

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

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Written for the Banner of Light.

A TEST, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY KATH KRITH.

CHAPTER I.

"You know Lennox, don't you, Milcom?" said Lord Lyndhurst, as he was walking one fine frosty morning in the park at Forest Hill.

"Yes, I think I do," replied his companion: "a little man, rather lame, equine dreadfully."

"Your memory is accurate," said Lyndhurst. "I never saw a man equine so in my life—did you, Lennox?"

"Never," replied his sister, smiling.

"But what of him?" inquired Milcom.

"He is ruined, poor fellow!"

"I am sorry for it, but I don't see what great consequence it can be to a man that equine."

"You seem to have forgotten your feelings, as well as everything else," remarked Lord Lyndhurst, gravely.

"Oh, no! I pity him, but I dare say he does not feel it much himself; he must look at things in such a different way from what we do. But was not his father rich?"

"He was thought so, but he died insolvent."

"That was worse than living too long. I suppose, as Mr. Lennox says, the only debt he ever paid was that of nature." But Lennox has good connections, hasn't he?"

"To be sure, but his father made them all enemies; and you, distant relatives as we are, are the only ones with whom he ever had any intercourse."

"He is coming here to-day," said Lady Louisa.

"I hope so," replied her brother. "We must be very civil to him."

"Perhaps," suggested Lord Milcom, "he is even now contained in the carriage which we see approaching."

"That is certainly Mr. Lennox," said Lady Louisa, when the vehicle was within a little distance; "but who is it with him?"

"His servant, perhaps," replied Milcom. "No; as I live, it is Duddy Carp."

"So it is!" exclaimed Lyndhurst. "I did not expect him to-day; for he fixed positively to come, and values himself on his unpunctuality."

The carriage now stopped, and mutual salutations were given with great cordiality.

"Will you get out and walk with us?" inquired Lyndhurst. "Or shall we get in and ride with you?"

"I always choose the least of two evils," replied Mr. Duddy Carp; "so open the door if you can."

Lennox descended first from the vehicle; and as he approached Lady Louisa, the elegance of his features and the manly beauty of his person, contrasted so strongly with the confused recollection of the amiable Milcom, that she could ill suppress her laughter. Her averted face and half-proclaimed welcome offended the morbid sensitiveness of Lennox; he thought her manner careless, if not contemptuous, and feeling less disposed for conversation, made an excuse for proceeding in the carriage to the house.

"So this is Mr. Lennox?" said Lord Milcom.

"The very man," replied Lord Lyndhurst. "Did you observe that he equine?"

"Quite the reverse."

"Pray what is the precise nature of that disease of vision?" inquired Mr. Carp.

"What, what, surprises me, is the skill with which he conceals his lameness," continued their host; "do you know how he contrives it?"

"If you wish me to answer all your questions, ask none," replied Milcom, annoyed by the evident amusement of Lady Louisa. "Carp, how did you fall in with that monster?"

"Just as I became acquainted with your lordship, by an unlucky accident. You must understand—"

"Must, indeed?" interrupted Lord Lyndhurst. "I would have you to know that Milcom and I claim freedom of choice in the exercise of our understanding."

"I suspect your power is over when it is only negative," replied Mr. Carp; "but if it please you, hear my misfortune."

"It can scarcely fail of pleasing us, so proceed."

"You know Mr. Dunbar, don't you?"

"Certainly; he is a very particular friend of mine."

"I don't see what right you have to speak ill of him behind his back; but to my subject."

Mr. Carp proceeded to detail the particulars of his journey, and while he was so employed, Lennox reached the house, and was received, first, with eager affection, by Lady Fanny, a beautiful little girl of nine years old, and afterwards, with kind politeness, by Lord Crakine and his countess.

Mingled, however, with their kindness, he thought he could perceive traces of pity and conscious superiority; and indeed he could not but feel that the change in his fortunes, if it had not actually lowered his rank, forbade him to claim equality with them, or cherish any longer a passion for their daughter, which he had secretly entertained in happier days.

Yet it was not a love to be surrendered without a struggle. Lady Louisa was placed next him at dinner, and never had her beauty seemed so perfect, or her manners more captivating. At first, a sense of politeness, joined to the remains of his former figure, induced him to address part of his conversation to Miss Wadleigh, the daughter of a country baronet, who sat on his other hand. But he soon abandoned the attempt in despair, for the young lady appeared to think, that, as country people are not to be married, so questions are not to be answered till they have been asked three times. At the first statement of the question or remark, she dropped her fork, and turning round her face, uttered a distinct what? The second was rarely more successful; but to the third, if she

saw no just cause for withholding it, she returned a sufficient answer, and over after held her peace.

Thus, having no choice left him, Lennox addressed his whole conversation to the intelligent and animated Lady Louisa; and it was not now the first time that he felt for her a species of mental magnetism, which made every subject interesting, and rendered reserve impossible. He was enchanted, and scarcely conscious of the presence of any other person, till she was summoned from his side, and odious indeed did the custom appear which caused the separation.

After her departure, Lord Lyndhurst took the seat next him, and inquired in a low voice whether he had seen the last publication of Mr. Carp. Lennox replied in the negative, and asked its title.

"Tales of Adultery," replied Lyndhurst; "it has taken greatly from its adaptation to the times."

"It is against the seventh commandment, then?"

"Not exactly; its professed object is only to show that adultery should be managed very cautiously. He is now engaged in spelling and putting together the reminiscences of a retired dancing master. Observe Milcom trying to hold a conversation with Sir John Wadleigh."

"Milcom had just muttered 'importe,' as the conclusion of his fruitless endeavor."

"Eh, what?" said the baronet; "port! I shall be glad, sir, if you'll talk English; I'm an old-fashioned man."

"You're too hard upon his lordship, sir John," said Mr. Carp. "Perhaps, too, you are not aware that we talk French and German on principle, hoping to produce emigration by the means which operated so successfully at Babel; namely, a confusion of tongues."

Lennox was in excellent spirits, and took his part in the talk which ensued, but he halted with delight the period of retiring to the drawing-room.

"You were in excellent luck at dinner," said Mr. Carp, as they entered it together; "and you seemed to know it. There she is, teaching her little sister the moves at chess. I wonder if she knows that it looks amiable."

"I don't believe she has an idea of the sort," said Lennox.

"Nor I. Depend upon it she is amiable, for her sisters like her."

"Can you find no fault with her?"

"Oh, yes; she is too good for me; that old parson has spoiled her. Milcom, between ourselves, do n't you think the parson something of a bungler?"

"On what grounds?"

"For pretending to do better than other people, and all that sort of thing."

"Better than yourself, that is to say. I don't see much in that; if he pretended to be worse, I would grant him to be the most detestable hypocrite breathing."

"Hush!" said Mr. Carp. "Miss Wadleigh is on the point of making a series of shrieks. I am not at all surprised at that girl for never talking; she has no voice."

Has Sir John said anything to you yet about Rachel, and the French plays?" inquired Milcom; "you won't escape long; he was there once several seasons ago, and can think of nothing else. Poor fellow! he knows not a syllable of French, and there he was quite by himself, sitting bolt upright, and half asleep. Here he comes."

Sir John approached and made the predicted inquiry of Mr. Carp.

"No," he replied; "the Spanish play took my fancy more."

"The Spanish play! I never heard of it."

"Few persons have; it is quite a private thing."

"I should like exceeding to go."

"If you wait another year, you may expect a much higher enjoyment. Squallini is going out for the sole purpose of treating with the prima donna of the Esquimaux opera, or Koot-Koot, as they call her; it is said she can make herself heard at the distance of four miles over the ice. The only difficulty will be to supply her with a hundred weight of fresh blubber every day, and less she will not hear of."

Sir John perceived that he was the object of the jest, but did not choose to be offended, and laughed very loudly.

Meanwhile Lennox approached Lady Louisa, and was observing the progress of her lesson, when her sister rose from her chair, and pushing him into it, insisted on his playing with her pre-emptory. Then, with a childish economy of comfort, squeezing herself into the same chair with Lady Louisa, she put her arm round her neck, and prepared to observe the movements of the splendid ivory warriors.

Lennox acquiesced very willingly in the proposition, but soon grew too much interested in conversation to think at all of the game, and though he made a variety of moves, he did not trouble himself to observe the consequences or even the possibility of any one. Nor was his antagonist much more attentive; and as she generally permitted her sister to move for her, the board soon exhibited an appearance not to be met with in Philidor or Hoyle.

"Patent chess, warranted not to interrupt conversation," said Mr. Carp, approaching the table; "which has the best of the game? Why, Mr. Lennox, did you see this bishop, and this knight? Oh, I beg your pardon; I see you are check-mated yourself, but how, I have no idea. The board is in a most extraordinary position."

"Very," replied Lennox, huddling all the pieces together upon the tessellated marble.

"What, have we beaten you?" exclaimed Lady Fanny.

Lennox replied that by being check-mated a person lost the game, and when the little girl proclaimed her supposed victory, every one applauded his good nature.

CHAPTER II.

Since fate had placed an insuperable barrier before his hopes, all things seemed, as if by a general conspiracy, to enhance the merit of Lady Louisa in the eyes of Lennox. The next day was Sunday, and accident made him the companion of her walk to the neighboring church, and though in returning he was separated from her, he was destined to hear her praises from Mr. Carp.

"Lennox," he said, earnestly, "is not Lady Louisa

an angel? I have been looking at her all service—the o."

"I do n't see how that should make her so," replied Lennox; "nor, to answer your question seriously, do I think her at all like the angels of the after-piece."

"Pooh! but has she not a sweet face? and her figure is exquisite. You have no idea how she was admired last season in town; perhaps this Lord Milcom will go, her, but he ought to be hanged first, as all his ancestors were."

"Pray what are you all crossing so earnestly?" inquired Milcom, who, with Lyndhurst and his sister, now overtook them.

"Really," he replied; "I am rather ashamed of my subject."

"Then, beyond a doubt," said Lyndhurst, "it was something good, for to speak the truth—"

"Pray listen, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Carp. "you may not have another opportunity."

"Pie, Mr. Carp," said Lady Louisa; "you will scarcely escape my reproach."

"Your reproach!" he replied. "I would almost do wrong for the sake of incurring them."

"You must have many more powerful motives of action," said Lyndhurst; "or you would not quite do wrong so very often."

"Good," replied Mr. Carp. "And in return, I will tell you the subject of our conversation. We were discussing whether angels were not all of the female sex, and we decided in the affirmative, because we could not recollect any man of our acquaintance who could be metamorphosed into anything like an angel, without a total destruction of his personal identity, whereas we know more than one lady, who needed to undergo no change at all."

The conversation continued in the same strain of millinery, frequently approaching more nearly to rudeness than to wit, till the party reached the house. The day passed rapidly away, and Lennox, soothed by kindness, and exhilarated by gaiety, almost forgot the difficulties of his situation.

Early the next morning, a messenger arrived from Sir John Wadleigh, announcing his intention of hunting a stag, which (and he piqued himself extremely on this instance of singular humanity) he had already hunted thirteen several times.

As the frost was gone, and the weather not unfavorable, the invitation was accepted, and, at the appointed hour, the whole party, some on horse, and some in carriages, set out for the place of rendezvous. Lennox, however, was not destined to share in the amusement of the day, for scarcely had he left the house, when some trifling accident compelled him to return, and then a letter was delivered to him, containing a proposition which required an immediate answer.

It was an offer from a noble relative, of the secretaryship to an Eastern embassy, and the acceptance or refusal of the appointment was a matter for deep consideration. On the one hand lay immediate need, and on the other a complete abandonment of all hope regarding Lady Louisa, whose recent kindness, though it added nothing to his rank or fortune, made the idea of relinquishing her doubly painful.

Lennox felt strongly inclined to close at once with the diplomatic offer. He was indeed a little disappointed in the dignity and emolument of the appointment, for he had never considered what a host of candidates, of every degree of disqualification, presented themselves higher political offices; what a herd of Lord Charles's and Lord Henry's were to be accommodated; nor had he esteemed as highly as he deserved, the pious eagerness of their noble relatives to escape the censure of the apostle, and prove themselves not worse than infidels, by carefully providing for those of their own house.

He thought he could perceive something of sadness in the manner of Lady Louisa when she was first informed of his intended departure, and her subsequent demeanor afforded him a strong temptation to confess his love. But the impression he could not but entertain of the utter futility of such an avowal, whether approved by her or not; withheld him; and painful as the effort was, he suffered not a word or look to express any more peculiar sorrow than he might be supposed to feel at the prospect of a long and remote exile. The act of parting, as he believed, overweighed him with acute sorrow, but the presence and rallying of his companions supported him in his fortitude.

"Farewell," said Mr. Carp; "commend me to all friends abroad."

"What! do you suppose Lennox is going to Dotany Bay?" inquired Lyndhurst.

"What if I did?" replied Mr. Carp; "any man might be transported at parting with you. Pray, Lennox, do not look so very grave; in a year or two we shall meet again. I dare say you are impressed with some old idea of being absent half a dozen centuries. Then you return, and finding us all dead, you exclaim—The friends of my youth, Lyndhurst, Milcom, where are they? And an echo answers—Gone to the tropics."

"Mr. Carp," said Lady Fanny, when Lennox had gone; "what will Mr. Lennox have to do where he is going?"

"It is a diplomatic situation," he replied; "his only business will be to tell lies."

"Then," she inquired, not fully comprehending the answer, "would n't you or anybody else have done for it just as well? I wish you or Lord Milcom had gone instead."

"My Lord," said Mr. Carp, "allow me to offer you my sincere condolences."

"Oh, Louisa said so first," cried Lady Fanny, suspecting there was something wrong.

Lady Louisa blushed deeply and tried to laugh; and Mr. Carp did laugh; but Lord Milcom was deeply offended. He loved Louisa as much as was in his nature; but he had, with ready jealousy, long suspected her of a preference for Lennox, which the present occurrence fully proved. His love was not, however, overcome by the conviction, but combining with other passions as strong, though less pure, it produced a stimulus of the mind which animated him to greater engagemens in the pursuit.

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile, Lennox entered the coach which was to convey him to the railway station, and was congratulating himself on having it wholly to himself, when a

young man, hallooing loudly, rushed from the door of the inn.

"Confound it!" he said, seating himself, and picking his teeth with a penknife; "the scoundrel won't give a man time to eat his breakfast. I've had nothing in the world, sir, but a little toast, and a roll or two, and some slices of beef and ham, and a few eggs, and tea, and coffee, and muffins. The rogues would n't give me time for any more."

The appearance of the speaker proclaimed him that laughable monster, the fine gentleman of some undisciplined country town. For his silent absurdities, Lennox cared little, but he was much annoyed to find that to these horrors he added an extreme loquacity. Fortunately, however, he was free from the most execrable vice of great talkers, the exaction of interest and sympathy.

Apparently conscious that his communications concerned no human being but himself, and content with an ostensible auditor, he proceeded to tell up, as he called it, stories of himself and his friends; how many sisters he had, and whom they married, or why they remain single; what nice girls there were in —, and how, by the interest of some great man, he was just appointed to a situation in a government office. All this, and much more, he told with unwearied exactitude, embellishing his ridiculous account with hideous provincialisms and absurd asseverations.

Unutterably odious as the pertinacious loquacity of Mr. Archibald Dodge was to Lennox, it was of real service to him in blunting the first acuteness of his grief, and diverting by temporary irritation the deep current of his mournful thoughts. Yet he was ungrateful for the unconscious benefit, and hailed with joy the period of his escape. Mr. Dodge shook hands with him at parting, and, considering it generous to bestow on him a little patronage, expressed a kind concern that they could not sleep in the same hotel that night, and breakfast together in the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

Lennox was occupied for one week in making the necessary preparations for his departure; but, when he had completely deserted him, he found himself, by a sudden reverse of fortune, placed within reach of all that he desired. A distant relative, who had greatly injured his father, and therefore had uniformly exhibited the most inveterate animosity toward him, died, suddenly, leaving his immense fortune to the son of his former enemy.

Lennox was totally unprepared for the bequest; but considering it as a reparation in some measure due him, and finding that none were disappointed by the arrangement but those who were very well able to bear the negative loss, he did not hesitate to acquiesce in the wisdom of it.

But the change produced in his feelings was even greater than in his fortunes. Despondency and gloom gave place to the gay creations of hope; successful love seemed waiting to crown his happiness, and he delayed only for the accomplishment of the necessary forms of business before he should lay his hopes before Lady Louisa, and commit to her the decision of his future destiny.

There was something in his impressions, strengthened perhaps by a certain degree of lurking vanity, that bade him anticipate the fulfillment of his wishes as more than possible; but, lest any neglect of his own should frustrate the kindness of fortune, he wrote immediately to Lord Crakine, acquainting him with the happy change in his circumstances occasioned by the melancholy death of his relative, and intimating a wish to receive the personal congratulations of one who had been so friendly to him in a different condition.

One morning, having completed the last necessary arrangements for his affairs, he happened to pass the police office in — street, and was not a little surprised to see Mr. Carp emerge from the spacious vehicle in which the nightly offenders were conveyed thither from their dormitory. He appeared far from satisfied, and surveyed his companions with an air of assumed gaiety, in which there was something highly ludicrous.

"Ah, Lennox," he exclaimed; "I am rejoiced to see you. I never was more amused in my life; ha, ha!"

"What has diverted you so much?"

"Why, the most amusing occurrence possible. I have been in the watch house all night."

"I'm sorry for you."

"Pooh! I might have got out easily, but one sees so much character in a place of that sort. I would not have left it for the world. I thought, too, if I sent for my friends, they might have laughed at me, and told the story all over London. My name here is Davis, and I shall think it kind if you will never mention this affair."

"Certainly not; but what is your offence?"

"The head and front of it is this: I was going home last night through Dean street, when I heard the sounds of music and dancing, and, being in the cue for an adventure, I thought I would just look in and see what was going on."

"You do n't seem to have been disappointed."

"Well, I rung the bell, and asked for Miss Jones. It was a moral certainty there was a Miss Jones there; but I was rather puzzled when the fellow asked which Miss Jones. However, I got over the difficulty, and was ushered into a room full of the most absurd people, hopping about like the dampers of a piano. I verily believe they were dancing by steam, for the room was full of it."

"Did you find Miss Jones?"

"The principal beast in the assembly came up, and led me to her. Of course she looked excessively foolish, and flushed deep brick, like the outside of Almacks. 'I fear,' I said, 'I have made some mistake. Isn't this Mr. Puggins's?' They all replied in the negative. 'How unfortunate!' I cried; 'I have sent my carriage away, and told my coachman to call for me in an hour.' And then I began to tell a story in point, and took an ice cream off the table; but my host did not seem at all at his ease; just then I was exceedingly amused by hearing one of the brutes say, 'he's a confounded ill-looking fellow—remarkably like a thief!'; and the next minute I was placed in the hands of a constable, and lo, here I am."

"Shall I speak to your character?" asked Lennox.

"By no means; it would betray me."

The case was the first entered into. The master of

the house had already made out a strong proof, and an officer of the establishment had expressed his belief of the prisoner's being an "old un," when Sir Jehu, Mao Niaschi, who knew Mr. Carp, happened to enter the office to justify his coachman, a very valuable servant, for having driven over an old woman of no apparent value.

Not being prepared for the spectacle, he pronounced the name of his offending friend, and the consequence of the announcement was, that the charge was immediately dismissed, though the rough old magistrate could not refrain from some sarcasms on the culprit, and an admonition never in future to seek to avail himself of the hospitality of his inferiors with a view to making them the subject of ridicule with his superiors.

CHAPTER V.

As the remainder of this story relates principally to our fair heroine, we prefer our readers should learn the ensuing events from herself, and therefore give the following extracts from several letters written by Lady Louisa to her intimate friend Mrs. Graham.

LETTER I.

March 12.—O o o o o Surely there is not much reason to wonder at the feelings of the Jews, who thanked Heaven for creating them men rather than women. What can be more unhappy than the condition of our sex, condemned to love in secret, and forbidden to court affection! If we marry, it is rarely to indulge personal inclination; and if we remain single, we are derided for want of attraction, or condemned for fastidious coquetry.

I shall weary you with my demands for sympathy; but when you first received my confidence, you must have known the danger to which you exposed yourself; and, indeed, the pleasure I derive from confessing to you emotions concealed from all beside, is so great, that your kindness would not easily deny me the gratification.

I cannot dispute the wisdom of your advice. I know not even that he loves me; my vanity may have misled me, and my narrow circumstances may have imposed me restraint upon feelings which did not exist. But he is gone in apparent sorrow indeed, but in complete silence; and whatever were his regrets, they must ever be a secret from me.

P. S.—I open my letter to communicate to you intelligence, which has affected me I cannot say how deeply. Mr. — is dead, and has left him heir to his immense fortune. He is now independent; certainly he will not go to Constantinople; and, more than all, he has written to promise us an immediate visit. What can I think? I shall live in the extremity of doubt and agitation till he comes, and then—pity me.

LETTER II.

March 18.—Alas, how frail is human happiness! One week has seen me raised from doubt to hope, and again thrust down to absolute despair. You can scarcely imagine the misery I experience, or the relief I find in writing to you. Perhaps, however, even you will condemn my unfeeling regard for a man who never professed to love me. But I deny his innocence. He made, indeed, no direct avowal; but if words, if looks, if attentions the most minute and the most endearing could win the affections of a woman, and implicate the honor of a man, I am excused, and he is bound beyond redemption.

But I am telling you my distress, leaving you still in ignorance of its cause. Judge whether that cause is inadequate. The day he had himself fixed, he did not come, nor on that following; and on the third, a hasty note arrived, informing us that he was on the point of setting out for the East in the same vessel that was destined to have conveyed him thither in an official capacity. Could anything be more cold, more cruel, more unfeeling? So much for the honor, the generosity of men! o o o o o

LETTER III.

March 25.—I see the inconsistencies of which you accuse me, but I am too angry and disturbed to regard your censures as I ought. Lord Milcom presses me for an answer; I have told him I do not love him, yet he perseveres. What can I say? My friends urge me to accept him, and I know of no reason to assign for a refusal.

I was asked if my affections were pre-engaged, and I denied it; you cannot condemn the falsehood too strongly, but how could I confess what I fear is already suspected, a partiality for a man who has voluntarily removed himself half the globe from me? They say Lord Milcom's character is unexceptionable, nor have I anything to object to it, but that I neither like nor respect him. I care little what becomes of me.

I have accepted him; he knows with what coldness and reluctance, but he engages to make it the object of his life to gain my affection, and, on my part, I shall endeavor to make him happy.

LETTER IV.

May 13.—It is now a year since the newspapers spoke of me as a lovely bride in fine blond, and announced the departure of the happy pair for his Lordship's seat in —shire! Can marriage, a connection which may embitter a whole existence, be of divine institution? Or ought I rather to blame myself for consenting to what I could not approve? Yet I certainly thought he loved me, and little did I foresee my present misery.

He married me out of mere revenge; he has just owned it. Words cannot describe the cold, mean, cruelty of which I am the victim. He is unfaithful to me, but I suppose this is a universal failing, and I would it were all. But there are particulars in his conduct toward me, too shocking to be detailed.

LETTER V.

December 12.—What can be conceived more miserable than my present condition? The six months since our separation have been scarcely less wretched than the year of our marriage. I feel myself an object of general scorn, neglected by one sex, and pitied or insulted by the other. He has all the world on his side. He complains with hypocritical pathos of my desertion, and has all but published a letter he wrote to me after our parting, full of affection and falsehood.

He is calm and gentle, and those who know not half the cause of my indignation, conclude he is greatly

injured. I heard it remarked of him the other day, that he was a most amiable man, but, unfortunately, had married a bad wife of a wife so completely can he assume in public a character totally different from that he exhibited in private.

LETTER VI.

February 9.—Yea, he is dead, and again I must undergo the ordeal of public censure. It will be said that I killed him, and every obsolete calumny will be revived with fresh malignity. I feel no anger against him; perhaps I have sometimes spoken of his faults too severely, and, as some atonement, I will now breathe one reproach against his memory. I have wept much—not from grief, for that I cannot even affect; but there is something in this fatal termination of our connection irresistibly depressing and melancholy. My resentment is buried with him.

LETTER VII.

September 10.—Another year has nearly passed, and still I am living on, a burden to myself and others. My temper is falling, and my glass tells me I am losing all pretensions to beauty. I sometimes wish for the protection of a husband, and if I could find any man of worth and sense willing to connect his fortunes with mine, I should feel careless of public opinion. But such an event is impossible. Our separating fixed an indelible stain on my character. I have offers of marriage, indeed, but from whom? From the mean and the mercenary—from men who could confer neither respectability nor enjoy domestic happiness. I must remain as I am, in peculiar loneliness, and pointed at by the finger of scorn as the woman who ceased to be a wife before she became a widow.

LETTER VIII.

January 5.—I told you, in my last, that Lennox was returned to England. I have since then seen him. It was at the house of Mrs. H——, one of the few persons whose kindness makes me willing to visit them. At first he gave me no signs of recognition, and I was shocked beyond expression by the idea that he wished to renounce my acquaintance; but, a moment after, he colored deeply, and, with evident agitation, shook me warmly by the hand. For the remainder of the evening he conversed freely and easily with me, but gave me nothing peculiar to remark in his conduct. He is much thinner, and his complexion rather darker than it used to be; his manner, too, is more sedate, but I scarcely know whether he is improved or not.

LETTER IX.

January 7.—Rejoice with me, my dear friend! Yesterday he called on me, and every word of our conversation is deeply engraved on my heart. I did not know what to infer from his first expressions; I doubted whether it were not his intention to reproach me, and console with me on my public disgrace. At length, he confessed that he loved me; but—and here, as he paused, I anticipated the mention of some insuperable barrier to our union—but he feared he had no interest in my affection! Imagine my delight, my rapture! At such a time, and under such circumstances, to love me, and more, to avow it! I was completely overcome by my sense of his generosity and honor, and could not restrain my tears.

I cannot tell the half of what ensued. His professions of deep respect, of admiration, of confidence in my merit, and resolute disregard of all the charges against me, and, finally, his positive refusal to doubt or inquire further, were irresistible. I could only answer faintly and in broken sentences; and when he pressed my acceptance of him, I know nothing of my reply, except that it was not in the negative.

But I have yet to tell you what will surprise you more than all. He says he cannot remember the time when he did not love me; and all that prevented him from making the avowal before he left England, was an idle jest of Mr. Carp's, who informed him that everything was fixed for my marriage with Lord Milford, and gave so many ingenious proofs of his assertion that he could not doubt his truth.

Overcome with annoyance, he instantly determined on the course he adopted; and, leaving Mr. Carp asleep, (for he had spent the whole of the preceding night in the watch-box, having been mistaken for a thief—while I don't much wonder at it) he set out the same night for Portsmouth, and in two days embarked in the vessel prepared for the Embassy.

I am too happy to be angry. United to a man of character and excellent sense, who has known me from childhood, I shall need no approbation from the world. I have always loved him; but how can I ever sufficiently display my gratitude for that generous confidence which could not be shaken by all the calumnies and suspicions I have encountered?

I have said I am too happy to be angry, yet is it not strange that nothing is considered a fairer subject for pleasure than a connection which affects the dearest interests of life? Love is allowed to be the most powerful of human passions, but no sooner is a man suspected of laboring under it than he is assailed by all the impertinences of fools, his feelings sported with by every pretender to wit, and a fiction, which throws him into despair, is extolled as the perfection of pleasant ingenuity.

I don't know whether Mr. Carp possesses much sensibility, but, if I may judge from myself, I don't envy his sensations when he learns that he has entailed on me two years of misery, and that his best excuse is, "He was only in jest."

TURKISH PROMPTNESS.

A Turkish and a Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together, the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been brought. To give a specimen, the Russian calls in his orderly.

"Ivan," says he, "you will go to such and such a tobacco-stall; you will buy an oke of tobacco; pay for it, and bring it home straight."

Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch.

"Now Ivan is going to the tobacco-stall; now he is there; now he is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming home; now he is on the stairs; now he is here."

Ivan comes in, salutes, and hands over the tobacco.

"Pek gazel!" says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly half shutting his eyes the while; "very nice indeed. But my orderly will do as much."

"Effendi!" says Mustafa, bursting into the room, and touching his chin and forehead in the curious, double action salute of the Turkish soldier.

He receives the same directions, word for word, and departs. His master hauls a gigantic turnip of a watch, such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performances.

"Now he is going—now he is there—now he is paying—now he is coming home—now he is here—Mustafa!"

"Effendi!" replies Mustafa, again bursting in.

"Where is the tobacco?"

"Paponchler boudmadim—I have n't found my shoes yet!"

THE DAY OF DAY.

BY HENRY S. CORNWELL.

How beautiful the faith,
Which teaches us that Death
No more a tyrant should be understood;
But, like a welcome guest,
To fold to the breast,
As a celestial messenger of good.

No more, no more, like him—
The phantom giant and grim,
Whose hand was raised to launch the fatal dart,
Discarded and cold,
And smiling of the mold,
Whose touch sent pale to the fluttering heart;

But beautiful and bright,
An ambassador of light,
And more for the majesty on high;
Who worketh all his will,
For good, and not for ill,
And teacheth that to change is not to die!

Thus, on the way of Life,
Through passion, pain, and strife,
I walk encouraged, not as one alone;
For thou, my God, dost send
Each day, some gentle friend,
To guide my faltering foot toward thy throne!

Do with me still I pray!
And keep me day by day,
Oh, guard angelic lead me through the night!
Teach me, dear friend, to climb
Those heavenly hills sublime,
Where I may catch a little more of light!

Thus, step by step I gain!
The valley and the plain
Grow dark below me, and I see the sun
Of righteousness at length,
Arising in his strength;
Rejoice, oh earth! thy long dark night is done!

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. B. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER IX.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

The idea that ascribes the Universe to infinite Intelligence, and recognizes its adaptation to beneficent results, accords as well with the reason of the Philosopher as with the reverence of the Christian. If we may not trace the chain of universal relation and dependence, we may still rest assured that no link is wanting to render that chain complete. Everything is related to all things, and all motion, form, life, sensation and thought are but outward expressions of archetypes existing forever in the Divine consciousness. The concatenation of intermediate agencies may be so complex and infinitesimal as to baffle the most subtle powers of analysis; but, could we follow the chain of causation throughout, we should doubtless at last trace all mental and physical phenomena to spiritual causes. Moreover, all material changes and transformations, from the simplest process in the laboratory up to the most stupendous revolutions in the world of Matter, are governed by established laws. The invisible, eternal forces, and their *modus operandi* in Nature, are but the multimodal expression of the Infinite Idea. If all matter is thus subservient to the Supreme Will, the universe of Mind cannot be left to lawless disobedience; but, in a certain qualified sense, the Divine Wisdom must be more conspicuously revealed in the realm of mind than in the domain of matter—in so far as the former exhibits a nearer approximation to himself.

The results of individual experience constitute the accumulated wisdom of the world. It is cheerfully conceded that the experience of other men may be fraught with a deeper interest than our own; but those who restrict themselves to the repetition of what others have felt, and thought, and spoken, add little or nothing to the common stock of ideas. To seek a name in this way is to rob the dead of their immortality. It were more commendable to die and leave no memorial, than to tax the nerves and employ the brains of other men to build a monument.

Long before undertaking the labor of a systematic inquiry into the philosophy of the vital functions and the laws of mind, I had witnessed and performed some experiments, attended with results so remarkable as to render them worthy of being preserved among the more interesting incidents of my private experience. I have not omitted hitherto to record other facts, occurring without the range of personal observation, whenever they afforded the most suitable illustrations of my subject; nor do I deem it necessary to offer an apology for presenting the experimental results of my own experience as often as these will best subserve my purpose. From an observation of facts incidentally occurring, I was prompted to a succession of voluntary efforts, which were signalized by still more remarkable results. In numerous instances I tried the experiment of thinking intensely of some person, present or absent, with a view to ascertain whether the mind of that person would revert to me at the same time. This experiment, though many times repeated, with different subjects—frequently with persons at a distance—was eminently successful. The individuals selected were usually, though not always, personal friends and familiar acquaintances of the writer; but the success of the experiments did not appear to depend at all on the previous intimacy of the parties.

The experiments in this department, whether comprehended under the head of "Mesmerism," "Pathetism," "Electro-Psychology," "Biology," "Theosophy," or any other term—properly or improperly derived and applied—are all illustrations (when they are real) of the same essential principles and laws. Moreover, the men who, severally, either claim to have made an original discovery, or to have founded a distinct branch of science, are generally mere pretenders, who, at most, have only varied the forms of experiment, or, perhaps, coined a new and less appropriate name for the same thing. Many of the professed expounders of the psychological hallucinations, and other similar phenomena, have illustrated nothing more clearly than their own ignorance of the philosophy of the whole subject, while their public experiments have, for the most part, been of so gross and repulsive a character as to justify the off-hand taste and the moral sense of the intelligent and refined spectator. More than one poor catch-penny, prompted alike by coarseness and avarice to pandering to a vitiated and vulgar taste, has compelled an intelligent human being to walk on all fours, to bark like a dog, or to bray like a donkey! The writer once witnessed such a performance, with a feeling of almost irrepressible indignation, that a MAN should thus be degraded—even in imagination, for a moment—to the level of four-footed beasts. No man who has not already unfortunately defiled his own garments by a groveling and beastly life, and thus disfigured or obscured the image of God in his soul, would so prostitute his mental powers and debase the common humanity.

Those who utterly disregard the claims of science and willingly brutalize their own species, are seldom capable of giving any intelligible idea of the subject on which they profess to discourse. They are usually very positive in their assumptions, and extremely negative in their proofs. The public experiments of such professed interpreters of the psychological mysteries, are designed to amuse rather than to instruct, and the pretended results are often transparent frauds. The operators of this class are accustomed to tell the sub-

ject, in a most emphatic manner, precisely what they expect him to do, hear, feel, taste, smell or do, so that there is every opportunity for collusion; and—if the subject has fine imitative powers—his may deceive the uninitiated spectator. A hygienical "doctor," whom the writer once met at Louisville, Ky.—a rough Blono in the temple of humanity—assured his audience that the experiments did not require the exercise of the will; also that mind (meaning the mind of the operator) had nothing to do with the results; (others thought so in his particular case) but that all the effects on the body and mind of the subject, were to be accounted for "on the doctrine of impressions." This unmeaning assertion—repeated often and with peculiar emphasis—the Doctor appeared to regard as a most lucid exposition of the whole subject; and, accordingly, he traveled from place to place—by land and sea—

"Explaining his mysteries to the nations,
But never explaining his explanations."

The experimental illustrations which follow in this connection are of a widely different character; at the same time they demonstrate the fact of a silent intercourse of mind with mind through the subtle medium of sensation. They leave no room to doubt that passions, sentiments and thoughts—no less than external forms and physical phenomena—serve to disturb the electric aura of the nervous system, through which their images are conveyed to the corporeal seat of sensation, and thence reflected to the inner consciousness of the spirit. I will now illustrate the nature and results of my experiments by a citation of particular examples.

Miss Wilder, of Loomister, Mass., possessed a melodious voice, and no little skill in musical execution. She was so extremely impressible that any piece of music, of which one might chance to be thinking in her presence, could be communicated to her by the slightest touch. When, occasionally, the impression was indefinite, she would seem to be listening for an instant, and then—starting as though she had heard a voice—would exclaim, "Yes, I hear it!" and immediately commence singing, at the same time fur, nishing her own accompaniment on the guitar. Mr. Davis, an amateur violinist, and several others, repeated the experiment, at my suggestion, with similar success. This lady was, on numerous occasions, the subject of many curious experiments, in which the electro-mental susceptibility displayed was extremely delicate in its nature, and wonderful in its results.

Some time since, while the writer was in Louisville, Ky., a number of experiments were made with Miss B. an interesting young lady who displayed remarkable readiness in receiving communications by the mental telegraph. The subject was, eminently free from any tendency to disease, and the experimental results, in her case, were such as to excite the admiration of many intelligent ladies and gentlemen. Being in electro-mental rapport with Miss B., the writer received—from strangers and disinterested persons—cards and slips of paper to the number of twelve or fifteen, on each of which the name of some flower had been previously written. The collection embraced the violet, pink, rose, dahlia, sunflower, tulip, honeysuckle, snowball, water lily, and others of which our recollection is imperfect. Taking these severally in my hand, I formed an ideal image of the particular flower designated on each separate card or slip of paper, and the images were successively conveyed to the silent psychological process to the mind of the young lady, who—with scarcely a moment's delay in any case—pronounced the several names of the flowers, each in its proper place as the card bearing the corresponding name was taken up. All the flowers named above were thus designated except the snowball, which, though not named, was otherwise described as a large white flower.

A middle-aged lady, residing in Louisville, whose nervous system was so morbidly impressible that she would start with a violent, involuntary motion, whenever the door of her room was opened or closed suddenly, was also a highly susceptible subject. In her case, the external avenues of sensation could be opened and closed at pleasure. She distinguished sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar, and other articles, the instant I tasted of each, notwithstanding I was ten feet from her at the time, and she had not the slightest reason to presume that any one of the articles named was in the room, or could be conveniently obtained under the circumstances. With a glass of magnetic water, and a few manipulations, accompanied by the action of the will, I completely suspended sensation in five minutes or less. With a view of subjecting the sense of hearing to a severe and demonstrative test, a Kentuckian furnished me with a heavily loaded revolver, three barrels of which I instantly discharged over the back of the lady's head, without causing the slightest motion of a single muscle.

Mrs. Rice, of Worcester, Mass., was distinguished for a most delicate susceptibility of mental impressions. Having been invited to visit her one afternoon—at her residence, and in company with several friends—I seated myself at her side, at the same time requesting her to take an excursion, and to describe whatever she might observe by the way. Without giving the slightest intimation respecting the direction we were to travel, I proceeded on an ideal journey, by railroad and steamboat, to New York. Mrs. R. described with singular fidelity all the important objects on the route of which the writer could form a distinct conception—spoke of persons whom she met by the way, and repeated the very words they were, by me, supposed to utter. On the same occasion, I imagined a letter to be placed before her, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Here is a letter from Mr. —," mentioning the name of an absent friend of whom I was thinking at that moment. Going through with the appropriate motions, as if she were really breaking a seal and unfolding the sheet, she commenced and read verbatim, from my mind, for several minutes. It should be observed that these were the first and only experiments made with Mrs. Rice, and at that time only a few days had succeeded the date of our first brief interview.

I once attended a social party given by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, at her residence in Albany. In the company was a lady (Mrs. Mills) whom I had been led to infer might be highly susceptible of electro-nervous impressions, though I had never confirmed my opinion by a single experiment. Taking a seat by a gentleman who was known to be extremely skeptical, I observed that it might be possible to demonstrate the existence of a mental power he was disposed to deny; that, although I had never conversed with Mrs. M. on the subject, nor made the slightest effort to subject her to psychological impressions, I had little hesitation in saying that the voluntary functions of mind and body might be controlled—without physical contact—by the unaided power of will.

This gentleman having expressed a desire to witness the experiment, it was agreed that I should cause the lady to leave her place at the opposite side of the room, and occupy a vacant chair by his side. In less than one minute she obeyed the silent action of my will and seated herself in the unoccupied chair. In like manner she was impelled to change her position several times, and finally to leave the room temporarily, with no special object in view, and without suspecting the origin of an impulse she was unable to resist.

The tea-table was the scene of an interesting experiment. Mrs. Mills was in the act of removing from the board—having finished her repast—when several dishes were handed to her, all of which were refused. Mrs. Kirkpatrick urged Mrs. M. to accept another dish of tea, which the latter positively declined. Without uttering a word, I succeeded in changing her inclination, and, obedient to my will, she immediately drew her chair again to the table, and called for a dish of tea.

On my passing the several dishes she had just refused, Mrs. M. partook of each, as if it were for the first time. At an early hour she proposed to go home; but my friend who had given the entertainment, apprehensive that others might follow the example, and thus the party be broken up, desired me to restrain her. Mrs. Mills instantly obeyed the executive action of the mind, observing that the attractions the occasion presented were so numerous, and vital so powerful, that she could not break away. In this manner her desire to go home was neutralized, and Mrs. M. remained until the company separated.

Several years ago, while spending an afternoon with several ladies and gentlemen—mostly strangers to the writer—some illustrations of mental telegraphy were called for by the company. Among the persons present, two or three were more or less influenced. But Miss A., a young lady of intelligence and refinement, with whom the writer had had no previous acquaintance, was discovered to yield with great readiness and astonishing precision to the action of the will. Though at the time perfectly awake—and until then totally unconscious of possessing any such susceptibility—this lady bestowed several rings and other valuables on different members of the party, following in every instance, and in a most unerring manner, the writer's volition. Without affording the slightest opportunity for the fair subject to learn, by any external indications, the nature of the requests made, a number of difficult trials were suggested by persons composing the company. Several of these experiments—attended with the most satisfactory results—may be thus briefly mentioned:—Miss A. promptly obeyed the silent mandate of my mind, and going to the centre-table, selected a particular book, that had been singled out from among a number of others equally conspicuous. Some one required that she might be incited to take up another book, of five hundred pages, and turn to a short poem—somewhere about the middle of the volume—which was accordingly done without the least hesitation. Again, by a similar effort, this lady was influenced to make choice of a particular engraving, from among a number contained in an album. While looking at my watch, she announced the time within a few seconds. On a subsequent occasion, similar efforts were made to impress the mind of this person, but, from some defect in the requisite conditions, the results were less satisfactory.

When the mental and moral gravitation has been mutual, I have been scarcely less successful in my experiments on persons at a distance. On one occasion, while spending a few days at Waterbury, Conn., I found it necessary to see a young man in the village. The immediate presence of the youth was of considerable importance to me, but, not knowing his residence, place of business, or even his name, I could not send for him. In the emergency, I undertook to telegraph him, by concentrating my mind on the young man, with a fixed determination to bring him to me. Some ten minutes had elapsed when he came to the house and inquired after the writer. Meeting a gentleman at the door, he asked, with much apparent interest, whether I wanted to see him. On being interrogated by this individual, he stated that a few moments before, and while actively engaged in his workshop—distant one fourth of a mile—he suddenly felt that he must seek my presence without delay. He declared that he was conscious of the existence and influence of some strange power, acting chiefly on the anterior portion of his brain, and drawing him with irresistible energy. His work being urgent, he resolved at first to resist this unaccountable inclination, but after a determined effort, found himself unequal to the task.

While employed in lecturing at New Canaan, Conn., several years since, I chanced one night to be thinking earnestly of a young man who was living in the adjoining town of Norwalk—at a distance of several miles—and who had been the subject of some experiments on a previous occasion. This youth happened at that precise time, as I subsequently learned, to be in company with several gentlemen who were subjecting him to some similar experiments, when all at once—and in a manner most unaccountable to all present—he escaped from their influence, declaring, with great earnestness, that Mr. Britton wanted to see him, and that he must go immediately.

The wife of Rev. C. H. Gardner proved to be an excellent telegraphic instrument. I had personally subjected the lady to a single experiment, resulting in the cure of a distressing catarrh, from which she had suffered intensely and for a long time. I had not spoken with this person for three months, when one day her arrival in company with her husband was unexpectedly announced. After a brief interview, which did not occupy more than five minutes, I withdrew and retired to my study to complete the task I had left unfinished, leaving Mr. and Mrs. G. with my family and several other persons. Not the slightest allusion had been made to any further experiments, and certainly none were then premeditated.

Several hours elapsed—I know not how long—when the silence of my apartment was broken by sounds of mirth proceeding from the company below. They were engaged in some amusement which excited a spirited conversation and immoderate laughter. The voice of Mrs. Gardner was distinctly heard. At that moment the idea of taking her from the company occurred to me. But the occasion seemed to be in all respects unfavorable. She had no intimation that any such effort would be made; she was in a remote part of the house, and we were separated by a long flight of stairs and two partitions. Moreover, surrounded by others, and excited by outward circumstances, the soul is not in the most suitable state to be successfully approached and strongly influenced through the subtle, invisible media employed by the mind. Nevertheless, I resolved to make the experiment. Closing my eyes to shut out all external objects, I fixed my mind on Mrs. G., with a determination to bring her to the library. Doubtless the mental effort, in that instance, would have been sufficient—as ordinarily applied through the muscles—to overcome the physical resistance of an object equal to the weight of the lady's person. I was, however, not a little astonished on witnessing the result of this experiment. In about two minutes the door opened and Mrs. Gardner entered with her eyes closed, when the following conversation ensued:

"You appeared to be very happy with the friends below," I observed, inquiringly.

"I was."

"Why, then, did you leave the company?"

"I do not know."

"Why, or for what purpose, did you come here?"

"I thought you wanted me, and I could not help obeying the summons."

While on a visit at Newtown, Conn., some seven or eight years ago, I became acquainted with Miss Grace Goodyear, whose extreme mental receptivity was evident from her readiness to divine the thoughts and feelings of those around her. In the course of our interview, an experiment was suggested for the purpose of ascertaining whether her exquisite susceptibility would admit of her receiving telegraphic communications from a distance. It was mutually agreed that on the succeeding Tuesday evening, at ten o'clock, she should retire to her private apartment, and write her thoughts for half an hour, during which time I was to telegraph her, if possible, from my home in Bridgeport, the distance being about an hour's ride by railway. The time set apart for the trial found me occupied with a subject of such absorbing interest, that the hour actually passed before I suspected it had arrived. It was precisely thirty minutes after ten, when I was suddenly reminded of my engagement, but it was then too late to make the proposed trial. Under these circumstances I resolved to make an experiment that, if successful, would be still more

conclusive, because unpremeditated. Accordingly, I waited until eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, when, presuming that she must be asleep, I occupied the remaining half hour before midnight in an effort to project certain images before the mind at a distance of eighteen miles! The ideal picture represented a slyman scene, enlivened by clear flowing waters, and a variety of such natural objects as are necessary to complete an enchanting landscape; while beneath the inviting shade—on the dovory margin of the stream—I placed the subject of the experiment, and a tall, graceful youth with a guitar, whose music fixed attention and entranced the soul.

Several days after, I received a letter containing, in substance, the following:—"You either did not make the experiment at the time, and in the manner proposed, or else did not succeed, as I received no impression, during the half hour, that could be traced to any foreign source. But after retiring for the night, and falling into a natural slumber, a beautiful dream-like vision passed before me." Subsequently, at my request, she related the dream—her narrative commencing thus:—"I was standing by a clear stream, whose banks were covered with beautiful groves;" and the remainder of the recital indicated a striking resemblance of the dream to the image fashioned in the mind of the writer. Requesting the lady to denote, as nearly as possible, the hour of her singular experience, she stated that she retired at eleven o'clock, and, on awaking from the dream, found the precise time to be ten minutes past twelve, which determines the hour with sufficient exactness to warrant the conclusion that there may have been, and doubtless was, actual commerce of thought and feeling carried on through the intervening distance between Newtown and Bridgeport.

From among the numerous examples of this power, I shall record but one more in this connection. In the month of September, 1847, I was one night on my way from New York city to New London, Conn. In its solemn silence and spiritual beauty, the night was more enchanting than the day. The elements were in a state of profound repose, and the full moon poured a flood of silvery light far over the distant land and the surrounding waters. Long Island Sound seemed like a sea of glass, in which the gods might see their faces, and wherein the sublime and glorious heavens were faithfully mirrored. It was a time for meditation and deep communion of soul, when the presence of the absent is felt, and the portals of the Spirit-home are open to man. Gazing away into the infinite inane, I seemed that the unveiled glory of the invisible was only concealed from mortal eyes by thin nebulous curtains, let down by angel hands over the windows of heaven. Looking away over the peaceful waters, and up through the luminous atmosphere, I fancied that the spirit-like light might travel far over mountain and plain to the objects for which it has affinity. And why not? the spirit—the man—the immortal—is as subtle as light. In the order of Nature, the soul exceeds in the degree of its refinement all that is subject to sensuous observation. Mind is more ethereal than electricity; thought may, therefore, travel with more than electric speed. With no battery but the brain, with no clumsy intervention of telegraphic posts and wires, the mind may send out its thoughts, on invisible electric waves, to the remembered and distant objects of its devotion.

It was about midnight when I resolved on an effort to impress the mind of Mrs. Britton. We were separated by an intervening distance of about one hundred and fifty miles in a direct line. Abstracting the mind from the sphere of outward and visible objects, I labored for some time—I know not how long—in an intense effort of mind. I sought to invest my thoughts with forms, and to bear them away to the hearth and home where the shadows of their forms might fall on the passive spirit, causing it to have dreams and visions of the objects and scenes my fancy had portrayed. Nor was this an abortive effort. On my return, Mrs. B. related a singular dream that occurred in my absence, and on the identical night already described. Improbable as the statement may appear to many persons, the dream corresponded, in its essential particulars, to the imaginary images I had fashioned on the occasion of that midnight abstraction.

It may be objected that a knowledge of such mysterious agents and the exercise of such faculties confer a dangerous power. That will depend on the character of those who possess the knowledge and exercise the faculty. All power is dangerous in the hands of bad men. The man who has a large, muscular arm may seize his victim in the public highway—rob him of his purse or of his life—but it is nevertheless desirable to have a strong arm. The voice that thrills us with its divine music may be used to beguile. The eye may float on the stream of its burnished eloquence, only to entrance the unconscious victim with a bewitching and fatal enchantment. The Press, though among the world's greatest blessings, may be so perverted as to become its most withering curse. When wielded by unscrupulous men—men who denounce the noblest gifts of Heaven as Satanic emanations—it becomes a scourge. When the innocent and the humble are defamed—the poor defrauded of reputation and the means of usefulness—when Reason and Solence are

"Impaired by Godlessness; and then does the Press become a dangerous power; and the fearful responsibility of its prostitution to some of these unholy purposes will be likely to rest on a somewhat numerous class of American journalists."

Delicate nerves are doubtless sometimes temporarily deranged by an inexperienced practitioner. But this furnishes no substantial ground of objection. It does not prove that the agent is necessarily a dangerous one; but it forcibly illustrates the great danger of that incurable ignorance which so many affectionately cherish. A clumsy and unpracticed surgeon might sever an artery, and leave his patient to expire from loss of blood; but we must look elsewhere for a valid objection to surgery, since this only too clearly demonstrates the paramount importance of a thorough knowledge of the subject. There have always been ignorant pretenders in every art and science, as there have been hypocrites in religion, for whose ignominious conduct, neither the sacred cause itself, nor its most faithful disciples, should be deemed responsible. Examples are not wanting wherein every great and god-like attribute has been perverted; and there is no position, how exalted soever, that has not been invaded by the tempter, and from which men have not descended to realms where dwell the children of perdition. The apostle's cry of "one of the twelve" was the very instrumentality employed in the betrayal and death of the Master; but Religion is still a sublime reality; and Jesus—viewed at the coronation of Calvary—is shorn of none of his peculiar glory.

THE POWER OF HUNGER.—It is hunger which brings statuary navies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men erecting palaces, prison-houses, barracks and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which, with steadily power, is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plow, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible; for our highest efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force a man to labor, which he hates and will avoid if possible.

The Judge seems to recommend public prayer—co-
trary, by the way, to the teaching and example of
Jesus, who not only never made a public prayer, but
announced it. And not only does the Judge recommend
public worship, but the joining of the present religious
sects. Go to Romanism, says he, repeat its mum-
mies, countenance its priesthood, endorse its damnable
errors. Join the Quakers, wear drab clothing, put on
long face, murder the King's English, discard all
amusement, dispense with music as worldly folly,
unite with the Mahometans; lend your countenance
and approval to all the absurdities of systems of reli-
gion founded in fanaticism, and cemented with child-
superstition, gross error and foolish absurdity. He
to build and maintain costly church edifices to be us-
ed three hours a week and keep the rest of the time as
idle show. Is that the sage advice that enlightened
Spiritualists, many of whom have drank in just such
nonsense for a lifetime, are to follow? Are we to
leap into the bosom of the corrupt church organiza-
tions from which Spiritualism has drawn on as out-

Dr. Wastwater.—This influence of spirits goes not only to the sense and to the drunk, but to the sober. It speaks of a medium who had a beautiful nature—but there were times when the manifestations through her organs were wild, disorderly and wandering. On one occasion, she, being entranced, entered the desk in which she was to speak, where were gathered a large congregation, and poured forth the most incongruous and delirious utterances in opposition to him. He waited a little while, listened to her without attention, or unkind feeling toward her, and by his earnest request, she was caused to cease her speaking and come down from the desk. And after he concluded his lecture, she again poured forth violent denunciations, which by his silent kind request were again silenced.

There are spirits in the spirit-world that desire to commit murder; to influence mankind to do them injury. Mr. Wastwater—Spirits, however, most closely to nature. Dr. Child has got an angle or a hobby that he makes into everything. He says that there is no difference in things in this world. (A voice:—Dr. Child never said that there was no difference in things in this world.) Nature is varied, and so are spiritual manifestations. I doubt not that light and shadow, good and bad, make up the whole of life. I have listened with a great deal of pleasure and interest to the ideas that Dr. Wellington has advanced, and from them I have gained instruction. It does appear to me that there are evil spirits; but I cannot see the justice of their existence. As a man does so to find himself after death. When I do I expect to find associates more elevated—more congenial than here. I speak for the sake of getting at the truth. Dr. Wellington thinks that he can make mediums by drugs. I do not agree with him in this particular.

Mr. Burt.—Do spirits come back and influence men for good or evil? On spirits, going out of the body, influence men for good or evil? It is true that they can, but what is my duty? It is my duty, whether or not, to avoid making mediums, and do everything I can to make them. Do spirits influence us to do what we desire not to do? I think if we yield a little at first, though reluctantly, by this little yielding, spirits get a foothold and push us further than we desire. He related a case of a young man, who was very respectable, who had no desire to become a drunkard, but after the "first glass," was led irresistibly on from one degree to another of drunkenness and degradation till death finally terminated his earthly life. I admit that there is some power unseen that influences us for evil or for good; but I cannot conclude that that power is altogether beyond our control.

This subject is continued to next Wednesday evening, when Mr. A. E. Novion is expected to open by some remarks.

THE OLD WOMAN.

An old woman sat at her cottage door,
Daisy turning her spinning wheel—
She said thought on the time of yore—
As slowly she carded her wool—
On the threshold one of former days,
Now asleep in the peaceful grave,
Children that nest from their childhood plays
"Hush the turf where the wild flowers wave."
She only sits in her dreary age,
Of more than three score years and ten,
Mournfully conning life's chequered page
By memory undisturbed then.
She sees the dark-eyed youth once more
With hair and eyes as the old days,
Waiting the snail he proudly wore
When he called her first his bride.
Fair children gather round her knee—
Well she knows each youthful face,
She hears again their shouts of glee,
Making glad the lonely place.
She smiles for her little bit of gold—
She hears the message spoken,
And her hands no longer card the wool,
For the thread of life is broken.

Book Notice.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN. By James Redpath. With an Autobiography of his childhood and youth. Boston: The Boston Herald.

The events connected with the earthly end of John Brown are too well known to need recapitulation. The present volume contains what purports to be an accurate biography of the man, who, whether he took the best and most Christian means to convince slaveholders that they are criminals, and slaves that they are fit for freedom, or not, people will generally agree for themselves. The accurate compilation of the facts in this life of John Brown adds to our knowledge of the life of the little spirit, the editor betrays toward, not merely slaveholders, but all men whose opinions are not his own; rather the contrary. And his little hero-worship, we should say, only made him still less qualified to be a just and entirely useful biographer. In a proper and effective biography, there should be no taking of sides—no signs of anything like partiality—not the least disposition to make out a case; if there is, the real and permanent value of the performance is to that extent impaired. And this should be our general criticism of the author of the present volume, who has, nevertheless, put his whole heart into his work.

John Brown was, beyond question, a remarkable man. He was deeply religious—nay, even eternally so. His abilities were all executive, not perceptive or administrative. He loved to "smile his lips and sigh." He was naturally inclined to have his own way, and to be right, rather than to be wrong. He was a hard, unyielding, judging from his conduct alone, than a person who thought there was anything in this world to enjoy so to want alone. He wanted to see all the wrongs righted, before he could think of growth or healthy pleasures. And the errors, too, he would have rooted out at once—no hesitation, and no delay. By the strong arm and the mighty sword he sought to correct evils, as Mahomet and others have sought to propagate their tenets by the same power. He lacked that large comprehensiveness, that over widening sympathy, that natural ability to look at things from the standpoint of others, and especially that quick and keen power of perception, that enables a man to see and appreciate the circumstances of another's position—all of which qualities are necessary to complete and harmonious human development. Hence it was next to impossible for him, with such deeply grounded religious views as he was, not to be fanatical, and fanatical to a certain extent, about an honest and conscientious one. We have told what he lacked in his composition; what he possessed, this volume tells in full for itself. Whether the system of American slavery, as human nature is constituted the world over, is to be wiped out of existence by any such violent projects as the one set on foot by John Brown, cannot, with a balanced judgment, be much of a question. And there is hardly less room for the inquiry, whether it is better to surrender all we have at the present time attained to as a people, all our own high hopes and the hopes of the world for us, or allow time to let this and other important problems work out their own solution. We can hurry nothing. Nothing is accomplished without patience and faith. Time is the necessary element that enters into all operations, whether of nature or of man. No great and organic changes are ever forced upon a people or a State; they must come, if they come at all, from the new views and inspirations that are ever developing within.

A Test at a Sitting with Mrs. A. L. Conn.
A gentleman having some papers of persons yet in the form, written on small pieces of paper, folded up, he laid them before the medium; and, no manifestations being made, he passed them; and soon the spirit of an old family friend came and influenced the medium to write the following:—
"I see you have been trying to test the matter, but spirits will not rap those in the form."
Then inquiry asked them—
"How became you aware of my writing the names of spirits in the form?"
Answer was immediately given in writing by the medium, as follows:—
"I saw you write them, and was determined to give you a test that I knew."

Notices to Correspondents.
H. M. Fay.—The communication sent us is very good, but is undoubtedly more adapted to your circle than to the public. When you receive anything which is calculated to stir the public mind, send it on.

Lecturers.
N. B. GREENLEAF, of Lowell, will speak at Randolph, Mass., February 10th; Portsmouth, N. H., March 4th; Randolph, Mass., March 11th; Portsmouth, N. H., March 18th, and April 1st.

A Message Verified.

Messrs. Editors.—Gentlemen, will you permit your humble correspondent to detail for the especial edification of that small class of persons who still affect to sneer at the spiritual manifestations of today, a most astonishing case, not merely of identification, but of absolute verification. Recently, from overwork, having delivered six or seven lectures between October 29th and January 10th, I was sick, and fortunately met Dr. Charles Main, who generously took me to his house, ministered to my wants, and sent me forth recruited in health and spirits to do renewed battle for the Gospel of Today, without money or price, for which I beg leave thus publicly to express my thanks.

While journeying with the Doctor, the following extraordinary facts came to my knowledge; and as these facts can be vouched for by a multitude of persons, and as they will be a valuable contribution to those who are seeking light, I have thrown them together for the folks of your BANNER. In the issue of Jan. 21st, 1850, there is a remarkable communication, through Mrs. Conant, from Andrew J. Gavit. This person was brother-in-law to Mrs. Dr. Main, and had certain peculiarities which distinguished him above most men, and the communication is so like the man, that all who ever knew him could not fail to recognize the style, the forms of sentences, the locations, and even the very phrases he used on earth, in the message through Mrs. O. For instance, he says, "Thanks to God, I filed my lamp with oil before I left the earth, and I am neither obliged to beg, borrow, or buy. They (certain friends of his in spirit life) are going to earth to buy it."

Now, be it known, that A. J. Gavit was a dealer in famps, and through Mrs. O. he not only used locutions peculiar to his profession, but actual phrases familiar with him when on the earth. I quote again, "Say to my friends I am coming to them with some manifestations that will be both instructive and gratifying. When I am able to control some subtle elements as I wish, I shall do something; but I cannot do so now."—Nov. 28, 1850.

Well and triumphantly has Gavit redeemed his promise, for, before the paper containing his communication had left your office, or had, in fact, been printed, this important man gave such convincing proofs of his continued existence beyond the veil, that no room is left for doubt that life in the spheres is a reality no less solid than life here below. One or two days previous to the issue of the BANNER of Jan. 21st, Dr. Main's house was the scene of several splendid manifestations. First, an alarm-bell, and a door-bell, also, was repeatedly rung with great energy, and once or twice with considerable violence, so great indeed as to alarm Mrs. M., not for herself, but the bells. In the parlor of Dr. M.'s house stands a large flower-pot, containing a growing tree of rare beauty. While no one was within sixty feet of this room, this tree was more than half stripped of its leaves, which were scattered broadcast from one end of the room to the other. A card or book was removed many feet to a place where it could not have fallen of itself; loud sounds were made all over the house, just as if the spirit were holding a regular phantasmagoria. These manifestations were of a startling nature, that a medium went to Roxbury to consult the spirits through Mrs. Main, as to who it was that performed all these wonders. She then learned that Gavit was the man; and not till her return, and some days afterward did she become aware of the promise made by him through Mrs. Conant, to "come with some unusual manifestations."

I present these facts to the world, by your permission, dear BANNER, in order that they may serve to others, as they have to me, as an additional cable to that bright anchor of hope which lies deeply buried in the strand of that shore where the tree of life is growing evermore. P. B. RANDOLPH.

Boston, Jan. 25, 1850.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR BANNER.—Since my last, the Spiritualists here have had quite a jubilee. During December, Miss Harding delivered some fourteen or fifteen lectures to large, and, I believe, appreciative audiences. She (as I suppose she always does) handled her "subjects" well—usually bringing "uncontroverted" proof to sustain her points, asserting, nothing but what science or history would prove—save in a few instances, when the listeners were informed that it was an assertion that the broad army of facts would justify her in making. She generally at the close of each lecture gave the audience an opportunity to ask any question they might choose; and the readiness with which they were answered, excited many to say (though unjustly) that they were prepared beforehand.

She delivered some two or three lectures on subjects selected by a committee appointed by the audience and persons known not to be Spiritualists—and the subjects were treated in such a manner that those who dispute her being under spirit control had to acknowledge that there was a powerful intellect somewhere that could grasp and analyze a subject, and deliver such a discourse, without previous preparation. She challenged those opposed to her doctrine to meet her in the field of discussion; but no one ventured. Our of our most prominent D. D.'s, though solicited, declined the contest; and, I have no doubt, wisely, for I have heard ablest efforts, and he would have been found wanting in the contest.

There are many who, though not Spiritualists, will long remember the rich intellectual treat they enjoyed, and the Spiritualists enjoyed it still more, understanding the source from whence it came. She can truthfully say she has many friends in the Crescent City.

I think many of our Catholic brethren feared that she is not the "ignorant impostor" that the celebrated Dr. Michoud pronounced her when he was lecturing here last winter; for, though he said, "she made historical mistakes that a school boy would have been ashamed of," there were words among her listeners with more than school-boy brains, and who were anxious to find a flaw in her scientific and historical arguments—but if they found them they have not made it known. And after her eloquent appeal to the press and clergy, how can they stand back and let the people remain in error? But perhaps, as they were told to bring facts, they cannot produce them, and so remain silent.

Dr. Rodman and L. K. Conolly and lady are in the city at the present time. Dr. R. has all his time occupied in giving tests to those who are investigating, and he has convinced many of the truths of spirit communion. I paid him a visit and received tests of such a character that, had I been a skeptic, I would have been convinced of the fact that spirits do communicate. He is just the kind of medium we have been needing—only to bring the facts home to every one. I think if Mr. Mansfield should visit us, he would be well prepared to give us the very best of a mental career. Persons, who convince that their loved ones yet live, want something more lengthy than can be procured through Rodman, and Mansfield is the man for that, as he seems to be a sort of spirit postmaster.

Miss Harding left her direct for Macon, Ga., after giving us a New Year's good-by; did not intend stopping in our sister State, Alabama, as they became so badly frightened at Rodman's manifestations, that the assembled wisdom of the State did pass that five-hundred-law you thought a hoax. It is said, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." It would not be surprising if there was an example made of those legislators by the spirit intelligences; for by persecution the truth will advance. The spiritual law has received such an impetus, that all the hue and cry can't stop it.

Liberal Schools.
Messrs. Editors.—In your issue of the 4th inst., in a paragraph headed "Mr. Joel Tiffany," you announce that Mr. Tiffany is about to establish a boarding school in Ballston Spa, N. Y., and proceed to say: "There is not a first class school in America, that we know of, where liberal Christians can send their children to school, except the school in Jamestown, N. Y., of Professor Wellington." For your information I herewith send you a copy of the Circular of The Hopkinton Home School. I have resided in Hopkinton for the last four years, and am well acquainted with the excellent principles of this school—Mr. Wm. B. Hayward, and Mrs. Abbie B. Hayward, (daughter of Adam Hallen), I know their school to be a "first class" one, eminently worthy the confidence of "liberal Christians," and of all liberal moralists who have children to send to a boarding school. Wishing due success to all liberally conducted seminaries of learning, I can but inform you and your numerous readers that this Hopkinton Home School is deserving of unqualified commendation.

W. W. DUNN.

Working Farmer and Banner of Light for \$2.25 per Year.
Persons who may wish to take a first class Agricultural paper with the BANNER, will do well to subscribe for the WORKING FARMER, a monthly paper, edited by Prof. J. J. Mares, which we can cheerfully recommend.

Letter from Providence.

ERRORS BANNER.—Our anticipations in relation to Miss Brown were more than realized, and we found that (fame, though it had spoken well for her, had not enlarged upon the facts of the case. That she was universally liked was shown by the steady increase of her audience, the full attendance being upon the last evening. Her subjects for the last afternoon and evening were, "The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and "The Philosophy of Spirit-Control." Those who have been entertained and instructed through her organs, will understand better than I can write, her filicitous manner of handling her subjects; and to those who have not had that pleasure, I should say, secure her services as soon as possible. She will go with us through July, and expects (we expect her) to feast to her heart's content, or stomach's, upon the bivalves and chowder which the taste and discrimination of a Providence people cause to be served up so plentifully down our beautiful river and bay.

Upon January 20th, the Rev. John Pierpont addressed us in the afternoon, upon the question, "Shall man believe upon authority or evidence?" The Rev. Mr. Pierpont is a vigorous and active, not at all in his second childhood, not contenting itself with puerile arguments; but his conclusions are based upon well-proved premises, and sustained by his emphatic expositions. In the evening he gave us several of his experiences in manifestations, which were very interesting. He was laboring under a severe cold, which much impeded the play of his lungs, and his face was flushed with the fever three within of July, struggling with all this, the old man of about seventy summers gave us a spirited and stirring discourse which would have done credit to many a younger one. Long may his revered head tower majestically in the front rank of Spiritualism, its snowy whiteness an emblem of the purity within; and long may it be the messenger shall come to bear him to the other side. We need such men, men of intellect, of education, of logic and common-sense, men who have stood before the world, and won good opinions from the multitude; for that multitude now respect them as of a sterling worth, and a positive integrity that would not sleep in a deceit. I was in hopes to hear him speak further concerning his experiments with the Odic light, which interested me much when he was here before. It seems to me that the account of it would be interesting to the readers of the BANNER, if he would be kind enough to arrange it for the press.

We have regular conferences at our hall every Sabbath morning, in which there is quite a general participation, and great interest. It is free for any to come and express opinions, and defend them, and much good will result therefrom.

In my last letter occurs an error, either by the printer or myself, which I, that Griton carried away \$14, instead of \$100, and that one church purchased \$5 worth of tickets, instead of \$200. The fault must have been mine, as I may say without flattery, the printers of the BANNER are exceedingly particular and correct in their rendering of MS.

Next Sabbath we expect to listen to Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, who will give a public talk bearing most favorable impressions toward her—impressions created by herself during her former visit here.

Providence, Jan. 1850.

LITIA H. BARKER.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The fifth paper of "Ancient Glimpses" will be printed next week. It will meet other interesting matter, has been unavoidably "crowded out" this week.

See "Man and his Relations," on third page.
Capt. Harrison of the Great Eastern, formerly of the Cunard Line of Steamships, has lost his life by the upsetting of a boat at Southampton.

Dwore of death. It will worm its way into the inmost recesses of the unsuspecting heart—rob it of its dearest and most valued treasures, then basely laugh its credulous victim to scorn.

Palmers' "White Captivity," now on exhibition at the Boston Athenaeum, calls out the highest compliments of the art-lovers of Boston, and has placed the artist at the very head of American sculptors.

One loaf of bread given to the hungry is worth more than millions of prayers unaccompanied by acts.

A lady expressed great alarm at being teased by her husband, lest some one should see and conclude they were not married.

"Circumstances alter cases," as the compositor said, after having ascertained that he had been distributing two kinds of type in one case.

Young men, never shrink from learning a trade. Farming is the best business—some useful trade is the next.

Lambert's.—They do a sensible thing at the "Retreat" on Beacon Hill now and then. Last week, on motion of Mr. Rice, of Worcester, it was ordered that the Committee on Towns consider the expediency of requiring towns to maintain on the public roads suitable watering places for the convenience of travelers.

One of the most prolific sources of disease is wet feet. Look out and avoid them.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher met with a severe accident Wednesday; the horse she was driving ran away in Hilda street; Brooklyn, ran upon the sidewalk in Fulton street, and threw her head forward upon the granite steps of the Long Island Dock. The extent of her injuries is not yet known, and she lies in a very precarious condition.

How are the fragments left of fallen past; For worthless things are transient. Those that last Have in them germs of an eternal spirit, And out of god their perennity inherit. Success is mutability; But the sublime affections never die.—Boiling.

The article and literary world has met with a severe loss in the decease of Mr. William B. Burton, the well-known actor, author and manager. He died in New York last Friday.

It is said of Dr. Quincy, that for the last three or four years of his life he professed to believe that his great suffering from a constant sense of gnawing in his stomach, was caused by the presence there of a voracious living parasite; and he repeatedly announced his intention of bequeathing his body to the surgeons for a post mortem investigation into this unheard-of disease.

"The Ark."—This organ of Odd Fellowship has just commenced the seventeenth year of its existence. It contains much interesting matter to members of the brotherhood, and is worthy of a broader circulation in the Atlantic States than it has. Published by Alex. R. Glenn, Columbus, Ohio, at one dollar a year.

Prof. Lovering, from astronomical calculations, concludes that the great comet of 1850, will again appear to this planet in the fall of 1850.

The genial, whole-souled author of "Patent Sermons" died recently in a house of prostration in San Francisco. The Boston Gazette says:—

Dow, Jr., has preached his last sermon. He made thousands of men wiser, and yet his reward was a death of misery in a den of thieves. Ah! that grim and ghastly corpse lying in the foulest nook of a great city—that devilish grin upon the lips of genius dead—they speak a stern lesson, a true sermon, than Dow, Jr., wrote while living.

A faithful ruler is in his best bell when there is no fault to find; and in his worst when faults are plenty.

Robert Owen, Manchester, Mass., writes of a medium by the name of John Prior, in that place, who has been recently discovered with extraordinary powers for physical manifestations. On one occasion two men on the table around which the circle were sitting were raised with the table from six inches to one foot above the floor, and while thus suspended vibrated to the time of a tune played on a violin, which continued from two to three minutes. And by the permission of the owner of the table, a strong made one, it was broken all to pieces by the spirits.

Prerequisites on the choice of poets in Henry Ward Beecher's Church amounted to over \$10,000.

How to Kill a Cynic.—A clergyman recently announced from his pulpit that upon the next Sabbath evening he would preach a sermon to "moral men." Upon this occasion the house was crowded in every part, and a large proportion of the congregation was made up of those who had not "darkened a church door" for years.

My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest delicacy, to turn a corner.

The net of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

"THE FARMER'S FRIEND."—We have received the first number of a paper bearing this title. It is published by George W. Briggs & Co., No. 9 Water street. Mr. Briggs is known to many in Boston as the gentlemanly and enterprising proprietor of the great room in Howard place. This paper is, as its name imports, devoted to the best interests of the Boston and New England farmer. It is a large, fine looking sheet, and contains thirty-two columns of reading matter. Published weekly at \$1.00 a year. Single copies, three cents.

The first half of life is passed in longing for the second—the second in regretting the first.

A gentleman walked into a store in Cincinnati, a few days since, and began to examine a handsome shawl, displayed on what he thought to be the shoulders of a show-figure. On his astonishment, the figure turned about quickly, and regarded him with a half-frightened, half-fiducious look; and then he discovered that it was a real live woman! He left.

RECEIVED AND CHARGES HIS SENTENCES.—Mr. John C. Copley, a quaker gentleman of Butler township, in this county, has always been a warm abolitionist. He is an uncle of Edward Copley, and went to Virginia for the purpose of bringing home the remains of his nephew for interment. On his way home he was detained at Wellfleet for a couple of hours, and there had a conversation with Mr. D. T. Lawson, in which he said, "I am a converted man. The Virginians are all heart-broken and Christian people as I ever was among. Our anti-slavery agitation at the North is all wrong. I am satisfied it has put back the cause of the slave, and has opened his eyes to the disastrous consequences of Northern fanaticism, but now, having learned them, like an honest man, he will endeavor to put down agitation. There are a great many people of the same class, and when they get fairly to understand where they are drifting, they will out from the rampant abolitionists, and set to work to create a tone of healthy conservatism."—New Edition Patriot.

Mr. William Barker Bow, who is already known in connection with Arctic matters, is getting up an Arctic expedition, and subscribers are already flowing in to aid him in his object. He argues that it is by no means clear that all the members of the crew of the Erebus and Terror are dead.

The last course of lectures at the Lowell Institute this season will be delivered by Henry Giles, on "Topics connected with Social Character and Social Culture." The lectures will begin on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st.

Dr. Rodman is at this time in New Orleans, meeting with decided success.

Vinegar is recommended by the New York Herald as a good article to use in preparing pickles.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore tells a story of his having attended church to hear an eminent divine, and the subject of the morning discourse was, "Ye children of the devil." He attended the same church in the afternoon, when the text was, "Children obey your parents."

"Clear, die child's gown to Washington to 'ply for office of de Governor."

"Well, darkey, what are you trying to get now, eh?"

"I's gwine to 'ply for de post ob sexton in de Postoffice Apartment."

"'Bout de Post Office Apartment?"

"Yes, sah; I borry de dose letters. Sometimes—you hear, Caesar, eh, sometimes—day hab money in 'em, and den I ride de corpse!" You see, sah?

There are fields in the grossest nature, that wait but the hand of culture to yield blossoms of love and joy.

"Do you drink holl in America?" asked a cockney. "Hail—no—we drink thunder and lightning!" said the Yankee.

Sorrow is the parent of humility.

The trouble with bow-legged men is, that they are always going on borders!

BLINDNESS CURED.—Mr. James K. Kassof, who informed us that he had been blind for twenty-one months, five of which he had been entirely so, called on us this morning, with the gratifying intelligence that he had been restored to sight by Dr. CUTLER, of this city. Passing by the Doctor's office, the other day, he was hailed by him, and after some five inquiries in relation to his blindness, he applied some salve to his eyes, gave him some directions in relation to its use, and suffered him to depart. To-day he says he can see to read fine print, and his gratitude to Dr. Cutler seemed to almost choke him.

The Doctor has since informed us that he has occasionally helped other people's eyes by the use of his eye-salve. His office is at Central station.—Lowell Daily Evening Advertiser, 10th.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I was in Dr. CUTLER's office when Dr. Cutler called Mr. Kassof into his office, and know that the statement is true.

Feb. 18. 1p S. S. PARKHURST.

Mrs. Rosa T. Adams will lecture in Chicago and Milwaukee during the month of May and June; friends on the route desiring her services for Sabbath or week openings in April, will please address her as soon as possible during the present month, care of J. L. Pool, Oswego Post-office; address generally, 35 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

Jan. 21. 1p

SECRETS DISCLOSED.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Recipe Book which contains a recipe for making every compound that is manufactured in the country in the line of Baking, Pastry, Confectionery, and all the various articles of the kind. It contains recipes for making Biscuits, Breads, Cakes, Puddings, Pastries, Pickles, Syrups, Wash Fluid and Mineral Water, Pains, Blackings, Inks, Varnishes, &c., &c., and recipes for making every other article manufactured; one for making Ink which cannot be recognized, and made by book, either in ink, or in water, or in oil, or in any other liquid; another for making Washing Fluid for family use, which can be made with but little trouble, and at a cost not exceeding a cent per gallon, and the use of which will save a great deal of money; and another for making a compound for cleaning and polishing all kinds of metal, which will be sent to any one that sends by mail 50 cents, either in money or postage stamps, to F. GORDON, 85 Cambridge, Mass.

Feb. 18. 1p

"STAMMERING."

DR. FRATT, ARTICULATOR, respectfully asks especial attention to the Specific Pathological means for the efficient and positive cure of "Stammering." The length of time required with such patients does not usually exceed an hour, and in no case will any charge be made until treatment is given. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. only. No. 77 Bedford street, opposite Dr. Young's church, Boston.

Feb. 18. 1p

COTILLION PARTIES.

THERE will be Cotillion Parties at the Assembly Rooms, No. 3 Winter street, on the second of the following nights:—Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, on Wednesday evening, until further notice. Tickets 20 cents, admitting gent and lady.

Feb. 18. 1p

MRS. LAURA A. SMITH.

TRANCE TEST MEDIUM, will occupy rooms with Mrs. Adams, at No. 18 Tremont row, Boston, where she will give sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Feb. 18. 1p

A GOOD CHANGE.

ABOUT twenty-five miles from Boston, in one of our most charming country towns, we happen to know of a remarkably healthy, surrounded by fine drives, and easy of access. The present occupant, being about to change his business, will sell at a great sacrifice, and a chance is thus offered to the public to acquire a beautiful residence at a low price. For information address WARREN & OSBORN, Merchants' Exchange, Boston.

Feb. 18. 1p

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—FEVER AND AGUE, AND ALL intermittents, yield to this remedy. Quinine acts as a corrosive stimulant, and when it checks the disease, it leaves itself upon the bones, and the patient is left with a permanent fever, and the whole system, enabled nature to throw off the complaint, and entails no unpleasant consequences. Sold at the Manufactory, No. 80 Malton Lane, York, and by all druggists, at 25s, 6s, and 3s per box.

Feb. 18. 1p

NOW READY.

ARCANA OF NATURE;

ON,

THE HISTORY AND LAWS OF CREATION

Our Dark is Reason, Nature is our Guide.

BY

HUDSON TUTTLE.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

By Daniel Kelley.

Price \$1.

Bent, free of postage, on receipt of the above, by

Berry, Colby & Co., Publishers,

313 Brattle Street, Boston.

For sale also by T. MUNSON, at the BANNER or LIGHT Bookstore, 145 Fulton street, New York.

Feb. 18. 1p

2500 Dollars supplied at the usual discount—33 1/3 per cent from the retail price.

Jan. 28. BERRY, COLBY & CO.

SHORT VOYAGE for 25 cents. Take LIFE ILLUSTRATED. TRATED 5 MONTHS. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Feb. 1

