

he ominous group presented itself to their astonished gaze. A few words of explanation from Paxton caused their faces to turn pale, while, as if personal danger was threatened, they clung to him with dilated eyes and trembling forms, as the search proceeded. At length it was ended, and expressing himself satisfied that none of the missing property was secreted there, the constable withdrew with his assistants.

By this time Gilbert had come home to dinner; Jeannie, who was now able to speak, flew to him with her pitiful story. The indignant blood mounted to his forehead as he exclaimed:

"Who dared accuse my father of such a thing? Not one of us is mean enough to cheat a soul out of sixpence; but to thieve—to commit a robbery of fifty thousand dollars—is a crime that, to be only suspected of, is sufficient to crush us."

"It is true, my son," said Lawrence, "and this is a lesson to teach us that no man is ever secure from any misfortune. Amidst all our poverty we have gloried in the inestimable possession of a good name, and now we see that the strictest integrity and Christian principles have not been able to preserve us that reputation which we have valued above the greatest riches."

Notwithstanding their conscious innocence, the blow struck heavily. The appalling magnitude of the crime was in itself fraught with vague terror. For the remainder of the day but little was done, and they abandoned themselves to the grief and mortification, whose stunning weight added to the keenness of a first experience.

When Austin Spencer again visited the Paxtons, he enabled them to trace the chain of events that had led to the otherwise incomprehensible suspicion. The robber, as has been stated, left behind ample proofs of unusual dexterity and mechanical practice. Actuated by an honest belief, or what is more likely, petty revenge, Mr. Reynolds, on hearing of this fact, took occasion to repeat in a significant manner, with various alterations, however, the affair of the iron safe, to the Bank Directors, interspersing the account with mysterious nods and shrugs. As he had anticipated, the story spread rapidly, and with the propensity of rumor, lost nothing by each relation, till at length it quite amounted to an actual charge, with circumstantial evidence in the background to bolster it up.

"This explains, then," said Lawrence, after Spencer concluded, "why some of my friends have appeared rather different from usual for a week past; several also, who used to come in every day or two, have not been here lately. I thought very little of it, though, as I was not aware of having given any reason of complaint or charge. Well, Austin, of all those who have professed friendship for me, you are the only one who has stood by me."

"I hope to always be man enough to be firm when I know I am right," replied the young man. "It is by no means likely that all those who forsake you believe you guilty; but they fear public opinion, and have not courage to proclaim their dissent from current report. When your innocence is proved, they will be the very first to flock around you."

"Well," said Paxton, "I cannot think that time is far off. It is impossible that injustice should continue forever. A hithe honest life will not go unrewarded. Perhaps it is not strange that, knowing my reputation as a locksmith, the thoughtless credulous, and maybe envious circulators and hearers of Mr. Reynolds's story, should fix upon me."

"It would have been better had you told of that affair at the time," said Spencer.

"I did not like to turn the laugh on an enemy even, when in reality he had not injured me. And I supposed pride would prevent him from mentioning it himself. But I have no doubt the true thief will soon be brought to justice, for the greatest vigilance will of course be excited; and even if all search proves vain, when every one sees us hard at work as ever, in as humble circumstances, and no increased expenses, they will put it with the past reputation we so prized, and surely have sufficient sense and high feeling to restore our good name again."

This appeared very reasonable; but had they known the terrible trials in store for them, their courage would have failed at the outset. Finding that every week lessened the probability of recovering the stolen amount, the bank directors sent one of their number to Paxton with the offer of a large bribe, and a guaranty from legal prosecution, if he would confess, make restitution, and expose his confederates.

Lawrence indignantly asserted his ignorance of the perpetrators, and his detestation of the crime. The banker at first complimented him upon his well counterfeited composure; but as Lawrence kept his temper, his companion was obliged to change his tactics. To this end he resorted to threats. Finally, Paxton was roused.

"Look you, sir," he exclaimed, rising with the flush of honest anger upon his face, "I am a poor man, it is true; but I will die before sacrificing my self-respect, and I am still able to protect my home from impertinent and insulting intruders. You are not fit to stay beneath an honest roof, and I demand that you leave my house at once!"

The banker left, inwardly vowing vengeance, and thus Paxton made another powerful enemy.

The consequence of this interview was, that the bank directors met together again, and finally concluded to arrest poor Lawrence on suspicion, in the hope that solitary confinement, and absence from his family, would perhaps induce a confession. At any rate, they argued, he would thus be cut off from all communication with his accomplices, and be utterly unable to oppose the proceedings of those who strove to gather evidence for his conviction.

When this new trial came upon the Paxtons, they nearly sank under it. While they were allowed the privilege of suffering together, they strove to keep up hope and courage; but misfortunes thickened, and the mainstay was taken from them. Besides, now that their whole dependence was upon the slender wages of Gilbert, and the proceeds of Jeannie's sewing, poverty was added to their other trials; but, notwithstanding their constant visits to the prisoner, were seldom unmarked by some little luxury which had been procured by lessening their own already diminished list of comforts.

Throughout the whole, Austin Spencer was devoted to the stricken family, and vainly endeavored to persuade them into accepting his assistance; he feared to wound their delicacy by proposing marriage to Jeannie, lest they should think him actuated by an undue degree of pity.

At length, after several weary months, during which Paxton had neither confessed his supposed crime, nor any discoveries furnished the shadow of a proof, to confirm the accusations brought against

him, his prosecutors were unable longer to withhold a trial.

There was not the slightest evidence to be adduced. A few odd-looking tools and locks, which had been found in his shop, were the chief support of his opponents; but although they certainly attested the rare ingenuity of the mechanic, they had no manner of connection with the case in question. Still, no one in all the court-room, among judges, jury, or spectators, could credit that a poor man would spend so much of his time on what brought him no profit without some hidden motive.

The banker's counsel was a very able man; and, though Paxton's friends spoke in the highest terms of his past character, they admitted, on cross-questioning, that his ardor for this favorite study was extraordinary, at least. The lawyer also brought forward the story of the iron chest, dwelt on the well-known poverty of the prisoner, and argued that so much labor as had been spent upon useless mechanism, would be time thrown away, unless it was intended to fit him for the execution of some great purpose.

Aside from argument, he stated his belief that Paxton would confess his guilt after the verdict was given; and, in short, by his ingenious eloquence impressed his own opinions very generally upon the minds of those present.

Paxton's counsel could do but little. The vague reports and exaggerated statements, so widely circulated of late, had their full weight with the public, and to such an extent did a conviction that the locksmith was the robber, prevail, that some among the jury were more disposed to convict without evidence, in the hope of inducing a confession, and letting subsequent events prove their sagacity, than to meditate upon the awful responsibility of condemning a fellow being without sufficient cause.

The judge fortunately was an impartial man. Neither blinded, nor led away from the literal facts, he reminded the jury in his charge that although such devotion to a pursuit which rather impoverished than remunerated, was seemingly inconsistent with the well-attested poverty of the prisoner, there was not only an entire absence of proof, but even of circumstantial evidence; the only thing to be opposed against the irreproachable character of the defendant, being his ingenuity, and a few skillful inventions.

In consequence of this dispassionate statement, a verdict of "not guilty" was returned. But Mr. Reynolds and the bankers were disappointed, and continued to assert their belief in Paxton's guilt, regretting that the charge could not legally be sustained and proved.

A rich man's influence is proverbial. Here was the united force of several, and there were thousands content to take their views without examining for themselves, and to repeat these second-hand opinions to whomsoever they conversed with on the subject.

So it came to pass that Lawrence Paxton soon realized that a legal acquittal is a very different thing from public acquittal. His fair weather-friends, who had deserted him at first, kept aloof as carefully as ever, and Gilbert and Jeannie were taunted with the fortunate lack of evidence which had forced an unwilling verdict from the baffled jury. Paxton bitterly lamented this condition of affairs, but firmly believed his innocence would yet be vindicated, and endeavored meanwhile to silence suspicion by his daily conduct.

It had never occurred to Lawrence that he was wholly dependent on this same public for his daily bread, and the composure with which he had borne an almost literal excommunication became impossible, when he found that loss of employment followed. It was useless to work at his trade, for he could not sell the most common articles, and no one engaged his services. Too disheartened to pursue his former investigations, the almost broken-hearted man sat day after day in his workshop, with his head buried in his arms, on the now bare counter.

Again Gilbert's earnings were their chief dependence; the little sum which had been saved by years of industry and economy having been consumed by the expenses of the trial. One day the boy came home very much flushed and excited, and flinging down his cap, exclaimed:

"There, father! it only needed this to make everything complete. It is impossible for us to be worse off now, and fortune will have to take a turn, for the end is reached."

To the dismay of the little group, he explained that he had lost his situation in consequence of resenting a taunt at his father's expense.

"I have endured numberless insults without complaint," he continued, the tears rushing to his flashing eyes, "and so long as they had been contented with attacking me, I would have kept silent; but when they assail the character of my parents and sister, I will resent it if I lose my life also."

The knowledge that he was a blight upon his children's advancement in the world, was the deepest pang that Paxton had felt yet; and when he heard Gilbert's reply to his mother's remonstrance, after they supposed him out of hearing, he almost prayed for death.

"Gilbert," said Mrs. Paxton, "did your employer turn you away for simply resenting the remarks of your thoughtless associates?"

"Not exactly. We were disputing rather loudly, and Mr. Graham entered suddenly. 'Boys,' said he, 'what is the cause of all this disturbance?' Saunders, who was the ringleader of the quarrel, and Mr. Graham's favorite, spoke up and gave his own account of the story. Mr. Graham looked angrily at me, and replied—'Ah! then it is that rude, quarrelsome fellow, is it? I suppose I shall always be troubled in this manner while we have a felon's son among us. I have only kept you till now, Paxton, out of pity for your probable bringing up; but you do not seem able to appreciate the favor.'"

"It would be singular if I did, as I cannot see it in that light, sir," I answered, as respectfully as I could. "I have always been attentive to my duties, and pensive when I have thought patience was cowardly; and as for my father, sir, if I do credit to his bringing up, I should esteem it an honor for these boys to associate with me." Mr. Graham turned very red, and said, quickly, "Paxton, you can leave the store immediately; I do not consider, after this exhibition of violence, that Lawrence Paxton's son is a fit companion for any person in my employ."

"Oh, Gilbert," said his mother, sadly, "you should have been more prudent."

"Don't say so," was the vehement response; "would you have me countenance such insults by silence? If you had been in my place, would not you have done as I did, mother?"

Mrs. Paxton turned away with trembling lips, for she felt the truth of this appeal, and mourned that her brave boy was doomed to such dreary prospects.

The succeeding winter dragged heavily onward. Obligated to subsist upon the pittance of sales of articles after articles of furniture, comfort was out of the question, and spring found them reduced to the three alternatives—beggary, starvation, or removal. Hitherto they had clung to the hope that before the latter step should be necessary, Providence would interfere in their favor, and, removing the dark clouds that enveloped them, restore them to their former happy position again. Besides, they had argued that flight would imply their sense of the injustice of the treatment and opinion accorded them, and any day a discovery of the real burglar might exonerate them completely.

Now, however, they could no longer hesitate. Poverty was grinding them to the earth, and another home must be sought. On learning their plans, Austin Spencer again offered his assistance, and earnestly attempted to persuade Jeannie into an immediate union. But she was as proud-spirited as beautiful, and steadily refused, in this season of disgrace, to become what, in more prosperous days, she had regarded as the summit of her joyful ambition. In reply to his urgent and even reproachful entreaties, she had but one reply.

"Although so young, Austin, you have attained a high place in the esteem and confidence of your employer. He is a hard man, and you cannot deny that, by marrying me, you would forfeit all the good opinion you have so long striven to gain. I love you too truly to permit this, and besides I owe a duty to my parents. Without me they would sink into utter wretchedness of mind, and unwilling as they would be to suffer such a sacrifice, my youth and natural cheerfulness must sustain them, until heaven shall remove this mysterious chastisement."

"Since it must be so, Jeannie," Austin sadly replied, when she bade him farewell with this final decision, "good bye for the present. But do not imagine that time or absence will alter my determination. The moment that I am independent through my henceforth unremitting exertions, I shall claim you for my wife, and I rely upon your promise to fulfill this expectation."

Jeannie promised, and so they parted.

It is unnecessary to relate in detail the wanderings of this grief-stricken family. In every place where they successively settled, a temporary prosperity ensued, and they gradually acquired friends and comfort. But this transient happiness was always snatched from them by some passing traveler, who would recognize Paxton, and inform the residents as to his identity with the notorious locksmith who had so excited their fear and indignation through the slanderous reports they had heard at the time of the trial. Then would succeed the same experience which had driven them from Philadelphia, till at length they learned to regard the entrance of a stranger into town as the signal for their own departure. In this manner they had nearly crossed the State, until they sadly felt there was no shelter for them, where the English language was spoken.

It was toward the sunset of a fine summer's day, that a desolate-hearted group of four persons stood looking down from the surrounding heights upon the town of Middleton. Here they had resolved to seek a refuge once more, but dreaded the attempt. They had had a long, weary journey, and were fatigued; Paxton sat down beneath a spreading tree, whose branches threw a cool, inviting shade around, and the rest followed his example. They were silent, thinking of the dreary past and hopeless future; overcome by mental and bodily suffering, Mrs. Paxton burst into tears; Jeannie laid her head on her father's knee, and sobbed, while, hiding his face on her shining hair, Lawrence himself wept bitterly. But soon checking this emotion, he drew his wife to his side, and resting his arm on Jeannie's shoulder, said—

"We cannot help our grief, but we will not murmur against God's will, and though we may never again have a happy home in this world, we have unfailing promises of peace and rest in a better one. In addition to our common sorrow, I feel that my pride was the means of bringing it upon you; I gloried in my superior skill, and was too conscious of the distance between myself and others. But, as in the case of greater and better men, the very thing I considered my chief blessing, through misuse, was turned to a curse by my own hand."

Mrs. Paxton unfolded a Philadelphia paper, which had been given her on the way, and intended to divert the attention of the family by reading of the changes in the city which had once been the scene of so much domestic happiness. The first thing that met her eye, deprived her of speech, and tremblingly she handed the paper to her husband, pointing to the paragraph. Although more self-possessed, the surprise was so great, that his deep voice faltered slightly as he read to his breathless hearers an account of a late execution in Albany, of a man who, among numerous other enormities, confessed to robbing the Philadelphia Bank. Then followed a long vindication of Paxton, then innocent victim, portraying from the writer's imagination their probable sufferings.

The joy of the wanderers was equal to their past despair, and they accepted this as a reward for their steadfast faith and submission to an overruling Providence. They at once turned toward their native city, where, owing to the excitement of regret and enthusiastic commination pervading all ranks they were eagerly welcomed. Each one vied with his neighbor in repairing past injustice. Those publications which had so severely denounced Paxton, now spread assiduously the burglar's confession, and printed most pathetic pictures of the happy home so ruthlessly destroyed, and the subsequent distress of those whom they nearly elevated to the rank of martyrs. In fact, the tide was as tumultuous as during the trial, but the waves ran the other way.

Not content with restoring Paxton his home, occupation and prosperity, they urged him to prosecute the bank directors, sure that heavy damages would be awarded as compensation for all he had endured, and representing that punishment was richly deserved by the who had oppressed the helpless through vindictive malice. Though at first reluctant, Paxton finally resolved to let his case serve as a warning to avaricious corporations, that the humblest individual was not to be injured with impunity. As was expected, his cause triumphed; he was awarded ten thousand dollars damages, and was thus freed from ever arising the gripe of poverty again.

Jeannie soon after married to her faithful lover, who had won thoshipion he had resolved to attain before claiming, and she proudly felt that she could give him cog proof of her constancy, by refusing the many brilliant offers which her beauty and her father's popularity gave to her acceptance.

Gilbert, also, never forgot this severe but impressive lesson of his youth; and when his father's death, years afterwards, left a vacancy in the community, he was able to fill the place with honor to himself, and satisfaction to his fellow-citizens.

THE FOREST SPRING.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

The forest holds within its temple grand,
Full many an altar to the Father's praise;
But hallowed is the placid fountain—fanned
By zephyrs, as they breathe Eolian lays
To the low-drooping branches; up it wells,
Through earth's deep caves and strata to the day—
As the true soul beneath life's bondage swells,
And upward mounts, though errors dark'ning lay,
To where the Eternal Sun sheds forth his glorious ray!
Oh, wondrous stream, tradition gives thy tide
A silent influence, that follows him
Who tastes it, through his earthly wanderings wild,
Till back it leads him to thy mossy rim;
To muse on days and hours long passed away
To the dim regions of the far-off lands—
And in a goblet of thy flashing spray
Remember those who from the angel-bands
Look forth with anxious gaze to count life's vanishing sands!
Solemn communion! Christ! mid Salem's towers
In ancient days, poured forth memorial wine!
Here Nature, through the gorgeous summer hours,
Sends up this offering from her inner shrine!
Drink, and reverent thy great Creator, thou
Who standest here, rapt in a beatific dream—
For as the dawning light gems morning's brow,
His merites over through the darkness gleam,
And lift the sloping, vale where rolls the "Bridgeless stream!"

At morn I lingered by thy crystal wave,
When thrilled the forest-warbler's matin hymn;
And comrades true the gladsome chorus gave,
And pledged their friendship at thy sparkling brim!
Months passed—I drank 'neath twilight's pall of grief—
For day was falling at thy mystic shrine—
And heard the cold wind sweep the falling leaf;
Still further stretched the forest's shadowy line,
Till evening's vernal star shone o'er the sombre pine!
So youth with gladness tastes life's current bright,
While friends and joys crowd round in thick array—
So manhood drains the second childhood's blight,
And fear's wild host their frowning ranks display!
But as the star-rays glimmered o'er thy breast,
When day's last sunbeams faded in their pride,
So faith shall light the spirit to its rest,
Onward, to where the glittering worlds divide,
And golden watch-towers gleam o'er Jordan's rolling tide!

In a forest, near the village of Andover, on the northern shore of Cape Ann, is a fountain, of which tradition asserts that he who drinks of its waters will surely return to it once more!
Boston, Feb. 24, 1855.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MAY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

A pale face lay upon the pillow, a face that once had been beautiful, that the ravages of disease and sorrow had left with bloodless hue and sharpened outline; the deep blue eyes burned lustroously, and wore a piteous expression of supplication, as they turned full and imploringly upon the blooming countenance of the richly-attired lady, whose jeweled hand lay carelessly upon the coarse and scanty covering. The lady bent her head, and her costly plumes swept back the tangled yellow hair from the face of the dying; she bent her head to catch the faint whispered words of the sufferer. Slowly, gaspingly, the words came forth:

"You will protect—care for—my child?"
A strange smile and flush passed quickly athwart the haughty face bent down to listen, but it was cold and impassive as ever, when she replied in steady tones:

"I promise to provide for her; she shall never want."

The blue eyes rested an imploring look upon her; there was no response; the attenuated, feebly-grooping hands sought the white, jeweled ones; there was in them no answering pressure.

"Say—say that you will love her!" gasped the mother.

Ariadne Whitman replied in a slow, cold, measured voice:

"You know I am incapable of falsehood; I cannot promise to love your child—the daughter of Andrew May. But she shall never know want; education, clothing, health—all shall be provided for her. I am rich and love to be liberal. Had I known you were in this strait, you should have been relieved. All that can be done, I will do; tell me, Alice, is there ought I can do?"

Tears filled the unnaturally brilliant eyes.

"It is too late, dear Ariadne!" she whispered; "but, you might cheer my death-bed with a sister's love—one word! once only call me sister! once again!" The icy hands grasped the small life-warm ones, and covered them with passionate kisses—with a shower of tears.

Ariadne permitted the loving demonstration, and again a slight flush tinged her cheeks, but her voice retained its wonted coldness; her manner its unending haughtiness, as she replied:

"I cannot lie, not even at this hour! Alice, I will not reproach you; you have suffered deeply enough. The day you left our mother's house, the bride of Andrew May, I called you by his name—you were no more a sister to me. I will do all that humanity, duty, dictate to me; I cannot command my soul to love or hate. You have always had my forgiveness; you have my pity; my promise of protection for your child. I will strive to guard her from wrong; to train her in the path of truthfulness and rectitude. Ask not for impossible things; I cannot love aught, save the memory of my mother."

The dying woman raised herself in bed; before Ariadne was aware of her intention, she felt her cold arms around her neck, the burning face pillowed upon her breast. A shower of tear-drops glistened on the satin bodice, and once again their hearts beat together—Ariadne's with rising emotion, the erring sister's with the last faint pulsations of departing life.

Unconsciously, the forgiving lips of the bitterly-wronged woman, met the clammy brow of the departing one, and sealed there a sacred pledge; the voice of Alice uttered feebly its last appeal: "Say, sister, call me once more sister!" And with a face now almost pallid, Ariadne stooped again and said the loving word.

A smile played over the face of Alice; a joyous smile, that deepened as the white lids drooped over the weary eyes; as the gray shadows flitted over brow and cheek; that smile was her only response. When Ariadne laid her back upon the pillow, the eyes were closed, the golden lashes lay against the white cheeks, and the tremulous motion of the sweet lips was stilled; the spirit of Alice had departed!

Long, long did Ariadne sit there, regarding the motionless form; and soft down gathered in her dark, brilliant eyes; and her lips lips moved with voiceless prayer. In that hour, despite her strong resolves the pride and the bitterness yielded to the sweet, natural feelings of affection, long repressed by a hardly self-control that guided her solitary, self-chosen lot.

As she sits there, gazing on the face of her dead sister, struggling powerfully against the tide of recollections that press upon her all the bitterness and agony of the past; as she sits there with her woman's heart vainly encasing itself in an armor of pride and coldness, let us, with her, look upon memory's painting, and learn the cause that changed the merry, dancing, silver-voiced Ariadne, to the proudly-repellant, silent, reserved and singular being that we find her.

The sisters lived with their widowed mother, blithe and contented with their moderate income; the beauty and sprightliness of Ariadne, the fairy-like loveliness and gentle grace of Alice, gained them many friends, many invitations from the gay and fashionable of the metropolis. They lived in a pretty cottage some miles in the country; but it was no strange sight to behold the carriages of noted leaders of the ton, of wealthy city dwellers stop before the narrow gateway of Rosehill cottage. At a large party the sisters met with Andrew May, a young man of elegant exterior, fashionable manners and enchanting conversational powers. He was struck at first sight by the majestic loveliness of the elder sister; his poetic imagination compared her to Juno—to some of the regal forms he had met with at foreign courts; the charm of her every gesture, the oriental lustre of her soft, dark eye, enchained this ardent lover of the beautiful; and Ariadne, the truthful and the pure, soon learned to love, to revere, to worship him.

At first, he scarcely deigned to notice Alice, who endowed with more vanity than her sister, felt severely piqued, that the pensive charm of her "pale rose cheek," the sapphirine depths of her tender eyes, the swaying grace of her sylph-like figure, should be all unobserved by him, while others bent in homage at her grace and beauty. But, as he grew more devoted to her sister, he honored her with more attention, but it was the polite attention of the polished gentleman; not a sign of awakened interest did he exhibit, but his eyes followed Ariadne with an expression that revealed his feelings long before his lips had uttered them to his loved one's ears.

He sued for Ariadne's love, and it was fully, unreservedly given. She knew naught of the wiles of coquetry; doubt and suspicion never entered her breast—did not his every tone and glance, betray the fondest affection and solicitude? So her heart was given, with all its wealth of trust and tenderness; and then their love was proclaimed to the world, and day after day their marriage fixed. Alice shed bitter tears of disappointment when she heard of her sister's betrothal; never before had she felt envy of that sister's power and beauty; strange, wild feelings surged in her breast; she nursed them in solitude, and dared not, poor, undisciplined child, repose upon her mother's bosom the feelings and temptations that beset her. She became wayward and petulant to Ariadne, who often found her in tears; she watched for the coming of Andrew May; yet when he appeared she hastily left the room, and refused to leave her own chamber. From that chamber window she often waved her kerchief to her sister's future husband, and he gallantly waved his hat in return. He often met her on the road leading to the Widow Whitman's cottage. She blushed when he greeted her, and gave confused and incoherent replies. Twice he saw her put her handkerchief to her eyes, as if to restrain or hide her tears. Andrew wondered what could cause her to act so strangely; his curiosity began to take the form of interest; he thought more of, and sought the society of Alice; but she invariably absented herself from the table, when he was a guest; when questioned she gave strange, evasive answers.

One day—it wanted three weeks of the wedding—he met her in the alley of elms that led to the cottage. She was walking slowly, deeply absorbed in the reading of a paper she held in her hands. Traces of tears were on her cheeks, and her eyes were swollen. Andrew regarded her attentively; a new idea, a sudden thought, possessed him. Hastily dismounting, he approached her, and playfully put his hand upon her shoulder. Perhaps Alice had not heard the sound of his horse's hoofs; perhaps she was unaware of his approach; for she flushed, crimsoned, and hastily thrust the paper into her apron pocket. Her manner was so peculiar that Andrew's suspicions, (aided by his vanity,) increased, and after much supplication and denial, he wrested from her possession the mysterious paper. A low shriek burst from the lips of Alice, but Andrew had read the fervent confession of her love, the outpourings of her sorrow, her determination of flight before the wedding would take place; her renunciation of hope and happiness, when she could no more behold his face; all this he had read, had marked the tears that blotted the pages, the date and the signature; and then, with a firm resolve, worthy of a far better cause, he pursued the flying girl and reached her ere she had passed beyond the alley of elms. Then, wavering and inconstant man! if truth, honor and principle had held away in his bosom, he would have led that erring girl to a consciousness of her duty; he would have awakened her timely remorse and strengthened her resolves for good; but alas! blinded by vanity, by love of conquest, by flattered self-praise, he yielded to the momentary fascination, and breathed words of deep, passionate love into the ears of the weak and unreflecting girl. Alice gazed upon him as he spoke to her of love; surprise, doubt, rapture and triumph were reflected in her changing face. Passively, she permitted him to hold her hand, to stroke the yellow ringlets from her face, to kiss her flushing brow, and when she found words, it was to say:

"But, Ariadne—my sister—what will she say? What will become of Ariadne?"

"I will confess all! I will cast myself upon her mercy; I never loved her as I love you, my sylph! my angel!" he replied; and he folded her tenderly to his bosom. There was a quick rustling among the leaves, a parting of the branches, and the sound of hastily-retreating footsteps. Alice started from Andrew's encircling arms, and he, too, looked stealthily around, but no one was to be seen. Hand in hand, they walked towards the house, and on the vine, covered porch they separated; and Andrew waited in the little parlor for the appearance of Ariadne. It seemed to his excited fancy and tumultuous state of feeling, that she was longer than usual in meeting him, and that when she entered, although her cheeks were crimson and her eye was bright, there

was something in her manner—a certain haughty, self-possession in her carriage—that was new and startling to him, and aroused his fears that she had guessed at his treachery and fickleness, or he had dared to speak of it.

She came not as usual, with both hands extended in welcome, with a beaming smile upon her lips. Those finely chiselled lips were firmly set; a cloud of some great grief or shame was on her brow; her clustering dark curls fell with unwonted negligence; there was an air of disarray about her; the flowers she carried in her hand seemed torn and wilted. Andrew gazed upon her with a sinking heart. He kissed her hand, and she submitted passively, but that hand was icy cold; it returned no answering pressure. When she spoke, he started at the sound of her voice; its fervid depth of melody was gone; it was hollow, strange, discordant, and yet most firm.

"Where is the paper you took from Alice?" she said; "I want to see it."

"The paper? How know you? I—I—have it, Ariadne!"

Her lip curled with supreme disdain; her extended hand demanded the paper.

"I cannot bear you to look at me so!" he cried. "Oh, forgive, Ariadne! In your presence I forget all—I love you only! Oh, believe—"

"Silence!" she cried in a voice so loud and deep—so all unlike herself—it brought him to her feet in terror and amazement. "Would you add another falsehood to your list of perjuries? Give me the paper; I demand—I have a right to see it!"

He gave it to her; crouching, and trembling at her feet, he gave it; and Ariadne read, and a scornful laugh burst from her lips, as she thrust the paper into her bosom. Turning to her fickle lover, she said in unflinching tones—

"You shall marry the woman, who loves you so well—who expresses that love with so much eloquence and fervor. I know all; I overheard all; she thinks she loves you; your lips have sworn love to her. You shall not retract; you shall not deceive another. You shall marry Alice Whitman in place of her sister. Not a word, sir—not a word! To-morrow, you announce the change to my mother; I will see that you meet with no obstacles; and in three weeks you leave this place, with your bride!" and she swept past him with head erect, and unwavering step, and left him to his thoughts, disdaining to listen to one extenuating word. He saw her no more that day, and soon after he left the house.

Ariadne spoke to her mother that very night, and the simple woman knew not how keenly she suffered, how bitterly she was wronged. She said that she had found out that Alice loved Andrew better than she loved him, for she had avowed that love on paper, and he had wrested the secret from her. That she would never wed a man who could transfer his allegiance, and she desired him to marry Alice, to whom she would transfer her wardrobe, and all the wedding preparations. The good mother was much astonished, and, at first, very indignant; but Ariadne was firm and collected, and declared herself satisfied; and, although for several days she looked coldly upon Andrew, the sight of Alice's happy, radiant face reconciled her to the change. For three days, Ariadne avoided her sister—for three days she wrestled with her bitter agony, and overcame the tempting thoughts of retaliation by prayers for strength and power. Then, one evening, she entered the chamber of her sister; not with the bounding step and merry song that announced her coming, but with firm and resolute tread—with a countenance pale and severe. She placed upon a table all the presents she had received from Andrew May—even to the betrothal ring—to the flowers, all wilted, he had given her while fresh and newly culled. Then she said to Alice, no more with playful gaiety, but with stern gravity of voice and manner—

"These things are yours, now; put on the ring; it is your place to wear it."

Alice burst into tears; her heart, poor child, was wrung with grief for her sister's altered looks. She would, at that moment, to restore her to peace and happiness—to bring back the lost confidence and the olden affection, have resigned even Andrew May. With choking sobs, kneeling and embracing Ariadne, she told her so; but she was put gently back, her clinging arms unwound, and, in a voice that chilled her eager, yearning heart, Ariadne replied:

"It is too late, now. You desired his love. Take it, with all the consequences it may bring." There was neither bitterness nor irony in her voice; but she spoke in accents of icy determination, of unbending resolve. No one saw her weep, though her eyes often looked dim and heavy; and when her pale cheeks brought in their evidence against her, of sleepless nights and anguished thought, to deceive the mocking, questioning world—to blind even her fond mother's sight—Ariadne had recourse to art, and a false bloom decked her cheeks.

Though her merry song was hushed, and her face was grave and stern, none deemed her suffering; and she met her sister's eye, the scrutinizing glance of strangers, with grave composure; or, where curiosity sought admission to her heart's secret, it was met with repellent haughtiness and quiet disdain—traits wholly unlooked-for in the gentle, gracious Ariadne.

So the world wondered and surmised, and Andrew May dared not meet boldly the calm, cold eye of the woman he had wronged so bitterly. The usual guests were invited; there was no change in the wedding preparations, only that in place of the dark-haired, stately Ariadne, the fairy-figure of the blue-eyed Alice, stood up to take upon herself the marriage vows.

Ariadne was her sister's bridesmaid; and she kissed her when she said farewell; but there was no warmth in the embrace, and the heart of Alice felt chilled to the very core. Andrew May departed with his wife for his distant Western home; and Ariadne devoted herself still more to the care of her mother, to labors of charity. She never mourned or repined outwardly; but her soul was divided against itself. Her deep, strong feelings rose in rebellion against the great wrong that had been inflicted upon her; pride and delicacy forbade her still to love the fickle Andrew; all the pure, beautiful and intimate associations of the past upon to haunt her to implore a full forgiveness for her sister's fault. But Ariadne, noble, heroic, self-sacrificing as she was, was human; the pure gold of her nature was not without alloy. From the day of her discovery of Andrew's treachery and her sister's weakness, she had disavowed that sister in her heart; she called her only Alice; she dispensed upon her the outward signs of forgiveness; in her soul dwelt accusing bitterness; the spirit of charity, of Jesus's all-forgiving love, had not yet entered there.

Mr. May was wealthy; he sent rich presents to the Widow Whitman, to his wife's sister. The mo-

ther gratefully accepted them—the daughter returned them without a word of explanation or apology. Alice wrote sweet, loving, imploring letters; Mrs. Whitman replied to them fully. Ariadne wrote a few cold, precise words of commonplace. When their first child, Ethel, was born, Alice sent the baby's miniature; in return for it, Ariadne sent the little girl a handsome present; but she put aside the picture, without even looking at it. When her sister's children, Andrew and Valeria, were born, the stern aunt sent them rich gifts, but never made any inquiries concerning them. When the two children died, she wrote coldly: "I am sorry." When Alice announced her departure for California, Ariadne spoke not of sorrow for that departure; she never mentioned the name of Andrew.

Once, only, a letter came from the distant land of gold. It told a tale of wretchedness and disappointment; Andrew May, the gay and fashionable, fastidious and refined, had become a gambler! Alice wrote in a subdued and sorrowing mood, of growing coldness and estrangement; of her husband's altered habits; of the dreary prospect of poverty opening before them. Once more she appealed to her sister's heart for pity, sympathy, forgiveness. Ariadne kept that letter from her mother; she answered not its imploring cry for love and pity; but she sent a sum of money to her sister's address in California, with a few, cold, business lines of writing.

Mrs. Whitman's income was a moderate one, but in the same place lived her husband's sister, an eccentric maiden lady, far advanced in years. With Miss Elizabeth, Ariadne was a great favorite; she read more of the proud girl's secret and sufferings than she was willing should be known. She was actively benevolent; no suffering one ever appealed to her in vain; but her chief peculiarity was a real or pretended horror of married life: whenever she heard of a match broken off by death or change, she exulted and almost clapped her hands for joy. When Andrew May married Alice in place of Ariadne, she could not conceal her satisfaction. She showered blessings and presents upon her niece, and bade her call upon her in all emergencies, pecuniary or otherwise. To the old lady's liberality, Alice was indebted for the gifts Ariadne sent her children. The sum of money that relieved her wants in a strange land, was granted by Miss Elizabeth to Ariadne's intercession. No more was heard from Alice for several years; all the inquiries of her sister (and she did make inquiry wherever she deemed it would bring tidings of her), remained without success. Alice was as one dead; and often her good mother wept, and Ariadne sought to soothe her with hopes she entertained not for herself.

When that good mother died, Ariadne manifested all the strength of feeling and intensity of sorrow, of which such a nature as hers is capable. Deeply she mourned her, and sacredly she cherished her every wish. She closed up the lonely house and went to live with Miss Elizabeth, a part of those peculiarities and strange views of life she unconsciously adopted. The benevolent old maid died in her niece's arms, blessing her with her parting breath, and leaving all her fortune, which was considerable, to this last and favorite relative. Ariadne lived in Chestnutville, her deceased aunt's residence, and the cottage was closed, and a woman appointed on certain days to dust the furniture, and let in the air and sunshine; but every chair and table and ornament remained undisturbed in its place. Often Ariadne would visit the place, and sit for hours in the darkened chamber her mother died in; she would descend to the little parlor, and stand again in the place she had occupied when Alice was made a wife.

None knew whether she went there to weep or pray, but Rosehill cottage was not tenanted again—its haughty mistress refused all applicants, and carried the keys of the place herself.

Ten years after her marriage, Alice lay upon her death-bed, a broken-hearted, deserted wife, an humble and repentant woman. In her poor quarters, alone, neglected, dying of fever, she sent for her sister, the rich, proud, benevolent Miss Whitman; she sent to her without telling any one of their relationship, and Ariadne promptly obeyed the summons. It was too late to do aught but assuage the pangs of the dying hour; she could not even be removed from the close and stifling air of the city to Ariadne's beautiful rural home.

We have witnessed the last painful scene. You know why Ariadne Whitman is changed from the merry, silver-voiced, laughing girl, to the stern, unbending, haughty woman. We must now to little Ethel, the doubly orphaned; the child whom her only surviving relative refuses to love. She dreads to meet that child—to see in her eyes the haunting memory of her sister's piteous look—to meet the beautifully moulded features of the treacherous Andrew. Beside the dead Ariadne weeps once more, as she wept beside her mother's bier. A softer mood is upon her—strange feelings she deemed long buried arise in her bosom, and tenderness sways her soul, while her tear-drops rain upon the coverlet, and her jeweled hands are clasped in prayer for strength and guidance. Ethel enters unobserved—with one quick, startled glance toward the motionless figure on the bed, she falls upon her knees on the threshold of the open door.

She knelt upon the threshold, for she knew her mother was dead, she knew it by the lady's attitude, by her own forbidding heart. She uttered no cry, although the great tears rolled down her cheeks, but her lips seemed moving in a prayer that found no voice. Turning her head, arousing from reverie and prayer, Ariadne saw the child, and her heart throbbled wildly, and a flood of tenderness, sudden, irresistible, overwhelming, rose in the bosom she deemed dead and callous to affection. Unconsciously she opened her arms—her voice was laden with all its olden melody as she said: "Come to me, Ethel, come here, my child!"

The blue eyes were suddenly upraised, the pale cheeks flushed, and one little hand put back the tangled dark brown curls; she moved slowly toward the lady, but when she was near enough to look into her pitying eyes, to behold the pallor of sympathy upon her face, she rushed into her arms, and hid her head upon the sheltering bosom so timely offered. The child's clothes were scanty and ragged, but yet most scrupulously clean; there was want and premature care and sorrow impressed upon her features, yet the seal of rare and perfect loveliness was there. The high brow, dark brown clustering curls, the finely cut lips of the wretched father—the light, frail figure of Alice, once named "fairy," "sylph" and "lily."

"Mother is dead! I know she is!" murmured Ethel, in a subdued tone, for there was nothing violent in the demonstrations of her grief. "Lady, please let me go and kiss poor mother!"

Those imploring words! it was as if the spirit of

Alice spoke, praying again for the love denied; but the voice of the child was one that sent the warm blood to Ariadne's heart, sent it there not in a life-warm tide, but in a freezing torrent—it was the voice of Andrew May! that voice in all its fascinating melody; it brought to the wronged woman's recollection all the agony of the past; she buried her face in the folds of her silken mantle, and said almost inaudibly: "Go, child!"

Why had Ethel deemed the lady's permission necessary? why had she demanded it, to go and kiss the dead mother's face? Because the child had been brought up in an atmosphere of constraint—she had learned to fear her father, to fear the face of strangers, to dread anger and rebuke from all. Her feelings and emotions, all deep and powerful, were outwardly subdued; so early, she had learned the lesson of maturer years—self-control.

She kissed her mother's closed eyes and lips, she fondly stroked back the yellow tangled ringlets from her brow, her tears fell in a shower upon the pale, still face. Ariadne regarded her with strangely blended feelings, with yearning tenderness and repelling fear, with pity not all unmingled with scorn, with longing heart, and accusing voice of pride. At last she said, "Come, Ethel, you are left to my care; you will go home with me."

"May I? Will you take care of me? Now mother is gone, and father is far, far away, will you be good to me?"

Again that uprising of old and bitter thoughts, battling with dawning love for that frail human thing. The lady replied,

"I will take care of you, for, Ethel, do you not know who I am? Has not your mother told you?"

"No ma'am: she was too sick to talk much; you are some great, rich lady."

"I am your aunt, my dear; have you never heard of Aunt Ariadne?"

"You—you, Aunt Ariadne?" eagerly exclaimed the child. "Are you the aunt mother used to write such long letters to? She talked so much about you to father; and when he went away, she told me always to pray for you and him."

The lady withdrew her eyes from the questioning glances of the little girl. "I am Aunt Ariadne, and you shall come and live with me," she replied.

The strange child had thrown herself at the lady's feet, and was clinging to her satin robe.

"Pardon, Aunt Ariadne! pardon for mamma!" she cried.

"What mean you, child? Ethel! why do you ask my pardon?"

Still on her knees, she flung back her thickly clustering hair, and with her blue eyes fixed upon the face of Ariadne, she folded her hands, and said, in a sweet, pathetic manner, that sent a thrill of pity and forgiveness to the strangely beating heart:

"Mother bade me do so; when we came over the sea, and when mother took the fever she told me if I ever met Aunt Ariadne I was to kneel before her, and ask her pardon for mamma. Dear lady, if you are really my aunt, please forgive mamma!"

It was in vain she bent her head to conceal her emotion; in vain she strove to check the rising flood of sympathy. That child-voice penetrated to the most secret depths of the soul she deemed so strong. She bared her queenly neck, and wept upon the little suppliant's head. She asked, in a husky voice:

"Child, do you know why you ask my pardon for mamma?"

"I don't know," she sadly replied; "poor mother never told me—but please—please, Aunt Ariadne, say you forgive mamma; for Jesus's sake, dear aunt!"

The hitherto proud woman bent her head in reverence; she lifted her sister's child from the floor on which she knelt; she kissed her upturned brow, and said, in that sweetest of human tones, the melodious accents of forgiveness:

"I forgive thee, Alice, as I hope for forgiveness from above!"

A joyous light came to the child's blue eyes; a rosy blush mantled on her pale cheeks. Ariadne felt as if the presence of unseen angels ratified the retarded words of pardon; the dross was melting fast, the pure gold glistening uppermost.

Making all due arrangements for the funeral; giving the true name and station of the departed—for Ariadne was over truthful and just, and no false pride could restrain her from the fulfillment of duty—she took Ethel by the hand and led her, all meanly clad as she was, to the carriage, which rapidly drove to Chestnutville. Ariadne attended her sister's funeral, leading Ethel, now clad in better garments, by her side. To the sympathizing few who questioned her concerning the deceased, she gave satisfactory and gracious replies; to the wonder-seekers she replied with her customary haughtiness and reserve, that forbade all further attempt at inquiry.

The erring, heart-broken Alice was buried by her mother's side. Ariadne had determined never to place her love upon any earthly thing; she deemed her all of affection gathered round the memory of her mother—her all of sympathy flown to a better realm with that loved parent and the good Miss Elizabeth. She performed deeds of charity and good will, from a sense of duty imposed upon her by the responsibility of wealth. But her heart was seldom in the work. From the day that she called the dying Alice sister, and yielded to the tenderness for her child—from that day, Ariadne Whitman was a changed woman; not outwardly changed, perhaps, for she still assumed her cold, repellent manner, her awe-inspiring reserve; but she was changed in heart and spirit; a child's hand had stirred the frozen waters; they bubbled up with life, warmth, and joy.

At thirty, Ariadne was majestically beautiful; her girlish figure had rounded to a still closer resemblance of the imperial Juno. Her complexion was fair and rosy; for though she had known deep sorrow and trial, her strong soul had conquered weakness, and intellectual pursuits, out-of-door exercise, and constant activity, had kept every vestige of youth unaltered—only heightened and perfected for the still admired Ariadne Whitman. Many suitors thronged around her; she dismissed them all, with a manner that admitted of no appeal, with a careless scorn that wounded them most deeply.

She had not dared to promise the dying mother, love for the orphaned Ethel. She might have given the promise most securely; for as weeks and months and years passed by, she felt that much of her life's happiness was in the keeping of that forsaken child. She ceased to feel the pain of her strong resemblance to the unworthy father; she saw the blue eyes of her sister Alice, not overcast with tears, brightened by fever, or wearing the piteous look of supplication; she saw their reflection in the merry, sparkling orbs of Ethel; and she thought, at first sadly and reluctantly, then tenderly and with forgiveness, of the Alice of their happy girlhood.

Ethel May was the redeeming angel of Ariadne's solitary life; the holy law of retributive justice was made manifest through her. Years passed on, and little Ethel grew to womanhood; a lovely, pure, unspotted nature—a warm sympathy for all that lived and suffered—an almost total unconsciousness of evil, characterized the glorified niece of Ariadne, the still solitary, strange, proud lady of Chestnutville.

CHAPTER II.

The summer had been spent upon the sea-shore, and now Miss Whitman thought of returning home with her beautiful niece. Some miles from the bathing resort there was a cavern, excavated many years ago, it was said, by a robber band. The deserted cave was overgrown with mosses, and curiously mottled pebbles were found in its vicinity. Thither Ethel prevailed upon her aunt to accompany her one day, and though the way was long, winding and rocky, the beauty of surrounding Nature amply rewarded them for the toilsome journey. Ariadne gazed around in silent wonder and admiration; the enthusiastic Ethel clasped her hands and cried:

"How beautiful!"

Standing on the rocky and projecting height that held the mysterious cavern, they saw the blue sea stretching far beneath them, skirted by the distant mountains, the sunset's golden and roseate clouds. Towns and villages uprose beside clear, silvery pools and sheltering woods; church spires glistened, and quaint observatories, waving flags, white sails and grazing cattle, all added picturesqueness, a quiet charm to the scene. The background was composed of forests, dense and variegated, the richest hues of summer softly breathed upon by the slowly advancing Autumn. Above them floated the evening clouds; yet it was day, and sunset's glory lingered on the mountain's side, and bathed in mellow splendor the whispering and fragrant pines.

They had ordered the carriage to come for them; and they sat side by side upon the mossy rocks, caring not to explore the cavern, nor to search for the mottled stones. Both were enrapt in contemplation of the grandeur and loveliness of the charmed world around them. Slowly the sunlight faded and the shadows deepened, the purple mists upon the sea grew dim, the far objects indistinct, the crimson glory faded, and from the clear vault of heaven glistened the first greeting star.

Beautiful dreams enfolded the soul of Ethel; with a slight start and a sigh, arousing her reverie, Ariadne said:

"It is time to think of returning. I wonder what can detain the carriage."

"Oh, I hope it will not come for half an hour. Dear aunt! do watch those sunset gleams—the last lingering adieu of clouds that veil the sun's ocean bed. Day seems loth to give place to night."

Crouching behind the rocks, watching attentively the two women seated there, was a man of middle age, stern-featured, care-marked, wasted by a life of crime and remorse. His hat was drawn closely over his furrowed brow; his foreign mantle concealed the worn, shabby attire; a bandage was over one eye; he limped badly, and would have proved a sorry match for any man endowed with common strength. But he was only two women—what had he to fear?

Ariadne uttered a loud cry! Her arms had been suddenly seized from behind, and she was hurled from the somewhat steep height to the pebbly, stony, irregular ground beneath. Her shawl was torn rudely off, and the ruffian's hands were round her neck, not with murderous intent, however, but to divest her of the rich chain and diamond cross she wore. Surprise, terror, the sudden overthrow, kept her speechless for a moment; then she burst into loud cries for help, and struggled fearfully with the half-disabled robber.

Uttering shriek upon shriek, until the rocks reverberated with the sound, Ethel scrambled down to where she deemed her aunt was being murdered, and, regardless of the danger, heedless, forgetful of self, she seized the robber's arm, and cried to him for mercy.

"I will give you all I have!—here, take this chain—these bracelets—my earrings!—here is my purse! But pity—oh, spare my aunt!"

She quickly drew off all her ornaments; she gave them into the man's outstretched hand; she dropped her well-filled purse at his feet. With one hand he still tightly clutched Miss Whitman's arm, who somewhat recovered from her first surprise, poured out her anger in no measured terms.

"Mean—cowardly wretch!" she cried; "to waylay two defenceless women! Crippled—mean—hiding malefactor! to infest a place like this! You shall suffer—wretch, villain that you are! I will arouse the authorities; you shall not escape from this neighborhood! I know you—I can describe you—one-eyed vagabond that you are! Take up your spoils, and leave us in peace! Ethel, child, why were you so hasty? We two could have easily overcome this lame, weak coward!"

The brave woman could not proceed; the robber dropped his booty, and with a loud curse, grasped her by the throat. One hand sought the dagger he carried in his belt. Ethel saw the movement, and sprang towards him with a cry of terror.

So suddenly she sprang upon him, that in wrenching the dagger from his clasp, she wounded her small white hand with its sharp point. Endowed with almost superhuman strength, with the fixedness of a holy purpose—the saving of the life so dear to her—she fell upon him; and the robber lost his foothold, stumbled, let go his hold of the silent and terrified Ariadne, and fell headlong on the rocky path.

Ethel, never stopping to gather up her jewels, loudly called upon her aunt to follow, and began ascending the rocky hill that led to the carriage-road. But Ariadne moved not, heeded not her niece's call—her prayers and appeals. She was bending over the prostrate wretch who would have murdered her; who now lay groaning in the sand. His hat had fallen from his head, the bandage from his face; his eyes wide open, boldly staring with terror, pain, or surprise, were fixed upon the lady's face; the twilight gleam was still sufficient for each to recognize the other. A wild, piercing scream burst from Ariadne's quivering lips, and she fell senseless to the earth.

"My God! my God!" was all the robber uttered; deepest anguish and burning remorse was in that cry! Surely all blackened with sin, fallen, guilty, miserable as he was, that cry of deep remorse reached to the throne of everlasting grace!

Wildly, loudly calling for assistance, Ethel ran down the steep declivity, to the open road. The carriage was on its way; her cries were heard; honest Joseph urged his horses to their swiftest speed, and soon reached the spot. The young girl hurriedly explained; sorrow and consternation de-

veloped on his face, he rushed to where his mistress lay, white, still, and insensible. He placed her tenderly in the carriage, and returned to look for the folled robber; he was no longer to be seen; the indignant coachman lost many minutes searching for the "atrocious scoundrel, that dared to attack such a lady as his Miss Whitman!" but the search was vain; he had suddenly and most mysteriously disappeared.

Sitting by her aunt's side, Ethel chafed her ice-cold hands, and sprinkled her deathly pale face with water Joseph brought from a near spring. When Ariadne opened her eyes, and gazed inquiringly around, the carriage was speeding swiftly towards the town. Ethel burst into grateful tears.

The usually impassive, iron-nerved woman, was sadly changed by this occurrence; a strange restlessness possessed her; she called Joseph, and laid her commands upon him, that he should tell no one of the occurrence in the woods. She exacted a promise from Ethel, that the evening's adventure should be forever a secret between them; moreover, that it should never be alluded to.

"For," said she, "it causes me intolerable pain; the recollection is that of some dread nightmare! As you love me, my child, never speak of the affair again."

Ever obedient and docile, the young girl promised; and attributed the request to her aunt's strongly agitated state, to which cause she assigned all, the pallor of her face, the abstraction of her manner, which continued for many days.

The lame and desperate ruffian was Andrew May! the father whom, Ariadne prayed, her adopted child might never know.

Soon after, they left that pleasant bathing-place, and returned to their own dear home. The strange event was, in course of time, forgotten by the light-hearted Ethel; she felt glad that no search had been made for the robber; she was deeply grateful that her kind aunt's life had been spared; and the revenge, man misall justice, was foreign to her loving and forgiving soul.

Ethel, with her serene, Madonna-like loveliness, attracted as much attention as, in her youth, had fallen to the share of the royal-browed, imperial Ariadne. Many lovers bent before her; she chose from among them Raymond Lee, and deemed her choice a wise one. So, also, thought Aunt Ariadne, whose tearful blessing was bestowed with almost maternal fervor upon the loving pair. Sweet Ethel May! she had known naught save truth, and love, and kindness, since her admission to the smiling home at Chestnutville.

She thought sometimes of the father who had forsaken her; she prayed for him often; but his memory was indistinct; she could not recall his face and form. As a little child, she had not seen much of him; he was too often absent from home; but the pale, sweet-voiced, suffering mother, she often dreamed of; she regularly visited her grave. Ariadne had learned to speak of her erring sister with affection.

The young girl was seated beside her future husband one winter afternoon, her hand resting in his, his fond eyes resting on her lovely face, when a servant, entering, interrupted for a moment their conversation.

"I could not get the ragamuffin from the door, please ma'am," said the native Hibernian; "he said it wur a sufferin' human craythur as gave him the letter—a man in prison, ma'am, and, knowin' your good nathur, ma'am; I brunged the message in."

"Is the boy waiting, Norah?"

"No, ma'am, he said he could not wait, an' scampered off like blazes?"

"Very well; you can go now, Norah," said Miss Whitman.

She opened the soiled and ramped paper. "A loud cry escaped her; white and trembling, she fell back upon the sofa."

"Dear Aunt Ariadne, what ails you?" cried Ethel, running to her assistance.

"Nothing—nothing!" she gasped. "I will go to my room; do not follow me, Ethel. I request—I desire you to remain."

She kissed her niece, and left the room; she hastened to her own chamber, looked the door, threw herself into a chair, and read again the note. It ran thus:—

"To her whom I have deeply wronged—to my dear Alice's sister—to my child's benefactress—a dying wretch sends this last petition! I am in prison for a crime I have not committed; stolen articles have been found in my possession; the robbers placed them there. I did not participate in the extensive robbery; for months I have been disabled. I defended myself against the officers sent against me. I am mortally wounded, and dying. Oh, come to me, Ariadne! for Christ's sake, come to me! Tell my daughter not to curse me; I will not claim her; let her not know how deep a wretch I am. I am in the county jail of C—. Come quickly, Ariadne, ere my lamp of life goes out! The wretched, sinful—"

Andrew May.

"Oh, my heart! so long undisturbed by the haunting evils that beset my youth! What shall—what ought I to do? Some years hence, I would have scorned his petition, I would have spurned him with my foot! Now all is changed. I feel that to forgive is indeed divine. Wretched, wretched Andrew! you shall not call on me in vain. I will go now, immediately! Heaven will grant me strength to do my duty!"

So saying, Ariadne put on a warm fur cloak, a close bonnet, with a thick veil, and, leaving a message for Ethel, she walked to the railroad station, and took the cars for C—.

Ethel could not sleep that night; a weight of apprehension rested on her spirits; she was uneasy, perturbed, anxiously expectant. It was noon the next day before her aunt returned. She was summoned by her presence by Norah.

The face of Ariadne Whitman was deadly pale; her eyes were swollen with weeping; her beautiful dark hair hung in disorder around her temples. She had passed a night of such vigil, as rends the heart and rives the soul of those who once have loved—who yet suffer and remember.

She gently put aside the loving hands that sought to soothe her disordered hair; she fondly kissed the pure lips of Ethel May. She said in a low, mournful voice:—

"Sit down, my child; I have something to tell you."

Then she paused awhile, for she dreaded to bring sorrow and the sense of shame to the guileless heart of the happy girl before her. Deeper and deeper sank the foreboding gloom on Ethel's soul; with instinctive recognition of sorrow she lifted her pale face, and looked beseechingly into her aunt's eyes, striving to grasp at the great, coming woe.

"Ethel!" faltered Ariadne; "Ethel, my child! how I love you, I need not repeat. To save you from suffering, from bitter knowledge, what would I not

forego? You have received from my hands love and tenderness. Ethel! my soul is grieved and torn, for I have a stern sorrow for your youth!"

"Tell me, my dearest aunt! keep it not from me; why should I not share the grief which is yours also? I can bear all things, if you are left to me."

"Ethel, do you sometimes think of your unhappy father?"

"I do; but, aunt, is it of him you have tidings? they are evil tidings, I know. Poor father! although he deserted my mother in her utmost need, I dare not judge him. Aunt Ariadne, where is he? Is he living?"

A groan burst from the heart of the deeply-ried woman.

"He is dead!" murmured Ethel, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Give me strength! Sustain me and this innocent child. May the heavy stroke be averted! Father! let not the pure suffer for the guilty!" fervently prayed Ariadne with folded hands.

"He is not dead, my Ethel!" she continued, turning to the young girl, "but his hours are numbered; he has sinned deeply; he has fallen—oh, how far—from truth and goodness! His soul is steeped in wrong. But, Ethel, he is repentant—dying. He desires to behold his child, to entreat her forgiveness. I am the bearer of these, his dying wishes. Will you go with me, to give comfort to his last moments, to tell him of God's everlasting mercy, Ethel?"

She burst into tears. She buried her head, with its flowing curls, upon the bosom that had so long and tenderly sheltered her. She asked, in a voice all faltering with love and pity—

"Where—where is he—my poor, unhappy father?"

"Have faith, my child! Take courage; gird your soul with fortitude! Your father is in the county prison in C—"

"In prison! Oh, my God—this is too much!" cried Ethel, and she wrung her hands in agony.

"In prison, Ethel; but guiltless of the crime imputed to him. Dear child, do not tremble so violently! He is accused of robbery, but he did not commit the deed. But time presses; we must go in an hour. Get yourself ready, and pray to Heaven for strength to suffer and to do."

"I have prayed for him so fervently! Is this the reward of my supplications? Shall I be known, not as the good Miss Whitman's niece, but as the child of a felon? Oh, God! my fate is hard, indeed!"

She wept as the dark shadow settled fully upon her; her pride, honor, delicacy—all strong and noble feelings—protested against the fiat of destiny. The untold heart rebelled against the fiery ordeal!

"Shall we think of ourselves at this time, of worldly considerations, of earthly honor and regard, while he lies low, and deserted by all? Ethel, whatever be his faults, he is your father! whatever his past sins, he is my human brother!"

Ariadne spoke very gently; the softness of her rebuke touched Ethel's soul far more than reproachful or indignant language could have done. The selfish temptings vanished; the angel of pity overshadowed the daughter's heart with her soft, white, cooling wings. Ethel prayed in self-accusation unto God for pardon.

"Though the world forsake him and me, for my adherence to him, I will do my duty!" she cried, raising her clasped hands to heaven. "I will follow your noble example, Aunt Ariadne! I will go to my poor, dying father, and assure him of my love. I am ready, aunt; let us go at once."

"No, my child, compose yourself awhile; we cannot leave until the cars are ready, and I do not wish to wait at the depot. Remain here. I will give some orders to Norah, for I know not how long we shall be away."

She left the room, and Ethel was left alone with the first great trial of her youth.

CHAPTER III.

Human forgiveness, that foreshadowed gift of Divine mercy, had been accorded to the unhappy and penitent Andrew May, by those whom he had most deeply wronged on earth. The kisses of his pure child were to him the seal of an angel's pardon; Ariadne's words were a softly dropping balsam to his tortured spirit. Ethel, gazing with deep pity and tenderness upon his wasted face, assuaging the burning anguish of his wounds with her soft and healing touch, was so like the Alice he had won but to betray—the wife he had deserted in a foreign land! The child he had abandoned to want and temptation, had been shielded from vice and misery, by an all-righteous, overruling Power. That daughter forgave him in her mother's name, and in a voice of music called the basely sunken, the outcast of society, the branded felon—father! The woman, whose noble heart he had wronged so cruelly, smiled on him with forgiving grace; that woman was still royally beautiful in her Autumnal time; his child was lovely as an Eden dream; he only, the sin-marked, remorse haunted, shunned and feared—he was prematurely grey and old! Lines, not of age or sorrow, marked his brow; deep characters, traced by the familiar demons of his soul, betrayed that soul's deep fall from virtue, peace and rest. Ethel looked with brimming eyes upon that poor, wan face, and sighed—

"Can this be the father my mother prayed for?"

Ariadne, looking upon the sufferer, leading his soul from contemplation of his misery to the Hereafter opening wide its portals, weeps tears of bitterest sorrow for the noble talents so misused, the holy gifts perverted. She sighs and thinks—

"Can this be the Andrew once worshiped as my ideal of goodness and loftiness? This wreck the sad remains of the handsome, noble Andrew May, who won my sister Alice? Lord! thy retributions are heavy, most just!"

Andrew May confessed to a long career of vice, to dissipation of all kinds; he pleaded guilty of the sins of gambling, of secret robbery; he told the shuddering Ariadne of the many false oaths he had taken, the disguises he had assumed to escape detection; the continued apprehension, want and privation he had suffered for many years; how he had prowled over his native State, in the very vicinity where he heard his daughter dwell, anxious for one glimpse of the child he had deserted, of the woman he had deceived. He told her how, from the day when he recognized her in the forest, and felt that the young girl who so boldly risked her life to save her companion, must be the little Ethel he had left in childhood; from that day remorse and terror for the past had taken possession of him, and sickness laid its heavy hand upon a frame long since enfeebled by exposure, want and unaccustomed hardships.

But, Ariadne, I never stained my soul with mur-

der! I see that question troubles on your lips. No, Ariadne, no! I was spared blood-guiltiness; I yielded not to that last full temptation. Let not Ethel know how deeply sunken in vice was the father she now pities! She knows enough of me to despise me forever; let her not know me fully, as I desire that you, so nobly strong and brave, may know me! Now, call her in, I would give her my last blessing, if such a wretch as I may speak the holy words. Ariadne, once more say you forgive me! Though you never cursed me, I paid the penalty of my broken vows. I swerved from the first holy affection of my manhood; a nature such as yours would have upheld me. I was weak, yielding, pliable; I sought my own gratification only; it has led me to ruin, dishonor—death!"

"Andrew! as I hope for pardon for my every transgression, so freely do I forgive you. All my feelings of resentment have long since been buried. A good angel came into my dwelling with your child Ethel. To her I owe my changed and bettered views of life. From my soul, Andrew, I forgive you! I will pray for you!"

She went to the door and called Ethel, who had been walking in the passage that led to the prisoner's cell.

"My child," said the dying man, "if you can accept the blessing of such a father, it is yours. My blessed, pure, good child! may you be saved from trial and temptation; may your choice fall on a noble, true Christian—one who will never swerve from principle for aught of earth. Pray for me, my daughter! and forgive me that my crushed and wounded form has darkened your sunny life-path. But—I could not restrain the desire of my soul to see you—to bless you—to hear your sweet voice. My Ethel, kiss your miserable—your penitent father!"

She bent over him, and kissed him fondly; her tears rained upon his face; the holy baptism of filial love mingled with the death dews on his forehead. With her hand in his own icy-cold one, with the prayers of a pure heart breathed to heaven in intercession, with Ariadne's anguished eyes upon his face, his spirit passed away, as his lips uttered the last farewell to those he loved.

With a tender, reverential sorrow, Ethel kissed the hand she resigned, and looked above for consolation for herself—pardon for the departed. But the proud and patient heart of Ariadne uttered its long-voiced secret to the ears of the startled girl; it was revealed in the loud, almost despairing cry that echoed through that prison cell, as she cast herself upon the body of the suspected criminal.

"Andrew! art thou gone from me forever? from me, the love of thy youth, from Ariadne, who loved thee ever?" she cried; and the noble self-possession so long retained gave way; the human weakness, the woman's tenderness prevailed. That spurned and hooted outcast was still dear to her!

He was laid beside the wife he had forsaken, and a simple tombstone erected by the forgiving hand of Ariadne. Branded with crime and infamy, two hearts cherished his memory with affection, and repaid good for evil. But the heart of the gentle Ethel was to be more deeply tried. Raymond Lee called upon her soon after her father's funeral, with a pale face and embarrassed manner; he told her that he could not wed her, now that she was known as the daughter of one who had been imprisoned for robbery, one who had been noted for his vices, low associations, and many derelictions. His proud, aristocratic family would not permit the marriage. He came to absolve her from her vows—to bid her farewell, forever.

Ethel listened with a white face, but gave no other outward sign of weakness. She had half-dreaded this—Aunt Ariadne had prepared her; yet while she turned in scorn from the incoherent apologies of her recreant lover, there was a rising of pity at her heart; she felt his love for her was not all extinguished; he yielded to the promptings of pride and worldly remembrance, but his heart bled inly. He had not moral strength sufficient to assert and maintain the right. Ethel said to him—

"I have done my duty. I would scorn myself to deny my father, because he was guilty, fallen, and deserted by the world. If every friend I possess turn from me for this reason, I will not repine; for though he is no more, I love and respect his memory. If to gain the love and approbation of the world, I must sacrifice my holiest feeling, and break the commands of God, I will retire to solitude, and shun a world that demands so much for its pride and misalliance. I have one friend left—my aunt. Farewell, Raymond Lee! May you never be called upon to renounce your filial duty. I fear your choice would be with the popular side. I gladly return you your freedom; go and be happy!"

He would have detained her with words of exhortation and entreaty, but she waved him away, and hastily sought Aunt Ariadne.

This new stroke of misfortune weighed heavily upon the heart and spirits of the suffering girl; but she gathered strength, slowly and by degrees, from prayer, from her own approving conscience, from Ariadne's noble example. Time brought its healing balsam to both their hearts; the roses of health returned to Ethel's cheek, the dignified self-possession to her aunt's speech and manner. Thus three years passed, and Ethel May became the bride of one too honorably loving, too truly religious, to scorn her for her father's fault. To him she related all the past, and as he fondly clasped her to his heart, and Aunt Ariadne blessed them, he spoke gently and reverently of the departed father, and reminded the fearful Ethel of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repented.

The future career of Raymond Lee proved that she had made a fortunate escape from a life of sorrow; fickle, inconstant, wedded to the world, his home was a scene of never-ending contention and discord. Ethel became the happy wife of Augustus Kingsley, but she forewent not the home of her youth. She remained with Aunt Ariadne, and, at the last hour, closed the eyes that ever emitted love upon her. Purified, exalted, ennobled by trial, she accepted the holy uses of adversity. Herself once an angel to a solitary, stern, cold heart, commissioned to lead back that heart to light and warmth, she knew by the prosperity of the present, that her bitterest sorrows had been blessings in disguise—angels, with the crown of thorns and the palm branch. Henceforth her life flowed calmly on, loving and beloved; the earth was beautiful, the bright, beckoning heavens, studded with the stars of everlasting affection. Ethel instilled into the forming minds of her children the sacred obligations of duty; she trains them so their willing hearts may cheerfully respond to the uttered prayer—"Thy will be done!"

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

Banner of Light.

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RELIGION AND LEARNING.

A correspondent of a daily paper having expressed himself as he felt, if not thought, about a criticism that has been recently made by Rev. Henry James on a book of Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, our friends of the Boston Courier have deemed it necessary to take up the matter, and administer to the writer such castigation as they thought he deserved. Having the care of other men's consciences on their hands, it is of course necessary that they should rebuke all liberties which other men are inclined to take even with their own individual opinions.

The substance and summary of the Courier's remarks is this: that the writer, who, by the bye, is inclined to take liberal views of religious matters—is therefore flippant, and a "superficial scribbler;" that "simple dealers in vague generalities and smart rhetoric" should not consider themselves "equal to discussing the profound and holy doctrines of our religion"—of course too profound for common apprehension, and too holy for common contact; and that such a free mode of speaking of religious topics, by those who are not professionally enlisted in the regular order of Levi, "casts an indirect insult upon a class of men among us, who, for learning, independence, devotion, ability, and practical usefulness, are unsurpassed in the world."

The Courier further protests against "all profane mixtures;" that is, none but the clergy should teach to the soul what it is, what it is capable of, and how and when it may aspire. That such is their meaning, the words following show; thus—"We would have our instructors in law to be lawyers and jurists; our instructors in commerce to be enlightened merchants; our instructors in the classics to be classical scholars; our instructors in theology to be theologians." And as they protest against clergymen invading the province of the statesman, so would they protest against writers, legislators, lecturers, or any but the clergy "intermeddling with the schemes of Christian philosophy and faith."

We should characterize such a series of remarks as illustrating, by their spirit, a possible cross between genuine Romanism and old-fashioned, square-toed Puritanism. The writer, in the first place, believes that a man has no right to make himself familiar with his own spiritual nature, unless by the favor of belonging to the special class who are set apart, as in the ancient Mosaic times, for that purpose; a class that first pretends to search all the countless records of their own souls, and afterwards acquaints the rest of mankind with just so much of their systematized experiences, and speculations, and contradictory dogmas, as they think the rest can safely bear. In the next place, the writer presupposes what we shall at all times deny and denounce, that a man to be truly religious must be deeply learned; that he must have digged and delved among Greek and Latin roots; that he must first acquaint himself with the history of former peoples, with the dead forms of their philosophy, and with the moulds in which their intellectual, but not their moral and religious, experiences were cast.

It is upon this point that we join issue with our religious friends of the Courier, and with those who are satisfied to purchase a temporary peace for their souls by a formal and indolent subscription to such modes of thinking. We do not believe that a man must be skilled either in the Greek or Latin classics, nor yet in the Hebrew, Arabic, or Sanscrit, to enable him to penetrate, by the silent and patient processes of reflection, or yet through the help of those profound impressions that he receives he knows not how or whence, to the very depths of his spiritual nature. The Courier says that to understand the operations and experiences of the soul, the system must first be studied by which those experiences are obtained. We tell the Courier that this is the highest degree of pedantry. In nature—that is, in the soul—there is forever one last analysis which no man, and no system, can hope to reach. He who announces that he has found out the way by which the soul receives spiritual impressions and spiritual truths, or the way by which the soul develops itself by the reception of this truth, makes open confession to all men that he knows nothing about it. The laws of consciousness are as yet unknown laws; not all the books that may be shelved on a thousand Alexandrian or Bodleian libraries can give up this last secret of human life. To penetrate to that, is indeed to understand God; for it is only himself that works thus mysteriously in every human heart.

If Christ be the profound teacher and divine master the Courier writer professes to believe him, how does he reconcile it with his theory of "learned" instructors that, in selecting his Apostles, he made choice of some of the most ignorant and uncultivated men there were to be found about him—fishermen, tavern-keepers, toll-takers, and the like? Coming, as he did, to supersede the writings of Moses by his own new doctrine of Love and Good-will, how happens it—we ask the Courier—that the very men whom he selected to give currency to his doctrines, were themselves but little acquainted with the teachings of Moses, or of the prophets; but that he repeatedly taught them in the ancient doctrines which they were forced to confess they had no familiarity? Here is certainly a discrepancy of facts; the original Apostles of Christianity were anything but "learned, independent, devoted, or able" men—while it is insisted that none can now assume to preach and teach those self-same doctrines but men who are thoroughly instructed "theologians!" All "profane mixtures"—that is, mixtures of common men, with "profound" and "holy" doctrines—the Courier protests against with uplifted hands.

The world is emerging from this ancient darkness, and it is time it did. It has paid quite respect enough to all this show and assumption of mere authority. It begins to see, and, what is more, to

see that learned men, in the sense of scholastics, are not of necessity profound men in respect of their spiritual experiences—and, in fact, that the two states, or conditions, may very naturally exist separate and disunited. Men have opened their eyes to the false position in which this very same pride of learning, and the air of superiority and authority growing out of it, has placed religious experience hitherto. They are not willing any longer to subscribe to the dogma, which rests on nothing but the power already acquired by silent popular assent to it, that a few men, or a select class of men, are better capable of teaching the great remainder in the mysteries and awful grandeur of their own souls, than they may come to do it themselves. Power is merely passing from the hands of those who have so long held it, and fortified it with the imposing outworks of learning and superstition, into the hands where it originally belonged. Human intellects need grow none the less, but human souls must needs grow more.

This is the meaning of the great and general movement which the Courier writer cannot, unfortunately, see going on to-day. His pride of "learning," or the too high estimate he places upon it, hides it from his vision. In this direction he is totally blind. So he sits down and calls all whose souls feel themselves awakened to the new life, "superficial scribbles," or "pert" writers of magazines, who have no business to "intermeddle in the sacred themes of Christian philosophy and faith." The world, however, must progress—must be converted; and if the "theologians" practically confess that, with all their "learning," they can do but little towards the great work, but that, in truth, all advances have been made by outside rather than inside pressure—how are they to complain if the soul itself begins, under new and quickening influences, to take up its own work, leaving them to their libraries and to popular forgetfulness? This very protest from the theologians and their newspaper advocates does but betray the tendencies of the present times. We therefore hail it with joy and rejoicing, feeling assured that the day of spiritual freedom at length has begun to dawn, and that spiritual authority is reading its own certain doom.

THE PAWNER'S BANK.

A liberal-minded and Christian gentleman of this city, a lawyer by profession, has, for a number of years given much time and attention to the exorbitant demands of pawn-brokers upon the poor who are compelled to avail themselves of their services; and with piousness alacrity he has set himself at work to remedy the evil. He has made himself acquainted with the workings of the "Bank of Piety," and similar institutions in Europe, where the poor leave articles in pledge during times of distress, paying interest on the loan of about double the usual rates, and he proposes to establish a similar institution in Boston.

A man whose necessities compel him to seek aid from the pawn-brokers of Boston, literally falls among thieves—if not in the eye of the law in all instances, he certainly does when those on whom he calls for aid in distress are judged by the golden rule.

These men have no rule for taxing interest; the greater the necessity, the larger their demands and the less their loan, in proportion to the value of the goods pledged. Loans of about one-third to one-half the value of the articles are usually made, if the articles are saleable; and on these loans, if small, about twenty-five per cent. per week is the charge; if larger amounts, from ten to twenty per cent. per month is taxed; in some favored instances five per cent. per month on amounts ranging from one hundred dollars upwards may be taken, but ten dollars per month for a hundred on good security is by no means an unusual charge in these establishments. Otherwise five dollars per week or even ten is charged.

We have frequently been called upon to assist persons to reclaim watches which had been pawned to these "brokers," and which they seemed determined to keep as theirs, because the time had expired for which the loan was effected, and we know that enormities have crept into the business which Christian people ought not to tolerate, and would not, could the matter be brought properly before them and they be made to feel their brother's wrongs as men should.

Among all the many inventions and associations working for the benefit of the race, which merit the sanction and the aid of the liberal-minded and the philanthropic, we know of no one more entitled to hearty sympathy than "The Pawner's Bank."

And it is also a pleasure to us to know that the man whose name stands foremost as petitioner in its behalf, is one of business sagacity, some legal acumen, and of wide philanthropic purposes. His name does not stand before the public as a political demagogue, or one of those lovers of charity, whose love for it begins at home and ends in their own aggrandizement; but he is really and truly a whole-souled man, having an honest purpose at heart, and endeavoring to institute a truly philanthropic scheme for the benefit of those whose necessities frequently compel them to resort to the money-changer.

We write thus earnestly in behalf of his project, because we know both theoretically and practically the workings of these shops where money is let by hard-hearted and close-fisted men, who feed on distress and grow harder-hearted and closer-fisted by coming in contact with the suffering poor.

WAR IN EUROPE.

By the very latest European advices, it appears that the Emperor of France is making his preparations for war on the largest scale. The work of building boats, equipping regiments, drafting soldiers, and contracting for enormous supplies, is going on without interruption. It is evident that there is an understanding between Louis Napoleon and the King of Sardinia, whose daughter the Princess Napoleon (cousin to the Emperor), has just married. The plan is, to get the entire control of Italy. If, on the one hand, the other powers force both France and Austria peaceably to withdraw from Central Italy, then there will certainly ensue an insurrection in the Italian States among the people themselves; and, in such an event, the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of the French, having succeeded in getting the Austrian forces out of Italy, would step in and occupy it themselves, under the pretext of preserving order. Thus they obtain all they would be likely to by open war.

If, on the other hand, however, an appeal to arms is made, the same result is calculated on by these two governments, but which may or may not follow. There would arise undoubted complications in a war of such a character as is at present threatened, and no single European nation can certainly say to-day where it may stand in relation to other nations, as the contest went on. To provoke a war is easy, but to ride the storm after it has been once raised, is quite another affair; which only shows that we are, the greatest of us, but instruments in the hands of Providence, who puts us all to just such use as He thinks fit. Neither emperors nor kings make or unmake peoples, but certain great and all-pervading laws of their being, which they do not fall in the long run to obey to the letter.

Every steamer from Europe is now looked for with an increased feeling of anxiety on all sides.

THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

The excitement over the removal of the Boston Post Office from its old location in State street to its present one in Summer street, can hardly be said as yet to have subsided. The Postmaster, Mr. Capen, had determined to move his office on Monday; but on a despatch having come over the wires from Washington that a law had been passed just at the expiration of the session, forbidding the removal, the time was subsequently changed to an hour on Saturday afternoon—namely, 5 o'clock. There was much excitement in State street upon this announcement, and the passage leading to and from the same were thronged with interested lookers-on.

At 5 o'clock precisely the new office opened for the delivery of the first letter. We could not learn who was the satisfied recipient of the first letter, but there was an eager rush to have the honor of obtaining it. So the office was at last removed, in spite of remonstrances. But on the Tuesday following, a very large and enthusiastic meeting of the merchants of Boston was held at the Exchange, at which the report of a committee appointed by them last April to act in the matter,

was submitted, and passed without a single dissenting voice. Among other things, the report recommended that a committee be appointed—which was afterwards done by the meeting—with full powers, to take such measures as should be deemed best by themselves, to secure the speedy execution of the new law by Congress. Whether it will, however, result in anything more than the mere appointment of the committee, remains to be seen.

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

The question of establishing Free Spiritual Meetings, agitated the friends of our cause in the summer of 1847, but the commercial crisis which occurred in the fall of that year, prevented the adoption of any plan calculated to promote the scheme. Still the idea only slumbered—to revive again when prosperity in material affairs should enable the friends to move in the matter with prospect of success. Our readers will remember that on last Sabbath a Committee, consisting of D. Farrar, J. Wetherbee, Jr., O. E. Jenkins and Dr. Gardner, was appointed to see what action could be taken in the matter. We think the time has now come, when free spiritual meetings can be sustained. It is now proposed to allow the meetings to continue as at present, until the summer months return, when it is usual to have a vacation. About that time, too, the Melodeon, the present place of meeting, is to be thoroughly repaired, and of course cannot be used by us. When they open again in the fall, it is proposed to make them free. In the intervening time, if no suitable hall offers, it is confidently expected that friends enough will come forward and purchase a suitable lot of land, in a proper location, and erect thereon a commodious hall, which will be exclusively under the control of the Association of Spiritualists. We have no doubt of the success of this great and good enterprise. We enjoin their efforts.

Your Committee, appointed last Sunday afternoon to consider the subject of our Sunday meetings, and their place of meeting, and to consider also the expediency of having them free, beg leave to make the following report:

They are of opinion that it is desirable and important that they should be free; and they are strengthened in that opinion by conferring with others who are interested with us. And finding the sentiment in its favor almost universal, they also find a disposition on the part of the friends to be liberal, and disposed to aid in sustaining such an arrangement, and they feel that an object so generally desirable, should be accomplished as soon as practicable.

They think an association might be formed, to be known as "The Spiritual Fraternity." The amount required to pay for a suitable hall and supply speakers would not be large or burdensome, and could easily be raised among the friends, each contributing an annual sum, more or less, as they felt able.

Your Committee, though seeing the desirability of having meetings free, think it inexpedient to try the experiment now. It is understood that in about two months the owner of the Melodeon will close the place, and make improvements, and they would recommend that the meetings be continued for the present as they are now.

Your Committee think that the success of this plan of having free meetings, depends very much upon having a suitable hall for the purpose; and there is none obtainable at this time; when there is, there are those interested in this cause, who would be pleased to undertake the responsibility of leasing it for the purpose. If the present hall is made attractive and reasonable, or any other suitable place that will give satisfaction and accommodation can be found, your Committee feel assured it will be availed of for the purpose.

As our gatherings in this place must necessarily soon end, for reasons before mentioned, and it may so happen that no other suitable place can immediately be obtained, and that an intermission of a month or two, under the circumstances, may not be undesirable, they would recommend the following for your consideration:

That means be taken as soon as practicable to obtain a hall, and to have our meetings free; and in pursuance of that object, they recommend the selection of a larger committee—say ten or twelve persons—and this committee, when appointed, be requested to give their attention to this object, meeting from time to time, and receiving aid and counsel from any interested in the subject; and as soon as a suitable hall can be obtained, measures be taken to form an association of fraternity, and pursue such course as shall be deemed expedient for the good of this cause.

D. FARRAR,
JOHN WETTERBEE, JR.,
O. E. JENKINS,
H. F. GARDNER.

The report was accepted by the meeting, the suggestions adopted, and the above committee authorized to report the names of fifteen persons, to perform the duties specified in the last clause of the report.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The success of the Atlantic Monthly has begun to startle those old denouncing English Reviews, which have over proved such bugbears to enterprising talent, and so long seemed like the lions at the gates to prevent the traveler from entering the realms of fancy, science and intellect. But their terrible influence is losing before the occidental monthlies; and now we have a publication in our own home which circulates nearly as widely as any of them, and is read with much more satisfaction by everybody. In fact, its articles are republished in England, every month, and receive lavish praise.

FALLING.

A subscriber writes from Waukegan, Ill., that "Spiritualism is on the increase, and Orthodoxy on the decrease. I understand that both the Congregational and Baptist ministers are about leaving this church. I anticipate that it will not be long before their churches will be 'to let.' Such signs should teach the clergy that the people want more light, and that they should get it, so as to be prepared to give it to the people."

AMUSEMENTS.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—"Our American Cousin" is having a good run at this popular place of entertainment. Bottell keeps the audience in the best of humor with his fun, and is deservedly popular with the Boston Theatre-going public. This place, with several popular farces, will furnish our readers with amusement during the week.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—"Our American Cousin" is also the novelty at this house. J. A. Smith's Lord Dundreary is fully equal to the part as played at Laura Keane's.

ORNDAY HALL.—Music and fun, as usual, continue to draw full houses. A very good place to spend an evening.

OPERA HOUSE, SCOTCH STREET.—"Our African Cousin" is the title of a burlesque played at this house.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With the next number of the BANNER, terminates our fourth volume, and second year of publication. A large number of our subscriptions expire at that time, and those who do, will be stricken from our books, unless they are renewed. Notices of this fact were sent out with the last number, and it will be better for those who intend to renew to permit at once, so that they may be sure of receiving the first number of the fifth volume.

SABBATH SERVICES IN CAMBRIDGE-PORT.

Meetings are held in Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged: For March 20th, Miss Rosa T. Amey; 27th, Dr. J. H. Currier; April 3d, Mrs. M. S. Townsend; 10th, Miss R. T. Amey; 17th, Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

REPORTS OF THE MELODEON LECTURES.

In our next we shall publish a full report of Miss Amey's lecture, delivered on Sunday evening last, and shall continue this feature in every paper to the close of the season. We are obliged, owing to the large edition we print, to go to press at noon on Mondays; so that, unless we should materially alter the date of our issue, there will necessarily be a delay of one number in publishing these reports.

LIZZIE DOTE AT THE MELODEON.

Next Sabbath Miss E. Dote, of Plymouth, discourses at the Melodeon. Subject in the afternoon, "The Law of Life," in the evening, "Free Love and Affinity." Miss Dote has many friends, and always pleases her audiences. She is an estimable lady, was once a great favorite with the Universalists as a writer, and will doubtless be equally as instructive and entertaining as a lecturer in her new religion.

ANOTHER SPIRITUAL PAPER.—We find upon our table of exchanges "The Green Mountain Spirit," Vol. 1, No. 3, published at Sandusky, N.Y., by Messrs. Abbott & Greeley. We heartily welcome this new auxiliary to the Spiritualistic field. It is edited with ability, and will doubtless fulfill its mission well.

A LADY OF NEW YORK writes for two copies of the Banner. She says, "So many borrow my Banner and read it, that it is literally worn out."

The Public Press.

MY IDEAL.

"Pale and pallid, watching over,
Weary watchings damp with tears;
Watching for the joys which come not
Through the drooping laps of years.
Hear'st thou the rustling of their wings,
Hushed their gentle, soulful strains—
Heads that at their shrine should worship,
Now at other, fairer fane?"

All have their ideals—ideal of God, of manhood, womanhood, of home and heaven. And it is worthy of remark, here, that the elements of the conjugal enter into the composition of the ideal in all things. The conjugal is constituted of sympathy, perfection and beauty. And hence it is, we find ourselves always satisfied with the objects of our love, when we perceive that there is in them a perfect adaptation of all the principles or parts of which they are composed to each other, and the whole forming one consistent union. The greatest complication and perfect proportion of all the elements, make the beautiful. Swedenborg says, the male is the wisdom of love, and the female is the love of that wisdom. Hence, in the true philosophy, the male element in the divine is the wisdom principle, and the female element is love. Thus we say that absolute wisdom constitutes our ideal of God; and the conjunction of this love and wisdom makes the phenomena of nature, and God, the Divine Father and Mother of all. Thus it comes to pass that I find my ideal of woman. She lives in the inmost of my affectional nature, although I may never have seen her with these external eyes; and is ever attractive, ever present in my thoughts. She is all I believe, all I know, all I hope for, of symmetry, perfection and beauty. Ever present in my inmost soul, why does she elude my external vision? In the dream-land I have often seen her; nor have I any conception of heaven and the region of the blest, which exceeds the sphere in which I become conscious of her presence:—

"Most splendid are the myriad stars that light
The dark-blue, solemn silence of the night!
Yet were they all mine own, and mine the power
To rest in each bright beam any hour,
I'd give my glorious empire willingly,
Oh, form that haunts my dream-land! to win thee."

When I thus meet her, I find myself surrounded with all that is surpassingly beautiful. Here is symmetry, perfection and beauty, beyond the power of language to describe. Here I breathe the most fragrant aromas, far exceeding the magic creations of enchantment; and here flow streams of living water, on whose banks flowers of perennial beauty bloom. Here are those undulating valleys of indissoluble loveliness, which, for ages, have been the theme of poets, and the fabled home of the blest. Luxurious groves, where do flourish the trees of immortal life are here. The atmosphere of these delightful spheres is fragrant of love and heaven; when once inhaled, it imparts light and life to the inmost recesses of the soul. Ah, why does she elude my external consciousness always? Why may I not always dream?

I have my ideal of the Divine Father and Mother in Heaven, whom I have not seen. Of the ideal, I may speak, although it is infinitely beyond any description which ever has been, or which ever can be given of it. I use the term God to signify my ideal of absolute love and absolute wisdom, whose conjunction is manifest in the phenomena of the universe which I behold. In nature, and the constitution of things, I see goodness, power, and intelligence, which are always present in matter. It is an intuition of my inmost or highest judgment, that all phenomena must have an adequate cause which goes before; and, so, when tracing phenomena up to causes, I proceed as far back as my own wisdom enables me to extend, and then I find a use for the term God. The highest, or first cause, or the last cause, which I can reach, is God. I can find no one beyond, and so I rest here. It makes no difference what term we use,—whether Jove, Pan, Lord, Jehovah, or Jupiter; it is the invisible, absolute cause, or Father and Mother of the visible phenomena of nature. We never see the cause of any phenomena; but we often (incorrectly) speak of nature as a cause. Whereas, when we speak of nature as the sum total of phenomena, we, of necessity, imply an adequate cause which goes before; and this is our ideal of God. And it seems to me that the necessities of our nature compel us to these ideals of the Divine, similarly as they compel us to idealize symmetry, perfection and beauty in the conjugal, or the highest relation of life.

LA ROY SUNDEBLAND.

Boston, January 3, 1859.

A SECRET.

To assist "A. B. C.," D. E. F. G., and all the other Letters of the Alphabet, to the further exercise of the Sober Second Thought.

BROTHERS OF THE BANNER BRIGHT.—With reference to editorial remarks, &c., attached to the last article on the "Hashish" controversy, permit me to say, that all which is claimed in behalf of Bro. Child's motives and character, I fully acknowledge and have well understood and appreciated from the outset. The true sympathy and hearty good feeling of Dr. C.'s nature is evident to all, and not any the less so to myself, who, so far as I remember, have as yet no personal introduction to him; nor have I for one moment supposed that he would be lacking in any vital or affectionate interest in behalf of any depraved or oppressed classes of society; nor have I at all entertained the idea that he would himself pass to those extremes of action into which many sympathetic minds are so easily led. My objections have been to his philosophy alone, and to the manifest effect which such a philosophy has had, and is having, upon a class of persons who are more easily actuated by it than some are.

And now to the point. Sympathy is a beautiful thing, considered by itself alone; but it is a weak and vacillating thing, unless accompanied by, or unfolded into the true light and wisdom of moral discrimination, and the true strength of moral force. It can hardly be called charity or love, till it is thus vitalized or developed; for, without this, it will weakly yield both the understanding and the best energies of life to the service of that which it would otherwise repel. Even those who have so much to say against condemning others, must remember that viciousness, &c., can be most stoutly contested, and utterly and strenuously reprobated, without condemning or condemning the man. In fact, this is one element—and a triumphant power—of true sympathy, to bring out, to raise up the man. Jesus himself, who is so frequently alluded to as saying to the woman, "Neither do I condemn thee," also said in the same breath, "Go thou and sin no more." And those who quote the first clause, should also give the last part of the sentence, with its due emphasis on "sin" for Jesus was not one to assert that there is "no wrong, no evil." And more than this, his moral discrimination and moral force sometimes ascended into a mighty power and imperiousness, which chased the very money-changers with an electric thong of cords, and charged the devotees of darkness with the murderous baseness of their character and management, even though, when suffering under their hideous barbarity, he prayed for them upon the cross.

Thus moral discrimination and moral force, which are so much lost sight of in the character of Jesus, and in the obedience of his followers, are now especially necessary, not only in Spiritualism, but elsewhere. For a period in the past, therefore, I have labored, in many respects, purposely, in a peculiar way, to keep the importance of this subject before the public, and have had some special spiritual openings in favor of it. If a man does not do that which others do through a want of discrimination between right and wrong, or through a lack of sympathetic development into its true moral power—still, his assertion of the mere philosophy that there is "no wrong, no evil," will exert a mischievous tendency on certain minds, and should be promptly met. I will always award such an individual, and in this controversy have awarded Bro. Child, due credit for his idea of an over-riding principle, who makes evil a means of good; but when one throws out the idea that transgression is better than virtue, and there is actually no evil, no wrong, why then

that is another thing, and we come to a most important issue at once.

The sympathetic natures who have been merged into fully, have my heartfelt regard; and sometimes I shall have occasion to speak as loudly for their humanity, as I have of late felt called upon to do against their weakness and blindness.

In the meantime I sincerely remain cordially the friend of "A. B. C.," and all the rest of the great Alphabet of the Human family, D. J. MANDELL.
Athol Depot, Mass.

MURDER'S "MIRACULOUS ORGAN."

Messrs. Editors—"Murder," says Shakespeare, "though it hath no tongue, yet speaks with most miraculous organ." Among the numerous accounts of homicides which have made so prominent a feature in newspapers of the Union in the last twelve months, we can call to mind scarcely one, which it was intended by the perpetrator to conceal; that has not, by means oftentimes the most trivial, been laid open to the eyes of the world. A most striking instance was that of the murder in Louisiana. After the deed was done, and no human eye had seen it; when the body of the victim was buried beneath the floor, and even an explanation of its anticipated decay prepared for, the perturbed spirit of the murderer beheld in every man an accuser, and in every eye a witness. Blood had been spilt and the damning dye "would not out." So he must needs purchase two rabbits, and go around with them in his hand to his acquaintances, complaining that they had bled on his person and on the floor, and offering them for sale. And in the "black and dark night" he dared not to go near his dwelling alone, but offered artizans extravagant terms to sit up with him all night, for he could not sleep. Conscience was, in this case, the "miraculous organ" that ultimately plucked out the heart of his awful mystery.

So, too, of a recent murder in Virginia. It occurred on Friday night. All day on Saturday the body remained, and the wretched prisoner says he endured all the agonies of hell during the day. He drank deep to keep down the wild feelings that agitated his bosom; he dared not flee, for fear of the pursuer; he was afraid to look his fellow-man in the face, lest his guilt should stand burned in characters of fire upon his forehead. At night he essayed to remove the body; but the apprehension that he was watched prevented him. So, moving a few things out of the house, he set it on fire, thinking thus to destroy all evidence of the murder. But after the rafter had fallen in, and the dying embers had begun to fall, there, in the midst of the fire, lay unburned the headless trunk of his victim! He next bethought him of conveying away the body; but after he had raked it from the ashes, it was so hot that he was compelled to leave it to cool before he could remove it. The day was dawning, and his work was not accomplished! He then dragged the corpse up beside a rail-fence, where it lay about twenty steps from the road, all day, a frightful wreck of mortality; the arms burned off, the legs calcined to cinder, and only a small portion of the head clinging to the trunk! At night he took the body and buried it; but still the fear that it would be discovered tormented him so that he again took it up and carried it in his arms about two miles into the forest, and buried it in a hollow tree. On Monday he again went to the spot where the body was interred, terrified lest the dogs, in ranging the woods, should discover his crime; but there was upon him an eye from whose glance he could not hide; and his own conscience haunted him with its terrible thunders!

This will forcibly remind the reader of the poetic truth of Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram." The schoolmaster, it was remembered, has cast the body into a deep stream of "sluggish water, black as ink"; and after setting awhile among the innocent children of his school, he dismisses them for the night:—

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim!
And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!"

A night of restless agony is followed by a yearning temptation, that urged him to "go and see the dead man in his grave!"

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, uncessant pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.
Morally rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.
With breathless speed, like a soul in chace,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!
And all that day I read in school,
But my thoughts with others were;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare!"

Yours truly, S. S.
Dayton, Ohio, March 1, 1859.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

Messrs. Editors.—The various sects, systems and creeds of faith believe in the resurrection and judgment of the veritable body and spirit, and that, although the soul leaves its clay tenement on death, or change, the spirit will reanimate the body once again, to receive its own reward—its welfare or unhappiness.

If this theory be really true, then from the earliest biblical history of mankind's appearance on earth up to the present—a period of some six or seven thousand years—these forms and spirits first existing have not yet been judged, because the judgment day has not yet come; and so many years have passed from that endless duration of misery and happiness of which the Christian has conceived, added to which will be the time in the future before the soul or spirit will commence to receive the reward of its actions.

Again, as we all know the animating soul leaves its body at death, and the body to the changes impressed on all matter and the spirit. Where? To God? If so, it must be good, and of God, and God cannot judge himself. To Heaven? The Bible assures us "no man hath ascended into Heaven." To purgatory, or paradise—both supposed intermediate states believed in by Christians? Not taught in the Bible.

The spirit of man existed from the commencement, and will exist to all eternity. No Christian doubts of its future existence; but doubts and perplexities are around its actual manner of existence. It is shown that it is not yet judged, by their theory, and if it be capable of intelligence and reflection after its doom, it must have the same characteristics while awaiting it. The Bible instructs us that the wicked will call on rocks and mountains to hide them from Divine Justice, which is indicative of intelligence before their judgment.

I have shown that intelligence associates with the spirit in all its states in the future, as well as in the present world. Confessedly the Judgment-day has not yet come. Then where are the spirits of our forefathers, who died six or seven thousand years ago? In what have they been employed during the interval of time up to the present? And what will be their employment until the final judgment? Is it not a pleasing and triumphant consideration to think that the soul is making perpetual progress toward perfection, without ever arriving at a period in it; going on from strength to strength; shining with

new accessions of glory and brightening to all eternity? In the soul's organization, what inexhaustible sources of perfection!

Again, physiology teaches that the earthly matter forming our bodies is totally changed in a period of about seven years; so that a person living to the age of forty-nine or fifty years has had seven different bodies. The power (spirit) of the body enables it to attract and repulse particles, and the substance composing the external form is constantly undergoing alteration and change, as all substances in the universe. Now, according to the Christian's conception of future rewards and punishments, what body that he has assumed shall be rewarded or punished? What body shall be reanimated by its soul, to stand before the Judge? Manifestly in the last seven years of his life he has not done all the good or evil.

All Christians understand the body goes to decay after the spirit leaves it on earth—part food for worms, part escapes in various gases, part to nourish the earth, etc. These changes of matter go on invariably, and change is a law of physical matter, controlled by the Great Spirit. How difficult it would be to aggregate the particles of matter once forming an organization, and subsequently entering into new forms, I shall leave Orthodoxy to determine. Now, Christians, what are the spirits doing, that lived thousands of years ago on earth? J. COVERT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TWILIGHT DREAMS.

BY MADON CARROL.

Down amid the curtain'd valleys,
By the mist-empurpled streams,
While the summer south-wind dallies
With the scroll of by-gone dreams,
Walking in the fadeless radiance
Of the old life's loving light,
Seeking for thy vanished footsteps,
Dearest one, I go to-night.

Soon I'll hear the silver singing
Of the brook among the trees,
In melodious measure ringing
Chimes o'er buried memories—
Soon will catch the dreamy echo,
Trembling on the haunted air,
Where the riches of thy voice dwell
In the song and in the prayer.

Ah! methought I heard thee gliding
Softly through the summer gloam;
'T was a shower of roses, hiding
From the kisses of the moon.
Lean'd close against the casement,
Came thy dewy-burden'd leaves
Closely clinging, as thy sisters
Clung about the old home eaves.

Strangely methought I heard thee calling
Out among the swaying vines;
'T was the wind's soft fingers falling
Mid the murmurous mountain pines.
How the tender recollection
Brings thee accents sweet and low,
As they blest me, in the evenings
Of the mourned-for "long ago."

Nay, the pines' "heath-fairy" fingers,
Never in their brown-tongued bells,
Struck such music now as lingers
Where that soft-voiced angel dwells.
I have caught the blended chorus,
Linked with words so kind and dear,
That my overflowing gladness
Will not let me breathe thee here.

Never by the mist-wreathed fountains,
Shall I find thy vanished feet;
Beautiful upon the mountains
Come they with good tidings fleet.
Never shall I find thy presence
In the twilight of past days;
Angel-bright, it goes before me,
Gladdening all my future ways!

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1859.

Correspondence.

JAMESTOWN INSTITUTE.

Messrs. Editors.—You are aware, I presume, that Dr. O. H. Wellington has established, at Jamestown, New York, an institution for the education of both sexes, upon reformatory principles. Since its establishment, some eight or nine months ago, I had heard many favorable reports respecting its practical workings, and its encouraging prospects. Last week, however, I spent five or six days at the Jamestown Institute, and had an opportunity of seeing and hearing for myself, and of forming an opinion from my own observation, of the new system which is there in operation. During those five or six days, I not only received from Dr. Wellington a full explanation of his principles of moral, mental and physical culture, but also through his kind invitation I visited all his classes and exercises every day during my stay, and have thus had abundant opportunities of ascertaining whether the system is practical, and to what extent it is actually made practical, at the Jamestown Institute.

Having for many years past been deeply interested in the subject of true education, or mental and moral development, I eagerly availed myself of all the facilities which were freely tendered me, of investigating Dr. Wellington himself, and his system, in theory and in practice; and as the principles of the system and their practical workings have my deepest sympathy, and meet my hearty approval, and as I find Dr. Wellington to be a man, who by innate force and energy of character, by acquired endowments, by an experience of many years, which has confirmed him in his principles of educational reform, and by a slight tincture of enthusiasm which eight months experimenting have not in the least abated, is eminently qualified to be the projector and the personal executor of such a system of radical reform in the educational department—I shall, with your permission, Messrs. Editors, endeavor to present the Jamestown Institute in its true character before Spiritualists and reformers generally.

I must, however, beg of my readers that they will condemn nothing that is new, simply because it is new; and that they will not judge the new by the old; and that they will be prepared to hear of innovations in the educational department of reform, as radical and as truly progressive as those with which they are already familiar, and which they have already embraced in every other department of thought and of morals.

I will make this further prefatory remark, that, in all our labors for the elevation and reformation of humanity, the proper place to begin, is at the beginning; and, consequently, the nearer we approach the beginning in our labors, the greater will be the immediate and the ultimate results. Still, although this is an admitted truth, yet I know of no school in the country, with the exception of the Jamestown Institute, which has departed to any great extent from the old beaten track, or into the organic structure of which there has been introduced a single principle or element which bears the stamp of, and is in keeping with the type and spirit of modern reform.

Education has been left far in the rear; but I feel assured that Dr. Wellington is now bringing up this department, to move on abreast with all the other departments of reform, before which, as before a mighty and an invincible phalanx, the conservatism of the present shall melt away.

In the moral department of Dr. Wellington's system we find this leading principle, not simply taught as a theory, but actually carried out in all the relations of teacher and pupil, namely, that there are elements of good, of divinity, within every human being, which may be reached, and which should be reached and cultivated, by a direct appeal to those divine elements, upon all occasions; that children and adults, so far from being totally depraved, are in their deep, interior natures good; and that, by a proper cultivation, the moral forces of their nature may be made to become the controlling powers of their whole being. Consequently, if a pupil is rude,

or negligent, or indolent, or quarrelsome, he is regarded in the same light by his teachers, as he would be if he had ignorantly or accidentally broken a limb, or lacerated his own flesh. It is in both cases regarded as a misfortune, and therefore he is not despised, nor hated, nor scolded, nor scourged with stripes, nor abused in any way, neither morally, mentally, nor physically; but he is approached more tenderly and sympathetically after the accident than before it, and the negligent, rude, indolent, quarrelsome, or disorderly pupil, is treated with greater kindness than if he had been without fault. The offending pupil, in the true spirit of the highest-toned morality, is forgiven seventy times seven, if needs be, and thus the strongest possible stimulation being thrown upon the divinest forces, and the noblest powers within them, and, at the same time, there being no appeal made to the inferior elements of their nature, the former are brought into daily and hourly exercise, and must become the positive and ruling forces of their being and action. If there is any one principle of the Jamestown Institute, with which I am better pleased than another, it is this, not only because it is one which pertains to the department of moral culture, which is of course of more importance than any other, but also, because it is so completely revolutionary in character, so completely the antipodes of the principle of blame and punishment which underlies all other systems of education, if not in theory, at least in practice; and because it is such a vast stride in educational reform, and is so fully in keeping with all the progressive tendencies of the age, and so perfectly in harmony with the noblest aspirations that are now prophesying of a new era to humanity.

Into the mental or intellectual department of Dr. Wellington's system of education, there is engrained a principle, which has already made its deep impress upon the age. Ten years ago, we might occasionally have found, here and there, in the writings of men who lived before their time, and who were themselves prophecies of the future, this strange and wonderful word—"Individuality." Does any one fully understand it? It is time that we should know what a mighty power there is in that single word, and what a universal solvent it is of all the consolidations, and aggregations and agglutinations of humanity. That word, written occasionally in a book, as it was ten years ago, was very harmless; but now it is in every man's mouth—the farmer, the merchant, the doctor, the mechanic, the learned and the illiterate man and woman—and instead of being merely a written prophecy, it is a living reality, beneath whose dissolving touch time-honored institutions are crumbling into ruins. Take all other principles from me, if you wish, and leave me but the power of this one word, "individuality," and with it, as with a pebble, I will lay the gigantic institutions whose huge forms are overshadowing humanity and feeding upon the very souls of men. With it I will visit the prison-houses and the sepulchres of earth, "like a thief in the night," and in the morning of individual resurrection I will exult over their ruins and trample upon their ashes.

The moment a pupil enters the Jamestown Institute, he feels his own individuality and his personality, because that individuality and personality are at once recognized, respected, and appealed to by his teachers. In all departments of mental culture, the pupils are early made to feel a confidence in themselves, and a self-reliance assurance that they can, and must, think their own thoughts and evolve their own principles, and that, in the domain of thoughts and principles, neither teachers, nor books, nor any other authorities, no matter how exalted, should be permitted to stifle their native energies and paralyze their mental powers.

Instead, therefore, of committing to memory, as a heavy and stultifying task, the various text-books which are usually put into the hands of students, the subjects embraced in those text-books are presented to the naked, untrammelled and unprejudiced minds of the pupils, male and female, in such a manner as to arouse their interest, and draw from their own opinions, in the form of free conversational discussions. In this way, every subject that is brought up is more thoroughly analyzed, (according to the capacity of the pupils); the activities of each pupil are more completely brought out, the depths of each mind more thoroughly sounded, and the knowledge of each one more completely exhausted, than by any other system of which I have any knowledge.

It must not be supposed, however, that books are withheld from the pupils. Books are presented to them in the same way that the volume of nature is presented to them; that is, as a great storehouse of facts, with which they must be supplied, in order to think accurately upon any subject; and they are allowed to follow their inclinations and attractions in appealing either to the unwritten volume of nature, or to the printed books of men, for facts and suggestions. In no case, however, is the least countenance given to the old error, that one mind can do another's thinking, feeling, or analyzing; and in no case is the pupil, by any outside force, driven to an assigned task in a book, or even driven to any of the exercises of the school; but, under all circumstances, he is suffered to be moved by his own internal attractions—the only true and reliable guide as to what the mind really needs, and is really in a condition to cling to and appropriate with an abiding and unyielding tenacity.

The practical result of this system is to develop, and yet at the same time preserve each individual type of mind; and while the vain hope and the fruitless aim of the numerous educational systems of the day is to make each pupil a duplicate of some stereotyped standard of moral and intellectual greatness, the aim and the result of Dr. Wellington's system is to bring up each one to the fullest stature of his individuality, morally, intellectually, socially, and physically, and at the same time preserve each individual type as separate and as distinct from all others as nature originally made it—in short, to make the most of every type, without violating the laws of nature so far as to endeavor to change one type into another. This, I am sure, is a vast step—too much, indeed, to be at once appreciated; for not only is the world still governed and guided by the ambition to remodel, and much of its philanthropic labor lost in the vain effort to remodel individual types, and change individual, moral and mental organic structures, but it is even the hope and the aim of the philanthropy of the day to change specific types, one into another, and thus make real Caucasians of the Indian, the Negro, and the Hottentot. But nature will have her ways, her rights, her forms, and her series; and already it is beginning to be acknowledged, that the types of races are unchangeable; and the next great step will be the recognition of the permanence, through all time, of national types; and finally will come the closing idea, that each individual is a type, which may be mutilated and enfeebled, and storn of its strength and its beauty, but never, in all the ages of an immortal existence, can one be transmuted into another. Nature never thus repeats herself, and her curse is upon all systems that attempt to interfere with her reproductive movements of constant differentiation, and that try to substitute in their stead a man-devised movement towards reproductive unity and sameness.

Excuse, Mr. Editor, the length of this article. The subject is an important one, and it is, moreover, one of general interest to your readers, and I make that my apology for asking so much of the columns of your very popular paper.

Yours truly, PAYTON SPENCE.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1859.

THE ANGEL PATH.

There is a path, whereon an angel flies
Immortal gifts—and those who run that way
Can have them for the finding. Every day
See thousands start, and every day, too, brings
As many back to where Allurement sings
The songs of Idleness and vain Delay.
Some few there be, who ever onward keep
From scenes of Pleasure and disdain of Sleep,
With purpose firm, Contentment sweet, to feel
That settles this rugged path, where patient Zeal
Is guiding star, and Honor's burning flame
Is earthly mould for Fame's immortal seal.
Nor man yet long upon this path, whose name
Hath not been written on the scroll of Fame.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Messrs. Editors.—Sunday, the 27th ult., we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. A. B. Welch, of Lawrence. He is a remarkable instance of the power of spirits. While in the normal condition, it is impossible for one unacquainted with him to hold conversation, he being a very bad stutterer; but, while under influence, he speaks perfectly plain. In answer to the inquiry if the spirits could not cure him of stuttering, they said they could, but would not, as they wished to show to the hearers the difference, while under their power. Mr. Welch is a very superior healing medium, and has performed some remarkable cures, in many instances without being obliged to see the patient.

On the 20th of this month we are to have the pleasure of hearing addresses from Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester. He will be received by a large audience, having formerly been settled over the Unitarian Society, and having a large circle of firm friends. We esteem ourselves very fortunate in securing his services, and hope he will continue to lecture in other places. He can but add to our cause, as his reputation is of the highest order.

A council has been held by one of the Evangelical churches of this city during the present week, to consider the heresy of a member who has embraced Spiritualism. The meeting was private, but some of the doings have leaked out; and from what I hear, the person on trial gave them some severe questions and statements. They found that Spiritualists know more about the Bible than their opposers. The case is exciting a good deal of interest. I hardly think the brother will be turned out; but hope he will, for nothing will do us more good than to be opposed by the false church.

There have been a goodly number of spirit likenesses received in this place from Ohio; some of which have been remarkably truthful—in two or three instances very good tests. Some have been as good likenesses as though they were taken while the subjects were in the form; while others have borne no resemblance to the persons they purported to represent.

An instance of a remarkable cure occurred recently. Mrs. H. Robinson fell down a flight of stairs, injuring herself severely; a doctor of the regular practice was called; he pronounced no bones broken, but that one leg was injured, worse than if the bone had been broken. So sensitive was the patient, that even touching her dress would cause her extreme pain. The doctor told her she must keep perfectly still for six weeks, if she ever wanted to walk again, the cords being badly strained; but, he said, if a healing medium could lay hands on her every day, it would do her more good than anything else.

Mrs. Sherman, a fine medium of this city, was called, who made passes over the body, and in less than one week the patient walked around the house, and in a day or two after went out doors, and has been perfectly well since, it being now nearly two months. The doctor says it is a remarkable case; and he considers it equal to the miracles recorded in the Bible.

The doctor before referred to was recently called to attend a sick lady. Her hand was controlled to write, and a prescription, purporting to come from the father of the physician, was given, which, on being followed, proved to be successful. The spirit was a physician while in the form. The doctor says he has found that if he follows the impressions he first receives in visiting a patient, they prove successful.

A circle was recently held in this city, composed of unbelievers. It was a promiscuous company, and little was received. Late in the evening, when the company was reduced to five, it was proposed to try again. A circle was accordingly formed around a table weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and it was moved without being touched; the members moved until no one was within six feet of it. It was then proposed to try and see if the table would move with some persons on it. Three of the number got on the table, the remaining two not being near, when it was moved as before. The persons are not believers in Spiritualism, but freely state the above circumstances. The medium is a very healthy man; he is unwilling to consider himself as a medium, and says he knows nothing about the cause; he only knows the fact.

I have recently been informed by the person interested, of a remarkable case—a spirit answering a mental request. The individual is an old Spiritualist, and one warm day he was taken sick, while alone at his place of business. He felt as though he must die, and mentally requested that if any spirit friends were around him, they would impress a person who was engaged near by to come to him. In less than five minutes the person came up stairs, and was astonished to find his neighbor so sick, and wanted to call a doctor, but was not allowed. The sick man asked him how he happened to come in. He said he did not know; he only knew that he felt himself impressed that way. I will state that, although a near neighbor, he was not in the habit of calling, he being a deacon of an Orthodox church, and not agreeing in religious views, did not place himself where he should meet an opponent—and he had not been in the building for probably a year. He has now passed to the spirit-world, and probably understands what impressed him to go. How will our opponents account for such a manifestation?

We have no less than three houses reputed to be haunted in this city; noises are heard which are unaccountable; in one case a number of families have been unable to live in the house. We are about investigating one of the cases, and have no doubt we shall be enabled to find out the cause, and will, if found interesting, inform your readers of the result.
Newburyport, March 4, 1859. VENITAS.

LETTER FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

DEAR BANNER.—It seems a long time since I have written to you of my wanderings and experiences in the field of truth; but I have been very busy, and, as I am only a very humble little body, have not supposed I should be missed at all, even if I remained ever so quiet. I was at Berlin one week ago yesterday afternoon, and at Clinton in the evening, where I was informed that it was a law of their manufacturing establishments to employ no Spiritualists, yet I had a large and apparently intelligent audience. I think it would be a good thing to present the company with a flag of stars and stripes, and the motto (Liberty) in big letters of gold, to wave over their factories, so that all may fully understand that this is a land of Freedom!

Saturday last, I came to Taunton, and found I was just in season to attend the funeral of a young man who had long been stricken by the hand of disease. Lafayette Briggs died on the 4th inst., aged twenty-four years, and on Sunday morning I attended the ceremony consequent upon such occasions, at a little cottage house, where a number of sympathizing friends had gathered for that purpose. The face of the deceased looked calm and fair, as though a gentle angel had said, "Come!" and the weary spirit had smilingly obeyed.

In the afternoon and evening I spoke in the hall occupied by the Spiritualists, to large and intelligent audiences, and, as you already know, am to speak here again on the 13th. On the 20th, I go to Lynn, and on the 24th to Quincy; April 3d, 17th and 24th at Cambridgeport, 10th at Watertown. The month of May will find us winding our way towards the grand old Green Mountains, to breathe again the pure inspiration of their atmosphere, to "drink from their pure waters of life, clear as crystal," and feast our souls upon the sacred love of good old grandparents, parents, and darling sisters. Oh, I wish everybody had as many good, kind relatives and friends as we have got, and then I know they would not have such hard work to be good! Why, when I think how many blessings I enjoy in the form of kind friends, I feel as though my whole nature must rise in gratitude to the dear Father, by whose law all things exist, and as though I must never do a thing, or say a word, to injure the feelings of his creatures. Let us earn friends, and I know we can be good.

Yours, as ever, in the cause of Truth,
M. S. TOWNSEND.

Taunton, March 7, 1859.

