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## DORA MOORE;

OR

### THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

#### CHAPTER XXIII. THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Who shall tell this tale?"

Harry O'Neil slept that night long and soundly, and it was late, even for a man of fashion, when his valet brought him his cup of coffee which he invariably took before rising. Not so with Margaret. She did not seek sleep, but busied herself awhile in writing; when this task was completed, she opened an exquisite little escriptor, one of Harry's early gifts, and filled with little bijoux, all associated with some pleasant memory of the early years of their love; Margaret tossed them over carelessly as things of little value now, and selecting a small yataghan, with a richly wrought handle, she unsheathed the glittering blade, and held it up in the sunlight which now gleamed in at the tall window, and cautiously passed her finger from the hilt across to the sharp, well-tempered blade. It was one of Harry's gifts, brought from the East, but she didn't think of that now. Is it sharp? will it prove true to me? were her questions. Satisfied on this point, she concealed it in her bosom, and was about to close the escriptor when her eye fell on a small antique silver goblet. A sudden resolution seized her; she took the goblet, examined it carefully, reading again and again the antique inscription which Harry had translated for her when he placed it among the curiosities which she had taken pleasure in collecting.

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

There was a gleam in Margaret's eye as she read this, that spoke of vengeance, deep and deadly. Calling a female attendant, she bade her polish the goblet. As soon as the girl disappeared, Margaret, trapped in a large shawl, and putting on the hat of her *ferme de chambre*, slipped out unseen by any one, and after traversing one or two streets, entered the shop of an apothecary and purchased some small vials filled with a colorless liquid, and hastened back to her own room.

It was still early, lacking two hours to breakfast, this time she employed at the bath and her toilet, and never did she look more beautiful than in her toilet, but apparently negligee morning costume, as she sat watching Harry's appearance to breakfast. She did not wait long, for his impatience was greater than her own; during this last visit to Paris, he had felt, more strongly than ever, the power of her charms, and half regretted that he had bound himself by promises of marriage to Maud. But he was now at an age when ambition was strong, and he could see clearly that the road to wealth and preferment lay through an alliance with his uncle. "After all," he said to himself, "what matters it? Maud is too gentle for reproaches, and she need never know. Margaret will remain here, and her love for me will soon reconcile her to my marriage, when she learns my unchanging attachment to her." This admiration was not lessened when he met her at breakfast; there was a heightened color on her cheek, and a brightness in her eyes which harmonized well with the rich morning robe she wore. Beside, she was full of ready repartee, and so animated in conversation that Harry, as he gazed admiringly upon her, pronounced her, in his heart, the most superior woman in all the circle of his acquaintance. He could not help telling his thoughts in delicate compliments, which compliments she received with a smile of the lip, but a curse in the heart.

It was marvelous, even to herself, the change which had taken place in her heart, in the short space of twenty-four hours; there seemed to be not the remnant of her former love for this man; she seemed turned to stone, with no emotion, save that of pitiless vengeance. All her actions were perfectly under the control of her will, for she could counterfeited tenderness and love, while feeling only hatred and contempt. It was a bright, sunny day, the streets were filled with liveried carriages, and apparently gay occupants. Harry proposed riding. She consented; the fresh air would give her strength and courage. They were to dine together, and spend the evening, Harry's last evening in Paris, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society; such had been the arrangement proposed some days before.

Harry was in buoyant spirits when he returned; he was sure that Margaret would pardon the marriage, when she saw it was but the stepping-stone to his advancement, and resting on the strength of her attachment, he sat down to a dinner prepared by Margaret's directions, with unusual elegance and

taste. They talked of his plans for the future; the next summer he will travel in Egypt; Margaret shall see the Pyramids and the Sphinx; she should sail with him down the Nile, and they would enjoy, side by side, the luxury of that climate which steep the soul in dreams of Elysium.

The daylight had long since waned, and still they sat at table, the conversation passing gradually from the future to the present, from the present to the past, to the days of their first acquaintance, to Margaret's feats in horsemanship, and to the wild, rollicking Irish song which she used to sing for the amusement of her father's rough hunting companions. At the mention of her father's name, Margaret's cheek for the first time that day paled, and her heart for a moment almost ceased beating. He had loved her, in his own rough way to be sure, but loved her truly and constantly; he had never thwarted her wishes, never reproached her, and even now was waiting to avenge her wrong. No one else would have loved her as he did. Her mother was long since dead, and now that Harry had proved false, there was nothing on earth she cared to live for, save this poor, fox-hunting, gouty old man, whom all the world despised, and with whom Margaret could have little sympathy, save the love which he, and he alone of all the world, bore to her. It was the thought of this, and this alone, which made her hand tremble slightly, as she poured some wine into the bright silver goblet at her side.

The servants had left the room; there was nothing on the table save wine and fruit; the lights had been ordered, and so carefully arranged by Margaret as to throw herself into the shade.

The evening sped on; in a few hours more Harry must leave her, leave her as she well knew forever, for his marriage would be to her an insuperable barrier to all further intercourse, an end to her long dream of love. She compared her own constancy to his fickleness and deception, and her heart grew strong and her hand firm.

"Harry, you will be in our own dear Ireland on the holidays, let me drink a merry Christmas to you," and passing him the goblet which she had just filled, she poured another for herself. This time it was his hand that trembled, and his voice that faltered as he said,

"And a merry one to you, dear Maggie, here in gay Paris. I wish I could spend it here instead of in the castle of my gloomy old uncle."

"Is it indeed so gloomy to you, Harry, while your beautiful cousin, Maud, blooms like a rare flower in the desert, in those old halls?"

Harry looked earnestly at Margaret; he had drained the goblet, and pushing it from him, came round to Margaret's side and seated himself by her. Now he would tell all.

"Maud can bear no comparison with my Margaret. She is lovely, but it is the quiet beauty one fancies a nun should have—she cannot inspire the 'grande passion' in such an impulsive nature as my own. Upon my soul, Margaret, my heart is true to you, whatever." He paused—how could he make the confession, now, even now at the last hour?

He shrank from the encounter with such a woman as Margaret, his lips faltered, and he drew forth the letter which he had written.

"To-morrow, Margaret, when I am gone, read this, and blame not me, but the ambition which cannot mount without this ladder."

He became pale and faint; the excitement of the moment, he thought.

"This paper will save me the trouble of reading yours," said Margaret, handing him Maud's note. With a trembling hand and a dizzy head, Harry essayed to read; with great difficulty he deciphered its contents.

He could make no reply. Alas! the poison was sure and deadly, and already it was coursing through his veins.

"Margaret, some water, I am faint."

She pushed the fatal goblet towards him.

"Read that, Harry, if you can, and learn what this faintness means."

He could not read, but looking eagerly at the fatal goblet, he recognized it, and understood at once her meaning. At the same moment she drank herself, saying,

"Harry, I die with you."

With a strong effort he rose and staggered to the door to call for help; it was locked, and his voice was too feeble to be heard in the ante-room beyond. He sank upon a fountain; near him, bitterly reproaching Margaret, and calling in vain for help, faint and sick herself, she came near and sat by his side, laid his head upon her bosom and whispered,

"Harry, you promised to be mine until death—that vow is now fulfilled—we die together."

The Christmas fires were burning brightly in O'Neil castle, and the mistletoe and ivy garland hall and kitchen. The house was full of guests, and the hospitable master had not been so cheerful and light-hearted for many years. Maud was quietly happy. Had not her lover fulfilled his vow of constancy? The two years of probation had passed, and now he was coming to claim the reward of his constancy; he had been highly successful in his political embassy; parliament had noticed him with approbation, and "The Times" had made honorable mention of his skill as a diplomatist. For this Maud cared little, save that it pleased her father. The latter began to feel pride in his intended son-in-law, and was anticipating for him an honorable career. No wonder, then, that there were happy hearts and merry faces around those Christmas fires. Father McSweeney was there in all his corporeal and priestly dignity, and was amusing himself in the library with these blue Quarterlies which never failed to arouse his combative nature, for he always found something upon "Ireland and the Irish" to give free play to his argumentative powers.

Maud was in her chamber, looking out upon the distant hills, around which the road wound, to Harry's home. His last letter was in her hand, and she turned from the window, only to read it again. "To-morrow, dear Maud, I leave Paris, and hasten to meet you. One day of detention in Dublin, and then I shall give myself no rest till I can call you mine for life."

"I thought he would have been here two days since," she said to her female attendant, a pretty young Irish girl.

"The roads are bad, my leddy; but take heart, if he don't overturn in the bog way, he'll be here in time, yet."

Maud did not heed the cold comfort of these words, for her eyes at this moment seemed a traveler on the distant highway.

"Look, Katy, look!" she said eagerly, "who is that yonder?"

"Why, my leddy, ye don't conceive how it can be 'Handsome Harry,' afoot and alone, coming to his wedding! Ye must look for the big yellow coach, with four horses."

"But who is it, Katy?" almost impatiently asked Maud.

Katy stretched her pretty neck, and strained her bright blue eyes, for a minute.

"Shure, and yees must know ould Uncle Mick and his green bag? We shall learn now where Handsome Harry has streaked himself, for Uncle Mick is better than a Limerick newspaper to tell the news."

The young girls watched the piper, as he came slowly along; the skirts of his plaid joesy flying in the wind, and the broad brim of his hat flapping like wings against each side of his face. His step was slow and heavy, and now and then he stopped by the side of the hedge, and laying his green bag upon a stone, leaned upon his staff and looked toward the castle.

"Uncle Mick has taken a dhrap too much, or he's growing old."

"He is an old man," said Maud, gently, "Father McSweeney says he's past ninety, and yet how hale he is. I can almost see the color in his cheeks now, and look, how his white hair glistens in the sun. My father says he is the last of a race that is passing away—the wandering fiddlers. We have had a sketch of him taken, to be painted by a London artist."

"Go down, Katy, and give him a glass of wine, and see if he knows anything of my cousin; but stop, ye needn't ask him before the guests, but if you can find a chance when they will not hear you."

"I'll contrive, my leddy," and the girl skipped away, as eager as her mistress, to hear the news.

She was disappointed. The fiddler, who knew every door and loophole of the castle, had turned aside into an angle, formed by a projecting stone wall, in the side of which was an old fashioned mullion window, leading into an entrance by which he could gain access to the library, without seeing or being seen by the guests. On the broad stone window sill he sat down to rest.

"Och, and its too bad that I should be the one to bring such tidings to the castle, but it must out, and the sooner my heart is relieved of the burden, the better I'll feel. I've carried double, to-day, for a sad heart, is a weary burden. Holy Mary, bless the mes, it will go hard with her!"

He opened the window, and stepped cautiously along the narrow passage—the library door was ajar—and he was glad to find Father McSweeney in the great bog-wood chair, with his feet upon the fender, alone, reading. The old man stepped quickly in, and bolted the door after him.

"Holloa! my old Trojan; you come like Death itself, a thief in the night; no conspiracy, I hope." His voice was loud and his laugh sonorous.

"Hish!" said Uncle Mick, "sorrow always treads silently, and mirth comes with noise."

"What now? what now? my old friend," said the priest, laying down his book, "have you lost your green bag, been robbed on the road, or has some one stolen that old copy of Homer?"

"It isn't often, Father McSweeney, that I trouble the world with my own sorrows; I bear my own burdens, and will lay them down in my grave, hoping for a better world and a new harp beyond, but give me a dhrap, for I've walked many a weary mile since yesterday. I supped with old Squire Trevor."

Father McSweeney had risen and poured a glass of

liquor, for Uncle Mick, and drawn a chair nearer the fire for him, when the mention of his name caused him to stop and look earnestly at the fiddler.

"Drink, my good friend, and refresh yourself," pushing towards him a salver, containing etables, which had been brought in by a servant, a few moments before; "I begin to understand Harry's absence. I have had a foreboding of trouble from the first."

Uncle Mick did as he was directed, for he was really faint and weary.

"Harry O'Neil lies a stiff corpse in his own castle—this very morning they brought him home," he said, as he drained the glass and pushed it from him, refusing to have it refilled. "Margaret Trevor lies stark and stiff at her father's, and the impious old man is muttering imprecations upon all the nobility, and upon heaven itself. I went there a few days ago, to carry him a message from Margaret. Och, my father, and surely, never sun shone on a fairer woman than that same Margaret Trevor, the day before she died. She was calm as a mountain of snow, but dead, if there wasn't a volcano bubbling, and seething beneath! The very next day, according to the letter of her female attendant, she prepared the poison for herself and her lover. In her bosom was found a small dagger, and by its side another tiny bottle of poison, like the empty one on her table."

The priest listened to the recital, and waited a moment after the old man had finished, turning his eyes from the face of the speaker to the glowing coals upon the hearth, then rising suddenly, he exclaimed, "I'm glad that Heaven has interfered and snatched our gentle Maud from the sad fate of being Harry O'Neil's wife; there are few mourners to follow his bier."

"But, Father, you must break it gently to her, she's not common clay—our Maud is more than half an angel—ye'll make her all one by too rough handling."

"But when she finds he was false as hell itself, won't her indignation give her strength to bear his death?"

"Ay! and its ye's don't understand womankind as well as Mick Nagher, who hain't been among 'em all his days without keeping his eyes open. I tell ye, Father McSweeney, that Maud ain't like other women—there's no vengeance to spring up, when ye root the love out. The little spring that kept love a blooming, will be a fountain of sorrow now, and will keep flowing, until it drowns the little heart itself. Be very gentle with the child, tell her a bit at a time, for she isn't strong, to bear the trouble."

"But her father must know it speedily. Stay here, my friend, while I break the news to him." Lord O'Neil was summoned to the library, and here, to do McSweeney justice, he told the sad news as gently as possible. But O'Neil was inquisitive, and did not rest until he had gleaned all the particulars from Mick Nagher, even to the description of the antique goblet, found upon the dining table. At the mention of this, a deep groan escaped him, he bowed his head upon the table, while his whole frame shook with emotion.

As these three old men sat in the library, there came from other rooms in the castle the sounds of merriment, for gay guests filled the house, and a wedding in Ireland is a scene of festive joy. The sun had gone down, and the shades of evening gathered round the old castle, and still Maud sat at the window, weary with watching, and feeling strange vague fears creep into her heart.

It was not long before a stillness as if Death were indeed there, settled upon all the house. In hall, and guest-chamber, and in the servants' apartments, groups gathered hurriedly, but with blanched cheeks and terror-stricken countenances.

Other messengers than Uncle Mick had come with the sad tidings, and "Where is Maud?" "Poor child," "Poor child," was whispered with white lips. Katy, the gay Katy, who had a few minutes before tripped so lightly down stairs, was cowering with fear on the stone stair-way, afraid to go back, her hands concealing her face, but not hiding the tears that trickled through the little white fingers.

With a pale face, and compressed lips, Lord O'Neil passed through the whispering groups, who fell back respectfully, as he approached and took his way to his daughter's chamber.

Upon him must devolve the sad task of breaking the fearful news to the loving, motherless child. Upon his breast, must the poor, broken heart, rest in its first hour of agony.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

PASSING AWAY.

It was mid-day, but there is a darkened room and a deep hush in O'Neil castle. The curtains are closely drawn around the antique, curiously carved bedstead; within, Maud lies, pale and weak, but sleeping now, a long, deep, grateful sleep. For many weary days and nights no sleep had visited her, and now her father, whose hair has whitened, and whose form has bowed very rapidly of late, sits in a large easy chair, watching with an anxious heart, in which fear and hope are struggling with each other. The physician has said that Maud's reason, perhaps her life, hung upon this sleep. The household all understand it, and there is deep silence, the servants moving with a light tread, even in the most distant apartments, and many an honest, faithful old veteran stops in his work, crosses himself devoutly, and lifts a prayer for Maud.

She sleeps on. Oh, for the blessed healing that comes on wings of sleep! for the quiet and peace of her former life! But no, that cannot be! Uncle

Mick understands Maud better than any one else. There is no revenge to buoy up the spirit, nothing but disappointment and sorrow there; a struggle with the long cherished love of years to the creature, and the higher love and trust of the humble, pious heart. Lord O'Neil has prayed day and night for the life of his child, and for the resignation of a Christian for himself—but he struggled in vain to keep back bitter thoughts towards his dead kinsman, when he joined the funeral cortege that bore the body to its last resting place, where the dead ashes of their ancestors lay. It was a pompous funeral, many an emblazoned carriage followed in the train; men in high political stations came, from far to honor the dead; delicate and high-born ladies were there, and shed tears over the noble corpse, as it lay in state, its mangled beauty scarcely marred by the cold touch of death. Yes, there were all the trappings of woe, but the only real mourner lay like a stricken flower in yonder darkened room.

Very unlike was Margaret's funeral to that of her victim. It was at dusk when she was borne to the village churchyard—one carriage only followed the bier, and in that sat the poor, bloated wreck of humanity, her father, linked to manhood by only one tie, the love of his child. No noble ladies did honor to the corpse, around whose form a beauty, too rare for the dark earth, still lingered, but a few old servants and humble dependants, sincere mourners for the loss of one who had been kind and generous to them, followed silently their mistress to her long home.

Such is life! Such, oh poor deceived, trusting woman, thy destiny if thou errest, such the verdict of the world upon thyself, such their judgment upon thy seducer!

We leave them both in the hands of Him who knoweth all hearts, and who alone "decidedly can try them."

We have said Maud slept, a long and quiet sleep. The twilight came before she awoke from that slumber, and called, in a sweet, childish voice, "Father." He was quickly at her side, and, as she laid her small white hand in his, a thanksgiving ascended from his heart as he met her smile, the same sweet smile of her childhood.

"You are better, my child."

"Yes, father, draw aside the curtains, that I may see the crucifix and the blessed Virgin."

Devoutly crossing herself, she lay for a moment contemplating the symbol of her religion, and then, with clasped hands and closed eyes, seemed for a short time engaged in silent prayer.

Lord O'Neil looked upon the face so wan, and pale, and thin, and a sudden tremor seized him lest his child was about to be borne from him, to dwell with angels. But no, God was merciful, and spared her a little longer to earth; but she never recovered from the shock which the death of her cousin gave to mind and body. She rose from that sick bed, but seemed like a moving shadow about the house, seldom smiling, save when she met her father's eyes fixed upon her, and then she tried, for his sake, to be like her former self. She liked best to be alone, and would sit for hours in her own room, looking from the window, where she could see the broad Shannon and the hills beyond, watching, with an expectant eye, that winding road.

At Father McSweeney's suggestion, she was very gradually and gently informed of her cousin's treachery, and the cause of his death; after this she sat at the window no more, but there were hours when she seemed abstracted, and regardless of everything around her. A change of scene was proposed by her physician, and her father took her to Italy, where, amid the old familiar scenes of her infancy and childhood, it was hoped mind and body would regain their former healthful tone.

"It's no use, it's no use," said Uncle Mick, when he heard of it, "the birdie's wings are plumed for heaven, and ye cannot keep her away."

The old man was late that winter seeking his winter quarters, but wandered about, going often to the Post Office at Killaloe. To his great joy he at last found what he sought, a letter from Dora. It was written in a fair, lady-like hand, and was full of the little details of her pleasant life at Beechwood, how she was studying Latin with Dr. Kenney, and by and by she would study Greek, to please her old friend, and then Jenny's wonderful restoration to sight occupied a whole page. She did not forget "Jack," how he had gone to India, but would be back in a few months, and had promised to take her to Ireland when he should be Captain. The letter contained some money, which she said Jack had given her to spend, and she wished Uncle Mick to buy with it some warm stockings and brogues to keep the rheumatism away. Uncle Mick read the letter over and over again in his little rocky house, and, by dint of two days' hard labor, with his stubbed pen and inkhorn, completed an answer. It was written in a stiff hand, and had many long, pompous, semi-Greek words, smacking strongly of the old pedagogue, but the old man read it aloud to himself with much satisfaction, and knew, he said, it would be welcome, coming from the old country. After this, he made one circuit more, to mail the letter, and show Dora's to Father McSweeney.

The priest had almost forgotten the children, and the old fiddler had some labor to recall them to his mind.

"Ay! I remember," he said at last, "the beautiful little girl and her blind brother, that I met in the hospital. I inquired into the pedigree of the family, the great grandmother was an O'Neil. It's the same little girl that Maud took such a fancy to; pity she hadn't staid as a companion for the young lady."

The old fiddler did not assent to this, but, changing the subject, was soon absorbed in his music, filling up the interludes with his favorite whiskey and water.

CHAPTER XXV.

DORA AND JEMMY AT BEECHWOOD.

"She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie." Five years have passed away, years that have brought some changes to our dramatic persons.

And not a few, like Father McSweeney, were turning their eyes away from the only true source of help for Ireland. While he is anathematizing the Quakeries and belaboring parliament, Lord O'Neil is quietly working out the difficult problem.

Uncle Mike still wandered from village to village, welcomed in almost every cabin, and never begrudged the bit and the sup, the warm seat by the turf fire, or the bundle of hay for his bed.

"Och, my lord, it's all correct but the big gold frame, it don't seem natural for the like of me to be set in that."

"That's only emblematical, Uncle Mick, of the bright world beyond, and the golden harp you'll have there."

"And I'll soon be there, my lord, and I'll tell her that ye'll not be long behind me."

"God grant it, my good friend; and now give me the ballad you spoke of."

The old man's voice was feeble, and his hand trembled, but none that heard him were tearless, as he sang the following beautiful Scotch ballad:

"She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie, She's gone to dwell in heaven; Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God, For dwelling out o' heaven!"

Though the old fiddler lived some years after this, he never sang again in the castle. The five years that have passed had wrought fewer changes in the family at Beechwood.

Indeed, he ought to be married, a doctor needs a wife more than most men," was the remark of the matrons.

"If he don't marry soon," said one mother, with three marriageable daughters, "I shall certainly employ old Dr. Carver at the 'Four Corners'—but notwithstanding these threats, Edward's practice did not diminish at all, not even in the family of the three daughters, for if Matilda had a headache, or Sophia a cold, he was invariably sent for; when he would find the patient reclining on a sofa in the prettiest of morning dresses, with the lace frilled pocket handkerchief most daintily held in the little white hand, and perfumed with essence a la mode.

It was in this character chiefly, that Dora knew him. She never saw him at the village parties or even the "Ladies' Benevolent (?) Sewing Societies," for there was an aping of aristocracy even in Beechwood, and the daughter of the rich washerwoman could hardly be expected to associate with the trader's or the village lawyer's family, or the daughters of the owner of the cotton factory.

He had heard her singing about the house, and detected fine natural taste, so as a mere matter of experiment, and as much for his own amusement as the child's gratification, he had his mother's old piano repaired and re-tuned, and gave the little girl a few lessons. Her delight was unbounded and her progress really wonderful, but no one in the house thought much about it, and Edward, bachelor as he was, not having a sister in childhood, it did not even once enter his head that Dora was at all remarkable.

He heard young ladies talk about philosophy and astronomy, monochromatic, polychromatic and Grecian painting, of opera music and Italian airs, and he saw that they fingered and prattled with many flourishes of head and hands, and many peculiar intonations of voice, which he supposed all learned from fashionable masters. True, he enjoyed Dora's simple playing and her sweet ballad singing, and would often ask her to come in of a summer twilight as he sat in the grape-covered porch that opened out of the sitting-room, and while he smoked his cigar she would play, he criticizing her performance and suggesting improvements, as became his right as teacher.

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don't see any harm in your doing this for me, just once. I can sit near you, and give you a nudge when you don't do right; mind, you must put two teaspoonfuls of sugar into Edward's coffee; he's a master big sweet tooth—his mother used to say it was my fault, because I made such a pet of him when he was a little fellow—as for the others, I can inquire myself how they would like their tea and coffee; and if it is agreeable, you know, I suppose you don't understand exactly what is good manners, but it will be quite a lesson, if you should ever become a housekeeper—so you may come in at three o'clock, and if Edward has no objections, you may help me."

Dora smiled within herself, at being allowed to do that as a favor, which she had offered in kindness; but she had early learned to accommodate herself to Aunt Ruthy's peculiarities. Edward's "no objections" were, "manage things as you like, Aunt Ruthy." But in the course of the forenoon, the old lady came running into Peggy's room. "I never thought to ask," she said, "what dress you have to wear, Dora; yes, I wish to have you look respectable like."

"I thought of wearing my blue cashmere, that Jack brought from Havre, Aunt Ruthy—see how nice and soft it is. It's like what Lady Maud used to wear; and she held up the delicate fabric which Jack, with a sailor's liberality and taste, had selected for Dora, its color harmonizing well with the fair complexion and brown curls of the young girl."

"That will do, nicely," said Aunt Ruthy, as she passed her hands across the dress, "you may wear my gold beads if you want to."

"No, I thank you, Aunt Ruthy, I don't like jewelry, at all. I'll just wear the dress, and a white muslin apron, in case I'm careless, and drop the coffee."

Thus it came to pass, through Aunt Ruthy's rheumatism, that Dora was seated at the head of Dr. Edward's table, and when he saw her position, treated her accordingly; introducing her as Miss Moore to the minister's mother, to the young minister himself, to Squire Wilson, to the Hon. Mr. Follansbee, of Boston, and to Mr. Hall, a traveler, just returned from a foreign tour.

"It brings one curse with it," said Squire Wilson, "a horde of Irish laborers to our quiet village; they're a nuisance, wherever they go."

"That is true," said the Hon. Mr. Follansbee, of Boston, "our city is overrun with them, and I venture to say that one half of the drunken brawls, and quarrels, and police court cases, are caused by them. They're a poor, miserable, priest-ridden people, and I could wish that every shipload of them sent from Ireland, would sink in the salt sea, before they reach our shores."

"I suppose you are in a measure dependent upon them for servants," said the minister.

"To our sorrow, we are," replied the "Honorable."

"Intelligence offices parade them by the hundred: seated on hard, wooden benches, like the sick around the pool of Bethesda, they await the ingress of those ladies who may come to release them from idleness, by giving them employment. One might naturally suppose that under these circumstances some degree of gratefulness would be manifested. Not a bit of it. An offer of employment is met by the question, 'how many children have yees?' 'Shure, yees don't expect a gurrul to stay in doors on Sundays?' 'Do yees give the washing out?' The next question is the wages; and they will not unfrequently refuse a good home, and reasonable pay, for the doubtful contingency of securing half a dollar per month more, after waiting a long time unemployed. A Biddy is always a girl! Grey hairs and decrepitude never change her ineradicable girl—girl. Nor is the Biddy, however advanced in servility, unaccompanied by at least two appendages—a batch of cousins and an offensive breath. When you engage them, never give them occasion to suppose you value their services, even though you do. Treat them kindly—never forget the laws of humanity, but give not an inch of remissness, or they will retaliate by an all of insolence. If you keep an Irish servant—if it cost less than three hundred dollars per annum—you will be very fortunate, for the Biddy runs as naturally to waste as the swamps of Illinois do to agues and four horse shakes. If their consumption is large, their extravagance is really tremendous. Yet the Biddy has one redeeming trait. She is strict in her attendance upon mass. Though she may steal, pilfer and abstract her employer's property, yet she never manifests any remissness in her religious 'juties.' And as a general thing, the more intense her devotion, the more ingeniously she will defraud you. Happy, therefore, is the housekeeper, who is independent of the Biddy, whose handmaidens are Dutch, Scotch, Welch, Negro, anything but Milesian.

In the language of Mrs. Dobbs, a model housekeeper, 'sarvints is sarvints, but from such sarvints, good Lord deliver us!'

Squire Wilson, whose favorite newspaper was the New York Tribune, replied:—

"Ay, sir, the misery and ignorance of the Irish is all owing to the English government. They have governed her without the smallest regard to the great Christian obligation, nor has a single right ever been accorded to them, save at the point of the sword; their property was sequestered, the religion of the natives forbidden, and to this hour a pampered church stands and fattens on the soil, as a monument of misrule."

"But their religion, sir," broke in the Honorable, "is the mainspring of their ignorance—they are priest-ridden, and, in my opinion, unfit for republicanism. Am I not right, sir?" turning to the minister.

The latter was a young man, with a grave, intellectual face, and quiet, unobtrusive manners.

"You forget, perhaps," he said, "the efforts of Lord Baltimore to establish the fullest liberty of opinion in the new country. As a descendant of the Pilgrims, and a representative of their form of church government, I love Puritanism; it is a synonymous term with opposition to the arbitrary canons of church and state, wherever attempted. But, as a clergyman, I have no disposition to build up the church of New England; by pulling down that of old England, or old Rome, but I would seek to blend the Puritan theology and Quaker simplicity with the rich culture of a Calvert."

Dora, who had listened to the conversation with deep, but silent interest, showed, in her flushed cheeks and bright eyes, and in the glowing, grateful expression of her face, her pleasure at the first kind words spoken of her faith. As pure emotions beautify even the plainest features, Dora, all unconscious to herself, had drawn the gaze of the speaker upon her, and by a sort of magnetic influence, he understood in a moment that his words had scattered the slight cloud on that fair brow by the sunshine of his gentle words.

But another eye was upon her. Dr. Edward marked the beautiful play of her features, the transition from sadness to pleasure, and the intelligent appreciation with which she had listened to the conversation. At once it flashed upon him that the little weeping Irish child that he had met on the quay of Dublin, had sprung up into a beautiful, intelligent woman. Like Prometheus, he watched the divine fire that had been imparted to the statue, but it had been given, not in answer to his prayers, but by the free will of Jove himself.

He watched her still, as Mr. Hall, who had traveled through Ireland, was appealed to for his opinion of the Irish character. "I can do no better," said he, "than give you an analysis of the Irish, taken from the same writer as quoted by Squire Wilson. 'Generous and treacherous, loving truth in the abstract, and passionately fond of lying in the concrete! Graceful in sentiment, awkward in action, indolent in temperament, quick in cunning, shrewd and lewd, proud in imagination, servile in soul, tender and passionate in feeling, the Irish character seems to be a singular mixture of all the different elements of the Eastern, Southern and Northern races, but wants principally that which is the great lever of success—strength. But when it shall acquire this element, as it undoubtedly will in this country, from a mixture with a sturdier and stendier race, there can hardly be a more beautiful character than the Irish. It is true, that in their own country there is a vast amount of wretchedness, beggary and filth, drunkenness and lying abroad, but they have heretofore had little encouragement to improve their condition, for the middle men who act for the absentees who own the soil, care little for the interest of the poor laborer. But, sir, in spite of the 'misrule of the English,' to which my friend here refers, I have found that where the lords of the soil live on their land, and take a personal interest in their tenants, even Irish laborers can be happy and contented. Let me give you a description of what we Yankees should call the 'big farm' of one whom I may speak of as a personal friend, Lord O'Neil."

Mr. Hall, who had visited Ireland only a few months before, gave his hearers a full description of what my hearers already know, of the death of Handsome Harry and of Maud, and the truly noble efforts of O'Neil to raise the condition of his peasantry. He did not forget Father McSweeney, whom he drew with a few strong touches, in bold relief, much to the amusement of the company, who all expressed a desire to see bodily the Jolly old priest.

It is not strange that Dora's face should have expressed interest in the narrative—now a silent tear was wiped away, and then smiles, like sunshine, lighted up in her countenance, and Dr. Edward, who had no idea of the real interest awakened in her heart, thought that her beauty was heightened tenfold by the ever-varying light and shade across that fair face. He prolonged the dinner as much as possible, feeling like one who had unexpectedly found himself in possession of a gold mine.

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Aunt Ruthy hurried Dora out of the room as soon as the ceremony of dinner was over.

"There, child, you've done well, remarkably well, considering. But you shouldn't mind anything the men talk about—they never say much that we women can understand; so, always look at the cups and saucers, and see if they need filling. You know you blundered once, and gave Mr. Hall Edward's cup of coffee, but howmsoever, it all happened well enough; for he said it was very delicious, and he liked it the better for your dressing it."

That evening, when Dora thought herself alone, and was practising at the piano, Dr. Edward threw aside his cigar, and hastened in. He didn't criticize the performance at all, but his rich voice seemed more musical than ever, as it mingled with the sweeter tones of Dora, in "Araby's Daughter," and, for hours after, these lines kept floating in his mind,

"No pearl ever lay under Oman's green waters, More pure in its shell, than thy spirit in thee."

That night he was restless, and did not sleep well; "it must be the strong coffee," he said to himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ONLY AN IRISH BOY.

When Dr. Edward awoke from a troubled sleep the next morning, his first thoughts, or rather I should say his waking thoughts were of the continuation of his dream-vision, for the fair image of Dora was still in his mind's eye, and he was continually wondering at himself for not before perceiving her loveliness. He drew aside the curtain of his window, which opened on his garden, and his eyes fell at once on Peggy, in a little side yard, busy over her wash tub. Her dress was pinned up after the fashion of her country women, displaying a grey woolen petticoat. On her head was a broad bordered cap, and on her feet neither shoes or stockings, leaving the large feet and stout red ankles in bold relief; Jemmy was bringing water for her, and she, impulsive, as most of her race, was alternately scolding and petting him, in her broad Irish brogue.

"There, now, ye little spalpeen, ye may eat yer breakfast, and then go with Michael Lynch, he wants ye on the road to-day."

"And Dora is Irish, after all, and the daughter of the washerwoman there," whispered some evil spirit in the Doctor's ear. "It never will do for Dr. Kenney, descended from one of the oldest families in New England, and whose grandmother was a Lincoln, which family claimed relationship with certain titled lords in England, to marry an 'Irish peasant girl. And then, too, what will Dr. Reynolds and Dr. W. and Dr. H. say, if he should carry his bride to Boston—they respect him now, as the author of certain articles of great merit in the Medical Reviews, and they have urged him to remove to the city, where his talents will be more widely known, and where, no doubt, fame awaits him. What will they say? Why, if they didn't know she was a little, poor Irish child, they'd say she was one of the loveliest beings God ever made. But they will know, and one, at least, already knows her origin."

Again came Peggy's voice, rather loud and shrill, giving some last directions to Jemmy:

The Doctor drew on his dressing gown and sighed. From a little shy corner of his heart came the suggestion, "Why not marry her and take her to some city, where her origin is not known, and forbid her ever disclosing it?"

"No, no that won't do, was the reply. Dora loves

Ireland, and her own kindred, and she loves the old ballads, and the very superstitions of her country; she could no more act the hypocrite, or deny her origin, than he could cease to remember or honor his mother, whose grave was on yonder hill."

So the Doctor tried to dismiss the subject altogether, for the present, and took up a little medical treatise, which lay on the dressing table, and tried to read. It was on Heart diseases, and as he had a patient thus afflicted, he was examining some new works on the subject. But he could not understand what he read, his mind was wandering, and in truth, that organ in his own body needed a little attention. The breakfast-bell diverted his thoughts, and he descended to the dining room, where sat Aunt Ruthy, behind the steaming coffee urn, looking very comfortable and tidy in her morning gown and cap.

"How is your rheumatism this morning, Aunt Ruthy?"

"Not a bit better as I see, and-guess you'll have to wait on yourself, this morning, Edward, I've half a mind to keep Dora, a few days."

"A very good idea, Aunt, only she musn't be interrupted in her studies. I suppose Dinah is sufficient help in the kitchen."

"La, yes, she's a whole team; but, Edward, what in the world do you suppose that little Irish girl is going to do with so much learning? She's Irish, after all, and she's got to earn her living."

Edward twirled his spoon in his cup, and seemed puzzled for an answer.

Aunt Ruthy continued, "I declare, I'm afraid we're spilling her, with her music, and French, and Filosofy—they won't be no manner of use to her, as I see."

"Perhaps, Aunt Ruthy, she can teach; Squire Wilson was telling me yesterday they needed a lady teacher in the Academy."

"Why, Edward, you're crazy to think on't, if Squire Wilson's darters won't even speak to the girl, do you suppose they'll let her teach 'em?"

"I think they might, and they might be the better for it, Aunt Ruthy."

"That's true, Edward, there aint a better scholar, nor a more politer, well behaved girl in the town of Beechwood, than Dora Moore, but then she's Irish, and she's poor."

Edward's cheek flushed, and his heart beat a loud tattoo, under his vest, and he was about to say what would have half betrayed him, even to the obtuse housekeeper; but a light step that he well knew, was in the hall, and in a moment more, Dora herself came in, fresh and blooming from a morning walk, her hand full of flowers.

"Excuse me," she said, as she saw they were at breakfast, "but these flowers are the first of the season, and I wanted you to see them, sir, while they were fresh; here is the Blood Root, the Anemone, Solomon's Seal, and here, one precious little specimen of the White Violet. You remember, perhaps, that we have never been able to find it around Beechwood."

Edward took the flower from the little dimpled hand extended towards him, and rising, invited her to take a seat at the table, his heart beating its tattoo none the less violently than it had five minutes before.

"Yes, child, do come," said Aunt Ruthy, "we're just been talking about your staying in our part of the house for a few days, till my rheumatism is better."

Dora took the offered seat, and refilled the cups, then turning to the housekeeper, said, "I would love to stay with you Aunt Ruthy, but Jack is coming to-day; the ship Arago, came into Boston, yesterday."

"The deuce take the ship and its mate," said the Doctor, to himself, as he remembered the sailor's devotion to Dora, and the regard, amounting almost to adoration, which he paid to her.

"Edward," said Aunt Ruthy, "have you forgotten the Excursion party, to-day? You know you are engaged to gallant Miss Violet Wilson. Her mother said she shouldn't dare have the girls ride in the cars unless you went. If anything should happen, she said, you'd be there to set the broken bones."

"Did she think I was charmed against having any myself?" he asked, in the least bit of a petulant tone.

"Why, lawful sake! yes; what would the town do, if you should be laid up. Nobody dreams of your being sick; I venture to say you never took a pill in your life."

"Not many," said the Doctor, smiling, "I believe doctors generally prefer dosing others, to taking medicines themselves. But you are correct, I did promise to accompany Miss Violet, to-day, and but for you, I should have proved a recreant beau; for I had forgotten it entirely. We shall have an hour for recitation first, Dora, and I will attend to you, for I suppose if Mr. Warren comes, you will claim a vacation."

"Oh, no sir, I am so anxious to finish Corinne, that I will find time if you can read with me."

Now the Doctor had nearly come to the decision, before he left his chamber that morning, to crush the incipient passion in his bosom, and forget it in his ambition. The strength of his purpose is shown in his readiness to read an hour in Corinne, with Dora, before visiting a patient! The result was, that when he called for Miss Violet, he drove her to the house of an old rheumatic patient, a mile the other way from the depot, and was about to fasten his horse and go in, unmindful that he had a lady with him, when the question, "Doctor, what time is it?" reminded him of his mistake.

Looking at his watch, he found it five minutes to ten, the hour for the train to start. There was little time, even for apologies, and driving with all speed back to the village, he was just in time to get on board the cars, before they were in motion.

It was a bright day, and a merry party, and the Doctor, to make amends for his negligence, endeavored to play the agreeable, and surely there was no cause to be otherwise, for Miss Violet was a cherry-cheeked, black-eyed lass, evidently pleased with herself, and delighted with her attendant.

The prominent men of the village, with their wives, some of the stockholders, from Boston, and young gentlemen, each with a fair companion, composed the party.

To describe an excursion train in America, without an accident, would be pleasant fiction, indeed; but it is a fact that there was but one detention that day, and that attracted so little attention from the public, as to occupy but a paragraph of three lines in the Boston Post.

The train was near to Bolton; the place where the party were to dine, when they came to a sudden halt, with so much force as to throw the passengers into great disorder; but adding no one seriously injured.

"No, no that won't do, was the reply. Dora loves

"What's the matter?" was the question from most of the passengers, when order was a little restored.

"We run against a gravel train, and its a narrow escape for us all; it would have been certain death to many, if our speed had been greater.

"Anybody hurt?" inquires another.

"Only two workmen, one has broken his leg, and the other, Irish Jemmy, a little fellow, is taking on bitterly, and seems to be seriously hurt. They have taken him into one of the shanties by the roadside, and sent for a doctor."

Doctor Edward sprang to his feet. "Excuse me, Miss Violet, I must see this boy," and placing her under the care of a friend, in case he should not return, he sprang from the cars.

"Nothing but an Irishman hurt," said one gentleman, "too bad to lose the Doctor's company for that."

"There's enough to take care of him, without Dr. Kenney's spending the day in that hotel," said another, while poor Miss Violet, who had been left to the protection of a newly married gentleman, who had eyes and ears only for his bride, pouted her pretty lips, and dropped her eyes, as if she was not at all pleased with the Doctor's interest in an Irish boy.

Meantime Dr. Edward had found Jemmy on a bundle of straw, upon the floor of the shanty, more seriously hurt than was at first supposed. He was weak and faint from loss of blood, and on examination, the doctor felt that he had but a few hours to live; the child's loud cries were changed to feeble moans, and calls for Dora and mother.

Edward sent a message by the next train, and before night, Peggy and Dora were by Jemmy's side, but only in time to see him breathe his last.

When they came, Peggy's cries were loud, and her grief displayed itself in the violent gesticulations common to her countrywomen, but Dora's tearful, appealing look, as she turned to Edward, made him feel his own helplessness, to turn aside the shaft of death. He understood it—"You, who can do so much, who gave him sight; surely you can save him now."

And when the last sigh was drawn, and the poor, quivering body, that had for hours been racked with agony, lay motionless and silent; Dora turned away and bowed her head in such utter despair, that Edward felt powerless to comfort.

Peggy sat, as was her custom, in trouble, with her apron thrown over her head, rocking herself to and fro, and weeping aloud. The kind Irish women of the shanties came in to render what service they could; and while they were preparing the body for removal, Dora sat in a low arm chair, her head bowed in her hands—not one sigh or moan escaped her, but her attitude was one of hopeless despair. Just then, a carriage was driven hastily to the door, and our friend, Jack Warren, sprang out. He saw at a glance, how it was, and taking Dora in his arms, as if she were but the same little girl, he first met on shipboard, he lifted her gently into the carriage, and saying to Edward that there was room for himself and Peggy, he proposed they should drive home directly, as arrangements were already made for the body to be brought home the next morning.

Even in that hour of death and sorrow, Edward felt that the rough, unpolished, good common sense of the sailor were of more avail, than his own more sensitive disposition. Peggy's trouble was, that Jemmy had died without a priest—it seemed harder for her to bear, even, than his death.

She kept repeating it to Jack, who knowing no better way of comfort, asked her if it wouldn't do just as well to have a priest at the funeral.

"You shall have one, if it costs fifty dollars to get him here, from Boston."

"Oh, but ye don't understand, at all, at all, Master Jack. Oh, but its so bad, my poor boy should die without the priest."

She repeated this so much, that her hearers found no way to comfort her.

Dora, who had not spoken since they entered the carriage, turned to her mother, and said,

"Don't you remember, mother, that father didn't want a priest, and died, confessing his sins to God? God was with Jemmy, mother, dear; and she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and laying her head on her breast, wept freely. They were the first tears she had shed that day, and they brought relief.

Poetry.

GONE.

List to the midnight lone! The church clock speaketh with a solemn tone; Doth it no more than toll the time? Hark! from that bellfry gray. In each deep-bounding chime which, slow and clear, Beats like a measured knell upon my ear. A stern voice seems to say: Gone—gone! The hour is gone—the day is gone: Pray!

No man ruins his health without bringing the consequences down upon himself. The Sampson destroys the temple, and buries himself in the ruins.

CARRIE ELMORE;

OR THE SHADES OF THE PAST.

BY CHARLES M. SMITH.

Many are inclined to associate with the name of New England, the idea of a barren territory; but there are as wild and beautiful hills and vales, as fertile fields and placid lakes as any land affords. In the interior portions of Massachusetts, whose coast presents so rugged an outline, are many most lovely situations; indeed, were they by other names known they would be unsurpassed. Not many miles from the capital of the State, is located a quiet and pretty village, its inhabitants are of the middle class, that is to say, not the wealthy.

A street leads from the church to the west; and a sweet ride it is, the most attractive rural scenery the country affords is here presented to view, pleasant indeed in that loveliest of months—Flora's own. The air perfumed with the fragrance of spring flowers, the green grass wet with early dew and sparkling with all its wonted beauty; while the morning songster, inspired with adoration, chants a soft and sweet lay. On either side, the road is skirted with fine residences; some stand forth in bold relief, while others are partially concealed from view by the lofty trees that enshroud them. As we leave these in the rear, we come to a cottage that is situated alone, that is to say, so far as other houses are concerned; how lovely! it stands at the base of a hill, near is a small and placid lake, on whose bosom the light and tiny boat is often seen freighted with joyous hearts now as ever; but O! the shades of the past, they fit before me now. I am thinking of other days, those quiet, sweet days are indeed passed, but not forgotten. The inmates of the cottage are the same, with the exception of one, and that one, the light of the household, is gone.

Near and well graveled walks lead to the entrance, a beautiful garden surrounds it, in which are cultivated the earliest and sweetest flowers; a rose is trained to climb the pillars of the verandah, while a vine darkens the windows that front the street.

Not only does the exterior but the interior present an inviting appearance. We will briefly glance at its history.

The family is that of a farmer, and consists of the father, mother and one daughter; and, at the time of which we write, all were together. It was a summer's eve, one of those delightful evenings that sometimes succeed a hot day. The balmy air that so gently swept along, seemed laden with a cooling and delicious draught from the fountains of heaven, imparting a soothing and pleasurable influence. Two years previous, a lovely sister had, on just such an eve as this, left the form, and entered upon her spiritual existence; and now they were sad in view of the event.

The mother seemed absorbed in deep thought, ever and anon that calm and serene countenance would betray a deep shadow flitting across her mind;—that face bespoke beauty in her youthful days, which now had merged into the sweetness of a fond mother. O! a mother's love, it is not the offspring of passion, but of love, inherent. The pure effluence of a tender heart, entwining itself around the spirit, it never relinquishes its grasp, whether under the influence of a genial atmosphere or overspread with lowering clouds; it is all the same. It is a love that finds its response in heaven; an imperceptible link that connects God with the recipient on earth.

The daughter, Carrie Elmore, had seen scarce eighteen years. The round and rosy cheek, the lips flushed with the glow of health, and that sweet smile shown in the soft twilight of gentle but confiding hope. A beautiful caste was given her countenance by the masses of dark hair that shaded it; art had left no traces of its presence, or fashion its deforming impress. Nature alone was responsible for that form, which was the ultimatum of symmetry. But we will pass from her and listen, for the mother speaks: "Two years have rolled their weary circles into the oblivion of the past, since Anna was called from earth away; and oh! the scenes of that night are with me now, never can I forget, as she so sweetly passed away, those endearing words that came from her lips, 'Mother, I shall ever be near you'; they still linger, and it seems as though I hear them now."

"Mother," said Carrie, "do you not think Anna is here now; did not she say that she would come? Often do I realize her presence. O the shades of the past, when will you leave me? My sister, I love you now." Saying this she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

Time passed on; it was a fine morning in spring. Carrie was about leaving her youthful home, with all its endearing scenes, for other and more varied pursuits. The carriage was soon ready, and she bade her friends adieu.

The sun shone with its accustomed brightness, but it was dim to her; the birds of her native forest sang sweetly, but their melody was no longer harmony to her ears; the soft balmy breeze gently kissed her fair brow, yet its very sweetness embittered her departure.

"Oh!" she sighed, "to leave one's home, the sweet fields where often Anna and I have roamed, happy and free as the songsters over our heads, the wild forest that has so often echoed our gleesome laugh; the winding rivulet on whose mossy banks so oft we have sat and heard its murmuring sound and drank of its sweet waters; it will minister to others now. My cottage home I leave; never, as in days past, will it seem to me, for I can never be again the merry, laughing girl, Anna used to call me, for she is dead—and the shades of the past gather around me."

Carrie's was a nature of finer sensibilities than most possess. Her smile won all hearts; for it was bestowed on all without reserve; melting from lips of loving kindness, and shadowing forth a noble heart. As it was her heart to love, she was thus in this deocelful world more liable to become the victim of misplaced affection.

Carrie was at school. Oh! what pleasing recollections are associated with those days; they bring to mind pleasures past, reminding us of those we early loved; how free, with not a care of mind, we roamed the fields, gathered flowers,—sat under the forest tree shade, and, with the verdant plains around, the running stream near, in whose moan there seemed such a beautiful sadness, that it awakened strange thoughts; thoughts that welled from the inmost spirit; and seemed inspiring, though we comprehended them not. Then we dreamed of happiness; now, oh! how like a dream it seems. Still, we love to think of other days; how, in our school days we communed with Nature and Nature's God; but now

the cares of life call us away. They are gone among the shades of the past, though not forgotten.

A young and handsome man was Frank Leroy; his blue eyes spoke to the heart, the regularly defined features, shaded by dark hair, and tall, erect form, gave to him a fine appearance. Pleasing in his ways, and polite and affable in manner, he was ever loved in society. There was something about him that was irresistible, and many young hearts and lovely forms were drawn towards him. Unconscious he seemed to be of his attractions, and this very insensibility rendered him more attractive.

Was it strange that Carrie should feel an irresistible desire to draw him to her, though unwary of the real cause; yet still she felt kindled within an emotion that was new to her. She was revelling in the first love-dream of her youth; those dark eyes had burned their way into her heart. He, too, loved her, for her voice was as sweet to him as the music of his own native home; every look was a gleam of starlight, every smile a ray from heaven. Many were the happy evenings they passed together, roaming where soft footsteps pressed down the flowers, and words were said which only the angels might hear.

Time passed on; Carrie had returned to her home, and there she was happy, for she awaited the coming of Frank Leroy; passing her time at the seat of the gushing mountain stream, or the evenings of summer beauty on the lake. Long had she looked for him; the rosy summer, in all its loveliness, had passed, and now it was autumn, but he comes not; her heart already fails her, still she believes him true. Oh! woman, confiding woman, how little do you know the ways of man.

The blushing morn and fading twilight found her confident of his return. But she watched in vain. He who has gained her heart, already is far away in his own native land; caring not for her whose life is in his hands—but another's even now rests on his bosom, doomed, like Carrie, to suffer. The star of his glory early rose, radiated to morn with unsurpassed brilliancy, but it will soon set forever.

We love to treasure the memory of friends, call to mind pleasures past, and fondly hope that the misty future may reveal, perchance, a brighter and purer season; but the remembrance of such as Frank Leroy will sink into the oblivion of the past, as that of a dark and evil spirit.

'Tis evening; the enchanting twilight has merged into a deeper shade of night; the golden tints and purple hues of an evening sun have disappeared, and that soft, mellow light, so short-lived, yet so beautiful, is diffusing itself through the heavens. Listen, for 'tis the angel's hour.

"Mother, how beautiful is the sky, now; now it grows darker, dusky shadows creep over Nature's face. Lo, the moon is risen; how sweet. Mother, I am dying now; Oh, that I could see Frank,—but if ever you see him, tell him: Carrie loves him. Still I see a beautiful form now; Oh, mother, it is Anna, encircled by a halo of heavenly light, radiating with unsurpassed splendor. Dear sister Anna, how lovely. She bids me come. Kiss me, mother,—father, I leave you, but weep not, Carrie will be ever near; bury me by the water's edge, mother; let the waves of my sweet lake lull me to sleep; and oh, remember that you have two in heaven now, adieu." And she breathed her life out so sweetly, as resigned and calm as the forest leaves tremble to rest beneath the influence of the fading twilight, so did she pass away. The rays from the moon lay softly on the inanimate form of Carrie, as if to soothe and illumine in this, her "last of earth."

Near the water's edge are two graves, side by side; and the gentle breezes that are wafted across the lake, breathe a soft and sweet requiem over the mortal remains of two of earth's inhabitants; but the bright, immortal spirits of the sisters, Anna and Carrie, hover near their now aged parents, and impart sweet and consoling influences, such as they would not part with for all of earth.

Frank Leroy; name him not, for he is of earth still, though he serves the award of his evil spirit in an outcast and broken hearted man. May his guardian angel yet raise him to a man in worth, as well as name.

As our minds revert to the pleasures of days gone by, we still feel the gathering around us of the shades of the past.

UPPI

Up again, brother! hood not the fall! Rough is the highway, slips chance to all! Rise to your feet, then I have a good heart, Now, looking forward, make a fresh start.

The Avalanche.

In a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock, hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an *etablissement des bains*; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long, irregular street, which is called Baresges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that, not content with rushing from the snowy summits, and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very centre of Baresges. Of course the inhabitants of Baresges know this, expect it, and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or barques, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares.

In May, of last year, the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the merchants began to erect their barques. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on. All that day it snowed, and, in the evening, the long sweep of the wind was heard at intervals through the valley.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done. "Well, well, the barques must be left—for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen barques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger—one consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche. The snow is a minor inconvenience that no one troubles himself about.

The evening wore into night and nothing came of any one's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody—for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon Ami, get up!" Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as 'twas daylight, all Baresges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow; among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At mid-day they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah, mon Dieu," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house—I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since daybreak. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected—of course through the roof. The house was unharmed, and all within it were safe. Jean Cahasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But, in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So, he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said, "I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light—but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was whilst they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course, with much affection; tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses levelled, and all the wooden barques swept away.

Written for the Banner of Light. SUPPLICATION.

BY CORA WILBUR.

Give me a flower, the sweet Forget-me-not, Tinged with remembrance of that heaven blest spot, My childhood's home; and bathed in pitying dew That fell from angel eyes, as fair it grew In the lone vale, and by the rivet's side, A flower of Paradise, the Summer's pride! "Long since has vanished from beside the stream, The token flower of life's roscate dream."

THE OCEAN DREAM.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBUR.

'Tis a calm moonlight night, and a sweet spell of awakened memories stirs amid the low whisperings of the breeze, telling of long ago, of childhood's light-heartedness, of youths love-gilded dreams, of life's purest and loftiest aspirations, when heavenly promise crowned the heart's fairest hopes with the undying roses of affection. Many dreams have fled, many heart-songs have grown silent; but amid the pleasant recollections of the past comes one—a soothing memory, revealing a Heavenly Father's guiding love; the guardianship and imperishable affection of the beloved, living in a brighter clime.

I shall relate a fact that occurred within my own experience.

We were far out upon the calm, blue ocean, the rippling waves scarce stirred by the soft wind's breath; the starry heavens lovingly reflected upon the azure bosom of the tranquil waters; the moon's subduing lustre casting a line of silver o'er the trackless path, and the white sails flapping musically. Well, I remember the beauty spell that seemed cast around the poetic reveries that lulled my heart in dreams of heaven. Oh, earth! so fair and green! I dreamt but of thy flowery vales and guarding mountains, thy cottage homes, and earnest, loving hearts; I knew not then that the serpent forms of treachery and falsehood invaded thy Eden bowers, or that the wand of disenchantment often waved above thy fairy scenes. And then I would dream of the beautiful star worlds; of the "one particular star," with its love spell of attractive power; and people its distant, flowery vales with the forms of the beloved and unknown on earth. A gentle, dark-eyed woman sat beside me, perhaps silently sharing my unspoken thoughts. She was not my mother, yet I gave to her my all of demonstrated affection, reserving for the sainted dweller of the holier spheres my uncommunicated fancies, my heart-forged belief, my unuttered hopes, my spirit's whispered promises. My father shined not in the calm enjoyment of Ocean's beauty; he, too, dreamt, sitting upon the moon-illuminated deck; but it was of earthly grandeur, of wealth's ambition, and of golden power. My gentle stepmother was thinking of a beloved, long absent brother, who, many years ago, had left his quiet home, to seek his fortune in another hemisphere; silence, long and drear, had followed his departure, and though Hope often whispered of a joyful meeting, the circling years brought no tidings of the wept-for wanderer. Often would the dark eyes of the loving woman fill with tears, as busy memory recalled his features, and his dear, familiar voice. She had dreamt of him the past night. She had seen the green, welcoming shores of that fair tropical island, and the first human form that greeted her, was the long-absent brother; his face unchanged; in all the beauty of his early manhood, radiant with the love-light of a welcoming joy, and approaching her with extended hands. So told her dream with a simple, trustful earnestness, and her smile was bright and hopeful, as she expressed her conviction of soon beholding the beloved unforgotten one, or, at least, gaining some tidings of him.

My father smiled at her superstition, as he termed it. "You think so much of your brother, no wonder that you dream about him; but, as for faith in dreams, pooh! that is all nonsense," said he, and turned again to look upon the sea.

That same night, the same vivid and pleasing dream was repeated, with all its details. The tropical scenery beamed gorgeously inviting, and bathed in sunshine. The landing place was there, and on it, standing with extended hands, and brightly welcoming smile, her early playmate, her beloved brother Antony!

The soothing vision thrilled her breast with inexpressible joy; a shade of seriousness dwelt upon her face that day; and deeper grew the conviction that soon would she gain glad tidings, perhaps soon behold him. My father said "it was all nonsense, but, to please her, he would make inquiry for her brother on our arrival."

For the third time she dreamt of the happy meeting on the tropic shores; again she beheld his radiant countenance, illumined as by some inward joy. The welcoming hands were extended; yet she clasped them not; there was light, and beauty, and fragrance in the scene around; all was vividly distinct; she could hear the very murmur of the ocean waves, and feel the balmy breeze that waved amid his chestnut hair; but she could not approach and take that proffered hand; why, she could not tell. He stood there, smiling familiar as of old; yet, mingling with her yearning love, was a sentiment of awe; there was an influence around him, which, while it attracted, seemed to place an unseen barrier between their souls.

We arrived safely; and, as the harbor met her eye, she smiled, as if in recognition, and the tear-drops filled her eyes. There was the landing-place of her dream, the waving coos, and the nodding palm; but no advancing, well-known form was there to greet her. Curiously she scanned the faces there assembled, but was not among them.

My father made the promised inquiry; the cherished brother had truly lived there, but it was many years since his mortal form reposed beneath the luxuriant green-sward; many years since his spirit departed to a still fairer land. And was it not that glorified and happy spirit, revisiting the last earthly dwelling place, and welcoming the mourning sister? Was it not an evidence of the spirit's immortal continuance, a revelation of the beautiful life beyond? She firmly believed it so, and, in my childish heart, I accepted the beautiful faith in the ministry of the departed.

Since then, how many changes have left their impress on my heart and brow. The earth's sod covers the loving heart of my childhood's guardian; my father sleeps on a far distant shore. But the glorious watchword intuition whispered, and the spirit voices gave in first reflection's hour, still guides me onward, upward! Amid my deepest grief, comes soothingly a spirit whisper; in my highest joy comes mingling a thrilling strain of more than earthly rapture. In the gayest crowds, in the busy mart, in the silent hour of heart-spoken prayer, comes o'er my soul that watchword of angelic legions, and tears of thanksgiving fill my uplifted eyes, and sweet fore-shadowings enwrap my soul, as spirit influences surround, and earth, and sky, and sun-kissed waters repeat the holy watchword, "Immortality!"

SERIOUS QUESTION.—A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

Banner of Light.

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PERSONAL.

The Science and Christianity connected with the Boston Courier, on Friday last, saw fit to extend to us some general abuse. True to the misnamed Christianity which it represents, it denies the right of man to progress here or hereafter. It allows a Saul of Tarsus no right to become a Paul, but forever would keep him in the chains of Error.

For this abuse we care nothing—positively nothing. We have been brought up in a school, as it wisely suggests, which eminently fits us for the work we have undertaken. It has taught us to place the right estimate upon the church, the law, the dispensers of justice, and mankind at large. We know what value to place upon their opinions of us. We have learned not to fear the puny worm that crawls in Bigotry, Intolerance and Slavery to the errors of the past, who dares not to think for himself, but allows the musty volumes which express the wisdom of the fathers to crush the soul, and forbids any innovation upon old follies or customs.

We have learned to place a proper estimate on that Christianity, which, instead of seeking to raise the fallen, instead of blessing those who attack it, seeks to crush the former in their attempts to rise, and utters unchristian curses on those it thinks are in error. This is the Christianity we find at Harvard, pouring from the pens of Professors, rushing out like a Dead Sea from the Church.

Therefore, they waste their paper pellets, when they discharge them at us—their arrows, slung from the bow of hatred to mankind, fall powerless at our feet. We are not sensible to such epithets as they shower upon us; the fangs of the serpent, poisoned with the malice of the demon, do not inflict so much as a scratch.

We have not the slightest objection to their digging down in the depths of the past, and turning up all the rankling weeds which strewed our pathway there, if it pleases them; they are fit subjects for their contemplation, choice morsels to feed the aspirations of their grovelling souls—so let them do it if they wish.

There is no such thing as intimidating us in our course—no such thing as provoking us to cast back the slime they roll toward us.

We have left the society of those, out of whose mouth come cursings instead of blessings; and although we choose to war against the galling chains which church bigotry, and the intolerance of the man of science have forged for man, and which they are determined shall continue to deny him liberty to decide for himself, whether church creeds are from God or of Evil, we can do it without descending to personalities. We do not wish to war upon the men—they are to be pitied, not cursed—it is their creeds, their errors, we would cast into hell, not themselves.

The Spiritualist knows and feels what the Christian is a stranger to—Charity. He knows the God he believes in, and does not deny him the power to speak to man in the Present any more than in the Past. He knows that the Progress of the new Light will be as rapid as that God pleases to make it. He knows that old things will, in good time pass away before his Word. He knows that these men, so bitter now against the incoming Light, because its manifest Destiny is to overthrow their darkness, will themselves succumb at last to its genial rays. He looks upon his opponents as so many brother pilgrims on the road to God and happiness, yet without a lamp to guide them, so that they grope their way, while he marches steadily and swiftly on, Liberty and Reason lighting the path, and making it plain and easy to him. He knows that every one who passes on, leaving the Darkness of the Church for the Light of Reason, serves to increase the rays which stream upon the darkened, and that soon there will be none so blind that they will not see the Truth. He knows he shall at last meet all—friends and enemies, all mankind,—in that heaven which the redemption from sin and error of the whole race of God's creatures can alone create; and that then, the scales of Error having fallen from their eyes, they will see as he sees, hear the voice of God as he hears it, and drink in with him the sunlight of Love, the lack of which now so deforms the bright jewel of their souls.

This being the case, he can forgive their errors of to-day; he will pay no heed to their curses; he will not speak harshly of them when they threaten to consign his soul to the fires of an endless hell, or his body to prison; he will not complain of them, though they seek to blast his name; impugn his motives, and render him a hissing and bye-word to his fellow man.

He will not fear them, because he knows in whom he trusts; he knows his arm is not shortened that he cannot save; he knows that Truth is mighty now, and will be forever, and that in God's own time it shall rise and conquer the blackness of Darkness.

Then let the battle rage; there has been skirmishing long enough. There is no such thing written as regenerating the Church; its creeds are chains which bind the soul—which shut out God's light of Reason. The Church must be trampled under the foot of man, and Reason, not blind Bigotry, rule him. Every man's soul must be the temple in which he worships God, and he must worship him as he sees fit, not as the Church or his minister tells him.

The powers that be, which have so long ruled man, and kept him in bondage to Fear, know that the battle is to be fought from this time, which shall give man such liberty as never yet was born on earth. They know that their power is tottering now; that Church dogmas which give a certain class power to crush to the earth the masses of mankind, will soon be mere monsters of the Past—regarded like the Antediluvian which we wonder at, and that Love, not Fear, will rule the race.

Is it to be wondered at that this mighty power will put forth all its energies to crush the Star which promises all this freedom to man—the Star of Spiritualism. Not at all; the powers of darkness are strong, and the battle will be mighty, but our God will furnish us with pebble stones enough to slay the Goliath of the Past, if we seek to conquer with Love.

Therefore, let Love be the watchword of all Spiritualists. Let Charity, forbearance, long suffering, abound. When reviled, revile not again. War against errors—not men, and the battle-field shall present no sickening sight after the smoke of the contest has cleared away, but Love, Hope, Faith, Charity, bright plants which bloom in heaven, shall greet our eyes, shall deck the earth with beauty, and fill the air with sweet perfume.

LIBERTY.

From earliest time, the one most innate longing of the human mind has been towards liberty. The stormy harangues, the flowery rhapsodies, and the scuffed files of bristling bayonets, have but faintly typified the deep passion which pervades and mingles with every aspiration and fibre of the heart, under the influence of the one absorbing thought—Freedom!

And yet, how many among all who heard with exulting and joyous hearts the boom of the cannon, and the chiming of the bells which ushered in our most valued anniversary, paused to think of the many chains forged, in the darkest mines of old superstition, bigotry and intolerance, which yet held captive in their withering embrace, the aspiring thought, the ever restless, ever yearning mind of man?

The infant, as its first germ of thought is unfolding, feels the mysterious links of the soul-galling chains weaving about it. Long before the little eyes opened upon existence, the destiny had been decided, and the path marked out. As the new soul expands, and the child progresses from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, still tighter, more galling and unrelenting are the bands drawn.

As the child first lisps its A. B. C's, at the knee of the teacher of the primary school, even so confiding and trustful, does the man receive the doctrines and creeds of the self appointed dictators and rulers over the minds of those, who, did they possess the true essence of independence, would soar far off from their teachings, and recognize a clearer and more perfect liberty; a freedom, not only from bodily chains, but emancipation of the highest attributes of the mind.

The great original thinkers of the world, have invariably been its martyrs. The mind which dares to assert its own individuality, and refuses to bow down and accept in silent homage, the dogmas promulgated by statesmen and churchmen, is crushed down by the denunciations which are heaped upon it, by those statesmen or those churchmen, and their willingly blindfolded, and hoodwinked followers.

The true poets of the world, to whom freedom and enfranchisement are essential as the air they breathe, have in all time, been the natural enemies of tyranny; and they have been compelled to stand up single handed, and fight bravely until their physical organizations have proved too weak for the giant spirits within, against the vast hordes of thought-slavers.

As missioned angels, they wave their white wings over the world, beckoning men up from the dark mire of bigotry and thralldom, and the mass-phots on its way, driven by the lash of the task master, and only here and there one or two minds leap up in recognition of the great truths they promulgate, and in their turn, become the persecuted, and eventually, martyred battlers for the right.

But no truth dies. Slowly, in the wisdom of God, the seed expands, ripens, blossoms, and brings forth an hundred fold, and then his breath gathers it up, and sows it abroad for another harvest, and still on, on it progresses, bearing healing and health to the nations, purifying the atmosphere, dispelling the dark clouds of error, and the cycle of eternity rolls noiselessly and mysteriously along, unfolding and developing in its progress the pure and perfect harmony of the ever present, ever wise, and perfect Father.

In political life, the man who dares to dissent from the teachings of the party with which he has acted, no matter how tyrannical and unjust may be the measure from which he dissents, is a doomed man. Whatever influence he may have possessed is destroyed. Those with whom he has acted, call him traitor, and the opposition look with contemptuous and scornful eyes upon the renegade. None will listen to his protestations that a sense of right, and that alone, prompted him to this falling off. The men of the world scoff at any such explanation. They can appreciate no motives not prompted by personal ambition, or pecuniary gain. And so the political reformer is brushed aside from the pathway, and the party plods on in its old beaten track, crushing down all justice and freedom of thought in its march.

The colleges and schools of learning issue bewildering, and, in many cases, nonsensical theories, and the man who presumes to reason and argue against their fallacies, is pronounced a fool or a madman. The world cries out, that these ostentatious professors must be right, because they have made a trade of learning. As if thought, swift and rapid as the lightning, could be kept close prisoner within the darkened rooms, and among the dusty volumes of a college.

The tenets of the church are still more binding. To dissent from these, is to commit a sacrilege. What is proclaimed from the pulpit must be received as inspiration from God, or its anathemas pronounced the unbeliever an infidel, condemned in this existence, and through all eternity.

The Statesman, the Collegian and the Churchman, has each his mission. God never created aught in vain. But every man should recognize his own personality, realize the powers of his own mind, and summon up his own intellect, and his calm, unbiased judgment, to select the true from the false, the evil from the good. Search and prove. Receive nothing your own reason condemns. Reject nothing it approves. Let no blind reverence for party, school or creed, lead you into error. In all parties, in all schools, in all creeds, exists the element of Truth, it is for you, as a unit, to select the wheat from the tares which grow up so thickly, and threaten to destroy it. Your duty to yourself, your duty to the great family of mankind, requires that you should use the faculties of thought which God has given you, in common with all men. That intolerance and bigotry which has warped and deformed the God-like mind—God-like, not alone in the few to whom men do homage—has not yet passed away from the world. But the time hastens on, it comes whispering in every new element of reform,

however wild and vague may seem its introduction, every thought which leaps away from the fetters of the self-appointed teachers of law, of science, and of religion, is a prophecy of that period when "Liberty and Love to Man" shall be inscribed upon all banners, and the world shall rise up new born, and the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

In spite of all the coercive laws which have been made against the traffic in intoxicating liquors, intemperance has been fearfully and rapidly gaining ground. Years of experience have convinced many of the most fervent advocates of strenuous laws, that they are of little or no effect in arresting this great evil. It becomes us, then, to inquire in what manner the desolating tide can be stayed. It cannot be checked but the temperance movement was rapidly gaining ground when its only means were confined to persuasion and kindness, and that with the rise of bitter invective, and severe laws, the cause gradually retrograded. The defiant feeling which rises up in the heart of every man against any encroachment, or fancied encroachment, upon his natural rights, constituted a strong barrier against its further progress.

Most men, we might say all men, admit the unparalelled injury which intoxicating drinks inflict upon the community, and yet in this, as in many other things, mankind, with a strange perverseness, with their eyes wide open, and their reason clear and lucid, step from the right path to the dangerous one of error, and the more they are chided or scolded at by their fellows, the more confirmed are they in the evil, and tossing their heads defiantly they walk on to their own ruin, because they will not submit to the arbitrary dictation of others.

What then is the remedy? It seems to us that it is in going back to first principles—destroying the traffic in intoxicating drinks by destroying the demand for them. If each man, who deprecates the evil, will, in a spirit of kindness and humility—not with the haughty look of the Pharisee, thanking God that he is not as other men—extend his hand to raise the fallen, realizing the good he can do in his own immediate sphere, and carrying that realization into acts of charity and forbearance, the work will have a greater chance of a happy termination than by all the laws ever made against selling or drinking. The temptations to young men in cities are manifold. No sooner does one make acquaintances than he is met on all sides with invitations to drink, and unfortunately the purest and best minds, the noblest and most generous natures are the most liable to be led astray. The selfish and the cold are in no danger; to them one vice—avarice—beckons with a power which defies all others. But the enthusiastic and the impulsive, the large intellects, and the sympathetic hearts, fall victims to the devouring fire.

Around such then, let the chords of kindness be thrown. If they fall, lift them up; and weary not if they fall again; love and charity never were lost; if they bless not the souls of the recipients, they bring large wealth to the giver.

A society based upon these principles has been formed in the neighboring city of Cambridge. It occupies a platform similar to the Washingtonian movement, but broader and more comprehensive. It consists of men, some of whom have personally felt the effects of the intoxicating cup, and others who have been merely observers; but they are all banded together for one object, linked by one tie of good-will to their fellow-man.

Instead of prosecuting a man as a criminal, they grasp his hand as a brother, they administer to his wants and those of his family, and gently draw him away from his evil influences, and aid him to regain the heritage he has lost. They seek to raise up the fallen, instead of stamping them lower in the mire.

All honor to such men. In the recesses of their hearts, in the grateful thanks of the unfortunate, and in the great eternity of God, their reward attends them.

Go thou and do likewise!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The ORACLE says:—Our obligations to the Banner makes us, perhaps, a little partial to its claims. We are indebted to it for the following piece of information. Here follows an advertisement which in the generosity of their hearts, they give a gratuitous insertion, and therefore a free passage into the mysterious circle of Harvard. The advertisement is headed "fifty oil paintings." They proceed to relate what they saw, during a visit to said paintings in company with several "scientific and artistic friends."—En passant; the writers for the ORACLE never move unless accompanied by Science and Art, those two venerated personages being special attaches of the ORACLE. The brilliant account of what they saw and what they heard occupies nearly two columns, in the course of which they take occasion to compliment us very highly. We cannot afford two columns in reply. Our space can be occupied with more important matter, and so we will simply say, that the advertisement in question never appeared in this paper, and that we were moreover in utter ignorance of the existence of such an advertisement anywhere, until brought to our notice by the ostentatious article in the ORACLE. We will not say that this is a wilful misstatement. We are little in the habit of using bitter invectives, and denunciations. Nothing is gained by them. They prove nothing, and are therefore as harmless as unnecessary. But the wise men of the ORACLE should take care that our Light does not so dazzle and bewilder them, that the epithets they are so lavish of, should be proved so plainly in the same paper to belong to themselves.

ALL THE INTELLIGENCE.

The paper which, in all its articles, prints its own name in capitals, and the names of its cotemporaries in Italics, meaning to express thereby, I AM SIN ORACLE, gives the Advertiser a few raps, not strictly spiritual, because the last named paper pronounced the close of the late investigation, a "negative result," and says, "this is not only an entirely erroneous view of the case, but is also very incorrect use of language."

The pedantry of the schoolmaster must display itself whenever the ORACLE speaks. In the course of an elaborate whitewashing of each other, these learned and lofty sprigs of the "Mutual Admiration Society" use the following words, "a Committee, consisting of gentlemen of the highest scientific reputation in both hemispheres of the world; and equally well known, at home." Now we have long been of opinion that these philosophers were altogether too sapient for either of the known hemispheres; but we are in a quandary to know in what portion of the universe

that home of theirs is situated. Perhaps it may be in the moon; who can tell? At least, many of their effusions are sufficiently lunary to justify such a conclusion.

WHAT WE SHALL DO.

A certain portion of our Banner is devoted to the publication of messages to their friends on earth, from those who have left their material forms to moulder in the dust, and entered the realities of spirit life.

We are very careful to know whether those we publish are really attributable to spirits, or whether they are the result of human minds; and we have not yet published one which did not bear incontestible evidence to us that it came from the spirit life.

We have never, in our investigation, been at a loss to determine where the "nervous" end, and Spiritual commences in the phenomena presented to us, and we know that we commune as truly with the spirit world as we do with the material world. All the pedantry of Harvard's learned heads and empty hearts cannot drive this knowledge from us.

With but two instances, the messages we have published have been kindly, and in most cases, gladly received. And we have been applied to from many parts of the country to procure answers to letters requesting spirit friends of the writers to communicate with them.

A few days since we were sitting with a medium one of those whom the Christian Professors of Harvard are pleased to style cheats and impostors—whom they would gladly crush to the earth, although they pretend to be disciples of Him who gave a new law to mankind, for them to live by,—the law of love. The medium was soon entranced, and we penned as she spoke, a message from one Bird of Water town to his father and friends. We know it was a true spirit manifestation; we knew that our mind had no connection with the matter, and that what was given was unknown to the medium.

We saw fit to publish it, having satisfied ourselves of its truth in every particular, but it seems it did not meet with that gracious reception, the messages of loved ones should meet with.

The Courier states that this Bird was not a teacher of Music. Our inquiries lead us to deny this, inasmuch as he frequently assisted at the schools of his father and brother.

We were first honored with a visit from a party concerned, the details of which would only show, if printed, how little Christianity there is in the pretended Christians of our day—how little they follow in the footsteps of Him who taught his disciples to pray for those that used them despectfully. As such exhibitions are not pleasant to dwell upon, and often regretted soon after by the party figuring therein, we refrain from it. After leaving us, the party found his way to the Science of the World; to the party who have undertaken to tell us whether we are capable of determining whether we should hear anything or nothing—in fact, whether we can believe our own organs of vision or not, and the organ of this science came out with an article which, after representing this man as an afflicted and sorrowing father, launches out its terrible (?) invectives in the following order:—

"Villanies perpetrated," "atrocious," "hardened and unscrupulous men," "abominable schemes," "audacity of falsehood unparalleled in the history of human depravity," "cruelty beyond that of the most savage beast," "malice unequalled by that of Mephistophiles," "the worst of mankind," "stab the hearts of bereaved mourners," "enormous lies," "outrages perpetrated by these wretches," "infamous forgery," "multiplying villainies," "wanton cruelty," "holding up the author to the scorn and horror of the public whose moral sense has been so cruelly outraged," "wicked pretence," "falsehoods of the worst description," "these bad men," "a diabolical invention," "a forgery, a lie." "We brand upon the writer of it, ineffaceably the words FORGER and IMPOSTER." (The capitals are given by the Courier) "base lie," "infamous purposes," "detestable pretext," "punishable infamies," "public wrath," "avenging Nemesis."

Perhaps the organ thought it was going to annihilate us with all this fustian—this rant—this spattering of an over-excited brain—but in future it can save such missiles for those on whom they can have an effect.

We never was so low and degraded a thing yet, as to trifle with such a holy subject as spirit communication; and as we before said, we are careful not to publish anything in that particular department of our paper, which we do not know, to the best of our ability to know, comes from the source we affirm it does. We are strong in the consciousness of Right, and, therefore, strong in deed.

The person who called at the office of the "organ" must have exhibited far different tactics there from what he did here, if he personated the injured father there. Had he felt aggrieved, we could have led him to a source of comfort.

In conclusion, we shall still continue to publish messages from spirits to their friends on earth, notwithstanding the threats of the organ of Harvard.

FREEDOM.

BY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

We fly away as mist before the sun. The first immortal consume The dust that was the garment of the mind. 'Tis life, 'tis death, that kills. The spirit tastes The burning wine of immortality: Inspired by that delicious draught, it springs Triumphant to its home amid the stars. Dropping the garment that impedes its flight; Call no man dead but him who hates his kind: The selfish man digs deep his mental tomb. The man who offers life on Freedom's shrine Shall live so long as Freedom rules the world— An elemental splendor he is made; Through solid walls of dungeons he descends, And paints Elysium on the slumbering soul, Bound in grim fetters by old Tyranny. He stands above the head-stone of the past; Bones of dead anarchists beneath him lie. He is the prophet of good deeds to be, When leaping from its scabbard in the mind, Held in God's hand, the scimitar of love Shall cleave old Despotism to the dust. And bid it slumber not to rise again.

TRANCE SPEAKING AT THE MELODEON. Mrs. H. F. HUNTER, in trance state, spoke in the afternoon and evening of last Sabbath, 6th inst. The subjects selected were, "The Beautiful" and "Independence," the elucidation of which were clear and cogent, and were listened to by large audiences with the closest attention. The occasion was a decided success for the medium. The crowded state of our columns debars us the pleasure of publishing a full report, but we will give a few of the most interesting.

THE WORLD GROWING WISER.

By the mail of the 10th May from Ohihuabua, the citizens of the village of El Paso, Mexico, received the new constitution of the Mexican republic, destroying the power of the Catholic church, and its myriad of clergymen. This was done by leaving out the article of the old constitution, establishing said church as the only true style of adoration of the Almighty. The said constitution was celebrated on the night of the 17th by a general illumination of the public buildings, as well as the private dwellings generally, and also by a "high mass" ball. On the next day, the civil and military authorities and the principal part of the first citizens of the place took the solemn oath to defend, protect and abide by the said constitution, the clergymen of the valley refusing to take the oath.

So the great wheel of Progress revolves. Despite the bigots and the fanatics, the world is still slowly but surely emerging from its blindness into a clearer and purer atmosphere. The cry of the people is coming up louder and stronger, like the tread of a triumphant army:

Creeds, Empires, Systems rot with age, But the great People's ever youthful! And it shall write the Future's page, To our humanity more truthful. Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling Your dark, cold shadows on us longer! Aside! thou world wide course, called King! The People's step is growing stronger. There's a Divinity within, That makes men great, whenever they will it; God works with all who dare to win, And the time cometh to reveal it. 'Tis coming! yes! 'tis coming.

SLEEP.

When weary we seek repose, and soon the sweet angel, sleep, folds us in her quiet arms, and we rest. This blessing of inestimable worth, is like all the gifts of God, so free and bountiful, that mankind almost forget the priceless boon. It is only when deprived of it that they begin to realize its worth and feel its importance.

Who has analyzed sleep? What philosopher ever comprehended its magic lessons, or fathomed its deep, mystical depths? It evades the keenest scrutiny, and the patient investigator pondering over its subtleties becomes himself a victim to its charms.

Sleep! What a glorious kingdom she hath. She calls the weary to it, and they repose on flowery couches. The absent wanderer longs for home, longs to see once more, and to embrace once again, his dear ones. Sleep calls him into her palace halls, and he meets them all. The wife clasps him to her heart, and the child sits upon his knee. Joy, like a God of goodness, as she is, crowns him with a diadem of love and peace.

The clock strikes its midnight peal. Over the dark and haggard city the great black wings of the "witching hour" flap as if the act were a signal for the ghosts of good resolutions, dead and buried, to come forth and worry those who strangle them. A worn and weary girl plies her needle, while her back aches and her hands moved mechanically. All day she has sat there, and all night too. She is an orphan, and who cares for her? She is a poor sewing girl, and who blesses her?

But ah, there is a friend for thee yet, Mary. Sleep sees thee in thy weariness, and folds thee to her breast. And, oh, it cannot be all an illusion; no, Sleep would not deceive thee so. God would not permit thee to be thus mocked.

The lone, cold room—the fine wrought linen—the spools of thread—the needle—the little lamp—they all fade from thy vision. Lo, before thee, palaces and gardens, statuettes and waterfalls, cascades and bright green fields. Lo, thy mother with her loving, guardian look; father, brothers, sisters, friends. How they throng about thee. What pleasing tales they tell of the land they dwell in. They sing to thee, and speak of joy which is to be all thine own. The aching heart, and the weary fingers, and the lame back are all forgotten—joy is thine.

A little boy thought he had lost his mother. All the day long he had gone about the house and sighed and moaned, because, as he said, they had put his mother in a box and buried her in the cold ground—that dear mother who loved him so tenderly, and had kissed him every night since he has known what it is to live. But Sleep came just at twilight and kissed the child, and he thought it was his mother, and nestled close to her, and was borne away to where he met her whom he thought dead. And the mother met the child.

And the two embraced, and said they should never be parted. They wandered over fair fields, plucked bright flowers, and there was no weeping nor sighing.

Oh, glorious Sleep! Thou art God's handmaid, coming with thine arms loaded with blessings for the poor, and the sad, and the weary of earth.

COMMON SENSE.

Amid the wild screamings of the ravens who have so long lived and fattened on the ignorance, the folly and the bigotry of mankind, and who are only frightened now that they see the comfortable, cosy dome from which they have called to their betters, "follow us," bursting out into a flame of glory, a light like that which Moses saw when God manifested himself to him; it is good to know and to feel that there yet exists a relic of those old, abused, and misunderstood words, COMMON SENSE.

The following extracts from the Traveller are the thoughts of a mind capable of soaring above those great-little men of Harvard, because it can think more than Science—it can think COMMON SENSE. Hear:—

In common with the rest of the country we hailed with pleasure and high expectation the appointment of the Cambridge Committee to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. From gentlemen in whose talents, knowledge and habits of observation the community reposed such confidence, we felt that we could look for a candid, patient and thorough investigation, the result of which could not fail to be satisfactory to disinterested men on both sides of this important question. Our expectations, the expectations of the public, we regret to say, have been entirely disappointed. The committee have met, not adjourned, and have published a report, not of their doings, but of their decision, which leaves the matter exactly where they found it. It throws no new light on the subject, either favorable or unfavorable.

Experiments are now in progress in this city, with the same mediums who appeared before the Cambridge Committee. They have exhibited the manifestations to a party of gentlemen connected with the leading daily papers, and so far with decided success, although the strictest vigilance has been used to detect imposition. For our own part we can say that we have seen sufficient to satisfy us that whatever may prove to be the real nature of the manifestations, it is not of a kind to be detected by a glance, nor decided upon without long and careful scrutiny. It is a problem to be solved, of far more consequence



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. CHAPTER VII.

Shadows.—Illness of Mrs. Hayden.—Kind Friends.—Dr. John Ashburner.—The Wooden-Legged Medium.—A Beautiful Communication.

It has been truly said, that this life is one of sunshine and shadow, and so proved our mission to England. One moment all was bright and cheering, and the next darkness and gloom. On the 15th of November we removed to 22 Queen Anne's street, Cavendish square, situated in the most fashionable part of London, where we had scarcely located when Mrs. Hayden was prostrated with a dangerous illness, resulting from sea-sickness, and for some days her life was despaired of. I stood beside her bed, expecting that every hour would be her last on earth, but her work was not yet completed.

During this critical period, Dr. Hayden and lady were most kind in their attentions, the doctor assisting by his superior skill and advice, while Mrs. Hayden rendered every assistance in her power, watching for hours beside her bed, without the thought of compensation or reward. I mention these facts, as I deem it would be most ungenerous not to accord to them so trifling a return for their many favors.

During the time Mrs. Hayden was ill, and unable to move without assistance, her room was musical with the raps—angel voices, that spoke more hope and joy in those dark hours, than could any earthly power have afforded.

"Fear not, the danger is past, and we are with you," were the loving words. Although Mrs. Hayden was not confined to her room more than three or four weeks, yet that period served to turn away the current of our success for a time.

How little do we know what is for our good in this life, and this was fully illustrated in what followed, for by that affliction, we were afterwards greatly benefitted in several important respects, which, it is regretted, for good and sufficient reasons, cannot be given to the reader. This truth was also demonstrated to us in several instances. In the first place, had we taken passage in the "New World" we have every reason to believe that our little one would have found an ocean grave, where no flowers would have decked its resting place. Again, had we taken passage in the steamer Atlantic, we should have arrived in London just at that time when the great city is said to be deserted and everybody is in the country, as it would have been just at the close of the fashionable season, when that class of persons who investigated the phenomena were absent from town. The result would have been, in all probability, that we should have returned discouraged, without having accomplished the purpose for which we went. Reaching London just at the time we did, when the nobility and gentry were returning to attend the approaching funeral of the Duke of Wellington, it enabled us remain until the general return of the aristocracy in the spring for the regular season. Thus, out of our apparent reverses and disappointments, came, our final success and triumph.

The next most important step in our transatlantic progress, was a seance with the seer, Dr. John Ashburner, the translator and author of the notes to the Baron Von Reichenback's celebrated work on the Odic Force.

Dr. Ashburner is widely and favorably known in Europe and in this country, as a deeply learned and scientific man, of a large and expansive mind—of great liberality—and possessing one of the kindest and most generous hearts that beats in the breast of man. Previous to our first interview with the doctor, an English would-be medium attempted to deceive him by making the sounds with her wooden leg. This he at once detected, and it made him extremely suspicious of all other mediums, either true or false, and it was with extreme reluctance that he consented to investigate the phenomena at the earnest solicitation of his friend, Dr. Hayden.

The seance for Dr. Ashburner was given at the house of Dr. Hayden, on the evening of January 22, the only persons being present on the occasion besides the family, was a wealthy merchant of London. This gentleman was asking some questions, of what purported to be the spirit of his first wife, who had been in the spirit world some years, when Dr. Ashburner entered and took a seat near Mrs. Hayden, and continued to watch her very closely while the following communication was being received; Mrs. Hayden, who knew nothing in regard to the gentleman's wife or even her name, passing the pencil over the alphabet, and her husband (Dr. Hayden) acting as amanuensis. The annexed is the spirit's communication:

"My Dear Husband.—This is bliss beyond description, this blessed privilege of communicating with our dear ones on earth—you are constantly protected by high and holy angels, who have accompanied me in the silent watches of the night, and administered the blessings of heaven unto you, and tried to impress you to do that which is right in the sight of God, and also unto your fellow men. My dear husband, ever since the day that it pleased God to separate me from you and my dear child, I have hovered around you both, like a ministering angel, soothing the cares of earth and leading your soul to the blessed mansion of God, where it will finally rest from the toils and cares of earth, and join with your once loved and cherished MARY; but the joy of one day with the bright beings of these bright realms is far more glorious than a life-time in this cold, dark earth of sin and trouble. Give my dearest love to my own dear boy, and although he never knew a kind mother's soft embrace, yet she has ever since that moment hovered around him with the care of an angel; tell him to love you tenderly for my sake,

The lady whose spirit purported to give the above, died on the day of the birth of her child, which fact was unknown to any of the party at the seance save the husband. It will also be observed, that the Christian name MARY is given, which was likewise unknown to Mrs. Hayden, and the communication was given through the alphabet, letter by letter, to a lady, and not to the husband, who was present, so that every line breathes a pure and holy devotion—a wife's affection—a mother's unshakable love for her child, which nothing can surpass or equal on earth. To believe that the communication proceeded from any but a truthful and pure spirit, requires a greater stretch of the imagination than we are capable of.—W. R. H.

and God will bless and prosper him. I will now bid you good bye, and may the God of Heaven bless you, in the prayer of your devoted,

MARY, in Heaven."

Dr. Ashburner's Experience. I had the misfortune to lose my father fifty-five years ago. Although I was but a child, I have a vivid remembrance of him. By the natives of Bombay he was more than respected. He was venerated for his high talents and for his great goodness. Is it nothing to feel that such an intelligence is able to make his ideas clear to his son? But you will ask, "What proof have you of the identities of these persons?" This brings me to narrate to you the events of the first evening I spent with the spirits in the presence of Mrs. Hayden.

I had always regarded the class of phenomena relating to ghosts and spirits as matter too occult for the present state of our knowledge. I had not facts enough for any hypothesis but that which engaged for them a place among optical phantoms connected in some way with the poetical creations of our organs of identity and wonder, and my hope and expectations always pointed to the direction of phrenology for the solution of all the difficulties connected with the subject. As to the rappings, I had witnessed enough to be aware that those who were not deceiving others were deceiving themselves; and there really exist on our planet a number of persons who are subject to the double failing of character. Having been invited by a friend to his house in Manchester Square in order to witness the spirit manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, my good friend can testify that I went expecting to witness the same class of transparent absurdities I had previously witnessed with other persons described to me as media. I went in any but a credulous frame of mind; and having, while a gentleman was receiving a long communication from his wife whom he had lost, under melancholy circumstances of childhood some years ago, watched Mrs. Hayden most attentively and with the severest scrutiny, and having finally satisfied himself that the raps were not produced by her, for they indicated letters of the alphabet, which, written down in succession, constituted words, furnishing a deeply interesting letter, couched in tender and touching terms, respecting the boy to which that eloquent mother had given birth when she departed from this world. If Mrs. Hayden could have had any share in the production of that charming and elegant epistle, she must be a most marvellous woman, for during a good part of the time that the raps were indicating to the gentleman the letters of the communication, I was purposely engaging her in conversation. The gentleman would not himself point to the letters of the alphabet lest his mind should in any way interfere with the result; and therefore he requested the lady of the house to point to the letters for him, while her husband, seated at another part of the table, wrote down each letter indicated by the raps on a piece of paper.

I was now kindly requested to take my turn at the table, and having successively placed myself in various chairs in order that I might narrowly watch Mrs. Hayden in all her proceedings, I at last seated myself, relatively to her, in such a position as to feel convinced that I could not be deceived; and, in fact, I was at last obliged to conclude that it was weakness of folly to suspect her of any fraud or trickery.

There are some people who think themselves uncommonly clever and astute when they suspect their neighbors of fraud and delinquency. It may be wisdom to be not too confiding, to be not too soft and credulous, but depend upon it the statistics of the existence of roguery and knavery in society, and the relative proportions they bear to honesty, will not bear out the proposition that it is wiser to suspect every man to be a knave until you have proved him to be honest. The world may be had enough in morals, but unless there were a great deal more of good than of evil in the human heart—I should say in the human brain—society would not hold together as it does. I know no man who has been hit so hard by the villany and knavery of his brethren, as I have myself been; and yet, attributing much to the influence of surrounding circumstances operating upon the bad organizations it has been my misfortune to meet with in medical life, I really should be sorry to come to the conclusion that my worst enemies were not to be far more pined than blamed. As for Mrs. Hayden, I have so strong a conviction of her perfect honesty, that I marvel at any one who could deliberately accuse her of fraud.

In order to obtain an experience of the phenomena in the fairest manner, I asked Mrs. Hayden to inform me whether it was requisite to think of one particular spirit with whom I wished to converse. "Yes," "Well, I am now thinking of one." It was the spirit of my father whom I wished to enlighten me. No raps on the table. I had anticipated an immediate reply, but there was for awhile none. Mrs. Hayden asked, "if there was any spirit present who knows Dr. Ashburner?" Immediately, close to my elbow, on the table, there were two distinct and separate successions of gentle rapping sounds. The next question was, "Was the spirit he wished to converse with present?" "No." "Was there any one present who would endeavor to bring it?" "Yes." "Are the spirits who rap near Dr. Ashburner friends of whom he is thinking?" "No." "Will they give their names?" "Yes." These replies were signified by rappings to questions put, some audibly, some mentally. Mrs. Hayden suggested that I should take up the alphabet, which was printed on a card. I took the card into my hand, and pointed at each individual letter with the end of a porcupine quill—my friend Mr. Hayden, the gentleman of the house, kindly undertaking to put down on paper for me the letters distinguished by the raps. When I arrived at a letter which the spirit desired to indicate, a rapping took place; but at all the other letters there was a complete silence. In this manner I obtained the letters successively ANN HURRY, the name of one of the most beautiful and accomplished, as well as pious and excellent, persons I had ever known. I had not seen her since 1812. She married two years after, and died in 1815. My father and most of the members of my family had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with several branches of the Hurry family, and I had, in youth and childhood, known Ann and her cousins as companions and playfellows.

(To be continued.)

WHAT more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots, and fourteen three-story houses?

SPIRITUALISM AT THE MUSIC HALL AND THE MELODEON, JUNE 28.

The music and melody of the Spirit-spheres seemed to find a happy correspondence in the Medium-utterances of yesterday, and losing no consistency in the names of the halls of reception.

The morning conference was much enjoyed by interchanges of thought and feeling. A few most recent occurrences of spirit manifestation were related by Mr. Milner and others. Also through the mediumship of Mr. Coonley, several points and questions were answered with point and aptness. A gentleman present (Mr. Cushing) endeavored to raise some objections to the spiritual theory of the manifestations, and related some facts he thought quite as mysterious as those of modern spiritualism, but he could give no explanation, nor even hypothesis of solution, unless it was imagination and delusion. And he inquired why these modern manifestations were given in the night and not in day light. But it was asserted as truth, that, as great varieties had been given in the light as in the dark. They each had their adaptations as much as the ancient "pillar of fire by night" and "pillar of cloud by day." Mr. Milner stated remarkable manifestations given through the Davenport Boys, preliminary to the trial before the Scientific Faculty of Harvard University. Their hands and feet were tied and untied. The hardest knots were formed and unformed by spirit power, or invisible agency, which has no other known source. Whether the "learned Professors" witnessed the same or not, there are others whose testimony will go as far as theirs for veracity and honesty. More than two or three witnesses, male and female, were present at the above mentioned preliminaries, where no strong will power and positive opposition obstructed the current powers of mediumship.

At the Melodeon, Mrs. Henderson, in the trance state, spoke upon two verses from the epistle of Jude, beginning thus, "There are spots in your feasts of Charity," and closing with the phrase, "to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." The train of thought was as follows:—From the Infinite One come love, purity and truth. They come to sustain and perfect us. For these eighteen hundred years there has been progress. From primitive apostleship there has been suggestion of principle, though not altogether nor especially through the professing channels, who have assumed the prerogative. So far as we have the Spirit of the Lord we are ourselves "God manifest in the flesh," and may die as Jesus did, even as martyrs. We are saved, not by the death but by the life of Christ. Take the Christian community, so called, of the present day. It is as blackness of darkness, like those Scribes and Pharisees of old, whom Jesus called hypocrites.

Called hypocrites men, but principles, those evils and falsities which go under the cloak of Christianity. As such they are tottering. It is not the true gospel. Neither do we claim that the present Dispensation is the best that ever will be given.

It is still preparatory. Higher demonstrations will yet come in more spontaneous love and purity. But the empty formalities of the old church are "spots in their feasts of charity." In these appearances there may be much of beauty. But in the prevailing customs there is hypocrisy, and with it, what is called great shrewdness of business. The business man turns upon the rich, but is not shrewd to oppress and despise the poor. The unfortunate ones are brought before tribunals and into imprisonment. Who does the material work of furnishing the palaces of the rich, and of getting their luxuries? The lowly ones. They often will not worship together. These are "spots in their feasts of charity."

Civil law also was in contradiction to God's law. Why not establish laws to equalize and unite? The existing laws are dark spots. They deal harshly with the tried, the good, and the poor, and especially the criminal. The wrong doing brings its own punishment. We would not throw off all restraint. Elect yourselves administrators of true love and justice. The ancient word, Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, &c., was adapted literally but to those on the most physical plane. It is not adapted to the higher principles of the New Covenant. At the first coming the new did away with the old. And now we have that which is still more new. The old errors of professing ministers are seen at the bedside of the dying, which dying has only been hastened on by the existing errors of ill-adapted treatment. But these errors will be consigned to darkness. Wisdom now rides on the cloud of light, saying, go and sin no more. Let the principle of Christ shine forth in your life and conversation.

The true laws of to-day seek universal freedom from both physical and spiritual bondage. Be free, as the loving cultivators of the beautiful flower gardens of your own true natures. The garden soil and elements are within you, and will bloom yet in the Paradise of God.

Questions and answers were offered. Q. Will the spirit explain the rapping phenomena?

A. There is in the higher spheres a perfect spirit battery, formed with its electric conductors, amid the circle of intelligences. These, from currents of electricity, are brought to bear upon susceptible individuals and objects. The power of will is exercised. The earthly conditions are under general law. The spiritual conditions are first more directly under the will power. As the power descends and mingles with the more material elements, consciousness takes place in different forms, producing knockings, rappings, and various sounds. These currents, transmitting intelligence, produce the letters raised upon the arms and given in other forms. There are various methods used, according to the thing required. The elements requisite are brought together in a manner shaped to the end. The finest threads of spirit electricity are formed as true to the object as the needle to the pole.

Q. Explain why certain manifestations cannot be produced when all in the circle are not concentrated in harmony?

A. Influences, of a positive character, often disperse. Suggestive remarks sometimes break the spiritual force. The medium may be too positive. Outside influences are often too strong, not so much against the spirits, as the favorable condition of the medium.

At the Music Hall, the lecture, through Mr. L. K. Coonley, of Portland, was a most profound exposition of both revealed and natural theology, which, though given through an uneducated mechanic, (except by the spirits), would leave most of our theological systems as professional devices, without root or branch. Stand fast.

The text was, "There is nothing hid which shall not be revealed."

The statement first made was, no small share of the attention of the theological world is now directed

to this point, whether there are and will be further revelations or not? Is all given in the Bible? Its letter was originally confined and adapted to the Jewish nation. But why are so many nations so ignorant of its meaning? They have their own peculiar conditions, states and revelations. The germs of revelation are the same with all nations. There are peculiarities of climate, of hemisphere, as well as of constitutional organism. Yet the substantial principles, as embodied in the writings of Confucius, in the Koran, and the various religions, are very similar. Among different Seers we observe the same grand principle evolved. Mediumistic powers have ever been adapted to localities and conditions, among the Jews, the Chinese, the Persians and others. The appearances of the letter have differed, yet been adapted. Still all their Seers have shadowed forth something Divine. Certain degrees of the unfoldment have been understood. When a new degree is first announced, the cry is Innovator, Impostor! Revelations are not yet closed. Amid the old we see the elements of a stand still point, as if anything farther was impossible and unscriptural, too much like the idea of a God concentered in one form of locality. If further developments of Spiritualism are given, they reject them, because it is more than they bargained for. Though the same manifestations are now given as in the past, yet those modern ones, with such, are a counterfeit. But the unfoldment is gaining power. The hidden principles are coming forth, notwithstanding many share the fate of a Galileo. Another received his influx, unfolded it further, gave further ultimatum. Afterwards it was found out to be wonderful. Why? Because not understood before. Thus, relating to the practical economies of life, you will see a new dissolving and combining of the earthly elements, of water, and of the gases, and of the electrical agencies, saving fuel, and the present expenses of steam and fluids. These things are all in harmony with new spirit revelations. We may look for the new blendings of all the operations of nature. The future will not always see such a sacrifice of the innocent animals for food. And ravenous beasts are passing away. We shall call forth food from the interior of the earth. All these things will be in keeping with the revelations and church of the second and spiritual coming.

A few questions were put by the audience, and were answered by a mastery power of discrimination and directness. I cannot here do justice to them. The leading one was to the following point:— Q. Has Christ come personally?

A. Not with the same identical materiality of body. Illustration was drawn from the beautiful flowers placed upon the desk. The elements and fragrance return after the changes. But the identical spirit-body of Jesus did rise and appear to many, and was so materialised again by spirit power, as to be recognised. He still again comes in spirit-form, adapted to spiritual sight and spiritual wants.

The evening discourse was in answer to a subject coming from the audience, viz.: The relation between the spiritual and material, and the importance of improving the material condition, as a basis, in order the better also to return reciprocal benefits to those coming to us from the spirit world. The answer and treatment gave high satisfaction, and an unknown gentleman present, at the close, grasped the medium's hand, and put into it something of the material support, in gold, \$10.

We hope to hear from the same medium next Sabbath afternoon, at three and eight o'clock, P. M.

The writer of this concluded each service in the afternoon, on the philosophy of Spiritualism, and in the evening, by way of application, on the economy of reciprocal charities, between the high and the low, the rich and the poor. I wish here to state, since I have commenced this report, I have enjoyed a pleasant interruption, by hearing two or three improvised pieces of poetry, through the conscious mediumship of Mrs. O. F. Hyzer, of Burlington, Vt., who chanced to be in our neighborhood, at Cambridge. She sung the poetry, accompanied with the melodeon, which she often does in public. One of the pieces was from my angel daughter. I have not yet seen nor heard a more highly developed medium. When her physical health recruits, we hope to have the pleasure of hearing the highly Inspirational Mrs. Hyzer, at the Music Hall, Boston. W. H. POITREZ. Cambridge, June 29, 1857.

Communications.

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

THE IMPORTANCE OF A PURE LIFE. The following, from LAURA TRASK, was given through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. K. of Roxbury:—

The mind is spiritual, it is the jewel; the body is material, it is the casket. That casket may be rich, yet the jewel worthless, or the jewel pure and beautiful, and the casket rough. The latter is only of value to contain the former, but were the former taken away, how useless the latter, even were it most beautiful; therefore educate the mind, spare no labor to inform it, but above all teach it good and holy principles, that will stand forever, and live unto eternity—for the germ is good, having sprung from God, the fount of all goodness. None are entirely evil, each, every person, however debased, possesses some reclaiming property, if it were only called out and acted upon, or improved. None are so far gone, as to be utterly, irrevocably lost; no man is so hard but that he may be made to feel the influence of love and mercy; no man so degraded, but has respect for a woman, when she is that woman should be, love and affection. Her innocence calls forth at the same time pure respect and a desire to shield her from harm. Self is forgotten or lost in contemplation of her virtues, and only being in her presence has helped man from his degradation. The influence of good over evil is ever true, consequently all will of a day be good, though that day may be far distant.

When people on earth have committed a crime, or done wrong, they are shut up with others often more debased and degraded than themselves; thus constantly mingling with those they are brought down to their level, when, if they had been placed among good influences, or even left by themselves for a time, the effect would have been good, and they would by degrees have arisen from the pit of iniquity, and been brought to see the light of Truth and Love. There would be much less wrong committed on earth were the laws and regulations of society different,—how much there is to be done? To any but a spirit the world would seem impossible; but we know all things are possible with God,—and with his Divine aid, all will be made right at last. The scales shall be taken from the eyes of man, and they shall be enabled to see the glory of God and all his works. In all your institutions; in all your laws, in your religion; in everything, vice has the predominance. A man who has cunning is talented, or is greater in the eyes of men, for he can do what neither talent or genius can, he can make every thing subservient to his will; and more, he can commit crimes of the most revolting to nature, and

yet escape punishment. I do not wonder some say, if there is a God, why does he not put forth his arm, and stop such a career? But let me tell you that man's fate is in God's hands, and justice will be done. The evils he brings upon himself, he cannot flee from; they will follow him beyond the grave, and great will be his misery before he can free himself. As he was a free agent on earth, so he is in the spirit land; and as he sows, so must he reap; and only when repentance comes, when the sincere desire to do better exists will God, as a merciful parent who loves the most unfortunate of his children, point out the right way, and send his angels to help him. But these evils cannot be got rid of in an hour or day. No death-bed repentance is sufficient to ensure entrance to the kingdom of God; it is generally the result of fear, or the pangs of a guilty conscience,—for, were that person restored to life again, ten to one, he would go on in the same way. Nor can these evils be banished so easily as they are received, for having once done evil it is hard to return to the path of virtue; and in order to do so, it will take a long time. Each evil must be uprooted and cast out by your own exertions, and constant remorse and misery be your companion until you are free. A person who has done wrong on earth, on coming here, is followed by those wrongs constantly. There is no rest. He is reminded of them, no matter where or which way he turns, and could he be in the highest spheres, would be as miserable as in the lowest hell,—happiness is in the heart or soul, it is inward, and all outward things are in correspondence. If one is good he must be happy, for goodness and happiness are inseparable. If one is evil he must be miserable, for evil and misery are also companions. As Love and Wisdom combined (as Swedenborg says) makes a perfect being—so these are the same—they are laws that will exist forever.

But the work has commenced in good earnest. Spirits are constantly employed visiting earth, teaching, communicating, and making their presence known in every way according to the mind of those who receive. Some are satisfied with writing, some by a trance or speaking medium, some require physical demonstrations, and rappings, rippings; others wish to see, and hear, and all these things can be, and are done, and yet many there are who seek for some unknown science to explain these manifestations, and they will rack their brains, until they are confused and lost, searching for reasons, when the truth is open before their eyes—plain as the noonday sun. Certainly it is the most plausible reasoning that can be found, that it is the work of spirits, and yet they would rather acknowledge it the work of anything else, even the Devil is preferred, and all this is the fruit of education, a prejudice instilled into the minds when young, and grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. If people would only throw aside all these feelings and investigate closely and openly, the same as in any other science, with their eyes open, not blinded either by religion or interest, they would all be convinced, but they will not, or only a few, and still they will and must be, in defiance of all these. All your prejudices will be dissolved like mist before the sun; they are shortlived, for they are of earth and man,—what is true will remain,—all else is as naught.

"WORKING OUT OUR OWN SALVATION."

The following is from the spirit of B. D., by the mediumship of H. R. W.:

It has been often said, and truly, that if we examine the varied and wonderful works of Nature, we find no two pieces alike; but yet, every thing, however minute, and seemingly unworthy of notice, is of itself, according to its development, a perfection. What food is here for the Philosophical mind. The simple violet of the field, as it lifts its tiny head, opening its petals that it may receive the refreshing influences of the sunshine and rain, is as perfect a development of the laws of Nature, (although we pass it by with scarcely a thought), as the sturdy forest, whose giant branches are scarcely swayed by the rude blasts of winter.

The more we study the laws of Nature, as exemplified in her works, the more beautiful do they appear; and the soul is drawn forth in admiration, sending up its deepest and most heartfelt devotions to the great first cause—the "Parent of all Good." When we look upon the noble and majestic oak, and listen to the zephyrs, as they draw melody from its rustling leaves, how often do we think that as it stands in all its majesty, it is but the product of a single acorn. Thus beautifully illustrating the great truth, "that the most momentous effects proceed from what appear to be trifling causes." Are we not forced to confess, as we investigate one piece of Nature's workmanship after another, that whether it be the simple lily of the field or the noble forest—the little rivulet as it flows noiselessly along to lose itself in the bosom of the peaceful lake—or the roaring cataract, as it leaps from precipice to precipice, echoing its ceaseless din among the mountains—whether it be the silent, quiet lake, as it sleeps in its mountain home, where not a breath rustles its fair bosom—or the mighty ocean, convulsed by the storm, lashing itself in its fury against the rocky shores—or, if we investigate the laws of life, as exhibited in the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdoms, from the smallest particle of matter to the rolling worlds which fill immensely, we behold one continuous chain, from which the smallest link could not be removed, without disturbing the harmony of the whole.

In view of these reflections, should not man exclaim; how beautiful and perfect art thou, O Nature, in all thy works. There are no short-sighted experiments here, such as man is wont to make—but every thing bears the impress of that great Infinite Mind, the embodiment of Love and Wisdom, whose will is but to do, and whose presence fills immensely. In view of these things, is it not truly astonishing to behold how little man understands of the laws that govern his being.

We do not look for perfection in him while occupying the rudimental sphere. Yet he can, and must progress far ahead of the position he at present occupies. We would wish to point out some of the reasons why man stands to-day where he does. It is not the fault of Deity that he does not progress faster, but because he is living in direct antagonism to the laws of his Spiritual Being. To man, in his earthly existence, this is not so apparent, because he must necessarily judge of the motive by the action, and the effect by what he presumes to be the cause. The nearer he approximates to the scale of development of those around him, the more gross and sensual are his perceptions. Mankind are living altogether in the animal department of their nature. There is but one motive which seems to rule their actions, and that is self-love and self-gratification.

To those who have cast off the garb, which they inherited from mother earth, and live and move in the world of spirit, although possessed of the same feelings in a great measure, which actuated them in the rudimental sphere, yet they can see, as it were, in one panoramic view, the motives which govern man in his earthly existence.

As the artist stands upon some prominent cliff, and surveys the surrounding landscape, so can the disembodied mind view, as it were, at a glance, the thoughts, feelings, and motives of those who are still clothed with mortality. Behind the fair exterior, how oft is disclosed to the spiritual vision rotteness of heart and foulness of purpose. You can but feebly imagine the picture that is often presented to our vision. It is indeed sad to see how little man understands of the laws of his being, and how little he appreciates the end and object of his earthly existence. How few there are (comparatively) who have any other motive in life than this same self-gratification—though the earth was to be their only dwelling place, and the "mansion in the skies" merely imaginary. Now it is obvious to every reflecting mind, there is a grievous wrong somewhere, and it is our privilege, when divested of all earthly restrictions, that human society, in its disorganized state, imposed upon us to view from the spirit-plane, every thing in its true aspect. There are many in earth, life who can see

The Messenger.

these things, but those restrictions which they are under prevent them from declaring their convictions. In the first place, among the greatest hindrances that society has to contend against, we would class erroneous teachings.

We do not mean to say that all of your religious teachers preach errors, that is, intentionally. They teach much truth, but just where they leave off they should begin. They teach that every thing is possible with God, even a philosophical impossibility, so to speak.

Now let us look for a moment at the effect of such teachings. The man of business, supposing him to be a professional Christian, pursues his daily avocations as steadily, and apparently worships his God no more than the man of the world.

The man of the world naturally enough, looks to the professing Christian to see the effect that religion has upon him, and sees no difference, or at least but little. He turns away saying to himself, where is he worthy of heaven more than others?

Christ says, those that love him must take up their cross and follow him, and the things that he did they should also do, and even greater. But what does the organized church of the nineteenth century say?

In this way, and no other, was this to be attained. Thus we see, that it is entirely dependent upon ourselves to work out our own happiness and destiny. It cannot be bought with the dross of the world.

Here is a spirit who gives the name of Mr. Allston. He is a young man, and says he has been here a short time. Thinks he will be able to communicate something in reference to himself soon.

There is a spirit here by the name of Anna Wilder, who has communicated to you before. She wishes to know if you remember her. She came here by accident two years ago, or about that.

Here is a tall, oh, the most beautiful Indian. He has laid his hand upon my head. He is singing some wild melody, and the music is delightful, but I cannot understand one word of it.

Rev. Mr. Burnap, of Lowell. Eighteen hundred years ago there came a band of angels, proclaiming glad tidings of great joy. These angels declared that joy should extend through all time; that all nations should receive those tidings, and praise God for them.

KEEP YOUR WINGS DRY. If you will go to the banks of a stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of water; and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air.

REAPING MACHINE CHALLENGE.—Baron Ward has given notice to the Imperial Agricultural Society of Vienna that he challenges all reaping machines—European and American—to compete with his (an improvement on Hussey's, patented in October, last, in Austria) for one thousand dollars, in cutting seven acres, next harvest.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mr. F. E. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

Answers to Correspondents. To F. H. S., Baltimore.—Behold the stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner. My dear friend, I draw nigh you this morning to commune with one who is very dear to me.

The reference in regard to O'Neil is made by this spirit, because in the letter which is answered, his name is mentioned, and mention is also made of the interest the Catholics of Maryland feel in reference to the subject of Spiritualism, many leading Catholics being firm believers, according to our correspondent's letter.

To Geo. P., Haverhill, Mass.—Dear Mortal.—You have a large company of spirit friends with you, who are anxious to develop you for our use. You have medium power, and in time we will do much with you, but cannot say in how long a time.

Seeing Spirits.—Samuel Hopkinson; O'Neil; Henry Hubbard; Wm. Allston; Charles Johnson; Anna Wilder; Mary Cushman; Susan Cook. I see five spirits here. One seems to be a child about four years old. He says he does not remember anything of earth.

Another spirit here seems very anxious, and says (Won't you stop thinking a moment and take hold of my hand?) and there he says he died in Charlestown, N. H., and looks as if he was astonished at something. He gives the name of Henry Hubbard; was ex-governor of that State. He looks very honest, and this may be true.

There is a spirit here by the name of Mary Cushman. She may be about fifty years of age. She wishes to communicate to her children.

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they know not what they do." We would we could find Spiritualists uttering the same prayer, for surely they are in darkness, and they should pity them. Thirty odd years Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth. He was subject to temptation, as are your mediums.

mother by the name of Mary, has urged me many times to commune, and I am here. Ask Childs if he remembers the time I told him I was sorry he was so foolish, and laughed at him for his belief. I was an acquaintance of his and a friend; we met often, and conversed upon the subject of Spiritualism.

Benjamin Lindsey, a passenger on the Steamer Montreal. True, true, true. Spirits do come back, and they do manifest, for I am a spirit. I promised certain friends that if it was true I would come back and manifest to them.

Prudence Miller. The following communication was handed us by a gentleman residing in Cambridgeport. We do not know whether it will stand the test of Truth, having no answer from a letter we wrote, inquiring about it.

Mary Bryant, to a Man in Lawrence, Mass. I don't come back because I want to be avenged, but because I cannot be happy unless I come. I have manifested through four different mediums, in hope of reaching one who is deep sunk in sin.

William Harrington. All spirits that are made acquainted with the fact that they can commune with mortals are very anxious so to do. Many come to your medium and go away sadly disappointed, because they cannot manifest at that time.

Charles Parkhurst, Chelsea. Many things that are hidden shall be made plain by immortal ones. It is not my purpose to give you, who are a stranger to me, much at this time.

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He will understand my epistle—you may not. Do I sin in coming? I think not. I come, as I said before, to other mediums, but have failed to do what I wish through them, and have been told to come here. Will you publish what I have given you?

William Sprague, of Boston. As communion seems to be the object of all spirits who come to earth, so it is mine in coming to you this morning. I left many friends when I left earth, some enemies I suppose.

John Page, of Danvers. Men say I was guilty; but God says Nor Guilty. I, for one spirit, am glad that natural laws are not like those of Massachusetts.

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THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD! MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, 19 Wilcox Street, Portland, Maine, has been more than three years in Portland and vicinity, restoring many that were given up by physicians, now she comes to offer her services to those who may want. Mrs. Danforth will give special attention to female complaints—Examinations private and strictly confidential.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE, HAVING NO SYMPATHY with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a combination of speculating individuals, having no higher object than money making; frequently disregarding the interests of the sufferer, and too often taking advantage of those who are ignorant of their own condition, we have organized a body of volunteers, who have taken the conclusion that I may, as well as some other individuals in the city, establish myself in an institution alone, with my wife and son to constitute the whole faculty, professing to have cured more of the THROATS and CASES OF NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, than any other medical man in this locality, during the long period in which I have been thus engaged; and this without regard to sophistry.

REMOVAL J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WRITING MEDIUM, (ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS), gives notice to the public that he may be found on and after this date, at No. 5 Bridge Street, near Washington Street, (over George Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store), on the 1st of May, 1857, in the phenomena of spirit communication, and in order to necessary for him to equip larger rooms for the accommodation of visitors.

GEORGE ATKINS, HEALING AND CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM, Office No. 184 Main Street, Charlestown. Heals the sick by the laying on of hands and other spirit remedies. When sickness or distance prevents personal attendance, he sends a lock of hair with the name and place of residence, the patient will receive an examination written on, with all requisite instructions. Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent, \$2, payable in advance. Office hours from 9 o'clock to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE TABERNACLE. DISCUSSION of Spiritual Philosophy, by CORA L. V. HATCH, a Spirit Medium, and MR. C. H. HARVEY, a Minister of the Gospel, on Thursday evening, April 30th, 1857. Photographically reported. 16 large octavo pages. Price 50 cents; 25 cents; 12 for 40 cents; 25 for 60 cents; 50 for 100 cents. Mail free of postage. Address STEARNS & CO., 609 Corn. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York. May 28-31.

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MRS. T. H. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM. No. 1 AVON Place, Boston. April 11-17.

wait, pacing the carpet and looking through the half-closed blind, and still her husband was absent. "I must go and seek him!" she cried, snatching her hat and shawl, and in her phrenzied anxiety she rushed towards the outer door, but scarcely had she turned the knob when two men ascended the steps looking pale and excited.

"Does Mrs. Harris reside here?" inquired the elder of the two. "She does," replied the wife, endeavoring to appear calm, while the thought that something serious might have happened to her husband caused her to cling to the open door for support. A few moments of silence ensued, and then gradually the strangers unfolded to her the cause of their visit. They had come to tell her that her husband had been seen to go off in a boat with three other young men, and that shortly after the severe tempest which had taken place that afternoon, two bodies were picked up floating in the water, and also several articles of wearing apparel, and a hat marked William Harris on the inside.

Oh, how every thing pertaining to show and monied wealth sank into insignificance now, when compared with the dreadful loss of her husband! What agony and remorse of mind she now experienced, as she thought how easy it would have been, had she not listened to bad counsel, to have spent this Sabbath as she did the previous one; for well she knew that it had never needed but a smile and a kind word from her to ever retain him at her side, when business did not call him from her. The wife's agony of soul, her remorse and regret we will not attempt to portray, as days, weeks, months and years went by, and nothing but the wave soaked hat was found to recall aught of the fate of William Harris.

Mrs. Etwood's visits and counsel ceased in Nellie's home, when the young widow's necessities compelled her to retire into fewer rooms, and toil for a subsistence. Three years went by, and brought but very little of life's sunshine to the youthful widow, who wept till it seemed as if the fount of tears was dry. Nellie, since that fatal Sabbath day, had always lived alone, faithful to the memory of him who loved her while living. Some murmured that one so young and beautiful should mourn thus for the dead, but when such remarks as these were made, she ever turned from the speaker and sought her own quiet room, where she could be surrounded by objects inwoven with the history of happier days.

It was a calm June evening—it was a Sabbath evening, and Nellie sat in her room alone, and through the gathering twilight she was peering toward the portals of the church, observing one after another as he entered there. Presently there came one whose features were not plain to her—he paused opposite the church for a few moments, and then, as if to make up for the moments he had lost, he walked hastily on. As he neared the house Nellie gave a loud shriek, and tried to rise from her chair, but the power was wanting. She heard her name pronounced by an inquirer at the outer door, and she knew no more till she felt the warm breath of her husband on her cheek, and his manly voice assured her that he still lived. Space will not allow us to depict all the conversation that passed between the husband and wife, during that evening; but we will give to the reader the facts, clothing them in our own language.

Mr. Harris, in his college days, had always been very fond of the water, and had always embraced every opportunity to become expert in swimming and managing a boat, and now, on the day our tale commences, when he found that so great was the tempest that they should be thrown into the sea, he prepared himself to keep afloat, and by the aid of an oar, he swam and drifted far away from the spot where he was upset, and there was relieved from his perilous situation by a vessel that was outward bound; and soon after his arrival on her deck, ere he had recovered from exhaustion, a strong wind sprang up and she immediately put to sea, nor did he land till he found himself in a foreign port. Twice had he started for home since that time, but in both instances was shipwrecked, and the letters he had sent had never reached his wife.

"I return to you penniless," said the husband, folding his wife to his breast. "Never name it, dear William," answered the wife through her tears, "for you are returned to me, and past experience has taught me to wish for nothing more. I shall listen to no bad counsel in future, neither will I ever murmur because we are poor." "I would have indulged you more in the past," continued the husband, "but the sum my kind father left me was almost exhausted on my education; but, if Heaven gives me strength I will now turn that education to advantage, and endeavor to reap a fortune thereby."

Mr. Harris kept his word, and from this time properly attended their efforts to do right. Barton was never heard of after that fatal sail. The other two bodies were recovered.

Advertisements.

NOTICE. L. K. COONLEY, of Portland, Me., FRANCE SPEAKER and HEALING 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 29.

A GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE CURE."—Prescribed through the mediumship of Mrs. W. B. Hayden, the Chrono-Sympathist, June 24th, for the cure of Chronic DYSPEPSIA, STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, and for the cure of Rheumatism, Female Complaints, General Debility and Wasting Body. Put up in strong bottles with full directions, and sent to any part of the country by express, on the receipt of One Dollar at Hayward Place, where it may be obtained. Dose—15 to 20 drops. Very agreeable to take. July 6-11.

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T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1 AVON Place, Boston. Boston for two years tested his power, will undertake the cure of all diseases, however obstinate. He will be assisted by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly developed mediums of the age. Patients visited in or out of the city. April 11-17.

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"Neither should I care," remarked Mrs. Etwood, happy to find some one who apparently bid fair to be as unhappy as herself. "There is no danger but what he will come back again," she continued, "and then the little lesson of spirit that you have shown him will do him good, and if you will only persist in it, you will find yourself a great deal happier by and by." But let us now follow the husband, and leave the wife and her guest to finish the interview when they please.

When the young husband looked back on his home, there was a feeling of unrest at his heart, and he sighed for the quiet and shade of the spot he had left, but still he had not the courage to return and meet the frown of her he loved, so he passed on listlessly with no particular object in view. "I would go into the church," he exclaimed mentally, "but there would be a void in the pew if Nellie were not beside me, for it is a long time since I entered the portals without her."

With thoughts like these the husband was walking slowly down the street, when a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder with a "Ah, good morning, Harris, I didn't expect to meet you here walking alone so leisurely. What say you for taking a short trip down the harbor, it is such a pleasant morning?" Mr. Harris looked up and saw that an old college chum stood beside him; extending his hand, he replied, "Well, Barton, I guess I won't go to-day; some other time. I—"

"Same old story, Harris! What a deuced change marriage has brought about in you! Why, you used to take a sail now and then of a Sunday morning, and come back to church in the afternoon. But since you married Nellie you have forgotten all old sports and all old friends. Shouldn't be a bit surprised if I should hear of a Deacon Harris one of these days, you are getting so rigid."

The young husband tried to smile, but it was a mere contortion of his lips; his heart was not engaged in it, and yet, there was no betrayal of the emotion within.

"Oh, come Harris, go this once if you never go again!" continued the graduate from old Harvard; and linking his arm in that of his friend, he passed down a narrow street that led toward the water. Here a small boat sat lightly on the rippling waves, while in her bow sat two young men apparently waiting for the coming of more.

"Oh, come, Harris, join us!" spoke the trio in one voice as young Barton sprang into the boat and began to loosen the painter. The husband drooped his head on his hand for a moment. "I might as well go with them as to go to any other place," he murmured, "since I cannot be happy at home," and then springing over the side of the boat, he was soon gliding over the smooth surface of the water.

Scarcely had the boat left the shore when William Harris repented of what he had done, for the monitor within told him this was not the way the Sabbath should be spent, and once or twice he essayed to speak and request his companions to put back and land him, but the thoughts died away unuttered; for well he knew that if he requested this it would not be granted by the naturally reckless, but kind-hearted Barton. Neither would the others of the party agree that one should leave them who had not been with them for so long a time previous to this.

As the boat glided on toward the open sea, the wind seemed to breeze up till the small sail was filled to its utmost capacity. On they went! their speed increasing at every moment, till the city and all he loved was far behind him; and now as the tiny craft bent her bow and battled with the foam that the rising wind increased around them, Harris glanced seaward and there was a mist on the water, and low clouds scudding here and there, like sea gulls sporting on the waves. Calling the attention of his companions to this appearance of the elements, in an instant every cheek was blanched; for full well they knew how suddenly tempests come, and carry destruction with them, in our changeable climate. A few moments later the small sail was reefed, and they had put about, and were rowing for the shore of a small island in their vicinity, but their efforts proved vain, for ere they had gained thrice the length of their oars the tiny craft was struck by a squall that for a moment rocked her like a sea shell, and then crushed by the heavy sea that rolled over her, she tipped her freight into the boiling foam that surrounded her. Wild shrieks now went out from agonized beings, who but a few hours since were strong in health and early manhood. As we are following up the history of but one of him we will speak. When William Harris first saw the danger that surrounded him, his thoughts turned to his home and her he loved, and Oh, what would he not have sacrificed now to have been in his own quiet parlor! "If Nellie frowned and indulged in remarks that were not pleasant," he reasoned, "that is no cause why I should be here; I should not do wrong because another has done so." The young husband argued no more with himself, for now the blinding spray closed in around him, the shell like boat careened, and the four young men were battling with death above an almost fathomless grave.

Mrs. Harris's guest remained till long after the morning worshippers had left the church in the vicinity of Nellie's home, and then rising, she added still a few more words of advice to what she had already given to the young wife, saying that she should always rule in her house, and when her husband returned, for her not to appear as if she had missed his society, but to treat him with all the coolness he or any other man deserved who would not exert his utmost energy to dress his wife well and place her in an exalted position in society.

This was not the first time that Mrs. Etwood had given the orphan, Nellie, gratuitous advice in regard to the manner she should assume toward her husband, and this will account for the young and confiding wife's remarks on that Sabbath morning.

When Mrs. Harris was once more alone, she tried to compose her mind to read, but her thoughts would not center on the pages of a book. Then going to the closet where her best suits were hung, she scanned each dress separately, and as she came to the green plaid that her husband purchased unknown to her, and placed on her dressing table to surprise her, a sickening feeling came over her and remorse was busy at her heart. Mrs. Etwood's advice all vanished, and now she mentally resolved, when her husband should come she would twist her arms around his neck and promise him that she would never ask him for unnecessary articles again, but would leave all to his judgment; then, bathing her heated temples, she dressed herself as he had often heard become her, and afterwards seated herself near the window to await his coming. Hour after hour did Nellie

the door, and bitterly she reproached herself for the remarks she had made, and she resolved within herself she would never talk so to her husband again. But she did not believe but what he would go to church; for where else, she thought, could he go on the Sabbath? So, tripping up the stairs, she seated herself at the window to see if he entered the massive building where they were accustomed to go to worship, for it stood but a short way down the street, and from her chamber window Nellie could discern every one who entered its portals.

Mrs. Harris sat by her window and watched the noble form of her husband as he walked slowly down the street, with his eyes bent on the ground; and Oh, how she regretted that she had not dressed herself in his favorite silk, and accompanied him; and once she sprang from her seat to call him back, and then the thought came over her, "What will Mrs. Etwood say, to see me running out after my husband, and calling him back to go to church with me? No, I shall not go after him. I will let him know I can do without his society on the Sabbath, as well as he can do without mine."

By this time, the young husband reached the walk opposite the church door, and pausing, he looked toward his home. There was a hesitancy in his manner, as if he were undecided whether it were better to enter the portals before him, or return to the little white house, up the street, that was so cozily nestled beneath the shadow of an old elm. Nellie, through the slats of the closed blind, saw this movement of her husband, and a thrill of joy shot through her heart, as the thought came over her that he would come back, and mentally she resolved that she would say no more about the shabby appearance of her dress, but would robe herself to the best advantage, and if she did not go into the street with him, she would kindly persuade him to remain with her, and read and talk in their quiet, cool, little parlor.

Mr. Harris did not hesitate but a moment, for scarcely had these thoughts flashed through Nellie's mind, when he once more bent his eyes in the direction of the flags, at his feet, and passed on down the street. The young wife watched him till he disappeared, and then throwing herself back in her chair, she burst into tears, and bitterly reproached herself for the manner she had assumed that morning. A few moments later, there was a gentle rap at the chamber door, and Mrs. Harris, supposing her servant had given it, that she might receive some instruction pertaining to domestic affairs, quickly stanching her tears on her cheeks, without rising, she bade her enter. But when the door opened, Mrs. Harris discovered, not her domestic, but Mrs. Etwood, a near neighbor, who had seen the young husband leave the house alone, and now called to have a chat with Nellie. We will not describe the habits or peculiarities of the neighbor, but will leave the reader to draw his own inference as we proceed.

"Good morning, my dear, Mrs. Harris," said the caller, stepping into the room, in answer to Nellie's invitation, "I saw your husband go out alone, and as mine is gone too," she continued, "I thought I would run around through the garden and come up to your chamber, and see you a few moments."

As Mrs. Etwood spoke so pleasantly, Mrs. Harris thought that courtesy demanded that she should say that she was glad she did call, and yet, had she spoken her real sentiments, she would have informed her that she had rather she would have been hundreds of miles away, than where she was, for Nellie was not in a mood to entertain a visitor.

Although Mrs. Harris had dried her tears, there was an expression of sorrow on her features, which was soon detected by the keen glance of the neighbor, who, drawing her chair nearer, said with a manner expressing great sympathy,—"You look ill this morning, Mrs. Harris; can't I be of some service to you?"

"O, I am not sick, Mrs. Etwood," replied Nellie, with an effort to appear cheerful. The neighbor looked into her face as if she would read every thought of her soul, and continued,—"Well, my dear Mrs. Harris, if you are not indisposed, there is surely some mental trouble that disturbs you, this morning?"

Nellie did not dare to trust herself to speak, for fear that a fresh burst of tears might betray how much she was suffering, from a trifling cause; so the neighbor continued, taking her hand—

"Some little word that your husband has said? La! if you take notice of all the expressions that your husband makes use of to annoy you, you will have enough to do. Why, I used to think once, that I must obey in everything, and never make a demand on my husband's purse, until after he had supplied his every wish. But now—ha, ha, ha! I have entirely recovered from those romantic notions. When I want money, I tell him so, and if he begins to plead his inability to supply me, I tell him to make no such excuses to me, for heought to have thought of those things before, and now, since he didn't, why— he must pay the penalty; so I always conquer—I always get the sum I ask for."

"Do you not feel afraid that you may make your husband unhappy?" inquired Nellie, her countenance brightening, as she listened to the pleasant chat of her neighbor.

"Pshaw! Mrs. Harris, you're a novice in these matters, so I can forgive you for asking such questions; but believe me, before you have been a wife as many years as I have, you will think differently from what you do now, and will wish to have some mind of your own. Many a man," she continued, "has been made to be a tyrant, just by his wife's ever yielding disposition, when, if she had let him know she possessed a mind of her own, and had a right to call on him when she pleased and for what she pleased, he would have exerted himself more, to please her, and to maintain her as he ought to have done."

Although the young wife was not exactly pleased with the remarks her neighbor made, still she did not seem to realize that this counsel, though it might apply to some cases, was not appropriate to hers, as her husband loved her with his whole soul, and indulged her to the extent of his limited income, and nothing that she could say, would make his means larger.

But we will not detail the particulars of the conversation of the two friends, for by degrees Nellie's mind took a different turn, and she began to think that her unhappy manner toward her husband that morning was no more than just; for if he exerted himself more he might furnish her with a more expensive wardrobe, and keep her purse replenished; and now with a childlike confidence she told her guest why she had wept that morning, and that her husband had left her abruptly, and gone she knew not whither.

not whither.

Pearls:

And quoted odes, and jewels five warbling, That on the stretched floor linger of all Time, Sparkle forever. Close beside the hymning sea, Chant thy sweet songs full and free For a wide humanity: And though none their power should tell, Yet we know above this sphere Bends an ever listening ear; God will bless thee, He will hear— Keep on singing, Flora Bell!

To mild towards those who are thy dependents: be not arrogant.

The ocean looketh up to heaven, As 'twere a living thing; The homage of its waves is given, In ceaseless worshipping. They kneel upon the sloping sand As bends the human knee; A beautiful and throbbing band, The priesthood of the sea. The sky is as a temple's arch, The blue and wavy air Is glorious with the spirit-march Of messengers at prayer.

If any work of the present age shall survive the tooth of Time, it will be neither palace nor temple. If the light of any name shall flash through the mists of the far future, it will not be that of the warrior—it will be that of him, who, in his days, sought the happiness of his fellow men, and linked his memory to some great work of utility and benevolence.

I pray the prayer of Plato old: God make thee beautiful within, And let thine eyes the globe behold In everything save sin! So shall that life's fruitage yield, Which trees of healing only give, And green-leaved in the Eternal field Of God forever live!

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consist in promoting the pleasure of others.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NELLIE HARRIS.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"Will you go to church, dear, this morning?" inquired Mr. Harris, of his young wife, as he stood at the glass in their chamber, arranging with care, his Sunday suit.

"No," answered the wife, pettishly, "I am not going to church, and be the poorest dressed person there."

"I wish you would go, Nellie," answered the husband, mildly, with an effort to appear as though his feelings were not wounded by the remark just made.

"Well, your wish cannot be gratified, William," replied the wife, with a still stronger emphasis; "for I told you, the last time I went to church, that I should not go again, till I had a new silk, and a more fashionable hat; if I can't dress as well as other folks, why—I have one privilege left me, and that is, I can stay at home; so, if you want to go to church, go alone; no one will make any remarks about your clothes being old-fashioned," and Mrs. Harris threw herself heavily into a chair, and gave her husband a look of reproach, that pierced him to the soul.

For several moments he did not speak, but the rich tide that ebbed and flowed in his temples, bespoke deep emotion within; and several times his lips moved, before any sound was emitted. Mrs. Harris saw this, and, in her heart, she wished that the remarks she had just made had not escaped her lips; and, for a moment, she was inclined to say so, and then get ready and go to church with her husband. "If I do this," she thought, a moment later, "I shall not get the articles I have named so quickly, and if his feelings are a little hurt now, he will soon get over it, and then, perhaps, he will make a greater effort to dress me nicer in future than he does now."

Mr. Harris stood as motionless as a statue, and gazed into his wife's face, and then broke the silence, by saying: "Nellie, if I could afford to dress you better, you know I gladly would. But it will not do for me to take the money that is actually needed in my business, and spend it for articles that we can be very comfortable without. I am sure that neat straw bonnet you purchased so short a time back, looks very pretty on you, and is very becoming; and that green plaided silk you wore to the concert the other evening, is not in the least defaced; I wish that you would go to church with me this morning, and wear those two articles;" and then he added, with an effort at a smile, "There will be one there, at least, who will think you look well—I shall think so."

"I am not going to wear one suit forever," returned the wife, abating none of her former pettish manner, and, rising abruptly, she left the chamber, closing the door as she went out. This was the first really wretched hour that the young merchant had seen since he first brought the beautiful Nellie to her new home. True, she had sometimes impertinently run for articles of dress or furniture that he did not feel able to purchase; but when he told her the reason why he could not indulge her in these things for the present, she had always yielded pleasantly, and harmony would be restored immediately. But during the whole morning of this Sabbath, Nellie had not worn her accustomed smile, although her unhappy mood had not shown itself in words, till the husband began to prepare for church, and seeing her making no preparation to accompany him, he made the remark with which our tale commences.

As the door closed, Mr. Harris stepped forward a few paces, and seated himself in the cushioned chair his wife just left. As we have said, he was very unhappy, and for several moments he felt undecided whether it were better for him to take a book, and remain at home, or finish his toilette, and go out, he cared not where, so that he passed his time away till Nellie should wear her accustomed smile again. "I guess I will stay at home and read," he said, mentally, as he reached his hand for a book that lay near, and he opened its pages and read line after line, but his mind grasped no new truth, for his thoughts were too intent on other subjects; so, closing the book hurriedly, he sprang to his feet, and, with rapid movements finished his toilette, and, taking his hat in his hand, he passed down to the hall, and was about to go out into the street, when Nellie looked into the hall, and said, with an air of indifference, "Are you going to church, William?" "No," was the husband's reply; and, without further remark, he opened the door, and went out. Mrs. Harris felt a chill creep over her as he closed