiver,  
O'er the waves of a sweet-voiced river,  
That flows o'er a diamond strand.

The wind that sighed through the palm trees,  
Was but richly laden balm-fragrance,  
From vales of perpetual flowers:  
Gay birds with their gorgeous pinions,  
Rejoice in those bright domains,  
Rejoice in their sylvan bowers.

But I was alone by the fountain,  
Alone by the sapphire mountain,  
A prey to dull, harrowing care;  
In that sylvan clime did I languish,  
My heart was the throne of anguish,  
This loved of my soul was not there!

I drank at the well-spring of gladness,  
But it eased not the rankling madness  
That fed on my heart and brain—  
No wall of my desolate sorrow,  
From realms of elysium could borrow  
One joy as a solace from pain.

I awoke with a groan and a shiver,  
And saw but the peaceful river,  
And the boughs of the bending tree.  
I rejoice that the sinful-hearted,  
In that land, from the pure are parted,  
In that land o'er the hidden sea.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## MY AUNT'S STORY;

OR,

## THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY OHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

It was the eve before New Year's; and Aunt Hannah and myself were sitting together in the cosy little parlor belonging to the former, quietly enjoying the cheerful wood fire that blazed upon the hearth, and revolving in our minds the various events of the swiftly passing year.

Hannah Austin (for such was my loved Aunt's name), was what the world termed "an old maid," an appellation which, if her age merited, I could never ascribe to her, from the fact that she was so entirely unlike the greater portion of that class of unmarried females usually known to us as spinsters.

To me, my Aunt had fully supplied the place of a mother for being deprived of both parents in early infancy. I had fallen to the care of my only remaining relative, my father's sister. Being the possessor of a snug little farm, in a town not many miles distant from the city of my birth, thither I had been removed by my Aunt, on the death of my father. The education bestowed upon the orphan child, was as liberal a one as that lady's limited means would allow; and what information the village Academy could not furnish me with, my insatiable thirst for knowledge led me to search for in the goodly number of valuable books that my Aunt's library contained; for Hannah Austin was a woman of no slight refinement and taste.

At the age of eighteen years, I suppose I might have been called "a finely educated and tolerably accomplished young lady," considering my somewhat moderate advantages. At the time of which I write, I had been released from school-tidings about two years, and being left mainly to the society of myself and favorite books, my life had glided by as happily as a summer's day.

Accident had thrown in my path a young and talented lawyer, the son of an old friend of my father's, while living. During the period of his summer vacation, a love of quietude and repose had tempted Charles Winters to turn his steps towards our little village; and, learning from the landlord of the hotel that my Aunt and her niece were residents of the same town, he had sought out and made our acquaintance.

What Charles Winters saw in my unassuming and childish nature to love and admire, was more than I could tell; but one thing I was certain of, when at the end of two months we parted—which was that we were acknowledged lovers, with the entire consent and approval of my Aunt.

But I have been digressing from my story. As I have before said, it was New Year's Eve, and a crowd of thoughts, half sad, half gay, filled my brain; for the succeeding night was to witness my marriage with the young and rising barrister, Charles Winters.

My Aunt had drawn her favorite arm-chair near to the fire, and now sat apparently absorbed in her knitting; but as I glanced occasionally towards her, my girlish eye did not fail to perceive the convulsive workings of her countenance, and the sad tears which slowly coursed down her slightly wrinkled cheeks.

For some moments the silence remained unbroken; until, moved by the emotion of my Aunt, I rose and threw myself into her loved arms, where I wept long and unrestrainedly. Tears afforded my overburdened heart a slight relief, and drying my face, I turned to her, and said, actuated by the impulse of the moment, "Dear Aunt Hannah, how much I wish that you, too, were to be made as happy on New Year's night, as I trust your loved Fanny will be!"

But as I finished speaking, I beheld the color gradually leaving the usually ruddy cheek of my Aunt. At first I attributed her sudden emotion to the thought of a formal separation for life from one who had so long been endeared to her society and affection; for the morning following my marriage I was to remove to the city of B—, a place which I was henceforth to regard as my future home. Although Charles Winters and myself had earnestly urged my Aunt's taking up her residence with us during the winter season, she had kindly but firmly denied accepting our proposal.

The agony that was visible upon the half-averted face of my Aunt, was but of short duration; for with that wonderful self-control which was ever so strong a characteristic of her nature, she dashed aside the single tear which had fallen from her eyes, and, smiling tenderly, drew me closer to her breast.

As I gazed upon the calm and motionless face before me, which but a moment since had been so deeply agitated and disturbed, I wondered within myself what could have been the nature of a grief so strong and powerful, that thus my simple words had power to stir and move the depths of her inmost soul. Oh! how my heart yearned to learn from her lips the secret of her life's sorrow, for I doubted not that the great composure and fortitude of mind evinced by my Aunt in her daily life, was but the result of a complete mastery over the struggles and trials of her inward nature. But much as I desired to know more of the early life of my kind protectress, delicacy, and a proper regard for that lady's feelings, forbade me questioning her upon such a subject.

As if anticipating my very desires, my Aunt said, in a low, sweet voice, whose tones now more than ever thrilled my heart: "I trust, dear child, that you will pardon the momentary weakness of an old woman, (for such she always denominated herself) when I shall have revealed to you an incident of my early life, the memory of which has so long lain buried in the caverns of my heart."

I made no answer to her remark, but the earnest eyes which I turned upon her, must have told her how eager my curiosity was to hear her story, for bidding me to draw more tightly the curtain, and close firmly the heavy wooden shutters, as if to shut out from our senses the fierce storm that was raging wildly outside, she motioned me to a seat on a low stool at her feet, and, having resumed her knitting, she prepared to relate her story.

"It was many years ago, Fanny," said my Aunt, looking sadly into the large brown eyes anxiously upraised to her, "that I knew and loved a noble youth, whose name was Henry Stevens, and whose chosen profession was that of a sailor."

Residents of the same town, and companions of the little district school, we early learned to regard one another with feelings of deep respect and friendship, which, in later years, ripened into love and affection.

Left, like yourself, an orphan child, while yet in extreme youth, Henry Stevens found himself dependent upon the bounty of strangers. The kind old pastor, realizing the lonely and unprotected situation of the penniless boy, and being without children of his own, at once formed the plan of adopting the little Henry as his own child.

God granted that the seeds of wisdom early sown in that young heart were not sown in vain! With more than parental solicitude the faithful disciple of Christ watched over the welfare and happiness of his protegee, until Henry arrived at the age of sixteen, when, contrary to the expectations of the good old pastor, who had intended him for the ministry, he evinced a strong desire to follow the sea.

Not even the earnest endeavors of the old pastor and myself (for I flattered myself then that I possessed no slight influence over him), could dissuade the determined and strong-minded boy from his purpose. The passion which Henry Stevens manifested for the sea was inherited mainly from his father, who had been for many years a distinguished sea-captain.

After a short delay, occasioned by the necessary preparations for his departure, Henry Stevens embarked on board a ship, bound for the East Indies.

The night before my young friend left for Boston, the port from which the "Ocean Wave" was to sail from, he came to bid me a parting farewell. And although he manifested no slight regret at leaving all that was dear to him upon earth behind, still I could see that his breast was fired with a noble ambition and enthusiasm for the profession of his choice; so I sadly bade him good bye, and prayed God to speed him on his journey. Some three or four voyages were successively made by Henry, during which time he won the esteem and favor of all who knew him. Through his own noble efforts and perseverance, he rose from the rank of a common sailor to that of captain's first mate.

While Henry was absent, I never failed to receive the most affectionate remembrance from him, in the shape of letters, and many valuable gifts. Time passed happily on, until the period of Henry Stevens' minority had expired. Ah! that was a joyous morn which dawned upon the twenty-first birth day of my lover. Young as he was, he had already shown a degree of skill and tact, in the management of a ship, far beyond one of his years.

The owners, in whose employ he had been for some three or four years, respecting the utmost confidence in the youthful sailor, furnished him with a new vessel, bound for the Sandwich Islands, and of which he was, for the first time in his life, to assume the great responsibility of Captain.

What a grand situation for one so young to fill, said I, not a little interested in the fate of the young sailor!

"Yes, my child," said Aunt Hannah, gently stroking my curls, "it is indeed a noble post, if honorably filled; but without a true knowledge of his art, united to a sound judgment and untiring energy, even the mariner must lack success."

A captain's first voyage is always an eventful one. Upon the success of that depends his future reputation.

It was just twenty-four years ago this very day, that the youthful Captain set forth upon his first voyage. The brig "Ariadne" was as fine a craft as you would wish to see, heavily freighted, and furnished with an efficient crew.

With a brave heart, Henry Stevens bade the object of his heart's choice adieu, promising at the end of a year, should Providence permit him, to return to his native village, and make me his bride.

"Alas, Fanny!" said my Aunt, tears filling her eyes, "that parting was doomed to be the last!" Weeks and months rolled on, and still there came no intelligence from the wanderer to gladden my lonely heart. Eagerly I scanned the daily papers, vainly seeking to gather information of the missing ship.

Two years swept by, and yet no tidings had been received of the unfortunate brig. Meantime, I had called often upon the owners of the vessel, and although they had begun to have strong fears in regard to her safety, they kindly promised to forward to me the earliest information they received of her.

But though many years have passed since Henry Stevens waved an adieu with his hat, as he stood upon the deck of the noble brig, and my eyes followed her until she seemed but a speck upon the surging face of the horizon, yet nothing has ever been known of the sad fate of the "Ariadne."

As my Aunt ceased speaking, she instinctively raised her handkerchief to her eyes and wept aloud.

"Dear Aunt, do not weep," said I, stealing into her lap, and drawing her loved head upon my breast, "God may yet restore the lost one to your arms!"

"Fanny," said Aunt Hannah, lifting her head and looking me sorrowfully in the face, "my woman's faith was not quick to wane; but for twenty-five long years I have waited patiently for Henry's return; but I am blessed with the happy assurance that in heaven we shall at last be re-united."

"But was it not a terrible disappointment to you, Aunt, thus to have your glorious dream of happiness so suddenly dissipated?"

"It was, my child; for I had all things ready for my anticipated marriage. Even my bridal dress and veil, the gift of my lover when he returned from India, were made and carefully laid away in my trunk, against the time when occasion should require them. Have you not seen that large old trunk, Fanny?" she asked, "that occupies so large a space in the corner of the closet, in the upper hall?"

"Yes, Aunt, and oftentimes I have been tempted to ask you what it contained. There is an air of antiquity about it which always makes me regard it with the greatest veneration. Pray tell me, Aunt Hannah, if it be some mouldering heir-loom, once the property of your distinguished ancestors," said I, in a tone slightly ironical!

"No, child," said my Aunt, her deep blue eyes gazing upon me half-reproachfully; "that old cedar chest was also the gift of Henry Stevens, and contains, though long since discolored by time, the articles belonging to my marriage wardrobe."

"Indeed! But have you no miniature or likeness of the lost one?" asked I of my Aunt.

"Yes, I have a small locket, containing an exact resemblance of Henry, as he looked when he returned from his first voyage."

"And you have never shown it to Fanny," said I, half poutingly.

"Nor to any living person, since the death of my brother," said Aunt Hannah; but she added, "I will do so, when we retire, if you would like to see it." "Certainly, Aunt, I would like much to see the locket, and the contents of the old cedar chest, too!" But as I spoke, the village clock tolled out the hour of twelve, denoting the birth of the New Year, and the decay of the Old.

"Goodness!" exclaimed my Aunt, jumping up and rubbing her hands together; "we have been so busy talking, that I have scarce heeded the lateness of the hour. Bless me! twelve o'clock, and the storm still continues unabated," said Aunt Hannah, opening the shutters and drawing aside the curtain, to take a peep at the dismal scene without. But the darkness was impenetrable, and so readjusting the shutters, she proceeded to light her night-lamp, preparatory to retiring. "A happy New Year, Aunt!" exclaimed I, smiling complacently at my success in having thus early got the start of my worthy relative. "Ah, you little rogue, you have indeed got the start of your old and stupid Aunt, this time. But God bless you, child! and grant you many happy New Years," she said, stooping down and imprinting a sacred kiss upon my forehead.

"Heigh-ho!" said I, as taking the lamp, I proceeded to my aunt up the broad stairway leading to our chamber. "Who would think, to see me now, that before this time to-morrow night I shall be no longer single Fanny Austin, but Mrs. Charles Winters, wife of the Hon. Charles Winters, of B—?" and I turned around to my aunt, and put on such an air of mock dignity, that she could not help smiling at the ridiculousness of the thing, notwithstanding the truth of my words.

"But the chest, dear aunt! You see my curiosity would not allow me to forget that interesting article—the miniature, too!" I exclaimed, all in one breath, as my Aunt was about locking the door of our chamber previous to retiring.

"Ah, yes, child! but for you I should have forgotten it; for it is but seldom that I open it now, since it revives so many old remembrances." And with a heavy sigh Aunt Hannah took from a small casket a curious and rusty key, and slowly wended her way towards the hall closet. After a slight effort the lock yielded to the pressure of her hand, and sprang open, disclosing a dress of rich and heavy brocade, which might have been once white, but from long laying, had turned extremely yellow. There was also the thin and delicate veil, the long kid gloves, and the dainty little slippers, with their large rosettes and silver buckles.

All the while I was examining the antique bridal trappings of my Aunt, she said but little; and perceiving that the sight of them was too painful for her to dwell upon, I expressed myself satisfied with the contents of the old chest, and carefully relocking it, my Aunt and self slowly returned to our chamber.

As she passed me with the light in her hand, I noticed that her face was very pale; even as it had been before, at the time when my unintentional remark so affected her in the first part of the evening. Out of regard for her feelings, I would have refrained from expressing a desire to see the miniature of Henry Stevens; but my Aunt proceeded at once to her bureau, and touching a spring, a secret drawer flew open, from which she took a small but richly chased locket.

Without uttering a word, Aunt Hannah unclasped the miniature, and handed it to me for my inspection. It was the picture of a young man in the first glow of health and beauty. The hazel eyes were large and expressive, and beamed with manly enthusiasm and energy. The brow was high and expansive, around which clustered short curls of a rich brown color. As I gazed upon that beauteous face, so radiant with joy and health, I did not wonder that Henry Stevens had won the love of my noble and constant Aunt. It was for him, then, that she had remained single all these years! Truly, woman's faith is more greatly to be prized than all the wealth which this vast world affords!

As I stood entranced and spell-bound by the wondrous beauty of the picture that I held in my hand, my Aunt leaned over my shoulder and said, "What do you think of it, Fanny?" "It is singularly beautiful!" I exclaimed, warming with admiration, "and looks as if it were about to speak, so life-like it seems!"

"Alas! the lips of the original must have been long since hushed in death," said my Aunt sadly.

"Nay, do not say so! There is still chance for hope yet," said I, cheerfully.

"No, my dear child. It is only in Heaven that my dimmed eyes will behold again the face of my beloved Henry!"

Overcome by her feelings, Aunt Hannah bowed her head upon my shoulder, and wept bitterly. I felt that words could offer her but slight consolation, and silently I stood contemplating her, deep grief. A loud knock at the porch door reverberated through-

out the entire house, and startled both myself and Aunt to a realizing sense of the existence of outward things.

It was the hour of midnight; and long since the inmates of our little village had been hushed into quietude and repose. Contrary to our usual custom, my Aunt and self had remained up, long beyond our usual hour for retiring.

While we stood trembling and meditating upon the expediency of answering the unexpected summons, at such a late hour of the night, a second knock fell upon our ears, as of a person impatient to enter.

It was a dismal night; the wind was howling fiercely, and the rain poured down in a perfect torrent. Aunt Hannah shivered as she seized the dim night-lamp, and prepared to answer the dread summons. Seeing my great fright, she bade me remain above in the chamber, while she opened the door; for the thought had occurred to her mind, that some one of our neighbors might be ill or dying, and consequently in need of speedy assistance.

My first impulse was to follow closely behind my Aunt. With the miniature firmly clasped in my hand, I proceeded to descend the staircase. How it creaked beneath our very tread! I could have sworn that some dread evil was impending, so impressed was I by the terror of my own thoughts! My Aunt's hands trembled violently, as she unfasted the strong iron bolt of the door.

The feeble rays of the half-extinguished lamp, fell upon the face of a large and powerfully built man. His traveling suit of deep black was drenched through with the storm, while his raven hair fell in heavy and disordered masses over his dark and sun-browned face. For a moment the stranger stood silently contemplating us. It was evident that the traveler was unknown to my Aunt; for she spoke not, but stood regarding him with a look expressive of surprise and dismay. "Hannah Austin!" said the stranger in a low voice, whose tones thrilled my very heart, "can it be that you do not recognize him who now stands before you?" For a moment a puzzled and thoughtful expression passed over the face of my Aunt. Then, as if a ray of light had dawned upon her confused brain, she sprang forward, and fell upon the neck of the delighted traveler, murmuring the name of "Henry!" Lifting the half-insensible form of my Aunt in his arms, the wanderer bore her to the little parlor, where, by my help, he soon succeeded in restoring the fainting woman to consciousness.

"Then you are the long lost one, whom I should have called Uncle Henry, years ago, but for the interposition of fate," said I to the traveler, as a half hour later the happy trio sat side by side on the couch, which had been drawn near to the now rekindled and blazing fire upon the hearth.

"The same, my child," said the affected man, as he bent his head and imprinted a kiss, upon my upturned face. "God grant that I may yet call you my wife," said Henry Stevens, as he passionately clasped the idolized form of my Aunt to his breast.

The story of the returned one, may briefly be told. When almost in sight of the port for which they were bound, the unfortunate "Ariadne" had struck upon a fatal rock. It was in the dead hours of the night, and the greater part of the crew lay slumbering in their berths. So sudden was the shock, that although the alarm-bell was struck as a signal for distress, yet before help from the shore could reach the perishing crew, the ship had gone to the bottom.

But two of the entire crew were saved—the captain and his second mate. Feeling the ship sinking under them, as their last chance of saving life, they threw themselves into the water. A boat, containing a few natives, had been despatched from the shore, and after some difficulty, succeeded in rescuing the nearly exhausted and despairing men.

The King of the Sandwich Islands for many years retained the unfortunate couple his prisoners. But insinuating himself into his good graces, he allowed them to establish a trading-house at Honolulu, where they remained for several years. Upon the death of the old King, and the succession of the youthful Prince, Henry Stevens was allowed to return, after an absence of twenty-five years, to his native country.

Leaving his partner in the charge of affairs at Honolulu, the exile had returned to the home of his birth, to discover, if possible, some trace of his adopted parents, and his lost love.

The kind, old Pastor, and his wife, had long since slept in their graves; but Hannah, his early love, had been spared to him, and he was but too happy. "Really, Aunt Hannah, was there not a deal of truth in my wishing you a Happy New Year this night," said I, as taking my lamp, I sought my chamber, leaving the happy pair to talk over the various events and scenes that had transpired during their long period of separation.

"Even so, child," replied my Aunt, as she tenderly bade me good night.

The neat little parlor of my Aunt Hannah's was the scene of a joyous and happy occasion, on New Year's night; that of the marriage of Henry Stevens and Hannah Austin, and Charles Winters and my humble self. Aunt Hannah gently refused wearing her long-preserved bridal attire, declaring that she was no longer young, as in those days.

A few weeks after my marriage, Henry Stevens also removed to the city of B— with his cherished bride. The husband of my Aunt has now established a branch of his business here, so that it is very doubtful if Henry Stevens ever becomes a wanderer again.

Many years have passed, and each succeeding year has proved but a *fac simile* of our first "Happy New Year." God grant us many more!

## OUR THOUGHTS.

On the whole, it is as of great importance for a man to take heed what thoughts he entertains, as what company he keeps; for they have the same effect on his mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company; and good thoughts so, too. And this is one great advantage of retirement, that a man may choose what company he pleases from within himself. As in the world we often find light in bad company than good, so in solitude we are often troubled with impertinent and unprofitable thoughts, than entertained with agreeable and useful ones; and a man that hath so far lost the command of himself, as to lie at the mercy of every foolish and vexing thought; is much in the same situation as a host whose door is open to all comers; whom, though ever so noisy, rude, or troublesome, he cannot get rid of; but with this difference, that the latter hath some recompense for his trouble, the former none at all, but is robbed of his peace and quiet for nothing.—*J. Mason.*

## THE INDIAN MUTINY.

A CIVILIAN ON THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

A civilian, who found his way into the conquered city, thus describes what he saw there, in a letter to the London Times:—

I think those who call the fortifications of Delhi a garden-wall, who only to walk round them to be satisfied of their mistake. The defences are exceedingly strong, and though the heights, a mile distant, facilitate a siege, they by no means, for practical purposes, give any real command of the place.

I am told on very competent authority that, from a mere artillery point of view, the place is stronger than Bhurtpore ever was; and yet it proves that our main difficulty was inside, not outside Delhi. The sepoys permitted our heavy batteries to be approached with comparatively little opposition—breaches were speedily and well effected, and our troops got over them with loss, but without serious check. But there their task was by no means accomplished, and street by street the enemy contested every foot of ground and occupied position after position with a courage and determination worthy of a better cause. In fact, we may well congratulate ourselves that we did not attempt the storm with an inferior force. There is no doubt that on our occupation of a part of the city our army became disorganized to a degree which was highly dangerous when the battle was but half won. Whether the collection in the part of the town which we first assaulted of vast quantities of wines and spirits (the produce of the plunder of a long line of road on which those articles are the main staples of European commerce) was really the result of deep strategy on the part of the mutineers, I cannot say, but it does seem as if the only common bond which unites the various races fighting under our standard is a common love of liquor, and Europeans, Sikhs, Goorkhas, and Afghans are said to have indulged to an extent which might have been disastrous. In truth, the days which followed the first assault were a time of great anxiety. Our progress was slow; the number of men whom we could bring into action curiously small, and the abandonment of the positions held by the enemy was, I believe, a relief to the generals, even though we did not exterminate the mutineers. In fact, I believe the bridge of boats was purposely left intact by our batteries; we were well content to leave a bridge to a flying enemy. I do not think that the enemy were actually forced out by our shells. I was surprised to find how little damage was done by them.

The walls of the palace are almost intact; so are by far the greater portion of the buildings inside, and it is quite clear that the chances were yet very much in favor of such as chose quietly to sit in them. In fact, I fancy that our mortar batteries were by no means very strong, and not sufficient to do effectually such extensive work; but both the sepoys and the king's party had had enough of it. The fire was, no doubt, hot, and was becoming more so—so they retreated, carrying with them most of their valuables, but leaving all the heavy guns and other bulky articles. As to pursuit, the infantry was simply completely knocked up and unfit to pursue for a single mile, and the general would not risk the mounted branch alone, so he contented himself with securing his conquest, and the city of Delhi is completely ours. For the rest, a small party of irregular cavalry appearing at a place a few miles off, where the king's family had taken refuge, obtained possession of the persons of the king and the more important princes, making prisoner the former, killing the latter.

Many papers were found in the palace at Delhi (even the natives have retained our partiality for paper-work), and from them it would appear that the kind of government established for the city and immediately surrounding country, was more of the nature of a military than of a Mahomedan government. It seems to have been a sort of constitutional monarchial miscegeny. The king was king, and honored as such like a constitutional monarch; but, instead of a parliament, he had a council of soldiers, in whom power rested, and of whom he was in no degree a military commander. No Arabic or Persian names, forms, or terms appear to have been introduced; but, on the contrary, the English terms and modes of business were generally adopted. The extent to which English terms are used sounds very absurd. All petitions seem to have been presented to the king, but the great authority to which almost all of them, on all matters, both civil and military, were referred (by order endorsed on the petition) was the "court,"—a body composed of a number of colonels, a brigade-major, and "sektur," (or secretary), which latter functionary seems to have been the most important personage in Delhi. All the colonels, &c. were sepoys, who made their mark, or, at best, signed in rough Hindoo characters. Very regular muster rolls of regiments were kept up and authenticated in due form by the colonel, adjutant, and quarter-master. From these documents it also appears that they went so far into detail as to fill up the places of the European "sergeant-majors" and "quarter-master-sergeants."

I had not time to study the various papers, but I imagine that a very interesting, useful, and amusing selection of them might be picked out for publication. One sepoy colonel seems to have presented to the king a kind of memorandum on the best mode of administering the country after getting rid of the Feringhees. First and foremost, he advises his majesty to collect as much money as he can from any quarter, by any means whatever, as a capital to start upon. Second, he says that there is no doubt that, with all the faults of the English, their government was the best Hindostan has ever seen, and he proposes that the future administration should be based on their model; and then, in many headings, he goes into details evincing considerable thought and shrewdness. There is, I believe, among the papers, a very long and enthusiastic account of the destruction of the European garrison at Fetteghur. I have in my pocket a petition from a man who sought to be appointed collector of the district in rear of our army, on a solemn pledge that he would collect the revenue and stop the supplies of the Europeans, or, if not, would submit to be blown from a gun; but the prudent order is "to be considered when the hill (the British position) is taken!" There are many communications from native princes, who either promise or temporize much.

From all I can hear and gather, I am more and more inclined to infer that whatever there may have been of Mahomedan conspiracy, Hindoo religious panic, and military or political apprehension, one of the main, if not the main object of the mutiny, either in its origin or in its spread, was the very simple and not unnatural one—a desire on the part of the







Strike these manifestations out of existence, as though they had never been, and Spiritualism is not harmed. It is not their office to convince—simply to attract attention. They have attracted attention, and their function is done—their office ceases, and whatever else they perform is incidental only to the office they fulfill. For a time, they were the main features of Spiritualism—but the mind soon tires of them, and asks for something more. We have now no manifestations of that nature to compare with those of six years ago, and soon they will be entirely withdrawn, to make place for a higher grade of development.

The Harvard Committee were three days investigating the subject. They examined twelve mediums, and thus it ended. No who is expected to believe on so trivial an investigation as that, must know nothing of the human mind, or of his own mind. I devoted four years to the investigation of this strange phenomenon, and I was convinced of the truth of spirit intercourse, and I had hundreds of opportunities of thoroughly diffusing the matter. Up to that time, doubts and difficulties had been constantly in my way. Since those four years have passed, and up to the present time, I have continued my investigations.

Whose testimony on this point is most valuable, he who spent years in a thorough investigation, or they who were three days at it? I present to you a single issue; compare my case with theirs.

But there are thousands of intelligent persons, after giving the subject thorough attention, who are witnesses of its truth, and four college Professors, who gave the matter three days attention on the other side. Which is wrong, and which is right?

If they are right, we must no longer trust our senses,—we must not keep away from the fire for fear of being burned, and we may be run over by the next omnibus we meet in the street. According to their example; a man who knows nothing of a matter can give a better explanation than those who have for years made it a study. The savage on the Rocky Mountains is a better judge of the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, or a passage in Greek, than any Professor Cambridge can turn out. No man ever went into an investigation with preconceived ideas against it, without prejudice. The frame of mind is a very important matter. Again, there are certain rules governing spiritual communion, to which they paid no regard in their investigation, and the result was their own. They hold up their bottle of liquid phosphorus, in broad day-light, and marvel why it is not luminous, as it is under its natural laws—in its proper time. They try to make a horse-shoe of cold iron, and they are surprised that the horse-shoe doesn't come just as though the iron was hot. The frame of mind can be such that the medium is rendered powerless, and it is not wonderful that the Davenport boys and Fox girls were deprived of their power, when under the scrutiny of the Cambridge Professors, who were bound to take advantage of every flaw. How this is, we cannot tell. Spiritualists often build up theories to explain this, but they merely make themselves ridiculous, and had better confess the truth, and own that it is unexplainable.

The mental condition of that committee was calculated to defeat their own efforts. It was limited in its efforts, and the world knows it. Spiritualism has not lost a single believer by it. Physical manifestations have time and again precluded all idea of collusion, deception or demology.

To enter into a special detail of such cases, would be useless and tiresome, though there are numberless instances on record. We know from the teachings of Spiritualism, that it is not injurious to man's honesty and woman's purity. They cheer the human heart, and lift it from degradation. Can such teachings be hurtful, and if so, what can be good? Spiritualism teaches two things. The first is self-control; this restrains men from the exercise of all evil passions, and is a matter of absolute necessity with those who would become truly spiritual; the second is, love God and your fellow. On these hang all the law and morals of Spiritualism. Complaint has been made that many churches in New England have suffered loss of numbers. Some allege it to be the Western tendency of our population; but within the last ten years the population of New England has increased five hundred thousand, so that cannot be the real cause. Its cause is rather the growing infidelity of the people. Not more than five millions of the inhabitants of the United States are Christian church members, and the mass of the remainder are infidels. It is with this latter class that Spiritualism is to work, and already thousands have been convinced of the existence of God and of the soul's immortality by its influence. Robert Owen is one example of this kind.

Can it taint the honor of man or the purity of woman to be taught that there is a God, and that their soul is immortal?

Man has lived for centuries in the age of effects. May he never live in the age of causes? What are the railroad, the telegraph, and such like improvements, but heralds of the advent of an age of causes? Can we be told that we have come to the end of knowledge, and that there is no more to learn? Can it be that we are so much behind the ancient philosophers? (The Judge here read quotations from Socrates and Cicero, giving their cohesion to a belief in spirit impressions, warning, &c. He also instanced Dr. Samuel Johnson as a believer in the same thing.) Now, after referring to the luminaries of the world, see what the wise men of Harvard ask us to believe. Their request is modest, to say nothing more. Records of manifestations of spirit-presence are frequent in the Bible. Angels appeared severally to Hagar, Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Moses, Balaam, Gideon, Elijah, Zachariah, the two Marys at the sepulchre, the Virgin Mary, the Shepherds, Peter, James, Paul, John, and others; and profane history is full of such records. To assure us that these manifestations are by spirits of men who once walked the earth, John was assured that the spirit who spoke to him was one of the prophets. Some would make electricity the cause of these manifestations. Electricity, though it may read an oak or pick up a needle, cannot lift a table, or create intelligence. The only true hypothesis is the communion with mortals of those who have gone before. We will not believe that we are at the end of knowledge, and can go no further. Choose ye what service ye will render to this new phenomena. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

The profane exercises in the evening were similar to those in the afternoon. The Judge commenced his discourse by repeating some of the leading points of his afternoon discourse. The necessity of self-control; the difficulty of imparting to others an idea of that sensation which is perfectly evident to the

person influenced; the imperfect channels of spirit-communication. We are admonished that we cannot expect the world to believe that which conflicts with all their pre-established ideas of religion and a future life.

In this discourse he should labor to prove that even if so much of Spiritualism as the Harvard Committee did investigate was a collusion and imposition, the greater part of Spiritualism, its mighty truths and revelations—were left untouched. He purposed briefly to show what are these truths. Conceding that all the rappings and table-tippings can be made by mortal power, there would have arisen before them a phenomenon wonderful and beautiful. If the raps and table-tippings were all of Spiritualism—if there was nothing in it but what they investigated—he would have renounced his belief years and years ago. But there was an intelligence manifested through these simple raps, and it was this intelligence which arrested his attention. This could not be mortal, for it had read his secret thoughts, and it was that which followed him wherever he went. It cannot be electricity, for it held a conversation with you; it knows its A B C's, and how to spell; it speaks many languages; it publishes your secret thoughts; it speaks through the mediums that which they never knew; it can prophesy; it tells truths and untruths; it has a will of its own. The Judge was a few days since waited on by two gentlemen from Cadiz, Spain, who spoke to him of manifestations which occurred there six years ago, similar to those in Western New York with the Fox girls; so it has individuality. It cannot be the snapping of toe joints, for raps have occurred in various parts of the room, and too high on the wall to admit of any such theory. The raps cannot be produced by machinery, for they have occurred in railroad cars, where concealed machinery would be out of the question. It has shown the feature of inanimate bodies moving without contact, and communicating intelligence. Spiritualism has resisted many such exposures as that at Cambridge, and it has conquered in every case. There are impostors, and always are. We must expect fabricated manifestations, and none are more anxious for their exposure than we. But there are other classes of spiritual manifestations—some mediums hear music and voices, and he himself had heard imitations of the jackplane, saw, and the creaking of a ship's timbers; the moving of heavy bodies; playing on musical instruments; lifting up of the human form; walking on the water (two instances of which he cited); creating perfume of flowers; men have been restrained from the evil exercise of power. Is one of these phenomena explained by the Harvard Committee? As a proof of their spiritual source, they have told secrets known only to the dead, or between one living and one dead; have given matter foreign to that in the minds of any one present; have set mortal power at naught. These manifestations have come when no mortal power could stop them, and have been withheld when all mortal wishes were for their appearance. They have come with all the infinite variety of human character; and it would be impossible for mortal man to invent such an endless variety of manifestations.

None of these last named manifestations were investigated by the committee. The Judge himself has seen and conversed with spirits, and gave examples to that effect, though he asked no one to believe him—as a man's word is by no means a satisfactory evidence. The healing medium, through whom diseases are detected and remedies prescribed, and through whom cures were effected by laying on of hands, was a phenomenon beyond their comprehension. He gave examples of such power, which had come under his particular notice. How can the power of the speaking medium be accounted for by any mortal hypothesis. They often speak in foreign languages, and everything is perfectly rendered.

Mrs. Hatch is a wonderful example of this power. The writing medium who writes mechanically, upside-down, and often in a strange tongue, is a subject worthy of their investigation. Then there is the impressive medium, of which the Judge is an example. All ideas which cannot be traced back to a material object, and which are called "innate," are the impression of spirits. The inspired medium, of which the poet, the orator, the painter, and the sculptor are types. Flowers are painted without any study in the art, so perfect that when examined through a microscope, the leaves have the same appearance as the natural model.

It has been urged as an objection to Spiritualism that it is full of incongruities. Spiritualism is a new thing, as yet undeveloped, and cannot be expected to be free from them, but Christianity has lived for eighteen hundred years, and its incongruities have always been evident and are not settled yet. Spiritualism comes giving us examples of the love of God, and to enforce upon us the love of our fellows and to satisfy us of a future existence. Profane and sacred history prove the existence of spirit-warnings and instructions at early ages of the world, and it cannot be that we are at the end of knowledge now, and can go no further.

The exercise concluded with singing. Miss Bebe will lecture next Sunday, and Mrs. Henderson will occupy the desk the remainder of the month of January.

#### TO PROF. FELTON—THE COMMUNICATIONS IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

It has been charged by you that some of the communications published in this paper, were evidently fabricated by the medium or some spirit in the body. And the impression, I suppose, was intended to be made upon the mind of the reader, that if some, then all of these communications were thus fabricated. The cases of young Bird, of Watertown, and John E. Thayer, have been singled out by you as being clearly and beyond dispute, of this class. Now I myself know nothing respecting the life of these individuals, which would enable me to determine whether the communications purporting to come from them are true or false. But of one thing I am perfectly satisfied, that they did not proceed from the medium, Mrs. Conant. There was no possible motive to induce her to fabricate them, and she was probably entirely ignorant respecting them and their lives. And it is inconceivable that a person should, without any possible motive, select two individuals, and endeavor falsely to cast reproach upon them and their memories. If, therefore, these communications are in themselves false, which has not, I conceive, been yet rendered certain, it must, I think, probably have proceeded from the fact, that other and evil spirits have assumed their names, and imposed upon the medium and her readers.

I would now ask you, as a man of sense, a scholar and a philosopher, whether you can conceive it possible that the communications that weekly appear

in this paper, can by possibility be the fabrications of the medium? Can you conceive it possible, that articles couched in such a variety of style, containing statements and views so different, and so characteristic of different individuals, and these all mixed up with names, dates, localities, and other minute circumstances, that could not by possibility have been within the knowledge of the medium, should have proceeded from her own brain? And this, too, when the detection and exposure of their falsity would be rendered almost certain. For it certainly could be ascertained in many cases, whether such an individual ever lived in such place, died at such a time, and was an actor in such scenes and circumstances as are related. It seems to me utterly impossible for the genius of any individual who has ever lived to conceive and arrange such a strange tissue of incidents as are related in them. And not even the fertile and varied imagination of Walter Scott himself could produce them.

It has always been held as one of the strongest species of evidence of the truth of the Christian religion, the internal evidence furnished by the narrative itself. It has been said, and justly said, that all the minute circumstances stated and alluded to by the writers of the Christian narrative, and which could not have been fabricated by them, in themselves, have the truth of the facts related. That it would not be in the power of man to have invented them without certain and immediate detection and exposure, by the facts of contemporaneous history.

Now apply this same test to the communications published in the Banner of Light, and the conclusion is the same, that they must be a narrative of facts and incidents that actually occurred. And that both the motive and the ability are totally wanting in the medium either to conceive or to fabricate them.

[We cannot accept the theory of our correspondent in reference to the Bird and Thayer messages, but we have no room for remarks this week upon the subject.]

#### CALEB REED'S COMMUNICATION IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. Euron:—In the Banner of the 26th inst., I notice a communication from "Caleb Reed," a Swedeborgian when on earth.

In his letter, he says, "The light that you now prize so highly, was years ago offered to those of my faith—we could not receive it."

Thinking you may not be aware to what he refers, I take the liberty to enlighten you on this matter. About fourteen years since, the Rev. Mr. W., a Swedeborgian preacher in this neighborhood, passed to the spiritual world. Soon after, the different members of his family became mediums, through whom the parent gave many communications; and among them were prophetic revelations of the future, relating to the Swedeborgian Church, and some of its leaders. These communications were given in a beautifully allegorical style, and were highly interesting to the few who had faith in them; and, I may add, these have since been singularly fulfilled.

There was also a new order of church government attempted to be established among the sect, under the direction of the spiritual guides. But such was the overwhelming opposition it met with from the leaders on the church, that this great Truth was crushed out, and thus the first glimmering of this beautiful light was extinguished.

The Chief Priests and the Elders believed not on him, and these feeble few—these apostles of the new dispensation, disregarding the injunction of their Lord, "why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right," fell beneath the mighty weight of sectarian prejudice. This forcibly reminds me of the fact, that as the Christian religion was rejected by the Jews, to whom it was first offered, and then given to the Gentiles, so these new Truths were first offered to the sect, who should be (if they believe in the writings of their teacher and leader) the people the best prepared to receive them, and they, like their prototypes, the Jews, rejected the glad tidings which the outsiders, the Gentiles of the present day, most willingly accept.

With regard to the remainder of Mr. Reed's communication, having myself read somewhat of Swedeborg's works, I am constrained to say, that his remarks strike me as being truthful, and his present views correct; although when Mr. Reed lived on earth, he was prominent in preventing the spreading of these truths among his brethren, and did much to extinguish the light of the "New Era."

Notwithstanding he was one of the straightest of his sect in doctrinal matters, yet, as a man, he was honest; as a Christian, sincere; and as a friend, true. I am glad that he has now learned the force of the command, to "call no man master;" would that he had realized it when here.

Yours,

C. C.

#### NIOABAGUA.

The steamship Northern Light, from Aspinwall, Dec. 19th, arrived at New York on the 26th, with the California mails of the 6th Dec., 250 passengers, and a trifle over \$2,000,000 in specie.

The Steamer Golden Age brought down 350 passengers and \$2,478,000 in treasure.

On the 8th Gen. Walker and all his men surrendered prisoners of war to Commodore Paulding.

On the 12th the frigate Saratoga sailed from San Juan for Norfolk, with 150 men of Walker's army.

The Panama Herald states that the Wabash landed 350 men, and captured Walker.

The U. S. steamer Fulton and British ship Branswick were at San Juan. The frigate Susquehanna arrived at San Juan 18th Dec.

The U. S. flag ship Wabash arrived at Aspinwall on the 14th Dec, with Gen. Walker on board, and all the arms and ammunition, captured at San Juan del Norte.

On the 4th Fort Castillo, and the steamers La Virginia, Bolivar, C. Morgan, and Ogden were taken by Col. Anderson and 50 men.

The steamers had been turned over by Walker to Garrison and Morgan, but the C. Morgan, the only one that came down the river, was seized by Commodore Paulding and put in charge of the American Consul at Greytown.

Col. Anderson was still at Castillo. He had three months provisions, six pieces of artillery, which he captured from the Costa Ricans, with an abundance of ammunition.

Gen. Walker was sent to New York on parole, a passenger in the Northern Light.

Captain Engle of the Wabash also comes as bearer of despatches.

The sloop-of-war Decatur was at Panama.

Gen. Martinez had been elected President of Nicaragua, and was inaugurated Nov. 15.

Active preparations have been made for an en-

getic war on Costa Rica, which power has manifested a desire to arrange matters.

Costa Rica had sent 400 men against Anderson.

#### CALIFORNIA.

The news from California is unimportant, except to the mining interest. Heavy rains had fallen in the interior, reviving trade, and imparting new vigor to mining operations.

At San Francisco business was generally very quiet. The money market is active. Merchandise loans are made at 2 a 2 1/2 per cent. per month. Whalers' bills have sold as low as 10 per cent. discount on Boston and New York.

The receipt of gold from the mines was steadily on the increase, though there was some scarcity of water. Mexican dollars commanded 15 per cent. premium.

The United States Branch Mint was re-opened on the 23d of November, and was doing a heavy business. Slight drafts on New York 3 per cent. premium. The financial condition of California was improving. There were over \$100,000 in the State Treasury. Two respectable citizens of Stanislaus county, Anson Bird and a Mr. Robinson, had been mysteriously murdered.

The ship Aurora had cleared for China with 600 Chinese passengers.

#### SOUTH AMERICA.

From South America the dates are: Callao, Nov. 26, and Valparaiso 16th.

A clerk in a business house in Santiago, Chili, had committed frauds to the amount of \$100,000.

In Valparaiso, Mr. Bernal, a retailer, had forged bills, to meet his liabilities, to the amount of \$100,000, and committed suicide.

The Chilean Congress had passed a law authorizing a loan of \$7,000,000, for the completion of the Valparaiso and Southern Railroads.

The Chilean war steamer Esmeralda had sailed under secret orders, for Cobijsa, for the purpose, it was surmised, of claiming an American vessel seized by the Brazilian authorities, in the port of Santa Maria, the right of sovereignty over which is in dispute between Bolivia and Chili.

#### MEETINGS LAST SUNDAY, AT 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

In the afternoon Dr. Child gave a lecture, in which he stated that in all the teachings of the New Testament could not be found any passage or passages to justify us in holding in our possession any earthly goods defined and bounded by the right of self-possession, but many passages were therein recorded, which forbid our so doing. In the evening Mr. Dundee, Mr. Edson, Mr. Newcomb, Mr. Cash, and Dr. Child, spoke upon the same subject.

#### MATERIAL OR IMMATERIAL.

In our report of Miss Bebe's answers to questions asked of her on Sunday evening, December 20, the word immaterial was used in reference to the nature of the soul; it should have been material.

#### Dramatic.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—The Equestrian Drama of "Mazeppa" was put upon the stage on Monday evening, in fine style. Mr. Charles J. Foster, equestrian from New York and Western States, is the "star," and bears a good reputation in his line of business. Of course the patrons of the National will see that he is greeted by full audiences during his brief engagement.

BOSTON THEATRE.—By reference to his notice in another column, it will be perceived that Mr. H. W. Fenno takes a benefit on Wednesday evening next. Mr. Fenno is entitled to, and enjoys, the esteem of the theatre-going public, and will doubtless receive a tangible evidence of the fact.

#### The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE MAILS.—Out of joint is no phrase to apply to these contrivances. We do not know that the Banner is so entertaining as to be a temptation to P. M.'s and clerks to break the 8th commandment, but there is certainly much more complaint than there should be, of the insufficiency of the arrangement to secure punctual delivery. We take especial pains to send our mail papers off in season, and to all subscribers, checking each after they are written, so that we are not to blame. We hope this will end the matter, that there will be no more cause of complaint. Subscribers will always be supplied by writing us.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans Dec. 25, with dates from the City of Mexico to the 17th. Another revolution broke out on the 10th. The garrison at Tacuiba pronounced against the dissolving of the Congress, the overthrowing of the Constitution, and the declaring of Commonfort Dictator. Vera Cruz follows the example, and it was expected the rest of the States would also do so. Later accounts from Yucatan state that the reactionists had captured Eliso, which again was retaken by the government troops.

Our first snow storm of the season occurred on Dec. 26th.

VERY LIKELY.—It was once said by a man that there was not a bank bill which, if it had a voice, could honestly exclaim—"I know that my redeemer liveth."

W. D. & A. Brown, 14 Hanover street, are capital dentists,—deserving, (as they no doubt receive,) liberal patronage.

THE ROCHESTER MURDER.—The inquest into the death of Mr. Little resulted in the holding of Mrs. Little and her brother for trial for murder.

A SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A doctor in Nashville gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since:—"A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, a pair of gaiter boots!" The lady recovered immediately.

SACRILEGE.—How a man or woman with refinement enough to love a flower, can be devilish enough to steal it from a grave, with the tears of love fresh upon it, passes our comprehension.—(Springfield Keo publican.)

There are now more than one hundred female practitioners, regularly educated physicians, in the United States.

ARREST FOR POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—Two young men named George A. Monroe and Phineas E. Mason, have been arrested in Taunton on suspicion of being concerned in the recent Post Office robberies in Dighton, Mass., and Moosup, Connecticut.

"TURNED UP" AGAIN.—George Latimer, the hero of the first fugitive slave case in Boston, and who sub-

sequently served two years in the State Prison for stealing \$700 from Thomas Townsend, has been arrested in this city for breaking into the store of William H. Low, and stealing a quantity of dry goods. The property was found under the roof of Latimer's house. Held in \$500 for trial.

KANSAS.—The Legislature has passed an act submitting the Calhoun Constitution to the vote of the Territory on the 6th inst., in three forms: First, Constitution with slavery; second, Constitution without slavery; and third, against the Constitution. Stringent measures had been adopted for watching the polls of the 21st; commissioners were appointed in each precinct, to take the names of all voters, so as to detect false returns.

LATER.—From letters received at the State Department, from Chief Justice Williams of Kansas Territory, giving a detailed account of disturbances which have taken place in the vicinity of Fort Scott, we learn that a body of one hundred Free State men, armed with rifles and revolvers, under command of one Montgomery, had been committing outrages in the above named locality, and when a Marshal proceeded to arrest them under a law process, they resisted his authority, stating that they had advice from Gen. Lane that all the Territorial laws had been repealed by the Legislature. At the last accounts they were besieging Fort Scott, and threatening to burn it.

A wealthy printer has been discovered in India. The British Zoological Society are making preparations to catch him.

Pretty Gown.—Under the marriage head of one of our city papers a record of the marriage of Mr. Benjamin S. Joy (of the firm of Tower & Joy in this city) to Miss Francis D. Bates, eldest daughter of Hon. Amos Bates of Hingham. It is accompanied with the following clever epigram:—

"No more debates (D. Bates); dissolved in Joy,  
The bride has found a home,  
We present this without alloy,  
And many joys to come."

FLOUR VIA GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—Since the 1st of November about twenty-five thousand barrels of flour have reached Boston market by the way of the Portland steamboats, having been sent from Chicago, Detroit, Kalamazoo, and other Western entrepôts, by the Grand Trunk Railway. At least an equal quantity by the same route has found a market in Maine, or been shipped to Europe from Portland.

A Dutchman, in Fleming, N. Y., whose wife had been for some days lying at the point of death, was filling the air with his grief, when he happened to look up and beheld the balloon of Professor Steiner coming down from the clouds. He was so frightened at the apparition that he was barely able to stagger into the house and exclaim:—"Mein Gott! ter tuy-fel ish coming after mein wife!"

One by one the sands are flowing;  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going,  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

Tufts College in Somerville has been presented with a set of New Jerusalem Church publications by the General Convention of that church. All the writings of Swedeborg are included in the donation.

THREE PLACES.—Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz., the bench, the pulpit, and the gallows.

A LIBERAL DONATION.—The receipts from the sale of tickets to Mr. Everett's oration for the benefit of the poor under the auspices of the Boston Provident Association, will exceed fourteen hundred dollars, it is said.

SAVED BY HER HOOPS.—A young Miss of fourteen summers was indulging in the delightful sport of skating, on a small water privilege about a mile out of Manchester, N. H., one day last week, and the ice gave way where the water was twelve feet deep, and in she went, but being surrounded by a most fashionable array of hoops, which made a wide ring around her on the neighboring ice, she was saved from sinking below her waist. Another girl came to her rescue, and she was saved. Had it not been for the hoops, her chances would have been very slim.

The Secretary of War has received a telegram from Lieut. Gen. Scott, from New York, in which he says he has good news from the Utah expedition. Cols. Johnston and Smith, and their trains, were up with Col. Alexander, who was marching upon Fort Bridger, which was only sixteen miles off, on Nov. 7th. The troops were in high spirits. Just enough snow had fallen to protect the grass from fire.

The calcium light on board the Adriatic was so distinctly visible at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from Sandy Hook, at an early hour on Monday morning last, as to cause the impression that there was a fire at sea.

Died, in Dedham, December 3, Lucretia P., wife of Mr. S. R. Hickner, 44 years.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Miss C. M. Bebe will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Subject in the afternoon "Death is Life." In the evening, "Miracles and the Miraculous." Singing by the Miscellaneous.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening, December 10, and every Thursday evening during the winter. The public are invited to attend.

Spiritualists' Meetings will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street.—Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION in aid of the Poor—entitled the "Harmonious Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winthrop street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

#### BOSTON THEATRE.—H. W. FENNO'S BENEFIT.

H. W. FENNO respectfully announces that on WEDNESDAY NIGHT NEXT, December 30th, he will take his Annual Benefit, when will be performed, for the first time in this city, a NEW LOCAL PLAY, (with Local Society by Mr. Hayes) written by a gentleman of Boston, intended to illustrate the phases of financial suffering amongst the merchants and mechanics, the men of leisure, and the hard-fisted laborers, all classes and all professions, in consequence of the

GREAT MONEY CRISIS OF 1857, being intended as a dramatic illustration, or a touch at Boston, illustrating things that are things that have been, things that may be, bankrupt bankers and treasurers, London borrowings, and well known characters in — street, and on "Change." For further particulars see programme.



Written for the Banner of Light.

TO H—

BY MADON CARREL.

The angels have woven a garland of light  
And crowned thy dear brow with the flowers,  
Whose beauty the frosts of the earth cannot blight,  
Nor ever be crushed by earth showers.  
And freely, and purely, they drew o'er thy way  
The glory they caught from the heavenly day.  
They gladden thy soul with the melody pure  
That floats through their beautiful home;  
And thy spirit to holler pleasures allure,  
By painting the glory to come.  
And softly, and sweetly, they whisper to thee,  
Of the shadowless beauty that spirit shall see.  
Through them they have lightened the wearying heart,  
And spoken the soft words of cheer,  
And caused the sweet radiance of heaven to dart  
O'er many a dark pathway here.  
And brightly, and purely, will sparkle the crown  
Thou'lt win, when thy burdens have all been laid down.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

There are many gathered around the social board,  
With smiling faces and glad hearts, welcoming the  
return of Christmas. There are happy family re-  
unions, where no vacant places renew the heart's  
greatest sorrow, telling of the loved departed, of the  
wept-for absent and estranged. And oh, world of  
contrasts! there are fireless hearths, beside whose  
ashes cower bent forms of suffering; to whom a loaf  
of bread would be a sumptuous feast. There, on  
velvet couch, reclines the indolent, unthinking votary  
of fashion and frivolity; but a wall divides her from  
the emaciated group that shivering sit around the  
embers of a poverty-stricken hearth. The ringing  
laughter of little children rises on the air; the pat-  
ter of little feet sounds musically—their eager voices  
shout with glee; and care-worn, worldly men and  
women listen, and awhile grow young and happy,  
participating in that innocent merriment, that un-  
feigned, unhectored joy.

But there are little children, beautiful and frail as  
these, with no covering upon their sunny locks, no  
shoes upon their feet, with rags upon their shivering  
limbs! Little blue-eyed, angel-featured children!  
upon whose brows the hand of care so soon has  
traced its mark of suffering; upon whose hearts  
most heavily weighs the burden of premature sor-  
rows and experiences.

Merry Christmas! Smiling faces greet us; beam-  
ing smiles, heart warm embraces; youthful voices  
sing of expectant joy and hope; the high heart of  
youth ever sings its exultant melody; and memory  
brings her magic pictures wherewith to delight or  
sadden. Outwardly, the world is fair, so full of sun-  
shine, and the eager, bustling crowd appears so happy;  
but to thee, oh, disenchanted dreamer! the shadows  
come at thy call, and the very sunshine lends thee  
to the haunts of wretchedness, where starvation  
broods beside the broken home altar, and phantom  
forms of despair whisper of powerful temptations,  
abroad, in the fair sunny world. And in halls of  
luxury, where the breaking heart puts on a mask  
of smiles, the shadows glide, and the sunshine falls  
unheeded; the shrine of wealth gleams there, a won-  
derous and a dazzling sight; but the glittering gems  
there piled, the costly pearls there strewn, bring not  
one ray of joy to the desolate possessor, give not  
peace unto her soul.

To how many sadly beating hearts Christmas  
comes, not with the festal wreath, but with the cy-  
press crown; not with its hopeful evergreens, but  
with the withered tokens, the mourning veil, the  
shrouded form. But this need not be; for the cypress  
now is cast aside, and on the brows of the departed  
gleam undying roses, and lilies culled in bowers of  
immortality. The veil and garb of mourning has  
been cast aside, and our household angels welcome  
us with the smiles and words of yore. We clasp  
their hands, we feel their breath upon our cheeks,  
and the song of benediction is hushed, the repining  
murmur stilled, and we know that our beloved ones  
"are found, and not lost" to us, even here.

Amid the convivial meeting, seated at the ample  
board, as in the crowded hall; amid the mazes of the  
dance, and the pauses of the delicious music, comes  
the memory—the blissful or regretful memory of the  
departed. In the crowded mart, or in the retin-  
ement of the closet, amid fashion's whirl, and the  
silence of solitude, come whispers o'er the soul;  
yearning fondness o'er the heart. But no longer  
with tears need we hail those recollections, or if  
tears attend them, they should be tears of joy; for  
no longer the ice barriers of fear and superstition  
uprear between our world and the illimitable realms  
of spirit; and at all hours and seasons we hold com-  
mune with "the beloved, the true-hearted," dwelling  
in the beautiful lands we have hitherto vaguely  
dreamed of and yearned for.

Merry Christmas truly to the sincere believer in  
spirit-intercourse, upon whose soul is showered gift  
upon gift of power and beauty; upon whose spiritual  
perceptions dawns the better era; who feels the  
heaven that angels dwell in struggling into life within  
himself.

Those who scoff at spiritual intercourse, and deny  
the elevating and refining influence of spiritual  
circles, know not of true enjoyment, and the most  
rational employment of leisure hours. Look in upon  
a well developed, harmonious circle; look upon their  
happy faces; behold the inward joy irradiating their  
features with a light divine, the smiles of recognition  
that sit upon their lips; participate in the beautiful  
security of their faith, and tell me where in gayest  
worldly haunts can so true an enjoyment, so unal-  
loyed a pleasure be thine? Where among the creed-  
wranglers and formal worshippers can so guiding and  
saving a faith be found?

The curtains are drawn; the fire burns brightly,  
the shaded lamp casts a sober gleam around; a little  
band have met to hold communion with their spirit  
friends. As they cease singing their welcome hymn,  
on one and all the spirit influence descends, and they  
realize the great truth of immortality, the nearness  
of their loved ones, the guardian care of angelic  
friends.

An old man smiles a smile of unspeakable joy;  
whisperings from spirit land fill his soul with the  
spirit's youth and lightness; upon his brow he feels  
the inspiring touch of an angel's hand; his lips  
move not, but soul communes with soul, and he  
knows that, radiant with truth and beauty, a loved  
companion awaits his coming, and a daughter calls  
for him the flowers of immortality. The faith that  
guides and illumines, which creed-worship could  
never give, uplifts his being into an atmosphere of  
love and prayer; he knows now that heaven is a re-  
ality, that a loving Father rules.  
Tears tremble in the dark eyes of yonder matron,

but they are the tears of a grateful joy. To her  
seeking heart's fervent invocation the beloved one  
has responded; for the medium's hand has written:  
"I am here, beloved wife!" and a prayer too deep  
for words, a deep and voiceless rapture fills her soul.  
The golden ringlets shade the sweet contemplative  
brow of a young girl, on whose cheek the rose-tint  
dwells in all its early freshness. She blends eagerly  
forward; a flush of joy mounts to her very temples,  
and, with caressing melody, her spirit's utterance is  
framed; "Dear mother, are you here to-night?" as  
low rappings sound upon the table on which her  
hand is resting.

A solitary man sits beside her; care and sorrow,  
many bitter trials have furrowed his brow and  
creased his cheek, and woven silvery threads amid  
his raven hair; now, admitted to the communion  
that soothes the heart, and elevates and inspires the  
soul, his brow unbends from the troublous business  
cares, the stern lines around his mouth relax, and  
calm falls on his spirit, and peace broods lovingly  
around and within. For loved ones are telling him  
of the beautiful worlds beyond, where they have  
found peace and joy, which he, the forgotten and  
fondly loved one, shall share with them.

The childless mother feels the presence of her  
heaven-transplanted flower; her eyelids droop, and  
a sweet smile plays around her lips; she beholds, in  
trance, the well-remembered form, that, ever advanc-  
ing in knowledge and love, and maturing to the  
angel's stature, smiles upon her with the baby smile  
she loved so well. And, returning to the outer world,  
that mother feels a deeper aspiration kindling the  
depths within; a calm and lofty dignity invests her  
with power. Mother of an angel! she feels she must  
be pure and true to clasp that sinless one to her  
bosom, when the life of earth is past. The widow  
and the orphan, the sorrowing and the oppressed,  
the erring and the earnest seeker, the scoffing and the  
denier of God, all have been favored with evidences  
of the life beyond, with proofs of spirit-intercourse,  
with lofty and consoling communications, which have  
made them better and happier. At this moment  
thousands of hearts are beating with rapturous  
thankfulness, and many households are gladdened  
by the visits of the angel band. Then, while the  
Christmas fire burns brightly, and the crimson ber-  
ries gleam from the encircling evergreens, while the  
curtains are softly drawn, and the cold winds blow,  
let us draw around our tables, and, with pure and  
lofty thought and loving invocation, recall our loved  
ones, and receive from them the truths we seek; and  
from their spirit presence let us go, strong in faith  
and holy motive, into the battle of life, to meet with  
antagonism, discord, and wrong. In love let us  
strive to overcome evil within ourselves, and in the  
world without; and giving here a smile, and there a  
blessing, awarding aid to some, and sympathy to all,  
let us pass a merry Christmas.  
—PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 21, 1857.

## Correspondence.

## SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED IN SALEM.

The following letter arrived too late for insertion  
in our last number. It is a capital opening of the  
New Year, however, and we always like to commence  
it well.

SALEM, December 19, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—I propose giving you a brief account  
of a recent attempt made here to explode Spiritualism.  
Our citizens were duly notified last week; by the  
city papers and posters, that Dr. Addison Davis,  
a person who has acquired some notoriety in Lynn,  
where he resides, for his violent denunciation of  
mediums as cheats and impostors, and of Spiritual-  
ists as fools and dupes, would, on the next Sunday  
evening, give an exposition of Spiritualism, and  
from his own experience, and by an expose of many  
of the prominent mediums, prove it to be only hum-  
bug and imposture.

In this part of the country, where there are  
hundreds of mediums, more or less developed, in  
every walk of life, and every grade of society, from  
the tiny infant to the gray-haired adult, it is some-  
thing of a rarity to find a man sufficiently pre-  
sumptuous, to declare the whole thing a deception,  
entirely destitute of truthful phenomena, and the  
mediums all cheats and liars; and at the risk of  
being humbugged, I went to Lyceum Hall to hear  
the "Exposition." He commenced by giving what  
he called a history of the Rappings, in which he  
informed us that the Fox girls invented the trick of  
Rapping for the purpose of fooling their neighbors  
on the first of April—All-Fools' Day—and finding  
the trick to work so well, they continued to practise  
it for money-making purposes. The trick was ex-  
posed at the time by Professor Page—to whom  
Salem had the honor of giving birth—and also by  
other learned and scientific men. He did not allude  
to the knee-joint Professors of Buffalo, or to the too-  
joint theory of Rev. Dr. Potts, but probably included  
them in the remark: "This is a fair specimen of the  
truthfulness of his history."

He then gave us some of the results of his ex-  
perience with different mediums, for the last seven  
years, beginning with Mrs. Cooper, and ending with  
Mrs. Hatch. Many of them had been very success-  
ful in imposing upon the credulity of people all over  
the country, and many of the first minds had, in  
consequence, become believers in the pretended  
phenomena. But they never could stand the ordeal  
in Lynn, and ever quailed before the scrutiny of  
Dr. Addison Davis, who proved them, to his own  
satisfaction at least, to be arrant humbugs. It was  
reserved for Lynn and Dr. Davis, to interpose the  
first effective barrier to the "stupendous delusion." After  
he had gone on for about an hour in charging  
the mediums with practising trick and deception,  
he was reminded by some of the audience that he  
had advertised to make an expose of the mediums,  
and as he had professed to be acquainted with the  
modus operandi of the "physical manifestations," it  
was expected of him that he would put his assertions  
to the proof by actually producing the manifesta-  
tions. This he declined doing, but pledged himself  
ready to perform any manifestation that he could  
see produced by any medium. As there was no  
medium present who was known to be reliable be-  
fore a public audience, I asked him if he would  
fulfill his pledge at a subsequent time, and meet a  
medium here for that purpose. He replied that he  
would. To prevent all possibility of mistake or  
misunderstanding, I repeated the pledge to him just  
before the close of the meeting, and he again as-  
sented to it. On the next day, I obtained the con-  
sent of Mr. Charles H. Foster, of this town, who is  
one of the best test mediums in the country, to meet  
Dr. Davis here, and go through with the proposed  
trial, either in public or private. I immediately  
wrote to Dr. Davis, informing him that he had now

an opportunity to fulfill his pledge to the people of  
Salem, by meeting with Mr. Foster—that the con-  
ditions of the meeting could be arranged by a com-  
mittee, mutually agreed upon, and wishing him to  
name as early a day as convenient for the trial.  
He replied to me this morning, that as Mr. Fos-  
ter was a stranger to him, he had made inquiry of  
those acquainted with his reputation, and had re-  
ceived such assurances as made it proper for him to  
respectfully decline meeting him. Knowing that  
there was no foundation in truth for this imputation  
on the character of Mr. F., I went over to Lynn with  
him and another gentleman, to ascertain what was  
meant by the insinuation. In this we could obtain  
no satisfaction. We expressed our surprise that he  
should refuse to test this important matter on ac-  
count of any such objection, for he had classed all  
mediums with charlatans, cheats, impostors, liars,  
&c., and yet he had agreed to meet one of these dis-  
reputable characters, and prove him to be what he  
represented.

We further told him that the people in Salem  
would regard it as backing out of his agreement, if  
he failed to meet Mr. Foster, for the insinuation  
against Mr. F. would be refuted by all who knew  
him. Finding this subterfuge would not avail him,  
he said he could not afford the expense of going to  
Salem for this purpose, but he would have a trial in  
Lynn with Mr. Foster, after a preliminary seance  
with him.

We replied that we would pay his expenses if he  
would meet Mr. F. in Salem. He had declared to a  
Salem audience that the so-called Spiritual man-  
ifestations were tricks of impostors, and that he would  
prove his assertion by performing manifestations  
similar to any that may be produced by any medi-  
um. He had now the opportunity to do so, and he  
was honorably bound to that audience to make good  
his pledge. This he absolutely refused to do, and  
we left him, perfectly satisfied that he dared not  
meet Mr. F., or any other medium, and honestly and  
fairly put to the test his extravagant declarations.  
In short, it was proved conclusive to our minds, that  
the charge of "humbug" was never more applica-  
ble than to Dr. Addison Davis. And yet this same  
individual is engaged in "Exposing Spiritualism"  
in public lectures and through the columns of the  
Boston Courier. Comment is unnecessary.  
N. O. ARCHER.

## MR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Dec. 26, 1857.

DEAR BANNER—You will pardon this liberty, but  
my attention has of late been frequently called to the  
extraordinary gift that has been bestowed upon Mr.  
J. V. Mansfield, through whom those of our friends  
who have passed from this sphere can come back  
again and establish themselves in our recognition.  
I frequently see Mr. M. assailed with epithets like  
that of "humbug," "swindler," and the like. Now I  
would say to such persons, that all they need is to  
have the scales removed from their eyes by the same  
power that wrought in the case of St. Paul. I would  
mention here the cases of four gentlemen in this  
place, who have written to their spirit friends, ask-  
ing various questions. Each has been satisfactorily  
answered; in three of these cases no names were men-  
tioned in the letters, and invariably they have been  
addressed in reply by name correctly.

In my own case I have had three letters. All have  
been answered, as well as each question, showing a  
knowledge of the contents; and my letters were re-  
turned to me with the seals unbroken. A gentle-  
man received one this morning, which was very sat-  
isfactory to him. I would honestly ask all who dis-  
believe, yet wish for truth, to try this wonderful gift  
of spirit-intercourse through Mr. M., and they will  
say with me—the one half never was told them.

There is nothing new to write from this place. We  
are shut out, it seems, from all light, except now and  
then a ray. Mrs. Tuttle has given us two lectures  
since I wrote you last, which gave much satisfaction  
to those who listened. Are there not more of those  
at work in the vineyard, who will come this way?  
We would like to hear from Mr. Whiting, or Mr.  
Forster, or have the Davenport Boys come this way;  
they would do much to dissipate this darkness that  
seems to have settled over us.

I find your paper sells exceedingly well here, and  
all we want is light. I think the Banner will prove  
triumphant. There is no medium here through whom  
we can get any tests, but if such a medium should  
come this way, he would meet with a hearty recep-  
tion from the friends here. I must close with the  
wish that prosperity and long life may be the portion  
of the Banner. I am, very respectfully,  
Yours, yet seeking Light,  
H. O.

## MEDIUMSHIP OF DR. C. A. STILES.

BRIDGEPORT, CT., December, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—In reading over the different state-  
ments relative to spiritual manifestations, which are  
occurring in many parts of the United States, I  
learn of none more conclusive and satisfactory to  
my mind than some which I have recently witnessed  
in our own city. The truth of spiritual manifesta-  
tions has been proved times without number, and  
there is now irrefutable evidence enough before the  
world to convince the most skeptical, provided their  
reason is not wholly immersed in the miasma of  
prejudice, superstition, and bigotry. Nevertheless,  
it may be wise to keep the facts always in the view  
of the people, as a city upon a hill; and to keep  
constantly adding to the mass of evidence already  
accumulated.

I therefore purpose to send you the result of one  
evening's experience, which you are at liberty to  
make use of as you think proper. On the evening  
of October 16th, being at leisure with a friend, who  
was somewhat skeptical in relation to the so-called  
spiritual manifestations, I proposed that we should  
visit the rooms of Dr. C. A. Stiles, medium, for the  
purpose of testing some of those wonderful mani-  
festations which have of late occurred at his rooms.  
I had previously witnessed much of the more com-  
mon manifestations, sufficient to excite my curiosity;  
but, manifestations of the order I now refer to, I had  
never seen. Consequently, being equally desirous  
with my friend, we repaired to the rooms in ques-  
tion, and found the Doctor at home; and, by his  
polite and affable manner, he soon opened a natural  
way to introduce the subject.

We informed the Doctor we had come with a  
desire to see and judge for ourselves. He seemed to  
think we were not a sufficient number to form a  
good circle, but said: "Gentlemen, we can sit down  
at the table, and see what the invisible agents will  
do for us." He accordingly drew out a large, round  
table, and invited us to sit up to it. At the same  
time he turned off the gas light, so that all objects  
could be distinctly seen; yet not sufficiently to allow

us to read. We had been seated but a few moments,  
when the table commenced to hop up and down, and  
rock about in a very singular manner. At this  
point in the proceedings, Dr. Dyer accidentally came  
in and was invited to be seated with us; when the  
table, as if it were much pleased with the addition  
of our circle, hopped up and down two feet or more  
with great force, seemingly sufficient to break it in  
pieces. After this the table rapped lightly several  
times, which the Doctor said was the signal call for  
the alphabet. The name of a deceased sister of my  
friend was spelled out; she requesting him to write  
to her through this medium, through whom she  
would answer, as she had much to say to him.  
There was no one present except himself, who knew  
that he ever had a sister, until she thus presented  
herself. Then all being quiet, Dr. Dyer asked the  
question if the spirits could raise the table, if we  
would take off our hands. It was then spelled out—  
"We will try,"—when, presently, after sitting back  
entirely clear of all contact with it, it came up like  
a thing of life to near the ceiling, floating over my  
head backwards and forwards, and finally wheeled  
bottom upwards, and came to the floor. We righted  
it, and again took our seats; when a chair, in the  
back part of the room, facing me, stepped forth  
from its place and came and struck the table on the  
leaf, and then tumbled off between me and Dr. Dyer.  
I saw the chair coming at me, and thought I should  
be hit by it. But the wonder-workings of some un-  
seen power caused it to stop short of me, and leave  
its indentations on the leaf of the table.

At the same time, many different articles, such as  
brushes, boxes, and a piece of steel, &c., were flying  
about the room, and striking the walls in different  
parts. At this point, Dr. Dyer made the remark  
that he supposed the spirits had power sufficient to  
break the table in pieces. When it again rose up  
over our heads, rocking and tumbling about, and  
finally, darting down, struck Dr. Dyer on the breast  
capsizing him, chair and all together. Here the  
manifestations ceased, and we took our leave.

Yours truly,  
WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

## MISS AMEDY.

EAST BOSTON, Dec. 15, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—Several years ago I was acquainted  
with that worthy young lady, Miss Rosa T. Amedy,  
now of Roxbury.

I also saw her in what I suppose to have been her  
first trance. In that, she became very ecstatic, and  
seemed likely to be a wonderful medium of the pic-  
torial class.

A year or more after that, I heard her speak at a  
picnic. And there ended all the personal knowledge  
which I have had of her mediumship, previous to the  
present month.

And here is the place to say I have latterly heard  
her lectures spoken of as being almost incomparably  
beautiful. And of this I should have had no manner  
of doubt, were it not for the fact, that I have found  
her but slightly noticed by the press.

So much for hearsay. But being now on a visit  
to the metropolis, I have been favored with some op-  
portunity to solve this doubt; and, last Sunday af-  
ternoon, repaired to Washington Hall, Cambridge-  
port, to hear and see for myself. I found this hall  
well filled with an intelligent looking congregation.  
The medium commenced and closed with the utter-  
ance of solemn and highly appropriate prayers.

The lecture, in its thoughts, and its expressions,  
was really too good to be praised or described by an  
ordinary critic. Nevertheless, I may be permitted to  
suggest an impression—that it was admirably adapt-  
ed to a popular audience, in which piety, philan-  
thropy and idealism should not be lacking.

Her text was—"I saw a new heaven, and a new  
earth." (Rev. 21.) And the general idea, or sub-  
ject of the discourse, (though not expressly pro-  
pounded,) was Reform and Progress—or, I might  
say, Reform and Progress of the Spiritual Man, as  
the means of inaugurating a New Heaven. And  
that necessarily preceded by Reform of the Physical  
or Earthly Man.

Miss Amedy is extensively engaged as a speaking  
medium to crowded houses in several large towns in  
this vicinity. And I confidently hope that much good  
may be done, as she seems well qualified to recom-  
mend a new heaven and a new earth, to those who  
are, in any measure, prepared to assist in the great  
and glorious work of building up the same.

W. F.

## OUR BABE.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, of Roxbury.]

How doth the gift of a child, fresh from the gar-  
den of Paradise like a bouquet of budding roses, make  
fragrant and beautify our fireside! We set it high  
up on the mantel of our affections, and gaze upon it  
as we would upon a star, wondering, loving, yet feel-  
ing unworthy to touch—and well may we feel thus,  
when every word we utter, every movement we make  
is mirrored upon its little soul, never to be lost or  
effaced. We cannot be too cautious in handling this  
precious gift of flesh and blood, which like wax is to  
be moulded in our hands for good or for evil. We  
cannot speak too softly, fearing to shock its tender  
nerves, cannot love too fondly what God has given us  
of himself. We feel nearer unto Him, than ever be-  
fore; we feel that we have found Him at last; we  
forget self, in contemplation of the babe; we see  
heaven in the clear blue eyes, the angel smile; we  
feel it in its sweet balmy breath. The soft pat of  
its hand, its like angel fingers resting in blessing upon  
our head. We are made better—we feel holy—pure,  
and gazing, we see nothing. Our eyes are suffused  
with tears—excess of happiness has overflowed our  
heart. We were happy before; happy in conjugal  
relation, happy in our friends, in our worldly pur-  
suits; but this last gift we have not deserved. We  
feel humble at contemplating the goodness of God—in  
this bud of promise, taken from his bosom and  
given to us, we see a new life; all former plans of  
usefulness, of pleasure, of self, of others, are forgot-  
ten. We also are born again. A new existence, full  
of joy, has opened upon us; and baby is at the head,  
his every wish is our law; by a wave of his little  
hand we understand his wants, and like willing  
slaves obey, never tiring; or wishing for a moment  
that babe had not come; sleepless nights, when he  
has cried from pain, have called forth no murmur of  
dissatisfaction from us—we cannot do enough to re-  
pay him for the love he has brought us. And yet,  
as he advances from babyhood to childhood, and  
wishes for what is not good for him, how careful  
must we be to deny him with firmness and love, to  
use no harshness in controlling his little spirit; he  
is the godliness called forth in ourselves—be  
ever loving and just. Let no little misdeed, ruffle  
our temper, or bring a shadow over our face, for the

babe watches us closely and learns us. Oh, ye who  
are parents, consider your position in regard to this  
matter; let not your love bring indulgence to your  
child, for it will surely end in disgust. Look ever to  
the future, and act accordingly, and the world will  
in time be filled with men wise and just, and women  
loving and pure. Then will Spiritualism have at-  
tained its object, and peace and harmony reign for-  
ever.  
The spirit of EMELINE B. TAGGART.

## Trance Speaking.

## MRS. HATCH'S LECTURE.

Her last lecture for the present in Boston, was  
given by Mrs. Hatch at the Moissonon, on Tuesday  
evening last, on "The Moral and Religious Nature  
of Man."

She prefaced her discourse with a prayer of thanks  
for the divine blessings; and asked that war, strife,  
and bloodshed, might cease, and give way to love,  
peace, and harmony.

She announced that, contrary to her custom, on  
this evening the audience should not be permitted to  
select the subject for her lecture, as the spirits had  
before announced that they wished to select the sub-  
ject themselves; and the leniency of the critic was  
asked, if any such were there, on account of the  
recent sickness and present physical weakness of  
the medium. She said that religion and morality,  
though nearly allied, differed widely. They were  
distinct in action and effort, yet blended. Man's  
moral nature is simply a cultivated nature, while  
the religious nature is inborn, and is not dependent  
upon institutions or nations. The moral and relig-  
ious tone of every nation is different. The savages  
who preceded our fathers in the heirship of the  
western continent, had their ideas of a God, and  
whom they worshipped in their own natural way.  
The heathen worship idols—their highest conception  
of a Divinity; and the majestic sun and ever-rolling  
stars, because man has no control over them, became  
endowed with godliness. The naturalness of relig-  
ion goes to prove the existence of God, which the  
sublime economy of the universe, the springing of  
vegetation, and the ethereal system, of themselves  
cannot do. The religion of ancient times was bar-  
barous inhumanity; it was religion, destitute of  
morality, and compelled the offering of sacrifices to  
appease the wrath of Deity. As intellect sprang up,  
religion was made subservient to humanity. Moral-  
ity and humanity have given tone to everything.  
Religion never gave birth to intellect. Without moral-  
ity, religion has descended deepest in barbarity and  
cruelty; while, coupled with and directed by moral-  
ity, it has been humanity's highest ally. Of itself,  
the religion of the heathen is as divine as that of  
Christianity. Ask the Hindoo what he thinks of  
your exported religion. He will tell you it has taught  
him to murder, to lie, to steal, and to tremble at a  
far-off God; and where one true convert is made to  
your faith, a thousand are led to detest it. If reli-  
gion can elevate humanity, it can make man and  
woman better.

The deacon, who prays daily, who enjoins strict-  
est religious observance, and yet cheats and defrauds  
his customers at his business—he may be a religious  
man, but he is by no means a moral man. If a man  
say he loves God, and hateth his neighbor, he is a  
liar. His God is like his own characteristics. He  
loves the God of selfishness, and not of humanity.  
Without benevolence there is no true idea of God in  
man. Religion, of itself, has never done anything  
to elevate humanity. Christ was made the head of  
our Christianity, because he lived what he taught—he  
practiced what he advocated. There is a wonder-  
ful distance between charity and the meeting-house  
—a wonderful difference between moral Christianity  
and nominal Christianity. Religion is governed by  
outside influence—all religions vary. The heathen  
are as religious as the Christians, if they are sin-  
cere. God sees them all alike in their sincerity.

The infidel, who does not believe in any church,  
who never bows in prayer, never attends stated re-  
ligious worship, and who never sends his children to  
Sunday School, we may place alongside of that dea-  
con mentioned before. Instead of cheating at his  
business—defrauding his neighbors, he gives in  
charity; he never passes a lone one without a smile,  
he never coldly avoids one in need, and more than  
all, never cheats his Maker. He is a moral man,  
but not a religious man. Yet many say, were it not  
for the church, nothing could be good; aside from  
the church, all is evil! Were it not for the church,  
humanity would be farther along. Religion, wedded  
to the noble impulses of humanity, is man's most  
perfect guide, but when made the genius of meeting-  
houses—when it loses the impulse of charity and  
benevolence, it becomes evil, and generates evil.  
Were it not for this morbid religious feeling, there  
would be less murder, less poverty, and fewer jails.  
If man worshipped God by loving man—if, instead  
of bowing to God, we bowed before humanity, the  
impetus Christianity would gain could overthrow  
every obstacle, and no man, however depraved, but  
would become good through the influence of its  
morality. But until this becomes the case, religion  
will continue to be a rattling of dead men's bones—  
a bowing down before creeds, and asking God to  
bless them.

Old theologians say that man fell from a nobler  
estate; but believe it not. Primitive man was a  
blatant, groping religionist. Virtue was an education-  
al thing; and, therefore, how depraved must he have  
been. The only true moral standard is man's high-  
est idea of justice and truth. Men find fault with  
institutions. Ought they? Might not institutions  
rather find fault with men? The American stand-  
ard is high; this is the secret of her success. Her  
standard is of freedom and equality. Than the  
United States, no country has a higher grade of mo-  
rality, and this is caused by the bridging of religion  
and morality. Religion never made America what  
she is. She is not made free by religion from intel-  
lerance. Morality has acted as a check upon it.  
Political freedom must begin at home; and so must  
religious freedom. Many join the church for the  
sake of popularity, but they are not of that bright  
band who love truth for truth's sake. You cannot  
free the American banner from the dark spot of  
slavery, unless you begin with the slavery of your  
heart-thrones and homesteads—until you check the  
slavery in the cradle and at the mother's breast.  
Washington had a good mother—a noble, disinter-  
ested being, who lived and labored for her son's  
moral development, and it is mainly to her that  
America is indebted for that noble man.

Religion alone will not subvert slavery, and  
knowledge of God is not sufficient, unless men live  
are religious and moral. The impurity, malignity,  
and inconsistency of those in the clerical profession,  
causes much infidelity, and gives your children the



idea that religion is a dead, cold sepulchre. Though you give them a liberal education, they prefer other professions to that of theology. Again, theology has taught that God was a monster of evil, an irreconcilable tyrant. How different from a pure, holy belief in His love and mercy. It has been often remarked that the children of ministers are most always unmanageable. They see the difference between religion and morality, and the gross inconsistency of their parents' lives. Children are not naturally immoral or irreligious, but are driven to it. If you wish to have them honored and respected, you must teach them religion, but truth and goodness for their own sakes. With such tutorage, they will become better types of practical Christianity, than hundreds of years have produced.

Our study should be a pure life, not death; not hereafter, but now, should be our care. The present is the only time to live up to our highest convictions of truth and humanity. There is no time for repentance just before death. To-day's standard of morality may give place to a higher one to-morrow. Be careful it is not a lower one.

After the above, Mrs. Hatch gave any one who desired, the privilege of asking questions, or replying to any of her points.

Z. K. Pangborn, Esq., asked if Christ taught nothing new in his mission to earth.

Mrs. Hatch answered that he taught nothing new religiously, but practically, many things. Confucius and Plutarch taught those things which Christ, in his mission, made practical.

After further uninteresting catechization, she chanted the Lord's prayer, and retired.

Dr. Hatch then made a statement concerning her recent sickness, which—in substance is stated in the following extract from a letter from the Dr., which was received too late for insertion last week:—

"In reply to the numerous inquiries of the nature of Mrs. Hatch's recent illness, I will say that it was the result of a successful effort on the part of her spirit friends to erase, or throw off from her system, the re-accumulated tuberculous matter which her scrupulous diathesis generates, and which was liable, at any time, to set up a rapid decay of the lungs by ulceration. Every secretion and the cutaneous surface was brought into the most profuse activity, until the system was most thoroughly renovated. This is not the proper place to give the particulars of the diagnosis of disease, and I will only say that, to me, it was the most practical and convincing physical manifestation of superior, or intelligent control, I have ever witnessed. In a darker age of the world it would have been regarded as a miracle of the first magnitude; and heralded to all coming ages as an incontestable evidence of God's interfering with His established laws, in order to protect the lives of those who are proclaiming His truths. But to me it is, in connection with many other events connected with her, an evidence amounting to a demonstration, that her spiritual guardians have control of her physical organism as well as her mental powers."

Mrs. H. started Wednesday evening for New York, where she is engaged to speak every Sunday for the next three months.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### SIGNS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Tears they fall like mist and rain,  
O'er life's wide and checkered plain;  
Human hearts its floodgates drain.

When the eyes of childhood beam  
With reflected sorrow's gleam,  
Doem then life's heavy burden.

When the maiden's cheek is pale,  
From her soul a deep-toned wail,  
Answers to the Winter's gale.

Know that misery and blight,  
There have dimmed an angel's light;  
There have steeped a soul in night.

When the finger-marks of care  
Line the forehead, once so fair,  
And dark shadows linger there—

Know that untold woe and pain  
In that struggling bosom reign,  
Ever calling hope in vain.

But the soul's deep founts are stirred,  
Listening angels there have heard  
One imploring, holy word.

On the brow and on the cheek,  
Beams a lustre pure and meek;  
And the heart turns, God to seek.

It may be, the golden hair  
Of a spirit, gleameth there;  
Mid the chill and murky air.

And the tempted sits apart,  
Bids the demon shapes depart,  
Folds the angel to her heart.

And the beautiful and pure,  
Did the lone one still endure,  
And she turns from earthly lure.

With a strong and earnest soul,  
Though the waters o'er her roll,  
Home the watchword! Heaven the goal.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6, 1857.

## The Messenger.

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

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

#### A. S. Doane, New York.

Eighteen hundred years ago there came a man among the children of earth, calling himself Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Now this person took up his abode with publicans and sinners. He chose his followers from among the lowly; he called around him the multitude, and he spoke to them as never man spoke. He performed miracles even unto raising the dead, to prove to the inhabitants of earth that he had power beyond earth. We find him at one time contending with the Rulers, and always in the ascendency. We find him at another time eating meat with those who were eschewed by the Pharisees, Chief Priests and Scribes.

We follow him to the Judgment, and there we find the same law manifest as we saw in his early life. Let us follow him to Calvary, and behold him hung upon the cross—the Lord your God stretched upon the cross between two thieves. One of them said: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus said: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Ah, what better proof can mortals have of forgiveness at the eleventh hour. "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," not a hundred years hence. And if He your masters, who was the only perfect child of the Father, if he could outstretch his arms and receive the thief, why should not you mortals at this day? Why should they call that common boy, with their little power, sit upon the Throne of Justice? They worship Jehovah at the shrine of Mammon; they fail to encircle the whole human race with their love.

And are they followers of the meek and lowly Jesus? Are they following in his footsteps? If so, listen to his words. What shall be done

They that are long prayers, and give alms, to be seen of men—the Lord God pleased with them?

We think not. Our God delighteth to dwell in the humble soul. He cometh to the lowly in heart, and taketh up his seat there.

Was Jesus ever found among the Scribes and Pharisees, except the Lord God sent him there?

No, but he came to lift the downtrodden, to heal the sick, to speak peace to the sorrowing ones of earth, and he said, "If I go away, I will come again to receive you to myself."

How boundless is love! He, the chosen one, would not select from the human family, here one, and there one, to smile upon; but he called for all, and when they who had gone against him to the extent of their power persecuted him, he cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Even so do we forgive him, who, out of the body, or in it, crieth out against his brother, calling him common and unclean. They must all learn to call the children of the Great Father one by one, and bless them. Every one must reach out the hand of love to all, ere he can be in a position to receive the blessing of the Father.

You who are basking in the sunshine of spiritual light, let your light shine, that they who are in darkness may see the light.

Mortals live here too much for self—they build a wall about the spirit, and they let too few within those walls. If one comes to them stained in sin, they say, get thee hence, we know you not. Do they not know that by so doing they drive away the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords?

To-day, says the minister, is the day of salvation. To-day, say we, lengthen out your arm, that every child of God shall be within your embrace—then shall ye be true children of God.

We are often pained when we return to earth, to see the coldness that exists among its children. We are often led to offer prayers to the great throne of Deity, in their behalf. We know they sin unwittingly—they have made the casket a shield against Truth. They have covered this gem with what is not Truth, and are plodding in the ways of error. So long as there is one child that cannot be recognised as a brother, so long they will be unhappy, and when they shall pass away from earth, and their eyes shall be opened to spirit existence, they will have to strive very hard to overcome that they nurtured on earth.

Here let me relate a little circumstance that transpired when I lived on earth. In my younger days I formed the acquaintance of a lad I shall call Mr. Barton; I have not given his right name, but perhaps he will understand me if no one else does. He and I were educated together, but by reason of temptation, he was drawn away from me at the age of nineteen or twenty. I used often to hear from him, and heard he was pursuing a downward course. One day I found, on glancing at the papers, that my friend was convicted of forgery, and was sentenced to prison. I knew he was good, and that had temptation passed from him, he might have been saved. Five years passed, and I met my friend in New York. He avoided me, and crossed over. After walking a short distance, I followed him, determined to seek him out. I met him, and said, do you not know me? He said yes, but I did not know as you wished to see me. I said, you are mistaken; I do want to see you. I asked him to my hotel, and he accepted my invitation. He came, and we were soon talking over past scenes. He told me many things which pained me, and at last I asked him why he did not reform now, and retrieve the error of the past.

He told me that when he came forth into the world, after imprisonment, he determined to lead an honest life, but that those he knew before his sin was detected, turned from him and shunned him. "This coldness killed me," said he, "and I believe I had as lief be a murderer and thief as an honest man." I talked to him as best I knew how, and we separated to meet again the next day. Then I proposed to him to go South and enter into business. I told him I had a friend in business in Savannah, to whom I would recommend him, and of my sooty means I would give him—wherever to take him there. Such a look of "gratitude" I never beheld before or since; and now that man stands in a very high political position, respected by all who know him. He changed his name, and to-day is living on earth, an honest man. I have watched him with great anxiety since I left earth, and have not been made sad on his account. He is married, has children, and lives in one of your Southern cities at this time.

I only relate this to show that a kind word and a helping hand will save many a child of God. There are too many willing to pass by on the other side; they forget that the God within will judge them, and report to the God beyond, if they do not recognise each and every child of the Father.

I should not have come here this afternoon, had I not been requested to come. I have dear friends on earth, near by you, whom I should like to communicate with, but their time has not yet come, therefore I must content myself with coming to those who bear no relation to me. I, like all children of the Father, have my faults, but I am determined that my life shall henceforth be devoted to humanity. I am devoted to that at present, and shall be to all eternity. My way seems to be cast among all classes of society; and I thank God I am permitted to come to earth, not because I expect a reward, but because I am anxious to do my duty.

A. S. DOANE, New York.

Dec. 14.

#### Abijah Stearns, by request from Sudbury.

If a man die, shall he live again? How many there are in your earth now asking this question. How many thousands are daily striving to find positive proof of man's eternal existence by searching the Bible. Now that positive proof they might find in that sacred book, if it were not for the darkness shed upon it from old theology.

I have a dear companion still in earth life, and she is one of your Christians. She belongs to the earthly church, and I trust, the spiritual church; but she sits beneath a shadow. I would fain remove that shadow, and give her light. She has been learned to believe that Spiritualists discard the Bible. Now all true Spiritualists believe in the Bible. They believe it to be a record of ancient spiritual manifestations, and the light they receive from the spirit life, enables them to read and understand. The skeptic has not that light, and he gropes on in darkness, scarcely knowing how to comprehend one word in that Bible.

Your minister will teach you that Christ came, lived, and died, to save the people from their sins. True, but totally false in the sense Christians believe it. Christ did come and set an example to you, which, if you follow, will lead to realms of endless joy. This is the way he is to become your savior. His blood was not necessary for your redemption. His earthly body was but a covering for the spirit, as is yours. His enemies might hurt a thousand darts at his visible form, but they could not kill the soul, and the truths promulgated by that soul can never die.

Now Christians have had a false conception of Christ; they are disposed to fall down and worship his earthly form. Being superior to you in spirit, you should look up to his pure spirit and follow in his steps, but his body was not more than yours, and now is mouldering as will yours, for flesh and blood shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. There are many passages in the sacred book, that are not plain to you. Spiritualism comes to make plain every passage in that book of books.

One you will find in the Acts of the Apostles. Such an one, said the Apostle, is like a man seeing himself in a glass, and turning away, forgets what manner of man he is.

Now Spiritualism is a mirror, in which man may look and see what manner of man he is; but some straightway turn aside, and forget that they have learned.

Now the mirror is kept at a distance by man's will, but the time is nigh at hand when God, in spite of man, will place that mirror in the hands of every man. Every secret deed shall be made plain, and every soul shall mirror its own virtue or deformity.

Now this temple is closed; darkness reigns within; none can look within this sanctuary, and read

there what is on the tablet of the soul—none, I say, except those who are not subject to the flesh; they frequently see things there, which it would not do to proclaim upon the house-tops. But the time is near at hand, when all these deeds shall be manifest. Who then shall take his neighbor's coat? who then shall take his brother's purse? who then shall blow and cry, "Aha, Father," and the world be ignorant of hypocrisy? Who then shall take bread from the hungry children of earth, and stand in high places? Who then shall walk in your temple of justice, and trample on mercy and righteousness?

Ab, the time draweth nigh when every man shall stand upon his own feet, shall live by his own exertions; when every man shall return to God that which belongs to him, and to his brother his own. The time is even now—the doors are unbarred, and the voice of God is only wanting, and those massive doors shall then swing open. He ruleth in heaven, He ruleth in hell; He sitteth in the temple of every heart He hath made, and He will come forth and avenge His own.

Years have rolled on since I left earth; yes, they seem long, because many of them divided me from my friends on earth, but when the glorious morning of the new dispensation dawned upon the children of earth, my soul awoke to new life, and I labored hard to come here. I have succeeded in part, for which I thank Him who sitteth in heaven.

A few words of love to one who shared my earthly joys and sorrows; she who has prayed that I might often be near to her and watch over her; she who so unconsciously sown the seed of hope in her soul, that I might at some future time reap the harvest—to her I come. Over one year ago, I did manifest to her. I now come to water that seed, that God may give her a plentiful harvest.

Oh, I do pray God, so to scatter the seed in that dark spot where she dwells, that error may flee away, and the sun of righteousness may shine in full glory there.

She is one blessed by many, cursed by very few. Oh, that I might speak to her! but the Father has ordered it otherwise, and I am content. Yet I lived, my companion and my child, to realise spiritual existence years before this new light dawned upon earth. I had a hope, but not a belief; I hoped it would be well with me, but I did not know the truth. Now you mortals may walk through the valley of death fearing no evil, for Christ is with you.

Dec. 15.

#### Lorenzo Dow.

Spirit of Goodness, Fountain of Wisdom, we ask thee to bless thy children here and every where to-day. We ask thee, O Source of all Life, that Thou wilt so continue to shed thy light through the earth sphere, that soon, very soon, no shadow shall settle thereon, but all may be radiant with the Sun of Righteousness.

We ask thy blessing upon thy children who are gathered beneath the robes of Superstition. We ask thee to loosen their yoke, that they may not only see, but in seeing be led to believe in thy providences.

Oh God, we, thy disembodied children, do often ask of thee blessings, knowing that thou art ready and willing to bestow blessings upon thy children. Do thou, O Father, bestow blessings upon all who are in darkness. Oh, Father, we know wherever thou dwellest there is a spark of divinity, which will in time kindle into a flame, and represent thee fully. But we are impatient often when we see the storm of darkness falling upon thy children in earth-life; we feel that we must ask thee to send them troops of angels to assist them in raising their souls to a conception of thee and thine. Our prayer to-day is for more mediums—those who will devote their natural lives to the cause of Spiritualism, and that thou wilt so imbue them with thy divine power, thy holy Spirit, that they may consider themselves as nothing—thy cause their all.

So fill those thou hast given us with purity, with divine love, that they may be strong in the faith, overcoming all obstacles in the way, building up thy kingdom upon earth. We ask thee to make sacred the pathway they tread, that they may have divinely springing up on every hand, and forming a lamp to their feet and a light to all the people.

We ask thee, O Father, to so shed thy love among thy children, that war may soon cease, and we may see the word Peace so written upon earth's children that thy name may be glorified in earth, thy footstool, as it is in heaven thy dwelling place.

Friends, I to-day feel the necessity of more power being made manifest among you. I to-day feel the time has come when you may ask for more power and receive it. The disciples of olden times were told to ask for light and they should have it. You should knock at the door, and God will open it and shower blessings upon you. I come here knocking to-day, and if you had not opened your door I should not have entered. I came with faith that you would open to me, and by that faith I am with you in manifestation. And by faith on your part with the power of God be more fully manifest.

A long time ago I was on earth: people used to say I loved to be stirring the people up to new things. While I was on earth I constantly felt we might have something better if we would cry aloud, and have faith, and I am not altered now, except to become wiser about certain things I knew in earth.

I find on coming to you, here a group, and there a group, all asking what they shall do to have better manifestations. Why don't you go to God and ask for these things? I find a chain connecting you with God, but it is so faint, often, that it is hard to be seen. You should pray more, not as one of old did in the streets, but alone, and ask your God within in what is the thing you need most to affect the glory of God; and after making up your mind, pray for it, and you will surely get it.

How I wish I were on earth in mortal form and filled with what I am now filled with. Fear of death operates on men sometimes to their detriment, but the spiritualist has no excuse for that, for those who come to you enlighten you as to its work, and you fear it not. But the Christian does—he may tell you he does not, but he does fear death. He tells you, too, he loves God; but does he? God through Jesus Christ told you 1800 years ago that if you gave a cup of cold water to any sufferer you were a lover of God. Obedience of the Sabbath does not make you a lover of God. Christ went through the cornfields on the Sabbath and plucked the ears of corn, and if your friend is suffering, and you can do him a service on the Sabbath, do it by all means—the Sabbath is best spent in doing good to mankind. Now how much better it would be for Christians—those who are Christians—to take one day in seven and go about among those who suffer for food, instead of going to church. Ah, my friends, such offerings would be acceptable to God, while the offerings which go up in your temples are mockery to God. You may go to church during your natural life, but there is constantly some thought coming up in reference to the trouble and business of the coming week. Now if your bodies and minds are both engaged in good deeds, instead of attempting to listen to sermons, you would be sure to make an holy and acceptable offering to God. I do not wish you to think that I denounce the church; no, for if there is truth there I love it—it is the error I fight.

I was walking in your sphere the other day, and I met a brother who has no doubt some love for me and my spirit. But as I was near to him, drawn to him by the love he really possessed for me, and while I stood gazing there, a little child rapped at the door, and my friend said, "Come in." It was answered by the coming in of the little one, and she said "Father is very sick, and we want to send for a doctor, and mother has no money, and we thought you would give her a dollar, as she wants to buy some medicine." Tell your mother I have already been so charitable to you; I am sorry for your father, but the work does not suit me, and though I will pay for it when it is done, I cannot now. Come to the house and I will give you some old victuals." It seems this child's mother worked for the man, and hence her application to him. Oh, what a state for a child of God to be in this must be!

Now my heart bleeds for this man, for I know that

there is much that is good within him, and if he only had this light he would not do so unworthy an act. I tried to make some manifestations to this man, but I failed, and as I am told he sometimes reads the spirit's paper, I thought I would just drop in here, and perchance he may read this. My name when I was on earth was Lorenzo Dow. Good day.

#### John Tirrell.

Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Now we of spirit life who profess to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, the Divine, if we return to earth at all, if we commune with its inhabitants, surely we shall strive to aid the fallen. Something like twenty years ago I left my earthly home. I, in earth life, was surrounded by many near and dear to me. But of all those dear ones, I can see but one that I am drawn to, and I, no doubt, am drawn to him that I may benefit him. I love him; my soul still clings to him, and if God in His wisdom sees fit to send holier than I, to water the seed I am about to sow, I and others will behold the harvest. He to whom I wish to commune is doubtless known to you. Temptation has made him what he is; sin is marked upon his exterior, and darkness reigns within his soul. But is not God sufficient to dispel the darkness, and obliterate the stain of sin? Surely He is sufficient unto this.

With this brief introduction to you, I will proceed to my duty.

He to whom I come, you in earth life know by the name of A. J. Tirrell. My name, when in an earthly sphere, was John Tirrell. Whether I was related to him is little consequence. He has an unliving soul, is bound to the same Father, will pass through the same gate to Heaven you will enter. You are sitting in the sunshine of God's love; he is sitting in darkness, and I would have him stop and consider, ere he traces upon the path of his earthly existence more evil figures. I beg of him to turn his thoughts to God, for He seeth in secret, and if they be turned to Him when all is darkness in Nature, God is there, and He will reward openly. Conditions have made me his guardian spirit—they have bound me to him, and as his guide I must return and give him the right hand of fellowship. Who on earth dare lift his voice against me when God is for me? Who dare to ask why it is so? Ask God why it is we come—He who giveth us life eternal.

In time past and gone, even in an earthly existence, love sprang up in my soul towards that dear one. It has been nurtured by holy angels, and although you have seen that child proceed on a downward course, yet you have never seen the hand that was continually striving to hold the mantle of love over him. No time has ever passed, that I have not stood over him, striving to lead him in the path of truth.

When the gloomy walls of a prison house bounded his soul on every side, even there I was wont to be; even then I sought opportunity to send light to his darkened soul. God sent me a message from out the higher spheres, saying, strive on, the time is nigh at hand, although unknown to you, and thus I have urged my spirit by power beyond, even unto the threshold of darkness, that I might illumine the soul enshrouded by sin. Oh, child of earth, consider well ere you take another step in sin; ere you stain your hands in death; go away in secret, and we will commune with you, and we will triumph down that temple sin has reared, and make you what you should be.

Another stands by my side—who cradled the infant in her arms; she who raised her voice in silent prayer in his behalf in days of infancy, now stands here to give force to that I hope to make a key to unlock the secret chambers of that boy's soul.

Oh, it is well that angels return to earth, or its children might drink far deeper of the cup of sorrow, both here and in the spirit life.

Go back, dear one, to where I come to the time when you were standing by the side of those who loved you in earth; had stained your soul—go back in memory, and see if you cannot perceive more happiness lingering about the hours than you have seen in the paths of sin; then come back to us in spirit, and see if you cannot be made pure. This may be done—this can be done, and your exit from this life may be one of glory.

Hear this warning voice, oh child of earth, and it shall be well with you; heed it not, and it shall be ill.

We will commune with you again, and we hope when we do again return, to find the seed now sown grown up into a tiny flower.

Farewell, stranger; my coming to you has a meaning, although you may see it enveloped in mystery.

Dec. 17.

#### Charles Hardy.

You will recollect I came to you something like two months since. My name was Charles Hardy. I wished to commune with friends in London. I now come by request of those friends. The communication has been received by my friends in London, and I now come here to request you to send that number containing my communication to Henry Atkinson, London. He is a man of large estate, and those of my friends who have received what I gave here, think favorably of what was given. They told me if I would come here and communicate the wish of that circle, they would believe, which wishes I have given you.

It is now many years since I left my native country, yet I am not forgotten by those who were quite young when I left home. I feared I might not be recognized, but, thanks to an over-ruling Providence, I can, and may administer to the spiritual wants of my kindred, by returning to earth. When I left my home in England, this Henry Atkinson was something like fourteen years of age—a mere child. He will no doubt remember me. Now he is one standing in an high place, and may be an instrument of doing much good if he will. He knows nothing of Spiritualism, and the friends who have received it do not wish to send him what I have given, and for reasons probably good, desire me to procure it to be sent from here. Good day.

Dec. 17.

#### James Birch, lost on Central America.

I was told if I came here, I could commune with my wife. I don't see her here. I anticipated meeting her here, but am disappointed. Just as a man begins to live, he dies; just as he begins to find happiness in earth life, he learns it is but a bubble, which may break at any time. When I was young, I was poor—when I left earth, I had more than enough. I worked hard to obtain what I have left. But what is gold? It only makes a man drench to die. When death stares him in the face, how willing he gives up all he may have in worldly possessions for life! When I knew that death was almost inevitable, I took a spiritual view of my condition, and I said, what is gold? oh, what is wealth? The misery, the dark despair of that time made the happiness I had ever seen shrink into nothing. I would willingly have yielded all my earthly goods for life. But now—the rich and the poor find one grave.

If my wife were here, I could talk with her, but you have no pen or paper that will serve as a medium for my words. Simply say to her I am as happy as can be expected, considering all things. I have a great desire to speak with her, and wish her to find as much happiness on earth as she can; but I want her to be sure she attends to the wants of the spirit. Oh, tell her to be cautious of that which is now solely entrusted to her care. I do not speak of money—that is nothing. You see I was not prepared to talk to you, therefore I do not know what to say. I came prepared to talk to my wife, but I have not found her here, and I beg you to pardon me if I am at a loss for words. I might have known she could not be here, when I consider I saw her a few hours ago, many miles from this place. But as many things have changed, and many strange things transpired, I did not know but I might meet her here in body. I see now how it is—she is away, I am here. I have a great many friends I should like to talk to, but I do not know what to say. I have just come to consciousness in the spirit life, and my first thoughts

are of earth, and earthly things; as I could not be happy without coming to earth, some kind angel has aided me, no doubt.

I am not accustomed to speaking through mediums, you must know, and I find it difficult to hold control of your medium. I am told conditions are rather unfavorable, as I am a new beginner. I hope you will all have time to think upon your spiritual existence, before you are carried into spirit life. That time I did not have. I had hope until the last moment, no doubt, and when death seemed to be my only companion, even the hope lingered near, and when I came to consciousness and found I was no longer of earth, no tongue nor pen can describe my agony. All the horrors of hell would be insufficient. In time I became calm; and was brought here by whom I do not know. He conversed with me some little time before bringing me here. Perhaps I shall feel better by coming here.

I heard of Spiritualism, but knew but little about it. I took passage in the Central America, and fully expected to reach home in safety; but passing away seemed written upon me, and I never again trod these shores.

I am not fit to talk here; I am unhappy—I had better be away; earth has enough of its own sorrow without my crowding mine there. I shall probably understand these things better, soon, and shall come again. My name was James Birch.

Dec. 16.

#### Samuel Landerson.

It has been said there is no repentance in the grave. Many on earth declare unto you, that we who have passed beyond your sphere, are no longer recipients of the grace of God. How strange the doctrine, how absurd, how soul-degrading in principle! As though God limits His mercy, His forgiveness to earth; as though he would not extend it to all time! I have sinned, and yet I look for forgiveness. I look not to mortals, but to God I sinned against; not to a God in some locality afar off, but to God in all things, to the Great Principle of right, wherever it may be found. I was told that as I committed my first and last offence on earth, thither must I return to seek forgiveness; not to you, mortals, but to that all-pervading principle which pervades your sphere, mine, and all the universe.

I have influenced but one medium since I left earth, and that one I found in Montgomery street, New York—a lady about forty years old, rather tall, slim, light complexion, and rather out of health; no public medium, but one in private life.

The lady's name is Jerry. Now she is not willing I should come to her, or that any spirit should influence her, but I wish to tell her I will do her no harm, and may, perhaps, some good. It is not well for mediums to oppose those who come to them, and who can harmonize with them, if their exterior were only willing. I have been in spirit life something like nine and one-half years; during that time I have been striving to wash my garments, that they may appear decent in the sight of all men.

My name, when in mortal form, was Samuel Landerson. I was born in London. I died in South America, on the banks of the river January. After I was seventeen years of age, I left my home. I spent some years in America. I traveled through your New England States, seeking pleasure, and finding but little, as is generally the way with most pleasure-seekers on earth. For reasons best known to myself, I left my home thus early in life; I resolved to wander—perhaps I was an outcast from my native land. Be that as it may, I resolved to wander all over earth, until I could find some place where I could enjoy myself. I found a beautiful spot in Rio, and there I located, and from thence I passed to the spirit life. I have an aged parent living at home. For her sake I am here to-day. I wish her to know that I am not in hell. I wish her to know that I required nothing from the church on earth. My salvation must be obtained by my own exertions, not by those of others, individually, or in the church, as a body. I ask mercy from none but God. I expect none. I lived apart from humanity. I died by myself, brooding over my own sins, nurturing that which cruel hearts and thick heads had caused me. I have outlived all this; I have learned to do better; I have learned that which it would be better for all to learn—the Laws of God.

My parent will receive my message just before she comes where I am. Kind friends will furnish her with your paper. Though we are divided by space, yet we are still united, for oft I am drawn to that mother's side by her thinking of me, by her casting pearls upon the altar of God. I have blessings for her in store, too rich for mortal lips to taste, too glorious for mortal minds to conceive, too pure for mortal hearts to participate in.

Farewell, stranger; your visitor's time has expired.

Dec. 10.

#### Charles Peavoy.

I have been sent here to manifest.



## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,  
That on the stretched fore finger of all Time,  
Sparkle forever."

For many a year I dwelt with thee below,  
My heart's dear lord, in love and calm delight;  
Death closed, at length, mine eyes in endless night,  
And bore me from this scene of earthly woe:  
And now I rest in joy, where glories glow  
— In rich effulgence of celestial light:  
Death had no startling terrors to alight,  
Save thoughts of thee and of thy sorrow's flow.  
A ray of mercy fingers from above  
To guide thee to the end of mortal sighs;  
Nor yet so fearful will that passage prove—  
I will be there—then dry thy weeping eyes;  
Think of the glorious home enwreathed with love,  
Where we shall reign, enthroned in the skies.

The sun which ripens the corn, and fills the succulent herb  
with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the  
rose.

The human heart—that restless thing!  
The temple and the trial;  
The joyous, and the suffering—  
The source of pain and pride;  
The gorgeous throng—the desolate,  
The seal of love—the lair of hate—  
Self-sufficing and self-diffident!  
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,  
Thou restless thing, the human heart.

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want  
of evidence as for want of an inclination to search for them.

How dreamless swells the dark sea's breast  
Of all her dazzling gems!  
Her ocean-stars in radiant rest,  
And mermaid diadems.  
So sleeps the soul with genius fraught,  
In shadowy, dim unknowingness,  
While diamond dream and starry thought  
Are sparkling in its deep recess.

Time loves the mountain, and so it lingers. The seasons  
are all there; storms and winter under its summit; the  
flowers of spring fringing the eternal robe of snow; sum-  
mer glowing like a golden zone, midway upon its side, and  
autumn rustling at its base.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## NEVA ATWOOD:

OR,

## THE YOUNG CLERK.

BY EMMA CARRA.

The beautiful and costly surroundings in that  
darkened chamber told plainly that wealth abounded  
in the house of Neva Atwood. A pale, anxious  
mother bent over the form of the delicate girl, and  
listened to her soft breathing, while the respiration,  
sephyr-like, moved the finely wrought lace that  
fringed the wristband of her snowy robe.

"Are you better this morning, daughter?" in-  
quired the mother, touching her lips to the smooth,  
sunken cheek of her child.

"When you are near me, mother, I always think I  
am better."

"Then I will never leave you, Neva, but will watch  
beside you till I once more see the rosy hue of health  
bloom on your cheek, for life would be a blank with-  
out you."

The invalid raised her thin white arms, and  
clasped them gently around the neck of her parent,  
and tried to speak again, but the words died in whis-  
pers so low, that Mrs. Atwood did not gain their im-  
port. Again did the mother bend over her child,  
till her lips came near the soft curls that clustered  
around her polished brow.

"I can guess what you would say, darling, but do  
not let that trouble you now; think how dear you are  
to us all, and strive to get well and be the happy  
girl again that you were once."

"I can never be happy if—if—" The sentence  
again died in whispers, while the mother once more  
touched her lips to her child's forehead, and then  
turned gently from her, and brushed away a tear  
that quivered on her own dark lashes. A moment  
later a light rap was given on the chamber door, and  
the family physician entered. A smile lit up the  
mother's face as she extended her hand, and a pleased  
expression sat on the face of the invalid.

"And how do you find yourself to-day, my little  
patient?" exclaimed the Doctor, pleasantly, as he  
placed his finger on her wrist, and seated himself in  
the damask cushioned chair beside the bed.

"Better, Doctor."

"Pleasant news, Miss Neva." Didn't I tell you  
you should have you well so as to partake of the Chris-  
mas turkey? Besides, you know that persons say  
that old Doctor Hartwell is something of a prophet,  
when speaking on affairs connected with medicine.  
Forty years of experience has made him so, Miss  
Neva; I knew I should find you better to-day."

Mrs. Atwood was about to make some remarks,  
but a glance from the kind-hearted old man kept her  
silent. The physician ordered no change in the in-  
valid's treatment, but continued to talk cheerfully  
in a low tone, until a half an hour or more had  
passed, then rising, he gave a few directions in re-  
gard to her diet, and, with a pleasant good morning,  
left the room.

"How is Neva to-day, Doctor?" asked a young  
man, a half an hour after the physician had entered  
his office in Blenden street. For a few moments the  
old man was silent, then bending on the interrogator  
a glance that bespoke the deepest scorn, he answered:  
"Charles Granger, she is as well as she ever can  
be, and look on you as one who is to be her future  
husband. Her disease is not of the flesh, or she would  
have been restored to health long ere this."

"Would you have me resign the only one I ever  
loved, Doctor?" answered the young man meekly,  
with his eyes resting on the carpet.

"Yes, if that love was not returned, and well you  
know it is not."

"True, she may not love me now, but when we are  
married, my deep devotion shall gain that love for  
which I have labored so long."

"Charles Granger, would you marry Neva Atwood  
if she were penniless?"

A warm flush spread over the young man's  
temple, and for a moment he was silent, but it was  
for a moment only, when he answered in the same  
bland tone:

"I never gave her wealth a thought. Have I not  
a fortune of my own, a fortune that is ample for us  
both?"

A cold, scornful smile passed over the face of the  
Doctor, but the gaze of the young man was averted;  
he did not see the expression resting there, nor did  
he make further inquiry concerning the invalid, but  
in a few moments he bade the Doctor good morning,  
and left the office.

"Resign her! ha, ha, resign her! I flatter myself  
that the old Doctor tells me this tale about her severe  
sickness, just to frighten me out of holding the little

coquette to her bargain. What business is it to him  
whether I like the girl or money better. The fact is,  
I shall marry Neva, if she lives to recover from this  
illness, for I could not afford to lose her, and that  
little private fortune she will bring me."

As Charles Granger was mentally repeating the  
remarks I have written, he passed up a broad and  
fashionable avenue in his native city. Stopping in  
front of a tall block of beautiful architecture, he  
walked up the granite steps, and entered the dwell-  
ing with the air of one who was familiar with the  
spot.

"Have you seen her, Charles?" was asked by a  
woman dressed in the most fashionable manner, and  
with almost a queenly deportment, as she came into  
the large hall to meet her son.

"No, I have called there twice to-day, and both  
times I was refused admittance. The first time the  
servant delivered a message that the daughter was  
sleeping, and the mother was engaged, and the  
second time I called, I was told that the physician  
was in attendance, and I could not be admitted."

A frown passed over the woman's face while she  
continued, excitedly: "Do not annoy me by making  
use of unnecessary words, but tell me at once if you  
know whether she is better?"

"I do not know, mother, for after I called at Mr.  
Atwood's the second time, I went to the Doctor's  
office, and waited for his return; then, after asking  
him in regard to Neva's health, I received the insult  
answer that she was as well as she ever would be  
while she looked on me as her future husband."

"Did Doctor Hartwell make such a remark to you,  
Charles?"

"He did."

"I trust you bore it meekly," replied Mrs. Gran-  
ger, with a flushed brow, "for we have too much at  
stake to run the risk of losing, by making any im-  
patient remark."

"With the meekness of a saint, mother," replied the  
son, with a reckless air, "for I knew that our dilapid-  
ated fortune would not allow of my showing a just re-  
sentment. But don't question me any more. I have  
told you if the girl lives I will marry her for the sake  
of her fortune; and if she dies, why, I will count the  
circumstance among the rest of my bad luck, and  
try to look up another heiress for your sake, as well  
as my own."

During this conversation, the mother and son en-  
tered their gorgeously furnished parlor, and seating  
themselves side by side on a luxurious lounge, they  
conversed in an undertone. At times the face of the  
mother would flush with anger, and then the cloud  
would pass away from her handsome brow, and her  
features would wear a sunny hue. At length, rising,  
she remarked, while her dark flashing eyes scanned  
the apartment as if to make sure they were still alone:  
"Charles, you need not so much fear the influence  
of the old physician, for I know that concerning his  
history, which were I to disclose, it would so con-  
demn him in the eyes of the world, that hereafter he  
would be compelled to shrink from the gaze of those  
whose respect he now enjoys. Believe me, I will pur-  
chase his silence at my own price ere the sun rises to-morrow."

There was a lowly home in Silvan Court, where a  
widow and her son resided. All night had the mother  
tossed from side to side on her bed, eagerly waiting  
for the dawn, that she might rise and resume her la-  
bor. At length the soul-cheering sun threw the first  
of his warm rays in at the low casement, and Mrs.  
Milton prepared to rise. At this moment a cautious  
step was heard on the narrow flight of stairs that  
led to the small chamber above, and a kind, manly  
voice, remarked: "Stay where you are a little longer,  
mother, for the frost is thick on the window panes,  
and the morning is piercing cold. I will build a fire  
and make our little sitting-room, at least, more con-  
genial."

"You should not have risen so early, Owen,"  
answered Mrs. Milton from her small bedroom ad-  
joining, "pray return to your bed, for you are ill,  
and should not be exposed to the cold."

"I am better now; my illness was but a slight  
headache, and sleep has made my brain clear again."

A little later, a cheerful fire was glowing in the  
small cook stove in Mrs. Milton's plain but neatly  
furnished sitting-room. The widow soon joined her  
son, and in a short time a plain breakfast was pre-  
pared by the mother, and ere the thick frost was  
melted on the panes, both were seated at the table.

Owen ate but sparingly of the tempting toast placed  
before him, then leaning backward, he remarked, as  
he drew a letter from his pocket, "Mother, I met  
with a surprise yesterday. I received a letter by the  
way of the Post Office, which contained fifty dollars."

"A letter to you, containing fifty dollars?" ex-  
claimed the mother, returning to the saucer the cup  
of coffee she was about lifting to her lips; "from  
whom did it come?"

"I know not; there is a mystery about the chiro-  
graphy I cannot decipher. It is too large and mas-  
culine to have been penned by a lady, and yet it does  
not seem to have been written by one of my own sex."

The mother took the letter and examined it closely;  
it contained but a few words: "Owen, please accept  
this trifle, and do not despair because you cannot get  
employment, for neither you nor your industrious  
mother shall lack while I have the means to make  
you comfortable. When you need more, do not let  
a feeling of delicacy prevent you from dropping a line  
in the Post Office, addressed to E. C."

As Mrs. Milton returned the letter, a tear of gra-  
titude moistened the envelope, for she felt that never  
did she and her noble son stand more in need of help  
than at the present moment; but far different would  
have been their circumstances, for Owen had never  
been industrious, had not the savings of years of toil  
been swallowed up among the losses of his employer,  
who held as a loan the back salaries of his clerks.

"Let us never despair, my dear boy," remarked  
the mother, when she spoke again; "but let us re-  
member that God will not let those suffer who strive  
to take care of themselves."

For a little while Owen was silent, then tossing  
the letter and the money it contained when he first  
received it, into her lap, he answered:

"All day yesterday did I go from place to place,  
and offer my services for almost the price of a song,  
but a despairing No was answered in every instance,  
while I met scores of others as sadly destitute as my-  
self. Night came. I turned homeward with an aching  
heart and a burning brain. When I saw the con-  
tents of that letter, for your sake I was glad, but for  
my own—God forbid that I should have to exist on  
charity."

"This will not be on charity, Owen, for you have  
the initials of our benefactor, and when you obtain  
employment again, you can return the sum you have  
received."

The words of Mrs. Milton seemed to soothe the  
despondent feelings of the young man, who soon  
arose from the table and began to prepare himself  
to go out.

"I wish you would take this little bundle and  
leave it at No. 23 16th Avenue," remarked Mrs.  
Milton to her son, as he took his hat from the table,  
and then drew on his gloves. The young man quickly  
averted his face, while his features flushed to a dark  
crimson; and once or twice he attempted to speak,  
but the sounds died on his lips. Then grasping the  
small bundle, with a hurried good bye he left the  
house.

"Poor child!" sighed the widow; "it comes very  
hard on him to be idle, and the loss of the hard earn-  
ings of the past, too, makes him feel very sad. I  
wish I had not troubled him to take the bundle to  
Mrs. Atwood."

"Come Owen, let us step in and see them play a  
few games. You and I are gentlemen of leisure now,  
so we might as well see other persons' money change  
hands, if we don't get a chance to swell our own  
pockets."

"Not to-night, Fred, I am too heavy-hearted; some  
other time I will go in with you."

"Not then, but to-night," returned the other, link-  
ing his arm within that of his companion's, and  
drawing him gently toward a door where the flaming  
gas made everything brilliant within.

It was a large hall that the young men entered  
after they left the street, where the proprietor seemed  
to leave no means untold to entertain his guests. A  
large marble slab at the farther part of the hall was  
raised on a beautifully carved frame of rosewood,  
and on it glistened silver and glass, while slender  
neck bottles in the back ground gave evidence that  
brandy, wine and champagne could be had for a  
price. At the side of the hall gorgeous drapery  
shut out from view various stalls, where the visitor  
could be served at his leisure with every variety of  
fashionable drinks, and more substantial refresh-  
ments. The two young men passed on, and ascend-  
ing a flight of stairs, they entered another hall where  
the surroundings were not so costly, but the visitors  
seemed to be quite as happy, for almost every one  
was engaged in some game, playing either for amuse-  
ment or money.

"Will you bet again, Granger?" said one holding  
in his hand a box of dice.

"Not to-night,—my purse is getting light."

"Never mind, you know it will soon be replen-  
ished by the beautiful heiress."

"Yes, the prospect is better now, I confess, for she  
is well again, but still—"

"Oh, make another bet, a good, generous one; if  
you lose, I will not call for the payment till—"

"Hush, Parker! interrupted the other, and glance-  
ing around to see if no one had overheard their con-  
versation, his eyes encountered the full gaze of the  
young clerk, who stood like one immovable. It was  
evident they had met before, for as Granger looked  
around, Owen gave a slight inclination of his head,  
and was about to pass on, when the former stepped  
to his side and remarked sarcastically: "This hall  
is for the accommodation of gentlemen only, and if by  
chance a penniless clerk, or any other one of like  
stamp intrudes, it is the wish of the proprietor that  
he should leave immediately."

For a moment Owen's full lip curled in scorn, and  
then hurling all the contempt of his soul into the  
glance he bent on the gambler, he answered: "If  
such are the sentiments of the proprietor, how are  
we to account for your spending so much of your  
time here?"

"Come, boys, no hard words," said Parker, pleas-  
antly, striving to draw Granger to the table he had  
left. "When gentlemen meet, they should not forget  
that they are gentlemen."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Charles, "that is too good  
a joke. Call the son of a washerwoman a gentleman!"  
Quick as a telegraphic flash there came up before the  
mind of the young clerk the picture of his care-worn  
and grief-stricken mother, tolling from his infancy,  
and up through his boyhood, that he might be edu-  
cated and stand before the world competent to battle  
with its vicissitudes, and mark out for himself an  
honorable position. The slur cast from the lips of  
one whom he knew to be base, maddened him, and  
springing close to the side of Granger, "Miserable  
debauchee!" he cried, "your taunts and jeers heaped  
on my head are harmless, but I cannot, I will not  
hear my honored mother, spoken of slightly by one  
whom circumstances alone places above me in social  
life," and grasping Charles by the throat, he hurled  
him to the floor. In an instant all was confusion  
throughout the hall, for as Granger gained his feet,  
he made a pass at the clerk, and it was not until  
the friends of each interfered, that the combatants  
were separated.

Several days passed, and Mrs. Milton sat alone in  
her home; it was a bright pleasant day, and all  
around looked cheerful, save the tearful face of the  
widow, who leaned her aching head on her hand, and  
mused as if her agony was deep. There was a light  
rap given at the sitting room door, and Mrs. Milton  
hastily stanchoned her tears, and arose to open it.

"Good morning, Miss Atwood," exclaimed the  
widow, showing her to the rocking chair by the stove,  
and for a moment there was a bright smile on the  
poor woman's features, in spite of the grief at her  
heart. Neva took the proffered seat, and then in a  
gentle tone inquired after the widow's health, after  
which she unrolled a small bundle, saying, "Mother  
has sent you some more work, but you need not  
hurry with it,—do it at your leisure."

"Oh, how can I ever repay you for your past kind-  
ness, Miss Atwood?" exclaimed Mrs. Milton; "in-  
deed, I know not what I should have done in many  
of my hours of need, had it not been for the liberality  
of you and your kind-hearted mother; and Owen,  
too, poor boy, how he grieved when he heard of your  
illness."

Eva's lip trembled, and she turned her eyes in the  
direction of the little recess so completely filled with  
the clerk's library, as if she dared not trust herself  
to speak. Mrs. Milton noticed the expression of her  
visitor's face, and taking her hand in hers, she spoke  
through glistening tears.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Neva! You always did  
sympathize in our troubles, and rejoice in whatever  
of good there was for us. But oh, now there has  
come the most severe blow of all. Owen, my—poor—  
darling boy was yesterday—dragged from his home  
to a prison."

Neva could no longer restrain her inward emotion;  
but, bowing her head on the widow's bosom, the tears  
that fell from her fringe-like lashes gave evidence  
that the fate of the noble young man was not indif-  
ferent to her. I know not for what he is arrested,  
for he told me of nothing unusual that had occurred,"  
continued Mrs. Milton. "He and I were sitting here

quietly, he reading, and I engaged with my needle,  
when two officers entered and said he was their  
prisoner. I begged to know what he had done, but  
they hurried him away; he had only time to wind  
his arms around my neck, kiss me, and say: "Mother,  
I have done no wrong; I should have been unworthy  
of your love had I acted otherwise than I did."

"Believe me, Mrs. Milton, he has done no wrong;  
I know all that has passed, for from one who was  
present I learned the particulars of the assault for  
which he was complained of, and now all that money  
can do, shall be done to prove that the chastisement  
given Charles Granger was merited."

Neva then related the particulars of the affair at  
the saloon, as given her by a friend, and then add-  
ed she dropped a purse into the widow's lap, "Take  
that, Mrs. Milton, and provide your son with a good  
bousander, and here is a list of some of those who  
were present, and who, I think, will give evidence in  
his favor. I cannot be present at his trial, but be-  
lieve me I shall not be the least interested."

"God bless you, Miss Neva!" said the widow, as  
she lifted the purse, "but I will not impose on your  
generosity by keeping this, for I have a sufficient  
sum by me for present wants, as some unknown  
friend has sent to my son the sum of fifty dollars,  
which he would not make use of, but bestowed it on  
me, which I will take to defray the expenses of which  
you have spoken."

"I shall not allow you to return it," remarked  
Neva, pleasantly, as she lifted her head and arose to go.  
In a few moments the young heiress had en-  
tered her carriage, and was on her way to her home  
of luxury.

"This strange, very strange," murmured Mrs.  
Milton to herself, when she was again alone, "that  
Neva always takes so much interest in my poor boy,  
yet he never likes to hear her name mentioned. The  
other day, when I told him that I heard that she  
would, in a few weeks, be married to Charles Granger,  
he made me no answer, but was as deeply buried in  
his book as though she were a stranger. But this  
last kind act I think will arouse him, so that when  
he meets her again he will not remain so silent and  
reserved in her presence. It was not so always, for  
when they were younger, and went to the same  
school, I have often seen them walking up the street;  
hand in hand, though he was but a poor boy, and she  
the heir to a fortune. Well, time changes us all,"  
and then the widow sank into a deep reverie, while  
ever and anon the expression of her features changed  
from deep sadness to one of happier thought. Start-  
ing at length from her chair, she exclaimed: "Ha!  
it may be so, but if he loves Neva Atwood with other  
feelings than those of a friend, it were madness to  
indulge in them, for she will soon be the bride of  
another, and now only thinks of him as the poor  
school-boy who has struggled nobly to obtain an edu-  
cation, and who is the son of one who has long been  
known to her father's family."

When Neva entered her mother's chamber, after  
her return from Mrs. Milton's, she found her parent  
seated on the lounge alone. Going to her side, she  
caressingly wound her arms around her neck, and  
resting her cheek on her shoulder, said, in a choked  
voice:

"Mother, you have often told me that the greatest  
wish of your heart is to see me happy; but I  
never can be till I tell you of one great secret, known  
only to myself and Him who knows all things."

Mrs. Atwood closed the book she was reading,  
and, looking anxiously into her daughter's face, bade  
her speak freely. For a few moments all was silent  
in the chamber, and then Neva laid her head on her  
mother's bosom, as she said, "I told you a few  
months back that I had rather die than marry the  
one that father had chosen for me to wed, thinking  
that he was honorable, and that his position and for-  
tune was equal to my own. You did indeed then  
think only of making me happy, and prevailed on  
my father to relinquish all thoughts of receiving  
Charles Granger as a son. I told you he was un-  
worthy; time and the research of our kind family  
physician have proved my words true, and convinced  
my father that I was the better judge where my hap-  
piness was at stake."

"I know it all, daughter; this is no secret now."

"True, but—but—mother, I love one who, though  
he is penniless as regards gold, possesses that which  
wealth cannot buy."

"His name, daughter."

"Owen Milton."

Mrs. Atwood's cheek turned to an ashen hue,  
while she repeated the name, Owen Milton, like one  
bewildered.

"And has he ever talked to you of love, Neva?"

"Not in words, mother; but there is a language,  
when two hearts beat in unison, that cannot be mis-  
understood by those whose souls are united."

Reader, the secret is told, and now, in our own  
language, we will let you know the result. Had  
Neva not been an only child, and the joy of the house-  
hold, she might have been less indulged, but her  
constitution was too frail to allow her to be thwarted  
in anything on which her happiness depended. Then  
marvel not that, after a few months, Neva Atwood,  
the heiress, became Mrs. Owen Milton, and the widow,  
who had toiled so industriously to educate her son,  
was rewarded by seeing him a happy husband, with  
no cause to look again for labor.

Of Charles Granger we will only say, that he lived  
and died a gambler, while his proud mother's efforts  
to injure the kind Doctor Hartwell were not success-  
ful. Long years after Neva acknowledged to her  
husband that it was she who enclosed to him the  
fifty dollars.

## Amusements.

**BOSTON THEATRE**—Thomas Barry, Lessee and  
Manager. J. B. Wadsworth, Assistant Manager. Parquette,  
Halo and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle,  
25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6:15  
performances commence at 7 o'clock.

**NATIONAL THEATRE**—W. B. English, Lessee and  
Manager; J. P. Loring, Acting Manager. Doors open  
at 6:15 o'clock; to commence at 7. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit,  
15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

**BOSTON MUSEUM**—Doors open at 6 o'clock; per-  
formances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orches-  
tra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Satur-  
day Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.

**HOWARD ATHENEUM**—Lessee and Manager,  
H. A. Hart. Doors open at 6:15 o'clock; the performance  
will commence at 7 o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette,  
50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents;  
Gallery, 15 cents.

**ORDWAY HALL**—Washington Street, nearly oppo-  
site Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday eve-  
ning, August 10, 1887, for the purpose of raising funds  
for the benefit of the Boston Children's Hospital. Doors  
open at 8:45; commence at 7:15 o'clock.

**JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM**. Rooms  
No. 16 Tremont Street, Up Stairs, (opposite the Boston  
Museum). Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours  
he will visit the sick at their homes. May 21—14

## Advertisements.

**J. T. GILMAN, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN**,  
respectfully offers his Professional services to the chil-  
dren of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found  
for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square.  
Sep. 18

**OCTAVIUS KING, ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY**,  
604 Washington Street, Boston.  
Spirits, Chloroform, and Mercuric Prescriptions  
accurately prepared. Dec. 10—5m—14

**AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED, HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS**.  
C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.  
Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should  
enclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to  
prepay their postage.  
Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.  
Dec. 12

**SPIRITUALISTS' HOTEL IN BOSTON**.  
THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and  
Beach Street. Terms—\$1.25 per day; or, by the week,  
at prices to accord with the times. Dr. H. F. GARDNER,  
Proprietor. Dec. 12

**DENTISTRY**.  
W. D. A. BROWN, DENTIST, No. 14 Hanover Street, Boston.  
WILLIAM D. BROWN. AMAL DENTIST.  
Nov. 21

**A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED—HEALING BY LAY-  
ING ON OF HANDS**—DR. W. T. OSBORN, Chloroform  
and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in  
curing the sick, with unprecedented success, by the  
laying on of hands, in connection with other new and lar-  
val remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption,  
Liver Complaint, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia,  
Paralysis and Heart Complaint. Diseases considered incur-  
able by the Medical Faculty, readily yield to his new and  
powerful remedies. Persons desiring board and treatment  
can be accommodated. Terms for an examination at use of  
the one dollar—by letter, two dollars. Hours from 9 A. M.  
to 7 P. M. Rooms No. 110, Cambridge Street, Boston.  
Jan. 2

**J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING  
OF SEALED LETTERS**, may be addressed at No. 3  
Winter Street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good  
Store).

—Mrs. M. devotes his whole time to this business,  
and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay  
return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does  
not GUARANTEE an answer for this sum. Persons who wish  
a GUARANTEE, will receive an answer to their letter, or their  
money will be returned in thirty days from the reception.  
Foot to seal in this case, \$3.00.  
No letters will receive attention unless accompanied  
with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,  
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to  
call on other days. Dec. 20

**A. B. NEWCOMB, HEALING MEDIUM, ASSOCIATE OF  
DR. C. A. BILLINGBROOK**, of Philadelphia, has taken  
rooms at 2 Suffolk place, Boston. Dr. N. is constantly under  
control of powerful healing influences that eradicate disease  
as if by magic. Each patient is furnished with a written  
copy of full and explicit directions regarding the mode of  
and course of Diet and Regimen best adapted to their con-  
stitution. Letters containing a stamp, promptly answered.  
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 to 5, and 7 to 9 o'clock  
P. M. ADVISOR GRATIS. Dec. 19