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## DORA MOORE;

OR

## THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

Continued.  
But what to do was a puzzle. Jack had no home of his own, and was just now rather short of funds, not having been paid off. He rolled his cud round in his mouth, pulled up the waistbands of his loose trousers, and looked up street and down as if in a puzzle.

"Peggy Moore, you say is your mother's name. Who knows but we can find her? At any rate you mustn't stand here in the cold. The east wind is blowing, and it ain't good for you." He turned to Dora, so delicate and gentle in her appearance, and shrunk from exposing her to the rudeness of a common sailor's boarding house in Ann Street, such as he was in the habit of frequenting; but out of that circle he felt himself a stranger. "Ay! I have it now," he said, after having run over in his mind the whole list of his female friends, very few of whom were remarkable for refinement or virtue, "there's Granny Bolt, she'll take you, for the sake of old times. She knew my mother and little Lizzie. Come with me, and see if Jack Warren can't find a shelter for you." He led them nearly through Broad street, and stopped at an old dingy, wooden house, the window of which was large and arched, and filled with small, old-fashioned greenish glass. The house was sunken so that the door sill was almost beneath the surface of the ground. The window was cracked and dirty, and one must stand very near to see all the curiosities which were displayed upon the inside. There were gingerbread toys in great profusion, for Granny Bolt was noted for her skill in making gingerbread men, horses, fiddles, hands, rounds, &c. No one in the neighborhood could compete with her in this business, and in the manufacture of molasses candy. The latter, in long sticks, with a large knob at the end were always arranged in rows, and called "cent sticks" by the boys. Little glass jars of pickled limes were flanked by similar jars filled with "gibraltars," a species of red and white candy in balls, and these by jars of peppermint, and red, yellow, and white sugar plums. Tamarinds, thread and needles, pins and tape, completed the assortment, though the good shopwoman added a little to her income by selling yeast twice a week, and now and then making flannel shirts or mending for the sailors who boarded near her. She was a short, thick, fat woman, with a round, red face (it always looked as if she had been baking gingerbread). She wore a turban of colored battiste, and around her neck a string of gold beads, that looked as if they had been on so long as to become imbedded in the fatty folds of the ample throat. She was sitting behind her counter, making a pair of sailor's trousers, when Jack entered, waking the door bell into its usual tinkle, as he did so.

"Ah, how do ye do, Aunt Bolt, glad to see ye looking so hearty."  
She rose and returned his greeting cordially.  
"Why, Jack, I thought you sailed in the 'Dorchester.'"  
"So I did; but she was bound to Davy Jones's Locker, and I didn't care to take the trip with her; but it was hard leaving her to her fate."  
"God in mercy has spared your life to make a better man of you, I hope."  
"As to that, Granny, I have never made pretensions to great goodness; but you never heard nothing very bad of Jack Warren, did you?"  
"It's bad enough to get drunk, Jack; you know you're never on shore two days, but you're half seas over."  
"Never mind that Granny, it all comes in a lump—one good spree, and then Jack's himself again. You don't catch me guzzling and drinking a little all the time—after I've had it over once I hold up for a long time."  
"I wish Jack, you'd marry and settle down, and make a sober, steady man. The last words your mother said to me were, 'Polly, see to Jack, tell him to keep steady, and do well, for his mother's sake.'"  
"Yes, yes, I'll remember," said Jack speaking hurriedly. "It's because you were her friend I've come to ask a favor of you to-day. You see these two children; well, they were on board the 'Dorchester,' come to find their mother here in Boston. Their aunt was lost in the storm, and she had the money and directions sewed up in her gown. Now here the poor things are, without friends or money."  
"Well, I'm sorry for 'em, Jack; but what can you or I do? You don't suppose I can take any poor child that comes along. Can't you hand 'em over to some of the folks that take care of ragged children?"

"Why, you see," said Jack, drawing Jimmy forward, "this little fellow haint got no light in his eyes, and somehow or other, (you understand,) I couldn't leave 'em alone on the wharf. I'm in hopes they will find their mother. Peggy Moore's the name."  
"But they're Irish, Jack. My gracious, they come like the locusts in the Bible, and a mighty quarrelsome set they are. Why, I remember the time when the street here was quiet and filled with decent people; but now, the Irish are knocking up quarrels every day, and there's hardly a wink of good sleep nights for the noise they make, and Sundays is the worst of all; going off to a meetin' full of picnics and candles, and making crosses and cursties before an image of the Virgin Mary. It's horrible, and I'm afraid will sink like Sodom and Gomorrah. If I didn't own the house I'd have quit long ago."  
"But, Granny, if you can just take the little ones for a few days, I guess by that time their mother will turn up." "Here," and Jack, after fumbling round in his pocket, produced an old greasy wallet, in which he found a two dollar bill.  
"There, halve this, Granny, and when I get more I'll give it to you. Never mind the Irish of 'em, folks is folks any how, and it seems kind 'o unfeeling-like to leave a poor little blind fellow without a home. The little girl there is nice and handy, may be she'll take a turn at the candy or gingerbread. I'll come round tomorrow and see what can be done."  
All this time Granny Bolt had been eyeing the children with her round gray eyes. She hadn't sold candy and gingerbread for thirty years without understanding the physiognomy of children, and as she had still a woman's heart within her, it could not help warming a little towards Dora.  
But she was determined not to be very cordial, because they were Irish.  
"I suppose you're tired, aint you? You may come in here," opening a door, half of which was glass, into an inner room. "We Yankees would say it looked 'saddy littered up,' but to Dora, weary, hungry and cold, as she was, it seemed the personification of comfort. In the centre of the room was a table, on which lay great tins of newly baked gingerbread, cooling for the shop. By the old-fashioned fireplace, a pot of yeast was rising, and on the hearth an iron kettle of molasses was simmering; waiting for Granny Bolt's leisure to be made into candy. On the window seat was a parrot, in its cage, who screamed out, "Polly wants a cracker."  
The children started back half frightened.  
"Lawful sakes! didn't you never see a parrot afore? Well, he wont hurt you. Sit down, now, and warm yourselves." It was March, a month when fires in Boston are very acceptable, and the children, scantily clad as they were, were glad to get near it. The old lady gave each of them a gingerbread heart, thinking, with her usual thrift, "there goes two cents," and the next minute feeling very comfortable at heart, because the poor things looked so pleased.  
"What's your name, little girl," said Granny, more kindly than she had before spoken.  
"Dora, ma'am," said the little girl, rising as she spoke, "and my brother's is Jimmy."  
"Dora! that aint a common Irish name, is it? Most all the little Irish girls that buy candy here are named Margaret, or Bridget, or Mary."  
"But father said I was called Dora, after my great grandmother, who was an O'Neil."  
"O'Neil! That sounds Irishy—but Dora is a story book name. I shall call you Dolly; see it will come natural like, I had a sister Dolly once."  
The shop bell rung, at which Granny Bolt waddled away. But no sooner had she closed the door than the parrot sung out—  
"Dolly wants a cracker!" "Dolly wants a cracker!"  
Poor Jimmy caught Dora by the arm. "Dodo, do the birds talk in Ameriky?"  
"This one does, but she said it wouldnt hurt us. It is pretty to look at it, it has such nice, shiny, green feathers."  
"Can it see, Dodo?"  
"Yes, it has droll little round eyes, and a hooked bill, just like Paddy O'Sullivan's nose."  
"When will mother come, Dodo?" whispered Jimmy.  
"I hope the good sailor will find her soon, but you must be a good boy and not trouble the lady here, she is kind to give us cake."  
"I'd like a pratee better, Dodo."

Granny Bolt had drawn aside the muslin curtain from the glass door which separated her shop from the inner room. "There's no knowing what Irish children may be up to," she said to herself. "I've no faith in none of 'em, they'll steal, and lie, and then pay the priest money to pardon 'em. That harum scarum of a fellow, Jack Warren, is always spending his money in some such foolish way as this. I wonder what he expects to live on in his old age, never gets a dollar ahead in the world—and if he had a fortin left him, he'd give it all to the Blind Asylum. "Well, I'll keep the poor things a day or so, and if their mother don't turn up, I'll send 'em to the work house."

After this decision, Granny Bolt settled herself to her work, and resolved to be kind to the children while they did stay, and try to search for their mother, by inquiries among the Irish in the neighborhood.  
The old woman was not the only occupant of the two rooms which she owned, with two chambers above.  
One of these she let to an old man, whose business was taking up and shaking carpets, and similar work, in families. He had his regular customers, and was as interested in the concerns of these families as if he belonged to them. He often came in of an evening to light his pipe at Granny Bolt's fire, or buy some gingerbread. This evening he came home earlier than usual, for a north east storm had commenced, and the sharp winds were hard on his rheumatism. The old woman and the two children were eating supper as he came in with a little tin teapot to boil his tea.  
"I'm going to bed soon, Aunt Bolt, or I'd start my own fire."  
"Never mind," said his kind neighbor, as she poured some boiling water upon his tea and set it on some coals.  
"Well, ra'aly, that's a purty sight now, Mrs. Bolt—two children here! any relatives of yours?"  
The old woman explained their appearance, and told their mother's name.  
"That's queer now, that them children should be brought right here. It was only last week I was helping 'em at Col. Mason's, the big house I told ye of in Beacon street. Well, there's an Irish woman there by the name of Peggy, a right smart one she is too. I helped her to rub the silver, for you see the family are going to Europe, and they were to pack up all their plate, to put in the bank. She was expecting two children in the 'Dorchester,' and I never see a happier creter than she was on last Monday week, when I was there. But when I went Saturday, she was 'nalmost crazy with trouble, for news came that the ship was lost at sea, and Biddy Murphy and children drowned. That's my sister, ye see," said she, "that's coming out with the childer."

I never pitied any poor creter more than I did her—she didn't take on like most of her country women, but set down and wrung her hands, and kept saying, "My poor childers! my poor childers! I wish I'd staid in the old country with my poor 'Dennis' bones and my childers."  
"Was that your father's name?" said the old man, turning to Dora, who had dropped her bread and butter upon her plate, and sat with her blue eyes fixed upon the old man.  
"Yes sir, and it's my mother, I know it is, sir—her name is Peggy. May I go ma'am? Can ye tell me the way?" she asked, eagerly, rising from her chair.  
"Find your way, child, from Broad street to Beacon hill, and never in the city before, with the snow falling, and a regular nor-easter blowing! What do you say to it, Jonas?"  
"That's out of the question entirely," but as he spoke the old man opened the outer door; the storm was increasing.  
"No, you must be easy tonight, and tomorrow morning, I'll put on my great coat and go for your mother."  
Dora submitted in silence, and tried to be very thankful for the news of her mother, but the night looked long, and morning seemed far off.

The children slept in a queer little chamber filled with curiosities from over the sea. There were shells, and corals, like great fans, odd-looking little jars, bright feathers, gaudy little boxes, &c. &c. But very weary, and with that strange sensation which one always has when sleeping on land after a sea voyage, the children did not stop to look round much, and indeed Granny Bolt left them no time, "for," said she, "there may be some one in the shop, so jump into bed, and I'll take the light away."  
Dora knelt down and counted her beads, and said a prayer.  
"The poor heathen," muttered the old woman, "I'll tell her to-morrow how wicked them beads are."  
The storm continued, but "Jonas" was up early in the morning, and wrapped in his great coat, wended his way, as fast as his poor old legs would allow to Beacon street. The whole house seemed closed, no smoke issued from the chimney, no blind was open in the basement. He knew the domestics were early risers, and he went directly to the kitchen door; but his knock was unanswered, and after waiting for some time, a watchman, an old acquaintance, passed, and informed him that the family had all gone to Europe.  
Jonas felt sorry for the children, for now indeed, he said, "it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack."  
On his way back he encountered two police men taking Jack Warren to the station house.

He was so intoxicated that he could not wait upon himself, and would probably be under the parental care of the city fathers for a day or two.  
When Jonas came into the little back room he found Granny Bolt broiling a mackerel, and instructing Dora how to set the table. Jimmy sat on a low stool, holding the cat, and tenderly stroking her fur. All three turned towards him, but the look of eager expectation in Dora's face made the old man dread to tell his story.  
"What's the news, Jonas?" said Granny Bolt, as she turned her red face from the fire and stood knife and fork in hand.  
"Well, I suppose I might as well tell at once, though it will be a real disappointment to the gal there. The family are all gone to Europe, and where the sarvints are, nobody knows—such folks change about so there's no telling where to find 'em."  
Poor Dora! it was so hard now to be disappointed. She turned her face away, and the tears would come, "Never despair," "never despair," whispered the little echo in her bosom, but it was little comfort just then.  
"Never mind, child," said Granny Bolt, "it aint a bit likely your mother has gone to Europe. She's in the city somewhere, and now I've found out you didn't tell a lie about having a mother here in Ameriky, I shall help you find her. Jack Warren will be here today, and he's nothing else to do now but look her up, and may be 'twill keep him out of worse mischief."  
"He's out of mischief for a little while at least," said Jonas, "ye needn't think to see him today. I just met him going to the look up, in the arms of his friends."  
"Just what I expected!" said Granny Bolt, angrily, "the good for nothing fellow, to go and get drunk and leave these children on my hands. I wish there weren't a drop of liquor to be had in all Boston, that I do!" and she buttered her mackerel and slapped it into the platter as if she would like to handle Jack in the same way.  
Dora was still sobbing, and Jonas lingered with his roll of bread in his hand, pitying the child, but not knowing how to comfort. Going up to her at last, he laid his old shrivelled hand on the brown curls. "Don't cry child, ye look like a nice little gal, and I'm sorry for ye, I'll ask the hired folks where I work today. They're mostly Irish now days, and who knows what may turn up. Keep a good heart till I come home."  
It was little appetite Dora had for eating, but Jimmy, whose remembrance of his mother was not very distinct, was very contented with the food which Dora fed to him.  
It was well for the little girl that the shopkeeper was a bustling woman, and continued to keep the children busy—even Jimmy held skeins of thread to wind, and Dora made herself very useful. As it was yeast day, she soon learned to measure the yeast in the little gill cup, and hand the pails to the customers, so that Granny Bolt found when evening came she had made one red flannel shirt more than was her habit on Fridays.  
The lamps were lighted in the streets, the brass candlestick placed in the shop window, and even supper all over before Jonas made his appearance. Once or twice Dora ventured to peep into the street, but it was gloomy and wet without, and no Jonas was to be seen.  
He came at last, very tired, and had only stopped to say—  
"Better luck next time," before he went to his room, where the children soon heard him making a fire in his stove.  
Two or three days passed, Granny Bolt resolving each day that she could not be troubled with the children, and yet finding it difficult to turn them from her house.  
At last, one morning, Jack Warren made his appearance at the little shop, dressed so nice and trim that Dora hardly knew him.  
His checked blue and white shirt was clean and new, and tied under the chin with a black ribbon, his blue jacket and trousers were fresh and nice, his hair smooth as his short curls would permit, and his round face smiling and ruddy.  
"No words Granny, now," he said, deprecatingly, "I couldn't come because, you see, I hadn't any rocks in my pocket—and—"  
"You had bricks in your hat, Jack Warren, I know," said the old woman.  
"Never mind, Granny, I'll make it all right now. I've searched the city, but I'm blamed if I can find anything of Peggy Moore. So to keep a fellow awake, I've shipped for a short voyage, and here's the money to pay ye for keeping the children till I come back."  
Jack handed a good part of his wages to the old lady, and then followed Dora into the inner room to see Jimmy. The blind boy knew his voice and was too happy to sit upon his knee, while Dora, proud of her friend, stood by his side.  
Jack asked her to sing some of the songs she used to sing to Jimmy on board ship; and then he told her to be a good girl, and not forget Jack, if she should chance to find her mother before he came back.  
"I'll never forget ye while I live," said Dora.  
"There's enough money beside the board to buy a gown for the little girl, Granny; don't forget it."  
"I'll remember," said the old lady.  
"Ye'll come and see Jimmy again," said the boy.  
"That I will," said Jack, as he took a hasty leave, for he had but little time to spare.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
SUN AND SORROW.  
"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."  
After the shop door was closed for the night, Granny Bolt sat in the chair, behind the counter, reckoning her gains for the day. The money was mostly in cent pieces, and occupied some little time in counting and tying up in a bag. Then she took from her pocket the money which Jack had left, and after reckoning it, she put it safely away in a little tin box, saying, as she did so, "More than enough to pay the children's board, but it might as well be in my hands as Jack's, for like as not he'll never think of the poor things again, and I'll use it for them if he comes back. The girl needs a new frock, and she shall have it, and as for the little fellow, I can make him some clothes out of his'n, there's plenty of old ones in the house."

Who his'n is, the reader will learn, but just now the word makes Granny Bolt look very sad and groan deeply. She sits with the little worsted housewife in her hands in deep thought; the camp bedstead, on which she sleeps, is ready for her, for she never leaves her shop at night, but she forgets that it is late, and leaning her head on the counter she bursts into tears.  
The boys and girls who come in troops to buy candy at Granny Bolt's, would be very much astonished to see tears on those large, fat cheeks, and the poor, haggard, weary looking woman, who run in for yeast, or a bit of tape, would wonder what trouble one could have who seemed so well to do in the world, and had no husband or children to plague her. But the old woman does cry, nevertheless, and as she did nothing by halves, she weeps away with a good deal of hard sobbing and active exercise of the shoulders. But hard showers are short, and the storm is soon over. She dries her eyes with a yellow silk pocket handkerchief, and after covering up her fire in the inner room, and looking once more at the fastening of her shutters, and the bar of the door, she betakes herself to bed and is soon asleep.  
Day after day passes. Jonas, the poor old choraman, is very busy at this season of the year, and goes and comes every day, but though Dora listens each evening for his heavy tread, and looks up eagerly when he comes, as yet he brings no tidings of mother. Meanwhile the little girl is very busy and useful. She has learned to make change and tend shop. Granny Bolt has bought her a calico frock, which Dora thinks very pretty, for it has little red daisies on it, she says, just such as grow in Ireland, and then when she stands behind the counter she wears a clean, white muslin apron over her dress, and as she always keeps her hair neat, and it curls prettily as ever, she makes quite an attractive little shopwoman.

Indeed, if the truth is told, the business of the shop increases, the neighborhood is thronged with Irish, and as "Jonas" and Granny Bolt have both made inquiry among them for Peggy Moore, they have heard the story of the children, and come to see them, bringing a penny to buy gingerbread or candy as an excuse for calling. This set of customers were not after Granny Bolt's heart. "Only think," she would say, "trying to beat me down in my yeast, when I only charge two cents a gill! They'll haggle an hour over a copper, and then go and pay the priest a week's wages to pray for 'em—as if such prayers did any good!" "And how much did you give the priest, yesterday, to pardon your sins, Patrick," she asked of an Irishman, who was trying to get a two cent cake for one copper.  
"Bedad, Granny, I paid two dollars, all the money I had, and he asked me what part of ould Ireland did ye come from, that yer so mane as to bring me only this?"  
"And you think the man's prayers will save you, do you, Patrick?"  
"Sorra a bit can I get along widout them, Granny, and thin the confession, ye know, it's nice to make a clane breast of it."  
"Ye better keep your breast clean of whiskey, Patrick, say your prayers right to God, who never charges poor sinners for coming to him, and spend your money for your wife and children."  
"Ye're a nice woman, Granny, but ye don't understand at all, at all; will ye sell me the cake for a cent?"  
"As if I could afford to make gingerbread at that rate! I only get a living now. No, no, Patrick, ye mustn't pay the priest so much for nothing, and then expect me to give you gingerbread. You never saw such gingerbread as this in Ireland, I warrant."  
Patrick, who had borne with good humor the taunt upon the priest, fired up at once at this fling upon his country.  
"Sure now, Granny, I'll tell ye the truth at once, and be done with it. There's a dale of difference betwixt your dawshy cakes and the real gingerbread ye'd see at Ballynasloe's fair. If ye now could make it like that, I wouldn't mind the money, though it's chaper in the ould country than here."  
"Cheaper! cheaper!" retorted Granny, "and tell me, pray, why America sent out flour and corn to Ireland? Want they all starving there last winter?"  
"Starving, did ye say? Not in my part of the country; there wasn't the last bit of a famine, they didn't lack for the white bread and the big pretzels there."  
"No, no, you all tell the same story. I never saw an Irishman yet that had any famine in his part of the country. What makes you all come over here, like pigs running for a clover field?"  
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the happy man I'd be if I was back again. And ye'll not take less for the cakes?"

"Not a mill," said Granny Bolt decidedly.

Patrick yielded, paid his money, and once outside the shop, was well satisfied with his purchase.

Dora had heard this conversation, and her little head was full of busy thought for a while, till finding a pause between the customers, she ventured to say, "Auntie, don't you like the priests?"

"Me like priests! child. No, indeed. I ain't no Catholic nor agan. I worship P'God, and don't bow down to graven images. I learned my catechism when I was a gal, and I hain't forgot it yet, and I mean to begin to teach you the commandments next Sunday."

"I can say them now, auntie, and the creed, too."

"You can! pray, where did you learn them? I thought you were a papist."

"Father Doherty taught me them. He was the priest in Scariff."

"Oh, ho! a priest, was he? Tain't at all likely he taught 'em right, then. See, now, if you can say the second commandment?"

Dora repeated it faithfully.

"Well, that's just as I learned it forty years ago."

"Father Doherty was a very good man, auntie."

"No doubt he made you think so, child, but I hain't no confidence in any on 'em; they're wicked, persecuting set, and in my opinion no better than the heathen, with their images and pictures."

"But Father Doherty was very kind to mother, and Jemmy, and me," and Dora told how he took her from her father's grave and nursed her kindly—and how faithfully he tended the sick and the starving, till he took the fever himself and died.

Granny Bolt was forced to acknowledge that perhaps he might be good, but she guessed there weren't many such.

"Uncle Mick said that anybody in Ameriky could worship God in the way they pleased, and he loved this country for it. He used to talk to me a great deal about it; but he told me I must love the Protestants, for many of them were as good as the Catholics."

"I guess he weren't a real papist dyed in the wool," said Granny Bolt, as she worked away with her gingerbread cutter.

"He is a fiddler, Auntie, and goes about Ireland playing and singing. They always send for Uncle Mick when they have a dance, and he goes to all the fairs and pattenes."

"Pattenes! what are them, pray?"

"Oh, they dance and sing, and have cake and whiskey, and all are so happy. I wish you could see one, Auntie."

"My dancing days are all over, child," said the old woman, with a sigh; but I guess now, if the truth was told, the Irish will spend the last cent at one of these dances, and then have nothing but potatoes to eat for three months. They're a shiftless set, there's no calculation in 'em."

"But Uncle Mick says they're jest like children that hain't had a good bringing up—real smart by nature, but full of faults, for which the government is more to blame than they are. Oh, Auntie, if you could live in Ireland and see just how it is there, perhaps you would love them that come over here better."

Granny Bolt did not answer immediately, but cleaned her oven, held her hand in till she counted twenty, and then, as fast as Dora could hand them to her, put in her tins of gingerbread, and her rows of little pies.

But all this time her thoughts were very busy with the new idea presented by Dora.

She was a staunch republican; her father was a revolutionary soldier, and in Granny Bolt's view, no government in the world could equal our own. Her horror of kings and queens was as great as her horror of Catholics.

"Who knows," she said to herself, "but the fiddler is right? The Irish that come over here never have had the blessing of a free government, and they are like big children, that have not learned to govern themselves, because they have not been allowed to try. They're not lazy, I like 'em for that; they dig our ditches, build our railroads, and do pretty much all the rough, hard work. If they hadn't such awful high tempers and such a taste for the bottle, but then they quarrel mostly when they're in liquor, and if we could keep that away from 'em they'd make tolerable sort of folks. If we can only have patience with this generation, it may be the children will improve."

Alas, Granny Bolt, at her baking, was puzzling her head over the problem of the day, "What shall be done with the Irish?" Wise statesmen in Parliament, and shrewd politicians in America, have been more puzzled even than the old lady.

But whatever her theory, the old lady's patience was above criticism. The little Irish children in her house were well fed and cared for, the better perhaps because that Dora was found so useful a little assistant in the shop. Jemmy was a great deal of care, and "Jonas" and Granny Bolt often consulted together about trying to get him into the Asylum for the Blind, which, a few years before, through the munificence of a Boston merchant, had been established in Boston. Jonas had told the story of the children in many houses where he worked. Some listened; but made reply that it was impossible to take care of all the Irish children that were brought to our shores; we had our houses full with our own poor; but there was one old lady, Madam T., who heard the story with much sympathy. Alas! why is it that we mortals need suffering to make us merciful and good? It is not so with angels. Madam T. was blind, and the devotion of Dora to her brother touched her heart. She, too, had a devoted attendant, a son, an only child, who surrounded his mother, not only with all the comforts which wealth could procure, but gave what was of greater worth, his own personal attention, never for years absent a whole day from her. Madam was much interested in the Institution for the Blind, and promised to use her influence in procuring the admittance of Jemmy.

"Tis as sure as if he were there already," said Jonas to Granny Bolt, one evening, "but let me tell Dora, it will please her, I know."

The little girl watched regularly for Jonas' return, and was in the habit now of lighting his fire at dusk, so that the old man could have a warm place on his return, these cold, drizzling spring days, so disagreeable to the dwellers by the sea side.

She had done this one evening, and was putting on the little tea kettle, when Jonas, who was lame and stiff with rheumatism, hobbled in. "Stop a minute, Dora, I've some news for you!"

The child turned, her blue eyes suddenly lighting up, her lips parted. She was the picture of hope, as she stood there with her fair face turned toward the

old man, who leisurely took off his coat and boots, and sat down to warm his feet.

"Have you found mother?" she asked eagerly, seeing he did not speak.

"Oh, no, child, I've e'enamost give that up, but Madam T. says she will get a place for Jemmy in the Blind Asylum, where he'll learn to read and write, and sing, and some useful trade, to support himself."

The face of Dora changed as suddenly as it had lightened up. There was no good news to her, unless mother was found.

"And can I go with him, Jonas?"

"Why, no, of course not, child; you're not blind, you'll stay here. You earn your bread now, and Granny Bolt is getting very fond of you."

Not a word of reply did Dora make, but the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"What now, little gal? I thought you'd be mightily pleased. Don't you like it?"

"Oh, Jonas, I thought ye had some good news for me, but there's no good news till mother is found. And now ye would take Jemmy away from me. Why, he would die intirely; he can't live if ye take him away. Please, don't say any more about it. Shall I run and buy ye a warm loaf for supper?"

She offered this service, glad to escape from any more remarks upon the subject.

Well, it's no use talking to the gal," said Jonas to Granny Bolt, "she won't be separated from the boy any how we can fix it; if it had been a Yankee child, she'd have jumped at the chance to get a little brother educated for nothing."

"I never did see anything like it," replied the old lady, "how these Irish do hang together, their natural affection seems to be stronger than other folks', and I really believe they think Ireland is the Paradise where Adam and Eve lived. Only think, Dolly told me, yesterday, that the Boston ladies were not half so handsome as the Irish ladies!"

I laughed till the tears came into my eyes when I thought of the poked-marked, dirty creatures I'd seen come out of the vessel on the wharf down there, but she stuck to it in her innocent-like way, "Indade ma'am ye'd think I spake the truth if ye could see, the born ladies in Ireland—it would make your heart laugh if ye could see Lady Maud, ma'am, with her golden hair, and her blue eyes, and her soft white skin; Uncle Mick used to talk about her often, and when he did, he sometimes sung—"

She is beloved by a my lassie,  
She is beloved by a;  
An angel will fall in love with her,  
And take her from us a'.

And then, ma'am, if ye could see Miss Margaret, as they called her. I saw her once when Uncle Mick took us there to sing. Why, ma'am, I thought it was the born queen herself, she was so large and stately like, and carried her head so high, like she governed the world, and her large black eyes, with long fringes to 'em, and then the bright color on her cheeks, like the beautifullest rosy ye ever saw. She gave Uncle Mick a good piece just for his playing a few tunes for her, because I sung—"

Rich and rare were the gems she wore;  
And then there was Lady Kalriddy and her four daughters, all so handsome! No ma'am, ye've nothing like it in Ameriky. Did ye ever hear anything like that, Jonas? But still I can't find it in my heart to separate the children, and I gave Jack my promise that I'd see to 'em till he came back. I can't keep 'em longer than Fall for sartin. You know he will be out then, and never could have a chick or child about the house, if he were here, you know; and the old woman turned away and busied herself dusting the shelves, but in truth to hide her emotion.

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the old man, "let me see," and he began to reckon on his fingers, "He'll be out the 10th of October."

"That's it," said the old woman, "ye've reckoned it right, I must get rid on 'em before then."

"Colonel Mason will not return from Europe till Spring," said Jonas, "I think we shall then learn something of Peggy Moore."

Thus events seemed to conspire to keep the children where they were, and as the warm weather came on, Jemmy was less trouble. He would sit on the door step for hours at a time, listening to the noises in the street, and enjoying the play of children almost as if he were one of the noisy group himself. Granny Bolt found Dora so handy, that she began to wish that she could have her always with her. The old woman, like all energetic people, was quick tempered, but pity for the infirmity of Jemmy kept her from displaying it toward him, and Dora could bear some fretting and scolding, provided it fell only upon herself.

The business of the shop had increased so much, that Granny Bolt gave up her sewing and her thread and needle shelf, and made coffee and tea, which she sold with her pies and cake. Dora's little feet were kept trotting from morning till night, waiting on the customers who came in for lunch, and the old woman herself began to suffer from her constant labor during the hot weather. She lost her flesh, and her usual good nature.

One night, after Dora had been in bed for some hours, she heard her door opened cautiously, and saw Granny Bolt enter with a light. She went to the mantle, took down the corals and the large shells, one by one, examined them carefully, blew the dust away, and then replaced them. Then she removed a sheet which was hung over a suit of sailor's clothes, and took the latter away with her. Dora did not speak, but wondered why this was done. Could she have seen her friends a few minutes afterwards, in the room below, she would have wondered still more. There, on a low chair, she sat with the clothes before her, brushing them carefully, stopping only to wipe the tears which blinded her eyes. Poor old woman! She, too, like the rest of the world, has her secret sorrow—she was not always the lone woman she is now. Time was when she was young and fair, and married to what the world called a smart young man, a ship carpenter. But rum sharpened a temper naturally violent, and he became a dissipated, reckless creature. Their only child, a son, the pride of his mother, was a sailor. But he never ceased to love and care for her who gave him birth, and always came home with some choice presents for her from over the sea. He was away so much that he was ignorant what a dreadful life his wretched mother endured with her brutal husband. But one day, when he returned unexpectedly from a West India voyage, he found the poor woman, helpless from the blows he had given her, and prostrate on the floor, while the brute himself was sitting with his foot upon her neck, while he drank glass after glass of rum.

The young man, enraged at the sight, doubled up his fist, and gave his father a blow which felled him to the ground; a quarrel ensued, in which both became excited to frenzy.

The old man seized a heavy club; the next instant the young man, in the pride of his strength, fell to rise no more. When the wife came to herself, and lame and sore though she was, made out to rise, she found herself childless, and more desolate than a widow.

The papers reported it as a drunken row in Ann street, and the lawyers decided that ten years in the State Prison was meet punishment for the offender. Those ten years were now nearly out. The murdered son was engaged to a daughter of the old chieftain; she died in less than a year after the death of her betrothed.

With the money which her son left, Granny Bolt bought the half of the old house in which she lived, and Jonas hired the chamber over the shop. Thus, these two old people, each with their burden of sorrow, lived on in their quiet way, the neighbors thinking how easy and free from trouble their lives!

The next morning after Granny Bolt made the visit to Dora's chamber, the little girl found, on going down, that the fire was not kindled, and no teakettle singing its morning song, as was its habit at that hour.

Dora went to the shop, the old lady lay in her camp bed very restless and feverish. She had slept none all night, and was wandering in mind. Dora had had sad experience of fever, and tried to make the sufferer more comfortable. Jonas came down, and when he saw his old friend he shook his head sadly. "It will go hard with her," he said. They moved her into the inner room, and while Jonas tended shop, Dora acted the part of nurse.

The doctor, when called, looked grave, and said there was a great tendency of fever to the brain; he thought she must have had a heavy blow, or some great mental excitement.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LONG REST.

"The King of Terrors."

It was the tenth of October! To that day old Mrs. Bolt had looked forward for ten years with apprehension and fear: Would he seek her? Could she live with the murderer of her child? The thought made her shudder, and then the next minute a tender feeling took possession of her heart, and she remembered only the husband of her youth, the kind and affectionate companion. As the time drew nigh she became more and more excited upon the subject, and yet to no one but her poor, old fellow-sufferer, Jonas, did she speak, and rarely to him.

The day came, but the poor worn heart of the old woman was tortured no more with suspense. It had ceased to beat, and lay motionless in the coffin, over which hung the heavy pall.

The shutters of the quaint old window were closed, the gingerbread toys, which the hands of the newly dead had so lately fashioned with the housewife's cunning, lay unheeded in the dark, and the shelves, with a shopwoman's pride, she had arranged each day, were now half empty and disordered.

Silence was in the old house, the little blind boy sat on his stool, leaning his elbows on his knees, and his face resting on his hands, weeping silent, bitter tears. Jonas had laid back the coffin head, and was gazing on the face of the dead. The fountain of his tears has long since dried up, and there was no stream to water his poor, withered heart, and restore the verdure of life.

One only wish seemed then to fill his heart. "Oh, that I too slept like her!"

Dora, with a true feminine instinct of propriety, was repairing Jemmy's wardrobe, that he might walk with her on the morrow to the grave; now and then a tear dimmed her eyes, and she stopped to wipe it away, but no word was spoken. The parrot, usually so noisy, had caught the infectious silence, and was roosting on her perch with her head half sunk in her feathery neck, but her eyes open in a sort of half wonder at the gloomy stillness. Twilight came on—it usually came early in that little back room. Dora put aside her work, Jemmy laid his head on her lap and went to sleep, Jonas reverently laid back the coffin lid, and with his withered trembling hands, composed the pall, then quietly replenishing the fire, he sat down and gazed with those faded, tearless eyes into the embers. Thoughts of old times were busy in his brain, and they awakened feelings in his heart that he thought long since subdued. The gay, happy daughter, in her girlish beauty, sat before him, the white muslin dress in her hands, almost ready for the bridal hour. As she plies the needle, her heart is beating fast with expectation, for her sailor lover will be there that day. The little fingers ply swiftly. The lover comes—the dress is completed; the one is laid aside for a shroud, the sailor is borne to the tomb instead of the bridal chamber. As the picture increases in distinctness, coming out as in basso relievo from the twilight shadows, Jonas feels the bitterness of hatred toward him who, by one blow, shattered the peace of his life, and made two of life's pilgrims walk in sackcloth to the grave. One has already passed beyond, finished the sorrowful journey, and is united to her loved ones, but he is left, a poor, lone old man, with no one now on earth to share the burden of sorrow with him.

Sometimes the heart of the sufferer has softened towards the wrong doer, as he thought of him shut out from the world, a living, thinking, feeling being, entombed alive, shut out from human sympathy and hughan brotherhood, and when sometimes on a Sunday he has slipped into the Mariner's Chapel, and taken a seat near the door, he has thought, as he listened to the teachings of Jesus, enforced and illustrated by the loving, large-hearted minister, that he could say from the heart, "Father, forgive me my sins, even as I forgive him." But to-night, in the presence of the dead, with a sense of all his loneliness and suffering fall upon him, poor Jonas finds it hard to forgive. He starts from his reverie, a new thought has seized him; he rises from his chair, and goes to the almanac. It hangs on a nail above the old mantle shelf, his hand grasps it nervously. Yes, there it is, Friday, October 10. He knows it at once, for it is marked, he has marked it. With a sudden thrill of fear and horror combined, he looks towards the door, keeping his eyes fixed upon it as he tremblingly regains his seat.

Jemmy sleeps, and Dora's hand is laid softly on his head; her eyes, too, are fixed upon the fire, and her memory is far away, busy with the first death-bed scene of her short, sad life. She sees her father breathe his last, and her heart feels again the wild agony of the hour, when they put him away from her sight in the deep grave, they had dug. She is so absorbed in her own thoughts, that she does not heed Jonas. The parrot is still, but by the fire-light you can see that her eyes are still open, and one of them is turned towards it.

Suddenly the shop door opens, Jonas starts from

his seat, rises, is irresolute, and sinks back again into his chair. The flickering light of the fire falls on the thin muslin curtain on the glass door, and is a guide to the heavy, uncertain slow step of the stranger. Jonas listens with a trembling heart and an ear sharpened by intense anxiety. A hand is on the latch—it is unused to it, and does not turn it quickly. No one rises to aid him. Jonas is as rigid now as if he had no power to move, and Dora, poor Dora, who has caught the sound, is timid, and looks imploringly at the old man. Again the latch is moved. This time it yields, and a haggard, pale, corpse-like man, with thick stubbed hair, and bent form, enters. His look is downcast, but one quickly sees the brown, sinister looking eyes under the shaggy grey eyebrows. Though his head is bare, there is an expression of dogged, surly defiance about the stranger, that reminds one of the untamed but chained wild beast, kept in awe only by the eye and whip of his master.

He looks round on the group; Jonas shrinks together, and cowers as if he saw an evil spirit, and Dora looks from them to the stranger, and from the stranger back again, as if she would fain know why he is there. The parrot, that has remained motionless so long, moves to the farther side of her cage. The stranger's eyes fall upon the coffin, and seem fascinated, fixed! Jonas perceives it. Mechanically, scarcely knowing why or what he did, he rises, lays back the pall, and opens the lid. The man staggers forward, gives one long searching look at the face of the dead, sinks into the nearest chair, flings his arm upon the back of it, his hat falls from his hand upon the floor, and his head sinks heavily upon his arm.

Jemmy wakens and asks to be put to bed. Their bed in the chamber had been moved down to the inner room to accommodate the sick woman, and has not yet been put up again. Dora and Jemmy have slept on the little camp bedstead in the shop, and thither Dora leads her brother. Weary, herself, she lies down beside him, intending to go back in a few minutes to see if Jonas needed any service from her. He had said that he should watch by the corpse for the night. He looked wistfully at the little girl as she went, and longed to detain her, he could watch alone by the dead, but how could he bear the presence of the living of him, all that long, dreary night?

Dora fell asleep, and, having had little rest for some days, slept soundly. The evening advanced, and the silence of the room was still unbroken, save by the clicking of the old clock in the corner. Jonas rose to replenish the fire, and light a lamp. The old family Bible lay on the table, and he opened it. The movement aroused Bolt, and he lifted his head, and gave a searching look around the room. A decenter of spirits, which had been purchased during the sickness of the old woman, stood upon the shelf. Bolt glared at it with an expression of eager desire in his hollow, wrinkled face, and, for a moment, seemed like a tiger ready to seize upon his prey. Alas! for poor human nature, when ten years of forced abstinence will not cure the thirst for the liquid poison.

He rose, seized the decenter, and drank half its contents at one draught. Poor Jonas looked agape, old, rheumatic, with limbs bent and shapeless, he was no match for a younger and stronger man, and, therefore, dared not take the bottle away. In a few minutes the evil spirit which had entered into the man began to manifest itself.

"And so she's gone, has she, and you've taken possession? Well, Polly wasn't over nice in her old age, to take up with the like of you," looking contemptuously at the withered, shrunken form of Jonas.

"Ye thought ye'd never see me again, did you, and when I came, ye took me for a spirit. I'm John Bolt yet, and I'll let you know it. You may tramp as soon as you please, and I'll take possession." As he said this, he applied the decenter to his mouth and drained its contents.

"Damn your old carcass," he continued, going toward the old man, "Why don't you quit."

As he raised his voice the parrot began bustling about in its cage, fuffing up her feathers, and seemingly much disturbed. As soon as she heard Bolt's voice again, she croaked out,

"Ye're a pretty devil, aint ye! Ye're a pretty devil, aint ye!"

Jonas sat with his hand on the Bible, not answering a word, but trembling violently, it seemed as if the spirits from hell were around him. He did not know that Bolt, years ago, had taught the parrot such expressions, on purpose to annoy his wife, and she would have parted with the bird on this account; had it not been the last gift of her son. Of late it seemed to have forgotten its evil instructions, but the sound of that voice recalled them.

"I say, Bolt," said Jonas, gathering a little courage, "I am only here for the night, to watch by the corpse. Your wife never married again, and these children are here for only a little while. Let us be quiet till morning."

While he was speaking, Bolt was going around the room, opening cupboards and drawers, as if in search of more liquor. Some papers in an old drawer attracted his notice. He took them up and read, "I give and bequeath to Jonas Hart, one undivided half of my house in Broad street, for the term of his natural life."

This was new and strange to Jonas, and he glanced at the paper himself, not believing what he heard. It was there, and the paper itself appeared to be a copy of a will executed some years before.

"So you're not married, no, of course not, but ye better have been. But I'll let you know I'm master here, and will take possession. Clear out, I say—ye needn't think I'm afraid of her now; when folks are dead, there's an end on 'em, I believe."

"Ye're a pretty devil, aint you!" screamed the parrot.

This enraged Bolt only the more, and Jonas finding him very noisy, determined to call in a watchman, and started to the shop door for that purpose. Bolt, who had watched him narrowly, perceived the movement, and flung the old man violently upon the floor. "Hell and fury," he exclaimed, "do ye think to manage me, old man?"

"Sit there, and if you stir, I'll use this," flourishing a butcher knife which he had taken from the cupboard.

"Ye're a pretty devil, aint you!" again croaked the parrot, excited strangely by the noise and the voice. Bolt, angry with the bird, snatched it up and excited by his liquor, opened the cage door, and wrung the parrot's neck! It was the last living thing that bound him to his family—it fluttered its wings a moment, and dropped lifeless upon the floor of its cage.

Dora was awakened by the strange noises within

and started up, while Jemmy, whose hearing was more acute than his sister's, had been sobbing for some time. The little girl opened the door. Bolt stood near the open cage, the knife lay upon the table near him; and Jonas, whose head had been hurt when he was thrown, was apparently senseless. Dora went to him. "Are you hurt, Jonas?" she asked, placing her hand upon his forehead. He moved, and asked for water.

"Clear out of here!" said Bolt, seizing his knife and coming furiously towards the children, for Jemmy now stood at his sister's side.

"You shan't hurt Sissy," said Jemmy.

"Then I'll hurt you," said Bolt, who was now beside himself with rage and liquor, and was just about to make a thrust at the boy, when Dora sprang between and received the blow.

It was an unsteady hand that dealt it; and Dora, quick in her movements, had drawn her brother towards the door, thus saving herself from the full force of the blow; but as it was, her right arm was badly out, and the blood streamed freely over Jemmy and herself. The next instant she had thrown open the shop door and was calling for help.

No watchman was near, and she rushed out, dragging Jemmy with her; but she had gone no farther than the corner, where a light was burning, than an old, familiar voice greeted her.

"What, ho! my hearties, what you doing here this time o' night?"

"Oh Jack!" said Dora, "come, come quick, he'll kill Jonas! come;" and she took his hand to induce him to come faster.

"Kill Jonas! Who'll kill Jonas?"

"I don't know, a bad man, come quick!"

Jack was soon in the house, where he found Bolt with the knife still in his hand, and poor Jonas, senseless and covered with blood. When the old man saw that he had turned upon the children, he tried to rise and defend them, but as they escaped, the enraged creature vented his anger upon Jonas.

"Ay! ay! I know you of old, said Jack, wresting the knife adroitly from his hand, and then taking him by the shoulders and setting him down heavily on the nearest chair. "There, you're anchored now, and don't you move from your fastenings, or I'll—"

"I, I, I, I'm—m-m-master h-h-here," muttered Bolt, striving to rise.

Jack began pummeling him soundly. "No, I'm Captain now, old fellow, you've talked the length of your cable, and you may just coil up now," enforcing his word with another blow, which made the old man feel that he was in the hands of a determined fellow.

Jack now had a moment to look around him, and his eye fell on the coffin; in a second his hat was off and he stood reverently before the dead.

"I see now," he said, "how it comes to pass that these children were out in the street. Lucky for you Dora, that I came up. Ye see we got up to the wharf at dusk, and I was kept busy on board the vessel till a few minutes ago, when I thought I'd just take a turn round and look at the house before I hauled up for the night."

But Dora paid no heed to his words. The loss of blood had made her faint, and she sat upon her chair, just able to keep her seat. A moment more, and she would have fallen to the floor. Jack bound up the bleeding arm, handling the little round white limb very delicately in his large rough hands.

Jemmy found the camphor bottle, for he knew, he said, just where Auntie Bolt kept it, and Jack mixed some camphor and water with sugar. "There, take that, my little one, 'tain't equal to a dose of sea water to turn sickness, but howsoever 'twill do."

Handling her somewhat as a little girl would her new London doll, Jack laid Dora on her little bed, and covered her up nicely.

"There now, don't you stir till four bells."  
[To be continued.]

TO THE CRICKET.

Thou merry minstrel of my cottage hearth,  
Again I hear thy shrill and silvery lays,  
Where hast thou been these many, many days,  
Mysterious thing of music and of mirth?  
Thou shouldst not leave thy brother bard so long—  
Saidly without these pass my evening hours,  
Hast thou been roaming in the fields and bowers  
To shame the grasshopper's loud summer song?  
When poring o'er some wold, romantic book,  
In the hushed reign of thought-awakening night  
I love to have thee near me, winged sprite,  
To cheer the sponse of my chimney nook;  
For I have faith that thy prophetic voice  
Foretelleth things which come to make my heart rejoice.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the flower that blooms in all seasons; it may be seen flourishing on the snow-capped mountains of Northern Russia, as well as in the more favored valleys of sunny Italy, everywhere cheering us by its exquisite and indescribable charms. No surveyed chart, no national boundary line, no rugged mountain or steep declining vale, puts a limit to its growth. Wherever it is watered with the dew of kindness and affection, there you may be sure to find it. Allied in closest companionship with its twin sister, Charity, it enters the abode of sorrow and wretchedness, and causes happiness and peace. It knocks at the lonely and disconsolate heart, and speaks words of encouragement and joy. Its all-powerful influence hovers o'er contending armies, and unites deadly foes in the closest bonds of sympathy and kindness. Its eternal and universal fragrance dispels every poisoned thought of envy, and purifies the mind with a holy and priceless sentiment, which all the pomp and power of earth could not bestow.—In vain do we look for this heavenly flower in the cold calculating worldling; the poor, deluded wretch is dead to every feeling of its ennobling virtue. In vain do we look for it in the actions of the proud and aristocratic votaries of fashion; the love of self display, and of the false and fleeting pleasures of the world, has banished it forever from their hearts. In vain do we look for it in the thoughtless and practical throng, who with loud laugh, and extended open hands, proclaim obedience to its laws—while at the same time, the canker of malice and envy and detraction is enthroned in their hearts, and active on their tongues.—Friendship, true friendship, can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, a never-fading season of felicity and joy to its happy possessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope and peace to all around.

It appears by the census of Ireland that the old Irish language is going out of use. Less than five hundredths of the people are ignorant of English, and not one-fourth of the whole can speak the original Irish.

Poetry

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACARTY.

A traveler through a dusty road  
 Strowed scorns on the sea,  
 And one took root and sprouted up,  
 And grew into a tree.  
 Love sought its shade at evening time,  
 To breathe its early vows,  
 And Age was pleased, in heat of noon,  
 To bask beneath its boughs;  
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
 The birds sweet music bore,  
 It stood a glory in its place,  
 A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way  
 Among the grass and fern;  
 A passing stranger scooped a well,  
 Where weary men might turn.  
 He walled it in, and hung with care  
 A ladder at the brink—  
 He thought not of the deed he did,  
 But judged that toll might drink.  
 He passed again—and lo! the well,  
 By summers never dried,  
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
 And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
 'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—  
 A simple fancy of the brain,  
 But strong in being true;  
 It shone upon a gentile mind,  
 And lo! its light became  
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
 A montary flame.  
 The thought was small—its issue great;  
 A watch fire on the hill,  
 It shed its radiance far adown,  
 And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd  
 That thronged the daily mart,  
 Let fall the word of hope and love,  
 Unstudied from the heart;  
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
 A transitory breath—  
 It raised a brother from the dust,  
 It saved a soul from death.  
 O germ! O fount! O word of Love!  
 O thought at random cast!  
 Ye were but little at the first,  
 But mighty at the last!

Written for the Banner of Light.

IVY,

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"She was not beautiful, she knew  
 Her step was void of grace;  
 And youthful beauty never threw  
 Its magic o'er her face."

Her's was not the gift of outward beauty. A colorless complexion, which only strong emotion warmed with the rose's tinge; large blue eyes, that beamed with angelic mildness and timid questioning, often heavy with the burden of unshed tears; a wide and intellectual brow, over which the soft brown hair was smoothly parted—a form of willow grace, that in its first youthful freshness would have challenged admiration and compliment, if encased in fashionable attire; but now, the incessant and monotonous toil of the needle, have robbed of its once rounded proportions, and thrown around it the livery of labor, (for so is calico considered in these days of refinement and extravagance,) with a prematurely clouded brow and drooping air, sits Ivy Merton, bending over her weary work; an orphaned girl, the seamstress of the wealthy Mrs. Fane.

It is many years since, yet the still thirsting heart remembers the mother's love-laden voice, the father's caressing touch; and often, her spirit wanders from its gilded prison-like surroundings, to her childhood's home, where wealth and affection shed their mingled glories beside the household altar. The ocean's depths engulfed her father's form; in the quiet churchyard reposes the earth form of the indulgent mother; and she, the idolized and only child, compelled by necessity, thrown upon the cold world's mercy as a child's joy-season bloomed, she has become one of the household of the reputed charitable, and ostentatiously pious Mrs. Fane, living a life of monotonous toil, beneath the aristocratic roof of an inflexible task-mistress.

Years have passed, and the "purple light of youth" is fading from around the weary brow, and the unwhispering lips. Scorn and neglect have paled her cheek, and caused her willow form to bend. She is sewing busily, unheeding the glorious sunshine, the snowy scene without, or the many comforts scattered around, unshared by her. In a capacious, crimson velvet rocking chair, reclines the lady of the mansion, fashionably attired, with hair elaborately arranged, guarding her rosy countenance from the glare of the fire, with a green silk hand-screen. She appears to be reading a newspaper; but her eyes glance furtively towards the seamstress, to note whether she is sewing fast. There is a supercilious expression upon her lips, a haughty tyranny sits upon her brow.

"Where did you go last night, Miss Merton? This is the second time you have been called for by Jenny Wilson, and I do not approve of girls in your station, being out late at night. Where did you go to?"

A slight color tinged the poor girl's cheek; she looked up with a deprecating glance.

"I want an answer! I am accustomed to respect from my inferiors. When I condescend to question you, I require an immediate reply. Go on with your sewing, don't waste your time looking at me, but answer me," said the haughty and unfeeling woman.

The face of Ivy was now a glow with honest indignation; the wounded pride of a sensitive spirit trembled in her voice, as she replied: "I would rather not tell, Mrs. Fane. You have always given me permission to go out with Jenny Wilson."

"Do you dare to answer me in that manner, you disrespectful, ungrateful creature! If you do not tell me instantly, you shall quit my house before the week is over. Such insolence is intolerable! Speak, girl! where did you go with Jenny Wilson?"

A deadly pallor had settled upon the countenance of the oppressed girl; her breast heaved wildly, but her sweet voice sounded firm and clear, as she replied: "I did not wish to tell you, Mrs. Fane, as I know your objections to all meetings of that kind, and would not incur your displeasure. I went with Jenny Wilson to a Spiritual Circle."

Mrs. Fane dropped the newspaper and the screen, and sat for some time gazing upon her seamstress in mingled horror and astonishment.

"A Spiritual Circle!" burst forth at last from her indignant lips; "and you have the audacity to tell me so!" to go to such places, and from my house! You sinful, miserable girl! Don't you know that it

is wicked to believe in such things, that hundreds have been crazed by this delusion; that our minister preached against it last Sunday? I tell you, Ivy, you shall never go to another Circle while you live in my house."

An expression of bitter disappointment settled upon the pale face of the seamstress; she opened her lips to speak, but Mrs. Fane continued:

"Tell me what you heard there, and mind, tell me the truth."

A beautiful glow overspread the care-worn features; her voice gathered strength and impressiveness as she spoke:

"I was told that the spirits of our loved ones are ever near and guiding us. I was told that your blessed mother was showering her influence upon me; that my dear father impressed me with pure and lofty thoughts; that soon I should commune with them; that the gifts of poetry and thought, long dormant within my soul, should awaken beneath the power of Spirit guidance; that I should attain to the possession of love and knowledge; though I was but a disregarded girl, whose earthly education has been neglected, and whose heart has been crushed by coldness!"

Mrs. Fane gazed in utter astonishment upon her transformed seamstress. The holy light of truth beamed from the radiant countenance; a lofty enthusiasm kindled the blue depths of her sorrowful eyes with a star-bright lustre. She had dropped her work, and her hands were folded as if in prayerful invocation.

"Who told you all that pack of stuff?" questioned the elegant and aristocratic Mrs. Fane, as soon as her astonishment could find expression.

"It was truth, beautiful, heavenly consolation to my soul! Mrs. Alvers, the lady medium there, gave me the communication."

Mrs. Fane considered for a moment, again screening her art-colored complexion from the fire. She then arose and stood before the seamstress; who again was bending over her work, the glow of enthusiasm paling, the blue eyes rapidly filling with tears.

"I forbid you ever again going to that Circle, or any other place of that sort. When Jenny Wilson calls again, I will tell her I disapprove of all such pastimes; I do not wish my seamstress to become infatuated with the prevailing mania. Why, girl! you'll think yourself of more consequence than your lady, after a while. I must put a stop to this."

Ivy burst into tears. "Oh, Mrs. Fane! do not deprive me of my only joy, my only consolation, do not forbid!"

"Silence, girl! You are as crazy as your name; you shall never go to another Circle. Apply yourself to your needle, and don't dream of eating your bread in idleness."

"My name!" repeated Ivy; "it was given to me by the best of mothers; though I lost her so soon, I yet remember, and love and venerate her. Oh, Mrs. Fane, speak gently of my angel mother!"

"Are you mad, silly fool? Who mentioned your mother, at all? But go to Spiritual Circles, you shall not. I'll have no witchcraft in my house!" and with haughty step and frowning brow, the task-mistress left the room.

Ivy wept long and bitterly; her life's chief joy, her new-found glorious faith, was it to be taken from her? But change came in the form of earthly trial and more heart suffering, leading to final peace and joy.

The hand of Ivy was moved by spirit power, impressed to write thrilling messages of promise and consolation. Joyfully, eagerly, she guarded the secret of her mediumship. In the long hours of the night, when all the household slept, Ivy would sit beside her table, writing page after page, which, with heavenly joy, she would peruse by daylight.

One night, Mrs. Fane, on returning late from a party, was possessed with the idea of visiting her seamstress's room. Words are powerless to express the horror and astonishment of that haughty woman, as she found Ivy, seated by the table, where she had been writing without a light. The well-bred and enlightened lady was convinced that none but evil doers could be awake at that unseasonable hour; of course she, as the leader of the ton, and her fashionable coterie, formed the exception to the rule.

A dignity and self-possession, never before exhibited, was displayed in Ivy's manner. There was no fear, no shrinking, no visible confusion. She replied mildly, but courageously, to the accusations hurled against her by her incensed task-mistress, who, wrought to an excess of fury by what she termed the "unequaled badness of the girl," ordered her to leave the house next day. Ivy calmly replied: "My spirit friends have told me that should you cast me forth into the street, they will not forsake me! I have suffered all things beneath your roof, Mrs. Fane; I have toiled for you day and night; and my compensation has been scanty clothing, grudging food, and bitter tauntings."

The rouged face of Mrs. Fane grew purple with rage; she clenched her hand menacingly at the trembling girl, whose arisen spirit quailed no longer beneath the oppressor's gaze.

"You shall leave my house as soon as it is day! You shall not sleep another night beneath my roof!"

"I will go," calmly replied Ivy.

Day dawned upon the snow-covered streets of the city; a piercing wind blew icily, and the leaden sky gloomed frowningly overhead. It was yet early when Ivy, with pale, yet resolute countenance, with tear-swollen eyes, passed the marble portico of her gilded prison. Hatred of the defenceless girl, unsleeping bigotry and undefined superstitious fear, had made an early riser of Mrs. Fane. Ivy must leave her house, and without word of expostulation or entreaty, the orphan passed the threshold.

Just as she was about closing the door, a sweet voice called eagerly, and a little hand arrested her. She bent down, and the soft arms of a little child were wound around her neck; a pair of loving questioning orbs were upraised, and a sweet voice said coaxingly: "Where are you going, Ivy, dear? Won't you come back to Alice? Won't you get me flowers, and tell me about the stars? Ally loves you, Ivy; please don't go away!"

Ivy knelt down, and with quickly falling tears, embraced the angel of that cold and artificial home. Little Alice nestled closely to her beloved friend, but the harsh voice of the unloving mother started the clinging child, and aroused from the sweet dream of affection the lone heart of Ivy. "Come here, Alice, quick! away from that crazy witch." Poor Alice, tearfully obeyed, and the orphan crossed the threshold. The emergency in which Ivy found herself, inspired her with determination and courage. Carrying the small bundle containing all her worldly possessions, she walked to the depot, and took the cars for a neighboring village. She had just money

enough to pay her fare; that piece of silver had been her birthday gift from the loving little Alice.

Two miles from the village lived a worthy couple who had known Ivy's parents. They occasionally came to the city, and then they failed not of calling upon Ivy. They were the only true hearts and friendly faces that greeted the desolate, tolling girl in the seclusion of her bitter home—they and Jenny Wilson. It was to their humble homestead that Ivy wended her weary way, upon that bleak winter day. The snow lay deep, and the cold winds whistled shrilly; but a kind-hearted farmer, noting the shivering figure by the way side, offered her a seat in his comfortable wagon. She was set down before the very door of her humble friends, and great was their joy on beholding her; deep and heartfelt their sympathy in her wrongs, as she told them that Mrs. Fane had driven her from the house. "You shall have a home here, and welcome, as long as you like," spoke the venerable man; "wife and self, we'll do all we can to make you comfortable." And the hale old woman heartily repeated the invitation.

Truthfulness sat deep enshrined within the long-suffering heart of Ivy. Glancing timidly at her friends, as she sat beside the humble, but well replenished supper table, she said: "I must make a confession, for I feel that I ought to let you know my belief. You have so generously offered me the shelter of your home, will you retract that promise when I tell you that I am a believer in Spiritual intercourse, myself somewhat a medium? Will you, too, refuse me shelter and friendship?" And her soft blue eyes filled with imploring tears.

The old man reached forth his hand; the old wife tenderly embraced her. "We will love you all the same, poor dear," said she, smoothing the rich brown hair. "Your mother was as good a woman as ever breathed; you can't be far wrong, dear; who knows but spirits do communicate."

"Ay, ay, who knows," said farmer Welton, "an if it's true, it's a blessing, anyhow, aint it so, wife? If we could get a message from our Johnny, guess we'd believe too."

Not many days elapsed before the message from "Johnny" was given, and the childless parents' hearts were gladdened. Proofs of identity were given, phrases and actions of childhood recalled that were known only to themselves; and while their humble, trusting souls expanded beneath the consoling influence, a deep and abiding tenderness for the orphan girl found place within their hearts. Ivy became to them as a daughter; and no longer condemned to the wearying monotony of the needle, her slender form became erect, the love-light beamed from her eyes, the rose-tint dwelt upon her cheek. She had found love, and day by day, truths, beautiful and sublime, were added; and the inspirations of her soul found expression in sweet melodious verse; in the utterance of lofty thoughts and angelic truths. Ivy, the once poor, disregarded sewing girl, became one of the poets of the land; and her humble, faithful friends gloried in her success, and to her, unspurred by prosperity, that tranquil homestead, where the tall grass and pienteous foliage wave in summer, where the snow drifts are piled high in winter, is earth's sunniest resting place.

Meanwhile, a sad and darkening change has come over the aristocratic home. The sweet angel child is dying, and in piteous accents she calls for "Ivy, dear, dear Ivy!"

Never before had the haughty mother gazed upon the face of the dying. An unutterable dread possesses her; she tries in vain to soothe the moaning child. "Oh, if I knew where she is! My child, my darling Alice, I cannot send for Ivy. I know not where she lives," and conscious awakenings, whispers: "Perhaps she perished of cold and hunger amid the snow."

Hours pass on; strange shadows float across the childish brow, her breath comes quicker, the death damps moisten her clinging hair. Hark! a carriage stops; the bell is rung—a footstep ascends, there is a quick knock at the door, and Ivy Merton enters, a blooming, happy woman, attired in silken robe of grey, self-possessed and dignified. "I felt impressed to call here to-day, Mrs. Fane. I have been informed that Alice is sick; have I been rightly guided?"

With a burst of strong emotion, never before witnessed in the haughty woman, Mrs. Fane seized Ivy's hands, and all pride and resentment forgotten in the awakened mother, she sobbed forth her thanks. "Yes, yes, you are right; but my child is dying; can you do something for her? Oh, Ivy, Miss Merton, forgive me! I have ill used you, forgive me for the sake of my dying child."

For all reply, Ivy tenderly kissed her faded cheek, and followed her to the couch of the little sufferer.

Alice had raised herself in bed; with a heavenly smile she beckoned Ivy to approach; the seraphic head, with its wealth of golden ringlets, was pillowed upon the spirit medium's bosom. An expression of heavenly rapture settled upon the child's face; she took her mother's hand, and joining it with that of Ivy, softly closed her eyes, and the world-untainted spirit passed to its angel home!

Throughout that long night of bereavement Ivy watched beside the despairing mother. Gently, tenderly, she whispered hope and consolation. For many days Ivy remained an inmate of her former lonely home, cheering and strengthening the sorrow-bowed soul of her once haughty taskmistress. Mrs. Fane had other children, but they were away. Alice had been the light and joy of her widowhood, her youngest darling. Before Ivy returned to her cottage home, the worldly nature of the proud Mrs. Fane had become half-weaned from the frivolous aims of life; rescued from the abject fear of death. The angel-child communicated with the sorrowing mother, portrayed in the language of infantile simplicity the beauties of the spirit land. Slowly the salutary influence asserts its sway. The once world-entrammled woman awakens to higher, nobler conceptions of life and duty, to an expanded knowledge of the life beyond. Such are thy triumphs, beautiful, soul-elevating Truth! Such is thy love and mercy, oh Spirit Father! Such your loving influence, friends of eternal life!

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1867.

THE MEMORY OF A GOOD MOTHER.—How often when the siren voice of the tempter, whispers in the ears of the frail child of mortality the words, as the very voice-tones, of warning are remembered and the snare broken. Long grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all of the earthly reposes, the dying leaves of Autumn may be whirled over it, or the chill white mantle of winter cover it from sight, yet the spirit of such a mother is always by the side of him, whom none could love as she did, cheering him when walking the right path, and gently, sadly, mournfully, calling to him, when wandering off into the dark paths of error and crime.

PROGRESS.

Progress, Liberty's proud teacher,  
 Progress, Labor's sure reward;  
 Of a purer Faith the preacher,  
 Sanctified by the world's regard.  
 In his eye the glances of Mars,  
 On his brow the front of Jove:  
 Every mighty potentate jars,  
 Kingly throne and princely grove.

CHARLIE FINCH

A STORY OF A JEW'S-HARP.

LAWYER SHORTCUT, as the country people called him, was a thriving attorney in a small market town. His real name was Jeremiah Otley, but he procured his soubriquet from the speedy way he dispatched the business of his clients. He was an honest lawyer—an eighteenth wonder of the world, so far—known all over the country, and consulted by numbers. He was no friend to litigation; told a man frankly, when he found that he had no ground for action, that such was the case; gave advice gratis, and wrote many a letter for the poor man without charging his legitimate six-and-eight. By this means he did no small injury to his professional brethren, but he kept peace in the town, and by wise counsel he made many friends who had regarded each other as foes, and who were prepared to expend the last rap in pursuit of a lady who is seldom overtaken—Justice!

Charlie Finch, of whom nothing could be made by his friends in London, was sent down to Bettlebury—articled to Lawyer Shortcut, to keep him out of the way of the ungodly temptations of Cromorne and the Eagle. For some months he behaved in a most creditable manner in the office of the old lawyer. He indented one ruler only in having a *shy* at a strange cat, and broke one pane of glass only in the attempt to smash a blue-bottle. He was once or twice, indeed, at a sing-song in the "Black Bottle," but a hint from the lawyer made him desist from making any future visits. Charlie, in consequence, spent his evenings in practising on the Jew's harp and reading romantic tales of love, war, and such like, in penny journals. He essayed poetry sometimes, and had two or three odes inserted in the poet's corner of the "Bettlebury Gazette, one of which, addressed to "A Cabbage," made some little noise in the little town at the time.

Charlie, when Lawyer Shortcut was out on business, attending the sessions, or helping some lame dog over a legal stile, was wont to divert himself with an aris on the Jew's-harp, or in spouting passages from "Othello" and "Tamarlane," or in travestying some well-known piece in a play; as—

"My name is Charlie, on the lawyer's stool,  
 My father fleeced no flocks (he kept a school).  
 A frugal swain, who made it all his care  
 To keep his only son, myself, from snare.  
 But I had heard of Cromorne and the grove  
 Near by White Conduit, where the great swells rove,  
 And I resolved, at once."

Charlie, when at a loss, always concluded a passage by the accommodating of cetera.

"You moon, that rose last night round as my hat,  
 Had not yet quaffed her horn of half and half,  
 When by her light I saw an angel good:  
 Who, for my watch and chain, my patron stood."

My pocket full of shiners, off I ran  
 To the Holburn Casino, at seven.  
 And (Jove confound it) came this day to sit,  
 Mounted on tripod, 'gainst old Shortcut's desk."

Charlie generally ended his recitations with an extravaganzas, consisting in balancing the office fire-shovel on his chin, a cadriccio with his heels, or in pursuing tabby underneath the desk or chairs.

There was no one more anxious to know something nearer of the new clerk than little Polly Otley, the lawyer's daughter. She often peeped through the sky-light, and put her ear to the door, wondering greatly at the clerk's aris and wondrous dramatic volubility. Taking heart one day, she stole into the little dusky chamber wherein the young clerk was installed, and timidly took a lucifer from a little tin-box, wherewith to light a taper. Timidly, Polly peeped round at Charlie, and timidly on his part, Charlie took a glimpse at Polly. His heart took fire sooner than Polly's taper. Do what she would, she could not get a single lucifer to ignite. No wonder; Charlie had been trying a chemical experiment with them in alcohol. Charlie had a fuscine in his pocket—a perfumed fuscine—for the young reprobate had occasionally a cigar on the sly, and there with lighted Polly's taper. "Thank you sir," said Polly. "Welcome miss," said Charlie. It was astonishing, however, how often from that day forth, little Polly's taper would be blown out in the passage. So many draughts were never known to exist in the house before. "Oh, Mr. Charles, the naughty wind!"—Never mind, Mistress Polly: I have another fuscine." But it occurred to Polly that she could not have so many letters to seal every day, and so she lost her penknife. What of that? inquires the disaffected reader. We shall see.

"Pray, Mr. Charles, will you kindly point my drawing pencil?"

"Certainly with pleasure, Mistress Polly." And Charlie put a long sharp point to the leaden pencil. Polly was very awkward. At all events it was surprising how often she broke the point of her pencil, and how often she came to have the point repaired. Charlie by way of trying its quality, was wont to sketch odd heads upon a sheet of paper; clumps of trees, thatched cottages and donkeys, and would hint to Polly how to use the instrument. Polly was delighted with the sketches, and made some improvement in her windmills and bridges under Charlie's auspices.

"Polly," said Charlie, one day; "I've just lost a button off my wristband."

"How happy I shall be to sew it on, Mister Charles!" and away she skipped for her "button"; but soon returned with a rueful face.

"I have needle and thread, Mister Charles; but I have lost my thimble."

Charlie knew this very well, for he had purloined the thimble.

"Never mind that; try this one, Mistress Polly!" and he drew from his pocket a bright silver one, purchased from the pawnbroker's a door or two off.

Polly nimbly attached the button; and her pretty little hand touched Charlie's sometimes, dropping pieces of red-hot charcoal every time upon his heart. He had never had such a live roasting.

"And now take your thimble again, Mister Charles. How well it does fit!"

"Keep the thimble as thy gerdon," said Charlie, in the language of romance; and added, "What a pretty little finger you have, Mistress Polly!"

"Do you think so, Mister Charles?" said the latter, innocently.

"By Jupiter—that is, upon my word, I do! and I should like to bite it."

"Fie, Mister Charles! it is not barley-sugar; and what would father say?"

"Say that he's a br—" (Charlie would have expressed a fine compound of clay, lime, and ashes, but he checked himself)—"a capital fellow!"

"But you won't bite it, Mister Charles?"

"No, by all the celestials!" and he took and kissed it.

Polly blushed, without knowing exactly why, but soon afterwards she allowed Mister Charlie to bite her finger. We had almost forgot to say that when Polly went to her chamber, she read on the rim of the thimble the legend of "Forget me not;" and Polly said in her heart, "I don't know any reason why I should forget him."

"What is that curious instrument you place in your mouth?" inquired Polly, one day.

"A Jew's-harp!"

"How I should like to learn it!"

"I shall teach you, but must know first whether your lips are adapted for it!"

"And how can you tell that?"

"Look here! Tiptoe a little; look me full in the face; nearer—a little nearer. How pretty your eyes are! There now, Polly! They will do—your lips will do!" and with that the arch rogue gave her a kiss. "Yes, I think they will do!" and with that he gave her another. "Not so sure yet! Yes!"—another kiss—"Mistress Polly will soon be able to perform upon the Jew's-harp." Polly thought there never was such a clever young gentleman as Charlie Finch in the world; and Charlie, on his part, thought there was never a sweeter girl in the world than Polly Otley. How often he bit her finger afterwards, and how often he practised upon her lips, it is not for me to tell. This much I can tell; that Lawyer Shortcut found the pair experimenting one day in the outer office. He frowned like a ten horse-power thunder-cloud. "But I love Mister Charles!" said the culprit Polly. And "I love Mistress Polly!" said the arch-culprit Charlie. And it came to pass, after a time, that the heart of the old gentleman was softened. Charlie proved a good and faithful servant, and when his articles had expired, he took him into partnership; and by way of compliment, Charlie took Polly into partnership. They are alive still, and Charlie still bites Polly's finger, and Polly still presents her lips, to know whether they may be intrusted with a Jew's-harp.

THE DYING GIRL.

"Oh, fair would I," murmured the feeble girl—"fair would I, ere yet my earthly course is run, gaze once more upon the surrounding landscape that stretches far to where the gorgeous sun is sinking." We raised her fragile form, and placed her where she could see the sunset sky, and she gazed long and fondly on the beautiful landscape and gorgeous sunset, with tears and smiles sweetly mingling; and when the glowing orb of day descended behind the western hills, she too sank in loveliness upon her couch to rest. Slowly rolled the hours of the dark night, as we sat watching her quiet slumbers, and listening to faint murmurings, uttered in so low and feeble a voice that we could gather but little of what she said. Bright spirits hovered near her, ready to conduct her to her spirit abode, to which she was rapidly hastening. She saw and felt their presence, and murmured, "Mother has come to go with me to the beautiful place I see." Night's dreary reign was over. At morning's dawn all nature woke to life and joy, but the fair sleeper had awoke to a brighter world—to the world she had had a glimpse of before the spirit was released from the tenement of clay that enclosed it. A more glorious sunlight and fairer landscape met her view as she winged her flight with angelic guides to the realms of peace. With aching hearts we laid her in her quiet resting place, drooping willows gently wave, and roses bud and blossom, scenting the air with their fragrance; where the gentle breeze sigh, and the purling stream, as its waters flow onward, mingle in an harmonious sound, emitting a requiem in plaintive murmurs soft and low. We laid her there, where flowers should ever bloom and zephyrs gently sigh. Nor do these weep alone; for, as often as the rolling season returns, clothed in robes of green, a manly form is seen at eventide bedewing the loved one's grave with his tears, and she stands beside him, a bright, happy spirit, but he is unconscious of her presence.

POWER OF A WORD.

I was told a story to day—a temperance story. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at the garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea, "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink.—Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink." Said he—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate on the hill-side of Vermont rose up before me, and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for, said he, "Yesterday there came into my counting-room, a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?'" "No," said I. "I was brought once," said he to my informant, "drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its beam—that mother's word on the green hill-side of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.—Wendell Phillips.

MUSIC.

All nature acknowledges the influence of Music; man bends before its power, and even the inferior animals own its dominion.—The deep toned organ, as it peals through the groined and richly fretted arches of the lofty cathedral, wafts the soul to heaven on the wings of melody, and elevates the devotional feelings of the sincere worshipper. The child, as he lies and prattles on his nurse's knee, leaps bounding to a lively air, or is hushed to sleep by a gentle lullaby. Old, frail wrecks of humanity, whose dancing days have long since passed away, will beat time with their staff to the sound of the fiddle. Nations have been conquered, battles have been won, by the influence of music.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1857.

LUTHER COLBY & CO. EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. JOHN B. ADAMS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

OUR ADMONITIONS ATTESTED.

On the subject of Spiritualism, we have expressed our belief in calm, retired spiritual communion, but have insisted that when, under this name partyisms are erected and experiments are made a trade, and self-mesmerizing speakers are traversing the country, it becomes, at least to a great extent, a perverted mesmeric and psychological concern.

We published in our last number a few extracts from the letter of Mr. Hobbs, sufficient to give our readers an understanding of the facts referred to by the Freeman, and cited by it in evidence of the truth of its position against the prominent features of Modern Spiritualism.

The Freeman further says:— "We have no doubt that if he will turn away from the unnatural practices which have conducted to his disease, and look entirely to God and his word, and the duties of life, his capabilities will be restored."

We don't know, indeed, what these "unnatural practices which have conducted to his disease," can be unless they are preaching and praying on the Sabbath, these being the only practices of which we have any knowledge.

We cannot see any justice in the condemnation which the Freeman passes upon this clergyman, for certainly he repents heartily enough and makes great lamentation over what, from reading his letter, one would suppose to be an unpardonable sin.

Ah, it is a sad thing for the worshippers of dead forms and ceremonies, and mummied creeds, and the priests at the altars of such, to find that "men speak with other tongues as the spirit (or spirits) give them utterance;" a sad thing, indeed, for the doctors and the apothecaries, that the time has again come that was on earth in Christ's day, when men and women, untaught of books and unskilled in the art and science of the schools in Cambridge, "lay hands on the sick and they recover."

THE WARREN STATUE.

Among the many shows exhibited in the vicinity of Boston, the newly erected statue of the patriot-hero stands pre-eminent. And among the many showmen who pay their periodical visits to us, from Dan Rios, down to the exhibitors of the wax-images of celebrated robbers and assassins, none can compare with the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

play, it turns out after all, to be only a Yankee speculation, which the managers have, with true Yankee cunning, managed to have advertised far and near, sans profit to the printer.

The "Italian Opera" was exhibited for a dollar, the "trained monkeys" for fifty cents; you can see "Three Fast Men" for a quarter, and a wax-figure of Dr. Burdell for ten cents—yes! and you can see a statue of the pure hearted, self-denying Martyr of Liberty for twenty-five cents.

Seriously, the farce enacted upon Bunker Hill, from its first act, commencing at the laying of the corner stone, and closing with the "grand tableau," as the Association extends its hand for the silver, to-day; is a burning and shameful disgrace upon the country, and the men engaged in its performance should be held up in their true light to the community, as retail dealers in patriotism, instead of enterprising, public spirited men.

THE BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.

The morning of the Seventeenth of June dawned gloomy and dull. A cold easterly drizzle set in, and the prospect seemed desponding and cheerless enough. Nothing, however, could dampen the enthusiasm of the people, who had fully determined that the day should be celebrated in a proper manner.

The Seventh, with its escort, moved through Charles to Beacon street, through Beacon to Tremont, and thence through Court to the Revere House.

At 12 o'clock the procession was formed and moved towards the Monument, the military marching as follows: Detachment of Lancers, Fifth Regiment of Infantry, Charlestown City Guard, 76 muskets.

At another time, while Mary was exclaiming against Peter, the Pharisees said, "How do we know if an angel or a spirit hath not spoken to him?"

An angel appeared to St. Paul, and urged him to go to Macedonia, and preach. St. John speaks of seven angels presiding over the churches in Asia, and likewise relates numerous forms of spirit presence.

We have merely given a few of the hundreds, and we think we may say thousands, of evidences contained in the Bible of the presence of spirits and of their ability to speak to man and, act with and for him;

THE FOURTH OF JULY. New Bedford is making preparations for a great display upon the coming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. At the present time, when the world is so nearly girdled by the electric wires, it is interesting to note that the minds of men many years ago dwelt upon the subject, and actually prophesied what is no more a theory, but a fixed fact.

SHAKSPEARIAN RARITIES. A great rage exists in England for procuring scarce editions of the writings of the immortal bard.

HARVARD AND MR. WILLIS. We regret to know that in the forthcoming investigation of Spiritual phenomena by the Faculty of Harvard, Mr. Willis will be prevented from taking part.

be informed that he looks anxiously towards the result of this investigation, confident that it will be the means of awakening the Faculty to a sense of their duty.

BIBLE EVIDENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

All who are conversant with the Old Testament are well aware that it is abundantly supplied with accounts of spirit manifestations. It commences with stationing a spirit at the gates of Paradise, with a flaming sword. Angels next appear to Abraham and promise him a son, and to Lot and predict the ruin of Sodom.

At another time, while Mary was exclaiming against Peter, the Pharisees said, "How do we know if an angel or a spirit hath not spoken to him?"

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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

New Bedford is making preparations for a great display upon the coming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. In addition to the companies before published, the Samoset Guards, the Middleboro' Guards and Halifax Light Infantry have accepted an invitation to join in the parade of the Fourth of July at New Bedford, making, with the city troops, a total of thirteen companies;

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

At the present time, when the world is so nearly girdled by the electric wires, it is interesting to note that the minds of men many years ago dwelt upon the subject, and actually prophesied what is no more a theory, but a fixed fact.

SHAKSPEARIAN RARITIES.

A great rage exists in England for procuring scarce editions of the writings of the immortal bard. At a recent auction sale in London, the prices realized in some instances for a single play was astounding.

THE NEW-YORK POLICE.

Mayor Wood has triumphed; for the present, at least, over Simon Draper and the rest of Governor King's Commissioners. There is something about the attitude assumed and maintained by the Mayor, which from whatever point it is looked upon, must command attention and admiration.

The Daily News of New York says: "The Governor was evidently satisfied that in calling him from Boston, under the pretence that his presence was required to preserve the peace of the city, was simply a piece of folly, quite equal to any his friends had committed, and he left in the last evening six o'clock boat for Albany, disguised with his own officials, and with himself for listening to their telegraphic requests for his presence."

All the honors attending this last brilliant act must be awarded to General Hall, A. Oakley Hall and Recorder Smith, who, frightened to death at their own or some other 'shadows,' were anxious to hide themselves under the mantle of the Governor of the State—hence the dispatch to him and the National Guard to hasten to the city.

Another of the New York papers speaks to the outsiders who are ignorant of the many phases of life in the great metropolis, and who consequently have an exaggerated idea of its little emetics, thuswise: "Dry up your tears, good people. Do not feel sad, we implore you,—because nobody is sad here. On the contrary, New York is jolly."

There is a great deal of truth compressed into that little sentence. New York is always in storm or calm "jolly."

MARRIED.

"Nelly Baker" coaxed us to elope with her one afternoon last week. Now we are very fond of "Nelly" and when she beckons to us it is very difficult to resist. "Nelly" is—well no matter what she is—suffice it that we like her.

We walked up to him and extended our hand. What think you, after he had grasped it, he said to us? "My wife!" "My sister!" Charmed words, they linger and sing musically through our brain in the loneliness of our little sanctum.

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one. We made the following memorandum in our note book, the certificate of an honorable discharge from the "Fraternity of Bachelors" of one of its most worthy members.

MARRIED.—At the residence of Allen Gibbs Esq., Lynn, Mr. Oliver C. Gibbs of Miss Laura J. Delano daughter of Captain Henry D. Delano of Slipchan.

After a few hours "Nelly" took us once more in her arms and bore us safely and swiftly back to Boston, but the voices of that happy trio, the noble husband, the fair wife, the graceful sister, made musical echoes in our brain long after we were immersed in the whirlpool of the city.

SANTA ANNA.

That one-legged ruffian, Santa Anna, whom General Houston delegated at San Jacinto to become a scourge to his own country, and an annoyance to others, is again in the field. Backed by Spanish power, he is about to make another descent upon the Hills of the Montezumas.

Should this be true, our progressive career must come to a sudden termination. Comets and such like mighty engines, have failed to upset our centre of gravity, but Spain and Mexico united against us, and the sooner we emigrate to Kamschatka or some unexplored continent in some unheard of sea, the better.

THE BRIDGES OF CHARLESTOWN.

On the seventeenth instant, tolls were collected on the Warren and Charles River Bridges, amounting to \$1002.56, exceeding largely the receipts of any other day since they were built.

THE SO-CALLED TABLE TIPPING, or intercourse with departed Spirits; related by Karl Lotz. Published in German, by Taubert, Kaiserslautern in 1855. Translated by Mrs. R. Klein, New York, with an introduction, by John W. Edmonds.

D. D. HUME AND NAPOLEON III.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post, gives the following interesting account of Mr. Hume's interview with the Emperor and Empress of France and the King of Bavaria.

Mr. Douglas Hume has returned to Paris. He has brought his sister (a pretty, interesting girl of 11 years of age), to a boarding school, where she is placed under the kind protection of the Empress.

Mr. Hume is in better health than when he quitted Paris, and what is very singular, improved health seems to have diminished to some extent his supernatural power. Mr. Hume has positively refused to give representations. He lives alone, very retired, and, except on very few occasions, he does not consent to make any more experiments.

Last Sunday, the day the Court left Fontainebleau to return to Paris, Mr. Hume had the honor of taking luncheon with their Majesties and the King of Bavaria, before their departure.

He made several experiments which were required of him by the King of Bavaria. Invisible hands have touched the hair of his Majesty, knocked his knees and patted his hands; the furniture was removed to considerable distances; the tables have replied to the questions put to them.

The King of Bavaria was all admiration; the mysterious phenomena which manifest the supernatural power of Mr. Hume were produced in the most decisive manner. Suddenly the phenomena ceased; Mr. Hume lost his power, the spirits refused to obey, the arm-chairs became immovable, and the tables kept silence. "Ask the spirits why they cease to reply," said one of the august witnesses of the experiments.

Mr. Hume obeyed. He transmitted this question to the spirit, which, by the medium of the table replied, it is the hour of divine service. In fact, it was a few minutes before 12 o'clock. All arose from the table and went to the chapel. The interest with which his Majesty watches the experiments of Mr. Hume is most surprising. He has always thought we must examine before deciding on that which appears out of the ordinary laws of nature, and listen without disdain to those who believe to have discovered some new law, some phenomenon considered as impossible, or some mystery to which most men cling, because they do not comprehend it.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The immediate and manifest duty of the government is to arrest this notorious villain, and the satellites which surround him. Already too much time has been wasted in sending civil officers into Utah. What is wanted is men, men with arms in their hands, and who are trained to use them to support the laws of the country.

Brigham claims to be worth \$250,000. He has at present but forty-three wives, quite a large number having been by him cast off of late.

I saw a pen-and-ink sketch of Young, a perfect likeness. It is a hard and heartless countenance—the animal predominating, and nothing to indicate mental superiority or intellectual cultivation.

It is not at all unfrequent to have young girls not more than twelve years of age, sealed to "the saints," and fourteen is a common age. Education is totally neglected, and there is scarcely a school in the valley. Congress passed an appropriation of \$25,000 for a Seminary at Deseret.

There exists in London, a society of school-masters. They have offered a prize of 25l. for an essay on the best means of making the schoolmaster's function more efficient than it has hitherto been, in preventing misery and crime.

J. V. Mansfield, (medium for answering sealed letters,) has removed from 29 Exchange street, to No. 3 Winter street. Mr. M. is one of the most reliable mediums in this country.

Correspondence.

Messrs. Barrons:—My heart prompts me briefly to express to you the pleasure I have received by reading the Banner of Light. It meets my ardent desires, by the introduction of the communications, which are calculated to induce investigation.

Our city, you know, was once the home of A. J. Davis, and of course, our people are enlightened upon the subject of Spiritual intercourse; but like others, they are slow to believe, and more afraid to acknowledge. Many, however, are warm believers, and are sowing the good seed—and the Rev. B. H. Davis is a warm advocate of the Spiritual reform, preaching in the Universalist Church, and drawing crowds of anxious hearers—each of whom is a daily preacher of universal progression and ultimate happiness.

MEETINGS AT THE MUSEUM AND THE MUSIC HALL, JUNE 21.

At the morning Conference there was more than unabated interest. The presence of L. K. Cooley, trance speaker, proved the presence also of another greater than he among us.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, it was announced that Mrs. Henderson was unable to be present to-day to speak to the audience, but Miss Johnson, of Medford, would take her place.

It is well that his body has been worshiped in the form of idolatry. But the time has come when Christ should be appreciated as the Truth, because now this is right: Bow to no idol—follow no leader—Worship God in thyself.

Q. Is heaven a place?

A. It is that state of purity and condition of life which asks for noble attainments, for the good of all.

Q. What is the force of the rite of circumcision, outward ordinance, and even the required name of Christ?

A. Neither of these ever created a single virtue. They were necessary for significance. The principle of love may be carried out in any proper form, and under any proper name.

Q. Why have not over one-third of the race believed in Christ?

A. The name is nothing; but the acceptance of the Christ-principle.

Q. How does the woman as well as the man stand in relation to Christianity?

A. Woman is not the thermometer of man. But where Christianity has exalted her, he also has been raised.

Q. Is woman especially degraded?

A. She is.

Q. Why is she not so high in heathen lands?

A. She is equally high there, relatively, to the man.

Q. Which is the nearest to nature, the savage or the civilized condition?

A. It is difficult to say in a word. What seems to be gained by the outward show of civilization and of the formalities of education, is little or no palliation of the equally real vices and corruptions of evil thoughts and feelings.

The meeting, at the Music Hall, at half-past four, was addressed by spirit discourses through the mediumship of Miss Amedey, and by interpretations, &c., of Mr. Porter.

The subject of discourse was most impressively and beautifully set forth by the exposition of those soul-inspiring words of the Revelator, "The spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

is our invitation to stand, fast and sure. There John stood in true exaltation of spirit. And had he no antecedent? Yes, Jesus. Behold him in his various stages of revelation, and manifestations of spirit power.

We see old places and forms of worship surrounding you. There are some truths in them all. Evil is also there. It is undeveloped good. But many are now lifting up their hands and hearts to receive anow the spirit and life of heaven through the mediumship of progression.

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Our correspondents speak of the great good produced in various localities by the lectures of WARREN CRISM. "Mr. C. is one of the pioneers in the work of Reform, and has labored hard and long in a successful effort to loosen the foundation stones of the Temple of Error."

European Items.

The weather in England has been good for the farmers. The effect upon vegetation throughout the country, by the late rains, has been almost marvellous: owing to the warm sun and high temperature prevailing, the earth was like a hot-bed, and the warmth and moisture produced results which may be said to have changed the face of the country in three days.

A large floating landing-stage, which is being constructed at the cost of the Liverpool Corporation, for the accommodation of sea-going steamers, is all but completed. When finished it will be 1002 feet long, or nearly three times longer than the United States frigate Niagara, and 82 feet wide; and communication will be obtained with the shore by means of four cast-iron bridges, each of which is 113 feet long and 18 feet 6 inches wide from side to side.

At the funeral of M. Viellard, a French senator and intimate friend of the Emperor, his brother announced that, by a special passage in his will, the deceased had desired that his body might upon no account enter inside any church, but be borne immediately to the burying ground to be interred without the intervention of any clergy.

Sunday parades are permitted on the grand parterre at Windsor Castle, and the band of the Royal Horse Guards then performs its best music.

The Prince of Wales has taken lodgings for July and August at Königswinter, Germany, and is to pay nine thousand dollars for his bed and board.

Every clergyman in Scotland has been furnished with a book on Canada, setting forth its advantages to emigrants.

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THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY, have closed their performances at the Boston, and that fine Theatre is closed for the season. There are various rumors, as to the company with which it will open in September, but we fancy that few are in the secrets of the management, and that therefore, all reports of engagements should be taken for what they are worth.

The Busy World.

THE NINE O'CLOCK SHELL.—Last evening at precisely nine o'clock, Messrs. Sanderson & Lanegan discharged one of their largest shells from flag-staff hill on the common, and we understand that the same will be repeated at nine o'clock each evening (Sunday excepted) until after the 4th of July next.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT decides that Gen. Houston had no power to dismiss Com. Moore from the Texas navy, and allows him his pay under the act of Congress.

THE EPISCOPAL FUND of the diocese of Iowa, some \$7,000, was invested in lands a couple of years or so ago. The lands thus purchased are now estimated to be worth about \$33,000.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT learns that there are but one hundred and fifty Seminole warriors under Billy Bowlegs in Florida, opposed to whom we have a regiment of men.

MISS SARAH J. COLBURN of Chaplin, Conn., died on Tuesday from the bite of a black spider—the third death this season from the same cause. The chewing of catnip and binding the bruised herb on the wound, is said to be a perfect antidote.

CLERGYMAN EXPELLED.—The Wesleyan Methodist Conference, now in session at Toronto, C. W., has expelled two of its ministers,—the Rev. Mr. Haugh, for carrying a pistol to shoot a young man who had eloped with his daughter, and the Rev. Mr. Jones, because he jilted a young lady for a better match.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED VERMONT.—Hon. Augustus Young, State Naturalist, and formerly member of Congress from Vermont, died on Wednesday afternoon, aged 63.

CLAM CELEBRATION IN FALL RIVER.—The city of Fall River, despairing of getting encouragement from the City Government for a proper celebration of the Fourth of July, have held a meeting, and made arrangements for a monster clam chowder, and clam bake.

THE PORTLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will pass boats proposing to enter the Portland regatta on the Fourth, from this city, to that, and back, free of expense.

HEAVY TAXES.—The assessed taxes in Mattapoisett this year amount to ten dollars and forty cents per \$100 on the property valuation.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT has determined to have one of the five floops of war, built by private contract, for which proposals will soon be issued.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS show that no instructions were given by Secretary Dobbin, either to Commodore Merwin or Capt. Davis, relative to General Walker or his men.

PERSONAL.—Gen. Cass is expected to return to Washington from Detroit about the first of July.

NEW FLOON has appeared in New York. It came from Florida, and was of fine quality.

THE BILLIARD SALOONS in Concord, N. H., have been closed by the authorities.

YIELD OF GOLD.—In the year 1829 the yield of domestic gold in the United States amounted to \$320,000. Our annual yield of domestic gold now exceeds \$50,000,000.

RUSSIA covers an area of seven millions of square miles, about two millions of which are in Europe. The population is nearly seventy millions.

A FARMER in Germantown, N. J., claims that he makes \$7000 a year clear profit from twelve acres of land.

RAILWAY TRACK SCALES are made at St. Johnsbury, Vt., for the great Russian railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow.

OIL.—Sales of some three to four thousand barrels of whale oil have been made in New Bedford, within a day or two, at from seventy to seventy-two cents per gallon.

LUMBER.—The Surveyor's report shows a falling off in the amount of lumber surveyed at Bangor the past year, compared with previous years.

GREAT AFFLICTION.—The Rev. Benjamin Hutchins, Episcopal minister at Albion, Illinois, recently lost by death seven children (two sons and five daughters) within ten days.

GOLD QUARTZ.—Hundreds of tons of California gold-bearing quartz rock are now stored in warehouses at San Francisco, to be shipped to New York as ballast in returning ships.

STRAW BONNETS.—Seven millions of straw bonnets were manufactured in Franklin, Mass., last year, and as many more in Foxboro, an adjoining town.

HERRING.—In Edgartown this spring, says the Gazette, 1068 barrels of herring have been taken, worth \$4232, and some \$10,000 worth at Tisbury and elsewhere.

COL. FREMONT will sail in the next steamer for California, and Mrs. Fremont leaves for Europe in a day or two.

FLOUR.—A letter from Marseilles alludes to a "new invention that has been made; it is, to prepare flour, by a chemical process, a great deal finer than by grinding; a sample of the flour has been sent to the Academy of Science in Paris, to report upon."

THE POPULATION OF SPAIN.—A new census of Spain is nearly completed, and will show a population of 17,000,000. The population in 1849, when the last census was taken, was 14,200,000; including the Spanish colonies, 18,000,000.

A NOVELTY.—The New Orleans *Pioniers* has been presented with an apple, grown in that city—"the first New Orleans apple," it says, "we ever saw."

JEFFERSON DAVIS, in his late speech at Jackson, Miss., mentioned as an illustration of the vastness of our national domain, the fact that during the four years of the late administration, more land was ceded by the general government for internal improvement and other legitimate purposes, than a third of France, and still we retain a public domain equal to the entire area of Europe.

MOSQUITO BITES.—A certain preventive to attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, &c., is said to be—glycerine 4 oz., oil of peppermint 2 1-2 drachms, oil of turpentine 4 drachms. The face, neck, hands, in fact all parts exposed, to be rubbed with the mixture.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—A careful estimate, based on the latest return of the local assessors, makes the population of California 507,067, of whom 332,880 are Americans, 65,000 Indians, 38,667 Chinese, 15,000 French, 15,000 Mexicans, 10,000 Germans, 10,000 Irish, 2000 English, and 15,000 other foreigners, besides 4000 colored persons.

Flashes of Fun.

ROUGH GAMBLING.—A noted villain in Honorable Dailie Peyton's district, was always a hard worker against the Colonel, but was observed to be missing on one election day.

"What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, of Bill's cronies.

"Well," responded the latter, "I b'lieve he's been shut up down in Georgia, for rough gambling."

"Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in Georgia?"

"Why, cutting trunks off from behind stages, and such like."

"Wise.—How old are you, Bridget?" said a gentleman to his servant girl.

"About fifty, sir," replied Bridget.

"You are mistaken, Bridget, you are not over twenty."

"Yes, sir, that is it. I'm about twenty or fifty, some where along there."

This answer indicates about the same degree of intelligence as that of an old gray-headed negro in South Carolina:—

"How old are you, Pete?" said a gentleman to him one day.

"I dunna, Massa, I feels berry old; 'spect I'es about five or six hundred."

JOKING.—"Well, Doctor," said a chap, suffering with the toothache, "how much do you ax for the job?—[Gy] but you did it quick, though!"

"My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar."

"A dollar for one minute's work! One dollar—thunder! Why, a doctor down 'our place drew a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he charged me only twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! O, git out! you must be jokin'!"

THE COUNTRY SAFE.—A Western post has decided against the idea of the destruction of the Union, in the following lines, composed in just one hour by a Connecticut clerk:—

What! bust this glorious Union up,  
And go to draw'n' triggers  
Just for a thundering parcel  
Of emancipated niggers?  
The eagle of America,  
That flew across the sea,  
And throw'd the bloody British Lion  
Ker sham upon his knees:  
Say, shall we rend him lim' from lim',  
Wun wing wun way, and one t'other:  
An' every sperit pin-fether  
A flyin' at each other?

A BRIGHT SCHOLAR.—It is related by Miss Edgeworth that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same found in the book.

THE TEACHER POSED.—A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite to us on the globe?"

"Don't know, sir," was the answer.

"Well, now, pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir!" replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

A CLASS IN MUSIC.—"First class in sacred music, stand up. How many kinds of metre are there?"

"Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and meet're by moonlight alone!"

"Who told you that, you booby?"

"Bill Jones, sir."

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

Our friends will confer a favor on us and upon our readers by sending us each week short reports of meetings held upon the Sabbath, or at any other time, with announcements of future gatherings. We shall also publish a list of public lecturers and mediums who are disposed to act as agents for this paper and use some exertion in their respective localities to increase its circulation.

Write to us, and talk to us as freely as you would face to face. Let us form a conversational circle that shall extend from one extreme of our country, (and of the world if you say so), to the other.

There will be Trance speaking by L. K. Cooley of Portland and interpretations by W. H. Porter, at the Music Hall on Sunday the 28th next, at 4 1-2 and 8 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

CHILMARK.—On Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL, Willsimmet street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker.

CAMBRIDGE.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Meetings also at Wall's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hanover street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOWN.

LIST OF AGENTS.

- NEW YORK: S. T. MURSON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York City; J. H. BROWN, 103 Nassau Street; THOMAS HASTON, 31 State Street, Albany; J. F. FORT, 240 River Street, Troy; JAMES McDONOUGH, No. 1 Exchange Building, Utica; D. M. DEWEY, Arcade Hall, Rochester.
- PHILADELPHIA: F. A. DROVIE, No. 47 South Third Street; HARRY & HENCK, 530 Race Street; A. P. HAZEN, 100 North Second Street; DUNCAN & LEVINE, 102 Vine Street, Cincinnati; HAWKES & BROTHER, Cleveland Ohio; NYS & BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio; McNALLY & Co, 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill; J. HANBY, Watch Tower Building, Adrian, Mich; A. D. WILKINSON, New Orleans; W. V. SPENCER, corner Washington and Water Streets, Boston; FREDERICK & Co, No. 9 Court Street, Boston; JOHN J. DYER & Co, No. 11 Court Avenue, Boston; A. WILLIAMS & Co, 100 Washington Street, Boston; REDDING & Co, 8 State Street; E. B. McDONALD, 78 Central Street, Lowell; S. B. NICHOLS, Burlington, Vt.
- PARTICULAR NOTICE: Those desirous of receiving this paper by mail, are informed that money sent in registered letters will be at our risk. For terms, see advertisement on the eighth page.
- NOTICES: L. K. COOLEY, of Portland, Me., TRANCE SPEAKER and H. H. MEDIUM, will answer calls to lecture in Maine, Massachusetts, or Connecticut, answering Theological questions in the trance state. He may be addressed at this office. June 20

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, in 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.]

It was on my return from a visit to Canada, in March, of the present year, that I first took advantage of an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of these tricky spirits, and although the experience which followed may be both small in substance and scanty in detail, it may be as well, for the sake of preserving the order of date, to introduce them here, only premising that at the period mentioned, I was rather inspired by motives of curiosity as to the modus operandi, than any interest in the subject itself, or confidence in the good faith of its promoters. There was no difficulty in discovering a respectable medium, several then practising in Boston, having cards for distribution in this form: "Mr. and Mrs. H., Street; Spiritual Conversations and Manifestations."

It seemed more satisfactory that the meeting should take place elsewhere than at the medium's home; it was therefore arranged that the latter, a Mrs. H., a lady of much respectability, married, and resident in Boston, should, accompanied by her husband, attend and take the chair at a "magnetic circle," to be formed at the house of a friend of my own. Long and familiar intercourse with the marvels wrought by that weird brotherhood, Messrs. Robin, Jacobs, Houdin, Anderson, &c., had prepared me to expect, without emotion, many things apparently inscrutable to the unmechanic mind, and, if I remember rightly, the predominant impression on my mind, as I proceeded to the Spiritual rendezvous, was one of regret at having been induced, by the fancy of the moment, to countenance a deception so absurd as that which I expected to witness. The reflection, however, came rather late, and one thing only is certain, that no one ever yet entered a "magnetic circle" in a less indulgent mood; with less will that the spirits, or their earthly representatives, should prove correspondent to command; a more intense desire that the wires and other portions of the machinery should be out of order; and the whole thing eventuate in something supremely ridiculous.

How far these amiable expectations were realised, we shall presently see. I found the party, with the exception of the medium and her lord, already assembled. It consisted of only six or eight persons, all of whom I knew, and knew beside they were all, excepting one, of various degrees of skepticism. In a few minutes the expected parties made their appearance. Mrs. H. was a tall, and rather handsome woman, with a small fine head, and intelligent eye. With regard to expression, if I might be permitted to apply to a lady's countenance such a term as "wide awake," it would, perhaps, best convey my opinion. About her partner, there appeared nothing remarkable, except, indeed, that he wore cleaner linen and nails than is customary with the middle classes of his earnest and practical countrymen. He, however, clothed himself with a sudden and unexpected interest, by informing the circle, in a tone of solemn regret, that he himself had been a medium, although, since January twelfth, he had been unable to obtain any manifestations,—tabooed, in short, by his disembodied friends. For this phenomenon he would not pretend to account. It was strange, he might add annoying,—but it was no matter. A well-bred murmur of condolence having passed round, followed by a sort of random hope from each one; bearing reference to that indistinct epoch known as "better times," it was proposed to form the circle, and go to business. Previously, however, we were urgently requested to examine the table. This was done, and the object in question was unanimously pronounced to be a simple dining-table, of the sexpede species, without draws, of course, and capable of accommodating with ease, twelve individuals of ordinary breadth. It was innocent alike of castors and of oil, and was in complexion dull, unhealthy, and cadaverous.

Around this table, then, we now arranged ourselves, and having thus already performed what, according to the mathematicians, is an impossibility, i. e., "squared the circle," the proceedings commenced with a long pause, during which the faintly interesting crackle of a corset, whose fair wearer was evidently in a condition of considerable alarm, was the only sound audible.

Hark! a tap! Was it? No. Everybody glanced interrogatively at the medium. Medium gravely inclined her head, as who should say— "Of course, my good friends. What else did you expect?—say?"

Another tap!—Nearer. No mistake about it now. Three rapid taps. Five! The spirits are here. (That corset will give way.) Hark! The celebrated sounds—be their origin what it may,—are certainly of a novel and peculiar character. Nothing that bears the slightest affinity to them—as mere sounds—has ever yet visited my ears. It is stated, and I had afterwards opportunities of observing, that the rappings are not always of a precisely similar kind, the media declaring that they can distinguish the spirit by the variations of the sound (as a resident in London recognises a visitor by his knock); but the prevailing rap is of one especial kind, and can be, perhaps described in no better way than by requesting the reader to fancy a bird, say a pheasant—of considerable power of bill, confined in a strong wooden box, and pecking vigorously to get out. The working of the needles of the electric telegraph will, perhaps, supply the next approximate sound. These raps appear to possess no particular location. On and under the tables, by the walls, the fire place, behind the stove, without the window, far or near, loud or low, the singular phenomenon puzzles and divides one—the very ignis fatuus of acoustics. Though styled raps they are, in point of fact, neither raps, taps, knocks, pecks, nor any other recognised species of percussion. "Detonation" would be the correcter name. One gentleman, writing on the subject, but without advocating either side of the question, has happily termed them pulations—a word, fully justified by the circumstance that, however soft and seemingly remote the sounds may be, by placing

one's fingers on the table, a jar which seems to vibrate throughout the whole frame of that piece of furniture, is plainly perceptible. The idea of some electrical influence, is perpetually recurring to one's mind; and although, on the present occasion, nothing transpired to favor that opinion, I am well assured that on others phenomena have been witnessed sufficiently indicative of the presence of that subtle and powerful agent.

The raps having now become both numerous and distinct, the Medium opened the conversation, by asking in a low, clear tone, and as if addressing something enshrined in the table:— "Is our circle properly formed?"

Dead silence. "Do you wish any alterations?" "Rap, (yea)." "Is this right? pointing to Mrs. M." "Rap, (very loud)." "Is this?" indicating myself.

Silence, which (contrary to earthly etiquette) implies a negative. "This?" it appears, had, in his desire to be near the fountain-head, unduly exalted himself, and had to withdraw, covered with blushes) to the lower end of the board, Mr. W. proceeding to the top vice the author, degraded. Certain other changes, however, disapproved any idea of personality, and the only circumstance worthy of notice was, that the relative position of the Medium and her husband continued unaltered—that is to say they were separated by nearly the length of the table, several of the party occupying the intermediate space.

The conversation was then resumed. "Are you satisfied?" "Many raps, from different directions, as in the affirmative." "Are the Spirits numerous?" "Rap."

"May we expect many communications?" "Rap." "One of the circle then took up the dialogue." "What Spirit, whom I knew in the flesh is present?"

Five raps for the alphabet. This had been placed ready on the table, and, as the querist passed her pencil slowly along the line of letters, each, as it was needed, was indicated by a clear, distinct rap. The word thus spelled out was very short, "Ida," and was the name of a sister of the querist, many years deceased.

The invisible respondent was then called upon to describe the personal appearance of the departed (herself) and did so, sketching a rapid portrait of a very beautiful blonde—long golden ringlets, bright complexion, blue eyes, &c., &c.

"Height?" asked the querist. "Three feet two inches," was the prompt reply. The circle started—a segment of it even smiled—for this sudden condensation of so many charms into the dimensions of a pocket Venus, scarcely harmonized with the image we had all silently conceived. But the questioner retained her gravity, and explained that her sister, Ida, whose appearance had, it appears, been described with the utmost accuracy, died while in Europe, at the age of eight.

Questions were then propounded by various parties, but as they had reference, in general, to local or family matters, it was not easy to test the accuracy or intelligence of the replies; I only remember that the questioner frequently evinced considerable surprise. So far, however, nothing of what occurred had carried with it the slightest conviction of any preternatural agency, the sounds themselves constituting by far the most remarkable portion of the exhibition. These, it must be owned, were puzzling in the extreme. How, and by whom were they engendered? If by the Medium, (who sat perfectly composed, with her hands visible), it was singular that however distant from her the questioner might be, however rapidly the alphabet was run over, (and let it be added, the characters were of a size to be all but indistinguishable across the table), the raps never failed to indicate, with the greatest promptitude and precision, the required letter. If it be thought that the Medium's husband lent his assistance, it is noticeable that, during some portion of the time, he, at the request of one of the circle, placed himself apart, in a position in which it was manifestly impossible for him to see either his wife or alphabet.

During the questioning, I had been reflecting in what manner to put some satisfactory test to the assumed preternatural intelligence of our Spiritual visitors.

And now, my dear skeptic, in consideration of the perfect oandor with which I have endeavored to place before you, my friend, and the readers generally, both failure and success, both manifest absurdity and apparent wisdom, in reference to those same manifestations, let me hope the little I have now to relate may be acceptable in its fullest sense, with the understanding that you yourself could not have been more completely on your guard, more anxiously suspicious, than was I, nor could the most zealous member of Sir Richard Mayne's "detectives" been inspired with greater anxiety to unravel the wof of an ingenious fraud. Suffer me, Skeptic, to draw your special attention to this, because, slight and simple as was the experiment, I date from its result, the altered feeling with which I thenceforth regarded these phenomena, and the destruction, (as far as my own opinion went), of the first of those theories heretofore propounded, viz:—that the solution of the rapping mystery must be sought for among the wonders of the Mechanic art. In short, as another apostate has written,—De ce jour, tomba mon incredulité.

I recollected that I had in my pocket a packet of letters, eight or ten in number, most of them from Europe, and not of very recent date. They were secured with an India rubber band. From these, without looking at them, I selected two of the smaller, the size and form of which had no effect in refreshing my remembrance as to the writers. On its coming my turn to converse with the "powers invisible," I asked as usual,— "Will any Spirit communicate with me?"

"Rap." "On any subject?" "Rap." "Will you tell me the names of the writers of any two here?" "Rap."

Accordingly I placed the two letters on the table, the addresses downwards, and the seals removed.

A life agreeing with divine truth opens the internal man. "Great peace have they, which love thy law," and nothing shall offend them.

COMMUNICATION FROM A SISTER.

We have long been aware of the difficulty experienced by spirits in their efforts to reach their friends on earth, and of convincing them that they are not dead, and in the grave, but, having passed on to a more refined and exalted state of existence, yet live to love and watch over, guide and guard those whom they have left behind. Our thoughts have been more specially directed to this recently, by the receipt of a letter which we publish below, withholding names and dates. It was called forth by the fact that a few weeks since we published a communication from one who expressed a wish to address her sister. It was written in the most loving and grateful language, and told all a departed one's hopes and faiths; alluded to her present happy abode, and thanked the sister on earth for the many acts of kindness with which she illumined her path to the unseen world.

Doubtless with angel love this spirit watched the course of that message. Sufficient evidence of its correctness in leading points having been ascertained, it was published in our columns. Then some friend whom the spirit could approach was influenced to obtain a copy, and hand it to her for whom it was more especially written.

How was it received? Did she recognise the familiar style and tone of the spirit sister, and, doing so, accept it? Let the subjoined letter, addressed to us, answer:—

Sir,—I have had intruded upon my notice a paper styled "The Banner of Light," in which appears a paragraph, purporting to come from the "Spirit" of \_\_\_\_\_, and I take this opportunity of informing you that I was highly incensed at the presumption of any one, to attach her name to any such communication. I can understand the policy of so doing, but not the right.

If spirits were permitted to return, (which I doubt exceedingly) would they not come to their own homes, where they would be appreciated, and in a more dignified manner? I think they would. Religion, reason and common sense confirm my opinion. It may be said, there are some more impressive than others, and there are those who, by their peculiar organization, are fitted for "Mediumship," one glance at this will suffice.

Take the mediums of the highest grade of modern Spiritualism, and we cannot find that our Heavenly Father has endowed them with any remarkable degree of sensitiveness,—there is no great intellectual culture,—or high aspiration, we find nothing in their lives indicative of their high calling; and if the associate communications are a type of the class resident in the spirit land, I should say it was not very desirable, especially to those most particular in this world.

In conclusion, I request you in future to insert nothing in your department of the "Banner of Light," in connection with her name, except through the mediumship of her sister.

This letter displays the usual amount of ignorance of the most familiar truths known to all who have had any experience with the subject, generally exhibited by those who undertake to refute its claims. The inquiry, whether if spirits could return, (which, by the way, the writer takes special pains to inform us she "very much doubts,") they would not first visit their own homes, and that in a more "dignified manner," seems to come with a very ill grace from one who thus turns her back upon a loving sister-spirit availing herself of the only mode of addressing her. It is evident that if those who have left this state of existence desire to communicate with their friends on earth, the means employed by them to do so must be such as they have at hand, and not such as we shall dictate.

The criticism upon the mediums, whom it is estimated number not less than fifty thousand in this country alone, will be read with a quiet smile at the assumed knowledge of the "intellectual culture," the "aspirations," and the deep heart-born motives governing that great army of co-workers with the spirit world. If our correspondent objects to the "associate communications," by which we understand her to allude to the messages, we can only that in every case we have published, they have been, so far as we could ascertain, in accordance with the character of the spirits when they dwelt among us, and that we are constantly in receipt of letters from those who are perfect strangers to the medium and ourselves, attesting to the indisputable evidence they bear of their genuineness. Even the communication to which our friend particularly alludes, was spoken of by friends and acquaintances of the spirit, as "precisely like her" in sentiment and language.

In conclusion, we would say to this sister, investigate. The great object of the messages we publish is to induce examination. It is not expected you will be convinced of the truth of spirit intercourse by them. They only come to attract your attention, to call you out from the busy whirl and turmoil of earth, to the calm and quiet of a spiritual life; to resurrect your soul from the tomb of dead forms and lifeless creeds, and introduce you into the temple of a living and active faith—a faith that grasps spiritual things as realities, and believes in God, because it feels that God within.

STARTLING EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

In a town about thirty miles from this city an interesting proof of spirit identity was given: to a young man, for the particulars of which we are indebted to a friend in whose statement the utmost reliance can be placed.

The young man was a sceptic, one who laughed and ridiculed at the mere mention of the subject of Spiritualism. In the town of which he is a resident the Spiritualists hold regular meetings.

At one of these a lady medium of this city was announced to speak, and among the many who thronged to the hall on the occasion was a lady accompanied by the young man alluded to. But he accompanied her no farther than the door; that was as far as his moral courage, backed as it was by his respect for the lady, would allow him to go.

He had no sooner left the door than a strange and unaccountable influence came over him, and, notwithstanding his repugnance to doing so, he felt compelled to return. He seated himself in an obscure part of the hall, not wishing to be seen or have it known that he was at a Spiritualist's meeting.

When the address was finished the medium was suddenly controlled by another influence than that of the spirit who had been speaking; and leaving the platform with her eyes closed, she passed through the audience directly to where the young man sat, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, so as to be heard distinctly by all present, the attention of everybody being drawn to her,—

"My dear son, forgive your mother for deserting you in childhood. Oh, how I regret what I did. Oh, do forgive me. I cannot speak any more; I am choking."

The medium then fell, and some time elapsed before she was restored to consciousness. The young

man laughed at the strange action of the medium, and at the same time felt a little indignant at the idea of thus being made the centre of attraction of a large public audience in connection with a subject of which he had no very exalted opinion.

"Why," said he, "you are all deluded; I thought before I came that it was a humbug; now I know it is, for here my mother professes to come to me from the spirit world, when I left her a few hours since at my father's house."

This was, indeed, a strange affair. Spiritualists wondered how it could be, while sceptics boasted of a new weapon against the truth, and laughed heartily at the unexpected turn of affairs.

The young man went home and at once related the occurrence to his father, who received the account with surprise, and startled the son with the following remarks:—

"I am not a Spiritualist; I do not know anything about it, but that must have indeed been your own mother who thus addressed you; and now that the fact is thus unexpectedly made known, I will give you the particulars. They are these:—When you were two months old and lay in a cradle in the kitchen, your mother who was engaged in her household work was by some sudden impulse led to destroy her life by hanging. This will account for the strange language of the medium, and for the remark that she was choking."

The young man's views of the subject at that moment became materially changed, and the fact becoming known created much interest and led a large number to further investigation of a subject that was presented to them with such startling evidence of truth.

SPIRITS AT A DISTANCE.

A gentleman called on a medium of this city a short time since and received indisputable evidence of the presence of his spirit friends. "But this man had public opinion to face and the laughter and ridicule of acquaintances to bear up against should he avow publicly the convictions of his own soul. He was asked what his view of the subject was. Having a few moments previously involuntarily exclaimed, "it is really my friend B.," it was fairly concluded by the interrogator that his answer would be in accordance with the fact.

But no; he hesitated; found it difficult to keep the truth that would burst from his lips from doing so, and remarked that it was "astonishing;" that he had no doubt it was spirit, but the lady being a clairvoyant beheld the spirits, and that it was "foolish to suppose the spirits to be present."

He fancied that the spirits were wholly unconscious of being observed by those on earth, and that the medium was like one standing at a distance and looking at an object through a spy glass. This view of the subject supposes the spirit world to be passive to our own, which every thinking mind will at once see to be very far from the truth in the case, the manifestations proving it to be directly otherwise.

WONDERFUL PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS.

A lady residing in Charlestown was some weeks since told that a spirit friend would bring her a bouquet of flowers, and that, in the offering, would be several orange blossoms. Very little was thought of the promise, the lady not having much, if any, faith in the facts of Spiritualism. She had, in a word, forgotten the circumstance, until recently reminded of it, in a manner which she will not soon forget. Seated in her room, on the third floor of the house, the window being open, she was surprised upon seeing a bouquet come from without, as if thrown in by some one passing. She started at the sudden appearance of the flowers, and instantly thought of the spirit promise. Her first impulse was to go to the window and look out, which she did, but saw no one; indeed, were a dozen below, not one of them could have thrown a light parcel of flowers to such a height and directed its course into the room, in the manner in which this came.

Remembering it was said that orange blossoms would be found in the bouquet, she looked to find them, but saw none. The window was closed for the night, but subsequently, on opening it, the lady was a second time surprised by finding a delicately arranged bouquet of orange flowers. Thus was the promise fulfilled, and a doubting mind established in the firm faith of the ministrations of angels.

EVENTS IN SALEM.

Mr. G. B. Edwards, of Salem, has furnished us with an account of manifestations that have recently occurred in that city, in the presence of Mr. Foster, as the medium. Communications were written, giving facts only known to our correspondent and the spirit from whom they purported to come; a table, weighing not less than one hundred and fifty pounds, with books, lamps, papers, &c., was raised by the unseen from the floor, and whirled about several times, no hands being upon it at the time. Many interesting incidents and proofs of the nearness of the spirit world took place, which proved convincing to several skeptical minds, and productive of much good.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF SOMNAMBULISM.

The following instance is related with much marvellousness by one of our exchanges, and is freely quoted by papers that think they are doing good service in ridiculing Spiritualism. It will be accepted by Spiritualists as one of the ten thousand:—

The Fulton (N. Y.) Patriot, relates that a Miss Mary Starr of that place, is in the habit of getting up, lighting a lamp, taking paper and pencil, and writing several stanzas of poetry while in a somnambulo state. One night, fearing some accident might occur, her uncle removed the light from her room, but she arose as usual and wrote her poetry in perfect darkness. It was found to be well written, correctly punctuated and the ruled lines accurately followed. This has been repeated from night to night, each time a new piece being produced. She has no knowledge of the matter herself—cannot repeat a word of the poetry she produces, and insists that she does not write it. Her friends watch her closely; they have interrupted her while writing, when she seems like one aroused from a deep slumber, and cannot finish the line, or even the next word of the stanza she happens to be writing. She has sometimes fallen into this condition in the day-time, when her writing impulse comes on.

The little rose by the wayside is as good as the highest tree upon the mountain's top. The draught of water from the cool spring is as sweet as though from the river thou didst drink. Then, canst thou not be good and sweet, even though lowly, very lowly in earthly possessions?

We intended, to have published in this number, the remarks of Mr. G. W. Keene before the "Lyons Literary Association," but are obliged to omit them for want of room. They will appear next week.

Correspondence.

THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OPINION OF SPIRITUALISM IN 1802.

[We have received the following from a valued friend in Connecticut, and would solicit for it the special attention of church members and the clergy.]

I accidentally found a number of the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, dated March, 1802. On looking over the book, my eye first rested upon a communication, the heading of which was in these words:— "THE AGENCY OF GREAT UNEMBODIED SPIRITS, WHETHER GOOD OR EVIL, ON MANKIND IN THIS WORLD."

Knowing, as I do, that those of the present day who believe in such agency, are called dupes and deceivers, by the so called Orthodox churches, I am induced to send you an extract from the article found beneath the above heading, in a Magazine, edited by fifteen Congregational clergymen, among whom were Timothy Dwight, Jeremiah Day, both Presidents of Yale College; also Smally, Trumbull, Strong and Ely, names not unknown to fame or without honor in the churches, that their opinion may be compared with the opinions of the clergy of the present day. The article commences thus:—

"In attending to this subject, it is not proposed to consider the case of demons, nor of prophets, to whom the will of God has been revealed by the ministry of angels. These are preternatural; but to attend to the usual agency of such spirits upon men.

"It is unnecessary that such agency be first proved, for the spirit of the age, in progressing towards infidelity, is leading many to question the agency of any invisible created beings with man, and to consider the idea romantic: even the pious do not, so much as formerly, attend to the subject.

"Is it not an argument of some weight, in proof of the agency of such spirits with us, that their existence is revealed? If they had no intercourse with us and we had no concern with them, the knowledge of their existence would perhaps be useless; and if so it is reasonable to suppose that it would have been revealed any more than the existence and circumstances of the inhabitants of the planets, if, according to analogical arguments, there are any such. If it be objected, that we have no organs, by which such spirits can have access to our minds, it is sufficient to observe, that the objector will doubtless confess, that he does not so fully understand the structure of the mind, nor that of created spirits, as to have sure grounds of confidence that his objection is well founded. It is reasonable to suppose and believe that unembodied spirits have some means of intercourse with each other, and therefore corporeal organs in their situation are not necessary to mutual intercourse, and can we conceive of any thing to prevent their having some similar way of access to us?

"Besides, the general dependence of one part of God's works upon another, as far as our acquaintance extends, renders it at least probable that there is some communication with those spirits. But the holy Scriptures furnish us with full evidence. Respecting the agency of evil spirits, we are informed that Satan worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience,—blindest the minds of them that believe not,—filled the hearts of Ananias and Sapphira to lie to the Holy Ghost,—entered Judas, the apostate,—sent his messenger to buffet Paul,—and even tempted Christ himself. On this account men are warned by the Scriptures to take heed that they do not fall into the snare of the devil, and are directed to resist the devil, with the assurance that he will flee from them. Since evil spirits have such an agency on men, it is but reasonable to suppose that good spirits have at least an equal agency, and the Scriptures confirm the idea. They inform us that God giveth his angels charge over his saints, to keep them in all their ways,—that they are ministering spirits,—sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. I pass over the numerous instances in which they have been commissioned to bear the special messages of God to Lot, Manoah, Mary, the shepherds, and others. It is presumed the agency in question is proved.

"The Spirit of God is the great agent of sanctification, but how much we are indebted to good angels for our seriousness and preservation from it, is impossible for us to decide. God often uses their ministry."

I would give you the whole of the article, but perhaps you may think it too long to be inserted in your valuable paper. Indeed, I think enough has been already quoted from it to show that the fathers in the Orthodox churches, believed in the agency of departed unembodied spirits upon mankind, and further, they believed that a disbelief of this important truth had a tendency to lead men to infidelity, or rather, in the words of the writer, "The spirit of the age in progressing towards infidelity, is leading many to question the agency of any invisible created beings with man, and to consider the idea romantic." And the opposition of the clergy of the present day, to the great truths of the "Spiritual Philosophy," shows that they are not advancing onward in truth, but that their movements have been retrograde and backward.

Your Friend in Truth and Progress, D. NORRIS.

Mr. Editor,—About five years since, I was called to visit a child ten years of age, residing about seventy miles from Boston, who from infancy had been afflicted with epileptic fits; they were frequent and severe. The father introduced me to his lady. The child, on seeing me come, turned to his mother, and said, "this is the doctor I saw sometime ago, that was to cure me. I shall have no more fits, but spasms for a short time, and then be well." Said he, "Where is your over coat?" I remarked that it was in the hall. He went out, and soon brought it to his mother, telling her to mend it, saying, "Was I not right as to the buttons, and color of the coat, which was a snuff brown?" I apologized and remonstrated with the lady, against her mending it. She said, the child four months before, remarked, that she saw a person of my size and appearance, wearing glasses, with an overcoat as described, would call at the house, and that she was to mend it, the girl having found a thread at that time, of the same color, and threaded a needle, which at the time, her mother was to put it in her needle case, until that time. They were unbelievers in Spiritualism, and said it was strange, but such sights were common with her. Yet when all were out of the room, and the miss' in our lap, we called on the spirits, (I was not a believer at that time, but was investigating,) and were answered with a rap. The result of my practice was as she had told it would be. At the time she said she saw me come into the hall, I had never been in that section of country, and she never came where I was. The coat I had from the tailor, the day before the vision, and had not been worn.

I have had two cases very similar, and have never seen an attempt to explain the spiritual phenomena.

Charlestown, May, 1857. C. ROANES.

One great reason why so many are led to reject the Bible is, because, so many Christians have claimed for it what it does not claim for itself. The Bible contains the record of what men of old spoke, as they were moved by the holy Spirit of God; but it is not all a record of inspired truth.—Christian Repository.

COUNTERFEIT BILLS on the Farmer's Land, at Bridgeport, Conn., are abroad.

WATERBOOTS have made their appearance in the Savannah market.

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The Messenger.

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

Wednesday, June 16th, at our regular sitting, Mrs. Conant was violently influenced, and complained of great difficulty in respiring.

During the struggle, Dr. Kittredge, the controlling spirit of our medium, influenced the hand, and directed us what restoratives to apply, and after the influence was thrown off by means of these, and passes over the chest, he wrote:

The name of the spirit is William P. Gookin. He has just died of consumption. His wife Hannah has previously manifested to you.

The manner of his death you have seen strikingly personified. We feared for the medium at one time. After the influence had left, Mrs. Conant was fully sensible of the scene she had passed through, and said that all any skeptic needed to convince them that the manifestations which occur about us at this age of the world, were not the result of will power of minds in the form upon mediums, would be to pass through one such struggle as the one here spoken of.

After this she lost her memory for a time, but regained it, and was sensible of intense distress. The impression then was strong with her that if she lost her consciousness again, she would never recover it in this life.

The statement that the spirit of Gookin has but just entered, or recovered its consciousness in spirit life, will be understood by people familiar with these manifestations.

In our anxiety to publish nothing but will bear the test of investigation, we cast aside many communications which undoubtedly are given by spirits under unfavorable circumstances; for there is not perfection in all which is given through mediums.

James B. Hill, to his friends in London, England. This is published without inquiries in reference to correctness. We have no doubt of its truth, but could be pleased to hear it confirmed.

Twelve days ago I manifested in London, at a circle held at the house of William Hill. I was then invited to cross the Atlantic and manifest in America, so that they would receive, or hear from the manifestation. I came to this medium twelve nights ago, and ascertained I could not manifest at that time because it was late at night.

I gave a succession of sounds near your medium that had the effect to awake her from sleep, but nothing more could I give. I then returned to the circle held in London, communicated this intelligence to them: "I have visited America and have found a medium through whom I can commune, but not at this time."

After promising to manifest here, that they might hear of the manifestation, the circle divided; each one went to their several homes to await what they might get from this.

Five nights ago I again manifested at the same place. I then and there promised, if conditions would permit, I would manifest through this medium some time during the month of June, and they should receive the result of the manifestation. For this purpose and this only, I came to you this morning. My name was James B. Hill. I died 21 years ago of fever. I hope to meet you again, and to be able to communicate to you.

My friends are people of high standing in London. I shall use my power to keep this in a certain circle for a short time; for if they should find that it was being known over the world that they were interested in Spiritualism, they would not continue their researches. They asked me for a test which could not come from their mind. I have come to a stranger, and have given them one. I have friends here who will see this and send to my friends beyond the Atlantic. Good morning.

James McKay, of New Orleans—Quite a Romance. Just previous to her entrancement, Mrs. C. saw an old man, rough looking, who kept drawing nearer and nearer to her, and it seemed impossible for her to keep her eyes from him. She did not like the power of the spirit, and expressed herself in that manner. Hence the remark of the spirit in the first paragraph of his communication.

In the spirit life nearly nine years. I was 59 years of age when I left earth, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and died in New Orleans.

My disease was fever; I was employed in a clothing warehouse, at No. 10, on what was called the New Levee.

The great question that seems to be stirring all minds is this: Do spirits return, and if they do, do they commune? Now I can see but one way to have that question settled in the minds of all, and that is to come and see for yourselves, each one, each individual, and if you seek honestly you shall know; for it would be very strange for an honest seeker to go away a disbeliever.

In the early part of my natural life, I was a shepherd boy, and while tending my sheep I was often accustomed to hear voices, seemingly near me, while I was a good distance apart from the abode of any human being. I was not an imaginary being, and therefore I do not see any reason for imagining that I heard things that in reality I did not hear.

At one time the voice said to me, "James, you are soon to leave your birth-place and travel to a distant land; but remember the mysterious ones that have ever watched over you here will do the same when you live far from this."

I was then ten years of age, and four months from that time an Englishman made my father an offer to take me to America, saying he would return me safe within two years. Accordingly my father consented, and I soon left Scotland, went to Ireland, from there to Liverpool, and from thence to New York.

I had been in New York with my benefactor some two weeks, when the mysterious voices were again heard by me, saying, "James, your friend is about being removed from earth to heaven; but fear not, we will take care of you."

As a natural consequence, I was greatly excited by this intelligence; I told my benefactor what had been given me. Said he, "James, you are a strange boy, very visionary, you must get rid of these strange notions."

But that was easier for him to say than for me to do for they came uncalled for, and gave me what they saw fit, as many spirits do at the present time. In seven days after receiving my mysterious intelligence, my kind friend was sleeping in the arms of death. Having gone out one morning quite early for a morning walk, he was struck by a runaway horse and instantly killed. Thus you see the words of the angel were fulfilled, and I was left in a strange land, encompassed about by strangers.

After the burial of my friend, and my grief and fear had assumed a more modified form, I began to think, as deep as a child of that age could think, what I should do to return home to my friends, my country, my all. And I came to this conclusion—that I would get on board some ship bound for Liverpool, work my passage there, then go to Ireland by the same means, and then to my home. I was not long in finding the desired situation, and the night after I had obtained permission to come on board. The next day I was awake from sleep by my unseen guides, and again the voice said, "James, you must not go; your father is with us—soon you will receive other intelligence of this; it is better that you stay where you are."

After gaining this wisdom, I gave up the idea of ever again seeing my home; but as the money I found on the person of my dear friend was nearly expended, I must do something, and that immediately. Again the voice said, "You will have an opportunity to go to New Orleans—it is well that you go."

A few days later I received an offer to go to the place, and, at the same time, news of my father's death. From that time I was always attended, and the necessities of life, which I could not find for myself, were always found for me. For instance, if I wanted clothing, some one was thrown in my way ready to give me wherewith to clothe my mortal form, and ready also to give me wherewith to sustain my form.

After I had been in New Orleans about one month, I found an excellent situation. I continued to do well, going from one branch of business to another, until ill health obliged me to give up business of my own, and to take up with a situation in a clothing house as bookkeeper.

I was never left to guide myself. That which I could not understand on the hills of Scotland, travelled with me to the new continent, guided me and was the star that made bright that passage so dark to all mankind, called Death.

Now, do spirits walk among the abodes of men? I know they do; I know they did when a child. I could not have been prejudiced in any way, because it came to me, and proved itself beyond a doubt; yet I dared not tell but a few of the wonderful intelligence I gained on earth.

Now, I am a spirit; my name was James McKay. I died of fever in New Orleans, and have no relatives in this country. Many friends in New Orleans will recognize it. A jewelry establishment was at the old clothing store, when last I knew of the place.

From Danforth, an Actor, and formerly an attaché of the Transcript. I have recently come here. I do not know the mode or style of communicating. They tell me I must first learn to control and afterwards give what I wish.

This is Boston. I used to live here. My name was Danforth and I was an actor; not here, for I was engaged in other pursuits, but I left to try my fortune upon the stage. And unfortunate that was for me. I was engaged in the financial department of the Transcript for a good length of time.

I suffered much, and came to this place all unexpected. I have a great deal to tell about my coming and how I am situated at the present time. The boys of the Transcript must remember me. I have much to give them as soon as I learn the laws which govern spirit communication.

I learned something of this before I passed away, and that is the reason I came so quick after death. Every thing seems strange to me, but I have no disposition to come back again to live.

There are two things I am determined to do here. First, to progress and become happier. Second, to give as many of those I know on earth positive proof of my identity as a spirit can give. I thought so before I left earth, and I carried the resolution with me, and am resolved to make myself fully understood. I may have commenced a little too quick, for I have hardly emerged from the chrysalis of death; but what I give may serve for an introductory.

I was directed and assisted to come hither by William Goodall, an old friend of mine. I knew him in Boston; I knew him when in health, and of his investigating Spiritualism to some extent.

I wanted to manifest yesterday morning, but was told by spirits in attendance that I could not do myself justice. Now it is like this with me. I saw just enough of Spiritualism when here to open my eyes, but not to establish belief in the theory. That has proved to me a lamp, by the rays of which I return, and imperfectly manifest to you. Regarding your medium, I never saw her to my knowledge, and presume she never saw or had any knowledge of me. As regards yourself, when I was in Boston I have seen you, but had no acquaintance with you. I perceive you do not have any recollection of me, by reading your mind; that is not to be wondered at, as I only know of you by report, in which there is a mixture generally of truth and falsehood. Imagination lends her aid to the reporter. Spirit communion has become a knowledge with me, belief being swallowed up therein.

Now as you do not remember me, as your medium can have no possible way of knowing me as a spirit or mortal, this may prove a test worthy of further notice. I tell you who I am, and a few particulars in regard to myself, all I am able to give you under the present conditions of myself and the medium. I am a novice in spirit communication, having just entered the spirit life; but strong desire overcomes them in part, and I come to you to let you know I am determined in future to give more, not to you particularly, but to those with whom I am better acquainted.

Bird of Watertown, and the Doctrine of Endless Punishment.

I have sinned and I must pay the penalty of sin. One year ago I was an inhabitant of this earth—this material, natural existence. Now I still walk the earth, though I am divested of my mortal covering. With my own hand I cut the cord which bound my material and spiritual beings together, therefore I am unhappy. I do not wish to be understood that I am to remain in this unhappy state, throughout a never ending eternity, for I expect to obtain pardon through Jesus Christ our Lord.

What I mean by saying I expect to receive pardon through Jesus Christ, is that if I follow his example, even at this eleventh hour, I shall become supremely happy.

This I am taught, and this I firmly believe. A group of living friends, mourn my untimely departure; it is well, for each ear that flows from mortal eye for me, is a prayer to the great Father of all for my redemption.

I am fully aware that the extent of my sin is great. I am also fully aware that there is no sin, however heinous, but may receive the word pardon in time. Religious excitement proved an instrument of moral and religious death to me. None except the Angels, and myself know how much I suffered previous to my departure. My anxiety for the welfare of my soul amounted to agony, and that agony ended in a violation of nature's laws, and therefore I am here. But thanks to an all-wise and loving Parent, there is forgiveness beyond the tomb; if there was none, hard indeed would be the case. But nothing created in the image of God, and for his glory, is suffered to be eternally damned. For will God denounce a part of himself because a member hath sinned? I am told he will not. I know my sentence is just; if I were not obliged to pay the penalty of my sin, I should not know how to appreciate forgiveness hereafter, because I should not feel the loving kindness of our God.

But my dear and beloved earthly friends! I rejoice when I see them calm in sorrow, and ere long I hope they will open their arms, and receive one who was dear to them on earth. I am still near them to love, to bless, and it is mine to commune with them if they will listen to me.

Sir, I think I have met you somewhere when I was on earth. My name was Bird, and I lived in Watertown, Mass. I was a teacher of Music. If permitted, I will call upon you again.

We have no recollection of ever having met this spirit in his earth life, though it may be that we have. We know nothing at the time we penned the above, at the circumstances detailed, nor did the medium. We had no idea in our mind during the delivery, of who it was. It is a clear case of Spirit communion.

Sir John Franklin. They seek me and they are unable to find me, because they look for me where I once was, not where I now dwell.

I would sound the trumpet of recognition, that my friends may understand my whereabouts. Man falls to see the interior, while the exterior is plain to be seen, and he looketh away from the exterior, failing to see that interior and higher principle, which is God.

Why do they not seek for my spirit? Why is it they still demand the clay? Urged on by the voice of many, she who was dear to me, looks in vain for that her natural eyes will never again behold. Man in the diviner sense is God; Man in the grosser sense is the feeble element, the Devil. God in the material form is constantly attracted towards God in the Spiritual form, and when, by certain laws which govern the natural, the spirit bears to its Spiritual home, why do they still search for it in the material? Gone, gone they say; and where? No farther away than standing by their side. Your good friend teaches you of faith; if my earthly friends had faith, and that faith was directed by works, my good friends would soon find me—and me where I am, not in earth, but in the spirit life.

The spirit here speaks of a communication of a spirit who preceded him. I would here make a little addition to the remarks of your friend. He says if you have faith you will work, if you work in faith you shall succeed. Now you should always be sure that your faith is directed in the right channel; for if it is not, by working upon that faith, you shall surely die, because that faith leads you to trespass upon the laws that govern you.

Thus it was with me. I had faith that I should succeed in exploring certain unexplored portions of the earth; but that faith led me to violate certain laws which govern my natural life, and I am here in spirit form, because I directed my works by my faith in an uncertain channel.

Therefore, my dear friend, I would suggest that Reason be mixed with Faith and Works; Wisdom be thrown into the great scale. Fully guided my Star of Faith; Works followed that Star of Faith; violation of natural laws followed my works and change or death followed that violation.

Now I return, clothing myself with the habiliments of flesh, that I may imperfectly manifest to one in the flesh, by certain medium-powers commencing here, reaching them beyond the water, and that I may teach them whither they shall go, that they may find me. Drawn as I am to you, by a power which seems to govern both you and me, I trust that I may succeed in effecting that which my soul so longs for—communion with my own. I wish to speak to those so near, so dear, those that draw my spirit to earth, binding it by fleshy cords, as it were, that they may know that Sir John Franklin is in the Spirit life; for he is there in consequence of violation of nature's laws, striving to acquaint himself with them.

Caroline Jenness. How beautiful are the works of our Maker! We descend from the spheres above the earth sphere, down to this sphere of materialism, and there we still behold the beauties of our Master, our God, our Father. A few years since, my spirit took its flight from the mortal body, and soared to the Celestial world, all unused to the realities of Spirit life, without a guide, save that which always taught me to do right. Now, as I have learned to fully comprehend that I see, and hear and know, I return, that I may bear blessings to those I have still in the earth life.

Far from here my mortal form is turning to decay, and there I have many friends who will doubtless be exceedingly happy to hear from one who left them to join the circle of the redeemed in heaven.

I am not dead. I live, and would commune with those dear ones. I would point them from error's path—I would lead them where living waters flow, and where fruits never decay.

Much I have to give to my own dear friends. Time passes, and soon they will cast off the shackles which bind them to earth.

When better fitted to control your medium, I will return again. My name was Caroline Jenness. I died of consumption, at Enterprise, Florida.

Belief and Works. He that believeth on me, says Christ, the same shall be saved. My dear friends, do you suppose it was the simple belief in Christ, that was to save mankind, or was it the works that would follow that belief? Man shall not live by belief, we say, but by the offspring of belief. He that believeth on me, the same shall be saved. He might as well have said, if you believe in me, you will do as I do, you will walk in my footsteps, and that will make you happy. What is the good of belief if it bring not forth works? It is like salt which hath lost its savor; it is henceforth good for nothing—it is a mockery.

Again we say, he that believeth in Spiritualism, the same shall be saved. We do not simply mean, if you believe that these manifestations are from spirits out of the form; you will be happy here and hereafter. But if you believe, you will literally, God-like lives; you will benefit mankind, and walk in the

footsteps of your divine master, as near Christ as is possible for you to do.

Belief and faith are one. If you have faith in the manifestations you receive, oh ye Spiritualists, mankind in the outer world will see that faith. But if you believe and do not act upon it, we shall see no fruits.

Do the great mass of those who profess to believe that spirits walk the earth—profess the genuine faith? Oh no! they would live far different—we should see the fruits of the faith if they did believe.

Many are called, but few chosen. Many profess to believe, but few profess that holy reliance in Spiritual things that they should. If all believing Christians, it matters not whether they are Methodists, Baptists or Congregationalists, really believe in Christ, will they not follow his example? He says whatsoever I do, ye shall do also, if ye have faith. For if you have faith your faith shall be followed by works.

The time is coming when the chaff shall be blown to the four winds of heaven; when that which is genuine shall stand, and that which is false shall fall. For they who believe in Spiritualism, and do not follow belief by works, will not stand. The first ill-wind that blows from the spirit-life on those believers, they are a mass of ruins.

Oh, we pray for holy influences to descend upon those Christians, who are like the fig tree, which bore no fruit. Oh, we pray that their faith shall be followed by works.

Oh, then let your daily walk be a true outburst of the Holy Ghost you have within. Sow no tares among the wheat, for when the harvest comes, the tares may be gathered with the wheat, and we find it contaminated by the temptations of earth life.

Richard O. Currier to John Lambert, of Portsmouth. John, don't be afraid to let me come to you, for I must come to find happiness. I am the spirit who has been around you so long, trying to manifest, and this is the first time I ever did well. I know not why I must come to you in order to find happiness, but so it seems to be. Now I did not know you well when on earth, but I am quite sure you know me. I died of delirium tremens about twelve years ago, and left there many dear friends—the best of all; my wife. I did not stop with her long after marriage. I have often tried to commune with her since I came here, but cannot as I wish to. When you sit in a circle, will you call for me, and give me some light in regard to my future? For remember my earth sins have kept me in darkness in regard to my future state. Do you understand me? if you do not I will try to do better when I manifest to you again. You have many spirits around you who are anxious to aid you, therefore do not refuse to aid me, and you will receive your reward.

The above communication was received by us May 8th. The spirit referred to the person addressed for proof of the correctness of his statement. We wrote, and received for reply that he never knew Richard O. Currier, but had known one John O. Currier. This discrepancy seemed to be fatal to the truth of his communication, so we filed it with others similarly situated, waiting for the spirit to notice our objections.

About the first of June, we received the following, never having said one word to the medium respecting it, and the affair having passed from our memory.

Well, sir, have you concluded to publish my communication, given you some time since? We remarked that his reference did not remember him, therefore we had concluded not to publish it.

Well, it's very strange I am not known; ask them if they knew Dick Currier. Ask Georgiana Webster. I know her, though that is not her name now, for she married before I left earth. It's exceedingly unfortunate that nobody knows me. Well, I always was a child of misfortune, and it seems to follow me to the spirit world. It strongly reminds me of trying to beat a man out of his christian name.

Now my name was Richard, commonly known as Dick Currier. John used to be in the same business with me; I think he will remember me.

Write to him, and let me know when you write, for I shall be pretty sure to be around you when you get an answer. It is very unpleasant for us to come to you and then find our communications laid over.

My physician said to me, "Dick, if you don't quit drinking before two months, the snow will fly over your grave." He is in Portsmouth now, and will recollect that I said, "Doctor, let it fly and be—." Now you know what kind of a fellow I was. But that is no reason why I am bad or untrue now. Well, the doctor told me truth, for in less than two months the snow was flying over my grave. Now give me a chance to progress through you.

Nancy Cobbett, to William Davidson. I thank God that I am permitted to return to earth; I permitted to guard my children, those so dear to me. I left them some years ago, but oh what joy, what unspeakable pleasure it is to me that I can return and manifest to them. I have one son who is a believer, yes, a true believer in spirit communion. I have one daughter in the West, far away from this place. I wish her to know how often I am with her, and how often I try to manifest to her. Her communion is a teacher of the Bible, and belongs to the Methodist persuasion. Oh, how happy I should be if I could commune with her; is there no possible chance for me to do so?

Tell her that darling child so lately called from her to us, is constantly near, striving to impress her with many, many things; tell her to believe—oh, tell her to seek where truth is to be found, and she shall truly seek a reward. A little girl has lately passed from her to us.

A few words to my dear, dear son, who dwells near you. I wish him to continue in well doing; I wish him to fill the storehouse of the soul with precious fruit; I wish him to pray constantly for more light, and light will come to him.

My name was Nancy Cobbett. The name of my son, William Davidson.

E. A. Hardy, to Friends in Baltimore. Stranger—I come to you with a message, which I wish you to publish in your paper for the good of my friends.

A circle of spirits are striving to give various powerful manifestations to the family of which I am one was a member; and I should say I am a member at the present time. The spirit circle wish to inform their friends that they must commence a circle, and hold the same on Saturday evenings, to be held one hour only. Let all those who have formerly belonged to the circle remain, and if they are patient and persevering, they will receive much for their patience.

The family I now speak of reside in Baltimore; you may know them. I shall give you my name, and will come again when needed.

Philip, of Narragansett. Pale faces, the Great Spirit frowns upon you because you heed not the decrees of his council. The Great Spirit sends you wisdom, and you profit not by his coming. Many moons ago the red man reared his wigwam where the mighty wigwam of the pale face now stands, and he worshipped the Great Spirit in the wigwam of Nature. Now the pale faces have reared big wigwams to hold the Great Spirit; yet he is not pleased with the inventions of the pale faces, for they have no arrows of truth, no salt to bid the stranger welcome, no calumet of peace, but the tomahawk of contention ever dwells within the big wigwam of the pale faces have built for the Great Manitou.

When the sound of the axe of the white man was heard in the hunting ground of the Indian, then the Indian took up his march for the home of his fathers, the big hunting ground of the Great Spirit; for full well he knew the pale faces would conquer. The death knell in the sound of the axe taught him the strength of the pale faces, and slowly he went on be-

fore the coming foe, until he laid him down to sleep, and awoke where the sound of the battle axe is not heard. And now he returneth to his former hunting ground to sound the warwhoop at the command of the Great Spirit, that the pale faces may go forth to battle in the morning, and return in the evening with many scalps taken from the head of error, hanging from the girdle of truth. Will the pale braves hear the red man, or will he call for mightier intellects to lead him on to battle, than that the Great Spirit hath been pleased to bestow upon PHILIP of Narragansett.

Isaac Mugridge. Pray, sir, can you inform me where I am? In Boston.

Then I am just where I wanted to be. Strange, confused ideas seem to be filling my cup with unhappiness. Well, I have repented of the wrong I did, but it seems that those who repent can receive happiness in only one way. I am confused; I am dead, yet alive. I have been in the spirit land some where about seventeen years. I suppose you would like to know how I came here to the spirit land? Well, I died by my own hands, and was not crazy, either; I meant to do it, and did it, and I have been exceedingly unhappy ever since I have been here. I got tired of living on earth and thought I should be better off here; but I find that I got into a worse place, and had no right to take what I cannot give. I know my name on earth, but little else, though I know I have relations with you, because they have not passed to us.

My name was Isaac Mugridge; I think I lived in Massachusetts, but it is hard to remember. I was about thirty-five years of age when I left. I have been all this time repenting. I am not so low in spirit life as I once was. This is the first time I have returned to earth since I left. I cannot do any more here, so I will leave.

May 27, 1857.

William Balch. I have been around here a long time, but never could get a chance to control. I used to live in Newburyport. My name was William Balch. I have been here but a little while and I don't know where I am—what country I am in. I expected a heaven and a hell, no half way place.

Old Capt. Haskell is here. I expected to know him for he lived in Newburyport. Then here are some of the Baileys, and they all want to send messages for their friends, but I can't do this for all of them.

Capt. Bailey wants to send love to his friends on earth. There is also a Plummer girl here that I used to know, who wishes to send to her friends. Nice girl she was, and a happy one here too.

It is not a year since I came here. I have got lots of friends in Newburyport whom I want to have know that I am happy here, and would not come back if I could.

Caleb Webster. Suffer me to give a token of love to the dear friends I have on earth. Dear ones, I approach the stranger medium, that I may convey a message to you. Say to my earthly companions that I am not dead, but live in a new and diviner sphere, in prospect of enjoying the society of the redeemed. I am often with you at your circles, and will often commune through your medium. Yes, I will be often near those still dear to me, dwelling in earthly forms; and oftentimes you shall be fully aware of the presence of Caleb Webster.

Given Tuesday, June 16th, at eleven, A. M.

Samuel Corning. Alas! how hard we are obliged to work to manifest to our friends. I am not in the habit of speaking as I now speak. I passed on to the spirit life some five years since. It may seem strange to you that I do not at once approach my own friends, but they are not here. I simply wish to let them know that spirits can and do manifest—then a host of living ones will be ready to communicate. My name is Samuel Corning. I have friends in Londonderry, in Chester and in Manchester, and in other places in New Hampshire.

John Williams. Good morning, my friend, if I may call you so. It is not my purpose to do harm. On the contrary, I hope to do some good, as I have friends, yes relations living all around you, who stand in a very good position in society. And they who often come to you, tell me it is my duty to see what I can do for you.

Now if my friends, some of them, could be induced to believe, it would be a good thing. But to my story: I was a young man, and my people live in Roxbury. I was inclined to try a life on the sea. I do not remember why; and about 20 years ago, (to make my story short), I was bound from New Orleans to Mobile, and was lost overboard. I have many friends who will recognize me, I think. My name is John Williams. Old Moses was my uncle. I have given you what I can now.

AN APPLE OF GOLD—CHRISTIANITY.—I see in Christianity nothing narrowing or depressing, nothing of the littleness of the systems which human craft, fear, and ambition have engendered. I meet there no minute legislation, no descending to precise details, no arbitrary injunctions, no yoke of ceremonies, no outward religion. Every thing breathes freedom, liberality, enlargement. I meet there, not a formal, rigid creed, binding on the intellect, through all ages, the mechanical, passive repetition of the same words and the same ideas; but I meet a few grand, all-comprehending truths, which are given to the soul to be applied by itself; given to it, as seed to the sower, to be cherished and expanded by its own thought, love and obedience, into more and more glorious fruits of wisdom and virtue.—Channing.

SPRIT VISIT, A SOLACE. It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.—Charles Dickens.

ANGEL WATCHERS. And if the angels are with us and looking upon us with tender eyes, surely our loved ones who have joined the immortals, and who are as the angels, cannot be very far from us, but are with us, whispering the kind words which our dull earthly ears cannot hear. How much better it is to believe this, than that they are sleeping in the grave. All that is there is but a handful of inanimate dust. We may go and weep over the graves where we have laid the earthly remains of the loved and lost, and bedew the turf with our tears; but that dear one we mourn is not there, but lives in another body, and often walks by our side, though unperceived by our dim earthly vision.

The Austrian Empire, in its extent so small, when compared to the United States, contains 16,300,000 sheep, most of them of the Merino breed, 49,000 persons find a livelihood in tending them, and the yearly amount for the exported wool is put down at 25,000,000 florins, while the home consumption for woolen manufacture is estimated at 8,000,000 of the raw material.

A GREAT WORK.—The finest specimen of inlaid work produced in modern times, is in the possession of the Queen of Spain. It consists of a table made of 3,466,000 separate pieces of wood.

Pearls.

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

If a smile engender smiling, If a frown produce a frown, If our lip—the truth distilling— Can the rose of life cast down: Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us, Useless anger to forego; And bring smiles, like flowers, around us, From which other smiles may grow.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

She rose in sparkling clouds of dazzling dew, And kept the Morning's ruddy golden gates; Stood high in sunrise on the mountain top; Fate in her bower of the silvery air, Shedding her beauty richly on the sea, Which of her likeness took some tremble tint! Voyage like Venus in her car of cloud About the sapphire heaven's lake of love, Or danced on sunset streams to harp of gold: Then twilight mists would robe more faint and fair, Her dim, delicious dreamy loveliness.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

The Lark that nestles nearest earth, To Heaven's gate highest sings: And loving thee, my lowly life, Doth mount on Lark-like wings! Thine eyes are starry promises: And affluent above All measure in its blessing is, The largeness of thy love.

Is not every face beautiful in our eyes which habitually turns towards us with affectionate, guileless smiles?

The splendor falls on castle walls And snowy summits old in story; The long light shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying: Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in you rich sky, They faint on hill, or field, or river: Our echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow forever and forever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, And answer, echoes, answer dying, dying, dying.

True joy is a serene and holy emotion, and they are miserably out, who think laughing wicked, or a sign of an unholy heart.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUT OF THE CHURCH, A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY EFFIE MARTONN.

It was a lovely Sabbath morning. Nature was not silent, but busy with her ever-varying notes of praise. The flowers were blooming the same—the birds were warbling their own sweet melody, and re-echoing the goodness of Him, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

"There! I have been trying to catch up with you these ten minutes, Mrs. Norton," exclaimed Miss Tenny, who was on her way to church. "You are early, are you not?"

"Yes; I started in season, for I cannot tolerate straggling worshippers at the house of God. How is your health, Miss Tenny?"

"Oh, tolerable," said the lady of questionable age, "is not this a lovely morning? I declare," said she, turning her eyes in the direction of a carriage that was passing, "if there ain't that Mrs. Allen, riding on the Sabbath day! Oh, the wickedness of some people, right in broad daylight, too! Don't you think it's very sacrilegious, Mrs. Norton?"

"Very, when we remember that she was once a member of our church. I do not see how she can so far forget her former observance of this holy day."

"Alas, for the cause of Zion!" sighed the most active member of Rev. Mr. Lawton's Society. "All we like sheep have gone astray." Well, I hope it's all right, but they do say strange things about her."

"You don't say so!" chimed her companion; "who has told you any thing about her?"

"Hush, not so loud, every body is looking at us." "But what do people say?"

"Say? Why, that she—but here comes Deacon Haly and wife. She's got another new dress. Oh, the extravagance of that family! It's enough to ruin any man. How people can find time to make so many things, and money to spend, is more than I can comprehend. There, hear the organ. How sublime are its tones. It is strange, that any one can stay from the house of worship; but 'straight and narrow is the way'."

"And small the souls that walk therein," said Ned Bentley, who had come up the steps unobserved. "He was a member of the choir, and a particular onomy of Miss Tenny."

While the peal of the organ rose upon the air bearing the emotions of the listeners to joys beyond, the heart of Mrs. Allen was vocal with melody to God, the nature of which, might be questioned by the strictly religious community.

"See! are they not beautiful? Do, Arthur, stop a moment I must have some of those roses for a wreath. How beautiful they are, peeping from their holiday place of green leaves."

"How lovely this day is. Oh Lord, my heart goes out to him who made it; and how much more we can enjoy, here in these green woods, where the tall trees stand like giant thoughts, towering unto heaven and God; yet in all their nobleness, these leaflets dance, upon the boughs, so may our hearts leap with wild emotion, while the stronger nature goes towering heavenward."

"This is religion—this is God. Hark! hear that murmuring waterfall. All is melody. Nature is vocal with thanksgiving. Are we not happier, dear Arthur, than we were one year ago, when we were so confined in that dreary church? We went because it was fashionable to go. Oh, see these lovely violets; see God in these blue eyes."

"Why, Mary, you are getting excited," remarked her husband, who now, for the first time, had an opportunity to speak; but he had been a happy listener to her joyous bursts of happiness.

"Don't say 'excited'; I am happy. My soul is bounding with love to God."

"You seem to be in a very harmonious mood, certainly, but—"

"But what, dear Arthur, are you not happy too?" "I am not unhappy, only a foolish thought troubled me."

"Tell me what that thought was, will you?" "Yes, Mary. Come and sit upon this grassy mound with me. I will tell you all, though I know you will laugh at me for my folly."

"But I will not," said the young wife, as she laid her head lovingly upon his bosom.

"Well, dear, I find since we left the church and adopted this Spiritual belief, that things do not go as well with me as they formerly did."

"What things?" she wonderingly inquired.

"Why, business, of course. I'm speaking entirely of business matters, which are decidedly dull at present. Of course, I have lost the patronage of many of the members of the church, who were formerly my best customers. While we live in this world, we must conform, in a measure, to the customs of society. I question, dear, whether we had not better have remained."

"You take a mercenary view of it altogether, dear."

"Well—not exactly. Would it not be better in a social point? I don't care for myself—but you, dearest, must be quite lonely, with so few visitors."

"On the contrary; I am never lonely. I love our faith, and would not for worlds exchange it, for all the combined attentions of society. One hour of Spirit communion is more to me, than the company of those who were my friends."

"It's all very well," he continued, "for some to go forth as martyrs, but we are young. I am just established in business. It is desirable to secure as much patronage as possible, and in order to obtain it, we must have a position in society; and it seems to me the church is the great institution after all, the basis of all movements, whether social or political. I know that if we had remained, it would have been better. I have lost the same as two thousand dollars by our rash movement, and adoption of this belief."

"Has it made you unhappy, Arthur; have we had no moments of joy?"

At that moment, a soft cloud of silver hue passed before them. Reposing upon it was their darling child that had passed to the land of spirits, a few months previous. Its departure had awakened their souls into the glorious belief—

"That over round our heads, Are hovering on noiseless wing The spirits of the dead."

More powerful than words was the glorious vision which the living wife invoked might be given them.

Arthur was silenced. His spirit was softened. It lifted him out of the sordid atmosphere of earth. He wept, and was a better man from that hour.

That was the "glorious belief" that had lessened the gold, the earthly treasures, but that which cannot rust nor change was laid up in heaven.

"Well, dearest," said he, with tenderness, "shall we return?"

"Yes; but tell me, Arthur, are you unhappy now?" "Far from it. I deserved the sadness that has been brooding o'er me, for the past few days."

"Can we not trust in God, now?"

"We will trust in him. We will live each day, the soul's best ideal of right, leaving the result with him. We will make no mere form of religion, but act in the present."

"Yes—and he who careth for the lilies will protect us surely. Hath he not planted the soul of piety within each heart? We will worship him where we see him; at whatever shrine he may be, there we will bow. In the green woods, in the flowers, by the ocean side—all will reflect him, and oh, we shall be so happy. When the little silver cloud opens to us—and when we see it not, we will still trust, for faith is glorious in the sight of God."

The eyes of her husband beamed on her with a new found love. How beautiful she looked with that glow of enthusiasm. The influences of nature had done much for their souls, that morning, and as they went homeward, they felt anew the goodness of God.

Their hearts were too full of love to notice the cold side-glances that were bestowed upon them as they returned. The most piously religious did not deign to notice such "sinners." They had been praising God, and could take no part with transgressors.

"Aint the shoes nice, Johnny?" "Yes, they be. Now we can go to walk, and hear the birdies sing, and we can go to Sunday school too."

"And my new dress, too, isn't it a beauty? Oh, wasn't she a kind lady. Mother, aint it time to go to Sunday school?"

"No, my dear, meeting is only just out. I will get you some dinner, now, and then you can dress."

"We don't want any dinner, mother. We want to get ready now. I wish that kind lady would come again, that gives us these things. Mamma, shall we have to go any more without shoes? She said we should not."

"I hope not, my dears. I wish my darlings might never know want again, but the great world is all before you. Some day, perhaps, mamma will die, and then you will have to toil alone."

"Did papa want to leave us?" said little Ally, the oldest, who had come close to her mother.

"No, child. God called him from us."

"What did God want of him, mamma?"

"You must not say that, dear. He knows what is best for us."

"What did that lady say mamma, about a new light?" asked Ally.

"Why, she said that she had found new joys—that new truths had been given her; and—I don't exactly understand myself—but it was mostly about angels."

"Did we have angels come to us, mamma, when we lived in the big house, before papa died?" said little Johnny.

"Why, dear?"

"Cause those fine ladies, all dressed so nice, looked like them, I think, and such pretty horses, and then we had plenty to eat, and more fires than we wanted. Why don't angels come now, mamma?"

"Oh! there goes that good lady! See, she's riding in a horse and chaise!"

"Not in a horse, Johnny," suggested his sister. "And she is coming here," screamed he, "and she's got lots of flowers. Oh, the pretty, pretty flowers!"

A moment more, and she was at the door. Before she had time to rap, a little hand had opened it and a happy voice bade her welcome.

"She's come," shouted the glad child. "Be more quiet, Johnny—the lady can't speak."

"I only called a moment, Mrs. Haynes, to bring some wild flowers that I have gathered. I thought they might be cheering, though you have these lovely flowers of youth," glancing at the children, and she kissed them both. "My husband is waiting; I must leave you. I shall call again this week, and report my success in obtaining employment for you." Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Allen, you are very kind to us in our loneliness, and God will reward you," said Mrs. Haynes, while tears of gratitude stole down her face.

"He will reward us all. Good bye," said Mrs. A., and was soon out of sight.

A few days later, two forms might have been seen walking with slow pace towards the vestry where the "female prayer meeting" was held. They were the same persons who were talking of holy things the Sabbath previous. The serenity of their minds was somewhat ruffled by sundry rumors afloat upon the surface of society. Little atoms at first, but by gradual increase of detail, they had grown to enormous grievances, threatening the destruction of the saints in general.

"You don't say so, Miss Tenny—can't be true!" "Every word. I heard it from one whose word is truth itself. She was seen to ride out three times a week, with a strange gentleman, nobody knew who—but one thing they did know."

"What was that?"

"That they returned at a very late hour, and that her husband was waiting for her. The person who saw him, told me she never saw such a look upon any one's countenance as endure, now she has taken such a downward course. I do think that if it hadn't been for her, Mr. Allen never would have thought of leaving the church."

"I dare say he is sorry for it," meekly suggested Mrs. Norton.

"He as good as said so to Deacon Haly, the night that the committee met at his house."

"What! at the Deacon's?"

"No, no, Mr. Allen's, I mean. I think things ought to be seen to!"

"It's a pity," chimed in her companion; "I hear that she has a great many gentlemen callers. That does that argue well for her. It's dreadful, Mrs. Norton. Something ought to be said upon the subject. We had better speak of it this afternoon. Oh, how she has strayed from the path of righteousness, but she's denied these privileges."

With a solemn countenance they entered the vestry, sung and prayed that mockery of prayers, forgetting to be reconciled to their brother. The income of such oblations could not rise above the atmosphere of their own souls. And the world moved on the same.

The golden sun was fringing the clouds along the horizon, lending a mellow charm to hill and meadow. One parting ray stole into the chamber of the dying father of Mrs. Norton. He was old and weary with life's sojourn. Although the snows of many winters lay upon his locks, yet the flowers of his spirit had never faded or grown dim, and seared in the autumn of existence. His was a youthful heart, that ever twined gay garlands for the brow of Time. Green was the anchor in his soul; and the softening influences of spiritual light had found favor in his eyes, although he had never spoken to his daughter of his faith. He knew that ere long he should pass the dim-valley of death, and that then he would leave the anchor of his faith with her, for he cared not, in the few remnant of days here, to meet the stern opposition that would undoubtedly conflict with his treasured faith.

"Father," whispered Mrs. Norton, as she saw his lips moving as if to speak to her, "Father?"

"Come a little nearer, my child. Lean your head close to me, for I have much to say to you, ere I join the heavenly host. I see waiting for me on yonder banks. I am going to meet your mother, Sarah. There is one promise I wish you to make me, before I leave. It will be hard for you. The world will deride you, but trust in God, and all will be well."

"Do not leave us, father," sobbed Mrs. Norton.

"Can you promise, daughter?"

"Yes, anything. I will treasure your name. I will perform whatever you wish."

"Listen, now," said the old man, while his eyes grew strangely bright; "I have found that we can talk with angels—that God permits them to come to us. Sarah, I have held communion with the departed. Many months ago they came to me and bade me seek and find. I did not tell you, for I knew how strong the church was set against the truth. I did not wish to make inharmonious in this, your home, by my discoveries; but one thing, one wish I have, and it is that you will seek me when I am gone, and hold communion with us, will you?"

"Communion! how? Tell me, and gladly I obey," sobbed his daughter.

"I will tell you how. By seeking one whom the church has driven from its folds; one whom you and all have derided, have slandered. Go to her when I am gone. From her I have received all that I have. Do you promise?"

His voice was weak. He fell back upon the pillow, while a soft halo gathered round his brow. His spirit had departed for a joveller clime. The mantle of his faith had fallen upon the soul of Mrs. Norton, and she felt that there was indeed a more glorious land beyond. So absorbed had she become in the thoughts and events of that hour, that she had forgotten that his body lay before her lifeless, and that she must procure aid: she rose to ring for assistance, but before she reached the bell, she fainted and fell upon the floor. Her husband soon entered and restored her to consciousness, after which she related to him the conversation of her parent.

A few weeks after this event, she resolved to call upon Mrs. Allen, but not to disclose her intention. "If spirits can return," she reasoned, "and communicate with their friends, he will know if I am there, and will give me some token of his presence. I will call upon her, but will not disclose the object of my visit."

A few hours later she entered the house of Mrs. Allen, who received her with all of her former cordiality. But the reserve of her guest was not easily

thrown off, accumulating, as it had been, for several months. There was an awkward silence of a moment, but one which woman's tact soon dissolved.

"You have met with a great loss, Mrs. Norton, since I last saw you," remarked Mrs. Allen, then quickly perceiving the emotions of her visitor, she continued, consolingly, "I heard that he was very happy to go. And we can but feel that his mission was over, here."

"It truly was a loss to us," said she, gathering confidence from the kindness of Mrs. Allen.

"But we feel that it was his gain. My father had some peculiar views, Mrs. Allen, which you may understand. I must confess I do not." She cast an inquiring gaze upon her.

"He had adopted the views of Spiritualists, I think."

"Yes, he believed in the communion of angels with men," she remarked, rather incredulously.

"Which we all believe, and have proved to ourselves beyond a doubt. He may at this moment be around you, urging you to a recognition of those truths that made his last moments so peaceful."

"Do you think it possible that his spirit can return?"

"I know that he can, and if you wish I will sit for you."

She gladly consented. Soon the hand of the medium was seized by the invisible presence, and wrote,—

"My dear child,—you have kept your promise; gladly do I come to meet you. Seek this truth. Commune with me often. It was my last wish on earth; it is mine now. Guardians from the land of souls watch over you. I will tell you more soon. Your father, JAMES L.—"

Surprise and wonder were pictured on the countenance of Mrs. Norton. That which she had so boldly declared to be a delusion, was now a reality. To doubt, she could not. Her reason was convinced, and when she went away, the immortal light had entered her soul. She bade Mrs. Allen a heartfelt "good day," and promised to come again the following week.

As she passed out, she met two gentlemen, who inquired for Mrs. Allen. How changed were her views now, as she witnessed the strangers. Verily, she thought, it matters not what sex come for the glories of immortality. "I shall be wiser in future," she mentally exclaimed, as she encountered the rudo gaze of Miss Tenny.

"Ah! Mrs. Norton, I called at your house this afternoon, and, not finding you at home, concluded to avail myself of the halcyon atmosphere; but you are quite sober; has anything happened?"

Mrs. Norton stammered something about "recent events."

"Yes, but you must be reconciled to the will of God. I should judge, by those tears, that you had fresh grievances."

It seemed to Mrs. Norton that she was never so disagreeable as now. How very coarse her words and manners seemed to her: Was it because her spirit had become linked to finer influences? or was it that, passing from the more refined society of Mrs. Allen, she more keenly felt the discord that must forever exist between the pious Miss Tenny and her own more Christian spirit.

A show of piety, christened "religion," is ever to the pure of soul intolerant. They who live in deeds, not words; live not in the outer show of praying on the corners of streets, nor seek to be known of men by the more vigorous exhibition of sunrise prayer meetings. They choose to act in the living present; not asking God, with vain oblations, to create special laws for their good, but nobly working with Him who changeth not.

The indignation of Miss Tenny knew no bounds, when she learned that Mrs. Norton had adopted the views of the modern Spiritualists. She gave an extra call upon the pastor, and wept over the sins of this generation with bitter tears and loud prayers.

But Mrs. A. had adopted them with all the zeal and fervor of one who has found new treasure, and was bold in the avowal of her spiritual faith. Her words led many others of the members of the "Old Brick Church" to inquire, and inquiry led to their acceptance, for they could not deny their own reason. One Sabbath morning it was whispered round that Mrs. N. was to be excommunicated, and when the morning sermon closed, it was found that it was really so. Quite an excitement was created in the house, and the pious Miss Tenny was astonished, as were many others, to see half a dozen ladies, and, among them, two prominent members of "the female prayer meeting," arise and ask their dismission from a church that could not tolerate true religion.

But the earthly life of Miss T. was rapidly closing. Her carefully concealed age was each day becoming more visible, not only in bodily infirmities, but in the more unmistakable outlines of her features, where Time had traversed so long, vainly endeavoring to catch a single smile. Hers was that solemn, dreary nature, that, like a pall, hangs o'er the rosy of our life, draping the golden sunlight from our hearts.

Soon time called her above; the angels did not, for her nature was not attractive enough for them even to know that she was coming. The influence of her spirit was earthly, and long after she passed the portal called "Death," she chose rather to traverse the scenes of this life, than enter the more brilliant joys beyond. Could our readers have entered the small prayer-meeting which she so often frequented, they might, for months after, have felt a dense and saddening influence from her presence. But as all must, ere long, enter the golden cycle of Progression, leaving all that is earthly and material, so we know that she will pass into the spheres of love and wisdom, and then her earthly missions will be joyous and uplifting to the disembodied.

Mrs. Norton yet lives, blessing and being blest by many tokens of angel love and guardianship, and many are being led by her to a higher view of this life and that which is to come, than that which they have before entertained.

Advertisements.

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