

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. I

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DORA MOORE; OR THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

Continued.

Mick Nogher laid his pile of fern leaves on the floor, and wrapping his cloak around him, lay down to sleep. The door was wide open, and he could look up to the sky and out on the green fields. The new moon was sailing like a light boat amid the fleecy clouds, and the evening star was just above, so near that she touched the faint circle of the orb. It was a beautiful sight, and a rare one, and Uncle Mick, who slept much in the open air, and loved the moon and stars, lay watching it. "Ay, ay," he said to himself, "it seems like that star were an angel keeping watch over those who are sailing in that wee boat—may be it is a sign to me, for I never saw the like before—there's an angel aloft watching over poor old Mick's craft. I thought I felt quare to-night, sort of home-like, when I came in and saw my two bonny birdeens sleeping so sweetly; that's the way they feel in heaven, I guess, home-like, home-like, and repeating the words, he too dropped asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

MARGARET TREVOR.

"Her nature was a whirlpool of desires, and mighty passions perilously mixed, that with the darkness of the demon world had something of the light of Heaven."

On the evening of the chase, Maud was seated in her own room, which faced the east, and overlooked a beautiful and variegated scene of hill and dale, broad meadows, and quaint old ruins. She could see where the Shannon widened into the beautiful lakes, wearing on its bosom, like emerald gems, those little green islands, the admiration of other travelers beside Uncle Mick. In the deep embrasure of the window, Maud sat, looking on the distant hills; she had herself ridden out with the hunters, but had returned at mid-day with her faithful attendant Martin Casey.

Old Martin had been in the family many years before Maud was born, and his own children were not dearer to him than the heiress of O'Moore castle.

"And aint you weary, my lady," he said; as he assisted her to alight.

"Not at all, Martin," she said, her eyes beaming brightly, "and I would have gone further, but Charlie, here," patting her horse's neck, as she spoke, "pricked up his ears, and gave me warning that the hounds had closed in with their captive. I came back as soon as my own ears caught the deep baying of the dogs mingled with the whooping and clamor of voices, and the blowing of the horns. The only agreeable part of the hunting, is the swift gallop over the hills."

"His reverence, Father McSweeney, don't think with you, my lady; he enjoyed the hunt more than master Harry himself."

"I am glad Father McSweeney enjoys the sport so well, Martin. I wish my father entered into it with as much zest, but he seemed ill this morning. Send Maggie to me as soon as he returns."

With a light step Maud ran up the broad, stone staircase and entered her own room, and, as we have just said, seated herself to look out on the beautiful prospect which her window afforded. There was a soft flush on her cheek, and a light in her blue eyes, for never did nature wear so winning a face to her. Love touched every thing with its rainbow hues, and with her cheek leaning on her tiny, white hand, she thought of her lover, hastening from the chase over yonder hills—her own heart leaped up to meet him, and her eye would fain catch the first glimpse of him as he came down the mountain path. But the shadows of evening were gathering, and a mist descended on the hills, and Maud leaned back in her chair and tried to turn her thoughts to holier subjects. An image of the Virgin, wrought in pure white marble, was in her room, and as her eyes rested on the face, so gentle and loving in its expression, Maud rose, and folding her hands, knelt before it in the act of prayer. But even then, her thoughts turned earthward—and forgetting herself, her prayer was for her lover's well. It was a beautiful picture, the fair, young girl in a blue robe of some soft texture, with her waving auburn hair, and her clasped hands, praying for Heaven's blessing on her young heart's choice. And where was handsome Harry, at this hour? The chase was over, Lord O'Neill was hastening homeward with Father McSweeney, and his household attendants, but the young ambassador was out of the party. He had gone in another direction.

Some fifteen or twenty miles from O'Neill castle, stands an old stone farm house. A little brook runs near by, its banks fringed with low shrubbery interspersed with a few old pollards. An arched gate-

way leads to the house, and the numerous out-buildings, and broad, unenclosed fields indicate its possessor to be a man of some substance; but there is an air of negligence and unthriftiness about the place; the fences are full of gaps, the pigs are roaming at will, the manure heaps and the kitchen doors are in sociable contiguity, and one or two idle men seryants, hatless and shoeless, are leaning on broken gates, or chatting with the kitchen maids. The doors, of course, were wide open, and the interior of the kitchen was not more inviting than the exterior of the house. The large, heavy rafters were blackened with smoke and loaded with huge ditches of bacon, while pigs, fowls, and some young calves, shared the accommodations with the family.

Half a dozen barefooted girls were going out, scantily clad, but rosy-cheeked, and full of merriment. But there is one apartment of the house in great contrast to the rest. Ascending the broad, old fashioned oak staircase in the hall, you enter a large room, or rather suite of rooms, furnished in the style and with the taste of a Parisian drawing-room. Rich carpets, massive mirrors, chairs of various unique patterns curiously embroidered, or covered with velvet and brocade; fauteuils, and all the et cetera of a fashionable lady's room are to be seen. I said suite of rooms; the folding doors, now closed, opened into a sleeping-room, furnished too, with exquisite taste. A carpet of soft, rich colors, a little darker, but harmonizing well with the rich silk and lace drapery of windows and couch. Two or three choice paintings adorn the walls, while a harp and a rosewood book-case, well filled, indicate some taste in the occupant. The windows open on a broad expanse of green fields and softly rounded hills, bounded, on the east by the Shannon, while to the north rise a range of mountains, on which, at this time the blue mist is resting.

Here, at this same hour of twilight, while Maud is praying before the image of the Virgin, sits one watching the broad level path that opens from the bit of wooded land on the right. But very unlike Maud is Margaret Trevor. Large, stately, in the full bloom of early womanhood, she is one who would attract attention in a crowd, and call forth the hackneyed phrases, "a splendid woman." She carries her head erect, rather thrown back; a little, displaying to advantage the sloping shoulders and full developed bust. Her hair is dark and abundant, the eyes large and dark, shaded by long, drooping lashes, and the arms and hands most beautifully formed. But the beauty of Margaret is the fair skin; the rich complexion giving one the idea of exuberance of health; the pure blood flows through the veins beneath the transparent skin, tinging the cheeks with the hue which nature alone can impart, and giving that elasticity and buoyancy of animal life, which those only who have never known disease can understand. Margaret Trevor had never been ill in her life, and so little did she know of sorrow and sickness that her heart had as yet never learned sympathy with human suffering. She sits now on a low reading chair, in one hand is a note which she has read and re-read half a dozen times for the last few minutes; but now her head is turned to the window, looking eagerly towards the highway.

The road, as I have said, loses itself in a bit of woodland, but Margaret has not long to look; a horseman emerges into the open path. "It's him!" the watcher exclaims, and her cheek has a richer hue, her eyes a more vivid brightness. He rides fast, soon his horse's feet touches the little bridge across the brook; a moment more, and the rider throws the bridle to a waiting groom, and himself, with a quick step, mounts the old staircase.

Margaret rises and comes forward as "Handsome Harry" opens the door. He casts one glance of admiration at the noble looking woman, her beauty heightened by the flush of excitement, and then with a quick, impulsive motion, draws her towards him.

"My peerless Margaret," he exclaims, "how shall I excuse my absence? Trust me it was involuntary, or rather that at your suggestion I have for once listened to the voice of ambition instead of love. But believe me your presence is my heaven, and without you, life a desolate void."

"What, then, think you of me, Harry? If love is life to a woman, how can I bear such a prolonged absence, an absence of three weeks, unnumbered by line from you, save this note of last night." They had seated themselves on a *le-toi-le-toi*. Henry's arm was thrown around Margaret, and her head rested upon his shoulder. "Why, love," he replied, "it was your counsel that I should win the favor of my Minister, Lord O'Neill."

"Yes, Henry, but I supposed the old feud of the

family and the O'Neill prophecy would prevent even the report of an attachment to your cousin. Not that I believe the idle gossip which has reached us here. No, O'Neill, and here Margaret sat erect, her whole frame quivering with emotion. "I should sooner doubt my own existence than your love."

"Margaret," interposed Henry. But she laid her hand upon his mouth; "Not one word of apology, Harry, I cannot bear that it should come to that—not one shadow of a doubt rests on my heart. I know too well, alas, that I cannot legally claim the title of wife. It is my deep love for you that has refused to demand it. I know what the world will say if the heir of the O'Neill's marries the poor daughter of a petty squire; but, Harry, our marriage has been consummated at a holier altar than one over which a priest presides, and the record none can annul, save the angel of Death."

As she spoke, there was a firmness in her tone, and a meaning in her expressive face, which made Harry O'Neill turn pale even then, and which made him quake with fear as he recalled it afterwards.

"Thank you, Margaret," he now said, "for releasing me from apologies; but be assured if I am ever true to my allegiance to you, it is only necessary to recall me to your presence. One look at your face, one embrace, makes me forget all the world beside."

"You are returned weary from the chase," said Margaret, "and it is myself should apologise for keeping you so long from our evening meal." She rang a bell, and a servant soon appeared with refreshments. And here everything was in strange contrast with the other appointments of the house.

The tea service was of Sevres China and silver, the table linen of spotless white damask, and even the servant girl in attendance looked like another race from her companions in the kitchen, so tidy and neat did she appear in her French print, clean cap, and gaiter shoes.

"Are you as happy here," inquired O'Neill of Margaret, "as in our home in Paris?"

"I should be," she replied, "could I have as much of your society. I love Ireland, I love my old home, strange as it may appear to you—the very daisies here are dearer to me than the rare exotics we had in Paris."

"I had almost hoped you were weary of the solitude," said Harry, "and would accompany me to Paris."

"Must you leave so soon? I thought it was your intention to remain in Ireland."

"I may return here again," he said, "but next week I must be in France. Will you go?"

"Yes, if you desire it," she said.

He scanned her features closely, but not the least suspicion could he detect there.

No, Harry O'Neill, be easy while you may, the whole heart of Margaret is yours. She judges you by her own woman's heart, whose love, like the Scripture measure, fills it to the brim; yea, pressed down, running over. There is no withholding now, though there was a time when that love was harder to be won than the hand of the haughtiest lady in the kingdom. Margaret is proud, you can see it in the curve of her wandlike neck; you can see it in the lines of the mouth; you can hear it in the tones of the voice, and mark it in the flashing of her eye. But, alas! alas! for her, and too many of the sex; love hath overmastered pride. But that very pride hath cast out meanness and suspicion; and though the reports of Harry's gallantry to the heiress of the O'Neill's had owing to her position, wounded her pride, it had not made her doubt Harry's love, or suspect his fidelity, and she would have scorned the petty artifices of jealousy as beneath her dignity, and unworthy her love. Poor Margaret! She has given all her treasures, the wealth of her warm, impulsive, loving heart, to one whose ideal of a woman is that she should minister to the gratification of man. And yet, unconsciously to herself, Margaret had exerted a great influence over her lover. Ten years before, she was a little barefooted girl, the prettiest child of a wealthy, but indolent squire, and a weak, foolish mother. The child, left to her own guidance, roamed the fields, rode horseback all over the country, and was known far and near for her beauty, her feats in horsemanship, and her taste for music. Her voice, though uncultivated, was remarkable for strength and sweetness, and she filled the old farm-house with music, singing like the birds, because she couldn't help it. The constant exercise in the fresh air, and freedom from all restraint, gave her vigorous health and buoyant spirits.

As for books, there were none in her father's house, save the almanac and prayer book, and a treatise on rearing dogs, neither of which suiting her fancy, she did not continue the laborious effort of spelling out more than the title pages. She had been sent to school, and there learned her letters, and studied partly through "Reading made Easy," when one day, in a roughish mood, she fastened a pig's tail to the master's queue, and for the offence, was put upon the dunce block. Watching her opportunity when the master's back was turned, she sprang out of the open door, and ran home with all speed, where her father, hearing the story, declared, with a round oath, that Peggy shouldn't be shut up in school, that learning never did a woman no good at all, that she should go fox hunting with him, and he would make her fit for something. It was in this very employment that Harry O'Neill first saw Margaret. She was leaping her horse over a hedge; her straw hat had partly fallen off, her curls in disorder, but her cheeks glowing with health, and her large, brilliant eyes gleaming with excitement. She rode a high-mettled horse, but

the emotion of fear she had never known, and the impetuous animal seemed conscious of its rider's spirit, and proud to yield his will to hers.

O'Neill was fascinated at first as by a rare picture. He managed to see more of the young girl—a thing easily accomplished, for she might be encountered almost any day, flying over the hills on her Bucephalus. The acquaintance commenced by a playful bet on the speed of their horses; but, notwithstanding the free, wild way in which the girl had been reared, there was an instinctive modesty that shrunk from the common flattery with which the accomplished young man had won many hearts. She did not even know she was handsome—not that her glass deceived her, for she did not use one,—and when told of her beauty she did not care for it, and was far more flattered when the glossy coat and arched neck of her horse received a compliment. Her uncultivated mind precluded most topics of conversation familiar to O'Neill, and they might have soon wearied of each other, had not O'Neill discovered her wonderful musical powers. He, too, was an amateur in music, and thus there was a sympathy between them, which brought them often together. He taught her the science of music, and inspired her with a wish to excel. Now she regretted her indignation at the dunce block, for she was ashamed to let the young lord know that she could not even read the words of the music he brought her. She set to work patiently again, at "Reading made Easy," and in a few weeks could read tolerably well. A new world seemed opened to her when Henry read the songs of Moore. His finely trained, well modulated voice was the richest music she had ever heard. Poetry and music now took the place, in a measure, of her wilder sports, and she cared less and less for the society of her fox-hunting, whisky-drinking father.

After much effort, O'Neill persuaded Margaret to attend school, selecting the place himself, and directing her studies. She was then fifteen, and we have introduced her to the reader at twenty-five. She was the being, in one sense, of his own formation. In the first place, he had her sedulously taught the art of preserving beauty, and then those studies were selected which fitted her to shine in society, rather than the more solid acquirements which strengthen the mind, and make a woman independent of society for enjoyment. French and music were her prominent studies, and to perfect her in the former, he placed her in a French boarding-school, near Paris. Under such training, the promise of girlhood, as far as beauty was concerned, was more than fulfilled; she grew up the beautiful woman, noble-hearted, impulsive, with a keen zest for the enjoyments of life, and with refined tastes that made the coarse habits of her father's household very repulsive. This was one point gained by Harry; but more slow and difficult was the progress which he made in removing the sanctity of marriage, and leading the young girl to feel that such vows were fetters which true love scorned. But it was done at last; his own persuasive tongue, aided by certain romances which he read to her, making his own comments as he read, and, with wily cunning and sophistry, binding his victim with strong, though silken cords. She was won at last, and once won she was his forever; for she was one of those rare women who cannot understand coquetry, and loving once, love forever; or, finding falsehood where truth was promised, and treachery given in return for confidence, hate with the same intensity with which they have loved, and verify the words of the poet:

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

A coquette is no hater—she is a harmless enemy. A true-hearted, sincere woman, who loves, but who has not learned the lessons of him who was meek and lowly of heart, and forgave reproach and scorn, is never to be twice won. Once scorned, and all the brightness of life is quenched—once convinced of faithlessness where she had learned to trust, and there is no forgiveness to the offender. "Ay, well the Blessed Saviour understood how necessary were the precepts he taught, to suffering woman. How kindly spoken were the words to the guilt-stricken woman: "Go and sin no more." Live and learn happiness through suffering. And how graciously he permitted the Magdalen to pour her costly treasures on his head. Yes, poor, suffering, guilty, betrayed woman; there is hope and rest for thee beside the grave. The Saviour taught a better lesson than the false poet. Turn from sin and error, sad, stricken heart, and come and anoint the Saviour for his burial; come and stand by the cross; come and wait at the sepulchre.

It was a bright, clear, cold, crisp morning in early winter, succeeding the evening we have just described. Harry and Margaret had been out riding; every spot was familiar to their childish recollections, and they chatted gaily of those old times, when they first learned to love.

Margaret was in fine spirits, and the old park echoed many a merry song.

"Next week we go to Paris," said Harry, "and then, love, I shall have you all to myself; no diplomacy, no grave old uncle there. Will you be very lonely till then, Maggie?"

"The anticipation of your society will drive away ennui, Harry," was her reply, as she bade him adieu.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD LEGEND.

"Old times glimmered through the doors,
Old footstep tread the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without."

"Harry will not be with us until to-morrow," said

Lord O'Neill to Maud, as she entered the library to bid her father good night, "he meets us at dinner, to-morrow. Come and sit near me, my daughter, I have somewhat to say to you."

Maud took a low seat at her father's side; he laid his hand upon her head, smoothing the soft hair, and looking tenderly into her blue eyes, so like those of the mother who had once made life so bright to him.

"Maud, my daughter, there have been no concealments in your short life, from your father—that little heart has always been open to me, has it not?"

The young girl blushed deeply—only that morning her cousin Harry had whispered words of love, and though she, coy and bashful, had with true womanly secretiveness refrained from giving him encouragement, her own heart plead guilty to feelings which she would just now gladly conceal from all the world, and certainly from her father. She felt that there was not that sympathy between them that she could have desired; with all her father's urbanity and politeness, she could perceive a restraint when the two were together, and though she never heard her father speak aught against her cousin, and could not define this feeling which she had, yet it was there, and rested like a cloud in her otherwise bright sky.

"You do not speak, my darling, and you need not; there, sit on my knee, and lay that little head close to my heart, and I will read your thoughts to you. How dear you are to me, my precious child, the one beam of sunlight in my dark life, the brightness of my old age. Think you I could thwart your wishes, or sadden your life? No, Maud, you love cousin Harry; is it not so? He has won your heart, and you fear it will not please your father. Am I not right, daughter?"

Maud, child as she was, hid her head on her father's breast and wept.

"Don't be troubled my child, see here," and he handed her a note written by Harry, asking the hand of Maud in marriage. "Now see my answer, dearest, and give me your opinion of it."

"My DEAR HARRY: If my daughter's hand is yours, fairly and honorably won, I will, after a year's probation, give my consent to the marriage, believing that you will prove yourself worthy the name you wear, and the prize you hope to win."

"But remember the old legend."

"What old legend, father? Pray, tell me."

"I will, my daughter, though the relation may open afresh a wound which thirty years of time has scarcely healed."

"Many, many years ago, when Ireland was ruled by chieftains, the clan of the O'Neils was very powerful; the more so, because they were united, to a man, and thus kept their possessions by the strong arm of might, which in those days, made right. They intermarried, thus keeping their land intact. One of their young chieftains was betrothed, when a child, to his cousin, one Bridget O'Neill, but as he grew older, the friendship of the children did not ripen into warmer attachment; or rather it was prevented from doing so by the following incident: In a skirmish between the rival factions of the O'Neils and the O'Moores, an old chief and his daughter, Mabel O'Moore, renowned for her beauty, were taken captive. Young O'Neill, whose fidelity was undoubted, was deputed their jailer; but his heart was not proof against the charms of his fair captive. He wooed, won and married her in private.

"When the time came that Bridget O'Neill should be given in marriage, the faithless young man dared not reveal his treachery; moreover, he had become weary of his wife, and as the O'Moores had declined in power, and become weak and feeble, while the O'Neils were spreading themselves all over the island, he resolved to put an end to the life of his wife by poison. The poor old father still lived, having been sent back as a ransom for an O'Neill; but he was very aged, and worn with the strife of many battles.

"The marriage feast was celebrated in an old feudal castle belonging to the O'Neils, with great splendor for the times.

"During the revel, after the bride had retired with her maidens, and while the men sat carousing at the table, an old man glided in, and, unseen by the half drunken group, placed a goblet filled with sparkling liquor at the bridegroom's side. The latter, on perceiving it, supposed it had been placed there by one of the attendants, and tossed it off, with a smack of his lips and a jest upon the goodness of the wine.

"In a few moments he turned deadly pale, reeled in his chair, his countenance became distorted and expressive of awful agony, while before the attendants could take him from the table, he groaned and fell heavily upon the floor, a corpse. Again the old man glided in—the guests drew back, as with long, bony finger he pointed to the goblet. Fear held them mute, for they recognized, as they thought, their old chieftain who had been in his grave many years, the grandsire of the young bridegroom. One of their number, a little more courageous, ventured to examine the goblet; it was of silver, curiously wrought, and bore an inscription in ancient Irish. In those days, it was a rare accomplishment to read, and but one could be found to decipher it. I will English it for you:

When an O'Neill shall faithless prove
To marriage bed or feudal strife,
Short be the shrift a priest shall say,
And sharp the pang that ends his life.

When it was discovered that the young man had another wife, and that she had escaped the death which her treacherous husband had prepared for her,

these old chieftains, rude as they were in that barbarous age, had a sense of justice which does honor to their memory. They adopted the widow and her children, believing that they had been saved by supernatural means."

Maud had listened with interest, but with the same kind of curiosity with which she always heard the stories of Father McSweeney, seeing no sort of connection between the story and the topic which had called it forth.

"But, Father, you said it would make you sad to relate this story. Why, it happened many years ago, before your memory."

"I have not finished yet, my daughter," said her father with a sigh.

"There, lay your head close to my heart again. I love to feel you safe while I recall those scenes."

When I was a boy, following the old fashion of our clan, I was betrothed to my cousin, Mary O'Neill, the aunt of Harry. Our childhood was spent together, and unlike the two of whom I have been speaking, our love strengthened with our years.

When I became of age, I was sent abroad to travel, and our marriage was to take place on my return, in two years, on Christmas.

Alas! during that time our fathers, who had hitherto lived in peace, had a deadly quarrel, and my father fell by the hand of his brother. I came home only to weep at his grave. My uncle evaded the law by the quibble of some lawyer, and lived on, strange to say, transferring his hate to me. This one murderous act seemed to have made a demon of him, and though poor Mary's love never wavered, he forbade our union, and would not permit us to meet. It was more easily borne by me, for though I still loved Mary, I shrunk from being more nearly connected with the murderer of my father. But that old legend had wonderful power over me; it had been repeated so often, that I felt the curse must descend upon me if I did not fulfill my vow. I thought of it till I became excited. Christmas eve came—a sad time for me, alone in my ancestral home, with none but my servants to cheer the old place. The next day we were to have been married. How changed everything from the merry Christmas two years before.

At midnight I threw myself on my couch, and fell, I suppose, into a restless sleep, though the vision seemed too real for a dream. An old man, with tottering step, came to my bedside, and holding the goblet towards me, said, "You must drain it to the dregs." A cold sweat covered me, and I arose, determined to spend the night in reading, but at that very moment I heard the servants in great commotion approaching my door. "Your uncle's castle is on fire," they exclaimed. It was too true, we could see the flames at this distance, brightening the whole horizon. I dressed hastily, threw myself on my horse, and rode in hot haste. I found the servants huddled together in great alarm. "Where is Mary? where your master?" I exclaimed. "We don't know, we don't know," wringing their hands in agony, but making no effort to save even life. I rushed up the stone staircase, and into Mary's room. She was not there. I went to her father's chamber, and the sight that there met my eyes I shall never forget. One part of the room was completely destroyed, but the flames had spread in another direction, leaving untouched the massive oak bedstead on which lay my uncle, dead, but with a countenance so distorted by the dying pang, that I turned away in horror. By his side, on a little table, stood the fatal goblet—and oh, horror! at the foot of the bed, whither she seemed to have dragged herself, in her death struggle, lay Mary, her arms thrown over her head, as if in the last struggle between body and soul.

I flung the goblet from the window; "Thus end the curse," I exclaimed, but thus could not end my remorse and suffering.

The servants said that Mary had appeared very strange of late, her mind had wandered, and at times she would shut herself up in her room for days together. Her father had used very violent language whenever he spoke of her betrothal, and threatened my life if she fulfilled her engagement. In a fit of frenzy, occasioned by disappointment and rough usage, the poor girl had prepared poison for her father and herself. Whether she intentionally set fire to the tapestry hangings of the room, or whether they caught accidentally in her passage through, could never be ascertained. The ruins still remain, a sad memento of a brother's feud. You have often passed them."

"Yes, father, and once I inquired about the ruins of Father McSweeney, but he evaded the story."

"You see, my daughter, why the thought of your marriage with Harry has awakened sad recollections. Let this year be a year of trial without a pledge. If, at the end of that time, your mutual attachment remain the same, and Harry prove himself worthy the treasure, my blessing shall be on your union."

"And he will, father, I know he will," said Maud, throwing her arms around her father's neck, "Harry is noble and true—and you can trust me, can't you, father?"

"As I did the mother who bore you, my blessed child—that sainted mother, whose short life was one of love and prayer. Now go to bed, darling, and sweet dreams to you."

The old gentleman sat long in his study, that night, musing on the past, and trying to pierce the future. He had heard many rumors of Harry which did not please him; moreover, Father McSweeney was strongly prejudiced against him.

"I say, my lord, nip this friendship in the bud. Better let Maud's heart ache now, than waste away in sorrow, a neglected wife. Harry O'Neill is not the man to cherish our angel child. Take an old friend's advice, and send the fellow on an embassy to China or Turkey, where he may lord it in a harem suited to his taste."

But O'Neill was hopeful. Harry and himself were the only living male descendants of that branch of the O'Neills, and a marriage, happily consummated, would be a union of many interests. Thus thought the old gentleman; and as he mused, his feelings softened towards him, and he blended his name with his daughter's, that night, in his prayer.

It was a cold, gray morning when Harry and Maud bade each other adieu, at the foot of the avenue which led from the house to the road, where a groom waited with Harry's horse. "Two years of probation, cousin Maud," said Harry, "is an easier penance than I expected from my grand uncle—the seven years of Scripture, though ill suited to my impatient spirit, would not be more than the pure justice. Tomorrow I start for Paris, where I remain a few weeks, and then go to Russia. In four weeks comes Christmas—shall our wedding-day be on that festival, two years hence?"

"No, no, cousin Harry," said Maud, shuddering, "not on that day."

"Well, well, coz, I thought the sanctity of the day might please my little devotee: shall we say the next day?"

"But Harry, we were to give no pledges. Let us wait our father's will."

"Ah! he doubts our constancy, Maud; but he is awary of the world. My gentle cousin surely does not share his fears. Let me look into those clear eyes, the mirror of heaven's blue; there are no shadows there." And Harry stooped to kiss the fair, low forehead. "Tell me, Maud—will you trust my love?"

Maud did not answer, for the blue eyes had filled with tears; but she held her hand towards him. He took it, and drew from her finger a plain gold ring. "We will exchange, Maud," and taking from a little jewel box a small antique ring, on which was exquisitely wrought a wreath of ivy. "I thought you might like the emblem, (ever green,) and see the cipher, over our initials M. and H.; and yet it is an heirloom, belonging to our old family jewels, but the original owner I know not."

Maud permitted the exchange.

"Two years from now, cousin, we will exchange these for the marriage ring. Good bye. I will write you from Paris."

He was soon out of sight, and Maud, sad at his departure, but full of sweet hope, returned to her own chamber. That day, sympathizing, perhaps, with lonely hearts, she resolved to visit the children at the hospital. Famine and sickness still prevailed in the County of Clare; the hospital was full to overflowing, and the sight of so much suffering made Maud sad of heart. She threaded her way past the long rows of narrow beds, to the large west window where Dora's cot had been; but instead of little Dora and her blind brother, a poor old woman, in the last stage of fever, occupied the bed.

On inquiring of the nurse, Maud learned of the departure of the children.

"But I thought they had no friends to take care of them."

"Well, ma'am, they had none, as Mick Nogher said, only God sent him. He's the old fiddler, that everybody knows, and the children seemed to love him like an own father."

Maud was disappointed. Dora had divided her heart with cousin Harry and these children, and she had hoped to take her home with her, as a little companion and friend.

On her way home she was overtaken by Father McSweeney, to whom she communicated her disappointment.

"Never mind, little one, Mfiek will come along this way in early Spring, and you can see the children again. He is very proud of his character as protector. A nobler heart never beat than that which throbs beneath that old plaid Josey. He's a little of a free thinker, and don't observe the fasts of the church and make confession as I could wish, but he's a jovial, good fellow, and rare company. Are you going home, my daughter? if so, I will ride with you—preferring the dinner of your French cook, to the leeks and pot herbs of my womankind. I am not a *bon vivant*—Holf Mother church forbid that I should be such a reprobate son—but one feels more at peace with the whole world when the inner man is well cared for, and your cook understands the too much neglected science of gastronomy."

"Your good opinion is a little heightened by the old wine which he is sure to bring forward whenever you dine with us," said Maud, smiling.

"Ay, ay, my daughter, perhaps so; but I should ill become my profession if I were not a judge of wine. From time immemorial, convents and monasteries have been the depositories of wine and knowledge. We poor priests need wine to sustain us amid the fasts and privations of our bachelor life."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SCENE DURING THE FAMINE.

"To take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt."

It was mid-winter: Mick Nogher and the children had been very happy in their winter home. Dora had finished the stockings, and put them in the old man's shoes on Christmas eve, and Jimmy had made wonderful progress in music. It seemed as if the loss of sight had quickened the sense of hearing, brought out a talent for music which he had not been supposed to possess.

The old fiddler took great pleasure in his two pupils, and taught them all the popular Irish ballads, so pleasing to the song-loving people of Ireland. He had promised them that they should go with him in his next summer's trip, if their mother did not send for them.

But one cold morning the old man awoke with, as he expressed it, a racking pain in every old bone in his body. "Och! and by the powers, I can't stir head nor foot; it's the rheumatism intirely that has got hold of poor Mick."

Dora rubbed him with whisky, (the fiddler's universal panacea,) and tended him carefully for many days; but his case proved beyond her skill, and, indeed, time and patience were the only physicians of any use in this case.

His trouble could have been easily borne, but, unfortunately, their money was just gone. Provisions had trebled in price at the village where they bought the necessities of life, and one morning Dora found that all their stock of food was half a dozen potatoes. Her little head was busy, devising some way for a new supply. The old man sat bent over on a low stool by the peat fire, trying to smoke away his pain. He did not know that the potatoes in the pot were all the food they had; but he did understand that his tobacco would only last that day, and it gave him great trouble.

"And what will become of us, and nothing to the fore. I'm too lame to earn my bread, tobacco is nigh gone, and you, poor childer, will starve. The Lord have mercy on us; I'm out of faith now."

"Don't you remember, Uncle Mick," said Dora, "you told me once, 'Never despair.' If we only had a little money, I could go to the village, I think."

Mick turned over all his pockets, and, to his great joy, found a few pennies. "Ye must buy meal with this, Dora, and I must do without tobacco."

Dora prepared some potato for Jimmy, ate very lightly herself, and then sat down in a corner, with her needle and some old cloth. By dint of much patience, she had pieced up some old socks for Jimmy. "And you can spare Jimmy to go with me, can't you, Uncle Mick?"

"Yes, child, and it perhaps is best."

The children had to go five miles to the village; for a short distance their road was solitary, but then turned into the highway. There a sad sight was presented to them—men and women trying to work

on the roads, but dropping and fainting by the roadside, for want of food. Government furnished them with provisions, on condition that they would work; but, alas! they had no strength to labor. As they came near to the river, a mob of people were assembled around the boat, from which they were landing a quantity of meal. The hungry, starving men, women and children, were begging piteously for it, while police officers were pushing them back, and knocking them down as if they were so many dogs. A long row of policemen guarded the meal, from the landing to the house of Mr. Harding, who was the appointed agent to give out relief. The children, following the crowd, went thither. The yard before the house was full of people, gaunt, haggard looking creatures, so faint and weak that they leaned against the fence for support, or dropped from mere exhaustion; poor little emaciated children clung to their mothers, too feeble to cry for food. Now and then the feeble wailing of an infant was heard amid the crowd, but in more than one instance mothers clasped dead children to their breasts. "Och! and for the love of heaven—please give me some meal for the poor starving childer at home; my poor babby is dead, and the rest must die too, if ye can't give the meal."

"Hand your bag along, with your half crown," was the reply of the man who was busy handing the meal from a window.

"It's little use to ask, then, for Jimmy, poor boy, is dead with fever, and I gave my last penny to the priest."

"Stand back, then," was the reply, "and give way to the others."

The crowd pushed on, and bag after bag, with the half crown tied in one corner, was filled, until the men grew weary at the window; and still they came, eager, pale faces, with trembling hands clutching the few pounds of meal, as if they feared it would be as quickly snatched away; and there was danger of this, for many a poor, desperate wretch, goaded by hunger, stood ready to seize his neighbor's pittance as soon as the eye of the policeman was turned away. The meal was half a crown a stone, so that little Dora's share was small indeed, and for that she had to wait until late in the evening; but, small as it was, she reserved a penny for tobacco, and, with her little bundle, turned her face homeward.

"This will soon be gone," she said to herself, "and what will we do then?" With her head full of little plans to earn some money, she forgot the darkness and weary road; and Jimmy, to whom sunshine and darkness were the same, trotted by her side, too sad and hungry to talk. Suddenly there sprang from the side of the road, a tall woman, who grasped Dora's arm tightly with the one hand, and with the other seized her little bag of meal.

"It's for my poor dying babby, or I wouldn't take it," she said, and disappeared as suddenly as she came.

The poor children stood a moment stupefied with fright, Jimmy clasping Dora's gown and trembling violently. In a moment Dora recovered herself, and hastened onward, as if afraid of pursuit; but as soon as she turned into the lane leading to her own house, she sank down upon a stone, and cried as if her little heart would break. "Poor essay," said the little boy, putting his hand upon her face and feeling the tears, "Jimmy sing to Dodo." It was the way in which he had always been comforted himself, and, faint and tired as he was, he sang, in *broken words*:

"There's a good time coming, boys;
There's a good time coming."

Dora drew him nearer to her. She had eaten nothing since morning, and then very sparingly, and was now weak and sad. "Oh mother, mother!" she exclaimed, "we shall die here and never see you." For a few minutes she gave way to grief, which even Jimmy's singing could not soothe. But suddenly she remembered that Uncle Mick was alone and helpless, and taking Jimmy's hand, she hastened home.

The old man had drawn himself to the door, and was looking eagerly out into the darkness, to see, if possible, his children on the road. His eye brightened as his ear caught the sound of their footsteps. "Ah, my darlings! there you are. I was en'-most cursing these stiff old bones of mine, that won't move when I bid 'em. Come in, and tell daddy what luck."

At these words Dora's tears started afresh, and it was with some difficulty Uncle Mick got the story.

"But they didn't take the tobacco," said Dora, brightening at the thought, and producing her penny's worth. In spite of their want of food, the old man couldn't help clutching the precious weed, his daily comforter, and transferring a portion of it to his pipe.

Dora found a cold potato, and shared it with Jimmy. The latter was soon asleep.

Dora knelt, as usual, to say her evening prayer, and, as was her custom, clasped the little cross which she wore about her neck. In doing so she touched also her mother's last gift, the silver crown, which hung upon the same ribbon. Like a flash of lightning its value as money occurred to her, and the words of her mother—"It'll buy bread if ye're starving."

We, who are surrounded with an abundance of earthly comforts, sometimes talk of gratitude. The minister of God, in his flowing, silk robes and cushioned desk, reads, in the subdued light of the gorgeous temple: "We praise thee, O God! all the earth doth worship thee." And the congregation in their luxurious apparel, respond in hushed tones: "Oh ye heavens, bless the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever." Among the organ peals forth, and the choir mingle in that glorious anthem: "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms." And this is *worship*. The congregation roll away in liveried carriages, sit down at their loaded tables, and—thank God that they are not as other men,—this is *gratitude*.

Ay! He who dwelleth in the heavens loves better far than this the simple heart offering of our little Irish Dora, as she kneels by her bed of straw, and, with streaming eyes, (they are tears of gladness now), and clasped hands, exclaims, "Our Father in heaven we shan't starve now." Dora knows nothing of Luther or the Pope, the Low Church or Puseyite, Calvinist or Liberal; she is a poor little ignorant girl, knowing only the prayers her mother taught her, and believing that God made the world, and loves good children. This is all her creed, and yet, if I mistake not, her worship was as pure, her love of God as sincere, as that of the Bishop of London, as he closes his massive prayer book, and lies down to rest in his elegant palace.

Her sleep, surely, is as sweet, for the little weary head no sooner touches the pillow, than the eyelids droop, and the tired child is wrapped in blest repose. That silver crown, a little more than a dollar, kept them from starving, and a letter which Mick Nogher with much effort made out to write, brought them additional relief.

As spring advanced, Mick's rheumatism left him, and he was soon able to shoulder his green bag and go forth to his old vocation. But, alas! what a change met his eye. The unroofed cottages, with their stone gables standing up bare, looked deserted and forlorn; their tenants had emigrated or died of fever and famine. Many of the mud cabins had melted away, some which looked now like mud heaps were ruined cabins, and the graves, no doubt, of uncoffined corpses. Their bones will be turned up by the plough or the spade some day, and then when they are found single or in families, men will say, "These are people who died of the famine." The hospitals were still filled, and the orphan schools were overflowing; many a child knew that one parent was just hidden in the ground in a bag, and the other without any covering at all, while the brothers and sisters lie under the ruins of the cabin. And as summer came on, and the old man trod his accustomed rounds, his eye grew sad as he marked the grass-grown roads to depopulated villages, saw brambles choking up the doors where neighbors used to go in and out; and nettles growing tall, where many a woman that he once knew used to sit and spin, with her children playing round her—half of them now dead, and the rest in the orphan school or work-house."

"Ah, and if it had not been for the silver crown," he said, "who knows what would have become of my little birds." I won't be uneasy about 'em now, when God sent us that in time of need. The salt sea is hungry, but our blessed Lady grant that it devour not the little ones that famine has spared." But we are anticipating. When Uncle Mick went forth on his summer campaign, he took the children with him, and they gained many an additional penny by the ballads they sung in the farmers' kitchen, or in the servants' hall of the great houses, where Mick Nogher was always welcome. Jimmy, with his sightless eyes, and little hands clasped, on his breast, would sing at Mick's bidding, and never failed to move the hearts of his listeners. Dora was less willing to display her voice, and Uncle Mick would never call upon her to do so at the little ale houses where he sometimes stopped, nor at the fairs, which he never failed to attend, and where he could have coined money by the pretty child. But sometimes when the housekeeper of some squire or lord would call our little party into her own apartment, then Uncle Mick would whisper to Dora, "Now jewel, agra, blaze out my darling, and if ye're asked to sing, strike up 'Rich and Rare.' Nothing could be sweeter than the voice of the little girl, in this favorite song:—

"Rich and rare was the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand."

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lonely and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the castle
And this forever is the song she told
Upon Erin's honours and Erin's pride."

The party travelled southward, and came at last to Killaloe, where the first business of Mick was to inquire at the Post Office for letters for the children. One had been waiting there for some days. It enclosed money to pay their passage to America, and sufficient also for Biddy Murphy, for Peggy wrote that she couldn't trust the children to come in the ship with no one to care for them; *ye'll be dead intirely when ye get here*, was her message. In Biddy's letter were directions how to find Peggy when they arrived in Boston.

Mick and the children hastened to Biddy's house to communicate the news.

"Sure and it's kind in Peggy to think of me, but sorra a bit do I care now for Ameriky, all the childer are dead but one. Och! I've supped nothing but sorrow since poor Dennis died with the fever."

"Faixs and it's the will of God that friends should die, Biddy," said Mick, "it's no use mourning all one's days becase he takes them to heaven. Will ye go with the childer?"

"I'm a poor lone crater—the sea will swallow us up; sure and never a body had such bad luck as me—self. If Peggy had only sent this money afore poor Dennis died."

"Then ye'll stay in ould Ireland, and I'll take the money and get the widow Kelly to go with the gawls. She's wanting the chance," said Mick.

"And will ye take away the money from a poor widow like myself. I've had a dale of trouble, and will ye make me more? Sorra a frind have I but Peggy and the childer. And can't I go to Ameriky as well as wider Kelly—the dawshy thing?"

"Then be ready in a week, and I'll come with the childer to Killaloe. Peggy writes that ye must come in the ship *Dorchester*, which will sail from Liverpool on the 28th of the month."

On no account would Mick Nogher permit the children to leave Ireland without Father McSweeney's kind word and blessing; following his wishes, the group found themselves one evening at the lodge of the gatekeeper, an old acquaintance of O'Neill Castle, and from thence they were transferred to the housekeeper's room.

Maud was with her father in the library, where the music of Mick's fiddle soon reached her, and the sweeter music of children's voices. She sprang up, and guided by the sound, soon found her lost protectors. Dora's face lighted up with a smile of surprised delight, when Maud's graceful form, glided in, and when she came near to the little girl, and kissed her, Jimmy, who had put out his hand and touched her dress, whispered, "The rosebud, Biddy."

Uncle Mick took off his beaver, threw aside his fiddle, and, rising, made a low bow to her ladyship.

Maud looked at him with wonder and amusement. He still wore the dress in which we first introduced him to the reader, the loose plaid Josey, the long red vest, and the velvet breeches, powder buckles and all. But the charm of the old man was his long white hair, falling on to his shoulders, contrasting well with the still ruddy cheeks, for his face, though withered, was like the sunny side of a russet apple, such as I have sometimes seen—though kept for a long while, until the wrinkled skin speaks of age, yet the red tinge is undimmed.

There was a cheerful tone in the old man's voice, and a respectful deference to rank, which always made him welcome in the houses of the nobility.

Like all his countrymen, he had a great reverence for old families, especially for the "real ould Irish blood," and the fact that the O'Neills could trace their lineage back to the old chieftains, exalted them, in his estimation, far above the more modern and certainly more modest pretensions of the House of Hanover. With all his goodness of heart, poor little Dora and Jimmy would have shared the corner of the poor-house, with the mass of poor, hungry, ragged little things that huddle there for warmth and food, if he had not known that there run in their veins drops of the same blood that warmed the noble veins of the O'Neill race. But Maud did not know this; her gentle heart had been touched by the sufferings of Dora in her sick hospital bed, and by the sad misfortune of Jimmy. Now again she renewed her offer to take Dora into her service, and see that Jimmy was taken care of. Had the kindness been less gently proffered, or Maud less fair, Uncle Mick might have curled his lip scornfully at the offer. So it was he said to himself, "Better as it is—the girl must not be a menial in the castle of her kindred;" but aloud, with another bow, he added, "they're going to Ameriky, ma'am; their mother has sent the gold."

Maud looked disappointed; the only pleasure left was to furnish the children with clothing and comforts for their voyage. She took them to her own room, leaving directions that Uncle Mick should be liberally supplied with wine and whisky as best suited his taste.

Dora looked wonderingly round on the large, pleasant chamber of Maud—the soft, rich carpet was very pleasant to her little bare feet, and the rare pictures very beautiful, even to her unpracticed eye. The vines without, trained upon the stone walls of this ancient castle, seemed to love the place too, for the "ivy green," the briar rose, and the honeysuckle, were not satisfied with shading, but peeped in at the windows, and threw their graceful arms around the casement, as if wishing to share the room with its gentle owner.

Dora crossed herself and knelt a moment before the image of the Virgin, while Jimmy, with his hands locked in his sister's looked wonderfully happy. With his keen sense of the presence of the good and beautiful, he felt the influence of the place, and though the eye could not see, the spirit inhaled the pure aroma that filled the maiden's room.

The children were furnished with good, durable clothing for their voyage, much to Uncle Mick's delight; for he had little confidence in Biddy's judgment or skill in these matters. Father McSweeney, as the fiddler expected, made his appearance at dinner time.

As his rotund form, surmounted by his full moon of a face, and his big round head with its circlet of short, curly hair, rolled itself into the housekeeper's room, he looked like a magnified copy of Balaam. His broad, red cheeks, laughing eyes, and capacious mouth, so seldom closed, all expressed pleasure at meeting his old friend, the fiddler.

"Ha, ha! old boy," he exclaimed, giving Mick a hearty slap on the shoulder with his brodd, fat hand, "and, so ye've come out of your hole at last. Ye're a cunning old fox to burrow so deep that a hunter like myself with horse and hound can't unearth you. I answered your letter, but I've tried in vain since then to find you out, and I was afraid—"

"It wouldn't have mattered much for myself, there would be few mourners over my old hulk, but I had a thought for the little ones. They're through the winter now, and are going to Ameriky, and I want you to put their names down in your parish book—and add their ages, their parents' names, and their grandfather's, old Michael O'Moore."

"What now, Uncle Mick? You who never keep accounts, and have no system about you, why so precise?"

"Jest a notion, Father; will you gratify it?"

"To be sure I will; and my clerk shall add any other particulars you desire."

"You remember," said Mick, "some papers Father Doherty handed you about the O'Moore's?"

"Desure; they're on file."

"I wish you to be careful of them, and if your clerk would make a copy of them, I would like to give it to Dora to carry with her. I want her to remember that she belongs to the ould Irish of the country, and never demean herself like those who have no such good ould blood in them."

Father McSweeney was much amused at the particularity of Mick, but consented to gratify his whims. Turning to the children, the priest patted Jimmy on the head, and touching Dora's chin, looked at the little, fair round face for a moment, when turning suddenly to Maud, he said, "Do you see how much that face resembles an old picture in your gallery?"

Maud gazed a moment at the little girl, and then exclaimed, "That's it, Father! the child's face has from the first seemed to me so like one I had seen in dreams—but now I understand why it has haunted me so. We will go to the gallery and look at the picture of my great grandmother."

They did so, Uncle Mick and the children following. With a strange feeling of awe and pleasure, Dora, in her worn cotton frock, with her little bare feet, trod the broad, stone staircase, and spacious old hall of the castle. It was a new world to her, but amid all the pictures on the walls, of grim old warriors and stately dames, none pleased her so well as the grave but kind face of Lord O'Neill, who joined the group as they stood looking at the long array of his old ancestors. He recognized the little sick girl of the hospital, and spoke kindly to her, and going to his library he returned with a book written for the blind, containing the alphabet in raised characters, which he gave to Jimmy—the most acceptable present which he could have given them for their voyage. He had brought it from the continent years before.

Their visit to the castle was very agreeable, and Uncle Mick charged the children always to remember that they had been in O'Neill castle, who were "the real gentry of ould Ireland, and they could think of it when they got to Ameriky, where, he was sorry to hear, they hadn't any king or nobles."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The good old Rhine song does to German hearts,
Or thine, Marcellus! to Franco's fiery blood;
The good old anthem harmony imparts,
God save the Queen! to England's field and wood.
A home born blessing Nature's boon not Art's!
The same heart-cheering, spirit-warming word,
To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,
Thy words and music, YANKEE-DOODLE—do.

Human existence hinges upon trifles. What beauty without soap?

Poetry.

For the Banner of Light.

DREAMS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I dreamed of a "wood ambrosomed" cot,
In a distant sunny land;
Of the blue sea's murmuring melody,
Of a silver gleaming strand.

I dream of the fragrance of the flowers,
The magical sunshine there;
Of the thrilling wood-notes sweet and wild,
Of the bright summer air.

I dream of the fairy-like barks that sail
O'er the translucent sea;
Of the rose-tipped wings of a messenger dove
Bearing glad tidings to me.

I dream of a beautiful forest world,
Of the joy and the freedom there;
Of the flower-crown'd portals of love-blessed homes
Of the peace spirit dwelling there.

I dream of forms, oh! so radiantly deck'd,
With the gems of the inner store;
And I meet the pure glances of star-bright eyes
On that distant sunny shore.

I dream of a welcoming burst of song,
A heart-hymn of holiest love;
Of a starry wreath, from the sun-blasted bowers,
Of that beautiful region above.

I dream of the glorious realms of the soul;
Of the blue sea and silvery strand,
And my heart clings in beautiful faith to the dream,
Of the distant spirit-land.

Philadelphia, May 30th, 1887.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DREADED LAWYER.

A TEXAN TALE.

BY DARIUS CORB.

In Texas, during the period when the laws were held in contempt, it required great courage—moral and physical—for a man to stand up before a gang of lawless fellows, and proclaim himself a lawful citizen. Well might those times be termed horrid. A man must be a villain, if he would live there unmolested. I say unmolested, for we can hardly apply the term to the case of a man who perpetrates a midnight robbery, and receives his just dues, or to the ruffian who is in continual strife with those of his own trade. When one could be pointed at, with the finger of scorn, as a religionist—as these unprincipled wretches termed those who stood up for the law—he was marked. His doom was sealed.

Such a man was Menge Randolph. He must have descended from the same line as that of the celebrated "John." His expression was much the same as that of the eccentric orator. The same tall form and expressive fingers. But though the general resemblance was strong, and the chief characteristics were the same, Menge differed in his power of commanding his eccentric impulses.

Menge was a lawyer; and though he possessed a wife and two children, in whom his whole life was concentrated, he stood up fearlessly for the law. So little fear did he show for the assassins around him, and so fierce was he in his denunciations against them, that they stood in awe of him.

The expression of that eye, when fixed upon a cold hearted sounder, was not to be mistaken. There was something mysterious—something ominous of vengeance unrevealed, in that eye and finger, which chilled the boldest. His voice too—what a voice! His very efforts to command his dangerous temper, had produced in that voice a tone of mystery. If there is anything that will subdue a villain, it is mystery; and when this mystery pervades the expression and voice of a man of mind, a mob is powerless beneath his glance.

So much was Menge's character pervaded by this principle, he soon acquired the name of the Dreaded Lawyer. Randolph, soon after I saw him, acquired still greater reputation as a dreaded man, by riding the country of a most fearful outlaw. The story was related to me a few days after the adventure.

One day, in the middle of August, during the court sessions, a man accused of murder was before the jury—we will call it such for the sake of a name—and the Dreaded Lawyer was appointed government attorney in the case.

As he stood confronting the accused, burning him through and through with his hot, conscience-searching words of accusation and warning, and as he stood, confronting the judge and jury, pouring into their midst the fearful accusation of judicial atrocity, he looked truly sublime—terrible. Not one, in that corrupted jury of twelve, could look him in the face. Not one dared speak a word of interruption—or retaliation. He was powerful.

He launched upon the prisoner, the judge, the jury, the whole land, invective upon invective. "Duty, duty! The land burns! Ho, ye judges of the land! The fires of Heaven be upon you. May the lightnings overtake you in your midnight deeds of violence and rapine. May the muttering thunder sound your death warrant. Look upon me, ye of clear conscience. Look upon me, into my eye," here his finger shook like an electrical sceptre, "into my eye, ye cravens. Tell me, who are innocent. Upon ye, I call the thunders of Heaven. I see written in ghastly letters, the word—guilt, guilt, guilt!"

"Let me to him," thundered a voice at the door.

The judge uttered a groan—"My God, it is he!" he exclaimed in shivering accents.

Randolph turned his eyes in the direction of the voice.

The crowd surged, gave way, and the next moment the Dreaded Lawyer was confronted by a man of remarkable appearance. His form was gigantic. His face was that of the description of which, can be embodied in one word, terrible. The nose was brutal, the lips thin and tightly compressed, seeming as though they would never part; the face was nearly oval, broken, intensified, by the deep shadow of the cheek bones, and its immense breadth; the chin and brow projected. But that which looked most terrible in the man, was the eye—freezingly penetrating, and fixed in its cold, unerring gaze.

The cheeks of the judge, jury, prisoner, and witnesses, blanched, as he stood, with his cold blooded gaze fixed upon Randolph.

Randolph, alone, was undaunted.

"What would you?" came in a low, subdued voice, almost hoarse with mysterious warning.

"I would with you."

"If you would with me, then speak."

"Are you the Dreaded Lawyer?"

"I am."

Their eyes were immovably fixed. Those of Randolph sought to burn into the brain of the mysterious being before him. They met a look of icy coldness. Each knew his man.

"Who are you?" The voice was low and shrill. "Who are you, who thus dares to interrupt the proceedings of the court?"

"The court?" The giant laughed contemptuously—from his throat—and looked at the judge.

"My God!" uttered the pale and trembling man at the bench.

"I ask again—Who are you, who thus dares to interrupt the proceedings of the court?"

"Do you think you will know me hereafter?"

"I would know you among a million. You are the devil incarnate."

"You shall know me more." The voice vibrated like the echoes of distant thunder.

With these words, the giant turned his back to the transfixed attorney, and strode for the door.

Randolph gazed a moment; then sprang, with a leap full of smothered rage, upon the gigantic form of the stranger; those nervous fingers clutched the giant's throat—the next moment he was seized in a pair of hegullian arms and hurled to the prisoner's stand.

"I spare you a short time longer," the giant cried in a voice of thunder, "but, try it not again."

The prostrate man shook his expressive finger at the threatening Hercules, and shouted in a shrill voice—"vengeance!"

"Vengeance—who'll take it?" thundered a voice at the door, and all was silent.

The silence which followed, was only broken by the sound of the heavy tread, which was gradually lost in the distance.

A panic suddenly seized all but Randolph, and the court broke up. All made for the door. They knew not why. Randolph raged, and pronounced against them the judgment of Heaven. But his words were lost on the panic-stricken mass.

He turned to the prisoner—he had disappeared.

The court room was soon deserted. Randolph, finding that his voice was unheeded, left the court room himself and turned his direction toward his home.

When he opened the front door, he was surprised to see a box of caps—percussion caps—upon the entry floor. He muttered something to himself about his "boy's carelessness," and opened the sitting room door. But judge of his horror—agony—when he saw his boy's hat upon the floor, trampled and rent. His daughter's cape was near the hat—there was blood upon it.

There was something peculiarly awful in the grief of that man, when he recalled in his mind those words and the cruel expression of the giant.

He went about the house like one distracted. The deepest feelings of his nature rose and found vent in vehement exclamations of sorrow and agony.

"Oh, Mary, Jennie, Charlie! Where are you? If you hear me, for God's sake speak! Oh, agony, agony! Speak! He has killed them! They are gone—gone! God of heaven support me. Gona."

But he did not long remain in helpless agony. The neighbors were aroused. The bell of the court-house rung, and soon the alarmed inhabitants were gathered in the court room. A band was formed, and Randolph put at the head, to lead them where he pleased.

Those men, who, so short a time before, had fled in a panic, now longed for strife, and clutched eagerly their knives and rifles for a moment's use. Such is the effect of reaction.

It was nearly sunset when they started.

Their road, which Randolph first pointed out, led over an eminence which overlooked the country for a great distance. When they reached the summit, the leader's keen eyes swept around, seeming by their expression, to take in every thing at that one glance. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and clutched the arm of the man who stood at his left.

"Look! Are not those horses, way over on the 'Peak' road?"

"In which direction?"

"Right over the dead pine. There, where I'm pointing. Don't you see?"

"By Jove! I can't see a single critter that looks like a horse. Yes, I can now; Jingo, they are horses sure."

"On, boys," cried the leader, "if we had only horses for all; we have a couple of hours before dark; we may overhaul them by that time. We can out them off."

"By Jingo, yes, it's a moral certainty that when the Dreaded Lawyer goes into a thing, he'll rush it through like Jack and the hot potatoes."

"There, Tom, you're altogether too brilliant," came out from another portion of the group.

"On, boys—on!"

The band rushed down the hill, at this command of the leader, and were soon buried in the woods.

They found it sometimes vexatious work to travel through portions of the forest. The trees were in many places connected by vines, so tough that they could not be broken. With stamping, tripping, falling, smashing of the gun-barrel against the trees, and loud invectives against the torturing briars, the stillness of the forest was seriously invaded. The swamps were trying in the extreme to the fatigued and worn-down pursuers.

The leader was a man gifted with remarkable power of endurance. Accordingly, when the rest were about ready to sink with fatigue, he seemed to be stronger than ever. Such men's powers of endurance seem to increase with the demand which is made upon them.

At last, the company absolutely refused to push further that night; so poor Randolph, in tones of despair, marked out the spot for the night's rest, and the men were soon stretched upon the ground; the stillness of the night being broken only by the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Randolph met with a startling adventure during the night, which, had it not been for his wonderful nerve, would have proved fatal.

After throwing some more wood upon the fire—the "wild beast" warr fire, he sat upon a fallen tree, and his agonized soul gave itself up to its impulses.

"Why am I thus visited with misfortune?" he exclaimed.

"Why did not Providence visit some of those rascals of the jury with misfortune?"

"A great encouragement to do right!"

A distant howl sounded on the night air.

"Great God forgive me, I knew not what I said."

The howl came nearer.

"A panther, by heavens!" the startled man exclaimed.

"A long wall, like that of a weeping demon; now broke upon the stillness of the night."

"She's coming this way!"

Another wall—so near, startling, loud and piercing. Randolph started. He was not afraid of a panther; but that sound—so like a wailing, sobbing demon of the night. His nerves became intensely, painfully, strained. He listened—no sound. From some cause, it was hushed.

He was again buried in thought. The nervous action of his brain was intense. While he was thus deeply absorbed with his thoughts of agony, a sound, like the breaking of dry limbs, came with startling distinctness upon the intense silence. Randolph, with a quick movement, turned his gaze in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. His blood recoiled. His very heart seemed to cease its throbbing a moment, then back rushed the hot blood, and that heart beat wildly. There, in the darkness, not four rods from where he sat, peered two balls of fire.

In his abstraction he had laid his rifle down by a tree, at some distance from where he was sitting. That rifle must be reached as those fire lights were upon him, or his doom was sealed.

His eyes remained fixed with deep intensity upon those balls of fire. They scintillated, his remained fixed. The two fires increased in intensity. Randolph commenced creeping towards the rifle. With his right hand he clutched the handle of the knife; with his left he aided himself in working his way gradually to the tree. His eyes never left the two in the darkness. He reached out his arm, his eyes still fixed on the fiery balls, increasing in their intensity. The click of the lock broke upon the awful and oppressive stillness. The eyes remained fixed upon those lights. The stock was fitted to the shoulder, the barrel slowly raised, the sight covered the darkness between the glistening balls, and an explosion followed. They disappeared. If he had taken his eyes for an instant from those fire-balls, his doom would have been sealed.

The sleepers were immediately upon their feet. Their leader gave them to understand that a panther was lying dead not six rods from them. None dared go to the spot where the shining lights were so lately seen. Panthers, or "Painters," as they called them, did not always prowl alone. The one that had been shot at might still be alive, notwithstanding Randolph's assertion that he was a dead shot.

A watch was appointed for the rest of the night; for they absolutely refused to go with the leader, who entreated them to push on, now that they had slept. "He was not their captain," they said, "so he might as well lay down and make himself easy." He could not sleep, but sat with the watchers until daylight, when the party set off once more in the pursuit.

They were all strong, able bodied men, and could bear much fatigue. On they pushed, until the sun stood in the mid-heaven. All heated and worn, their pursuit endless to them, and burning with thirst, together with being tortured by a gnawing hunger, having met no game, they gave up, and threatened to turn for home. Randolph entreated, commanded them to keep up the pursuit.

"We're almost onto them, boys, I know we are; I heard a gun go off in that direction five minutes ago." He said this in a hopeful tone, at the same time pointing out the direction in which he heard the gun.

"Yes," muttered one of the most dissatisfied of the party; "perhaps some of us might have heard it."

"Do you tell me I lie?" exclaimed the fiery leader. The man thus addressed was stout in build, and bold in temper. He returned an answer in a defiant tone, though he inwardly trembled.

"Then take that!"

The man fell to the ground like one dead. He had roused the lion in the Dreaded Lawyer, and paid the forfeit.

"Good enough for him," uttered one of the party. "I say that," exclaimed a powerful man; "I can," so he termed him, "is in no state to be called a liar. I'd have shot him quicker'n I would a rattlesnake."

"Boys, I thank you for coming with me so far. I have my mind made up. I shall go on alone, if none of you will keep with me. I do not so much blame you. We should have taken food. But yet we thought, when we started, that we should overtake the rascals before this. You have done well, boys. I am yet strong, and I take my oath that I will die ere I give up, before my wife and children are safe. O, God! what if they—ha, boys! good bye."

"I'm with him for one," exclaimed the powerful man.

"I another."

"I another."

"And I another."

"Count me, for one."

Voices followed voice, until all were ready to start on again with renewed vigor. Such is human nature.

None caring for the senseless man, he was left in the bushes to care for himself.

"Leave him there," exclaimed Randolph, bitterly, "he'll soon come to." He turned in the direction which he had already pointed out, and the party were in an instant at his back.

After vainly struggling on for four hours without success, they again became disheartened. They could stand up with common fatigue, for men in Texas at that time were used to it, but hunger! Hunger! What a meaning in the very word. Hunger was gnawing at the vitals of the now desperate men. No game was to be found. They had gone too far to retrace their steps. They said they would starve before they could get home. The tiger in them was aroused. They buried their fingers into the palms of their hands in nervous agony. Randolph alone seemed calm, untortured. Another feeling, another agony gnawed at his heart besides hunger. The agony of the physical was absorbed, and made as nothing by that of the mental. He seemed more vigorous than ever. His was a mind which commanded the body.

"I cannot stand it much longer," exclaimed the powerful man.

"Nor I," growled another, with a starting oath.

"Boys, you'll swear most when you most need aid from God," said the leader, in a deep tone of exhortation. "But, what's this? my God! a piece of Mary's dress. Boys, we're on the right track. What's this?—papa? Julia's writing?"

"You're on the right track. They will encamp in the Black Swamp, on the woodland at the north-west. We are in the hands of the Blue Devils—still safe."

"Boys," he cried, "we're upon them; they're in the Black Swamp."

A shout of exultation startled the stillness of the forest. All joined in one concentrated spirit of action, and they plunged after their leader into the thicket, and rushed upon the outlaws. The ruffians being taken at a disadvantage, fared hard in the fight;

On, on they plunged through thicket and swamp. No obstinate vines or torturing briars could stop them now. Their limbs seemed as though a nerve of iron had passed into them, so rigid in their aroused latent strength.

"Hark!" exclaimed the leader, "hark," "did you not hear a neigh?"

An intense silence followed.

The leader was again about to speak, when the neigh of a horse broke upon the stillness.

"We're nearer than I calculated," exclaimed the leader, in a stifled whisper, "be cautious, boys; trees have ears."

Not one of the followers spoke a word. Each grasped his rifle, and freed the knife-sheath from his clothing. The leader held his rifle with a nervous grasp; fixed his knife and shooting iron for instant use; and peering into the thicket before him, held up his nervous finger, and crept cautiously along, followed by his men.

In perfect silence they stole on, confining their breath, with ears keenly set to catch a suspicious sound. In this manner they passed through an eighth of a mile.

The silence now was terrible. Each could almost hear the beating heart of the man by his side. The crackling of a dead limb, or a sigh of the wind in the trees above, brought to their startled imaginations the figure of a man. There was something peculiarly awful in the dead stillness. The face of the being who had chilled them in the court-room, and his gigantic form, rose before their imagination with dreadful vividness, and chilled their blood. They were bold men, and determined to fight—but *thar man!* "Who would he strike first?" was a question which haunted, in spectral characters, their minds.

Suddenly the leader stayed his creeping course, and turned, with his long body stretched toward his followers, and pointing behind him, he whispered—

"I saw him! For God's sake, make no noise!"

A shudder ran through the nerve bodies of the startled men.

"Be cautious—hush—see there!"

The agitated men looked in the direction of the pointed finger. They saw the figure of a man. Seen as it was, back turned to them, and blurred by the intercepting foliage, it appeared of enormous size. The hearts of all but the leader stood still. They kept their intense gaze upon it until it moved out of sight.

For a moment they were powerless. "My God! it is he!" came in trembling, shivering accents, from the throats of the powerless men.

"Boys!" whispered the leader, "we cannot mistake that figure!"

"No—by —, I should say that!"

"My men—with that man we must fight! Spare then your oaths, and make your peace with God!"

The souls of those brave men thrilled with tremulous agitation.

"I will deal with him, men; you deal with the others, and leave him to me!"

The confidence of their leader encouraged the fearful men, and once more they crept on after him.

Again the leader stopped. He threw up his hand with a suddenness which chilled their blood. "Sh!" He beckoned, and they crept up to him. The silence was like that of death.

"Look there!" he whispered.

In an opening, twelve rods distant, they beheld the one so much dreaded. His back was turned to them, as before. His appearance struck awe to the hearts of all the men, except the leader. He was calm—deadly calm.

The gigantic figure moved. "We must follow cautiously, boys. I would grapple with him alone, but we know not the number of his men."

The figure disappeared. The men fixed their eyes on the leader. He threw out his thin hand, and crept in the direction of the spot where the form was last seen. The others followed.

The giant, who stood with his back to Randolph, towering above his men, in the confidence of unequalled power, little imagined that he would soon have to deal with the almost supernatural power of the intense mind.

Randolph and his men crept still further into the wood, and, for the last time, the leader threw up the hand of warning. They could now count the number of their enemy—thirty-five. Randolph's party counted twenty-three. The one which they left behind would have made twenty-four; he was a stout and bold fellow, and they missed him. "He was not so much to blame, after all," thought Randolph.

"Poor fellow! I hope he is safe."

Randolph arranged his men. Now that they knew he was to grapple with the giant, they felt eager for the fight. Their teeth were rigidly set with fierce determination. The day's suffering, in spectral letters of "vengeance" rose before them, and urged them on. The leader kept his eye upon them, or they would have rushed out at once. They dared not do this while his look was upon them. Next to the giant, he was a mortal dread to those reckless men.

"I will station you, my men," said Randolph, in a dreadful whisper. "When I give the signal—the squirrel chirp—you will all fire, and close in upon them. Be steady, men, and aim at the heart. Jovel, you stop with me. Carl—you, with the three Harries, go and crouch there, behind that oak. Veggie, you go over to the other side, with twelve of the men, and station them by threes, two rods apart. Hush—those dry sticks—be careful! The rest of you creep in behind those bushes. Each pick out his opposite man. The giant is for me. Remember—the heart! Caution!"

The men crept silently off for the spots pointed out. Randolph and Jovel were left alone.

"Jovel," anxiously whispered the leader, "do you see anything of the women and boy?"

"That's jest what I was looking for. I don't see 'em."

"The villains may have a cabin about here. I should judge so, by the letter."

"By Jove!"

"Hush! not so loud."

"Pardon, cap'n, I didn't think. But look over between that oak and elm—aint that a chimney?"

It looks like one.

"You're right, Jovel—it's a chimney, sure enough. But look! The giant is moving this way! I must give the signal. God be with me!"

A shrill chirp sounded on the stillness. An explosion followed. There was but one prolonged echo, which awoke the silence of the forest. Fifteen of the robbers bit the dust; seven more recoiled the balls in their bodies; but they stood. Randolph did not fire. The avengers plunged from the thicket and rushed upon the outlaws. The ruffians being taken at a disadvantage, fared hard in the fight;

many were nearly unarmed, having nothing but their knives with which to defend themselves.

When Randolph gave the signal of death, the giant was nearly upon him. Those ears had caught the exclamation of Jovel. Randolph—his body literally one iron nerve—crept to the edge of the thicket, and peered up into the face of the gigantic being before him. Their eyes met. Quick as a flash of lightning Randolph rose to his feet. As he stood, confronting the startled giant, his body seemed like one living nerve—so rigid—so intense. Those eyes gleamed with terrible fire from beneath the mysterious shadows. The nostrils, in their expanded fixedness, gave an unearthly effect to the frightful expression of the eye. The whole face was pervaded by an expression which caused an almost imperceptible chill to dart through the form of the giant. For a moment they stood. The appearance of each was unearthly—they seemed like beings vomited up from another world. The calmness of Randolph was that of the slumbering earthquake—that of the giant was the calm of the frigid zone.

Randolph's eyes scintillated a moment with intense agitation—his fingers bent with nervous action—the body seemed to expand, then contract: the next instant it shot, like lightning, forward, and the giant's throat was compressed in that grasp of electric nerve. The huge mass rocked and tottered—the face blackened, and the cold, icy balls started from their sockets—the mouth opened in agony, and a guttural, gurgling sound came from the compressed throat. Those electrical fingers closed still tighter. The giant, in his agony, strove with one last, dying effort, to release himself. His left arm was free—the right in the grasp of the other five fingers. The free arm was swept around, and the body of nerve gave beneath the shock. The giant stood exultant, but livid. Again those eyes were fixed. Those two fixed upon his, were still as death—the surface fire was gone—they seemed drawn literally into the head. His long body vibrated no more. The breath seemed stayed in its life-giving action. The giant's body seemed to tremble in his rage, and almost superstitious fear. He growled like a frightened and enraged tiger.

His growl was hushed in death. The form before him, like a flash of light expanded, and darted with lightning rapidity upon its victim. Once more those lengthened fingers compressed the throat; once more the nervous hand grasped the arm, which no earthly power could free. The huge body swayed—and fell a lifeless mass.

"All over, Ran! We've fixed 'em. Got twelve live ones to hang, and women and boy all safe. Hallo! By Jove! you've done him, sure! My God! you are not Randolph! Speak! for God's sake, speak!"

The frightened man was unable to look at those eyes. A tremor seized him, and he retreated.

The giant had been slain by a mightier power than his own brutal strength—the power of the intense mind. The physical of such minds seems to be gifted with that remarkable property of nature which increases in power and endurance, in proportion to the demand upon it. When roused by deep injury, such characters are dangerous; their perceptions are keen and unerring, and their strength and temper terrible.

Randolph—when he was again the Randolph of natural mind—sought his wife and children. No great had been the tension of his nerves, that when they were brought to him he wept like a child.

When I was last in the place, Randolph related his adventure to me, and said that he never could forget when the giant freed himself from the first throat gripe. "It is as vivid to me now," said he, "as the present."

I looked into his eye when his story was finished, and I never shall forget that absorbing, internal expression of the man who had acquired, so justly, the title of the Dreaded Lawyer.

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement. "Good-bye, papa, good-bye! Mamma has come for me to-night; papa! we'll all meet again in the morning!" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little one had gone to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. READER, South Carver, Ms. We will answer your inquiries and objections in full, at an early date.

P. S. B. If you send upon the one hundred subscribers, as you propose, you will be entitled to the amount named. If, as you remark, there are upwards of a thousand Spiritualists in your place, no difficulty will be experienced in obtaining several hundred names within a week.

CAMBRIDGE. We have received a communication from the spiritist name, therefore your informant was right. It appears in our columns this week.

G. C. E. Cleveland. Yours of the 26th ult. is received, and the fact you send us will be given to our readers.

INQUIRY, New Orleans. It was in 1853, that Rev. Dr. Potts appeared before a public audience in Rochester, N. Y., and attributed the manifestations then prevalent, to the action of the joints. He cracked his toes before a thousand or more of the literary, scientific and intellectual citizens of that place, upon a stage in Corinthian Hall.

Mrs. E. L. Valparaiso, S. A. We can send you the "Banner" by mail.

THE RACE FOR GOLD.

Let us pause and think why it is that one child at school hoards up his pennies, crushes down the natural impulses of his heart, and is dull at all studies save arithmetic, while another lavishes his money upon his fellows, "throws it away,"—so the world says,—and ever grasps after shadows and unattainable desires.

Amid the many distinguishing traits which individualize the man, there is none more mysterious than this. Mark this man—successful wealthy—proud. His fellow-men bow to him with the deepest reverence—there is none of that indifference or everyday salutation when they meet him, which they are wont to bestow upon those they consider their equals or inferiors. Oh, no, he is one of that class styled "Merchant-Princes," and the hand moves naturally to the hat, and the step is set prouder upon the pathway that you have been looked at and spoken to by the rich man.

Now let us trace back. That man was a school-boy with us. We have sat by his side day after day, and through all the long time we never saw him do a generous act; more—he never joined in the merry frolics—the "fun" of his mates. When the tears would rush into the eyes of other children at the sight of suffering or sorrow, or the little fingers clench defiantly at tyranny and wrong, he would sit cold, immovable, and passionless as an iceberg. When the boys rushed out with a laugh and a bound over the green fields, plucking the violets and daisies, or chasing the butterflies, he would sit, pencil in hand, making mysterious figures upon his slate. To him there was no music in the laughing brook, the singing birds, the waving forests. No, the ring of the pennies had obliterated all pleasant sounds from his heart. There was but one aim to his existence, money-making. To attain this, what to him was joy, faith, love? Nothing. Ever the demon whispered in his ear, gold! gold! get gold!

We watched him as he grew up. The one absorbing passion still held his sway. Colder and more ungenial, more selfish and more pitiless, became his nature. The famishing child would look up into his face, and the plea for alms would die away half-uttered, chilled and frozen by his stony look.

Think not that we alone saw and marked all this. No; as he strode upon his path, crushing down ruthlessly, the sweet blossoms of charity and love, there always looked deep into his heart, a searching eye—the eye of God; and the recording angel wept, as he traced the same words of him day by day and hour by hour, upon the wonderful record of eternity. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Yet this man, this human desert, on whose bosom blossoms no bright flower, from whose heart springs up no sparkling crystal stream of charity, and faith, and good-will, is the pompous, the petted, the almost worshipped millionaire. Is it not, then, little wonder that children are taught this one great aim—money-getting; that for its accomplishment, they barter away all the finer sensibilities of the soul, all the delicate treasures of the heart; that in this weary race they lose all human sympathy, all kindly thought, all pure and perfect honesty; that the desire to "get money" obscures the clear face of right, and gives to a palpable theft the enticing color of shrewdness? Ah! well, it is useless to theorize. In God's own time all the mysteries of human life will be unraveled; the secret instincts, and promptings which control and exult in man's better nature, will be seen clearly, and we shall know why the earnest toiler after the right, the pure, warm, loving human heart, is crushed and trodden under the iron heel of Mammon; why all his bright dreaming fancies of the good, the beautiful and the true are derided, laughed at, and scorned by the multitude, in their race for wealth.

A WRITER signing himself "Coleridge," is out in Saturday's Post against Spiritualism. The only sensible remark in the whole article is this:—"Laws against 'spiritual' manifestations and mediums, and against witchcraft, must be the inevitable result, unless the credulity and infatuation of society is headed off in its mad career by a perfectly scientific exposition of this mysterious law."

We know spirit communication is as capable of being demonstrated on scientific principles, as is the law of gravitation. Truth is immutable. Well, and you may yet become wiser than Coleridge.

THE "COURIER" AND THE "BANNER."

The Niagara is very indignant with us because we spoke of the conduct of the Theological Faculty of Harvard University in warm language, when discussing their maltreatment of Mr. Willis; who was by them condemned and sentenced, and then put on trial. We are told how wise and good this Professor is, and how extensive is the Biblical knowledge of that; how learned and liberal is a third Professor, and how capital a person is a certain Doctor. This mode of defending bigotry and meanness is old as bigotry and meanness. It was invented as a sort of covering for the conduct of men who had made use of their high positions to injure those who did not agree with them in opinion, and has been repeated for the same purpose for an hundred times in an hundred places. "How could you suspect evil doing from such respectable men?" And so their victim, whom they hate all the more bitterly because they can give no sound reason for doing so, is to be borne down by the respectability of his accusers. He is to be condemned and his character blasted, and his prospects in life are to be injured, not because he has broken any law, but for the reason that his accusers are pious, learned and respectable! This is a reversal of the usual course, with a vengeance. It is a common proceeding, when a person is on trial, to put in evidence as to his character, for the purpose of either breaking the force of the accusation preferred against him, or of lessening the prejudices under which he may be suffering, by showing that, if a sinner beyond the common line, his nature is not altogether bad; and that, if he did perpetrate the deed alleged, it was under peculiar circumstances, and when his good genius had withdrawn its protection. If our memory is not at fault, we have heard of Harvard Professors coming forward to testify to the general good character of a man charged with the dreadfulest of crimes. We think they did right, and that their "respectability" was well employed in endeavoring to break the force of the "old law," even when that law was just; for it is a terrible thing to refuse even a word to comfort one who stands in opposition to all the world. Yet we find these same men, or men of the same class, or standing, seeking to convert their power—a power derived mainly from position—to the purpose of breaking down an innocent young man, thus reversing the usual course. To be sure, they did not seek his life. They were not so cruel as to do that. They were as tender and as merciful as the religious tribunals were in old times, when they delivered condemned heretics up to the secular authorities, urging them to use the said heretics tenderly, but knowing all the while that they were about to be burned alive. We cannot say that we much admire the quality of such mercy, and we shall take the liberty—if liberty it be—to speak of it in appropriate terms, as we already have done.

We know of no class of men who are more deserving of severe censure, than those who, holding high social positions, and claiming to be wise and learned, are yet narrow-minded and bigoted, and who abuse their powers to the prevention of free inquiry. What spectacle can be more thoroughly disgusting than that of a combination of learned professors to crush the innocent and to put down inquiry, because these same professors have adopted a certain conclusion, without much examination, if any, and are enraged at the mere thought of others daring to have other than their opinions! If a mob, in a fit of rage, acts violently against an unpopular individual, how warmly they are condemned, and how savage is the tone in which the authorities are called upon to make examples of them, and how they are condemned for not having swept them out of existence with musketry and cannon! And if mobs abuse their brute strength to the injury of those whom they hate, in what respect do they differ from the learned men who abuse their power to the injury of persons who have fallen under their wrath? We look upon the learned doctors as being only a more select and less extensive mob, who have not the excuse of ordinary mobs that is to be found in ignorance, and who have acted with that cool and deliberate malice which is often to be found in the proceedings of such men, and which reflects far more disgrace upon human nature than can proceed from the worst conduct of the worst mob that ever violently broke the law in the rudest of ways. A mob acts with passion, and it never ventures to defend its coolness, what it has done in its wrath, while your learned violators of the great law of all, appear even worse in defending their malignant action than they were in performing it.

The Courier had better look into its own columns if it wishes to find harsh attacks on individuals. It may be that we have spoken with warmth of persons who, as we believe, have sought to prostitute their powers to the work of oppression; but we have said nothing harsher of any of the Harvard men than the Courier itself has said of other men, who have been so adducious as to believe differently from those fogies. If there has been rough hitting on the one side, it has been only as the consequence of the same kind of hitting from the other side, where it originated. We do not mean to allow them to monopolize it.

THE COMET.

Considerable speculation having taken place as to what the comet will do, and fears of a disastrous collision having been manifested by some wise men, and others not so wise, it is with no ordinary pleasure we call the attention of our readers to the following offers, made by one of our Western cotemporaries. Such an exhibition of confidence is calculated to dispel any alarm which may exist upon the subject:

1st. We will wager \$20,000, more or less, that if the comet offers to strike, we will dodge before it does it; in other words, that it can't be brought to the scratch.

2d. A like sum that if it does strike, it will be knocked higher nor a kite.

3d. Twenty-five times the above amounts, that in case the comet strikes, it won't budge the earth six inches, by actual measurement.

4th. A like amount, that after the comet strikes, its tail drops.

5th. An optional sum, that the earth can knock the comet further than the comet can knock the earth, nine times out of eleven.

6th. That after the comet gets through striking the earth, it will never want to strike anybody else.

These propositions are intended to cover the case of any gentleman on this globe, or on the comet, or elsewhere.

All wagers to be decided by the Judges of the Supreme Court.

Money to be deposited in the Banks of Newfoundland.

Time of striking and other arrangements to be fixed by the parties.

Applicants for bets have a right to select any comet they choose.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Niagara is the object of great attraction at Gravesend—a small port, some twenty-five miles from London—where she is now lying. Many of the most distinguished people have visited her, and one and all express the highest gratification with the ship and the officers.

Invitations have been extended to the officers to dinners and *festes* of various kinds. They have been elected honorary members of the United Service Club, the Junior United Service Club, and the Royal Yacht Club. Professor Morse is lionized upon all sides. But the most significant fact is, that the people hail the visit of the Niagara with the utmost enthusiasm.

Jack tars and landmen seem equally delighted with her, and are not backward in expressing their admiration. An amusing conversation occurred between a gentleman belonging to the Niagara, and a boatman who was rowing him off to the vessel:—

"What kind of a ship is that?" said the gentleman, professing to be ignorant of her character.

"That, Vy, that's a Hamerican ship," he replied.

"Well," said his questioner, "are the people civil aboard of her? Will they let you see her?"

"Yes," he said, "they're very good—very civil; their civility is n'countable—they're so civil."

"Well, I see," the other rejoined, "I see she's a very large—a very large ship for a frigate."

"Aye, you may say that. Ecod, I believe you, sir. If they calls such a ship as that a frigate, I dunna what their liners be. Ha! ha!"

The cable is rapidly approaching completion, and early in July it is expected that a fleet of vessels will steam out of the Thames on an errand, compared to which the expeditions of all the argosies which have floated upon its waters will be insignificant and worthless.

THE MORMONS.

A most serious question is approaching a climax. The Mormon leaders are sternly resisting the authority of the United States, and driving out of the territory which they inhabit, those they are pleased to style the "Gentiles."

The United States Marshal, and the Surveyor-General, with his family, have been forced to succumb to the superior power of Brigham Young and his followers, and fly for their lives.

The question now arises in view of this peculiar state of affairs, as to the future. Shall there exist within the bounds of the republic a large band of men who openly and defiantly outrage its laws, and declare that no citizen of the United States shall be allowed to dwell in, or even to visit the Territory of Utah, unless he enters into their beastly and unholy league? Is it the duty of the Supreme Government of the nation to wait until this hydra has increased its poisonous heads, or to begin the work of lopping them off now?

There can be but one course to pursue; the laws of the land must be sustained; rebellion, come from what quarter it may, must be crushed, and the sooner the President plucks Brigham Young and his fellow conspirators from their position, by the strong arm of military power, the sooner will the ends and aims of our system of government be realized.

THE SEVENTEENTH.

The following persons, among others, have accepted invitations to participate in the celebration—Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, U. S. A.; His Excellency John A. King, Governor of New York, and suite; His Excellency Governor Dyer, of Rhode Island; His Excellency Governor Gardner, and suite; Hon. Caleb Cushing, late Attorney-General of the United States; Hon. John P. Kennedy, formerly Secretary of the Navy; George Peabody, Esq., of London; Hon. S. Cameron, Senator from Pennsylvania; Hon. Charles King, President of Columbia College; Hon. L. S. Foster, Senator from Connecticut; His Excellency Governor William A. Newell, of New Jersey; Ex-President Pierce, and other civil, military, and naval gentlemen. Ex-President Fillmore is expected to be present.

Lieutenant-General Scott will, it is understood, arrive in Roxbury early on the morning of the 17th. He will breakfast at the Norfolk House, and then be received at the Boston line, and escorted into Boston by the 1st Brigade, Col. Bullock commanding, which has been ordered out by the Commander-in-Chief. At the State House he will be formally received by His Excellency. The Seventh Regiment of New York will be received on their arrival here, on the morning of the 17th, by the National Lancers—which corps will turn out over a hundred men—and escorted to the Lancers' armory, where they will stack their arms, and thence to their quarters at the Revere House.

YACHTING.

The annual contest of the New York Yacht Club, took place last week, and quite a gala day was made of it. The steamers Erie, John, Styles, Edwin, Thomas K. Hunt, and others, covered with densely packed masses of pleasure seekers, accompanied the yachts in their trial of speed.

It is represented as having been a splendid scene, the heights of Hoboken, off which the yachts lay moored, were lined with thousands of spectators. The steamers gaily dressed in flags and streamers, and melodious with the music of their bands, the stately yachts chafing at their moorings, combined to render the scene one of the most pleasurable excitement. The result was as follows:—

HOME STAKE BOAT.			
H. M. S.		H. M. S.	
Haze,	3 45 45	Edgar,	3 56 46
Favorita,	3 46 4	Richmond,	3 57 17
Silvie,	3 48 40	Island Fawn,	3 52 31
Julia,	3 48 47	Lucky,	3 51 3
Una,	3 51 14	Rowena,	3 52 45
Widgeon,	3 53 —	America,	4 3 38
Minnie,	3 54 13	Margaret,	4 3 49
Escort,	3 54 50	Sea Drift,	4 7 9
Madgie,	3 56 20	Undine,	4 7 34
Irene,	3 56 40		

The allowance for tonnage and canvass gave the first class prize to the schooner Widgeon; the second class prize to the sloop Una, and the third class prize to the sloop Edgar. Another regatta will take place at Newport, in August, when many of the new vessels not finished will take part in the contest.

We are glad to see an increased interest in this, the most useful and manly of all the sports favorite with men, and should be pleased to hear of a yacht race in our own harbor.

Now while the London press and people are enthusiastic about that noble monument of genius departed, the last work of the lamented George Moore, it will be gratifying to his friends every where to know that the three winning yachts in the New York regatta were built by him.

AMUSING SCENE IN COURT.

Our Police Court was one day last week the scene of a very amusing incident. One of the judges was at home, another was having a "good time" at the Railroad Celebration, and the third, (Cushing) occupied the bench.

A case was brought up in which the testimony of a number of fair witnesses was required; said fair ones being skilled in the art and mystery of weaving ribbons into fanciful shapes to adorn the extreme back part of ladies' heads, but which are ostentatiously styled, bonnets; or by some who adopt the Parisian definition, hats. While the pleasant voices of the fair ones were filling the court room with music, His Honor did something never before performed by a Police Justice, within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," to wit; opened his eyes, and actually spoke words—yes, words that differed from the repetition of his daily lesson. The spectators were dumb with amazement as the learned judge addressed one of the fair witnesses—who had been speaking of trimming a bonnet, but accidentally used the word "hat"—thus wise:—

"I thought you said the defendant was trimming a bonnet?"

Witness—"So she was, your Honor."

Judge—Very sharply—"then what are you saying about a hat?"

Witness—"A hat and a bonnet are the same thing."

Judge—Much astonished—"What! do you tell me that a bonnet and a hat are alike?"

Witness—Yes, sir, they are."

Here His Honor allowed the witness to proceed, but made a note of his statement, evidently considering that the testimony of a witness who had so loose an idea of matters and things should be taken with much caution.

The witness proceeded to tell of the way in which five yards of ribbon had been wasted in trimming a bonnet, when His Honor broke in again this wise:—

"Haven't you done with that bonnet, or (sarcastically) hat yet?"

Witness—"Oh, yes sir! but the trimming is not the bonnet."

The Court—The trimming is no part of the bonnet?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Judge—Helplessly—"Well, go on, but I don't understand all this."

After this, His Honor allowed things to take pretty much such a course as they wished, satisfied that he was out of his depth; he cross-questioned the young ladies no more, and the testimony thereafter flowed on like a river nigh unto the sea, without cessation or delay until the whole story was told.

GONE.

Gone! How that word sounded in our ears ten summers ago, when, upon calling at a friend's house it fell upon them in response to our inquiry for a little cherub child of that home circle. Ah, it had a fearful meaning then, that simple word of four letters.

Gone! and they put away all the tiny play things, and the little stubbed shoes, and the checked apron, and the wax doll; for the little hands that patted the father's cheek, and the feet that danced upon the parlor floor, had gone; and the sparkling eye, the dimpled cheek, the golden hair, were all gone. And where? And they asked the minister, but he could not tell; he must not look into the mystery of God, but submit to his will uncomplainingly. They asked the Christian mother who had often passed through similar scenes, but she could not tell. And they asked the world, but it passed on with its jocular laugh, heeding not her call, and unmindful of the future.

Gone! Yes, the mother felt that her little one had, indeed, gone; and her crushed and bleeding heart moaned away its sorrow in unavailing sighs for the lost.

But it's not so now. Yesterday, it seems but yesterday, and yet it is near a twelvemonth since, we met parents and friends around the casket that enshrined the earthly temple of a young spirit. There were no bitter tears at that gathering. To be sure, regret lingered around the hearts of those present in the form, but no one said the child had "gone." All felt that the little one was there—that she was conscious of all that was said and done.

They bore the body to the grave. They planted bright flowers above it. But they did not bury their child. They did not throw the cold, dead earth on the warm, living spirit.

Since then the mother has gone to be with her child, who seemed to have playfully run on before to tell her friends of her coming. It would have been a hard task ten years ago for that husband to have bid adieu to wife and child, and to say, as then he must have said, "They are gone." But now, though regretting the event, he did not bow to the earth beneath a burden of grief. For mother and child had not gone; they had but nestled closer as it were, to his heart; so close, it might be, that he could not see them, but ah, he felt them there, and he was made glad.

"Gone." It is a word shorn of the terrible meaning it once had; thanks to the blessed, ministrations of angels. Mother, will you ridicule such a faith? Father, can you close your door upon such a visitant? Christian, can you crucify such a Saviour?

SPIRITS HAVING THEIR OWN WAY.

Two ladies recently called upon a gentleman of this city, at his place of business, and noticing a platform scale near at hand, one of them proposed being weighed. The exact weight having been ascertained, the other lady was asked to take her place on the scale.

"But you cannot weigh me," said the lady, "with those scales."

The storekeeper said he could weigh a thousand pounds on them, and rather doubted that the lady would go above that.

"But you can't weigh me," said she.

Thus challenged to the performance of what appeared to be a very simple act, the gentleman urged her to step upon the platform, which she accordingly did. Then he very coolly arranged the weight, and began to think the supposed impossibility possible, when he was startled, upon withdrawing his hand, to behold the weight fly to the other end of the beam! Again he placed it upon the figure, when again it started from its position, and passed to the other end! The effort was repeatedly made to fix the weight, but every time with the same astonishing result. Of course great wonder was created in the store by such marvellous proceedings, and the gentleman was compelled to admit that he could not weigh the lady, while she proved most conclusively that the spirits were determined to have their own way, of that order.

Familiar Letters.

A ROSE IN THE WILDERNESS.

There breathes such a spirit of kindly human love through the following communication, and it was opened by us at such a peculiar moment, that it sent a thrill of pleasure through our heart, as would a draft of cool water through the veins parched with fever.

Yes, yes, we do sometimes get weary and discouraged, but faith and hope never desert us. That pure air, that blue sky, those singing birds, those sweet flowers, are inexpressibly dear to us; and now, as we look from our sanctum window out the busy thoroughfare of Washington Street, our brain deafened with the rattle of wheels over stone pavements, our spirit jumps out towards the green fields and the free fragrant breezes of the hill-side. But we cannot move from our position to-day. To-morrow, when our paper goes to press, we shall fly away for a few brief hours, and as we pluck the wild violet or the golden buttercup, shall not forget the words spoken in due season.

To THE EDITOR: Oh! I think of you this balmy, clear, sweet morning, sitting in your editorial chair, and hope you never get weary or discouraged.

The pure air, blue sky, singing birds and sweet flowers, gave me an invitation to walk out, in their own persuasive language. In my perambulations, I have gathered a beautiful bouquet! It would do you good to look at it, and were you near, it should be yours. As we gaze on the beautiful flowers, truly do we realize the saying of the good old Book, that "Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." He could not with them compare! The diamond may glitter in the coronet; the jewel may bedeck the fair form; yet the beauty of flowers surpasses all. We ardently desire the "inner man" or spirit, to be so renewed, that, like the gorgeous flower, it may attract,—like the simple flower it may enchant.

How trifling to many persons seems the "spirit of man" that is in man! They boast of the slender waist, the delicate hand, the fairy-like foot, the sloping shoulders, and, above all, the "blood that flows in their veins;" and now, by the way, please allow me to tell you a remark made, a while since. A relative said to me, "we can trace our descent from the Kings—their blood is in our veins." The reply was not heard, but was whispered like this: "Could I distinguish the aristocratic portion, I would pierce a vein, that it might flow upon the ground; freely let it be offered as the sacrifice—the lever, if need be, to mingle my spirit with the way-worn, and encircle me in the chain of sympathy with the suffering and depressed." If such boasters will suffer "their blood" to completely overrule, irrespective to the great claim made upon them to a membership of the human family; if their eyes will not perceive; if their ears will not listen; if they will enclose themselves within the walls of their castles,—nevertheless, the truth may sometimes reach them, and their hearts be softened. Their proud spirit may rebel; they may be steeled; the tongue may refuse to acknowledge the ties of brotherhood; yet when the eye rests on the deformed,—when they come in contact with the diseased,—when they meet the oppressed and enslaved, they cannot alter the fact, that notwithstanding the multiplicity and variety of individuals, the same Parent, is their Father; the same God is their God; and the whole human family, as to its elements and principles, "one grand man;" and the true recipient of this idea must admit that it accords with the philosophy of nature and of life.

Now, don't you wish they would rise early in the morning and enjoy a happy season? Why will not they awake at the dawn of day, and with their eyes wide open, seek the "bright spot?" Look at the sun! if it dazzles your sight for the present, never mind. Then read the Banner of Light, it will shed a warmth and brightness on your subsequent life, and render your personality better and happier. Do those drops of bitterness, that you quaff from the muddy stream, relish, as would the pure, clear invigorating "milk of kindness" and love. Do not, for heaven's sake be napping until evening, lest you become so drowsy that you can neither be mentalized or spiritualized—there now, you need not be afraid of that word, it only means when applied to your case, a kind of exalting exercise, for instance. Take a walk and breathe an honest, unprejudiced, clear atmosphere; call on your near neighbor, Truth, knock at her door until "your locks are wet with the dews of night." She will prove a friend whom you can embrace—one in whom you can confide; yet depend upon it, she will say, live not for yourself, but for God's great family. Sent yourself under the trees—the dew of heaven glistening on the boughs may sprinkle you in the name of the Father and the Holy Spirit of his Son, your "elder brother." As you sit under the home of the birds they will bid you welcome, and flutter above your head, and sing the songs your Father gives them—their varied and joyous notes cannot fail to arouse the silent notes within you, and as your soul expands, you will then be re-born from out the coldness of the past, and you will find companionship in good thoughts and better deeds.

Good bye, with good wishes for you, happiness and prosperity.

THE ORGAN.

We understand that the Evening Gazette contradicts the statement of the Courier in relation to the Banner, as being the organ of the Spiritualists. We thank our friend for his kindness in placing us in our true position. We are not the Organ of any class or individual; and the Courier was as wrong in calling the Banner an Organ of the Spiritualists, as we should be were we to call the Courier the Monkey of that persecuted body. We profess to advocate the cause of Truth, and that is the only subject with which we wish to be identified, and so far as Spiritualism meets our convictions of what is Truth, so far we advocate it.

Mrs. HENDERSON will continue her addresses, while in an entranced state, at the Melodeon on the afternoon and evening of June 14th. The answers given to the inquiries of her auditors have, proved quite interesting and satisfactory, and have served to remove many doubts that have troubled and perplexed the public mind in relation to the subject of Spiritualism.

The lectures at the Melodeon the past season, and the other means there afforded the public for an understanding of the great question of our times, have been under the management of Dr. GARDNER, whose active interest and labors much is due for the prominent position which Spiritualism now holds in this city.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVALS.

The most interesting features of the recent anniversary meetings in our city, were the festivals; one being that of the Unitarians, held in old Faneuil, and the other held by the "Young Men's Christian Association, in Music Hall.

It was the sixteenth annual jubilee of the Unitarians, and the audience must have appeared in strange contrast with that which met at the first, could the two have been placed side by side. The early festival was doubtless looked upon by the orthodox community as a sort of heathenish event, and the act of enjoying the bounties which God has heaped upon their path, as a base indulgence in "the pleasures of sin for a season." The numbers, too, were small, of those who, having a truth in their souls dare avow it, and bear it boldly in the face of the persecutions of bigotry, and a mistaken zeal for the cause of Christ.

At the present festival thousands were in attendance, and the ladies and gentlemen represented the intelligence, refinement and wealth of Boston and its vicinity, and, in fact, of all New England. The remarks were of that stamp which pleases all. There was one remark made by Rev. E. E. Hale, which we wish was more generally applicable than facts warrant us in believing it is. He said:

"Everywhere the clergy is putting Christianity into action, and the future historian will say that about the middle of the nineteenth century the men who had been talking went to work a little. The central type of the movement of our times is that the clergy are proving themselves men."

This is true to a limited extent; but it is unjust to the noble souls who dare be "men," to credit the clergy, as a class, with that spirit of manliness which is due to the minority of its members. Let those who, throwing aside creed and church manacles, stand out free and independent, on God's great platform, and accept and advocate Truth for the very love of it, be cheered and encouraged; but, at the same time, let those thousands who will go for reform only when it is popular to do so, and never guide, but are always guided by the people—as in the case of the New England Division of the Tract Society,—be forced into a realization of their ignoble position, and be made to know that they are unfit for the positions they have assumed.

The festival at the Music Hall was more of the orthodox stamp. The association under whose auspices it was given, is composed of what are called "evangelical" church members. The occasion was a marked sign of the times, and indicative of a growing sense of the wants of humanity. Even these, the unrelenting advocates of eternal torment for nine-tenths of the human family, because they do not happen to believe as they do, begin to think some enjoyment in this world admissible. We are glad that we are thus able to make a note of this progress, and trust that ere long another milestone will be reached and passed.

The Music Hall was finely decorated, with those ornaments which adorn, so magnificently, "God's first temples." There was the American pine, with its deep green forming a grand background for the more delicate tints and leaves of other forest beauties. Festoons of flowers, chains of evergreen, and wreaths of myrtle were suspended at various points. The scene was charming; but we cannot say as much for the remarks. They were too redolent with old theology to suit our mind, and too much at war with the spirit of the age. It is not to be expected that men with their eyes open in this nineteenth century of the Christian religion. Yet the occasion was one which gives us hope for the world; and these "festivals" are destined to soften the asperities of the popular church, and making it more human, render it better adapted to the wants of mankind.

THE IMPRESSIONAL POWER OF SPIRITS.

About a fortnight since, a spirit of the name of Olive —, came to Mrs. Conant, and told her that her (Olive's) sister Jane, residing in a town about forty miles from this city, was married, and in some trouble on account of the absence of her husband who had left her, and of whom she could gain no tidings. Olive knew where the husband was, and named the place to Mrs. C. The spirit then, at the request of Mrs. Conant, agreed to go to Jane and impress her to come to this city.

A few days since the lady called on Mrs. Conant, and being asked why she came to Boston, replied that she really did not know. "But," said she, "for two weeks past, it has seemed as though my sister Olive was standing directly by my side, and I have almost constantly heard a voice telling me I must go to Boston and I should hear of my husband. I have several times dreamed of Olive, and during the dreams met her as tangibly as I possibly could who she was on the earth."

Mrs. C. then related to her the fact of the visit of the spirit sister, as above stated, and gave her information in relation to her husband, which was subsequently proved to be true in every particular.

A SISTER'S UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield was seated in his office a few weeks since, when a gentleman, a stranger to him, entered, and stating that he was a medium said, "Your sister wants to communicate to you."

Mr. M. replied, that it could not be; that there must be some mistake, as he had but two sisters, and one of them lived in California, the other in Charlestown; that he knew the latter to be well, and had no reason to suppose the other in the spirit world.

The gentleman, Mr. J. B. Waters, of Worcester, was not a little confused at the turn affairs had taken. He seated himself, however, and again said, "Your sister wants to communicate to you," remarking that he could not resist the influence that compelled him to say it. Then in rapid succession the sentence was several times repeated, "Your sister wants to communicate."

Mr. Mansfield signified his willingness to hear any thing that might be communicated, yet was confident that the controlling influence was other than what it purported to be.

Mr. Waters finally left, but as he did so, he was turned from the door, and without the least volition on his part, again addressed Mr. Mansfield, and said, "Your sister wishes to communicate."

Within ten days after that time, Mr. Mansfield received a letter from California, informing him that his sister had passed to the spirit world after the brief illness of one hour.

It appeared that on the day Mr. Waters called on Mr. Mansfield, the sister had been in the spirit world two weeks.

THE PEOPLE OF IOWA are to vote, in August, on the question of allowing colored men to vote on the same terms as other men.

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor: Seeing in the papers, at various times, a protracted controversy respecting Spiritualism, between Mr. Willis and the Faculty of Harvard College—and my name having been connected with that of Mr. Willis—I felt a great desire to have some personal knowledge of said gentleman.

A few weeks since I had the pleasure of an introduction, and was courteously invited to call at his domicile whenever I could make it convenient. Recently, on returning from the country, I had to pass his residence, when my desire to see some manifestations of spirit rapping induced me to call—after some little conversation, we sat down at a table, one other gentleman and a lady sitting with us. In about two seconds of time, the table vibrated, and the chair in which I sat seemed as if it would ascend with me to the ceiling—then there came a rumbling sound like the motion of a steamboat when ploughing the waves. The next demonstration was the movement or tipping of the table, (at my own request,) representing a ship in distress; then again, like cars at a rapid speed over a railroad. Then came a rapping as if under the table. When I asked if it was my child, the accordion, which was under the table, sounded, and likewise a guitar. I then said if it is my child, be pleased to play. When the table played by a series of rappings, precisely like the beating of a drum. The lady then placed a handkerchief in her lap, perfectly smooth—it was taken away, and found by my side, folded up so as to represent—by its shadow upon the wall—a rabbit. This I had often done to amuse my child during his illness. A spirit, purporting to be Mr. Flagg, came and played upon the accordion, as Mr. Willis held it by one hand under the table. The tune was "Home, Sweet Home," which, as I had been speaking of my home in England, was appropriate. Then it played "God save the Queen." I then asked if it was in compliment to me, as an Englishman; to which the accordion sounded three times, which Mr. W. said was yes. Several popular airs were then consecutively played with considerable skill, and the echo produced, most exquisite. The accordion also played while I held it. There was no delusion here. I felt the vibratory movement of my chair, heard the music, and saw the handkerchief that was tied; these manifestations took place in what is here called the basement room; the gas burning, giving sufficient light to distinguish every object in the room. This account is only an abridgment of what I actually saw, and I give it publicly, with a view of doing justice to phenomena which I consider ought to be investigated. It is a light that ought not to be put under a bushel, and I might add, not given to scientific academical skeptical professors to solve. It is entirely out of my province; yet I have seen sufficient to induce me to believe that departed spirits do and can communicate with us, their friends on earth. G. E. A.

THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

On a recent Sabbath evening, in a town near the heart of the old Bay State, a company met around the family board. We can give names if called upon, but it will not add to the truth of what we have to narrate, to make an unnecessary parade of them in this place. With the company was a gentleman of ability, in whom we are indebted for the account of what then and there took place.

They had met, as all family circles meet, for the interchange of thought and friendly greetings. There was an old gentleman who lacked but a single year in his calendar of the prophetic "three score and ten;" there was a young man from New York, with his wife, and other gentlemen and ladies, children of the old farmer. The latter was a gentleman of the old school; a good, solid, well-to-do tiller of the ground, honest as the sunlight. In the course of the evening, the subject of Spiritualism was mentioned, and, after some joking and trifling remarks about it, it was proposed to try an experiment. Accordingly, they all seated themselves around a table, and placed their hands thereon. Presently the old gentleman's hands moved from right to left, and to the inquiry of one why he did so, replied that he could not help it.

In a short time his eyes closed, and he sat back in his chair with his face turned upward. Then, he surprised them all by his exclamations of what he beheld. He described in glowing and earnest language the personal appearance of a dozen or more individuals who had been reckoned "dead." "There, more are coming," said he, "and there is my wife. Welcome, welcome!" He shook hands with each of his spiritual visitants, and manifested the greatest joy at meeting them.

The audience, if thus we may designate those who sat around the entranced father, were completely overcome. The daughter wept like a child, and those who spoke lightly of the matter at first, saw there was indeed a deep reality in it.

"Why," said they, "here is our father; it is him who tells us of these things; he cannot deceive us." "There is no delusion here," said one, "here in our own home we are met by these facts, and we must accept them."

When he came from the trance, to their questionings he replied, that he had been in a glorious place, and seen his wife, his brother, and others whom he named, and who were known to those present. To him it was no dream, but a tangible reality, and as such he spoke of it.

Our readers may be assured that that family retired that night with a more realizing sense of the nearness of the spirit world, and of the "dear departed," than ever before. How long will blind bigotry be allowed to bind its bandages on the eyes of the people, and compel the world to walk unblest by such assurances of immortality, and a recognition of the presence of angels? Not long. Thank God, not long. The light is spreading; the truth is being diffused, and mankind will soon have passed its forty days in the wilderness and enter upon the plains of a better inheritance.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

From the fourteenth annual report of Massachusetts State Record for the year ending Dec. 31, 1856:—Whole number of births, 32,845; marriages, 12,829; Deaths, 20,798; died of consumption, 4,760; dysentery, 1,131; typhus fever, 770; infantile, 1,399; teething, 483; pneumonia, 920; scarletina, 347; small pox, 325; old age, 1,071; water on the brain, 476; heart disease, 621; dropsy, 501; erysipelas, 169; diarrhoea, 315; erup, 337; cholera infantum, 776; The remaining number of deaths which make the 20,798 were caused by our "over hundred other diseases."

Chat.

"Absolute Truth, Essential Righteousness, Individual Responsibility, Social Reorganization, Human Progress, Ultimate Perfection," is the motto of the "Practical Christian," edited and published by ANN BALLOU of Hopdale in this State. It is a "Christian" of the right stamp, and too much of a believer in God to deny the truths of Spiritualism. Mr. Ballou was one of its earliest advocates, and though looked upon by some as rather conservative in his views has been respected by all for his open, manly course, and the free expression of his own convictions of right. The headlong speed of some reformers might possibly land them in a ditch, in crawling out of which not only they but the cause they had espoused would be obliged to bear the laughter and ridicule of a great crowd of witnesses.

"THE WORLD'S CRISIS" informs its readers that "this generation is increasing its speed towards perdition every hour" and rather questions the power of God and the prophecies of the olden time by saying, that "The preaching of the startling truths of the Bible, that once stirred the hearts of men, as forest trees are moved by tempest winds, now fall powerless upon their ears. Fifteen years ago, one sermon would produce more effect than twenty will now." This certainly appears to be a very bad state of affairs—however it's coming to an end, the "Crisis" is sure of that, and comforts itself with these words, "We will soon be upon the plains of glory, rejoicing in triumphant victory."

Riding on a railroad, recently, our attention was directed to a grave looking personage on a seat in front of us whom we mentally labelled, a member of the "Serious Family." There are no yard sticks in this world long enough to measure a face like his. As we approached New York and were within a few miles of its bricks and bustle the express agent passed through the car and asked our sober friend at what house he intended to stop.

"The Bible House," replied he. "Are you authorized by law to convey baggage safely?"

Having been assured that such "authority" was vested in the man, the checks were delivered up, and the pious elder fell back into his cushioned seat to await further dispensations of Providence.

Prof. Faraday, who gained some notoriety by his grand scientific demonstration of table moving, proving it all the result of an unconscious pressure of the hands, but whose demonstration was sadly capsize, tipped over, annihilated and done up, by the discovery that tables moved without hands upon them, has recently astonished the slow men of Europe by the statement that "force is indestructible." It took a vast mind to give birth to a theory! All Europe is deafening all other places with exclamations of surprise. There is one force which they ought to have recognized long since as an indestructible principle or element, and that is the force of Truth. It is a power that is making some old stages shake on their axles, and if not destructible itself is fast proving that some other things are.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of the "Clarion," are busily engaged in holding mass meetings throughout western New York. We learn from the Clarion that "Rev. J. A. Thorne of the First Presbyterian Church, Detroit, having received an invitation to investigate Spiritualism, declined it, and soon after preached a slanderous discourse on the subject. Will Brother C. place the 'Banner' among its list of Journals."

We thank our friends in various parts of the country for their active interest in our paper. It is just as "B. T." says, "Every Spiritualist who sees the Banner is sure to become a subscriber." Such being the case, please pass them round. Send us the address of such persons as you think are likely to want the paper, and we will send them specimen copies without charge.

Our friends of the "Universe," published in Cleveland, copy an article from our paper, an entire leader, body and soul, filling over two columns, without allowing us the least credit for having brought it into the world. Why so? It is policy to "give the devil his due," and we don't see why we should not have ours.

Dr. Geo. HARKELL of ROCKFORD, ILL., has donated the munificent sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in aid and support of the Harmonical Educational Institution at Battle Creek, Mich. Eighty students were in attendance at that place during the last winter. The classes are under the general superintendence of Mr. Hiram Cornell.

Dr. Waterbury, an Orthodox preacher, has resigned his office as pastor of a church in this city. On accepting the resignation, the society made him a present of six thousand dollars. A friend at our side suggests that if ministers get such rewards here, they will not need any hereafter.

We are promised something new from "Oak Swamp." The great "exposure" that emanated from that rural district, has served to open millions of blind eyes to a delectable view of their "sins."

TIBBS WON'T BELIEVE.

Our neighbor Tibbs has declared he will never believe in Spiritualism. Now we cannot see in what way this resolution of our friend can injure us, or any one in fact unless it be himself. "Won't he believe in Spiritualism?" Well, we will not take him to an inquisition and torture him into an acceptance of our faith, for the reason that the worse torture he can receive will be self-inflicted during his effort to maintain a rigid adherence to his vow.

We once had a long conversation with this neighbor of ours and endeavored to show him something of the truth. Our "sitting" with him was somewhat prolonged. We had met objection after objection with an appeal to well-accredited facts, and time after time he seemed almost persuaded that we were not really deceived, neither attempting to delude him, when, just as the clock struck twelve we jumped Mr. Tibbs and gave vent to his long pent up thoughts with the significant expression, "Well." He then, assuming a very solemn appearance, told us that he did not know but that it was all true, yet as a member of the Church, he could not assent to it.

We had said all; we could no more, and bade him good night, merely saying that the Church should be subject to the Truth, and not Truth to the Church.

Recently we have been told that Mr. T. has said he never will believe in Spiritualism. So it is fair to presume that he has concluded not to partake of the feast, which angel hands have prepared for him because the table is not set within the walls of the Church. Poor Tibbs! There are many like you on earth. Many have closed the door of the temple of Light and reeking with their backs against it wonder how it is possible that any can see anything but darkness—they cannot.

Dramatic.

The Boston, having closed its theatrical season, the race has been between the MUSEUM, with Mrs. Annie Senter as the star; the NATIONAL, with Misses Helen and Lucille, and the HOWARD, with the "acting monkeys."

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, Mrs. Senter has no reason to complain of her success. There are many good traits in her impersonation of the characters she assumes, but she is too boisterous, and over-acts all quiet womanly characters; for instance, as the Countess, in Love, she reminded us of a certain actor whose friends were wont to assert as the very acme of praise, could be heard "a half a mile."

En passant, the critic of the Journal, after noticing this lady's improvement, says, that she "bids fair to hold an envious position in the career which she has adopted, as she has the pre-requisites of a noble voice, and an artistic style to aid her in that consummation." We trust that Mrs. Senter will not strive after an envious position, but seek to subdue and modulate her voice, and, with patient study, she may reach a position which is enviable.

Miss LUCILLE has made a hit in the FRENCH SRY; her performance in many portions of the play reminding the audience of that consummate artiste, Celeste.

THE MONKEYS have "cut up shins," to the amusement of very fair audiences, and the children are wonderfully pleased with them.

THE HOWARD ATHENEUM has been engaged for a short period, commencing on the 15th of June. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Mrs. Barrow, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Lizzie Emmons, Emma Taylor, and other favorites are of the company. A series of choice performances may be expected.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are performing at the Melodeon, and the ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY at the Boston, so we can choose white or black without difficulty.

GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The seventh annual musical jubilee of the German societies of the Eastern and Middle States, is to be held in Philadelphia on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of June. The vocalists who will be active participants, will exceed the number stated some time since, as New York alone will send 800 men, Baltimore 250, Boston and some of the other eastern cities from one to two hundred. There are to be two associations from Virginia, besides delegates from other States, all of which, with the twelve associations in Philadelphia, will swell the number to over 1500.

THE MARSH CHILDREN.—The St. Louis News says: "Since the appearance of the Marsh Children, a regular excitement has existed among our theatre-going community. Every night, at an early hour, the St. Louis theatre is densely packed from pit to galleries."

THE CIRCUS HAS COME.—The elephants marched with stately step, through the city and can be seen every day this week on the Public Garden. Sands, Nathan & Co's., exhibition is the best of its kind ever seen in this City. We expect everybody with his wife and babies will improve this opportunity of "seeing the elephant."

European Items.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has produced a sensation in the House of Commons, by proposing that the Princess Royal should have a marriage portion of 40,000, and an allowance of 8,000 a year. The reigns of George II and George III were adduced as precedents, as to the practice in such cases.

Mr. Roebuck regarded such precedents as absurd, and moved an amendment. The members of the House, however, were impatient to vote, and after Lord John Russell had spoken against the amendment, Mr. Roebuck declined going to a division, and the motion was agreed to.

It is said that a conference will be held in Paris, composed of the representatives of the various powers who have signed treaties of Commerce with Persia, in order to agree to an arrangement which will apply to all the Consular agents during the stay of the Persian Ambassador in Paris.

Disturbances, originating in the dearthness of food, have taken place in various districts of Spain; and, in consequence, a royal decree has been issued, prolonging the time for the free importation of corn to the 31st of December next.

A letter from Vienna states that the Emperor will not confine his measures of clemency in favor of the Hungarians to the amnesty granted to the political prisoners and refugees, but will also restore them their landed property, confiscated after the revolution, and administered since that period by a special commission. It is believed that the value of the landed property sequestered in Hungary, amounted, in 1850, to nearly 40,000 francs.

The crops in Hungary, Moravia and Bohemia, are looking exceedingly well, but they are less promising in Upper Austria.

In the treaty concluded between Persia and Russia, the latter renounces all claims to the money which Persia owes, and, in return, receives two pieces of land—one on the Caspian Sea, and the other in the eastern part of Persia; and both of them, for strategic reasons, are of the highest importance to Russia. The Emperor was highly satisfied with the General who made the treaty. This cession of land, and other intrigues connected with it, may account for the British proceedings against Persia.

DR. RAMSEY'S WORK.

We wish to urge our readers who have not already done so, to provide themselves with Dr. Ramsey's work on Spiritualism. The delusion is spreading with great rapidity, and this work which proves it to be the work of the devil and his angels, is the only thing which we have seen that successfully combats and overthrows this strong delusion of the great adversary.—World's Crisis.

The "devil" appears to be a very good pack horse on which to saddle the infidelity of the church. "He hath a devil, why hear ye him," said they in the olden time, and the same scarecrow is held up now to frighten the people away from the same great principles of truth which Christ taught.

We recommend all our readers, also, to get Dr. Ramsey's work. In our experience we have not met with anything so powerfully convincing to skeptics of the truth of Spiritualism as the books that are issued against it. So, by all means, spread Dr. R.'s plea for the devil. If those who know the least fact in Spiritualism, and have got minds of their own with which to think, do not see in it the most absurd and puny effort to overthrow truth, and de-throne God, and are not the more firmly established in the truth, we are greatly mistaken.

The Busy World.

LABOR IS PRAYER.—The ship Senator, on a late voyage, being in a leaky condition, and her crew discouraged, the captain went below to say his prayers, whereupon, at the suggestion of an old salt, who said that he understood pumping better than praying, all hands went to work with renewed vigor and saved the ship and their own lives.

BOAT RACES IN PORTLAND.—Arrangements are being made for a magnificent regatta for the 4th of July in Portland, Maine.

PEARL FISHERY IN SPRINGFIELD.—The Springfield Republican says quite an excitement has been created at the lower end of the town, by the finding of a small pearl in Peowowic brook.

MISS MARGARET ANN MARBLE, one of the four females captured by the Indians, has been rescued, and returned to her friends. Mrs. Noble, and Miss Gardner are still in captivity. Mrs. Thatcher was shot by the Indians.

LORD NAPIER has officially denied the report of a cession of an island by New Granada to Great Britain.

THE CONNECTICUT MILITIA.—The active militia of Connecticut consists of 2433 men divided among 46 companies, and causing expense to the State of \$17,000, or \$5,000 more than the year before, in consequence of an addition of a day to the fall encampment.

SENECA LAKE was frozen over last week, with the thermometer hardly down to freezing point. This is the third year that the same phenomenon has occurred in May. It is well attested by the oldest inhabitants that the lake was never frozen over until the winter of 1855. Formerly the coldest weather had no power to congeal its crystal waters; now, some unknown cause freezes its surface in May.

MORE MORMONS.—The ship Westmoreland arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday, with five hundred and fifty two Norwegian Mormons, all bound for Utah.

THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, (Vermont), offer a premium of a beautiful silk dress, (the color and quality to be optional with the fair recipient) to the maker of the best loaf of bread—the competitors to be unmarried ladies, and the committee of judges to consist of bachelors and widowers.

ONE DAY LAST WEEK, at the Helena Shot-tower, Wisconsin, a horse jumped from the bank over a precipice of 180 feet into the river below, and came out safe, after swimming nearly half a mile to a suitable landing place.

A CHANCERY case has just been decided in London, by which a number of American citizens have been declared the lawful heirs to the property of a Mrs. Shard, who died in England in 1819. The amount involved is believed to be about \$250,000, which for several years has been invested in British securities.

THE NUMBER OF emigrants who arrived at New York city from abroad during the first five months of this year was 64,000, against 37,000 in the same time last year.

THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD is building a great passenger depot at 27th street, New York city, and its trains will go down no farther than that after July 1st.

A VEIN OF COAL underlying the city of Steubenville, Ohio, has been pierced, and found to be over six feet thick, and of good quality.

THE SEVENTEENTH.—The Boston Banks have generally agreed to close on Wednesday the 17th inst. The Military Band of the National Guard of New York, will give a concert in the Music Hall, on the evening of the same day.

Mrs. GENERAL SCOTT is lying dangerously ill in Paris, and her daughter, Mrs. Major Scott, will sail on Saturday to join her.

JOEL PRESTON, of South Hadley, found an ancient turtle near his door, the other day, bearing the inscription, "W. H., 1781."

F. F. THAYER, of this city, has made a valuable donation of books to the library of Tufts College, amounting to about five hundred volumes. Among these we see a full set of Rees' Cyclopaedia, consisting itself of about eighty volumes.

AMONG the precious freight of the Asia, was Church's celebrated picture of "Niagara," which goes over for the purpose of being copied in chronolithography. The subscriptions for the engraving, up to Tuesday, amounted to over \$16,000. Mr. Church has gone to South America, on a sketching tour.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE PULPIT.

Rev. B. S. Hobbs, a clergyman at Webster, N. Y., has withdrawn from the ministry because of having been influenced by spirits while engaged in his public labors. During prayer and preaching he has been forced to utter sentiments utterly foreign to his own views and convictions. He has recently published a letter in the Ambassador, from which we make the following extracts:

"It is proper here to say that this exhibition was the most painful, if not the strangest, of any I have experienced. My speech was first controlled while in the solemn act of prayer; and then I again was compelled to speak in a manner that as before led some to think it spiritual, and others to think me strangely diseased, if not partially insane. Before, when these more than dreadful trials were mine, the strange influence was of short duration. Not so, however, in the present instance. I was obliged, in spite of all my efforts to prevent it, to exhibit the character of the speaking medium in full, by addressing an audience on two different occasions, and going through the strangest ordeals common to the Spiritualism of the present age.

Nor did it end here; nor, it is my duty now to say, is the end yet apparent. Soon my hand, as often before, was seized by the strange spirit power, and I was obliged to write its prophecies and sayings. This has continued for a few months past, and the same work is yet going on; and from Sabbath to Sabbath I am acting, not as a Gospel minister, but as a spirit medium.

By this time the reader will inquire, Does not the writer believe in the fact of spirit intercourse? The question shall be answered. I am unable to understand my strange experience in any other manner. It has from the first been my opinion that no derangement of mind could possibly do the work with which I have long been acquainted. But the ordeal has been so terrible that I have tried to account for it in some other way than it has ever claimed to originate. And, readers and brethren in the ministry, if I believe in the fact of spirit intercourse, it is only because long-protracted experience has made it a necessity, and because, if I believe, I also believe that the severest and strangest trial that mortal can endure, can come by purpose and design from the spirit spheres. But if I know my own heart, I would prefer at present to keep this opinion for myself alone."

CONFERENCE AND SPIRIT-DISCOURSE AT THE MELODEON.

At the morning conference a good attendance was present, and various points of philosophical and practical interest were considered, the most important of which were, how are spirit portraits produced, a sample of which was presented? Have we not reason to believe that spirits are present with us, impressing and guiding us, when we are unconscious of it? What individual and social uses result from Spiritualism? What is the principle of charity? How are we to exercise charity towards those who differ from us in their views of truth, of government and of life? What is the advantage of a model mind, a model man, and a model form of society? Among the statements made were these, that spirits do lead and deliver us amid the temptations, dangers and incidents of life, while we do not ordinarily realize the fact. Charity is love and good will and kindness shown to another, even though his views of right and truth differ from ours. Every individual has his conception and standard of model mind and life. Though we may not understand the Divine Word, we may still believe that it is a perfect model embodiment of truth, as, for instance, the law, the psalms, the prophets and the gospels, may form a perfect whole, and be perfectly represented in the Divine Humanity of Jesus Christ, as "the way, the truth and the life." We may find our place and use in society according to likeness to that model.

In the afternoon, after announcements were given out by Dr. Gardner, and the charming sweetness of the singing by the Quartette Sisters had attracted and concentrated the attention of the large audience, Mrs. Henderson came forward, and through her was offered a spirit prayer, so commanding the silence of every soul, that no one could but feel that it tenderly embodied not merely the purest desire and aspirations of the spirit, but those of the entire audience.

The subject of the following discourse was—*The Battle of Life*. It was treated in connection with the text, "And the last enemy which shall be destroyed is death." In the great voyage we undertake there is one to guide us at the helm. The progress of true spirituality was compared to that of the child, with a spark of Divinity within, innocent, pure and holy. The higher degrees of the heat and light of the sun were not at first let in to radiate the mind. There were successive stages of advancement. Works of development were continually going forward toward redemption from the elements and surroundings. In times of tempest and struggle the windows of the soul are darkened. Still the ever-present guardian imparts ability to conquer by wisdom and truth. Advancing in manhood, he toils on through conquered enemies. Though God is present "to will and to do," yet the enemy is strong.

The enemies at present, are institutions, customs, honors and gratifications. As when Jesus overthrew the table of the money changers, so men have now made merchandise of the gifts and truth of God.

Man falls back often upon the grosser natural elements. But co-operating with the higher purposes of our better nature, new teachers and new institutions will take the place of existing laws, customs, &c. We receive Divine aid in this battle. The last enemy is death. The present views and forms of religion are hostile to truth and freedom. In truer love, justice and freedom a church must be formed as broad as the earth. Love and wisdom are the standard and creed. What those are, let the God—principle be our judge. We need no human tribunal. Say not you shall not do this and you shall not do that. Let each do his sense of right, looking at the greatest good of the greatest number. Honor the God within you. Go not to a foreign tyrant, to strange gods and goddesses. Note the new dispensation, and the genuine nature of its world-wide philanthropy. Rely not upon the darkening counsels and guidance of men, though they be rich. Often the palace is made a den of thieves. The poor struggle on and may be stronger in the virtues and counsels of justice, faith and beneficence. But death comes. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. The last and greatest enemy to be conquered is the mortal death. In Christ shall all be made alive. He now speaks from spirit-life. The life he gives is the power we have over this mortal and spiritual death which has been occasioned by sin. Who dies a natural death? Are they not rather unnatural deaths? But this also is subject to Him who is all in all. All shall yet bloom in both moral and natural life. The spiritual Eden comes and creates and prevails. Where, O, death, where is thy sting, and where, O, grave, where is thy victory? There is no King of Terrors only to those who are in states and conditions to see and feel it. But spiritual victory is fast spreading its sway and triumphs over all enemies, and that last mortal death now submits to the higher power. The angel hand will still bear you up and on.

At this point the spirit indicates readiness to hear and answer questions.

Question. Is education here, necessary to immortal life, and what kind of education?

Answer. Education is very essential in this rudimentary sphere, and not so much of the kind that has prevailed in the past, of the merely intellectual, conventional, and monied policies, as of that which brings us into harmony with Nature's laws and with the higher principles of divinity, of the spiritual, moral, and affectional part of our natures. You want no fixed standard as a tyrant, no standard but the individual as united with the universal good.

Q. Can man be so educated as to avoid and ward off the diseases incident to fallen nature?

A. Rather you might say, incident to perverted nature. The contagious diseases result from the want of the knowledge of the laws of nature, the true laws of spiritual and material health. Observe and obey them. First, truth must make you free. Remove all manner of filth—cleanse yourselves. Remove the attractions of evil. Diseases come not where the soul, the body, the air, the surroundings are made and kept pure.

Q. Is the institution of slavery supported by the Bible?

A. Man understands it so. But the apparent support was only in consistency with the existing states and planes of darkness. Though now one man takes this view, and another that, who will again adopt the Jewish system of slavery? There is light now. Yet men may adopt slavery in the darkness.

Q. May not our spirit friends impress and control us while we are unconscious?

A. There is a connecting link between us and the spirit world. You are often unconscious in the outward sense. But they do actuate you, and, if you are working for good, they aid you on.

[The gentleman here alluded to a recent discourse by President Stearns, of Amherst College, in which he inquires, "Are not spirits hovering over us in our unconsciousness, while we know not who and what are the medium-powers God is making use of?"]

The spirit answer continues: They do come and hover over you. They do modify, explain and adapt. They do break through the clouds of the literal sense of the word and of things. They are modifying the old theology. The literal hell fire is now changed to a guilty conscience.

Q. Is perverted nature the cause of evil?

A. It is man's wilful presumption, in harmony. Here is the origin of evil. Either the unbalanced intellectual, calculating, and selfish policies, or the unbalanced affections of predominating obstinacy, self will. The good will and intelligence in all justice must harmonize. Men have brought themselves into discord. In marriage they are brought together by business and the interests of merchandise. It is strengthened by hereditary causes, and visited upon the children. If so, we must seek new and better formations and unions. Let the laws of nature be brought in, and do away with the ill-adapted. Man and woman must be brought into the position of real appropriate love.

Q. Did Adam pass through the same stages that we do? Did he undergo the same experience in childhood?

A. Adam, or man, had no full development at first. But he did spring from the workings of natural law. He was at first the child. Adam might be comparatively the first developed man; the more animal man having lived before.

Q. Did not man develop externally, or bodily, from the animal and material world beneath him, and internally, as to soul, from the spiritual and divine sphere above him? In other words, briefly—did he not first spring internally from the spiritual part of Deity above, and externally from the material part of Deity beneath him?

A. Man did spring wholly from the Deity. His body, as well as soul, did come from Him. The Deity, as embracing in one the spiritual and material divinity, gives soul and body to the formation of man. The soul giving and the soul receptive, the paternal and maternal, are in the union of Universal Deity.

WM. H. PORTER.

Cambridge, May 31, 1857.

H. C. SMITH, U. S. A.

Captain Wainwright, of the army, has called upon us, and desires us to say that the communication published in No. 8, of this paper, is correct in its statements, and the style in which it is written is eminently characteristic of the man when he knew him on earth. The singular watch-case Major Smith speaks of, (the skull of an Indian queen,) is remembered by Capt. W.

The writer of this, and the receiver of the communication, together with the medium, can truly say that not one word in it was the product of any intelligence they had acquired or possessed, other than that which it purports to be—the communication of a spirit out of the mortal form.

If we can gather such tests, why may not other honest seekers after truth. One object in the publication of these messages, is to stimulate others to explore the same field we explore, and from which we reap such harvests. These tests are truly such to us, for we know that we are ignorant of the incidents; and as no other person is present when they are given through the medium, we cannot for a moment doubt their origin, whereas, the public are obliged to put faith in our integrity of purpose.

The road is open to all that we travel, and we would that all would give the subject that patient and persevering attention which will surely bring its own reward.

We were writing the above as some spirit was entrancing the medium, therefore, our mind had nothing to do with what follows. Be that true or false, it came from some spirit, and if Capt. W. will act upon the hint, he may know for himself whether it was communicated by the spirit it purports to be, or not. The spirit could not converse, but wrote.

"I wish to communicate with Capt. Wainwright, I cannot at this time use your medium well."

After some remarks by us, was written,—
"Vive la France de la interior conscience. Tell Capt. Wainwright I wish to commune with him. He often thinks of me."
NAROLEON.

There is one point in this communication which we will notice. We do not know one word of French, having never studied it, and the same is as surely true of the medium. We were alone in a room—Whose mind suggested, and whose power wrote that sentence?

A late writer in the *Home Journal* says he believes that it has always been found that a knowledge of what is uttered has previously existed in the mind either of the medium or of some one of the company present. Such a statement must have been made by one who is little conversant with the facts of Spiritual phenomena. The instances we have just mentioned proves that such an assertion has no foundation in truth; and this is but one of a thousand instances of the kind. In this case there were but two persons present, the medium and myself, neither of us knowing a word of French, far less having any knowledge in our own minds of the ideas intended to be conveyed.

MR. HUME IN PARIS.

The medium, Hume, is again in Paris, and the interest which was not in the least abated during his visit to this country, is doubtless on the increase. While here his portrait was published in one of the illustrated periodicals of France, accompanied with a biographical sketch. A correspondent of the *New York Times*, gives the following account of the first steps of Mr. H. towards the palace of the emperor:

"The manner in which Hume was introduced into the Palace, was this: At Florence, a year ago, he made the acquaintance of a wealthy Polish nobleman, who took him under his protection and brought him to Paris. At his house, in this city, the Duke de Cambacres, Master of Ceremonies at the Palace, was one of the invited guests at a sitting given by Hume. The Duke was powerfully impressed with what he saw; talked of it to the Emperor, and advised him to see him. Hume was accordingly invited to show his power before the Court, and was happy enough, on the first evening, to have the control of obedient spirits, and did wonderful things. The Imperial circle were confounded, and invited him again and again to a repetition of his experiments, some of which were so bizarre as to excite even more than curiosity. Thus Hume suddenly gained a notoriety, and excited an interest at Paris, which you could not credit if you were not here to verify it."

Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such Communications as may be sent to us through various mediums by persons in the spirit world, and sent to us.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Our friends that have passed away from our mortal vision—where are they? Who that exist in this living, breathing world, and have arrived at years of discretion, that have not, in the inmost recesses of their souls, asked themselves this question? Once we had a kind and fond mother, upon whom was centered our fondest affections. We look back upon memory's pages, and recount the thousand little kindnesses which we were the recipient of—such as only a mother's heart can feel, and a mother's hand bestow. In the innocent, prattling days of our childhood, how she would watch every motion that we in childish innocence made; and if we were afflicted with disease, how sudden that calm, proud look was exchanged for anxiety. Every desire was anticipated, and every want supplied, even, as it were, before the request was made—as though the desires of our heart were visible upon the lineaments of the face.

Amid the silent watches of the night, when all beside were hushed in repose, did she sit, and almost breathlessly watch us while we slumbered—cooling the fevered brow, and invariably breathing anxious prayer to Heaven that we might be spared to live, and be the comfort of her declining years. That prayer was answered—and, as we grew up, budding forth into manhood, how well can we recollect the kind and affectionate advice which was poured into our ears, and how earnestly she labored to instill into our hearts the principles of truth and virtue. Who is there that can look back upon childhood scenes, and not have these pictures presented to their mental vision, as vividly as though daguerreotypes they were?

But long years have flown, and many, many are the changeable scenes they have been freighted with, and borne on to the shores of eternity. From infancy to youth—youth to manhood, have we passed. Each year has brought its joys and sorrows: its lights and shades are deeply depicted upon the canvas of life. But, alas! the deepest shade has now been given. In yonder church-yard, where the green carpet of earth has been newly broken, lies all that we so fondly called mother. Sad was the parting—many the silent messengers of grief, which welled forth from the very fountains of the soul. No more upon earth shall she call us children; no more shall we address her by the endearing name of Mother. But, as we look at the old arm-chair, now vacant—the main-spring of the family circle, now broken—the thousand little things she so highly prized when with us,—the question forces itself upon us: Where has she gone? Has the silent tomb enclosed within its cold, unyielding grasp, all that affection and tender feeling which was ever outgushing from that mother's heart? Is this, then, the end of all the trials and joys of earth life? Are we, after beholding the beautiful Panorama of Life, as it has been unfolded to our vision, doomed to have it end in a sad and gloomy blank? The intuition that is within us echoes back to our very souls, "No!"

That mother is not dead, but liveth. The brilliant radiance of the morning sun does not excel the resplendent beauty of the robes of that spirit-mother as she hastes back to the fond hearts that are yearning for her, and assuages the grief that has so visibly stamped itself upon that family circle. She says: Children, grieve not for me; for, rest assured, that as you were the idols of my heart when in the earth life, so are you now. Death has not severed affection's bonds. Although the casket is laid in the silent tomb, yet the jewel shines in a far more glorious setting. As it was my pleasure to minister to your earthly wants, so bring I to your souls the choicest flowers of a spiritual paradise, that you may be refreshed by their fragrance. Be it my mission to ever attend upon your footsteps, guard you from the thousand snares of earth, and guide you, feet in the flowery paths of virtue, that, after your earthly mission has been fulfilled, angelic beings shall lead you gently to your home among the blest. Fear not, then, though the storms of adversity seem to engulf your frail bark in their cold embrace. Let it but quicken your spiritual vision, that you may pierce the misty veil that separates you from the spirit world, and there behold the reward of the good and the virtuous; that it may stimulate you to more zealously work for your Father in Heaven, and your own souls. Ever keeping in mind, that it is the fiercest fire that best purifies the gold. Ask not, then, where are our friends, ye who have sipped the very dregs of affliction's cup; for, although not seen by mortal vision, yet we are not absent, but in your midst,—not dead, but living,—not blind, for we can see,—not deaf, for we can hear,—but have simply cast off our earthly form, that the spiritual may more fully expand, and grow in heavenly beauty.

Benjamin West.

The following was recently given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. A. K. for the "Banner of Light."

To the eye of the artist, earth is beautiful, she is perfection; and to copy her charms his highest ambition and greatest delight. But his dearest efforts fall far short of the original. His brightest, his most beautiful copies, look dull, faded, and lifeless, by her side; and he continues to labor, but never reaches the goal. Thus it ever is and if efforts fail on earth, how must they fall here, when the brightest dreams of imagination, have pictured no scenery half so beautiful, as is unfolded in the spiritual world. Well might the artist throw aside his pencil, and drinking in as it were the beauties around him, almost vow, never to deprecate the fair fame of Nature, so beautiful and lovely in herself that she can never be copied.

Benjamin West went into the spirit world like many others, with the tribute of men showered upon him; laurels were laid upon his brow, but yet within his own heart, he was not satisfied; he could not copy nature truly. Think what his feelings must have been when on awakening in the spirit world, he saw himself nothing. The poorest school boy could not have been lower than he, in the art he loved; but the bride he had cherished in his heart was not doomed to be neglected, and ere long he was hard at work in his studio,—and though more dissatisfied than ever before, he still kept trying, and kept improving.

Ah! mortal, when the homage of man is offered thee, think of what I tell thee, and never be made vain by the applause of the world; for you know nothing. When you stand on a high mountain, and gaze around you on the works of God, from the sky with its beautiful and ever changing clouds; to the grand ocean forever rolling and tumbling; to the broad expanse of field, vale and hill-side; to the tiny flower at your feet; to the simple grave, and upon the smallest specimen of creation around you—how can

you feel a spark of pride within you? You that cannot so much as copy one of these works you try through eternity. Humble thyself in the presence of a power too great, too grand, for thy weak comprehension; and whenever praise comes to thy ears, do not feel thyself other than a simple creature of God's workmanship, possessing no qualities, no talents of thine own, but what is given to thee by Him,—what is lent thee to improve; waste no time, be at work. When all Nature is progressing, ever in motion, be not thou man, that has been blessed more than all, ungrateful to God for his bounty, and waste thine energies, those gifts lent thee. Remember what I say, thou art nothing of thyself, what canst thou do? Canst thou make one hair to turn white or black? I tell thee nay: thou art a mere instrument in the hand of God. Be thankful unto him for what thou receivest, and show thy gratitude by making the time of thy residence at Portsmouth N. H. the best use of thy time and those gifts. I hope the little lesson I have left on your paper, is not lost or thrown away. Good night.

BENJAMIN WEST.

Recent Events in Spiritualism.

CHELSEA, May 23d, 1857.

Mr. Editor: On Tuesday, afternoon, May 12th, a lady of this city feeling somewhat fatigued after her usual morning work, retired shortly after dinner to rest. Previous to doing so she put the dining room in order and fastened the house. The parlor, the room into which she went is on the floor with the dining room. She had been there but a few moments when she heard the handle of the parlor door rattle. This somewhat startled the lady, and on going into the dining room, she discovered that things were not in the situation in which she left them.

The two opposite ends of the table cloth, on the dining table were brought up in the middle of the table, on which was placed a razor box which had been taken off the bureau! As soon as she saw it, it put her in mind of a coffin. How this singular thing was done she could not account for, she being entirely alone in the house at the time, and she says she never to her knowledge moved the razor box from the bureau. The lady related the fact to a gentleman who boards with her shortly after it was done, which was between three and four o'clock, but the mystery could in no way be accounted for.

But, on the Thursday following, May 14th, the lady received a letter from her son who resides in Poland, Me., stating that on Tuesday afternoon his wife died between the hours of three and four o'clock; about the time this event took place in the lady's house, and the conclusion she has come to is that it was the spirit of her son's wife manifesting her presence in the manner described.

The above was related to me by the lady herself. The lady is well known here, and there are a number of persons who knew of the affair before she received the letter announcing the death of her son's wife. The lady intends to visit a medium to see if she can get any further information in regard to this affair, I will inform you how she succeeds.

F. M. G.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

On the 20th of April last, J. Tiffany was to lecture at Kenosha, Wisconsin. Having arrived just at evening, he was called upon to visit a young lady, a daughter of Lathrop Burges of Kenosha, who was said to be lying at the point of death. The doctors had, that afternoon, held a council in her case, and decided that she had the dropsy on the brain and would probably die. She was blind, her face bloated, and she lay in a stupor condition. When Mr. Tiffany arrived and placed his hand upon her forehead, he expressed his opinion that the doctors were mistaken, and thought she might recover. He agreed to return after the lecture and spend the night. He did so; and to the astonishment of all, the young lady was well in the morning, took her breakfast in the kitchen, because she said she did not wish to be gazed at in the dining-room, and has continued perfectly well ever since. She took no medicine—and the doctors say they do not know how it was done.—*Spiritual Age*.

Record of Facts.

SINGULAR SPIRITUAL INTERVIEW.

Mr. E. H. Rockwood a relative of Dr. Vermilye, of the Reformed Dutch Church, related to Dr. Lathrop—from whom we received the facts—a singular instance of an interview between two spirits in the body which occurred some twenty or thirty years ago, and in connection with the death of one of the parties. The father of Dr. Vermilye, had a dream or vision in which he saw his brother, who was then living in Ohio, die. The following morning, as he appeared somewhat depressed, his family questioned him respecting the cause, whereupon he assured them that his brother was dead, related what he had witnessed, and also a conversation which occurred, in the vision between himself and the deceased. Some days after, the family received a letter from Ohio announcing the death of the brother before alluded to, and stating the significant fact, that on waking from a sleep just before his death, he assured his friends that he had seen his brother in New York, and he then related a conversation which occurred between them, and which in the details of time, subjects referred to, &c., correspond precisely to the account of the same interview given by the surviving brother.—*Spir. Telegraph*.

WONDERFUL MODE OF WRITING.

I have heretofore thought that I should never believe a mathematical impossibility, but this our spirit friends have lately compelled me to do.

At a circle composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. Livermore, Miss L. M. Hamilton Wade, and Miss Sarah J. Irish as the medium, it was proposed that the spirit of Lorda Dow should write something without any human medium. The room was well lighted, while all sat around the table. A sheet of paper (first being examined by all) was placed upon an open book; on the top of all was placed the pencil; this book was held in the open left hand of the medium, close up against the under surface of the table, while her right hand rested immediately over the other on the upper surface, and when the signal was given and the request made to write, a sound as of some one writing was heard, and immediately very loud raps indicated that it was done, and on producing the whole, "Green Mountain Boys," was found plainly written as requested.

Now this was mathematically impossible, for a spirit in the body or out to write with a pencil pressed hard up against the under surface of the table; the philosophy of it, however, as given by them, renders it plainly rational.

They condense particles of the atmosphere, and write with a fluid thus obtained; then cause a stream of magnetism (obtained from the medium) to flow over the point of the pencil, thus drawing as it were, the dampened paper, as if we were to write with water and then scatter particles of lead over it. And this we know, that magnetism will carry metals as in galvanizing metals.

On a close examination of the writing through a microscope, not the slightest indentation can be found, which is impossible for any one in the body to do, touch it, however lightly; and this was written as plain as I could by the ordinary pressure.

Build up theories on theories, no matter how high, but be patient, and the spirits will tumble them about the ears of their builders. A. M. T. M. T. M.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. C. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not asked only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To BARRY R. D. T. P. Goodhue will reply to your inquiries soon; cannot now contrive to write. OLIVE HADON.

N. L. to her son. Dear son, you could not understand the meaning of the figure 6, which implies that you may gain the desired information through six localities, or six different mediums. I was with you on the evening you refer to, and did commune. I do intend to give you my idea; cannot now tell where, as I am not sure I can operate there. My beloved son, the gifts spoken of by me were given you by one Divine Head. We promise you only a manifestation of those gifts through your material organism. I will endeavor to write you again through the medium I have heretofore written through; cannot say it will be ere you leave home. Those you ask for would write you a communication, at this time, but they have never as yet learned to control the hand of the medium. The knowledge you thirst for shall be given you, for Jesus saith whosoever seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Altho' I have passed many years in the spirit-life, I have not forgotten the sayings of the Divine One as they were given to mortals. Your spirit mother, N. L.

Benjamin Franklin, to the wise men of Harvard.

Will the wise men of Harvard take off the shoes of bigotry, unloose the girdle of hypocrisy, pluck out the beam of superstition, unfurl the banner of truth, and come boldly forth to meet the demon, Humbug? Then shall you see clearly and be able to judge righteously. While you occupy your present position, all the armies of the celestial spheres are against you, and you are tending to degrade rather than to elevate your whole moral and spiritual nature.

Myriads of disembodied spirits are calling you forth to battle. If you linger, it betrays a want of confidence in the God you profess to worship. Therefore, it is better that you come forth at once, forgetting not to take off the shoes of bigotry and self-righteousness, for the battle-ground is holy, and you must stand or fall upon your own merits.

If your theory be true, it shall be upheld by the God of Hosts; if false, it shall fall by its own weight of error. Thus shall it be with the Spiritual Phenomena. Therefore fear not; your chances are equal but remember we will accept of no dogmas, the of springs of false education. Come, come, come, is the cry that resounds through the spheres. I tread the ground without fear if you be true followers of Him who know no fear. Our weapons shall be truth—yours must be the same—undead, unshod, and free from all sin. We do not thus call you forth because we are your enemies, but because the great temple of Truth demands from those who worship therein, that it shall not be desecrated by false and erroneous statements given by mortals or immortals. Yours in friendship and Truth,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"FOR THE MANIFESTATION OF THE SPIRIT IS GIVEN TO EVERY ONE THAT THEY MAY PROFIT THEREOF."

This passage in the book of inspiration was given to the inhabitants of earth eighteen hundred years ago. And the people of the present age may use it for their edification also. But we fear many will fail to understand it, even the wise theologians, the self-righteous expounders of the words we purpose to write upon. They cannot, neither will they understand the saying of the Saviour they profess to be the disciples of, until they rend in twain the veil of the sacred temple of the soul, and become the receivers and reflectors of the light which is sent to redeem the world. "For the manifestation of the spirit is given to every one that they may profit therein."

What meaning think you is embodied in these few words? The wise men of the 19th century may differ from us in the explanation thereof, nevertheless we shall give our views upon the subject, and if you cannot understand, there you may know that the Light has shined in darkness, and the darkness has failed to comprehend it.

First the manifestation of the Spirit implies that they whom you call Spirits did indeed manifest to dwellers in mortal bodies in the time of Jesus. Surely then if they manifested to the people of darker ages, have they not the same power to manifest to the people of the present age? Or is the power of the Great Eternal less in the present than in the past? If so we will not marvel at the decreasing power in his subjects. But if his power is immutable and ever enduring, why may He not send his ministers to you, oh ye blind ones of the present age that ye may receive sight and go on your way rejoicing!

We come to declare unto you that heaven is indeed open, and the angels are descending and ascending, and communing with you; and they come that you may profit by their coming. Turn if you please to the 21. Chap. of St. Matthew and read there the parable of the fig-tree, which will be applicable to those who have received the manifestations of the spirit, and have failed to bring forth good fruits, and to profit therein.

Turn again and read the parable of the ten pounds found in the 19th. Chap. of Luke; "And they who have received thereof shall receive an abundance, saith the Spirit, and they who have added naught, all shall be taken from them and given to those who have become better and wiser by the coming of the Spirit."

Numerous passages in the history of Jesus and his apostles, might be quoted to assist in rearing our temple of truth, but we will pass on, if we return again.

Thus you who have received the one pound will see the necessity of living more holy, more God-like, ere you can receive the second, or higher manifestation. You who have listened to the simple rap, and are calling for something higher, permit us to ask you one question. Have you profited by the intelligence you have received in that way? If not, how then shall you receive and profit by the higher, when you cannot even understand the lower? Know you that simple rap was given that you might profit thereby. And again, if you have occupied on that you have received, and have become better in consequence of that you have received, higher and holier things shall be given you. He that hath ears to hear let him hear, and he that hath light, let him understand, and profit by that light. How great is the condemnation of those that sin against the Holy Ghost, or the manifestations of the spirit. Christ came 1800 years ago to save that which was morally lost; Christ comes again in principle, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Then cease to marvel that the principles he inculcated have again had birth among the lowly. For he saith I will come again in like manner as I came before. And again he saith "I shall find faith on the earth."

We answer he hath again found faith among the fishermen, the publicans and sinners, but none among the Scribes, Pharisees and Chief Priests. Thus are the sayings of Jesus the Holy One in the past, fulfilled in the present. He has come again to his own, and his own have received him; not, and it shall be, far easier for the people of Sodom and Gomorrah to enter heaven than for the Scribes, Pharisees and Chief Priests of the present age. For they will not see or hear or understand the second advent of the Holy Ghost.

Again it shall be easier for all, to mingle with water, than for those who have received the most gifts of the high God, and have not profited thereby, to

and happiness in the present or future spheres; for God hath sent spiritual bread through the medium of materialism, that your souls might grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus who did eat meat in the company of publicans and sinners.

Woe unto you Chief Priests of the present age, for ye have drunk the blood of men's souls, and are stumbling blocks in the way of thousands, ye tens of thousands. Ye are blind guides, who neither know the way or are fit to teach others the way. Again, ye are the foolish virgins spoken of by Jesus, ye have no oil, and consequently no light. And the bridegroom is already knocking at the door. Say not to the wise give us of your oil, but rather go seek for yourselves, and speedily illumine the bridal temple, which is the soul, the temple of the Living God. Given by a circle of Spirits. Written by Andrew Jackson.

From "Light," a Spirit who passed to the Higher sphere in infancy.

Twenty-six years ago I passed to the spirit land. My eyes were never opened to behold the beauties of earth, for my material and spiritual birth were all one. Yet when the breath of the living God first thrilled and filled my infant form, ere it was matured in shape, or moulded in the image of Deity, I became a living soul; a flower that the Great Architect had breathed into a spiritual existence. Therefore I was fit to become an inhabitant of the spirit world, and as an inhabitant, destined to progress, for progress is marked with the finger of Deity upon all He hath made. The parents to whom my mortal body belonged are still dwellers in the earth life, and to them I often return, making them fully realize that the body they behold only in death, once enshined an immortal spirit, and that that spirit has been taught of its earthly kindred by the angels who are constantly going to and from earth, making the connection between earth and the eternal world complete. For as the mortal and immortal bodies are for a time united, even so are the natural and spiritual world combined in one forming the great whole. Again, as the material or natural body is dead without the spiritual or immortal body, even so would the natural world pass into decay, unless it were immediately connected with the spiritual, the immortal world, which bears no decay, recognizes no death.

By and through this connection the angels do return and commune with the plants from whence they sprang, or had their natural existence in. As the sunlight of earth kisses the flowers into new life, even so shall the coming of angels kiss into new life the dead ones of earth. And as death is traced upon all save God, all evils eventually die, and God and his creations live eternally. All creations of the Almighty are fashioned in the image of intelligence which is the image of God, from whence all intellect or wisdom emanates, and to which all wisdom in the lower must ascend; for God calleth to his own in earthly temples, and the answering spirit leaves all that is mortal at the call of the immortal, and comes up hither, to realize its Maker in a divine sense.

When disease is raging in mortal forms, then the elements are at war, and unless peace can be restored the spirit takes its flight, the mortal dies and the elements are at rest.

Again when evil takes upon itself the form of disease then evil is sure to conquer unless wisdom and nature stand upon the immortal side.

Mah in his natural state was not subject to disease, because wisdom then stood at Nature's right hand; but alas! folly now stands there in place of wisdom, and wisdom has wandered afar off. Thus thousands are continually passing from you to us, by reason of folly. Call aloud, oh ye foolish ones that wisdom may again return, and fill your darkened temples with Light.

Eliza Muchmore, to Elder Joseph B. Davis.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." This was the text spoken from when my body lay beneath the purple shroud. Thirteen years ago my spirit left its mortal tenement and soared to reach its mortal kindred in the spirit world. He who spoke to the people in regard to my dissolution, is now preaching the gospel to the people of earth. He also spoke by inspiration; yes he was inspired to teach. Now if he will, his medium power may be exalted even to the highest heaven; for he is a medium of great power. Oh, how my spirit yearns to commune with him; but he fails to understand the great truths that flow from his lips. Oh, how my spirit yearns, I say, to commune with him—and not only him, but many in the earth sphere. He sits not down to pen that he would give to the multitude. The spirit says to him, always go forth, stand before the people, open your mouth and we will fill it. And thus he speaketh to the people; and in vain he tries to solve the problem, as he asks, why am I filled with wisdom when I yield to the higher influences? And this simple child of earth who passed away years ago, comes back to tell him why.

He speaks not of himself, but is a simple trumpet for the higher powers, and yet he knows it not. And the people wonder at the eloquence, and when they consider that it comes forth spontaneously from the soul, they wonder still more. But they see not the angel hand that thrill and fill his soul with wisdom! They fail to understand the hidden mystery that enshines him like clouds that shed a halo around the sun. Oh, mortal, understand and worship thy God!

My name when on earth was Eliza Muchmore; he is called by the people Elder Joseph B. Davis. You may learn of him by inquiry at Manchester, N. H.

The above message was communicated to us through our medium May 6th, we never having heard of the parties alluded to before this time. As a test we wrote a letter to Rev. Mr. Davis, Manchester N. H., making inquiries upon the subject, and received the following answer from Lowell, at which place our letter reached him. We give it verbatim.

LOWELL, May 13, 1857.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light. Gentlemen I received a note from you respecting a person by the name of "Eliza Muchmore." I know her well, at the time of my residence in Portsmouth N. H. She was a member of my church. She was often at my house and frequently wished advice. My impression is, she is dead, and I think I attended her funeral and preached a sermon. I have looked over a small book and find a note in relation to a funeral, in January 1854, or about that time, which I am quite sure was hers.

I was not living at Portsmouth at the time. But at her dying request I think I was sent for and went. My writings, dates and facts are not sufficiently accurate to make positive oath, to it as I keep no definite account of funerals, as I attend so many; for a number of years not less than one or two and sometimes three per week. These are all the statements I can make without much more consideration, on the subject. If it is necessary to the welfare of any of the living, I will make further investigation concerning the dead. Yours very respectfully, J. B. DAVIS.

Mr. D., has undoubtedly made a mistake in writing 1854 as the date of the funeral. We communicated the contents of this letter to the spirit at a future sitting, and received the following additional communication.

I have made no mistake in date. I told you about thirteen years ago; I think I passed away in 1844 which Joseph will see if he investigates further. I belonged to his church, and also belonged to his choir and although my body was cold and still when the sisters sang.

"Dearest sister thou hast left us."

I too joined with them, but was not heard.

From a Counselor to a rich man of Boston, relative to ill-gotten property.

The following communication, is a very striking one, and will explain very explicitly why the spirit has communed with us.

We are wholly unacquainted at the time of writing with any of the parties named, and so is our medium. We know nothing of the truth or falsity of the communication, nothing was ever known to us of the property spoken of, or of the judge.

We have not deemed it wise to publish the names in full, for two reasons, the world at large has nothing to do with the facts, and as stewards of those whom kind Heaven permits to return to earth for good, we do not wish to injure the character of any of our brother men, our object being merely to aid spirits in their good intentions. If, however, we can afford to ascertain parties proof of spirit power, and make them do right, it is our duty so to do, and we will not shrink from it. Those interested in the particular matter may take warning from this voice from Heaven, for they may rest assured it is none other that speaks to them. There is no action of human mind upon human mind; it is one of the strongest proofs of spirit intercourse we ever had given to us, and we would stake our faith in Spiritualism upon its being purely of a spirit origin. If we stood where the oppressor does, who is printed out in this, we should certainly make the crooked path straight, and not carry the weight of such a sin upon our soul, with proof of angel eyes looking down upon us.

I am not happy. My name was A—. I was a Counselor when on earth. My unhappiness is in regard to earthly matters. Years ago there were two children adopted into our family, and upon those children was to have been settled a good amount of property; but by some evil event they have been wronged. I presume I was one of the chief of those who wronged them. At the decease of these children, who were called Caroline and Lucy, what should have been theirs should have gone to their heirs. Now this troubles me, because what I know was right has not been done.

Do you know John C. Well, he is one of the transgressors; and if he values his happiness, he had better set the wrong right. I am out of the earth, and I care not what they say, so long as I am in the way of my duty. He has the power to restore—I have not—for you well know what I would say would avail little in the halls of justice. A few years ago this case came up in Court, but I believe it was ruled out by some means or other. The worthy judge deemed himself altogether too wise; it would be far better for him if he took a different ground, that is as regards his welfare hereafter. He should always be found in the way of his duty, and should not be bribed to take the side of the rich or poor. I speak plainly, for I care neither for judge or for rich men. The Bible says the time is coming when the secrets of the wicked shall be made known—proclaimed upon the house tops—and that time has come! The old adage that "dead men tell no tales" is good for nothing now.

You may think strange that I come to you as I do, you being a stranger to me; but I was drawn hither by a spirit who communicated to you a short time ago and gave the name of Josiah Gorham. The wife of his son is one of the heirs of these children, being Lucy's child. She is now in want, while they who have what belongs to her are revelling in wealth. We see all this, we know it all, and it grieves harshly in our spirit ear, and therefore we shall endeavor to make wrong right. Now you can publish what I have given you if your better judgment approves of it. I shall meet you in the future. Good morning.

Dr. John Preston, Walpole.

After a silence of many long years, why may I not be permitted to return and commune? I am not dead! I have slept beneath the principles of Jesus, but I am now resurrected to a newness of life; yes awakened at the sounding trumpet of those principles. For the trumpet has sounded to me, and as I was dead in Christ, I arose, and have part in the first resurrection. When death drew nigh unto me, I prayed that the living God would sustain me, and although I have slept as regards the material, visible world to you, yet I have also been alive in Christ; and as the trumpet is again sounding forth his principles, his teachings, his doctrine, I in common with the multitude have been resurrected, have returned to earth, have put on a mortal garment, that I may give forth my spiritual thoughts, a part of my spiritual being.

All things in life are becoming new; for the old is passing away upon the wheels of death, while life is bringing forth the Old into New. Many of the inhabitants of earth will remember me; and as they remember, may they also give place, and welcome me, as I return after my long absence.

My name was Dr. John Preston. I resided in Walpole.

Robert G. Shaw, to Mrs. G. Russell.

My beloved daughter, the angels commend you for your works of love to the little ones, to the Father, not one of which is forgotten by him. I see you in your daily walk in the earth life, my dear, dear child, and I often try to manifest to you in token of my approval of much I see you are doing. And as I am unsuccessful in manifesting to you as I would wish at your own home, I have wandered to the home of a stranger, that I may perhaps do better.

I wish you to know, my beloved child, that I am watching with great interest the star I see directly above your head, illuminating your pathway. It is the same that gilded with heavenly hues the latter days of my earthly existence, and has guided me in safety to the better land, from whence it still points me back to those I have left on earth, and bids me rejoice that the sacred altar of one of my beloved ones is illuminated by its rays. Oh, turn upwards thy thoughts and rejoice with me, my child, for the angels have laid upon your brow a wreath of unfading blossoms, the aroma of which is even now being inhaled by mortals, and is wafted again to us by each good act of yours as you pass along in your journey upward. And when you shall have cast off the mortal casket, the perfumes will still remain, making sweet the memory of my own dear child, and serving as a guide-board to many thousands pointing to the promised land.

ROBERT G. SHAW.

Charles Hutchings to his Blind Sister.

I have a sister who was born blind; she is now about twenty-three years of age, as near as I can recollect. I am anxious about her; she is much of her time at South Boston, in the Blind Asylum. Her name is Julia Hutchings. I want her to have a good home, and how shall I get her one? I want some of those fellows who have money enough to take care of her. The State supports her when she is there. I want her to stop there all the time, because it is a good place for her. She has no father or mother on earth, and only one sister. I have any quantity of friends that know me. I have manifested to them, but not in this way, nor in this city, because they are not here.

I have one fellow who helps me a great deal; he is just the most noble-hearted fellow I ever met with. His name is John Lambert. He'll write to you about this. He is the best friend I have got, because he has told me how to progress. I am a friend to him, and will do all I can to help him.

Julia was the most mischievous serpent I ever saw when she was little, but she was a good child. She will remember Charles. She was in the Asylum in 1850 and in 1854, I think. Old John Fisher, a physician, knew her well. I have lost track of her since I came here, though I cannot tell you why.

We inquired at the Asylum, and were told by a

lady there, a nun, that Julia Hutchings was there, or had been there, and as we cannot, in the present stage of communion with the spirit world, avoid being imposed upon by spirits, any more than we can avoid the same thing on the part of mortals, we gave, Charles Hutchings up as a deceptive spirit, and laid his communication by with others that lack proof. About three weeks after, Charles influenced the medium again, and said:—

What have you done for me, Charles Hutchings? Well, if you were told my sister never was in the Blind Asylum, she told you what was untrue. I am sure she was there more than three years; it was in the year 1845, I think, and she used to come away occasionally. She was there again in 1850 and in 1854, and I rather think you'll find her there now, but I cannot tell. She had no home except there; the State paid for her. Old John Fisher knows her well. She was born blind; never saw a wink in her life.

Now I am true, and I am bound to be attended to. That woman might not have been in my sister's ward, and if she was not, she did not want to take the trouble to find out for you. Why, I have been there to see my sister a hundred times, and she was the most mischievous scholar there. She is now about twenty-four years old, I think.

She was there long enough for every body there to know her. I am near enough earth to know something about it, and I know that woman humbugged you. You are mighty careful about spirits humbugging you, but take more care of mortals, and when you find me true, send word to John Lambert.

After receipt of this, we inquired of Dr. Howe, who recollected the blind girl, but thought the father was living. Here was another point of disagreement, the spirit having stated that his sister had no father on earth. At our next sitting we renewed the conversation with the spirit, and received the following:—

Well, my father was no friend to her if he was alive. If he is on earth, where is he? I can't find him, and that is very strange. It's not so strange that I can't find him if he is here, for there are spheres here below me, and above me, that I can't go to.

Dr. Howe must not be so sure about my father being on earth; but if he is, he was no friend to her. I said that my sister was taken care of by the State, and if my father is on earth, why don't he take care of the only child that needs his care? Now you may gather a score of doctors and matrons, but none of them will frighten me at all. If the Doctor undertakes to see about this, he will probably tell you I was a poor miserable devil on earth. Now I will be ahead of him on that. But because I came here evil, it's no reason I have not become better, or that I am coming here to tell a lie. I have got so far that I am come here to tell the truth, not to lie, and all the old fogys on earth cannot put me down. My sister's names were Abigail and Julia.

Stephen Hanscom, Elliot, Me.

As many skeptics doubt the genuineness of the spirit communications published in the Banner, we give, below, proof that those of whom we have never previously heard, do come and manifest through mediums. In this instance, we wrote a letter as a test, basing our questions solely upon points we gathered from the following communication:—

Being anxious to commune with my friends, I approach you in order that I may convey a message to them. She who was my sister in the earth life, communed with you a short time since, and I have now learned the philosophy of controlling a medium. Oh! how my heart yearns towards them! How I wish I could give something to benefit them! I have one little boy on earth, who is sick, and a source of great anxiety to his mother. Physicians do not understand his case. The child does not need medicine, and should not take it. They who know better than I, tell me there is an obstruction in the liver, which can only be removed by the healing power through the hands of some medium, or through the power of some electrical machine.

I have a father on earth, blind to this new light, and I wish to give him light. I wish him to read the Bible by his own reason, not by what the ministers tell him, and see if he cannot prove Spiritualism true, without going anywhere else. I have a mother in the spheres—none on earth; my father has a companion, but I speak of my mother.

I wish to tell my dear companion how often I am with her, and how much I try to do for her. I wish all the people who know me on earth to know me now, as I am, and know that I am not dead. My name was Stephen Hanscom, and I lived in Elliot, Maine. My father bears the same name. I have a large circle of acquaintances in that vicinity.

Below is a copy of our letter to the father, and his reply. If any doubts are still entertained by the reader, it is but very slight trouble to correspond with the gentleman named, upon the subject.

Boston, May 9, 1857.
Dear Sir: Did you have a son named Stephen? If so, is he dead? Did he leave a wife, and a large family of children? Are either of said children sick? We ask these several questions for good reasons, and you will much oblige us by transmitting an early answer. Yours, respectfully,
L. COLBY & Co.

To Stephen Hanscom, Elliot, Me.

ELLIOT, Me., May 10, 1857.
Dear Sir: I received your letter May 10th, and will endeavor to answer your questions. I had a son named Stephen, and he is dead. He has been dead five years; he left a wife and seven small children, the oldest fourteen years of age. The one next to the youngest was sick when he died, and has been sick ever since, and cannot talk.

I wish you to answer this. STEPHEN HANSCOM.

From Mrs. White to her children.

Why may I not come and speak to those I have left on earth? I have children there, and one of them is not walking in the paths of wisdom. Oh why may not my voice come from the spirit land to warn that dear child of her danger? She is young and thoughtless, and surrounded by many temptations.

It is now nearly three years since I left my mortal body. My illness was of short duration—only a few hours; they called it cholera.

I used to keep a boarding house at the North end in Boston. Oh my children listen to the voice of love. I am happy, yet I grieve when I see you living in folly, and bringing unhappiness to your door. I know all, and can see all, yet I withhold much for your good. Oh let me not come in vain. Suffer me to warn you of your danger, or you eat of this fruit of sorrow. Your mother speaks to you from the spirit land.

An Irishman of Portsmouth.

At this sitting a spirit entranced the medium who appeared very much like a person under the influence of natural sleep. We asked the intelligence, if he was sleepy, and why it was that he dozed so, when it influenced the arm of the medium and wrote

"Only the laudanum I took."
What did you take it for?
To kill.
He then spoke

I have been here most twenty years. The first time I ever tried to come back this way is now. My name was Burns, and I was an Irishman by birth. I had one child, Mary and a wife. I took crazy and then took laudanum so I might die. The Doctor you have here (Kittredge, a spirit) was with me when I was sick, and he said, "Good enough for you, you

might as well die as not." I remember well what he said.

Here I am sure enough and not dead. I thought I would never speak. When I got here the same sleep came on me as I passed away with, I think it was in 1838 when I took the laudanum. It was somewhere about the time I was naturalized so I could vote.

I wish I had never had any religion at all, for I have been expecting what will never come—God and the Holy Virgin. I have been asleep ever since I came here; and my wife has come here since. Mary my daughter is on earth and has got children now.

If you want to know anything about me ask the old Doctors' folks. I know he would be sent for when I took that stuff; but he said I could not live but a few hours.

[Dr. Kittredge, after this influence left, controlled the medium, and wrote.

The Irishman Burns I was with during his sickness, which I think was in 1837. He lived on Sudbury street, Portsmouth. Lost a child about one year previous to his death whom I also tended. Many old people will undoubtedly recollect him.]

James Mears, to Daniel Baker.

Daniel I am sorry I did not take up with your advice. I sorely regret it now, and if you will call for me when you sit, I will come, and try to profit by coming.

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

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE
OLD AND NEW WORLD:

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER V.

Introduction.—Spirits in London.—A New Abbot.—The Earl and Countess of Eglinton.—Cosmopolite.—A Daniel come to Judgment.

When we first arrived in London, we were without friends, (save our invisible ones,) about to attempt to introduce and demonstrate modern spirit manifestations to a people who look with extreme suspicion upon whatever emanates from Yankeeedom. For they are not without their prejudices. Not one in a hundred, nay, not one in two hundred thousand of the people had even so much as heard of "Spirit Rappings," and we were not long in finding that we had undertaken no light or trifling task, but, on the contrary, one that would require all of our best energies to induce them for a single moment to listen to a word on the subject, otherwise than as the rankest blasphemy. And it was not in the least to be wondered at, for it was directly at variance with all their preconceived notions and education: "Spirit Rappings," "What is that?" they would ask. "Some new Yankee notions?" "Some humbug?" "Where is Barnum?" "What is it for?" and a thousand like absurd questions. And when we earnestly assured them that we were daily receiving what we believed to be messages and communications from those who had passed on to the spirit world, they would at first laugh heartily, and then look at us inquiringly, to see if we were jesting or insane; and on our reiterating what we had previously asserted, they would drop the subject, and give us up as incorrigible—as being either the most consummate of knaves, or the most fanatical of dupes.

Fully to appreciate all that will be narrated in this sketch, it would have been necessary to have been present where they transpired; to have known the parties and have witnessed the visible efforts produced on their minds—to have heard and seen all that we did. No pen or language can fully do justice to all the minutiae which was truly interesting in itself; to attempt to describe them would be like an artist who sits down to paint a thunder storm, and when he thinks he has completed his task finds to his chagrin that he has left the thunder out. Thus almost any little incident loses half of its beauty in its narration. In one sense they are as dead now, whereas they were living and speaking then.

Many of those we met in England were distinguished for their high attainments—some of them were of great celebrity and world-wide renown. Eminent statesmen, learned divines, scientific men and philosophers were among our daily visitors. It was deeply interesting to observe how some of the master minds of the age would approach to investigate the phenomena. Matters which now seem trivial and hardly worth relating, were of exciting interest then. It was not the same class of people who first investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism in England, as in this country. With us, it was the misnamed middling classes, (the great intellectual brain and heart) that first had the moral courage to investigate the spiritual claims of the manifestations, heedless alike of the sneers and abuse of the pious scoffers. Our saviors could not descend from their lofty positions to examine the merits of of anything "so perfectly absurd," "so undignified as the rappings," it was decidedly beneath their learned noses, it was not fashionable.

Had these luminaries been invited to the unrolling of the Gilded Indian Mummy, or to have assisted in exhuming some mouldy fossil remains, or to have tested the qualities of some new specimen of guano, they would have considered themselves highly honored. Out upon such kind of wisdom and egotism that arrogates to itself the right to dictate what is and what is not dignified.

There are no phenomena in Nature however simple in their manifestation but what are worthy of the most patient and profound study by the wisest men in the Universe. Is there not a deep cause for regret when the most sacred and sublime of all truths—the immortality of the soul and the fact of spiritual communion are treated with contempt by the professed christian? Is it not humiliating to hear men who set themselves up as the light and wisdom of the world sneering contemptuously at the glorious revelations of the present day as a cunning imposture or as the works of his Satanic majesty to ensnare souls to perdition?

In England it was the aristocracy who investigated the phenomena, and save a few of the learned and scientific men, they were the only class in that country to give it any attention; and to their credit be it spoken, they were not the same aching, affectionate specimens of humanity, who vainly endeavor in this country, to raise their heads above what they

are pleased to term the vulgar herd, and who pride themselves on the superior quality of the mushroom blood which courses through their delicate veins.

The nobility of England treated Mrs. Hayden with the respect due to a lady, without regard to their belief in the genuineness of the phenomena, for they pride themselves upon their good breeding, and no people in the world better understand how to deport themselves, and I remember them with the kindest feelings of respect. Do not for a moment entertain the thought, that I am going to set myself up as a champion for the English aristocracy, or their peculiar institutions; far from it, and I flatter myself that no American abroadaped less, or was truer to his colors, or fought harder when his country or her people were assailed, than I did, and there are those who will bear testimony to the fact.

I have made the foregoing remarks at this stage of our work, in order that a proper understanding may be had of what we were forced to contend with in being the humble instruments to introduce for the first time, to the English, French and Irish people, the phenomena of modern Spirit Manifestations.

On the ever memorable and never to be forgotten first of November, immediately after our return from Knebworth Park, those two funny fellows, Brown and Thompson, of Dicken's Household Words, came in search of the "ghost of the Cock Lane ghost," having learned in the course of their perambulations that it had taken up its abode at No. 26 Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, (our first residence in London.) But as we shall have occasion to speak of these gentlemen (?) again, we will pass them without further comment, for the present.

To Dr. C. W. Heyland, we were also indebted for our third seance in London with a distinguished gentleman, a brother of the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This seance was most extraordinary, but we are not at liberty to give the particulars. This, however, led to one at the Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street, with the Earl and Countess of Eglinton, the Lord and Lady Nass and eight or nine other persons of distinction. The manifestations were in every respect eminently satisfactory, and laid the foundation for our after success in England. At the above sitting numerous experiments were tried, the party passing from room to room, using different tables, to ascertain if that would make any change in the manifestations; but they were equally as successful in one apartment as another. Numerous test questions were asked, which were promptly and correctly answered, the spirits seeming to be fully aware of the fact, that more than ordinary proof would be required to convince the skeptical minds of the circle, of their power and presence in a country where so little was known in regard to the phenomena, and where there was but one medium sufficiently developed through whom they could demonstrate. But they had counted the cost, and in most cases came fully up to the requirements of the investigators.

At the Clarendon, a circle was formed around a large centre-table, which was moved with great power. Showers of raps were heard upon its surface, imitating with great perfection, the fall of rain. Tunes of difficult music were beat out, and at the request of one of the party, a violent electrical shock was given to every member of the circle. Lord Eglinton, who is one of Nature's noblemen, and greatly beloved in his own country, expressed to Mrs. Hayden, in person, the great gratification which he had experienced in witnessing the various and extraordinary manifestations which had taken place on the occasion, and further assured her, that all or nearly all, of the experiments had been most remarkable and equally successful. We were afterwards indebted to his influence for many of our parties, and I have frequently heard that he always spoke in the most respectful manner of the manifestations which he witnessed in the presence of Mrs. Hayden.

Before proceeding further in our narrative, I will here relate a most remarkable seance which took place at our rooms, shortly after the one at the Clarendon, as it was one of that class that carries conviction of its truth to the heart of the investigator. The person for whom the sitting was given belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families in England. He had passed a great portion of his eventful life abroad, and had but recently returned to his native land. He was a tall, dark complexioned man, with a bold and resolute bearing. His air was that of a man who had traveled and seen much of the world; there was a hauteur and disdain in his manner which could not fail to attract attention from the most casual observer. He called one morning and sent up his card, with the following in pencil:—

"Cosmopolite, presents his compliments to Mrs. Hayden, and would be happy, if she is not engaged, to have an audience with her."

On being shown into the apartment, he passed the usual compliments of the morning, and then commenced proceedings after the following manner:

"Mrs. Hayden," said he, "some of my friends have had the pleasure of being present and witnessing the strange things which occur at your seances, and being a little curious, I would like, if it is agreeable, to witness some of the demonstrations of your science. You will pardon me for saying frankly, that I have but little faith in spiritual things, and consequently, cannot be expected to entertain much for your phenomena; but allow me to say, that I shall pay the most respectful attention to your experiments."

Mrs. Hayden thanked him for his courtesy, and desired that he would be seated at the table, (a common deal centre,) which he did, and seemed a little surprised at the simplicity of the arrangements and the entire absence of all preparation for any extraordinary performance.

"What am I to do? What part am I to play in the farce?" he inquired.

Mrs. Hayden passed him an alphabet and pencil. "What am I to do with these, having learned my letters years ago?" said he, a little inclined to be facetious.

"We are never too old to learn something new," replied Mrs. Hayden, explaining to him the modes operandi of obtaining the communications.

"Is this all the contrivance you have?"

"All."

"Indeed!" he added, with evident surprise. At this stage of the proceeding, his attention was attracted by slow and measured raps upon the table.

"What are those sounds?" he inquired.

"The spirits rapping," returned Mrs. Hayden.

"Spirits rapping—spirits rapping; spirit nonsense," said he, with a puzzled and perplexed air.

[To be continued.]

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

O gentle, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness, once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

In heat the landscape quivering lies,
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies,
The earth looks up in vain for thee;
For thee—thee it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and bring our meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist;
A falling dew, from burning dreams,
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Good Sense and Good Nature are never separated, though
the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good Nature, by
which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right
reason.

Throw open wide your golden gates,
O poet-laurel, month of June,
And wait me, on your spire breath,
The melody of birds in tune.
I sail would tread your garden walks,
Or in your shady bowers recline—
Then open wide your golden gates,
And make them mine, and make them mine.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a
gleam of clouds, and glitters for a moment; Cheerfulness
keeps a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady,
perpetual serenity.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
I know how beautiful thou art,
But never tell the starry thought:
Only whisper to my heart,
"She lights with heaven thy earliest spot,"
And birds that night and day rejoice,
And fragrant winds, give back to me
A music ringing of thy voice,
And serge my heart's love-tide to thee.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GUILT'S LEGACY.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

"Are you sure, Jenwin? Is the time so near?
Will you swear to me by all your hopes of future hap-
piness—hopes which can never, never be held forth
to my crime-laden soul—will you swear to me that
this can last at furthest, but one short hour or two?
There have been times known," the speaker hurried
through his words with wild, gasping eagerness—
"times, I say, that strong and determined spirits
have battled through against greater pangs than
these which are now coursing up and down my tor-
mented frame. It must not be! death shall yet be
cheated of its victim." His voice rose almost to a
shriek, and was heard high above the mad din of
the fighting elements without—"I am not fit to die!
I cannot, will not die."

"I tell you, Martin Crule," and the speaker raised
his tall figure in the low-roofed cabin, till it nearly
touched the rude and blackened ceiling, "and were
you my own brother, or the closest and dearest of
my kindred, I would think as little of uttering what
I thought or knew to be a lie—I tell you, and long
experience has assured me of it, that no hope now re-
mains on which to build a chance of your seeing the
light of another morning's sun."

He spoke firmly, solemnly, but with the gentle-
ness of a kind and considerate heart. And the proof
of this was in the fact of his being there at all, in
that black and rotting hut, hiding away from human
sight in the malignant depths of that sullen, south-
ern swamp; and of his breathing the wild fury of a
fearful storm, in preference to remaining at his com-
fortable home, ten miles away, from which he had
been aroused in the dead of night, and piloted by
one of Martin Crule's ruffian band to the spot where
he leader himself lay dying.

There was a silence for a moment in the hut; but
the shrieking of the tempest without never ceased
its awful clamor, nor paused an instant in its bend-
ing and cracking of trees, in its peals of thunder
and its howlings of the sweeping wind.

"Hark! they are there at the door! don't let
them gain entrance. Bar it! bolt it! place your
back against it—defend it against them for God's
sake, doctor! But I tell you they are there!"—in
answer to the other's soothing words—"can't you
hear them cursing me? Don't you see how they rattle
madly at the door? Keep them from me, keep them
away, or I shall be torn to pieces!"

The wounded man overcome by exhaustion, sank
senselessly back upon the rude couch. Doctor Jen-
win, now that his patient was helplessly under his
control, removed the bandages lightly, and proceeded
to apply the proper soothing remedies to endeavor,
as far as lay in his power, to allay the sufferings of
the dying man. His injuries consisted in a severe
fracture of the right arm and shoulder blade, togeth-
er with two broken ribs; and from the length of
time which had elapsed before assistance was ren-
dered, combined with the tumult of passion going
on internally, the injuries were now long past medi-
cal aid or control. So Doctor Jenwin spoke the truth
when he told Martin Crule of his approaching end.

Now again his eyes were staring wide open and
glaring around the cabin. They finally rested upon
the doctor. He was much exhausted by his late
fury, and apparently quite light-headed.

"Jenwin," he whispered, and at the same moment
he clutched at the other's sleeve, "Jenwin, old boy,
you won't leave me here in this place alone, will
you? We were boys together, Jenwin, you know,
and many's the good time we've had. For old
old acquaintance sake you'll not desert me, will you?
I know there was not much in common between us
in those by-gone years, but you wouldn't leave a dog
to die alone on a night like this." Then he again
glared round the hut, until his staring eye balls be-
came fixed on some imaginary object, and he grasped
the doctor's arm with almost maniac force.

"There! there! look, can't you see it? Look,
slowly dropping from the roof upon the floor. Jen-
win, it's—its blood! Blood, man—red, welling
blood. Hear how it hisses as it falls; see the warm
puddle it makes upon the floor. It increases every
moment—it is over your feet, Jenwin, and rising
still faster and faster. It will overwhelm me in
its flood if it goes on at this rate. Jenwin, Jenwin,
for God's sake, save me!"

"A fearful state of mind, this," said the doctor,
wiping the perspiration from his face, as his patient

once more sank from his hold back upon the bed,
"and one which makes even my flesh creep, long
used as I am to every species of death scene. I
must use more vigorous methods still, to allay this
working of the brain, or he will sink without re-
vealing what seems to dwell so deeply on his mind."
And, as the wounded man again approached con-
sciousness, he addressed him soothingly, and in a
tone likely to calm down his excited nerves.

"Here, Martin, take a little of this, you will find
that it will have the effect of making you calmer
and easier both in mind and body. There," he con-
tinued, as the sufferer took the proffered draught
and swallowed it with the obedience of a child,
"now lie down, and try to compose yourself to
sleep."

And after looking at his attendant with a fixed
gaze, as if pondering deeply on what he had said,
he at length closed his eyes and sank into slumber.

Outside, the hurricane kept up its fury. The flood
of rain as it descended, appeared to lash the walls
with a thousand whips, and the wind kept up a
gleeful howling, as if in merriment at the indolence
of the strokes. Now and again a crash high above
the storm would be heard among the swamp trees,
denoting that another forest giant had been stricken
down by the storm-fiend's fury, and now lay a pro-
strate, splintered ruin. The doctor folded his arms,
and for the first time since his entrance into the
wretched cabin, looked round him with curious eye.

Suspended from the black ceiling was a rude lamp,
which threw out a red, smoky glare over the apart-
ment, and revealed a couple of rough stools formed
of slabs of wood, supported by upturned logs, held
fast by a nail. A table of much the same primitive
manufacture, on which were displayed the remains
of what might have been, either a breakfast, dinner
or tea, the whisky jug forming a prominent feature,
stood on one side of the apartment, while the de-
cayed camp-bedstead, on which the wounded man
lay, occupied the opposite.

The decorations of the abode did not add to its
cheerful aspect. They consisted in an assortment
of every imaginable weapon; guns, pistols, bowie-
knives, hatchets and loaded bludgeons, and were
suspended all round the walls on every side. Al-
together, it was not a scene likely to calm the
nerves of a timorous stranger who might chance
to seek for shelter beneath its roof; but doctor
Jenwin was not at all timorous, and continued to
look around him and listen to the beatings of the
storm without, and the respirations of the sleeper
within, with perfect coolness and composure.

Martin Crule awoke, and looked around him, quite
rationally.

"What means this? Jenwin, you here?" He
strove to raise himself upon his wounded arm, but
sank back with a groan of anguish.

"Oh, yes, I remember every thing now. The ride
through the forest—the tree, as it fell crashing upon
me, in the terrible storm—of my laying there help-
less beneath its weight, for those long, long hours—
an eternity it seemed to me—a foretaste of the judg-
ment in store for me in the dreadful future. I re-
member all. No, not all. Was it true that some
one told me that I was dying? That was, but a
dream—I know that, could have been nothing more
than a dream. Who'd dare to tell Martin Crule,
the dreaded swamp outlaw, that his time was come?"

"Now, listen to me," said the Doctor, quietly seat-
ing himself close to the crazy bedside, "and don't
lose these precious moments in vain and idle ravings.
You lay undiscovered and exposed to the fury of this
storm, which has lasted now two days, until late in
the afternoon of to-day, having been nearly forty
hours in a situation that would have killed any other
than a man of iron in less than half that time.
When finally found and conveyed here, mortification
had already begun to set in. You were then past
human aid. I came at your man's earnest request,
and have done all that can be done to alleviate your
pain, but nothing to save your life, for that would be
as useless as bidding time itself stand still. Now
Martin Crule, you know the whole truth, and should
spend your remaining breathings in asking pardon
for the deadly wickednesses you have committed in
your past life against the laws of God and man."

The listener pressed his forehead with his left
hand, and remained for some moments thus in per-
fect silence. When he removed it the look of feroc-
ity that usually sat upon his features had given place
to a more human expression.

"You are right," he said, "you are right. But
in the few moments that you tell me I have left, I
could not relate one iota of the deeds of sin and dark-
ness I have committed since you and I dwelt neighbors
to one another. The repetition would avail nothing,
it would drive me mad, I believe, to recall them now,
as I stand on the brink of the river that will bear
me on to an eternity of torment. But perhaps one
deed of restitution may plead for me even now.
Don't speak if you cannot bid me hope for this—let
me cling to it as the drowning man clutches at a
chip, in the assurance, even, of its uselessness to save
him."

"Martin, there is hope, I am satisfied, for the vilest
of all—Look for it at the hands of the All-Merciful!
From the forgiveness that reaches where man's heart
has long been sealed. From the universal charity
that gave mankind its breathing being!"

"Jenwin, you have said that which has spoken
peace to my soul, such as sanctified hypocrites would
refuse me here and hereafter, and I thank you for it.
God bless you, Jenwin! Now listen to me; and do
not turn with horror from me at the wretched rec-
ital I am about to make in your hearing."

"You knew the stern and unyielding nature of my
father, and the rigor with which he treated every
member of his family. You heard how, at length
driven to desperation by his tyranny, I one day arose
and left his door with an oath, that never, during
his life, should its lintel be pressed by me again.
You also know something of the fearful course of life
I then entered upon. Once the expectant heir of a
rich plantation and estate, moving in the best soci-
ety, and passing my life away in the midst of fash-
ionable enjoyments, I now became an outcast and a vag-
abond. I visited every known quarter of the globe,
associating with none but villains and desperadoes
like myself, and committing crimes that would make
the flesh creep and the hair bristle if they were even
whispered, and the least of which would have ent-
tled their perpetrator to a death at the hangman's
hands."

"At length, after the lapse of many years, I re-
turned to my birth-place, and found that my father
had been dead for some time, and that I had been
out entirely off, without a copper of his property. It
was left by will to another, who had, in early youth,
gained the love of the only woman I have ever viewed

with an eye of pure regard. I ground my teeth with
rage when I discovered that this man had dispo-
sessed me of everything, and that he was revell-
ing in the enjoyment of what I had built my fondest
hopes upon in youth.

"Scarce knowing what my intentions really were
I presented myself before him. He asked my busi-
ness."

"Look well at me, Harvey Mayton, and see wheth-
er you can't recall me; then I'll tell you my errand,"
was my reply.

"You are—you must be the long-absent Martin
Crule," said he, gazing intently in my face, and grad-
ually recalling my features.

"I am that same man. Even the very man whom
you once deprived of the object of his love, and whom
you have again supplanted by possessing yourself of
his rightful home."

"Nay, but reflect, Martin,"—his self-possession
made me almost furious—"reflect; your father saw
fit to name me heir of his estate, much to my own
surprise, and, in so doing, was answerable to himself
alone. You cannot fairly blame me for taking pos-
session of what was legally made mine by his gift.
If you have nothing more to say, I must merely re-
fer you for all further communication on the subject
to my lawyers, Wiley and Brood."

"I saw that he gloried in the triumph he had over
me, and now looked upon me as an unwelcome in-
truder in the very halls of my childhood. I knew
that he had it in his power to order me from the
door, and the will to do it if I offered another word,
and this reflection roused the hot blood within me. I
applied a word of force insult to him. He raised his
arm, but, as he did so, I had him by the throat, and
with the fury of a fiend I hurled him to the floor, and
placed my foot upon his neck."

"I was overpowered and secured, and then im-
mured in a jail, where, without money or friends, I
lay for long and weary months. I swore to have
deep revenge for it all when I once more breathed the
air of heaven. I kept my oath."

"I quitted the prison—made my way here into the
swamps, and collected around me a band of outlaws
and ruffians like myself, and then began the deeds
which have made my name feared and hated for
miles around. In the depths of the swamp we found
refuge and a hiding place, and from its apparently
inaccessible depths, could laugh at the efforts of our
enemies to secure us and deliver us over to justice."

"The hour at length arrived when my hatred
against Harvey Mayton was to be sated. Time had
rolled on, and he had forgotten that I ever existed.
A terrible proof that I did live was in store for him.

"One night a gang of men, with blackened faces,
gathered silently around the solitary mansion. What
their object was soon appeared, as a thick black
smoke burst from the frame building surrounding
the house itself, and in a few moments communi-
cated to the main building."

"The home of my birthright was in flames!"

"One of these men with blackened faces made
himself conspicuous in the dreadful deed. Then he
disappeared into the building. There was a pause,
broken by the crackling and roaring of the flames.
When he appeared again he bore in his arms a child—
a mere infant. This man, then forcing his way through
the feeble opposition offered by the handful of af-
frighted negroes, headed by Mayton himself, and
with a shot from his revolver, leaving him lifeless on
the earth, then called his men together, and rode fu-
riously from the spot. Doctor Jenwin, have you
guessed who that man was?"

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the other. "And
the child?" he added.

"You shall see it," returned Crule.
"It is still alive, then. How long ago was this?
Why, to be sure, I remember the terrible incidents
you have related. The perpetrator of the murder of
Harvey Mayton then was—"

"Never mind—never mind; let its remembrance
be buried in the past. The destroyer and his victim
will soon be face to face!"

He covered his brow with his hand, and groaned
aloud. Then removing it, he beckoned the doctor to
open the door, through the cracks of which the day-
light began to appear. Jenwin did so. One of the
men, who had apparently been watching by the door
all night, came to him as he waived his hand. He
entered the cabin.

"Bring Nelly and the child here," said the dying
man. The other obeyed, and soon a negro woman
appeared, leading a child five or six years old by the
hand; a sweet little girl, with long flaxen ringlets,
who, standing in the midst of the filthy floor, looked
strangely out of place, as much so as would a deli-
cate lily or violet in the center of a ditch of black
and reeking slime.

"Papa!" said the little one, timidly approaching
the couch, "papa, why are you here? This is not
where you live. Aint you coming home?"

The swartly ruffian drew her towards him with a
gentle touch, as though she had been formed of frail-
er material than other children of earth. He looked
up at the doctor's kindly but wonder-stricken face.

"This is what has sated her thus far from the
touch of contamination,—this innocence—this angel
purity. I had meant, when I took her, that her fa-
ther's sins should be visited upon her innocent heart!
But, as she grew to what you see her, as she
learned to call me by that name,—I relented; nay
more, I guarded her as something holy. None of the
villany around her ever comes within her reach or
sight. Nelly attends to her every want and desire.
She lives in happy freedom, in a cottage I have built
for her, and, as she has wrapped herself around my
heartstrings, I have tried to be to her all that a fa-
ther could. Her mother lived not long after the loss
of her only offspring and its parent; so that when I
am—dead, she will be alone and friendless in the
world. I ask of you to be to her what I have been;
for, villain as I am, I have loved and cherished her.
Don't refuse me this, Jenwin, for her sake—not for
mine. In the cottage I have spoken of, you will find
more than enough to repay your trouble; take it all,
and may it prove of benefit to you."

"That," said the doctor, "you must forgive me for
refusing. But I could not touch one cent of it."

After a pause, Martin Crule replied: "Well, per-
haps you are right." He sank his voice almost to a
whisper. "It could bring no blessing with it, for
the marks of blood upon it would stain your hands,
and live forever in your soul! You are right, Jen-
win; you are right."

"But for the child, I accept the welcome friend,
and here promises you to be a protector and a friend
to her as long as I have life," and as he spoke, he
raised the child in his arms, and kissed her soft,
white cheek. She looked up in his face with some-
thing of fearful childish wonder, but this look quick-
ly passed away, and she clung to him as if for pro-

tection in that gloom and darkness. Then turning
to where the dying outlaw lay, he said:

"See!" she said, almost in a whisper, "papa's
going to sleep."

It roused Martin Crule.

"To sleep!" said he; "yes, that sleep whose wak-
ing is at the Throne of Mercy. Jenwin, have I done
well in my last hours?"

"You have, Martin; you have."

"And you feel assured?"—repeating the words of
the doctor—"that there is hope for the vilest of all?"

Jenwin replied by kneeling at the outcast's bed-
side, and there, with the child's little hands also
lifted up in imitation, and her blue eyes fixed alter-
nately upon his face and upon the white visage lying
there before her, he framed a prayer for the forgive-
ness of that unhappy, erring, deeply erring soul.

And when he rose and took her once more in his
arms, she said, in soft tone, as she looked again upon
the marble face extended there in silence:

"Papa has gone to sleep, sir, has n't he?"

"He has," said Doctor Jenwin, wiping a tear from
his rough cheek; "the sleep that ends the toll and
sin of earth's long, weary day. God forgive us all!"
And soon afterwards he took the child away in his
arms, and she became to him, in after years, a
precious gift and legacy, even though it was the gift
conferred by guilt and crime—the stewardship of
restitution.

Flashes of Fun.

A NECESSARY INQUIRY.—"Sambo," 'spose dere is six
chickens in a coop, and de man sell three, how many
is dere left?"

"What time of day was it?" "What has dat to
do wid it?" "A good deal; if it was after dark,
dar would be none left; dat is, if you happened to
come along dat way."

REACHING UP.—There's a high old deacon up at
Wankee, who stands six feet six in his stockings,
extremely pious, methodical, not over benevolent, a
man of few words, and a very hard cheek, and al-
though rigid in enforcing family prayers, was never
known to say grace at any meal in his life. His pas-
tor, a rather odd stick himself, was one day ques-
tioned "Why Deacon Q. never asked a blessing?" "Don't
really know," was the reply, "but you know he isn't
much given to asking for anything, and it's just like
him to reach up and take it!"

A WESTERN EDITOR remarks that it is aggravating
to see a good-looking man wrestling with your wife
in a waltz, without having the privilege of going up
and tightening his cravat.

We hope he is n't jealous.

DRIVEN INTO A CORNER.—"That which thou hast
to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his
son one morning. "So I did this morning!" replied
Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye. "Ah!
what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran
through his offspring's curls. "Why, I walloped
Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he
yelled like blazes! You should just hear him holler,
dad!" The father looked unhappy, while he explain-
ed that the precept did not apply to any act like that,
and concluded mildly with, "You should not have
done that, my child." "Then he'd walloped me,"
replied the young hopeful. "Better," said the sire,
"for you to have fled from the wrath to come." "Yes,
but," replied the hopeful, by way of a clincher
"Jack can run twice as fast as I can." The good
man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and
endeavored to compose himself.

A SKEPTIC.—Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he
won't believe even the report of a cannon.

INTELLIGIBLE.—The following is a genuine Hibernian
advertisement:—"Missing from Kilmarny, Jane
O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a
Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise-
shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots
all down her back, which equints awfully."

SOMEONE, describing the absurd appearance of a
man dancing the polka, says: "He looks as though
he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake
a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

PICKEREL OILS recommended by some people as a
remedy for deafness, on account of the fish from
which it is extracted having so acute a sense of hear-
ing. On the same principle, we understand, that
cod liver oil was thought to be excellent for coughs
and colds, because the codfish are so much exposed
to dampness and wet, without ever being known to
suffer from troubles of that character.

We laughed "consumedly" at the narration of a
gentleman who attended a meeting in Pike county,
a few days since. The object was to appoint delegates
to the gubernatorial June Convention; and while
the Committee were out writing resolutions, a sturdy
old farmer rose and addressed the Chair:—

"Mr. President, mout I say a word?" asked he.
"The meeting will be proud to hear from you, Mr.
Subsoil."

"Well, Mr. President, enduren of the time the Com-
mittee's out, couldn't you tell us all how you've bedded
your 'taters'?"

There was a great laugh at Subsoil's expense, but
his question involved a matter of more practical im-
portance than such as often come before political
meetings.

A MODEL EDITOR.—A Western editor and his wife
were walking out in the bright moonlight, one eve-
ning. The wife was of an exceedingly poetic nature,
and said to her mate—"Notice that moon—how
bright, and calm, and beautiful." "Couldn't think
of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything
less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for
twelve lines."

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you
regard with the deepest horror?" "The cholera!"
gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder. Wig-
gins was right.

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