

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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SAMMONT'S FALL; A Story of the Mohawk Valley.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER I. THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

Toward the closing of that troublous time known in our history as the period of the American Indian war, a skirmishing party of Mohawks, under direction of a burly and remorseless chief of that once famous tribe of the Five Nations, came suddenly, at nightfall, upon a small, rudely constructed hut, secluded in the valley that lies to the westward of Schenectady, and near the confluence of the Schoharie with the Mohawk River.

The marauders were led by one Sammont—a wiry, strong-limbed brave, who knew little of fear, and whose exploits in border warfare had long been the terror of the northern country. His own immediate followers, on this occasion, were but seven or eight Indians; but his band was encamped a mile or two away, and numbered some hundreds, in all.

By the perversion in pronunciation, Sammont got to be called Samnot, and subsequently Samnot—until his more common appellation among the whites was changed to Sam Nott—by which title he was finally known, and feared. The object of the scouts, at present, was plunder. For a long period, the natives had been at variance with the few whites who were scattered through that region of country, and the outcasts of the Onondagoes and the Mohawks, were continually committing depredations upon the French or English residents who were hardy and venturesome enough to attempt to "settle" away from the protection of the American forces.

The stalwart form of Sammont, his known courage and his enduring vigor, were proverbial wherever his exploits were rehearsed. In the chase, in the conflict, in the hand-to-hand struggle, few men could cope with this bold and sinewy fellow—and his cunning, his hardihood, and his dogged will, were equal to all ordinary emergencies, among friends or enemies. Treacherous in his dealings, merciless in his revenge, and determined in all his purposes, he feared no opposition, and for a time was most fortunate in the various enterprises he undertook.

Sam Nott was idle and lazy, when he chose so to conduct himself, and he would always avail himself of the chance to steal, when the results promised better than a course of honesty or honorable conduct. In the present instance he was reconnoitering, with half a dozen of his tribe, in search of supplies; when, as we have stated, a small hut in the forest, was suddenly discovered in their way.

Within a very few days previously, the band of Sam had committed a fearful outrage, a few miles to the northward, by attacking the dwelling of an old French woman, whom they butchered and robbed; and the neighborhood had been alarmed afresh by this intelligence. A small party of Americans and Canadians, residing in the settlement above Stillwater, got together and prepared to follow the trail of this gang and rout them, if possible. The expedition was headed by one Vernet, (a native of Quebec,) who had long been among the bravest and the foremost of the trappers and voyageurs of that time.

This man was about twenty-eight years old, and his thorough acquaintance with the rough life of trapper and trader, by means of which employment he had accumulated a good property for those days—had had the effect of developing his naturally muscular formation, and rendering him an exceedingly "ugly customer" to handle, against his own will. He was tall and well proportioned, of unwavering nerve when closely pressed, and enduring far beyond his hardest associates. Vernet knew Sam Nott, personally and by repute; and he was glad of the opportunity now presented of driving (or attempting to drive) this bold thief away from the region he cursed with his presence.

Backed by as hardy and true a band of men as ever drew a knife, or grounded a deer, Vernet started one night in pursuit of Sam and his gang, whose numbers the former had no correct notion of. The forces of Vernet were thoroughly armed, however, and every man was equal to a certain "shot in the eye" at two hundred paces from his object.

Sam ordered a halt the moment the cabin was mentioned to him, and with his scouts he retired into the thick forest, to await the hour when the inmates (whoever they might be) should have gone to rest, when he purposed to attack the hut, steal whatever he could find useful to him, and murder the occupants, without mercy.

"Another butchery has been consummated above the main settlement," said John Beauchampe, the man, in the hut, to his wife, as they were about retiring for the night. "Old Madame Dublanque is no more!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the wife. "What had she, that the wretches could avail of, by her death?—What did they seek?"

"Plunder and revenge."

"What had she done, pray?"

"Nothing. She was a woman—the mother of white men. They have destroyed her children, and now she has herself fallen a victim to their brutality. Who is safe an hour, Mary?"

"True; I often think of it," said the wife, wistfully.

"There is no danger here, however," added Beauchampe. "We are somewhat isolated, to be sure, but the presence of the military posts on our east will keep the wretches at a safe distance from us. The babies sleep soundly to-night, Mary. Poor little things! They know nothing of peril," and he stooped to kiss his two darling little ones, as they slumbered upon their humble pallet, unconscious of care or danger.

The door and casements were secured, as usual, the humble trapper kissed his wife, they knelt to



THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

thank the Great Preserver for past favors, and silence rested upon the scene which had been watched with the eagle eyes of Sam Nott, for the previous three hours.

Half an hour before midnight, the trapper sprang suddenly up from his low pillow, and listened attentively.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife, nervously starting up, an instant afterwards.

"I may be mistaken," said the husband, while his heart beat heavily against his ribs—"but I thought I heard strange sounds around the house. No. I see—it is the wind, among the forest trees," and he lay down again upon his pillow, still watching for what he feared, but desiring to avoid alarming his wife and children, unnecessarily.

The eldest of the little ones was but five years old, a blooming boy; the youngest a girl of three and a half years; and they lay curled in each others' arms, in unconscious and quiet slumber, little dreaming of the fate that awaited them in the future! The father glanced at them for an instant, in their sleeping innocence, and a sigh escaped him, involuntarily, but earnest, not withstanding. He lived in troublous times.

An instant afterwards, a loud crash was heard in the rear of the cabin, and the low window fell in upon the ground floor, dashed out by a huge limb of a fallen tree, that had been used by the marauders as the surest and speediest mode of effecting an entrance upon the premises.

Beauchampe sprang to his feet at a single bound, and seized his rifle that hung near his bed, while his wife with equal celerity and bravery grasped a hatchet that lay within reach, and flew to the side of her affrighted and now screaming children.

The noiseless tread of the Indian assailants, after this crash had been heard, and their stealthy movements; as they cunningly followed up their attack, entirely deceived the occupants of the hut; who, after the first alarm, were entirely at a loss to account for the disturbance, amid the darkness of the night. The wind was blowing fiercely, and Beauchampe's belief, after a moment's reflection, was that the storm had blown down a heavy tree in the rear of his little dwelling, forcing a branch through the casement.

Advancing warily towards the opening, with his cocked rifle in his hands, he heard a stifled whisper, and raising his weapon, in his excitement, a sharp crack instantly succeeded, and the form of a man fell heavily in upon the floor. The ball from Beauchampe's rifle had shattered his brain, and by the flash of light that attended the discharge of his weapon, the poor trapper distinctly saw the figures of a brace of stalwart Indians around him!

Immediately afterwards, as he sprang backward to defend his wife and babes, a blow from the tomahawk of Sam Nott fell upon his head, and he sunk senseless to the ground. Amid the shrieks of the little ones, and the terror of the mother, the wretches sprang forward over the fallen bodies of their companion and Beauchampe, and the next moment, Mary, the wife of the innocent trapper, was sent, ruthlessly, into eternity! The piteous lamentations of the children were unheard in the confusion. The mother was butchered, the babes were seized, and the villains proceeded to sack and burn the cabin at once.

CHAPTER II.

RESULT OF THE CONFLICT.

The Indian who had fallen before the rifle of Beauchampe was a swarthy brave of Sam Nott's tribe, who had been his chief's second self in many a desperate fray; but his fate was sealed. His associates took his body up, and removed it from the cabin, but life was extinct. The body of Beauchampe was also rudely thrust out of the back window, preparatory to scalping, and the ruffian gang then proceeded, amid the continued screaming of the desperately frightened little ones, to rob the hut of what little it possessed of portable value to the assailants.

Having secured what booty they could lay hands on, they fired the dwelling, removed the two infants into the forest, bore away their plunder and their fallen companion, and retired in triumph; by the light of the burning cabin. The children were uninjured. Sam Nott having resolved to retain

possession of them for a subsequent ransom by their friends or relatives, if they had any; and, if not, to make the most out of the white papooses in some other manner, at a future day.

The party headed by Vernet the trapper, who had a little while previously started the expedition in pursuit of Sam Nott and his band, came down in the region of his trail the same evening that the Indian chief came across Beauchampe's cabin. They had camped for the night, the watch was set, the fires glowed brightly near their tents, and at midnight Vernet relieved the sentinel himself.

As he came out of the tent, he suddenly discovered the glare of light that was occasioned by the burning of the hut, far away, a mile or two, to the westward.

"What is that?" he asked of his comrade, pointing up to the bright spot against the dense forest beyond.

"I saw it, a moment ago," said the other. "It is no camp-fire, surely."

"O, no!" responded Vernet, who was too well acquainted with the Indian habits to be thus deceived. "That is a burning dwelling, or a fire in the forest. Call the men at once; we will advance, and examine into it." And in a little time the band under Vernet's command were marching rapidly towards the scene they had thus discovered.

Just as Sam Nott was advancing towards the body of Beauchampe to secure his scalp, an alarm was given by one of the Indians in the rear, and Sam turned about to discern the van of Vernet's party, who, in the darkness, had stumbled directly upon the retreating robbers! Instantly directing two of his gang to proceed forward with the children, he rallied the rest of his men, and skulked with them into the forest, to prepare for the attack, or his defence, as the case might require.

From his ambuscade, Sam could discover the forms of only six or eight men, at first, and he had resolved to give them battle, when a scout approached him with the information that the pale-faces outnumbered them, five to one. Little as Sam Nott fancied a retreat, under ordinary circumstances, he was warrior enough to be prudent; so he put himself upon the defensive, and directed his men to fall slowly back, towards the main body of his force.

Vernet saw what had been done, as soon as he reached the scene of the burning. The hut was then nearly destroyed, and he was satisfied that Sam Nott, or his coadjutors, were the perpetrators of this act. He had no time for reflection, or suppositions now, however. And, rallying his men together, he gave orders to pursue the retreating Indians, and capture or destroy them, if possible.

"Hold!" shouted Vernet, the next moment; "there's been a bloody fight here, certain! Here's one dead body—stir the fire a little—it's a white man, eh, Phil?"

The body was drawn out of the litter that surrounded it, and the trappers saw the face of a Frenchman, at once—blond, pale and ghostly in the night fire's light. It was John Beauchampe, and Vernet recognized his face at a glance.

"It is Jean Beauchampe," said Vernet, quickly. "He dwelt in this cabin, I presume. I knew him very well for a brave and honest fellow. Take him up—take him up! He has not been scalped."

At this moment a report was heard in the thicket, and a slight exclamation from Vernet told his men that he had been wounded! The shot came from the rifle of one of the Indians who was skulking from behind a tree, and who had carried a moment behind the tracks of his retreating comrades. He was quickly surrounded, however, and was cut off from his friends, who escaped, for the moment, the vengeance of the injured white men.

The Indian prepared to sell his life dearly, but he was cut down and secured, after a brief struggle, preparatory to scalping, and the ruffian gang then proceeded, amid the continued screaming of the desperately frightened little ones, to rob the hut of what little it possessed of portable value to the assailants.

Having secured what booty they could lay hands on, they fired the dwelling, removed the two infants into the forest, bore away their plunder and their fallen companion, and retired in triumph; by the light of the burning cabin. The children were uninjured. Sam Nott having resolved to retain possession of them for a subsequent ransom by their friends or relatives, if they had any; and, if not, to make the most out of the white papooses in some other manner, at a future day.

that shadowed Vernet, and he knew that he was near his own little cot—but he could in no way decide why these friends should thus have attacked and so nearly destroyed him, as he now supposed had been the case. The first feeble words he uttered were—

"Mary! Where is Mary?"

"Who is Mary?" asked Vernet, quickly.

"Mary? My wife—where is she—and the children?"

Vernet told him to keep quiet, and not get excited, for he was evidently hurt badly, and must be calm.

"You were attacked by Sam Nott's gang," continued Vernet, "and when we came up here, we supposed you were dead, from your appearance. Your house has been burned."

"Burned!" exclaimed poor Beauchampe, wildly, "and Mary?"

"We have not seen her," said his friend.

"And the babies?"

"They have been taken away by the Indians. We shall endeavor to rescue them. You see your friends here now, and we are strong in numbers. We shall soon be upon the tracks of the scoundrels, and they will be punished."

"Burned!" continued Beauchampe, incoherently, and evidently wandering again in his thoughts—"Mary burned, and the poor innocents—Sam Nott—Vernet here—too—"

"Take him up gently, boys," said Vernet. "We will bear Beauchampe along with us, and find him shelter first. Then we will look after the murderer and his infernal gang of associates."

A few minutes afterwards the trapper and his men were moving away, slowly, from the scene of ruin they had so unexpectedly encountered, a portion of them supporting Beauchampe, amid his moans, upon a rudely constructed litter, prepared for his convenience.

CHAPTER III.

VERNET'S ADVENTURE.

The men moved forward as rapidly as they could; but on arriving at the spot where they expected to fall upon Sam and his followers, Vernet found the camp broken up, and the Indians gone—evidently some hours previously.

This was a disappointment, but it had been occasioned by the detention to which he had been subjected in bearing along the wounded Beauchampe, whose case he now saw required attention, and whom he tutored to provide for. He found a small dwelling two miles farther on, where the family received the sufferer, and Beauchampe was disposed of, at length, in comfortable quarters.

His consciousness had entirely returned. He listened to the story of his late escape and the frightful results of the attack, with deep feeling, and for a long time he could not reconcile himself to the terrible intelligence that his wife had been thus cruelly murdered, and his children stolen by the brutal aggressors whom he knew he had never injured. He was calm, at length, but he swore in his heart—if fortune permitted him to recover—to be avenged upon the brutes who had thus ruined and crushed his hopes.

Sam Nott pushed away, with his men and women, and they were finally beyond the reach of present pursuit. After being absent three or four days, during which time Beauchampe had begun sensibly to improve in his condition, Vernet returned to the vicinity where the wounded man lay, without having got sight at Sam or his gang.

Here Beauchampe besought him to rest, for a few days, and allow him to join him in the search for Sam, eventually.

"It will be a long time, Jean," said Vernet, "before you will be able to join us."

"By no means," insisted the invalid. "I am getting strong again, and this Sammott or Samnot must be taken, or slain. How many banners like this already lie to his charge? And my babes, too! Do you think they still survive? How would I clasp them to my heart once more!" continued the sufferer, enthusiastically, "if I may ever again be permitted the opportunity."

"I think he will spare the lives of the young ones," said Vernet, "in the hope of a ransom for them, perhaps."

"I pray God to suffer me to live to meet this man, once more," said Beauchampe, earnestly. "You will tarry here a few days, will you not, Vernet?"

"Yes, yes," said his friend.

"Your men can thus rest a little, and I will be able to join you, very soon, I think. These wounds are not so bad as we all supposed, you see. That on the side of the head is healing fast, and the shoulder will soon be right again. If the children have been destroyed already, there is no cause for haste; if the brute has not hurt them, he won't, perhaps—at present—in the hope of gain by taking care of them, as you suggest. But whether he has wandered at this time?"

"Not far away, I believe. He will soon be heard of, I have no doubt. Once we can get upon his trail again, he will hardly escape us, easily. The men are now out in every direction, in little squads, and news of Sam Nott will soon reach us, I imagine. In the mean time keep yourself quiet and get well as fast as possible."

The scouts returned on the evening of the fourth day, and brought news of Sam Nott, whom they had tracked to a fork of the Schoharie, eighteen miles below; and the bands of Vernet were immediately called together, for the purpose of marching down upon him. He had encamped half a mile from the river, and from his head quarters he had latterly been out upon several other marauding expeditions, to the annoyance and terror of all who fell in his way.

Without informing Beauchampe of his present purpose—for the man was too feeble to be of any service whatever, (and Vernet did not think it advisable to let this opportunity slip by him to attack the chief,) the trapper started off at day break in pursuit of the object that he had originally had in view.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, as Vernet and three of his men followed down the margin of the stream, upon a new trail they had suddenly

He saw the wide-spreading branches of the oak

come upon, they discovered, several rods beyond them, three Indians, whose costumes told the trapper at first glance, that they were chiefs.

The main company of Vernet had gone forward upon a trail higher up the valley, and a rifle-shot was agreed upon as a signal for concentrating the forces, in case either division overhauled the enemy.

Two of the Indians were reclining upon the hillside, and the third, a stalwart, broad-chested man, was standing near them. Vernet recognised him. It was Sam Nott, certain!

Carefully examining his priming, he drew himself slowly along among the undergrowth that bordered the stream, bidding his men to creep silently behind him, until they could reach an eminence near the spot, from whence they could make their victims sure; and, at the word, each man should select his mark, and fire, as nearly together as possible.

Unconscious of the proximity of hostility, though their rifles lay beside them, the three braves were talking, heedless of what was transpiring so near them. Vernet raised his weapon to his shoulder—the unerring rifle, with which he had so long been famous as a shot—and took deliberate aim at the bared breast of the scoundrel Sam, as he stood out alone against the mound beyond him, so attractive and easy a mark. He whispered to his men "are you ready!" and they answered in the affirmative. "Be careful then—one, two—fire!"

The three shots spoke as one, so precisely had the men obeyed instructions;—but the trapper upon Vernet's right tumbled headlong down the bank, at the discharge of his own piece—the cone of his rifle having blown out and penetrated his brain, killing him instantly! Sam Nott sprang into the air like a death-struck roe; the ball from Vernet's rifle having passed through his right breast, but glancing upon his ribs, affected but a comparatively trifling wound. He grasped his rifle, raised it to his shoulder, and the second friend of Vernet fell dead at the trapper's feet in the next instant.

It was now life or death to one party or both. The chief nearest to the assailants had "bitten the dust" at the first discharge, and there were now left but two men on either side. The rifle of the dead Indian was grasped by Sam, and the fourth man of Vernet's party had not yet fired. Vernet seized this piece, directed his associate to load his own rifle, and fell back a pace or two from the edge of the embankment, where he sheltered himself behind an oak, and could, at intervals, observe the movements of Sam and his companion.

The remainder of Vernet's party, upon hearing the sound of the rifles, hastened quickly towards the scene; but the noise had also been overheard by Sam's men, who hurried towards the river, and intercepted the others—between whom and the force of the robber-chief an immediate engagement ensued, which cut off all aid to the original assailants, from either of their reserves.

Vernet saw the scalp of Sam Nott two or three times below the edge of the mound, and the watchful Mohawk, as often got a glimpse of his mark, as he came on towards the spot where Vernet was concealed. He was just in the act of jumping from a rock to the edge of the bank, when he caught sight of the trapper, with his rifle again levelled at him. Quick as thought, as the fresh blood from his side-wound trickled down his waist, he raised his rifle again and fired, as another ball from Vernet's weapon whistled sharply over his right ear! Neither were harmed by this exchange however, and Sam bounded forward, and up the side of the bank, followed closely by his companion.

The friend of Vernet, who had undertaken to reload his rifle, continued in the midst of his haste and excitement, to get the ramrod out, while loading, and he could get it neither out or in—up or down! and thus all the fire-arms of the four men were now useless.

Vernet saw the dilemma, and had his eye upon the two approaching Indians also, who were just mounting the steep side of the precipice beyond. Bidding his friend to look after the other knave, while he would close with Sam, he advanced, but stumbled upon a large stone that threw him forward upon his knee. He instantly seized this missile, however, and hurling it forward of him, as Sam came up, it struck the chief fairly on the chest, and tumbled him heels over head down the embankment!

As the other brave came up safely, the companion of Vernet clinched him, while the trapper quickly followed the falling Sam down the bank, and sprang with his whole weight upon the Indian's breast, who was bruised not a little by the fall itself, and the blow he had encountered from the rock. Besides this, the bullet wound in his side bled freely, and he began to feel somewhat the loss of blood that streamed from it.

The Indian chief was too powerful a man, however, for Vernet to cope with single-handed. Yet the trapper was dexterous, and sinewy, and never saw the individual upon whom he would turn his back in a wrestle. Sam threw the young man off his shoulders at one effort, and the next found the Indian upon his feet again. They closed, and Vernet got the advantage of his favorite gripe—a hold below the belt. In vain did the stout-armed Sam Nott struggle, and foam, and twist. His steel-nerved antagonist clung to his body like a leech, and they soon came down heavily—at the very edge of the river! Vernet released one hand and the Indian being momentarily prostrate under him, as they fell, he dashed his clenched fist into his antagonist's face with a vengeance that caused the chief's brain to whirl for a moment, but he rallied and the two men went over into the stream together.

Meanwhile, the friend of Vernet had had his hands full with the other brave, but he had vanquished him. Not without receiving two serious wounds from the wretch's knife, however, before he conquered him—the scars from which he carried with him, subsequently, to his grave. As soon as the second Indian had been despatched, he jumped down the bank to Vernet's assistance, and to his surprise beheld the two combatants engaged in the water, struggling to drown each other.

He seized one of the rifles, loaded it, watched his chance as they came up on the surface of the stream—first one, and then the other—fired, and drove the ball straight through the ruffian Indian's head!

The struggle was over. Together the two trappers secured the scoundrel's scalp, and the body of Sam Nott sank beneath the waters, forever. Instantly seizing the rifles that lay about as rapidly as possible to the scene of the exciting conflict, that was then going on beyond them—where Vernet's men had plainly engaged the force of the now dead Sam Nott.

As they urged their way forward, not a little exhausted with the fierce engagement they had just now ended, the repeated rifle-shots that rang through the air told them how much the presence of Vernet was probably needed there. And they hurried on with all their speed and strength.

CHAPTER IV.

The general skirmish was being carried on without much system, and Vernet and his companion found it necessary to approach the battle-ground with caution, lest they should be shot down by a stray ball that occasionally whistled over their heads, as they came up to the scene. They joined the main body in safety, however, and the scalp of

Sam Nott was presented as the chief trophy of their late desperate river conflict, which instantly gave a new zest to the battle, on the part of the whites, who now, at the commanding voice of Vernet, rushed upon the enemy with renewed determination and vigor.

The camp of Sam Nott lay in sight beyond the woods where the melee was being carried on, and Vernet found the numbers of the enemy considerably greater than he had anticipated. His comrades were all well armed, however, and every man was well conversant with Indian life and warfare; the entire party of whites, under the valiant Vernet, being made up of hardy and experienced trappers, who had been in the country from their youth up, and their present watchword being extermination of the miserable prowling wretches they had now encountered.

"Forward, boys!" shouted Vernet, "mark 'em, carefully. The scoundrel leader is vanquished! Pick 'em down, boys—pick 'em down! Look out for the two babies, too," and the white men sprang to their work furiously, amid the cry of "down with the robbers! down with the butchers!"

The Indians fought with desperation, however, though the whites skulked behind the shelter of the great forest trees, and with their fatal rifles, dealt death among them, with awful precision and rapidity. A few of the trappers had fallen—dead or badly wounded, nevertheless; for the desperadoes saw that there was no favor or quarter asked, and none would be expected at the hands of their present adversaries.

Night was closing around them. The firing had nearly ceased. Scores of dead and mortally wounded Indians lay beneath the trees, and all the leading braves had been sent to their long homes. About a dozen of Vernet's men had been killed, and half as many more were hurt, but the trappers continued to press the villains, who had at last become alarmed; for lack of their leaders, whom they now missed.

The rude tents and hastily constructed wigwams of the Indian camp had already begun to disappear; the younger men and the women seeing the prospect, and learning of the terrible carnage with which the chiefs and older braves had been visited. The numbers of the white men had been greatly over-estimated by them, too, and the refugees were convinced that immediate flight, while the opportunity was afforded them, was their only chance to avoid entire annihilation.

Vernet was too deeply engaged in the fray to offer any impediment to this movement on the part of the women and younger Indians. His object was to break up the gang entirely, and his vantage-ground was now such that he resolved to pursue the remaining handful of fighting men, and destroy them, without stint. In this proposition he was ardently seconded by his associates, who had all of them suffered so long and so fearfully, from time to time, either personally, or through their friends, from the murderous purposes of the wily traitors with whom they were now engaged.

The men were at last driven out of the forest, therefore, and the few who were not killed or disabled, began to fly before the final assault and deadly fire of their assailants. They scattered across the opening that lay between the woods and the scene of their late encampment, or flew down the valley towards the river's edge, turning now and then, as they retreated before the foe, to exchange or venture a parting shot, as they ran; but they were destroyed, or maimed, as they went, and the entire gang of nearly a hundred fighting Indians were finally routed or vanquished by the brave volunteers under Vernet's command.

The wounded whites who were still alive were now looked after and cared for as best they could be under the circumstances. About a dozen of the band were left to secure the scalps of the enemy, and see to the wounded members of Vernet's company, while their leader, accompanied by about twenty of his men, went forward upon the trail of the retreating Indian camp, for the purpose of retaking Beauchampe's children, if possible. Vernet felt that if he could secure the persons of the two little ones, in addition to the scalps, which he had taken, he could return to the white settlement again with more than usual honor and satisfaction to himself, to say nothing of the joy that would thus be occasioned to the heart of the wounded and suffering father of the babes.

With this view, and in the belief, too, that he should be able with his score of remaining trappers, to finish up the business of any stragglers whom he might encounter by the way, he pushed forward vigorously, after sunset, in pursuit of the fleeing camp.

The treacherous Indian women were by no means unmindful of the probable purpose of the company who had thus plainly been sent out to attack them, and who had, unfortunately for them, been so successful in the fight with their braves. The old squaws had held a brief council in the camp, before nightfall, and it was decided that they should move away as rapidly as possible, and proceed as far from the scene of the fight as they could, before its termination, in order to avoid being surprised by the pale-faces, who would rob and murder them all, they believed, in retaliation for their oft-repeated offences. Besides this, they were determined to retain possession of the two children of Beauchampe, who were with them, still unharmed, and for whom they would, at another time, claim a ransom, if they could escape. With this understanding, the camp was instantly broken up, and when Vernet got ready to pursue them, they were already five or six miles in advance of him, while the few Indians who had escaped the great slaughter in the fight, staggered on slowly in the rear of their women and children—a feeble and miserable "guard" against any second assault.

The two infant children of Beauchampe had been placed in charge of three or four of the oldest boys of the Indian camp, and were sent forward in the van of the retreating party, with directions to follow the bank of the river to a point which they had visited before, and which was distant about thirty miles from the sad scene they had just left behind them.

During the march, no fires were built at night, and the pursuers were thus placed at fault in overhauling the fugitives, until the next day, when the trail could be followed more successfully. Vernet and his men got an hour's repose before daylight, and then started on again in the wake of the enemy.

After traveling twenty miles, he lost track of them entirely, and finally he felt himself reluctantly compelled to give up the search for the present. He retraced his steps towards the spot where his wounded men were encamped, therefore, and on the following day reached the forest where he had but recently passed through that excited but triumphant conflict. He seriously regretted his unfortunate inability to secure the children of Beauchampe, but from an Indian prisoner they had made, he learned that the babes were with the camp-women, and had not been injured.

Scrupulously gathering up the scalps of the slaughtered enemy, and placing the wounded men upon litters, the company of successful and intrepid trappers slowly commenced their return; when they suddenly discerned in the distance a band of men from their own number, (whom they had missed, and whom they believed had escaped from the fight in another direction,) in whose custody they were rejoiced to find Beauchampe's two children, safe and sound.

The joy of Vernet at this sight was unbounded, for he now possessed the means, as he believed, of bringing back to life, in earnest, the unfortunate father of the perished little ones. And though the loss to John Beauchampe, in the death of his beloved wife, was the severest blow he had ever experienced, yet the safe return to him of his son and daughter, had the effect of reinstating him, comparatively, in mental and bodily health.

Upon the arrival of Vernet and his faithful hand at the little cabin where Beauchampe had been tarrying, the bereaved father had the satisfaction of pressing his stolen children to his heart once more, and the opportunity to thank his friend for his manly and successful effort in restoring the lost ones to his arms.

Peace was soon after declared, and the recovered children lived to prove ornaments to society in subsequent years. The neighborhood was ridden of a most infamous gang of knaves, by this exploit of Vernet, and for many a long year after its consummation, the names of the intrepid trapper and his associates were honorably connected in story with SAMMONATT'S FALL.

SPRING.

Come swiftly on I with buds and starry flowers, Laden with perfumes cheer the sunny hours: And through the forest musical with notes Resounding from a thousand feathered throats, All its wild echoes waken, whispering How Nature's heart leaps up to thee, oh, Spring!

JOHANN'S "RIFAL."

A very amusing story is told of a German yoleped Krause—Johann Gottfried Krause—who after committing matrimony with a certain damsel named Jane—"leette Yane"—as he calls her, suddenly experiences a violent attack of the "green eyed monster," on hearing that his wife has been called upon by a dapper young gentleman, who sports a fascinating moustache.

He consults Betty, his servant, who tells the whole neighborhood. He flies to his friend Jones (Jones) for advice and consolation. The scene is Jones' bedroom; the hour, between five and six in the morning.

"Jones," said Herr Krause. "Is that you? What is the matter—good gracious? what is the matter?" inquired the affrighted Jones.

"Jones," repeated our hero. But he could say no more. Not being accustomed to feats of pedestrianism, he was rather deficient in the one great requisite for that kind of exercise, known in sporting circles as "wind." Pneumatically speaking, he was exhausted, and so he stood looking at Jones, while the latter and his wife sat looking at him for about five minutes. At last he fetched a deep breath, and for the third time, syllabled the word "Jones."

"What do you want? Has anything happened?—have you found out anything?" "Jones! Gorn and see?" "Come and see?"

"Ya—yes—gorn and see!" "But where to—where am I to come to—when am I to come and see?" inquired Jones, more and more bewildered.

"Wil mee to town—gleich, disen Augenblick. Wir müssen gleich zuruck nach meinem Hause. Ich habe alles entdeckt! Schwere Noth! Bistduhich! Esol! Wollen Sie denn aufstehen!"

"Speak English!" shrieked Jones, in a state of horrible alarm, and clinging with the tenacity of despair to the bedclothes. "His visitor, totally regardless of the conventionalities of civilised life, was endeavoring frantically to pull off the bed."

"Speak English—das ist wahr—ja—da—s will ich thun—dat I will do—yes—but stand oop—get oop—directly—my good friend—my vordy friend—stand oop, you verfuuchter fool!"

By this time the bedclothes were so nearly off the bed, that Jones saw all further resistance was hopeless, and therefore, in self-defence, and for the sake of Mrs. Jones, jumped out into the middle of the floor. His visitor handed him his trousers, flung his braces at him, gave him his boots, nearly choked him with tying his cravat round his neck, lugged on his coat, jammed his hat on his head, and then, without a single word of explanation or apology, dragged him out of the house.

The two men ran on a considerable distance, without exchanging a word. Herr Krause then said to his companion—

"Ich kann nicht weiter; gan you garrly me?" "Carry you!" ejaculated Jones—impossibly. I can't go any further myself!"

"You moost," said his friend, once more setting off at the top of his speed.

Puffing and blowing like porpoises, they at length reached the house.

"Now you shall see!" observed Herr Krause, as he led the way to his own bedroom, having previously given Jones a large carving fork, while he had himself taken the corresponding knife from off the table in the parlor. "Now you shall see."

Unlocking the door, he entered the apartment, followed by Jones, with the fork in his hand.

"Yane—Yane!" he exclaimed, shaking his wife by the shoulders; "Yane, where is he?"

"Where is he? Whom do you mean?" inquired Jane, in the greatest amazement, looking round and seemingly unable to credit her senses. "Who—and who is that—Mr. Jones? For shame, sir—leave the room."

Jones would in all probability have obeyed with the utmost willingness had not Herr Krause sternly interposed his veto.

"Nein, madam—nein? he shall not leaf do room. He shall remain until he shall see how I will expose a bad wife—who has deceived me."

"Deceived you? I deceive you, Johann!" "Ya—ya—you—that I should gorn back so early you have not believed. Ver is he? I will find him, for I will murder him, and Jones will murder him too."

"Murder him? I do not know what you mean. You are very cruel—very," said Jane, bursting into tears.

"Oh! I am fery gruel—am I? But I will be more gruel. Where is do man who veard dose Stiefel—dose boots? Ah! ah! Eh?"

With these words he pounced on the object over which he had stumbled when he first returned from the warehouse, and held it up in sarcastic triumph.

"Of who is dis boot—eh?" he continued.

"Why, yours I suppose," said his wife, sobbing.

"Dat is a Luge—a lie! It is not mine boot—it is his boot. It is do boot of do young man—of mine Nebenbuhler—of mine—what you call—rifal! He is here—ve will keel'hm."

"I beg your pardon," observed Jones, mildly, "that is my boot."

"Your boot!" said his companion, turning on him savagely. "Your boot—how is it gorn here? Who! you gannot answer?"

"I beg your pardon, I—"

"I see all—you goll yourself mine froind, but are a Bosewicht, an Ungebeuer, a monster man. You have deceived me. I will murder you. You are my rifal!"

SUNLIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

BY ELLIE MANTON.

It was a lovely spring morning. Nature was wooing summer with a thousand charms, and lovelike, was twining garlands for her brow. A mossy carpet was spread for her footstep, and the little brooks were bidden to lay aside their wintry jewels, and sing a glad welcome to the Queen of sunshine and sweet flowers.

Nature was revelling in the joy of a bridal morn, and why not, then, one of her fair daughters?

Nelly Grey was an only child—loved, petted, cherished by fond and doting parents—good old-fashioned people, who acted as they spoke, plain and honest. The father and mother were together. There had been a five-minute silence, when old Timothy broke the spell by saying—

"I don't want to see that ere child o' mine married, for she's the light o' my love. I think she'd better stay at home and make love to the flowers. Now, I have been educating her two years at the cademy school, and just paid off that ere mortgage on the farm, when what should come along but a smartish young man from the city, who said he had come a nunting—reckon he did, for he found Nelly and trapped her. He don't seem to me, wife, to be the right sort o' person for our Nelly."

"Why, he's got heaps o' money," replied Mrs. Grey, "and they're going to live in the city, have a nice house, and Nelly will have nothing to do but practice her drawing and music, and"—

"Fiddle de de," interrupted Timothy, "that won't be the best thing for her. I'm sorry enough I gave my consent to the marriage. My heart don't feel right about it, any way."

Mrs. Grey was not so susceptible as her worthy partner to deep-feeling. Her thoughts were more on the surface, and she loved the things of life; more than all, she wanted to see her daughter married as well off as anybody's. Nelly was the darling and pet of their souls. They had buried three children; two had been laid in autumn beds, and one in spring-time. The youngest, a fine boy, bloomed in heaven when the flowers were opening here. The violets were growing by his grave—Nelly had planted them there, and the loving eyes of her spirit brother were ever bending on her. The other two were sisters, the amaranths are growing o'er their graves. Their souls are tasting immortality above.

This is Nelly's bridal morn, and ere the setting sun, she will be far away from the old farm-house, from every association of early years. Ah! Nelly! The little bird of hope is singing to your soul just now; your heart is deaf to all other thoughts. A soul has whispered love to you; it has magnetized your trusting nature, and your little bark is launched upon an untried sea. May the waves be merciful to thy frailty, child of the old farm house.

"Do, Timothy, run into the fore-room and see if the minister is coming; now, mind and shut the door, for that dog has been jumping all over things, leaving his tracks. I do believe he knows there's something going on."

Timothy ran and returned without the wished for glimpse of their pastor. It seemed to Mrs. Grey the morning never was so long. The puddings, cake and pies were waiting in the oven, for they were to have a small dinner party—every article in the room had been arranged and dusted for the second time, as the voice of Rover announced the arrival of friends. Never before had it seemed unpleasant to Timothy Grey to welcome his neighbors John and Patience Derby. His heart was too large for his mouth, he could only press their hands and motion them into the room.

The neat muslin curtains were snowy white; the old-fashioned chairs looked very wise, as though something was to happen, and they would not tell. On the little stand, lay the family Bible, wherein the births of Mary, Sarah and John Grey were registered, though material eyes might read deaths. Again the little gate swings on its hinges, and a number of the village damsels enter with faces blushing as the morning; they have brought some myrtle and violet wreaths for Nelly.

Ah! who is that, that comes so slowly up the path? Why, it is poor Jane Cooper, the lame girl, whom Nelly loves so well. They were intimate friends at school. Jane was beautiful in soul, for, while the earthly casket was feeble and decaying, her spirit was gazing on more glorious and distant prospects over the ruins. Out of the shattered house of clay her spirit gazed upon the stars. She has brought her wreath of myrtle, "but why has she not joined it?" whispered the girls. Jane, reading their thoughts, said, "I could not; something made me make it so, and besides I do not feel happy about Nelly."

"Foolish girl!" said one of the party, "when Nelly is to be married to such a fine gentleman."

"Hope you don't want the situation yourself, Miss Jane!" said another member of the group, whose soul was mirrored in the unkind words, Jane felt the wound, but did not reply—the arrival of visitors interrupted them. At last came Deacon Allen and the minister. Now all was as silent as the grave, no one knew what to look at, or how to appear at ease. A slight rustling, and Nelly, pale and trembling, comes leaning on the arm of her lover. She was dressed in pure white, with no ornament save a rosebud in her hair, plucked from a home plant of sister Mary's. It was a symbol of her own sweet soul—plucked from its parent stem at an untimely hour. How pale she looked as all eyes were turned upon her. When these words were pronounced, "What God hath joined together,"—the sun was clouded o'er,—the effect was so electric that all were startled for a moment; "let no man put asunder, and the rays burst forth again in their wonted brightness."

The old pastor stepped forward; he had baptised Nelly in infancy, and had now united her in the bonds of matrimony. He put one hand upon her head, blessed her as Nelly, and spoke words of congratulations for Mrs. Maitland. The heart of Mrs. Grey beat faster as she rose to kiss her daughter. Why! it seemed just like the feelings she had when she kissed for the last time her darling, and laid them in the grave. But what of that? She would be hopeful. She thought it was because there were so many present. Her father came, took her hand, pressed one kiss upon her forehead, and left a scalding tear-drop there. Then followed the confusion of recognitions by their friends; some were meaningless and formal, others heartfelt and true. By degrees the stiffness began to wear away, and while Mr. and Mrs. Grey were busy in the kitchen, a lively conversation was commenced, in which fond hopes were expressed for the happy pair. As that afternoon they were to leave in the cars, a coach had been ordered to take them to the station in an adjoining town immediately after dinner.

gance of metropolitan glory could atone. The moments flew; the hour of separation hastened.

Nelly had left the company, and gone to take a parting look at the old home. First to her little room; where her eyes had always welcomed the morning light; then she passed to the garden, anon to the barn. There was the old cow in the meadow beyond; how many times she had followed her, and ate from her ban! Did she realize that Nelly was going away? And there were the woods where the wild flowers grew, which she had so often gathered. Oh! she could not bear to think of leaving all these early ties. Back she went to the kitchen.

How merry the voices sounded in the adjoining room. She listened a moment to the happy murmur, and the old house cat came purring and jumped upon her shoulder, she put her velvet paw upon her cheek; and seemed almost to speak.

Up the back staircase Nelly flew unheeded, and knelt beside her bed to pray. The words were almost choked by tears, but her soul soon grew calm, and when she arose, her heart felt strong.

"Nelly, child!" said the voice of her mother, "it's time you were ready. Why, Nelly, you must put on your travelling dress right away. Mr. Maitland says you must be quick; he has been looking for you some time. Now, daughter, do n't forget to write to us very soon, will you? If anything should go wrong"—here her tears would flow—"there, how weak I am, remember your father and mother are the first to consult."

Nelly promised, kissed her mother, and ran down stairs.

"Come, my dear," said her husband, "the coach is ready. We have not more than five minutes to bid our friends good bye in. Now, be a brave girl, or the people may think you are not happy." So, with a feigned composure, she bid them all adieu, while the girls came forward and presented their wreaths, neatly tied with white ribbons. Jane's was not united; she threw it around the neck of Nelly, and turned to hide her tears. Mr. Grey pressed her little hand, and looked the words he did not dare to speak, for the tears drops were stealing over his rough, sunburnt cheeks—tears were her father's expression of love. He saw the carriage roll away which bore them; he listened to the rumbling wheels and the sound never died out upon his ear. He saw the visitors, one by one depart. He heard the swinging of the gate as it closed upon the last. Then he called Rover to him, and patted him a few times, and took a walk around the garden. He did not enter the house until Mrs. Grey called him to supper. How useless was that little table standing there.

Poor Mrs. Grey tried to be very busy about something. She went to the closet a dozen times after a spoon for the sauce, and while there to wipe the falling tears away. She seated herself at the table and tried to eat, but the lips refused what the body did not require. She moved back, raised her apron to her face and wept aloud. Anything was a relief to the dread silence.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Grey, "I don't know how 'tis about your thoughts, but I feel worse than if I had buried her."

"Oh! don't say so, Timothy! We shall get over it in a few days; we could n't expect to keep Nelly forever if he had n't married her, somebody else would. It's natural for us to feel bad—and an only child, too—then I feel better by giving way to my feelings."

"I am glad you do," said he, "but just as true as my name is Timothy Grey, when the minister pronounced them man and wife, I saw a shadder, or something like a person come right between them, and it don't seem to me as though they were united. They are no more alike than sunshine and clouds."

"Oh! you are sort a' notional, father! Now don't get superstitious."

"I ain't! And more than that, too, I saw, just as plain as daylight, our child Mary, come into the room, and pointed to that rosebud Nelly had in her hair, and then she showed me a picture of a bud broken right off from the old branch; the wound never was healed, and the rosebud withered and died. Now, I feel that the bush meant us, and the rosebud Nelly. If you can make any more out 'out, I'd like to have it explained."

"I don't know anything about such things. I thought you acted terribly stupid, though, during the service. It was nigh on to a minute fore I could get you to move after the pastor got through. Come, I guess old Brindle will think we have forgotten our milk, if you don't hurry." Mechanically, he went to his task, after which he fastened the barn, took a general survey of the premises, and returned to the house, silent and sad. The stars of evening began to shine, when Mrs. Grey put down the curtains and lit the lamp. Pussy had installed herself in the old arm chair, and Rover lay upon the rug. There was silence there, but unseen visitors who had not departed with the "guests invited," lingered as "voices of the night," and whispered in dreams to the father's soul of the land of bliss, where he should shortly come and be with them.

Over the mountain, beside the river, rushed the cars with lightning speed, carrying glad hearts, bearing shadowy souls. Nelly had grown weary, and her head had dropped upon the shoulder of her husband, while her thoughts were in the land of dreams. She is at home again; there the wild flowers are blooming fresh and fair; she twines a garland to deck her brow; suddenly a great cloud appears in the sky. Oh! how dark it is; but on it she sees bright angel forms. Then the sunshine comes again, but she loves it not, for she can only behold the loved ones when the cloud is there. Oh! she almost wishes the cloud might forever remain. Now she stands by the little brook again, when, lo! a form is mirrored in the waters, a dark and hideous form. He has come to take her to the land of spirits. He claims her as his bridal love, and takes his station by her side. The little brook flows into a larger stream; she is to travel its borders upon one side, and he upon the other. Oh! how hard it is for her to take his hand across the stream. The attitude is so painful—how weary she grows, reaching forward to sustain the grasp—will it not end soon. A voice whispers, "yes, in death." She shuddered and awoke.

"O! James," said she, "I have had such a terrible vision."

"What has troubled you, dearest, tell me."

She related to him her dream, while the cold chills ran over her.

"Why! my bird of the mountain is too timid by far. Your unpleasant dream of the brook was caused by the unnatural position you took while sleeping, and how very natural for you to dream that you were at home again. By the way, I think you have a most unfortunate collection of acquaintances there. I was actually annoyed by their sighs and tears. One would infer that I was taking you to a tomb, instead of a bridal tour. I think their hope is sadly in the rear, for such despair of ever meeting you again I never saw but at a grave. But," said he, perceiving her wounded feelings, "I do not wish to grieve you. I only want you to be a woman, and not a timid girl."

Nelly was relieved when the cars at last reached the station, and they were landed at a hotel in the city of N—. Beautiful apartments were secured, and the young bride felt an inward glow of gratitude when she saw how he had cared for her. How grand it was to be the wife of one so noble.

How different thought she from those common folks in Glenville, and the warm blood mantled her cheek as Mr. Maitland entered the apartment.

"Ah! then my rose bud is happy, the shadowy dream to the contrary, is she not?" said her husband tenderly, as he drew her toward him.

How rapidly flies the time, thought Nelly, as she seated herself at a table to write to her parents, a few days after her arrival.

James Maitland was a man of high hopes and desires, but from early associations he had formed habits of evil which threatened his downfall.

Do we question the power of the unseen? If the good and loving gather around the pure in heart, they whose souls are black with deeds of crime have corresponding avenues of approach.

Again and again had he resolved that he would no longer visit the gambling saloon; but as soon as the decision was made these unseen tempters came and with enticing voices lured him on.

He went to the country in hopes to rid himself of their influence, and while there some guardian love led him to this flower. But his love was not pure enough to be at all times sensitive to this voice of love.

"Now is the time to catch him," said the licentious spirits that were around him, "and bring him under our control. We'll show him how frail is the bond that binds him to his love."

"Don't leave him," said another, "by night or by day, for we must and will secure him. We'll show him how near to earth we are. Jim will open his eyes when he gets here and sees who's led him. Ha, ha, ha!"

Three months had passed and autumn shades began to gather around the heart of Nelly, for the tones of love fall less frequent upon her ear, and her spirit droops for the summer buds of wedded bliss she thought would always last.

"What's the use to expect anything in this world," said Mrs. Gray, after reading Nelly's last epistle, which was not over animated. "Here I been keeping them chickens these three weeks. I know they've got to be killed—but I wish it was over. I don't exactly fancy feeding on 'em every day, knowing all the time that their heads must come off—then to have them come around so cluck, cluck, all the time."

"That's a trifle to what we've got to endure, Mary," said Mr. Gray, "things will come harder by-and-by, mark my words."

"How very feeble he has grown of late," said the old pastor to Mrs. Gray, on one of his parsonial calls. "Hasn't the absence of Nelly affected him much?"

"Why, yes, it has, but somehow Timothy has grown very strange lately. He don't talk much about the farm, but is continually telling of things he sees in the clouds, or somewhere, and it worries me a great deal. He's down in the field now at work, but I dare say if we should go there he wouldn't take any notice of us, but would go right to telling of something he could see around us. But for the life of me, I can't see anything more than the house, and the work there is to be done."

"Has he ever exhibited any signs of insanity," said the pastor.

"Never before this," said she.

"When do you expect Nelly, Mrs. Gray?"

are for the best." "Good morning," said the pastor, "I must leave you. Tell Timothy to come into the prayer meetings a little oftener. His frequent absence don't speak well for a Christian man; good day."

Alas, for Nelly! Now the little brooklet had widened to a stream. How hard to keep the vow. How she must bend to walk the banks. The dream! O, yes, 'tis almost revealed, only the angels have not come upon the cloud, this great dark cloud that rests upon her spirit now.

"Another letter, Timothy?" "Yes, read it for me, for I am very weary." Mrs. Gray hastily broke the seal and read.

"Mary, come, sit beside me. I see a reaper at work in the fields; he has two sheaves of wheat. Nelly is in one and myself in the other; we shall both go soon."

"Don't talk so strange! father, don't! Shall I engage Dick to come over and help us next week?" "And, Mary, I see a great black cloud before you, without even a stay upon it—you have got to go through that cloud to heaven."

"Well, I shall think so," said she, "if you don't spur up and be yourself."

"No! no! Mary, that aint the pint. This cloud is something that will trouble you after I'm gone, if you don't. God will line it with another, but if you are faithful to the end a glorious peace shall crown you. I, with our children will stand behind, if you push it aside, the cloud will rest on us. Remember this, I can see no more."

"Dick Harding's services had been secured at the farm-house. Mrs. Gray was unusually active in her preparations; she wanted everything 'just so' for the pastor and wife to criticize. Timothy was more and more absent-minded, so Dick had to be his own master of arrangements. Accordingly on Wednesday morning he started for the village. Now Nelly had always been a favorite with him and he concluded he would like to look about as well as other folks, so after making his purchases, he walked over to the tailors and bought a showy vest for the occasion. Dick had not that sense of appropriateness in all things. It did not occur to him that his articles of apparel were not in keeping with this gaudy selection. There was, too, a little feeling of revenge running through his love of display, for long ago he had selected Nelly to be his love. Did he not gather all the brightest wild flowers for her, and take her part in all the little foibles of school days? Yet how strangely she always avoided him and coldly repulsed his declarations. After having paid for his garment, the postmaster from the adjoining room called him and said there was a letter for Mrs. Gray by last evening's mail.

"Well! they were not expecting one," said Dick looking surprised.

"Can't help that—here it is, you can take it or leave it," said the P. M. turning around to answer a call.

"Yes," said Dick, "I can carry it home, but they was n't thinking of having one so soon. What if they aint coming after all," said he to himself, giving a suspicious glance at his purchase. "Well, I must get home a little earlier for this, maybe there's company coming with them. Wonder who 'twill be, perhaps some young lady from N—"

"Hullo! there Charley don't you know the way home?" Dick had given more attention to his thoughts than to the reins, and his horse Charley had taken advantage of his meditations by turning down a lane for refreshments.

"Don't you know that company is coming? hurry up there! O, how that vest will look. Shouldn't wonder if Mr. Maitland noticed it a good deal. Folks from the city don't expect to find well dressed gentlemen up here, but I guess they'll be mistaken," said he loudly as he turned into the carriage path, where Mr. Gray was waiting to give his orders for the day, but Dick was so buried in his thoughts that the letter was forgotten for some time.

"Have you got all the things, Dick?" said Mrs. Gray.

"Yes, here's the raisins, nutmegs, that ere white sugar was fourteen cents a pound, and the vest—"

"What vest?" said she.

"I mean, that money would be well invested in sugar at that price."

she obeyed and began to pack a few articles of apparel.

"We don't want much, mother." "I'll take a cap and one dress—no knowing how long she'll live."

"Better take some o' those herbs along, perhaps we can relieve her a little." "Poor! poor child!" sobbed Mrs. Gray, "I believe I'll take a little o' that jelly, maybe she might eat some."

"She's past eating or knowing anything, in my opinion," said Mr. G.

"O! don't say so! don't! My heart will break. Poor Nelly! O! my God! Must they all go before me?"

"Be calm," said the voice of Timothy, "our child must go to heaven; trouble not her soul with grief and sorrow now, for she can feel it all, I know she can. Hand me the Bible, mother? There, I've opened at this passage—'Let not your hearts be troubled.'" Calmly he proceeded until his spirit caught the inspiration, and rose above the jarring elements of earth. He did not hear the sobs, the agonizing tones that burst from the heart of his wife. He did not see the entrance of his pastor. How very still he was, with his hands clasped upon the Bible. Up like a bird with soaring wing, his spirit rose to his father's house. Before him lay a meadow green and fair, a thousand drank the dew of life, and lent their fragrance to his soul. A little band came forth, each bearing a little harp. They sang with sweet accord, and new-baptized his soul in life. O, how he gazed. There before him stood the forms of those that once on earth had cheered his home. Now they grace celestial mansions. Hark! A tolling bell! A distant peal upon the air. One angel hand is pointed to earth. There, he sees a procession passing, and the voice saith, "Go! follow! then come and dwell with us."

"Don't wake him," said the pastor, "he's fallen asleep. May be he'll get a little rest." But the entrance of Dick aroused him. His eyes were strangely clear, and looked things unutterable. "I called," said the pastor, "to comfort my afflicted. I found your weary frame had taken repose, in sleep."

"Yes; that sleep which earth can never give: but it's almost time for us to go—Mother, have you given Dick his orders?"

"Yes; all I have to give him is to look after the things and not to leave the house. Hark! the stage is coming. Look after the cattle—be faithful—we will reward you."

Dick, with tears in his eyes, answered, "Yes, I will," and they departed. They would not reach Nelly before eleven o'clock. W at might occur before this? Sad were their thoughts as they seated themselves in the cars that were to convey them to the couch of the dying.

"How long can she live, doctor?" inquired Mr. Maitland.

"Not more than two hours—the fever has abated, leaving her form so feeble and worn that death may ensue in a moment if you are not perfectly calm. Do not agitate her with any emotions while conversing—I will retire a few moments. It's now ten o'clock. When you need my services, call me. He approached the couch of Nelly while she softly whispered, "James, come near to me now, for I am dying. I shall soon go home. If they do not come before I leave, tell my mother, she must bless you while you live, and father, that I shall soon meet him above. James, the dream is all revealed to me now. The stream which widened so, represented our union which was not harmonious—don't weep, we were not suited to each other—but something tells me, it was all ordered above to bring you to light. I can die that you may live—live the life of purity, of love. The cloud that I saw was the veil of death—the angels are coming, I see them here—quick, O! quickly! I must depart. Will my father and mother not come? Give them my parting kiss—my love. Now I can see the glory of this life conjoined to worlds above. I was folded to your heart that you through me might be borne upward to eternal life. Weep not for me. When I leave, carry the body home, and lay it in the garden. I will often come to you. O! I am so weak! What time is it now?"

"Half past ten, dearest." "They will come soon, I know they will. Hasten, brother! take my hand." Here she failed so rapidly that Mr. Maitland raised the window, hoping that she might survive, but when he returned to her side, her spirit had gone, and the form of Nelly lay upon the couch before him. For a moment the spirit lingered over the body, then passed from the window into the air of evening, and was gathered to its subtle elements above.

So still is the chamber of death—the grief-stricken James Maitland sat there, and suddenly the door was thrown open by a servant, and Timothy Gray and his wife entered. They were very weary, and the dim light of the room did not reveal to them the marble face of their child.

Mr. Maitland pointed to her form. One glance revealed the truth. Poor Timothy sank into the nearest chair, and the mother fell fainting beside her couch. The doctor was summoned, who gave restoratives and placed her upon the sofa, and she soon revived. Not a word had been spoken. O! how solemn seemed the spot. James was the first to break the silence. He proposed seeking aid for Mrs. Gray. She looked coldly on him, and replied that she wanted none. Her broken heart could suffer no stranger's eye to look upon its grief. The parents would prefer to be alone, and in the morning make preparations for their return. He left them, went to his room to pass the weary hours of night alone with his thoughts of guilt, as memories of the past arose before him.

"Mary," said Mr. Gray, "the shock is over now, let us be calm." They knelt in prayer, while angels came and spoke peace unto their souls. When morning came to kiss the brow of night, it found their spirits tinged with holier light. The night had passed away. James came to the door for admittance. "Come in," said the calm, clear voice of Timothy. "We must now make preparation to leave, for none but Parson Daly shall lull my Nelly to rest."

"Certainly," replied James, "I will have all in readiness by nine o'clock. I have just ordered your breakfast in a private room. Pardon me for my neglect of last evening. I did not think in my agony of your comfort. You had no supper."

"We were full, though," answered Timothy.

"Yes," chimed Mrs. Gray, "and our cup running over."

"Have pity on me, and the future shall well repay the past. I am an altered man, and if I plucked the flower too rudely from its parent stem, think that I suffer more by this dark stream of death."

"An apt comparison, I should say, Mr. Johnson, but where did he find this flower?"

"She came from Glenville, so I heard, and was an only child. It will go hard with her parents. I guess they arrived last night, but she had gone. I don't usually feel affected by such things, but this truly makes me sad. It's a pity for Maitland, a kind hearted fellow, ever ready to do a kind turn to any one—but what's that? Why, it's Maitland himself. He's out early, I suppose he's been for a basket for the body. Poor fellow, he looks as though it would be a hard thing for him to bear—how pale he is."

There was much sympathy came from the hearts of the two, as the bereaved man passed them on his way up stairs. With a heavy heart he entered his room. Soon came the men with the coffin, and placed it on the floor. James gave them directions—then brought out a choice collection of flowers which he had purchased, selecting a white bud for her hair.

"Yes," said Timothy, "let her look as natural as she can. The last time I saw her, she was dressed in white. Can you arrange the flower in her hair?"

"I placed one there on her wedding day—I can place one there now."

She arranged the opening bud, and inquired what should be done with the remaining flowers. James at once knelt by the coffin, and twining them in a beautiful wreath, placed them at her feet.

"Listen," whispered Mr. Gray, "Do you hear that rustle? Ah! I see her spirit form. Mother, she smiles on you, and James, she walks upon the flowers at her feet, and as she does so their fragrance arises into your soul. There are flowers within you that must be crushed 'en to death. Repine not for 'tis your earthly lot hereafter to suffer thus, for from such suffering the fragrance of spiritual and undying truth shall enter your life. There is a deep meaning in that garland of flowers which your own hands have twined and placed at her feet. She waves us an adieu—she glides from my sight."

As old Mr. Gray spoke this his eyes were closed, and it scarcely seemed to be in his voice or style.

"Here, driver, this way," said a voice which was soon recognized as that of old Mr. Gray. "My wife and Mr. Maitland are waiting at the depot."

"Why, how did you leave your daughter, Mr. Gray?" asked the driver.

"We brought all that's mortal with us," said the old man.

"What! No! She's not dead?" "Yes, dead to us, but alive to God. Can you take us and the box up?"

After many expressions of sorrow, the driver replied that he could carry it on his team, but he could not on his heart—it would surely crush it.

"It'll have to take a greater lift than this, Mr. Green, 'fore you get through this ere world," said Mr. Gray. "Look here, driver, you'd better go round by Squire Tilden's—the road aint so bad there, and you can save that large bill."

With sad hearts the trio seated themselves in the stage, each occupied with his own grievous reflections, while the coach passed slowly on its way.

It was a rich autumnal day, and its last lingering light was resting on the tops of the poplar trees that grew by the garden wall, when the stage stopped at the door of the early home of Nelly. As the autumn leaves fell around the old homestead, so sweet Nelly had fallen on the path of her parents.

The sound of the coach had attracted Dick, and he came out to meet the family, wondering somewhat at their speedy return. In a moment Mr. Maitland alighted, and turned to assist Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

Ah! how the heart of Dick beat when the three appeared—and Nelly, where was she? He strained his eyes in vain. A box! Why, how carefully they bear it up the pathway.

"Here, Dick," said Timothy; "here's the last on earth of my child. Open the door—no, not that, 't'other one—let her be put in the very room where she took the vows of marriage. There, place it on that table. Mother, roll up that curtain, make all things as cheerful as we can. Dick, take away that box, then come and look on her, so lovely in death." Poor Dick! he was glad of an opportunity to leave and give free course to the anguish of his heart.

The next day, agreeable to her request, they laid her in the garden. A large assembly gathered to look their last upon the pet of the village, the idol of the homestead.

Poetry. Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE'S SEASONS. BY OONA WILKINS. The morning's roseate glories Bedecked the fragrant earth; The sunlight waters gleaming, Their wavelets chased in mirth. A magic sun was weaving A dreamy life's sweet part, The golden sunshine streaming, 'Twas Spring-time to the heart!

The Old Church and the New. BY EMMA CARRA.

"The church is larger than before, You reach it by a carriage entry, It holds three hundred people more, And pews are fitted up for gentry."

How different thought she from those common folks in Glenville, and the warm blood mantled her cheek as Mr. Maitland entered the apartment.

are for the best." "Good morning," said the pastor, "I must leave you. Tell Timothy to come into the prayer meetings a little oftener. His frequent absence don't speak well for a Christian man; good day."

she obeyed and began to pack a few articles of apparel.

"An apt comparison, I should say, Mr. Johnson, but where did he find this flower?"

us there are some bright days, when we feel that we could take the world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our heart nor our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and often-times we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Banner of Light.

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COURTESIES OF THE HIGHWAY.

In crowded thoroughfares, one obstinate or awkward man, deranges the whole current of travel, and changes the smooth stream into a boisterous whirlpool. Yet how many such we meet in the streets, driving pell mell over crossings, elbowing you off the sidewalk, even when you have generously given them two thirds of the room, treading on your heels from sheer wantonness, &c., stamping upon your most favorite corn, with a get-out-of-my-way sort of style, to which an iceberg would be as a tropic noon-day for coolness.

Dancing schools are established institutions, and why not try the experiment of learning people how to walk. The man who should undertake and successfully carry out a school of this sort, would be a public benefactor to whom Fulton and Morse would be as pigmies.

Walk out for an afternoon, if you will, to enjoy the pleasant weather. When you leave your house there will be a smile upon your lips and a warm genial feeling about your heart, and so you pass on pleased with your self and everything around you. Suddenly you feel an elbow in your ribs and are landed in the gutter, bespattered with mud; and turning to ascertain what convulsion of nature has taken place, you perceive a lank, awkward specimen of humanity, navigating up the street, his arms moving with the motion and velocity of a wind mill.

You smother your rising indignation, and resuming your place upon your own side of the way, hugging close up to the wall in order to keep to the right, when suddenly dashes around the corner what you would judge, from the brevity of head gear and the amplitude of dainty to be a lady. A collision is not to be avoided; your hand flies to your hat and a "beg pardon" to your lips, when you are met with a look, chilling enough to congeal the ice creams for a regiment of ladies. Or perhaps she replies to your apologetic remark by a sarcastic "well you ought to," and all the while you, poor man, are considerably "more sinned against than sinning."

You endeavor to cross the street, and at just that moment, a man who has been apparently two thirds asleep, allowing his horse to move at a snail's speed, suddenly gives a spasmodic lash at the animal, and you arrive on the other sidewalk, lucky to escape with whole bones, even though the new coat and fancy vest you wore so proud of, are like a broker's conscience, full of stains.

By this time you have lost something of your serenity, the satisfied look is not so perceivable upon your face, and as you move onward you glance your eyes suspiciously about you, as one might who is fearful of a friendly tap from a man who wears a cockade upon his hat, or a star upon his breast.

After many repetitions of the same annoyances, or more properly speaking outrages, you find your muscles gradually contracting or your hand moving involuntarily towards your side pocket in search of a bowie knife or a six shooter; and when you reach home if you are fortunate enough to do so with a whole skin, you find upon saluting your glass that the genial smile has vanished and given place to a look of rebellious defiance.

Seriously, the natural civilities of society are sadly out of sight in the crowded thoroughfares where they are most needed. It is not less selfishness than courtesy to be civil to one's friends, because courtesy is necessary to retain them as such; but a deferential politeness to a passing stranger is a quality of far greater nobleness and value, and wherever it is displayed is a mark of inherent and perfect gentility.

Would all pedestrians "keep to the right," the greater portion of the jostling and jarring would be avoided, and we should all pass through the streets and arrive at our houses and places of business in a more genial mood. If accidents happen, as happen they will, it is needless to contract the brows, or mutter curses, for if the person through whom the accident comes is of a sensitive nature, he will feel the annoyance he has occasioned as keenly as you can, and if otherwise, you gain nothing from him, but lose something, of which none of us have a superfluous supply, good nature.

The best plan to pursue under difficulties of any kind is to keep cool and above all "KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

This almost fabulous work is fast approaching its completion. How ye who are always lamenting the good "old times," what say you? Is not the world progressive, is it not advancing with lightning-like rapidity? Why, what a dreaming enthusiast or crack-brained fool would be have been called, who foretold such a mighty work, but a few short years ago.

How true and appropriate are the lines of Tennyson— "Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new, That which they have done, but earnest of the things which they shall do!"

The Illustrated London News contains the particulars of the manufacture of the wire, with graphic illustrations; we extract briefly:

Some idea of the rapidity with which it is necessary that the strands must be made, may be gathered from the fact that the contracts for the manufacture were only entered into at the close of the year; and that 126 miles of iron wire are employed in the formation of each mile of the cable; no less than 816,000 miles having to be drawn and spun into 45,000 miles of strand by the early part of the ensuing summer.

The greatest care is exercised in testing the insulation and efficient conduction of the wire with very delicate galvanometers and a powerful battery of more than five hundred cells. In a separate room is arranged a series of electro-magnetic bells connected with the testing apparatus and in circuit with the wire in the machinery as well as the completed cable outside, so that any defect of wire

continuity in the rope is immediately made known. There is every probability that the entire length of 2500 miles will be completed early in May. The machinery is capable of producing 120 miles of cable per week if necessary, and is now turning out from fifty to sixty miles per week.

Near the shores of Newfoundland and Ireland, and until the depth is so increased as to be far beyond any reach from anchorage of the grounding of icebergs, the Atlantic cable will be stronger even than the most massive rope yet laid; but in the chief portion of the route, where the great depth bears with its disadvantages and difficulties, the advantage of perfect rest and security for the wire when laid, the weight will not exceed a ton per mile.

The superb U. S. Frigate Niagara, the last triumph of the lamented George Steers, is to assist in laying the cable. What a noble mission! Built to defy the battle and the storm, she sails first upon an errand which tends to hasten on the time

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the stormy flags are furled, In the parliament of Man! the federation of the World!"

PUBLIC TASTE.

Can it be, that in order to keep pace with the requirements of the public, extra phonographic reporters must be employed by the most respectable papers, so that none of the disgusting details of such trials as that which has recently taken place at East Cambridge, should be omitted from the columns of said papers. If so it certainly exhibits, a lamentably depraved and vicious taste, and we regret to see journals, entirely above the level which makes it necessary to catch at every excitement side by side, in the race of ministering to that taste, with others to whom these unnatural sensations are as straws to drowning men.

We hoped better things. The great mission of the press is to elevate, purify, and enlighten, and great is the responsibility of those who control the mighty engine. While one noble thought goes sweeping on through the cycles of Eternity, bearing with it healing and strength, a vicious line or precept not the less speeds upon its way from heart to heart, contaminating, poisoning and destroying.

"Pshaw!" many will say, "it sells the papers." True, but does it not also sell the soul, sell the purity and innocence of young minds? And can these be bought back with the copper coins received for the papers?

Perhaps, it may be argued in those often abused lines, abused because of detaching them from their mate couplet,

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien, That to be hated, needs but to be seen."

But will not the mate couplet aforesaid furnish a conclusive answer?

"But seen too oft, familiar with his face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

For all necessary purposes of justice, mere notices of trials of this nature are sufficient, and the journal which publishes all the details, descends to a level with that "yellow covered literature," so often the subject of attack in its columns.

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

Cuba, with its delicious climate, and never dying verdure, cannot fail to be a point of interest to all Americans, whether inclined towards filibustering or no. Lying, as it does, within, and surrounded by our arms, it seems part and parcel of us. We take pleasure, therefore, in promising our readers, from time to time, sketches of that Island, its scenery and customs, from the pen of a valued correspondent. We here present the introductory.

On approaching Havana from New York, the only mark of the city that presents itself is the famed Moro Castle, the city being entirely hid behind the hills that run parallel to and near the Northern coast of the Island, which coast on account of the strong current, the vessel has to hug pretty closely. On entering the bay, one can but admire its beauty, the extreme narrow entrance, bounded on either side by the rocky shore, the great depth of the channel, and then the grand and capacious harbors, filled with vessels of every country; war vessels are always here in abundance; and steamers from all parts of the world are either discharging or receiving their freights and passengers, to be off again in a few hours, but for few of them have this for their destination, but use it as a half way house, where under the pretence of taking a drink, and accommodating the post office, they generally dispose of their wares for faces of King Ferdinand, and lately some have been so gallant as to accept those of Isabella. The stranger's attention is attracted by the beautiful green fields and trees, and the best of it is, they are always green. The lover of Nature will observe the difference of the trees in shape and foliage. The tall Palm, with its plumed top, and the somewhat similar cocconut, are the greatest attraction.

On looking at the city from the decks of the steamer, everything has an ancient and substantial appearance; but the houses look strange, having no chimneys, and being roofed with tiles. No one can say, at a distance, of what material they may be made, being plastered all over, and generally white-washed, but many of them painted blue, reminding one (if panoramas are at all correct) of views of Eastern cities. As the steamers never come up to the wharf, the discharging of passengers is effected by small boats and lighters, that before one has noticed half of what I have mentioned, have literally surrounded the steamer, making bargains by signs and "come-e-here-John's," to convey the almost bewildered stranger to terra firma. This is not often a very pleasant affair, but by patience, a landing permit, and your boatage paid, can be got over. On shore, the first thing noticed, is the smallness of the houses, especially the pack horses, so small that they are often taken for mules; of course this is by those who themselves have either short sight, or long bearing organs. The houses will appear still more strange than at a distance, having by their massive doors, and always grated windows, combined with the very narrow streets which separate them, a most gloomy and prison-like appearance utterly at variance with the climate. As to hotels, there are none that are worth notice; still after one gets used to them, (if he don't die in the operation,) he finds them quite comfortable. Like the best houses, the lower floor is used as a storeroom for sugars. The only go-aboutable mode to adopt here, is to hire a volante, as from the narrowness of the sidewalks it is almost impossible to walk, though much respect is shown pedestrians by the drivers of carts and volantes generally. Ladies with hoops could not be accommodated even by taking the middle of

the street. The great public place of resort in the evening is the Plaza de Armas, or Governor's Square, in front of the Governor's Palace, or residence of the Captain General of the Island. This is a small but beautiful square, scented by the most delicious odors from the flowers with which it abounds. Here we have free instrumental concerts of a high order, and although free are patronized by all (white) classes, in a style that might well be imitated by some republican cities, without affecting their consistency. Close by is the coffee houses, the "Dominica," also the "Lonja," or Exchange, and the American Coffee House, or in foreign parlance the spit-box. The first of these, in which no playing of any kind is allowed, is decided the first house of the kind in every respect, on the Island, and is of course well thronged every night, it being the only house at which you will find ladies. The usual custom here for the ladies is to ride to the door of the saloon; call for what they wish, and eat or drink it without leaving the volante. Refreshment can be obtained at almost every door, for all stores that are not exclusively devoted to hardware or wearing apparel, have their bar, or rather a corner of the counter rounded off, on which they have their decanters fenced in; yet, in justice to the inhabitants, I would say, that an intoxicated person is seldom to be met with, although they, without exception, use strong drinks, but with moderation. The music over, one wanders to his hotel, to find that he may have to pass two or three rooms to get to his, or two or three may have to pass his to get to theirs, just as the case may be; here, if there is not gas, and it is not very common, you will undoubtedly find an oily lamp, let the house be kept by whom it may, native or foreign; in this I have found no exception. Now, if the stranger knows how to sleep on a cot, with no mattress, and is deaf to the cries of the watchmen, who call the time every half hour, not one word of which is likely to be understood, except the last, even though he understands the language, he may, if mosquitoes have no effect upon him; pass his first night in Cuba tolerably easy.

THE SAVANS IN A DILEMMA.

The savans of Harvard College are in a terrible dilemma at the present time, respecting Spiritual manifestations, through a gentleman belonging to the Divinity School. The gentleman in question is a young man of unblemished character, which is vouched for by many of the most talented and influential men amongst us. The idea that he would lend himself to trickery or deception in the matter, is preposterous.

During the last winter this medium's powers have been used in the following manner: A large extension table is used to sit at; one or two of its leaves are loosened or taken off, so that those in the circle can see distinctly the instruments beneath, which are generally a guitar, an accordion, a hand-bell, a drum, and a harpsichord. The hands of the medium and those of the persons in the circle are placed upon the table. The manifestations are the touching of the strings of the guitar, any string being touched which is asked for. The guitar is also passed under the table to any person to whom the controlling power is requested to pass it, and is then played. The instrument is also raised to the top of the table, and what is claimed to be a spirit hand, by believers in the phenomena, is distinctly seen by some to touch its strings.

The hand-bell is suspended in the air and rung in various ways, and as often as is asked. Suspended under the cloth so that a person in the circle can grasp its handle, it has been pulled violently from them.

The harpsichord also produces music without the cooperation of any in the circle. The accordion is held in one hand of the medium, while the other hand rests upon the table, and thus emits fine music.

A piano, while the medium is playing upon it, is swayed to and fro, keeping time to the music although it is a grand piano weighing over one thousand pounds. These manifestations are produced by gas-light, not in the dark.

The facts of the case are briefly, that by invitation, the gentleman met a Professor of the Scientific School, at a private residence in this city, and while the manifestations mentioned above were taking place, the medium felt some one touch him under the table, and as people have been known to produce raps and other noises by their feet, and then cast discredit upon the real manifestations by boasting that they produced them, he determined to ascertain who had touched him, when the Professor aforementioned denounced him as a humbug and an impostor. The medium asked him to suspend his judgment until he could show him beyond a doubt that he did not produce these wonders by his own efforts.

This proposition was agreed to, and it was further agreed that in the mean time nothing should be said of the matter.

Instead, however, of complying with the terms of the agreement, the Professor in a lecture some two hours long, denounced Spiritualism generally as an impostor and a cheat.

The matter was brought before the heads of the Divinity School and the gentleman (who was sick at the time) suspended. Thus the case remains at present. Many erroneous reports have found their way into the papers, but the friends of the gentleman, and they are many and influential, both as respects intellect and position, feeling assured of his perfect integrity and uprightness, are determined that a full and thorough hearing shall be had.

Such a list of names could be produced in his behalf, as would shake to the centre old Harvard and its professors, and show the public that there is science which is not known at Harvard.

It is too late in the day for the Faculty of Harvard College to attribute the Phenomena, which are taking place throughout the world, from the cottage to the palace, to trickery and deception. It is rather their duty as teachers, to investigate the subject thoroughly, and ascertain from whence these Phenomena arise, if, as they contend, they are not manifestations of spirit's presence and power.

Intolerance and bigotry will accomplish nothing, and no person of ordinary mind who has witnessed aught of these manifestations, but must acknowledge that there is something connected with them, not to be accounted for by any development of mortal power yet explained.

GOOD TIMES.

What are good times? The answers to this question, could it be put to a million of men separately, would probably be a million in number. Every man would have a different one, and all would differ as much from each as each from all. What are good times to one man are of necessity evil days to many others. The business man says that those times are good when business is most brisk, a proposition that requires a handful of salt to make it swallowable, with all its cosy look and plausible common place air. For, suppose he deals in drugs, does not the briskness of his business imply a remarkable dullness on the part of some others, and, indeed, of many others. There must be a great deal of sickness about to render the druggist a "warm man." Then the undertaker thrives best when the churchyard gate stands open, and sickness rages over whole cities, sweeping away its hundreds of victims by the day, and its thousands by the week. In those "good old times" of our ancestors when the red flag of small-pox was wont to wave over whole streets at the same hour, when that pestilence was the scourge of strength and dread of beauty, and when neither inoculation nor vaccination was known to Christians, or to any intelligent society,—in those times, we say, now held to have been so good, the rights of undertakers had not been invaded; had not been interfered with by science, and their business was a good one. Every one who has read anything about "Sextons of the Old School," is aware that they were, as a class, a pleasant set of fellows, who took not uncheerful views of life, and very cheerful ones of death. How many of those jolly chaps have been painted by great writers, setting for their portraits to the mental Titans of their day. How agreeable a man was the first grave-digger in Hamlet, (Mr. Argal,) for whose portrait we are indebted to that eminent daguerreotypist of nature, the late Mr. William Shakespeare. In those times of plagues regularly recurring, of the sweating sickness, and of twenty other forms of death that are now unknown, and when famines came round with rather more steadiness than harvests, and where war never ceased, sextons could afford to be jovial, just as dealers in the fanciest of fancy goods, to wit, "fancy stocks," can be merry when their goods "rule high," and are quoted at lofty figures. Shakespeare's sexton was a knowing chap, and being acquainted with the rottenness of Denmark's royal family, not improbably anticipated the pleasure of "a great stroke of business" from their quarrels, while he was conversing with the melancholy Dane. As he digged down into the earth, his spirits rose. His business was "looking up." The old Sexton of the Armitage, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," was another disciple of the spade and mattock who grew lively over his professional pursuits. While digging the grave of Blind Alice he must have foreseen the tragedies that were about to happen in the Ravenswood and Ashton families, whereby shrouds and winding sheets were to come into marvellous request. Yet his feelings must have been hurt when he heard of the gratuitous burial that the hero of the story found in the quicksands of the Kelpie's Flow. That was an interference with his business to which not even the philosophy of grave-digging could have altogether reconciled him.

If one wishes to understand how difficult it is to have "good times" for all, one should consider the subject of war. The first effect of a great war is to disturb all the business relations of the world. The prices of certain articles "go up," and the incomes of all are thereby affected. From the victor who wins glory at a Waterloo or an Alma to the President of the Peace Society, all must pay more for what they eat because certain quarrelsome persons, called kings or statesmen, can't agree as to which of two nations shall have the largest portion of a certain territory that belongs to neither. This makes good times for those who have the things to sell, the prices of which have been enhanced, but bad ones for those who stand as purchasers of those things. In course of time, matters accommodate themselves to the new order of affairs, and war prices govern everything. Then comes peace to disturb prices again, ruining thousands, and converting, so far as those thousands are concerned, what is in itself a blessing—"the sum of all delights"—into a curse. We recollect seeing two English caricatures, issued last year, that illustrated this point admirably. In one, a farmer visits his landlord about the time of the Paris Conference, and is told by him that the war will soon be at an end. "What!" exclaims the farmer, "you don't mean to say there's any danger of peace!" In the other, two farmers meet in a cornfield, which is literally crowded with the article to the production of which it is devoted, and one says, dolefully—"You see evils never come alone; we've got peace, and now we are going to have plenty!" These amiable individuals blurted out feelings which, we fear, have places in all human hearts, though most men have too much tact to expose them to the world's gaze. Peace is an evil to men whose property it lessens the value of, and whose incomes it reduces, though it may, and often does, carry comfort to millions. The soldiers in the allied armies were very glad to get out of the Crimea, but there were thousands of civilians who were anything but pleased with what was so pleasing to the military. Prices and hopes fell together, and fortunes that were counted upon as certain vanished like the morning cloud and the early dew.

We find the same thing in commerce: The merchant who has a rich cargo to dispose of desires high prices, but those who are to purchase that cargo are quite as desirous that it should be disposed of at low prices. As blasphemous young middlemen drink to "a bloody war and a stinky season," because they wish that vacancies may be made for themselves to fill, so do men of narrow views—and narrowness of view is a very common moral complaint—wish evil to those who are their competitors in business. The loss of those competitors they think would be their own gain, and they are not sufficiently good Christians so far to conquer their prejudices in behalf of selfishness as to wish that it may not occur. The reflecting mind sees in these contraries and contradictions a justification of the providential government of the world, which overrules all things for good, and does not permit the existence of that which would be sure to follow here below were there no restraint on human power, no means of curbing passions except such as

are furnished by humanity itself. The Castilian king who profanely said that, had he been consulted, at the Creation, he would have saved the Deluge, some worlds of trouble, would have been soon convinced, had his opinions been asked, that there is no more of a royal road to such work than there is to geometry. His vanity would have been rebuked at the very first step. His ideas would have been of us little account as Mr. Abel Handy's ingenious inventions. He would have been as agreeably placed as the clown who grumbled because casks were not devoted to the growing of pumpkins instead of acorns, but who had occasion to modify his opinion before the words were fairly out of his mouth, in consequence of an acorn falling on his head. Had the "fitness of things," according to his idea of that fitness, been carried out, what little brains he had would have been scattered upon the ground. So is it with all the criticisms that are made on the ordering of the world. "All is for the best," and though our mental vision is so short in its range that we cannot always see this truth at the moment, we are ultimately forced to admit it, and to allow that even in the most common affairs of life, our highest wisdom is but foolishness.

Familiar Letters.

BOSTON COMMON.

Taking our early walk around Boston Common, we thought, what would the city be without it? and were impressed with the desire to know its history—how it came into the possession of the city, whether by gift, purchase or otherwise.

Meeting a friend, the first inquiry was, "How came the Common to be a public ground?" The answer was that it was given to the city by some one whose name he had forgotten. This being our own impression, we kept on asking, who that man was. We found that all agreed (with one or two exceptions) that it was donated to the people, and we thought it very strange that his name should have been entirely forgotten.

Morning after morning as we breathed the fresh air at the only lung of Boston, we asked the question and received the same answer, and day by day we became more and more indignant at the apparent ingratitude manifested.

To be sure, we could easily have satisfied ourselves by visiting the Athenaeum or Public Library, but we seemed to derive consolation in our ignorance, from what we deemed the more criminal ignorance of others. We had never trundled our hoops over its paths, or sailed our clipper schooner across its frog pond, all those boyhood sports having gone down the road of the past, before we stood under the broad shadow of the great elm; and yet we felt that our lack of knowledge was a crime, and what, thought we, must be theirs whose tiny steps first trod terra firma, and whose first love-sighs burdened the moonlight air, upon Boston Common.

But lo, our romance vanishes. Jumping on to the platform of a car at the Winthrop House, with a choice Havana between our lips, we were politely touched upon the shoulder by a good looking man, and reminded that we were transgressing the rules; we hesitated just an instant, between two impulses, the first to throw ourselves off, and the second our cigar; but self triumphed, and the Havana was offered as a sacrifice to etiquette.

Arrived at the Norfolk House, in Roxbury, we replaced the lost one, and walked slowly along the road until we found ourselves at the Half-Way House. Here we sat down to rest. In conversation with Mr. Cooley, the age of the house he occupies was spoken of, and from that our talk diverged to various subjects, the range, however, being mostly confined to such as would interest Historical or Antiquarian Societies. We found Mr. Cooley one of the old style of landlords, rarely to be met with now-a-days, except in novels, with a brain and memory stored with information, and imparting such information in a general manner to his guests.

At last we were prompted to ask the question, so often asked during the preceding week in vain—and in reply, the following letter from the late Captain Sturgis, of the Revenue Service, was produced. By permission of Mr. Cooley we copy it:

UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER HAMILTON, Boston, December 4, 1847.

DEAR SIR: You asked me, some time since, some questions in regard to Boston Common. I have overhauled my library, and can inform you now from authority, that Boston Common was originally one of the "Town Fields." The principal part of what is now the Common was called originally Colburn's Field, from the circumstance that W. Colburn lived near it, and not from ownership on his part. In June, 1634, a sufficient footway was made from Colburn's and unto Samuel Wilbour's field, next to Roxbury Neck. The present boundary of the Common by Beacon Hill was fixed as early as March, 1646. This field of Colburn acquired the name of Common as early as 1644, and one horse was allowed to go there, and that horse belonged to Elder Oliver. In 1787, the present southeast corner of the Common, as far west as the burying-ground, and consisting of two acres and one-eighth of an acre, was conveyed to the town by William Foster, Esq.; and thus the Common was formed into its present size and shape. The whole enclosure within the present fence contains fifty acres and twenty-two rods. Since the day when Elder Oliver's horse had the exclusive right to pasture on the Common, voted to him by the town, there has been various legislation on the subject of admitting the cows to feed there. In 1640 it was voted by the town there shall be no land granted, either for house lot or garden, to any person, out of the open ground of common field which is left between the Sonty Hill and Mr. Colburn's end, except three or four lots to make up the street from Mr. Walker's to the Round Marsh. Governor Hancock once ordered the cows to be milked, having a party of officers to breakfast, and told the owners to send the milk to John Hancock.

I am, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOSIAH STURGIS, U. S. R. E.

MR. AARON COOLEY, Boston. P. S. Rev. Mr. Whitcomb once preached on the Common to 20,000 people. I once saw myself a preacher drove from the Common. It was said there were 10,000 people there.

There then was the truth in a nutshell, and the enthusiastic round of cheers we were about proposing for the liberal donor of the magnificent Boston Common did away, like those which sometimes occur at a political meeting, when the sovereigns have become hoarse, and the name of an equivocal favorite has been given.

TRANSON SPRINGING.—Mrs. Conant, in a trance state addressed a large and intelligent audience at Horticultural Hall, on Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst. The subject, which was listened to with deep interest, was, "the influence of Spiritualism upon the treatment of criminals," arguing that it would tend to substitute the law of love as illustrated in the life of Christ, for the revengeful laws of man.

FARMING.

"Our country cousin," doesn't seem pleased with raveling; hear him. What glorious business 'tis to farm. If you can get up in the morning, a little before the sun, then make the best of getting down over a rickety pair of stairs, or a ladder—arriving at the bottom with one eye open, you proceed to look after your boots. You find one out in the dog's nest, the other up in the corner with the straps gnawed off.

THE VOICES OF INANIMATE NATURE.

Well, kind reader, suppose we go to school again. Nay, start not at the proposal as insulting to your wisdom. Frown not, stern man; we do not intend an academy for young gentlemen, where they may receive useless, (we beg pardon, useful) knowledge. Curl not those pretty lips in sweet disdain, fair maiden; we are not speaking of a seminary for young ladies, where everything is taught, and nothing learned. No; we are speaking of that great school of Nature, of which God himself is the principal, and where all his works down to the insect that dies on the evening breeze, or the moss that covers the barren rock, are teachers of that spacious and glorious school where even angels delight to study.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

And what does Nature teach us? Not monotonous but infinitely varied; not tedious, but intensely interesting, are its lessons, stirring the deepest feelings of the soul. Every emotion and passion within, has its counterpart without. Nature laughs, and nature weeps; nature is merry, and nature is sad; nature is pleased, and nature is indignant; nature loves, and nature scorns.

See the snow storm. The flakes fall softly, softly on the cold, hard ground. The ground is apparently barren; but nature knows that beneath it lie the seeds of fragrant flowers and luscious fruits, and to keep them from the cold she wraps them in her warm snow mantle. Go, man, woman; and profit by the lesson. Let your pity and charity fall softly on hearts around you, even though they be cold and apparently barren. The storms of vice may have swept over the fields of their hearts; the frosts of misery may have blighted them; every fair and fragrant flower of virtue may be withered; nothing may be left there but the barren and unsightly stems. But, oh! forget not that beneath that soil are lying some seeds of goodness, kindly nourish those seeds throw over them, the warm mantle of your pity, quicken them into life by the sunshine of your love, water them by the rain of your tears; and yours shall be the blessed experience of seeing the barren and unsightly stems bud, and blossom, and effloresce into a beauty which will be pleasing to angels, and diffuse a fragrance which will be grateful to the great God. But no; you will not. You think the task hopeless. You have not sufficient confidence in Nature's teachings and in the human heart. Then Nature expresses her scorn and anger. She drives the snow in eddies before the whistling gale, and fiercely dashes it in your face, and blinds your bodily eyes; because you have closed your mental eyes; and causes your frame to shrink from the blast, because your soul shrinks from the great work which she has given you to do.

Let us look abroad on this still midnight of autumn. The stars look brightly down through the frosty air, silent and solemn all; the stream runs between its green banks, but awed into silence by the solemnity of the scene; bird and beast are alike silent. But, hark; what sound is that? As the gentle night breeze steals softly through the frozen stalk, don't you hear a whispering? Yes; it is Nature's voice; she is whispering her solemn truths, while the world is wrapped in sleep. And, Oh, man! surrounded by all the solemnity of this scene, with the bright stars above your head, and the faded leaves at your feet, what truths does Nature whisper in your ear? See those serene leaves, a few short months since they budded on their boughs, and covered the forest with beautiful and luxuriant foliage; they circled through all the rich

and varied colors of the seasons; till, withered and dead, they were swept from their branches, and driven in whirling eddies before the whistling gale. So is it with life, and its pursuits and pleasures. It too has its spring-time of beautiful and cherished anticipations; its summer of hot and dusty pursuit; its autumn of sedate and sober thoughts; its winter when comes the snows of age and the frosts of death. All fade and perish. Beautiful dreams vanish as smoke. The man stands amid the withered leaves of his former bright hopes; and, as the mournful gale sings a requiem through the naked branches, disappointment touches sadly the chords of his spirit. But the bright stars, they don't fade; their lustre don't grow dimmer. They shine as brilliantly now as they did centuries ago. They look down upon us with the same silent and solemn grandeur that they did upon our forefathers. And can man cherish hopes which will never fade? Yes; it is only at his feet the dead leaves lie; above him are the living stars. Let him, then, look up—let him culture the lofty aspirations of his soul—let him raise his thoughts to the beautiful heavens—let him progress in those virtues which are the characteristics of angels and of God; and then will he have something which will never fade; whose lustre will never grow dimmer; which will brighten and brighten forever—something which will outlive the stars and outlive the sun; and before whose celestial brightness the most brilliant of them will be eclipsed. But there is another whisper we must hear. These stars are like God's eyes. They seem to peer into the very soul. The criminal may swagger beneath the blaze of the sun; but alone with the night, with the stars, and with God, he cowers and trembles. Be holy, be innocent, and then the stars will not terrify you.

Many more are the voices of inanimate nature. Much more may we learn from

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore, The song of every bird, the murmur of the sea; All that the genial ray of morning glows, And all that echoes to the song of even, All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

HOW GOOD CAME OUT OF EVIL.

The brig Cyrus was a good vessel of 350 tons, commanded by Capt. P., a plain unpretending sailor of 45 years of age. She was in the port of New Orleans, bound to Liverpool, and as all her crew ran away when she arrived, another was shipped when she was ready for sea. The men behaved well enough till the brig cleared the S. W. Pass; they then came aft in a body, and their spokesman, Bill Pepper, laid down the following rules for the guidance of the captain:—

"Captain P., when you want the brig put about you must call the hands, 'out cards'—when to wear, 'deal cards'—when to make sail, 'turn up trumps'—when to shorten sail, 'pack cards.' The names of the cards must be applied to the ropes, thus—the starboard main brace must be named the 'ace of clubs'—the larboard one, the 'ace of diamonds,' and the braces above, the 'deuce,' 'tray,' &c. The starboard fore brace, the 'ace of spades,' the larboard one, the 'ace of hearts,' and so on. You understand us."

In this way every rope in the ship and every evolution, was designated by a card. Poor P. was at loss what to do; he was anxious to proceed, and dreaded the expense and trouble to which he would be subjected if he put back for another crew, so he quieted his conscience, hoping the Lord would forgive him, as his objects were all peaceful, so he submitted. It was rather amusing to hear him sing out—"He aft here, men, and take a pull of the tray-of diamonds—belay the jack of clubs—well, the queen of hearts—another pull of the ace of spades," &c.; but he was a good man, and managed to work along without much trouble, to the evident satisfaction of his crew, who swore that he was a perfect brick from clew to earing.

At the end of a month, he called the crew aft and addressed them as follows:—"My lads, you have had your way a month; now turn and turn about, is fair play; it is my turn now to give the ropes and duties of the brig my names. What say you?"

"All right, old P.; go ahead. We're with you body and sleeves—name away," replied the spokesman of the crew.

He then named the ropes, David, Solomon, Ezekiel, Samson, &c. The names were hard; but the tars made it a point of honor to learn them, and in a very brief space of time, the duty of the vessel was conducted by the new arrangement, as well as it had been by the old.

Listen to Capt. P.—roaring out at the top of his lungs—"Forward, there." "Ay, ah, sir." "Take a reef in Joseph's pantaloons—square Solomon's left leg—shear home Moses's whiskers—haul aft Nebuchadnezzar's dicky—cookbill Isaiah's windpipe—dowse St. Paul's sky-scraper; and take a round turn in Samson's coat-tails."

The sailors were all profane men, notorious gamblers and rowdies, but were fond of a joke; they knew nothing of the bible, only by name, and therefore had no knowledge of the source whence the captain had drawn his names. Determined to find out, they went aft in a body, and after talking the matter over with the "old man," in a quiet way, he went in the cabin and brought up the bible, explaining the history of the prominent names, interlarding a remark or two about the necessity of religion, and ended by giving them a bible apiece, that they might learn for themselves.

The result was that the men read the good book—were awakened to a sense of their wickedness, and before the vessel reached Liverpool were all converted. While she lay in port, public worship was held on board of her every Sunday. Thus, in a singular manner, were the implements of Satan turned against himself.

INDEPENDENT.—Gov. King, of New York, has returned to the President of the Hudson River Railroad a free pass that had been sent to him. THE PARKER MURDER. We have on file a communication, which purports to come from the spirit of Jonas L. Parker, who, it will be remembered, was brutally murdered several years since in Manchester, N. H. The murderers having escaped justice, he comes now, he says, to unravel the mystery; that the time has come when things done in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-top. We shall print his statement in our next number.

PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM. NUMBER TWO.

A belief in spirit manifestation presupposes a belief in the existence of spirits, and, necessarily involves the truth of man's immortality. It also establishes a fact, most precious to every mind in the least spiritually developed, and which the truth of our immortality seems to more than suggest, that the habitation of spirits, or the spirit land, is not distant, necessarily from our sphere, but that their existence in, and connection with, the higher elements constituting our existence, enables them to approach us, as we have seen, we approach one another through those elements, impressing, influencing, and often irresistibly controlling us.

If the mind, and what we term the spirit, constitute the immortality we possess, and if these elements survive the change called death, as they must if immortal, as the same elements, or agencies, must thus exist in the two spheres, why should they not under favorable influences be blended, and their changes or emotions in one sphere be felt or realized in the other?

Eternity, or the spirit land, we have considered far, much to far from us, and hence the work of preparing for it misdirected. How often are we exhorted to prepare for eternity? How many misdirected efforts are made in that preparation? Why, we have entered upon eternity! Our present existence is one of the spheres of eternity, or else man is not immortal! If he be immortal, he is living an immortal life, and instead of preparing for eternity, he should live as if in eternity. He should follow the highest light that reaches his own spirit, as a guide to the higher and more perfect. He should live in harmony with all the laws of his present existence as a means, not only of enjoying the heaven of this sphere, but also of entering more fully the heaven of each higher sphere.

He who has not observed these truths at once discovers that the real objects of life have been entirely misapprehended. Spiritual darkness and depravity, with all their galling fetters, have been submitted to, when those fetters might have been broken at any moment. The storehouse of knowledge has been filled with base and sensual literature, adapted to the spiritual depravity of the times, instead of the harmonious truths of a purer and more elevating character. In social life, a narrow selfishness has been substituted for the law of universal love and mutual happiness, without which no true pleasure or progression can be attained. Actual merit has been crushed by base pretensions—freedom of thought overpowered by popular prejudices—the mind—heaven aspiring in its nature and tendency—enslaved by the passions which it has served—the affections concentrated on those base metals recognized at the boards of exchange instead of the purer treasures recognized in heaven, and humanity employed in destroying instead of saving itself! Death has been viewed as the great enemy of man, putting an end to all the pleasures of his present career—pleasures sordid—surrounded by thorns, filled with fear, gross and unnatural. And what shall be the end of these things? To what source shall we apply for relief? Who shall aid, who deliver us? Spiritualism presents the only reliable answer.

Man must learn and realize his spiritual nature and destiny. He must know and feel that he is not only connected with earth, through the grosser elements of his organism, the laws and necessities of which, while in this sphere, he must understand and obey, but also with a higher sphere, the elements and laws of which influence and control him too. Through obedience to the laws of the grosser, he may enjoy their pleasure and be strong. By obeying the laws of the higher, too, he may become strong in them and enjoy their pleasure.

It matters little through what avenue such truths are obtained. Holy men in olden times have spoken them as they were moved by holy spirits, and their record we have. The man of Nazareth uttered them, and what is better reduced them to practice, thereby becoming not only our teacher, but our exemplar. But both he and they were dependant on higher agency, for of themselves they could do nothing. Even the words they uttered were not their words, but the words of more exalted intelligences. Nature, too, has its voice, and when the elements of the passions are hushed, how sweet, how impressive, how pure that voice. How elevating her truths. The spirit within speaks. In the calmness of innocence, as in the days of infancy and childhood, how impressive, how encouraging her voice. The passions yield, and the divine triumphs. So, too, in old age, in second childhood,—as the passions lose their grasp by degrees, the image of the spirit is made visible, and her voice of hope and bliss is heard. Oh, that the innocence of childhood might be preserved—the spirit strengthened from infancy to our declining years! But alas! how often that voice within utters the lamentations of bruises and wounds inflicted upon the spirit. Struggling against the perversion of the passions, often quite hushed in silence, the spirit languishes under the evils of the present organism. But it is not forgotten. So intimate is the relation of the invisible to the visible, that those released from the more ponderable and baser elements, at times hover around the weak and famishing, still enslaved by clay, with gentle influences and sweet notes of encouragement.

There is a law common to all the elements connected with our existence. It may be called the principle of rewards and punishments, regeneration, or whatever subtle school-men please to name it. To comply exactly with the principles of each element, in its relation to our existence, secures unalloyed happiness, and so far as it is concerned, constant, regular progression. To violate its principles by excesses, in either direction, produces derangement in the organism, and retards progress. To receive in proper manner, at proper times, proper qualities of food and drink, gives physical strength, pleasure, and advancement to our systems. Deprivations or excessive indulgences disturb, derange, and weaken. This renders the individual unhappy, and reduces the system. By again establishing regular habits, these evils are soon removed, and though it may be said he has been sick, and deprived for a season of the blessings and prosperity of health, he is again well, and in the enjoyment of his former happiness.

It is the same with mental efforts. The mind properly exercised is strengthened, but if over-ex-

ercised or too indolent, it becomes imbecile, nor is it restored till it has received the advantages of obedience to the laws of mental exercise. Spiritually it is the same. The spirit can receive or comprehend all the riches of truth, or enjoy all the happiness of spiritual existence, only as it advances step by step from the lower to the higher, and find this in harmony with the principles of spirit-life. If by the violation of its laws it has languished, or suffered loss, no other possible means for its recovery is found, but by its yielding obedience in future. Nor shall the loss be ever made up. Endless pleasures are strewn along the journey of endless life. All the time lost on that road is forever lost. He who has been sick and recovered can labor or enjoy no more than before his sickness, without being guilty of the same excesses which first caused him to suffer. Nor can the spirit which has suffered advance by that suffering to a higher point of felicity than those who have pursued the spirit's journey without interruption. It is encouragement enough to know we are in the way and enjoyment of right.

To guide us in this way is the labor of all good spirits, and should be of all good men. Through the agency of spirit, this is done. Those who would, may at all times enter upon the way, and once upon it, may persevere. The true spiritualist is not satisfied by merely "getting into heaven," as the votaries of different faiths express themselves. His heaven is the service of truth, commencing here and extending forever onward—now begun and now enjoyed. As he continues in the way of truth, truth reveals her brightness, pours out her treasures, and secures his freedom. Brighter and more exalted spirits attend him; error and sin become more apparent and distasteful, and his triumph over them and the grave more complete. These are the natural teachings of the first principles of spiritualism—of connecting in our minds the invisible with the visible—the immaterial with the material. URANUS.

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EUREKA!

Diogenes may extinguish his lamp and rest from his labors. The long sought for, is found at last. Bear witness this from a daily paper.

BOARD.—Within ten minutes walk of State street. Very desirable rooms and poor board can be obtained in a first class house, with more than usual modern conveniences.

There, isn't that facing the music. No need of that initiatory meal customary upon the arrival of a new boarder, and which haunts the brain of that unfortunate individual like a vision, long after the household has subsided into its usual routine of liver and sausages, the latter of a suspiciously bow-wow nature.

Were our landlady to present us with a note similar to those so common fit this particular period, among postmasters and custom-house officers, we should strike a bee line for that poor boarding house instanter.

A DISCOVERY.

Aunt Keturah Kiddles was an incorrigible old maid. She was stiff-necked, close-corned, cute and curt—and somewhat blue-stockinged withal; and such a hand for visiting; she made a business of that, scouring the whole country from January to December, in prosecuting this, her favorite pursuit and calling—indeed it was by that business that she lived and had her being. She was the very embodiment of news and gossip—keeping all the people in her route well informed in the tattle and small talk of the day. No love match could exist for a moment, but she would have every particular concerning it, and well embellished by her fertile brain. The people all feared, and yet welcomed her,—knowing full well that while they were enjoying a bit of scandal at the expense of their neighbors, their turn would surely come when she visited other parties.

Moreover, this vestal owned and carried with her in a green bag, wherever she went, a big book, wherein was written down the names of all those people whom she visited, with the account of her treatment among them. This was a formidable weapon with her—and well did she wield it. This mysterious volume kept her entertainers in awe of her, for oft had she assured them that those who had used her well would therein be remembered in good set terms; but was to them who ever slighted her; they should have their faults painted in glowing colors.

The consequence was, that whenever Aunt Keturah called upon the family, the very best of green tea was set to steeping for her ladyship; and buttered toast, mince-pies, and all the other nice things was brought forward to grace the tea-table.

It was in a lovely little village upon the banks of the Connecticut River, where was the whereabouts of Aunt Keturah—and occasionally would she in her perigrination make a call upon a substantial farmer of that ilk, who was likewise a justice of the peace, 'Squire M. The 'Squire had two boys;—they had always been very curious about the book—wondering what could therein be written about their father's family, as well as the rest of the neighbors. So one night at one of Aunt Keturah's visits, after the old maid had gone to bed, and the rest of the family had retired, they slid quietly down stairs, lit a candle, and crept slyly into the sanctuary of the fore-room closet—where the immaculate green bag hung in solemn state—its owner never once dreaming of intruders; for that not one unholly or unbidden eye should ever rest upon its pages, till she should be gathered with her fathers, was often declared by the vestal.

With eager curiosity the secret tome was drawn forth from the deep recesses of the green baize, and its leaves opened to the light. The pages were scanned with scrutinizing glances by the marauders, from beginning to end; but, most gracious and curious reader, the three last entries upon the dreadful pages will give you a fair estimate of the rest; so without further preface or apology, here they are:—

JOURNAL OF KETURAH KIDDES. Sunday, June 19, 1825.—Dined at Dudley Arnold's upon wool. Monday, 20.—Suffered with a severe diarrhoea in consequence. Tuesday, 21.—Entirely the reverse. Gracious and courteous reader; is not this a pretty fair sample of many other journals, made out by inflated boobies who prattle abroad, and then inflict their nothings upon the public. C.

Editors Table.

KEEP COOL, GO AHEAD, and a few other poems. By George W. Light, Boston. There is some genuine poetry, and more solid sound sense in this little volume. We cannot speak better of it than by quoting a few lines here and there:— Let things jostle as they will, Keep cool! Bese this truth with heart and hand— Ho that rutch will himself Can the universe withstand. Keep cool! Up! up! The morning breaks, Firing all the hills; Up! up! The sunlight makes Silver of all the hills; Birds are soaring, Music pouring On the loving breeze; Flowers are blowing, Rivulets flowing Under the bending trees. Though before you mountains rise, Go ahead! Scale them? certainly you can! Let them proudly dare the skies— What are mountains to a MAN! Go ahead.

JAMES FRENCH & Co. are about to publish a new Novel from the pen of Miss Mary W. Janvrin. We have heard it highly spoken of by those who have seen the advance sheets, and trust that it will meet with a large sale.

MOTHERS OF JAMES A. COOK, By his mother. This is a very interesting tribute of a mother's love for her child, and will make a valuable addition to the Sabbath School library.

Again we are indebted to Messrs. Redding and Company for the April Magazine.

"Old Knick" is sparkling and brilliant as a glass of Longworth's Catawba. An extraordinary man is that same editor. There's no stand still to his brain.

"Putnam" has an extremely amusingly illustrated article upon Tails, and in other respects maintains its place in the front rank of Magazines.

Dramatic and Musical.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Mr. George Vandenhoff has personated Henry the Fifth, during the week. The play is put upon the stage in splendid style; reflecting great credit upon Mr. Barry and Mr. Wright.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Miss Eliza Logan attracts large audiences, and nightly wins upon their favor. There is an earnest truthfulness in her acting which commends itself to all, and her face occasionally lights up with an expression of rare fascination. It is with no ordinary pleasure that we chronicle her continual improvement and success.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—There has been no change at this house. The same immense, enthusiastic crowds are drawn by the spells of Lucilio and Helen. Mr. English is about giving the New Yorkers a sight of "The three fast men." There are a great many "fast men" in that city, but we doubt if the piece succeeds as well there as it has done here. We regret to lose our friend Isaac B. Rich Esq., from the Treasury, but trust that he will enjoy his Western excursion.

ORDWAY HALL.—Success still continues at this snug little place, but on the 20th Mr. Ordway leaves with his troupe.

THE PANORAMA OF KANSAS, now on exhibition at the Melodeon, is a splendid work of art, and deserves patronage.

HENRY WALLACE Esq., is on his way across the Atlantic, and makes the United States his home for the future.

The Busy World.

THE PRICE OF WATER.—The St. Nicholas Hotel, New York consumed Croton Water to the value of \$3,814.12, in the year 1856. So say the water Commissioners. The proprietors dispute the bill.

RIGHTS OF JURIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The bill introduced by Mr. Hoar of Worcester in the Senate to "repeal the law of 1855, declaring and establishing the right of juries to judge of the law in criminal cases," was defeated in the House, by a very decisive vote, 111 ayes to 194 noes, eighty three majority against the repeal of the present law. IMPROVEMENTS IN BOSTON. The trustees of the Sears estate will erect a splendid block of stores in Franklin Place, on the site of Garcelon's stable.

The old buildings between Water street and Spring Lane will be taken down and a splendid block erected on the site. Water street will be widened. John Simmons, Esq., has bought the Bryant Estate, corner of Hawley street and Franklin Place, and will erect a splendid store on the same.

PATCHWORK.—The Queen of Naples sets a good example to her subjects, for she recently gave birth to her ninth child. Cats are now exported from England to Australia. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is at Rome. Queen Victoria enjoys Mrs. Barney Williams' singing of "My Mary Ann" immensely. Herrings have arrived in the Taunton River.

IMPENSE HOTEL. A new Hotel is shortly to be commenced on the Hippodrome estate, Broadway New York. It is supposed it will be the largest in the world, and one of the finest architecturally, as it will have a frontage of 650 feet. The plans have been drawn up by Thomas & Sons. It will be six stories high and will be built of white marble. It will not be completed for ten years.

JUDGE LYNCH IN NEBRASKA.—Four men were shot at Platt's Mouth, Nebraska Territory by order of a vigilance committee, and five others were banished from the territory and forbidden to return under pain of death. The offence committed was claim jumping.

NIAGARA.—Private letters from Gen. Henningson confirm in every essential fact the reports of the recent victories of Walker over the Costa Rican troops. Henningson states that the battle lasted ten hours; that only 50 of his own, while 400 of the allies were killed, and that the enemy were utterly defeated.

TO THE LADIES.—One of the most renowned French pulpit orators, the Abbe de Daguery, recently remarked, in a sermon, that the women now-a-days forget, in the astonishing amplitude of their dresses, that the gates of heaven are very narrow.

Temptation and Deliverance.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Howard Livingston sat in his little dark study and wrote. All his surroundings were of the simplest nature—their scantiness and simplicity atoned for, only by the severest order and neatness, which made themselves manifest, even in the arrangement of his paper folder and pens. This, however, was something on which he bestowed no thought or labor. Everything from his hand seemed naturally to fall into the very place that best suited it; and the untrifling and disorder which attach—sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly—to literary people, would have been almost enough, in the eyes of some, to convict him of treason to his class.

This was the outside. Within was the sound, healthful nut, whose brown shell, though plain and homely, was not rough nor harsh.

A deep thinker, Howard thought a great deal more for others than for himself. His wants, like his surroundings, were few and simple—easily met—and when met, never thought of afterwards. A philanthropist, in the best sense of the word—not that morbid philanthropy which knocks one down, figuratively speaking, while pretending to hold one up—he began his benevolence by gently cleansing the wounds of society, before applying the harsh plaster. Right minded and pure himself, he had pity and forgiveness for those whose organizations or circumstances exposed them more than his own had done, to struggle with temptation, or fall before it. Respecting all creeds, as far as they went to help fallen man, or to worship God truly, he rejected all beyond that, and adopted another creed, simple and unostentatious as his own personal appointments. If that short but comprehensive creed was more tender to human nature than those of the

"Good Christians, who sat still in easy chairs, And damned the general world for standing up."

it was because he honored that nature as God's creation, made only "a little lower than the angels," although sometimes pitifully lowered and degraded.

The door of Howard's study opened suddenly, and a tall, pale man entered without ceremony, and sat down, face to face with him on the other side of the table, across which Howard's ready hand sought the stranger's.

"You do not shrink from me then, Mr. Livingston? You do not turn away your face and droop your eyes, and put indifference into your voice, as some men do—as some have done this very morning, on my way hither—because John Cumming has yielded again to his cup of red wine?"

Howard looked up with his clear, honest eye, a little troubled, perhaps, in its expression, but without a shadow of severity or harshness.

"God forbid, John," he answered, "that I should do so. I would sooner strengthen you to overcome, than condemn you for being overcome."

"Bless you for so much forbearance with my failing! Not a word like that has been said to me since I saw you last. Men court me, and minister to my infirmity—and women, too, God help me when they tempt me to the wine cup!"

"Sad! John, how sad this is to hear! I will not tell you how sad it seems to me, lest you should think I overstrain the matter. Is it possible that women, who could have so much more influence—could approach your peculiar weakness so much more delicately than we rough and untamed men—can tempt you from any good resolution you may have formed?"

"Even so, Howard. Even in presence of my wife, when they might know that she would as soon have the knife offered to her neck, as the glass to her husband's lips, they will make me look upon their bright sparkles, until I become a thing for scorn to point at. And, as I said, men will court me for what they are pleased to call my witty and intellectual conversation; and when the poison with which they bait me, begins to work too violently, they sneak away from me, and tell me that I ought to know where to stop!"

Livingston did not reply. His thoughts were with this great wrong, but he dared not express them. Not the less did he blame, and, indeed, utterly condemn, those who thus wrought upon a delicate physical organization, like John Cumming's; an organization so sensitive that what would scarcely stir the pulses of some men, would rouse him to fever heat—almost, indeed, to frenzy.

He looked upon the tall, slight form before him, the high, pale brow, from which long, silken curls were brushed away, the hands, thin and delicate as a lady's; and then the look of utter distress and abandonment on his countenance; and his heart almost sunk before the picture—which his fancy drew up, involuntarily, of the wife and children whom John Cumming had left at home, anxiously waiting to have him safe and unharmed for the night.

"Too many are the sources of anxiety in this way, to make it appear strange that he should thus picture it for those whom he loved with the affection of a brother.

They had been boys together—he and John Cumming—had entered on their manhood together, had loved the same fair girl, and even when John had carried off the prize, it had not broken their bond of fellowship; for Howard covered the arrow which had pierced his heart, and no one knew how deep was the wound.

John Cumming had chosen the law for his profession, and Howard Livingston had devoted himself mainly to literary pursuits, in which the benefit of mankind predominated far more than personal fame or personal gain, beyond the limited amount which he have spoken of to meet his simple requirements.

Not that he sat alone in his study, and mused upon the great wrongs of society, did Howard earn his reputation as a philanthropist. No morbid brooding over evil, without an effort to arrest it, ever found its place in his heart, or on his lips, but he went out boldly into the highways and byways of life, and meeting social wrongs that wrung his heart or excited his indignation, he strove to help those who were struggling against them, and feared not to touch them deeply with the sharp point of his powerful pen.

He did not shrink either, from taking the arm of his old companion, and walking up and down the market place, until John, soothed and encouraged into a more hopeful mood, had gained at least a part of the self-respect which he had been losing.

At home once more, with his wife and beautiful children, all eager and solicitous to wait upon and show him affection, he felt like a man again.

Had John Cumming persevered in the path which his friend marked out, there would have been peace brooding always, like a dove, above this roof tree; but again and again he fell, again to be forgiven by the patient wife, and again upheld by the no less patient friend.

From the time that he was old enough to form his political opinions, he had been fully devoted to what he deemed the right. He had spoken in public, written long and able articles in its defence, and, in short, when he was himself, was that anomaly in modern patriotism, a pure politician.

ends that always attach themselves to political cliques, and seldom do good either to themselves or others.

Howard mourned over this dereliction, but he did not turn his back upon him yet. He knew that there was that in him after all, that if the demon could be exorcised that held him, he would still be worthy of a better fate than to be the tool and spy of an intriguing party.

He was sitting, one evening, in his study, and unconsciously his thoughts turned to John Cumming, his early promise, his sad falling away, and the many circumstances which, unlike as they were, still bound them together in the unsevered bonds of their boyish attachment. He sat dreaming of what might have been, had Emily Harper chosen differently; but that way, Howard did not dare to look. Whatever regrets he might feel, he was conscious that she was the angel that might bring the healing to that troubled soul which John Cumming's sin was fast defacing and destroying.

He heard a slight tap at the door, and his "Come in" was answered by little Mary Cumming. "My darling!" began Howard, but the child's still, pale face looked so sorrowful that he rose and went towards her. She gasped out her errand. "Mother was faint and could not speak; and father was—" here she stopped suddenly and blushed, as if she knew what was his besetting sin, "and Carrie told her to come for Mr. Livingston."

Almost before Livingston had heard her last words, he had grasped her little hand, and taken a short cut through a garden, that separated the house of the Cummings' from his office.

A few words from Carrie told him that her father had been gone all night and all that day, at a convivial meeting of politicians about thirty miles off, where he was engaged to deliver an address; that he came home in a state such as she had never known him before; and that for the first time, he had spoken such terrible words to her mother, that she had gone from one fainting fit to another, and afraid or ashamed to call in a physician, she had told little Mary to go for him.

Carrie, a sweet, sensitive girl of fifteen, told him this, blushing at her father's conduct most painfully, and yet frightened at her mother's state. She had always been taught to look upon Mr. Livingston as a friend, and in this emergency, could think of no one whom she considered so suitable.

A few hurried directions for the recovery of her mother, and an inquiry for her father, and then he went with more than his usual severity into the presence of John Cumming. A moment's study of his face, however, showed that he needed more pity than indignation. He had flown, powerless, from his wife's room, when she had fainted, and believing that he had killed her, was cowering in the half-conscious feeling of guilt, and the cowardice of drunkenness, from which he was only partially restored when Howard found him.

Howard saw that he was contending with real bodily illness, and he humbly staid by him until he saw him comfortably in bed, and then went for a physician, who pronounced him to be in a high brain fever, brought on by strong and active stimulants.

The wife, restored from her fainting fit, and roused by the danger of her husband, insisted upon going to him, while the children, who, only an hour before had been intimidated by his harsh words, were now hushed and quiet before the ravings of disease.

Carrie, dear girl, was everywhere, giving hope and support to all; now bathing her father's burning forehead, now speaking to the children, and again trying to console her mother. It was rare to see one so young, so full of unselfish devotion.

For a week Howard Livingston spent every moment which he could spare from his office, with the family of John Cumming. For a week, he racked his brain to know how he could benefit the poor, erring man who lay there, utterly prostrate in mind and body, and how he might turn this sickness to account when he recovered, by telling him of the untiring self-sacrifice which his family had bestowed upon him.

Night after night he watched beside him, with Carrie or her mother, and each night the danger of a speedy death or a permanent insanity, grew more imminent. He had never recognized his wife for an instant; but raved constantly of her death. The last look which he had of her pale face seemed to have lingered throughout his whole sickness like the sight of a specter before his eyes, and his wailings, because he had killed her, were most piteous to hear.

Occasionally, too, he would seem to be pleading at the bar—pleading for a murderer, and he, the murderer of a wife. His language here was coherent, powerful, and at times, sublime. He drew a picture of the prisoner's previous life and conduct, his devotion to his wife, his ardent love of his children, and made a most pathetic appeal in his behalf, on the score of madness.

How trying all this was to Emily Cumming, can scarcely be told in words. Nor was it hardly less trying to Howard, who sat by and noted every word, with a faint shadow of hope at his heart, that when the delirium of fever should have passed, John Cumming would be restored to his former self, free from the demon that had so long enslaved his noble powers.

And if not—why, better to die on this bed of sickness, than again to harrow up the hearts of those who loved him, by such frightful exhibitions of passion as had already distressed them.

A sweet sleep succeeded his last exhausting burst of eloquent madness. It was deep and tranquil, and lasted so long, that Emily more than once believed that the spirit had fled. A look from Howard restrained her to silence, and the three patient watchers sat for hours, looking on the pale face which seemed so like that of the dead!

The hours of the morning went slowly by; noon came on, and no change. Only the faintest breath dimmed the mirror which they held to his lips. Twilight found him the same. The physician looked in upon him in the evening, and shook his head in silence.

It was near midnight when the dull eyes opened, but there was sense and consciousness beneath their lids, and he woke from that long slumber, weaker than an infant outwardly, but with an inner strength, new-born into his soul.

"Emily—Carrie—Howard!" was all that he could utter, and that in the faintest sound that could issue from mortal lips; but there was an expression of peaceful serenity and hope on his face, that cheered and encouraged the weary watchers.

Day by day the feeble spark strengthened into a flame. Howard was with him every moment that he could spend from his office, and he took care that his old associates should not have access to him.

Indeed there was little fear for him now. When the usual stimulants were prescribed by the physician, to assist his returning strength; he charged Emily not to bring them; and she was only too happy to obey.

Happier days, the family of John Cumming had never known, than those succeeding his illness. Freed from his tormentor, he recovered more rapidly than one would have supposed from his previously enfeebled state; and, in a short time, was again seated in his office, clothed and in his right mind. The demon was exorcised.

Three years have passed, and John Cumming remains true to the resolution formed on his sick bed, and strengthened by the faith and hope, says

and the charity which kept guard over him. His services are anxiously sought by all who have important or intricate suits, and his fame, as a lawyer, is widely circulated. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that he has had more than one case, of which the imaginary one, upon his sick bed, was the type; and that he brought to the defence of the prisoner, not only the skillful pleadings of professional tact, but an eloquence of feeling and sympathy which touched the hearts, and drew tears from the eyes of all present.

Howard Livingston is still his firm friend; and the friend, indeed, of all mankind. It is impossible to express the depth of love and tenderness which the family of John Cumming have for this man, whose whole heart and soul are bound up in the exercise of that true philanthropy, that is the charity of which the apostolic description is the only one that expresses the real sentiment.

After all—
There lies no desert in the land of life,
For on that tract which bears no death seem
Laborers of thee in faith and hope, shall team
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings, rife."

The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

The communication of spirits with mortals is now an established fact, and the admission of a doubt from any one who has investigated the phenomena which are attracting so much attention at the present time.

This communication is brought about only by strict adherence to natural laws, and under favorable conditions; and however anxious one may be to induce the presence of spirits, without the observance of these laws and conditions, it is impossible. The presence of medium power is one of the requisites.

Many people cannot consult mediums, and far more have strong prejudices resulting from false ideas of their mission. In either case, spirits find it impossible to communicate with their earth friends in a manner to prove their presence.

We have been very successful in gathering valuable tests of the presence and power of spirits from those who have never known, for friends on earth who were equally strangers to us.

So very convincing have these tests been to us, and to those to whom they were sent, that we feel confident that such communications will be interesting to the public, and have fruits which shall prove refreshing to humanity.

Communications made in this manner cannot fail to open the door of spirit communion wide, and prove the fact thereof; while the opportunity afforded to the spirits world to reach the friends on earth, cannot be without effect in adding to the joys of Spirit-life.

These communications are not published for literary merit. Truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them.

We solicit replies from those to whom they are addressed, and in order to answer any queries relating to them which may be sent us.

We also solicit questions on Theological subjects, to be answered through Mrs. C. Our object is to remove the prejudice existing among religiousists against Spiritualism, and to show that it is sent from heaven, not to demolish the Bible, but to prove its truth.

Spirits are charged with teaching immorality and upholding vice. The communications we publish will be interesting as exponents of their teaching, and showing that they demand the practice of the Christian virtues, and always point to Christ as the way, the Truth, and the Life.

These messages are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

Salem Witchcraft—Dolly Jane Rollins Communicates.

The following sketch, explanatory of the so-called "Salem Witchcraft," is highly interesting, as it conclusively shows that the same phenomena which existed in those days of moral darkness, are in vogue at the present time; yet, owing to the rapid development of the human race in intelligence, no fears need be entertained that people will become bewitched by mediums, and hence none of the said mediums run any risk of meeting a similar fate to those who lived in the time of Dolly Jane Rollins. The same cry—"It is the devil," is heard; but thanks to the decline of bigotry and the growth of true religious liberty, that cry is weak and powerless.

There is one great thing gained, and that is, we are not so much in fear of devils as our fathers were, and have more faith in the power of good to overcome evil. Dolly says:—

I lived on earth nearly two hundred years ago. I was one of those unfortunate beings who was hung for what they never did. Yes, they accused me of bewitching the people, and as I could not prove my innocence, my earth-life paid the forfeit; but I do not blame my enemies—they were in darkness, and committed their sin through ignorance; therefore they are entitled to immediate forgiveness. If the people of the present age should commit such a sin, I fear their penalty would be hard.

I am often on earth, and I often hear the people of earth saying—"Why did not this new light come before?" Dear friends, it did come, and those through whom it came, were hung by the people, and therefore it was withdrawn for a season. Yes, friends, I can boldly assert that I was a medium nearly two hundred years ago.

Perhaps it will be interesting to you to hear a little of my experience as a medium, or "witch," if you please. When I was about ten years of age—I mean to say nearly that—I was sitting at a little foot-wheel, learning to spin tow. This wheel belonged to my grandmother, and was handed down to her by her grandmother. I was suddenly startled by a loud rattling on the floor, and immediately after my wheel was taken and carried to a distant corner of the room. As you may suppose, I was very much frightened, and called loudly for my mother and grandmother, who came in just in time to see the wheel performing many wonders. They together fell down and commenced praying, while I looked on in mute astonishment. Soon the wheel ceased its movements and was brought back to me; but I dared not touch it, and I never did afterwards.

My mother and grandmother supposed they had driven out the devil by prayer, for they thought it was the devil; but as it was growing dark, and we were taking our evening meal of pudding and milk, my bowl was suddenly taken from me and carried to the wainscot, and then brought back for me to finish my supper; but I was too frightened to eat, and my mother sent for the minister, who came and prayed that the devil might depart from us. But while he was praying, the doors commenced violently slamming, and everything in the house was in motion, and he left in terror, while we remained quiet, my mother and grandmother praying all the while. Nothing more occurred until a few days later, when a child of our nearest neighbor was taken sick and died, and I was accused of bewitching and killing it. Oh, God! who can appreciate my anguish, as my mother and friends made me sensible of what I was accused of?

After the burial of the child I was tried; and as they could not prove me guilty, I was set free, and I returned home, praying God I might no more be tormented. I was left in peace for near two moons, and I began to think I was free indeed. But one day as I was milking my favorite "Bossy," I was surprised and terrified again by seeing my pail and stool walking on before me to the house. I threw myself on the ground, and mourned aloud. When my mother and grandmother came to my relief, I begged them to kill me, and thereby set me free from the horrible chain that bound me; but they quickly bore me to the house, and resolved to let no one know that the devil had again visited me. After this it was a long time ere I was again troubled, and my mother was sure she had conquered the evil one; until one afternoon as I was enjoying myself at an Apple Bee, I was suddenly taken from my feet and carried above the heads of the company. Terror then took the place of joy, and

they all with one accord bound me and carried me home. I then determined I would live no longer, and knowing my mother had something in the house she used to poison crows with, I resolved to take it and end my miserable existence.

After searching a long time, I found and prepared the poison. Just as I was about to swallow it, the cup was seized and carried above my head, and then dashed to atoms about my feet. After that I made repeated attempts to kill myself, but was always stopped in the same mysterious manner. I at one time tried to throw myself down the well, but was jerked back and thrown headlong upon the ground. I then tried to starve myself, but was made to eat against my will. At last, finding I was proof against suicide, I gave up trying, and for near seven moons I was left in peace.

During this time I heard of several in the village, who were afflicted in like manner as myself, but I never dared to go near them. One was an old Irishman, whom I had known well; and at last the malady increased so fast that the people came together in council, and the result was that all the offenders were to be brought together and tried, and if found guilty of witchcraft, were to be hung. Oh, how dark everything looked to me, as I tied on my pinafore and calash, and went down the hill with my mother to meet my doom. I felt certain that I should be condemned to die. The house where we met had been abandoned by the owner long before, because he said the devil was there. It was a large nice house. We all got there about an hour past noon, and were sent one by one up stairs to be examined. At last the whole nine of us were together in a large room, bound hand and foot, listening to the minister, who was reading the bible to us. And as he read, the bible was suddenly jerked from his hands and thrown at my head.

They then undertook to carry me out, saying I had bewitched the Word of God; but they found the door made so fast it was impossible to open it, and the whole house was shaking violently. We all protested our innocence, and called on God to witness the truth of what we uttered; but all to no purpose. We were condemned and sentenced to be hung.

Oh, who can picture the agony of my mother and poor old grandmother as I was dragged from them to the prison house, there to remain until I should be hung? Or who can picture my own agony, for I believed myself one of the devil's chosen ones, and fully believed I should go to a hell of fire and brimstone. And yet I could not see what I had done to merit such a judgment. I had prayed to God to release me from my tormentors, and at last I fully believed that we, the doomed ones, were all children of the devil, and God had nothing to do with us.

My mother and grandmother were not permitted to see me after I had been taken away. Oh, I longed for the time of my execution to arrive. About one hour past midnight, (the night before we were to be hung), all our fetters fell off, and the door opened, and a form entered and told us to flee from that place. But we were all too much terrified to move, and were found the next morning with our chains off and our doors open. We were then told we had but four hours to live. For my own part I was very glad of it; but my companions were in perfect agony. At an hour past noon we were all called forth, and marched off to the Hill, where I had so often played. I had now come there to be sent to another world. As I approached the place of death, I saw my dear old grandmother mourning bitterly, and I begged permission to speak one word to her, and was permitted to do so. She told me my mother sent a blessing, but could not come, for she was almost dead with grief.

I was the first called upon to ascend the steps, and after offering a silent prayer, I felt the rope around my neck, and I knew no more until I found myself in the spirit-life—not in hell, as I supposed I should be. No—I was happy, and soon learned the true essence of the so-called witchcraft.

Since that time I have been slowly progressing, and at the time I write through the hand of a witch of the nineteenth century, I am happy, and am called a progressed spirit.

I must now leave you; but ere I go permit me to say a word to the mediums of the present age of earth.

Oh, ye who should be lights to those who are in darkness, seek to draw around you high and holy influences, that you may be high in holy things and blessings to the human race; and when you look around and compare yourselves with those who have more of earth's goods than you may have, or when you feel like murmuring at your hard lot, I pray you wander back in thought to the mediums of olden time, and then return and offer thanks to God for your immeasurable blessings, and be content with the course God and your nature has marked out for you.

William Poole, New York.

The following communication gives us reason for making a few remarks upon the error. Spiritualists fall into two frequently, of endeavoring to prevent what they are pleased to term "dark spirits" from communicating. Where we are to draw the line which is to divide "dark" spirits from "light" ones, to use stereotyped phrases, is a question the discussion of which requires a wide scope. But when we find a spirit coming to us with less of good and more of unhappiness than another, is it not our duty, if we possess more, to give him a word of light? If he utters an irreligious thought, or a blasphemous expression escapes him, shall we turn shudderingly away? Who shall say that some angel in robes of light, which to his darkened vision is imperceptible, has not sent him to us to get the first gleam of sunshine to warm his soul, and prepare him, by awakening the desire for truth, to drink in higher light than we can give. If Spiritualism is worth sought, it is to save the lost, to reclaim the wanderer, be he in earth's sphere or in the spirit-land. This spirit has made a strong appeal to Spiritualists in the few lines given us. He speaks for himself, and for millions who daily get turned away, who because they are known to have been evil on earth, are debarred communion.

There are two evils in adopting such a course, which present themselves strongly to us, and as our space is limited, we will touch briefly on them.

First, you cannot deny these "dark" spirits communication, and the same qualities which so annoy you will surely cause them to operate more seriously to your disadvantage, and you may perhaps be found reading some communication purporting to come from Webster or Clay, which in reality originated with some "fighting man," like the subject of this article, who took to himself the high sounding names because he found the door of spirit-communion, which you held, was only to be opened by such.

Second, by turning a deaf ear to their voices, you rivet the chains which bind them to darkness, when it is your duty to unloose the fetters of ignorance or evil. There is more joy in heaven over one reclaimed "dark" spirit, than over many just men's accession to the ranks. Besides, ere your spirit return to God, or Heaven, these dark spirits must stand beside you; humanity will never be saved until all are brought into complete union with God. There is no doubt that erring spirits seek to blast the beautiful flower of spirit communion; and they cause, in conjunction with our own darkness, many evils to cling to Spiritualism. These evils must continue until there are no deceitful spirits to come to earth.

When, therefore, a spirit wishes to communicate, it is our duty to instruct him if possible—not turn him coldly away. If he does not want good, and finds you are not to be tempted to evil by him, he will soon leave your circle, for darkness and light never did and never can dwell together unchanged.

The medium, in a partial trance state, saw a man with black hair, black eyes, and black moustache. She described him as tall, good looking, &c., and stated that he desired to manifest. In a few moments she became fully entranced, when the spirit spoke as follows:—

"Do you admit strangers to your circle? Well, I am not exactly a stranger, but am so to the circle of spirits who are here this morning. I am a stranger to you, but no doubt my name has been waited for you. I am one of the unhappy ones—unhappy because of the sin I committed on earth. But I really should like to know which way to go to find that lake. I never gave myself time to reflect to gain any knowledge of goodness, for which I am exceedingly sorry."

Such fellows as I am ought to progress fast. I'll tell you why. If we were capable of doing a great amount of evil—if we turn about, can't we do good? I believe in spirits coming back to earth; I know it. I am right here; but I scarcely ever get a chance to come. When I come and write my name I get a "cold shoulder." They say—"Oh, you're a dark spirit." I have got a spirit that would go ahead if I would let me, but I am sure I can't if they all turn me off. If I give any other name, that is wrong, and if I give my own name, they repeat—"You're a dark spirit; we want you to go; we have friends whom we wish to come." I have friends on earth that I can reach, if they would only give me the chance. True, they are as wild as I was. I was familiarly known on earth as BILL POOLE.

To Mediums and Spiritualists.

Dear friends of earth—Ye who are willing to be called spiritualists, I fear many of you do not understand what you profess to believe. You doubtless comprehend some of the simple modes of spirit manifestations, but are unacquainted with the science of the new light. You believe—yes, you do know, your friends do lift the veil and manifest to you. But many of you also unwisely believe your spirit friends can manifest at any and at all times, and under all circumstances, and through any and every medium you may see fit to sit with, and if they do not, you are dissatisfied, and say at once the media are not good, and in proof of what you assert, you say they cannot be good because your spirit friends cannot commune through them.

My dear friends, you certainly would not expect to gather oranges from an apple tree, neither would you expect apples to fall from the pair tree—and yet the orange, the apple, and the pair tree, are all good, and all bear fruit after their kind. So it is with mediums. Those spirits who cannot, or do not, manifest through certain media, may find on approaching the medium, something that repels them, which would not be objectionable to another spirit. The medium might be too positive, or too negative, for one or a certain class of spirits to act upon; while another would find them all they could wish.

All mediums have their various gifts—some one only, and some more:—"To one is given the spirit of wisdom—to another the word of knowledge—to another faith—to another the gift of healing—to another the working of miracles—to another discerning of spirits—to another divers kinds of tongues—to another the interpretation of tongues."

And these gifts may be changed by the condition of the medium or the surroundings. All mediums should live in a harmonious state, if possible, with all around them. Again, they should live in a pure, elevated spiritual state; and if fasting and prayer be required of them in order to fit them for the working of some miracle, they should fast and pray. They should take up their cross and follow in the footsteps of their divine predecessor, Christ. Then the water would again be turned into wine, the sick healed, the dead would be raised, and God's name be glorified through the mediums of the present age. But, alas! they are surrounded by vanity, and the wheat of their medium powers is choked by the rank weeds of folly, envy, self-righteousness, and a thousand other nameless evils, which are growing in the great Babylonian garden all around them.

They should have a shield of prayer on all sides, and ever strive to keep their spiritual nature far above the evil elements of earth.

And you spiritualists must or should assist them by living pure and holy, that when you draw nigh these susceptible plants they may inhale the fragrance of divine love, and be benefited by the holy influences you may bring them. If all will do this, the angry elements may be easily controlled by spirit power through the mediums, and the skeptical world will have no need to ask, "What good will spiritualism do?"—for all shall see and eat of the fruits of this goodly tree, and receive new strength, new life, by eating thereof.

The year of spiritualism is easy and the burden is light, and you who wear it may find peace in believing and joy in receiving, if ye will cease to do evil and learn to do well. Again, my dear friends, you should not be governed by a morbid curiosity in receiving spirit manifestations, for the curious man seldom if ever becomes a wise man. Therefore seek to commune with the angels, that you may grow in wisdom and in the knowledge of your future existence. Then, when the angel of death or the messenger of change approaches you, you will hail him not as a grim messenger of despair, but rather as a friend, who will open to you the portals of the ethereal city.

Given by the spirit of JOHN HUBBARD, of Hanover, N. H.

Judge Hopkinson.

"If a man die shall he live again?" That passage of Scripture was ever present to my mind down to the last day of my earthly existence. I am now fully satisfied in regard to it, and I can answer, although a man dies in the natural life, he lives in the spiritual, and far different from what I expected. I had not one single idea correct, but was ushered into the spirit-life like a little child. Before over my spirit passed from my earth tabernacle it became humble. I prayed God to have mercy on my soul for all errors I might have committed in the mortal form. So, my friend, I entered the spirit world like a little child, all unused to the realities which seemed in a moment of time to be spread before me. My earthly body seemed to be no part of myself—my spirit would not recognize it; it did not claim it as its own. I seemed for a moment of time to be in an uncertain state; but friends whom I knew in the earth-life, and whom I knew to be in the spirit-life, gathered around me and gave me counsel—"One in the earth-life to whom I owe much, who bears a wreath of myrtle on his brow, and who will enter the spirit-life all unstained, first spoke peace to my soul."

I am now at rest, and would not return if all the wealth of earth could be mine. I prefer my present to my past. Yes, I have tested the realities of the spirit world, and find them altogether different from what I anticipated.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither can mortal tongue describe the beauties of the spirit-life, and if, as I am told, beauty progresses as we progress, how dazzling must our future be! But permit me to return to earth, care and scenes. I have left a wife and dear friends on earth. I have communicated with them, but they fall to understand me, and cry out, why does he not do this, and why does he not that, if it be really he?

Great God of wisdom give me power to make myself known to them. This is my daily prayer, and when that power shall come, oh, how joyful shall be the hour! But I will wait patiently, and submit myself to that which seems to be the will of my

Heavenly Father. Oh, the earth seems to be a sphere decked in many beautiful robes, and dark clouds mingle with the robes and overspread their glory. But it seems to me Spiritualism is to drive away these clouds of sin, and then the earth will become the garden of Eden. As I progress in my spirit-life, I hope to return and bear you flowers. The inscription over my earthly body read in these words—'Judge Hopkinson.' They signify something on earth where I once was, but not in Heaven where I now dwell.

Is this Evil?

Two brothers met in New York some months since. One was a merchant of this city, whose heart and pocket are ever open in the cause of right. The other is a minister of the Episcopalian order, and a man of worth, who does his duty as he understands it—none can do more. The merchant spoke of Spiritualism, having seen something of it himself, and wishing to get all the light he could, he referred to his brother in the matter.

'Why, brother,' said the minister, 'you are not led away by this delusion, surely?' 'Not lead away, brother,' replied the merchant, 'for I have not seen enough of it to form any opinion definitely on the subject. My desire is to know whether it is true or false.'

'False, brother; depend upon it. It is the work of the devil.'

'Well, brother, as you are a minister, it seems to me it is your duty to oppose it and combat it. Suppose we go to some medium, and see it together.'

The minister did not need much urging, and the two brothers called on a respectable medium and received the following communication:—

9th May, 1855.

My Dear Sons:—Oh how your Spirit Mother's heart yearns to you this evening. Now indeed do I behold you brought as wandering sheep to the fold whose Shepherd is the Father of Heaven. Oh my sons what rejoicing there is in Paradise. You have indeed received the glorious light of liberty and love. See then that you walk as children of this light; let no unholy thought or feeling disturb the calm serenity of your souls. Jealously watch, and pray against all sin, and may your hearts be pure as the rippling waves of the little mountain rill—which, though it winds its way over rocks and weeds yet leaves behind no trace of impurity. Thus learn to pass through life's pebbly stream smoothly and softly that you ruffle not the sand below.

Farewell my dear children. The blessing of your Heavenly Father, and the calm peace known only to the pure and bright rest upon you, my sons.

LUCK P.

'Well brother, can this be the devil's work?' asked the merchant brother.

The minister was silent—undoubtedly the parable of the tree and its branches was before him, and he hardly expected to get so good fruit from the devil's works.

Little Johnny Favor.

The following was penned by the hand of our medium when she had no idea of sitting for manifestations. It is of no particular consequence in itself, but we give it that the reader may be made acquainted with the great variety of matter we receive from the same source:—

How does you do, friend? Don't you know me, Fanny? I know you. Can't you speak to me? I am little Johnny Favor. Maria is here, and she said you would know me if I told my name. Josephine is sick, and I want you to send her something. Will you? What makes you ask me who helps me write? Can't you see 'Riah (Maria) helping me? She says I don't spell right. Oh, dear, I can't write any more now. So good-bye.

We published a short message in our first number from 'Spring Flower,' (a spirit) who purports to be an Indian chief, for the same reason alluded to above; but owing to the hurry of business we omitted making the explanatory remarks necessary to a full understanding of the queer expressions used. 'Spring Flower' is the spirit guide of a young lady medium named Fanny Bugbee, of Roxbury, and we have learned that his story is true in every particular.

Teddy, a Negro Boy.

Here is an amusing message from little 'Teddy,' owned by the late John C. Christian, a well known slaveholder in Alabama:—

Golly, golly, Massa, how d' do? My Massa brought me here. Don't you know Massa Christian? Golly, Massa, what a nice place. They used to call me Teddy when I was here. Oh, I used to do anything Massa Christian wanted don't—fix up the goodies, take care of the horses, brush Massa's coat, get Massa's hat, glass of wine, or anything. I comes here dis mornin' an' sees old Massa. He said how d' do, Teddy, and I axed him might I speak, and he told me yes.

Old Massa used to write, but not so fast as you. Guess he couldn't. What's dis place?

Boston! Oh, what did I come here for? Hero's where you keeps 'em tied up. I heard of dis place. Oh, Boston! how did I come here? But nobody hurt me now Massa Christian here; he fight for us niggas good.

Never catched it from old Massa any once—then I catched it tight. Dat was for chewing up ciges; I see Massa do it, so I do it. I got sick. Massa say do dat 'gin and I'll thrash you, Teddy. When got well, I see one lying on sidewalk, so I took it up and smoked it. Massa ketch me, an' I got it awful. He no spare do blows don.

Got any niggas? Oh no, it's where they don't have any niggas; where folks be their own niggas. I see—white niggas; who call you Massa? Who fix up the goodies?

Oh, yes, you have white niggas; Massa have black niggas. Who black your boots? Black 'em yourself! Oh, you no gentleman. You white nigga for everything. Massa, you look like gentleman; but you white nigga arter all. What matter, Massa, you no have somebody to wait on you? You no kind of folks. I heard you no kind of folks. I no like white niggas. What you say when you meet nudder white nigga on do pave? You no say 'how d' do, Massa,' dat's what we say. You all massa and white niggas together. Massa Christian laugh like mad at me; he no say a word. I know you like mad Massa, but didn't know you'd a white nigga. Hero's a Massa black his own 'boot, make his own goodies, brush his own clothes. Oh, what a Massa!

My Massa don't have any boots or clothes for me to brush now—don't have noffin' to do now; but I'm no Massa, I ain't—no, nor never was.

Albert Wedger to his Brother, of Boston.

The best of friends were strangers once, the same as we are at this moment. Now I am very happy as an individual spirit, to present myself to you this morning; why, I cannot state, unless it be that I have a faint hope of reaching my friends through you, for I, like all other spirits, have friends on earth. I have been to this place before through this medium, but not to you. I am not accustomed to controlling her vocal power. I usually write, and I have a good friend, one of the best of boys, living on earth, who usually comes to see me, and

those days are days of feasting to me. I used to know him some years ago, but he has changed for the better since. He has got married, and that is always calculated to make a man better. He has become a Spiritualist since, and that's all right. He has become a sober, honest fellow, and who can say that is not good? He only wants a plenty of 'rocks' in his pocket, and he'll then sail along as handsomely as any craft which ever floated on the waters. Spirits are determined to help him, I among the number.

But I came to you this morning that I might if possible get upon the track of one of my relations. I have lately learned that I have a near relative in your Common Council, (Boston,) so it is necessary I should get hold of him. Then, again, it is a pleasure to spirits to be able to manifest to their friends on earth; to let them know that old Jordan's waves do not entirely annihilate the man.

I have a brother standing by my side; a sister, too. The brother's name is Edwin; the sister's, Nancy Jane. If I only succeed in my great enterprise I shall be amply rewarded; for I shall open the eyes of my friends, and that is reward enough for me.

Strange things have happened since I was on earth, though it is only a few years since I passed away. I lived in Boston at the north part of the city, and my name is Albert Wedger. Music interested me much, although it was not my profession.

We all worked for a living—did not belong to the upper crust; neither was I on the lowest step of the social ladder.

Go ask the man Wedger, who is in your Common Council, if he ever had a brother by the name of Albert. Ask Theodore Stearns about me; he is the best friend I have on earth. He taught me how to commune with mortals.

Nancy Jane Wedger Libby.

Heaven and earth seem all united to me. If I could only communicate freely to my own dear friends, I should be supremely happy. I have not been in the spirit land a long time, but I have had no desire to return to earth to dwell; I have only had a desire to return to manifest. Speaking of returning, I simply mean communicating with those who are in the form of clay. One who was dearer to me than life itself has joined me in my home, adding a gem of brilliant lustre to my crown of happiness. I have dear friends here, where you abide, but they don't know of my coming—at least but few of them. I cannot approach them now as I hope to in the future; I can come to them, but cannot freely manifest.

I am a stranger to you, and therefore will detain you no longer. My name was Nancy Jane Wedger Libby.

Jacob Stearns, Boston.

Good morning. I, in common with the great mass come to offer my small gift, and I have fears that it may be lost in the multitude of more beautiful gifts which may be presented to you from time to time. I was an old man on earth, and have been an inhabitant of the spiritual spheres but one year, as high as I can count time. When I was called to exchange words, 'twas quick work, for in arranging my dress to pass down to my breakfast, a messenger came, and I soon passed to a higher life.

I was met by a dear companion, who had passed away fifteen years before; and I left a companion on earth equally dear to me. Children I also left—one of them a pioneer in spiritualism. I can testify that spiritualism is true, although you get a mixture of good and evil, and you must expect it. I did not understand this great philosophy when on earth—scarcely ever heard of it. But I do know I can return, and I do know I can manifest, and receive inexpressible joy in coming to earth; to my dear friends, my wife, my child, my grandchild—I will say I love them no less—much better. I hope to welcome them, and I hope that they will all come here under the banner of spiritual wisdom. To my wife, who now stands as it were alone and only waiting for the angel of change to bring her to me, I say mourn not, but rather seek the bread of eternal life on the waters of true spiritualism, for it is cast thereon, and you may take it easily. I daily come to you and try to impress you with my presence. To my children I say, seek and find, knock and it shall be opened unto you—I mean the door of wisdom. To my grandchild, an innumerable amount of blessings I seek daily to bestow upon you. To my friends, a blessing such as I was never able to give before. And to you, friend, I wish for your success and a strong expectation of glorious victory in the future.

My earth body was known by the name of Jacob Stearns. I passed away about one year since in what is called Gough street, Boston, Mass. I cannot tell whether it is a little more or less than one year. I give you nothing but truth.

William Sampson, Boston.

Give me the Bible. I can talk better when I have it. I have so many friends in Boston, I am anxious to make myself known. I believed some in Spiritualism before I died—not much. My wife was a medium; she used often to get up in the night and talk to spirits, as she said. They used to rap on an old trunk that was in the room.

I have seen you, I think, when I was on earth, in my place; but I do not know. I used to keep an eating house down in Commercial street. My name was Wm. Sampson. I died of small pox a little over two years ago, on Fried street, at my own house—that is, I boarded there with my wife and child. My wife's mother kept the house, (Mrs. Chase,) while I boarded there. I would not come back to earth again to live now, but I was very unhappy when I first got here. Do you know where Marston is? They say he died the same time I did, but I have not seen him yet.

Well, the best way for a man to do, is to do the best he knows how here on earth, and in every other sphere of life. Tell the boys about me.

My only object in coming is to make myself known to those who do not believe.

Horace Wing, Boston.

I am very unhappy; sin is the occasion of it. I died away from home and friends. That was just it. It was as it should be. I have been here only a short time. I left a wife, and child six weeks old. I left them here and went off, I scarce knew where I was going. I was reckless of everything. I shall be happy by-and-by, I suppose; but it seems a long time to me. I often see my grandfather here, and his very look reproaches me for my evil deeds. Perhaps you know him? Hosen Ballou I mean. Yes, I am very unhappy; my friends don't know whether I am in the spirit land or not. They suppose I am there, but they don't know. My wife is married again; I am glad of it. She has a good, kind husband, and he is a medium; so you see I have a good chance to progress through him, or I have good hope for it. Poor Carry! I left her crying. Well, that's over now—its my time to mourn now. You see there is time for all things. My name was Horace Wing. You can inquire of my wife—that is, she that was my wife. Her name was Ballou before I married her. Her father keeps store on Essex street—a grocery. 'Tis a hard thing to pass out of the earth-life with a heap of sins on your back; my friend you must throw them off one by one, and that takes a long time. Such work should be done on earth—not here. I died in Australia.

John Tucker, London.

I suppose I might as well introduce myself. I am his Satanic majesty, the Devil. Who are you? To be sure I mean what I say. I don't find any more devil than I am myself, and I am sure there is more of evil in me than of good, so I say I am a devil. Everybody was my enemy. I had no friends when I was on earth, and I assure you I do not wish to make friendship with any one on earth now. You're a Yankee, are you? I never lived in

America; I lived in Old England. I was born, brought up, lived and died in London. I was not excessively happy. The thought never struck me that I could better my condition here; so I remain just about the same as I was on earth.

After giving him our views of his state, and hinting that by following a given course he might attain to happiness, he said—

I'll see about your prescription; perhaps take it and report after its effect. My name was John Tucker, and I lived in Park square, London, fifteen years ago; the old estate bears my name now, called the Tucker manor.

John Melvin, Lowell.

This spirit had difficulty in controlling and keeping control of the medium. The spirit out of the form, can only control a medium by the consent of the spirit of the medium, or having power to drive out that spirit against its will, which is not often the case. Mediums are so constituted physically and spiritually, that they know the influences coming to them, and frequently see spirits and object to their control. This will explain the first paragraph:—

It was no use; I was bound to come. Now I have got to keep up a fight all the time I stay here, but I'm just the boy to do it. I wish some of my particular friends would set themselves before a medium to shoot at. Now don't set me down as a dark spirit, for I am not. There is no reason why I should not come, only I happen not to understand exactly how to control. I presented myself to the medium before getting control, which was wrong for she did not like the looks.

I have friends who I want to let know I am not dead. I have been here about three years, as near as I can come to it. I don't set this down as positive time. I have friends in this city, Lowell, New York, Philadelphia, and in California; but they don't do me any good. Oh, how I wish I could talk to them. I am told if I let them know I am not dead they will come to a medium and talk to me.

Now you want my name. Well, names are no fixtures with spirits, nor are dates. Mine is John Melvin. Send to the keeper of the American House, Lowell. He is there, the same one I mean, for I am around him often. Do you know how to spell? Well spell going. Yes, that's right, and that's his name. Good-bye.

Moody Dodge, Lowell.

It was my turn to communicate next to my friend Melvin, but as I was not used to the business some one stepped in before me. I should like to communicate to all my friends, but it would take a long time to do that. I have been here, as high as I can tell, somewhere about seven years. I went to California with the expectation of getting rich, and lost all I had, except what is here now. Its a strange thing to believe that spirits, or ghosts, as I used to call them when a little shaver, can come to earth and talk to mortals. This is my first time, and I only want to let my friends know I am in the market for communication.

My name was Moody Dodge when on earth. If I should single any one out to send this to, it would be my sister; her name is Amanda. She was not married when I went away, but may be now. I hardly know where I have been since I left earth, and never knew till very lately that we could communicate. Do you know Varney, of the Vox Populi? Well, send to him, he will be as likely to remember me as any one.

There is a company of about ten of us who met here some four or five times. We were all friends, and have all come here within ten years. We all wish to manifest in our turns. We were what you might call some of the 'fast boys'; now you never knew one of that class but had plenty of acquaintances. I don't know you, nor any one in the room, that is within the range of spiritual sight.

There is one here anxious to communicate, but he is going the wrong way to work in my way of thinking. He used to preach in the first Baptist church in Lowell; his name was Freeman, and he was pastor, and was poisoned; and poisoned by a dear friend, too. This is true—no fiction. If I was a fast boy, I do not lie. He is anxious, and I have learned that 'won't do. If there is a single anxious one in the circle it is like a storm, and often deters others from communicating. He is a high spirit and would not do wrong knowingly; but he is not posted up.

Charles,—to his brother and wife.

I come to you because I want to. I have been here about three months and am very unhappy. I have a wife; she don't believe in spirits coming tho'; she lives about fourteen or fifteen miles from here. I bit a finger nail off one day while I was reading and it got in my throat. I constantly kept thinking of it, and thought it would cause my death, and this troubled me—so I hung myself. They thought I was crazy; so I was, and a fool besides.

I want to tell my wife I was with her three weeks ago, and made those noises that frightened her so. I don't want to harm her; I want to do her good and make her happy.

I have a brother who is very nervous, and I am afraid he'll be crazy, for he keeps thinking of my suicide, and if he don't stop at once, he'll do so too. I want him to stop thinking of me so much. My name is Charles. I am not crazy now—don't think I am. Now if I tell you this and no more, he will see it, and that will be all I want.

'Do you think it is a good plan for us to talk through mediums?'

'When you can do good,' we replied.

'Well, that is what I want to do. I never talked before, but I have rapped.'

Mary Miller, Portsmouth, N. H.

'Tis now twelve or thirteen years since I left earth. I passed away of what might be called fever. You are a stranger to me, as I probably am to you. The medium also is a stranger to me. But I have an object in view in coming hither at this hour. I have dear friends on earth. I cannot reach these friends only by and through you at present. I cannot remember much of earth; but I trust I can give you enough to identify myself to those who know me better than you. I have a companion and children on earth, as well as many other dear friends. Oh, I would have that companion know I have been with him when he has passed through hours of sorrow. I have sought to sustain him, and have succeeded. I look upon many events that have taken place in the home that was once my home, with grief, not with joy, and yet I am happy. Oh, I would have that companion know that I am with him. I would have him know that when I bade him farewell, it was not for the last time, for my spirit has been constantly speaking since that time, and speaking to him.

Ask him if he remembers the beautiful flowers that were sent me just before my departure by a kind earthly friend? Tell him I am aware that many of his earthly joys have faded, as did those beautiful flowers after my departure. And my children; my sons! Oh, tell them a mother's undying love has been their guideboard to the present time. Tell them to open their eyes and ears to the sweet sounds that are daily and hourly floating from the spirit land.

My friend, higher duties call me away. I will meet you again, and, perhaps, communicate farther.

My name was Mary Miller. They tell me I must give you proof of myself. I passed away in Portsmouth, N. H. My companion is there. You may refer to him or my son Frank, or my brother Thomas as Moses. May angels guide my son here, as he writes for the multitude, and my husband, too, a minister once, but who now writes for the public. Oh, may we meet in heaven as we once did on earth.

The Martyrs of Light.

FREDERIC ANTHONY MESMER.

In the grand struggle of truth against falsehood and ignorance, every holy cause, every great reform, and every profound science has had its primitive martyr, and tribulation seems an inseparable condition of every triumph. Every development of human progression has been attacked, and divine revelation, with the great impress of Omnipotence, has itself been discarded when propounded by the most earnest and sincere. While the world craves new frivolities, it shudders at new light; while men delight in the novel they discard the less brilliant and more enduring; in short, trash, with its glitter, attracts where fact, in its somber merit, is scorned.

Yet, without humanity is progressive; materialism, with the narrow scope of finite investigation, clogs the tendency and cramps the inertia of mind, yet not by any antagonism, for between mind and matter a profound harmony exists. Its chords are perfect, and evince the hand of an omnipotent master. Circumstance and social condition warp minds and contract human judgment; they are the iron rulers of individual motive, and we all admit that but a few minds are masters of the age, and that from the thoughts of the few masters the opinions of the masses are formed. Convince the master spirits, and any theory is adopted. For long years the most absurd fallacies of Dick commanded respect, and while the many allow the few to read, interpret, and think for them, so long must the champion of new light bend to the world-elected tribunal. That this fact has retarded the actual progression of mankind, may be gleaned from a few sketches we are about presenting, of the lives of those who have left their footprints upon ages, and whose neglected dreams find rapid and increasing realization. Among that number we now turn to Mesmer, the father and founder of the science of Animal Magnetism.

Madly and fiercely raged a rude and terribly-severe winter storm; loud roared the mountain blast that swept thundering down the Hartz Mountains, and belled as if nature vented her anguish in the usually quiet valleys of Suabia, when upon the twenty-second day of February, 1731, in the small town of Mersburg the first kiss of the day-god welcomed the advent of

FREDERIC ANTHONY MESMER.

He came, appointed by God, to open the books of knowledge and break the seals of a great and glorious testament of revelation, so that mankind might gaze upon, think of, and inspect hidden phenomena, hitherto held in the hollow of His hand, whose love extendeth a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

From the bosom of space there came a prophecy of no common note, as an affrighted bird flew against the windows of the apartment wherein was born a child whose infant hand was mailed with power, whose mind was charged with deep intelligence, and upon whose tiny brow the angel of destiny had placed two crowns—the one of thorns, the other of roses; the one significant of toil and trial—the other emblematic of the triumph and victory of the life just opening. In the cradle, and in the arms of his mother, the tempest caused the child to nestle in fear, crouched in nature's first stronghold; but in the voyage of life, how he broasted its fury and defied its storms.

Early in his toilsome life we find Mesmer, with a world arrayed against him, leaning upon the physician's staff, and striving for humanity at the mean price and pittance of a paltry subsistence—in the torture of a lingering starvation he is prosecuting a mission of mercy; yet, mark you, over the undaunted student—over the night-gathering toiler, poring over what he found a dream and left a science—the great science of Animal Magnetism, which, however reviled, is an admitted realism, though a deep mystery. Following him in his career, he is a student of no common earnestness, and in 1766, at the College of Vienna, he took his degree in the school of medicine, and about the same time published his first remarkable production—a treatise upon the heavenly bodies—wherein he bronched the theory of magnetism in the most distinct manner. This work, which in the literature of the world was decidedly original, met with every manner of criticism and abuse, and Father Hell, the most profound of astronomers, met it with a claim to the prior knowledge of its truths. The most animated quarrel arose, and persecutions fell upon the devoted Mesmer in an overwhelming torrent.

Still marking his footsteps, and noting his journey through the labyrinths of disease, we behold in wonder his experiments as he alleviates human woe and becomes the companion of suffering, and on the twelfth of December, 1773, we stand, with the humane philosopher, at the bedside of the afflicted Mademoiselle Christiane Esterline, where for the first time on record he tested the great powers of his science, and exercised the sublime influence of mind over mind, and illustrated his art in a wonderful cure, which startled his age. Ferdinand Gotzenberg, the poet, Hell, the astronomer, and Jeronymo Nicolai, left Berlin and Geneva to witness a miracle, for the unnerved and paralyzed body of a young lady was animated with new life; yet, although the sightless are restored to sight, the lame run upon the highway, and the sick are taken from beds of death, Mesmer is assailed and driven with scorn to Paris. Here new trials awaited the martyr, and he is driven back to Vienna, and like a shuttlecock of fate he is driven back and forth between the two great seats of learning, first seeking the refuge of the one, and then the neglect of the other. At length, in Paris, in 1779, he found a powerful ally in the Count D'Esion, a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Academy of Paris, who afterwards turned upon him and reviled him in the most cruel manner. Yet D'Esion attracted towards the science the most distinguished men of the age, among whom: Bergasse, Lavoisier, and Benjamin Franklin may be named. He was summoned before a commission of twelve, appointed and empowered by the Empress Maria Theresa and the two greatest schools of Europe. Each party appointed four members, Lavoisier, Bailly, Benjamin Franklin, and Dr. Guillotine, (the last will ever be remembered as the inventor of the instrument bearing his name), being the most distinguished representatives of either party. Here D'Esion succeeded and confounded the persecutors of science to a most palpable extent.

At the close of this commission, Mesmer re-appeared in Paris, and standing, one lovely Sunday morning, on the portico of the Church of Notre Dame, he listened to the sullen toll of its ponderous bell, and although at this time the spiritual leader of a hundred thousand followers, he sighed to think he was not acknowledged as the founder of a science. The door of the great cathedral opened—the throng passed into its aisles, and the pealing bell gave place to the full and harmonious swell of the magnificent organ. The morning services of Easter Sunday were commenced as Mesmer entered, attracted by a single voice that, in the choir, led the touching responses, so full of pathos, which every one who knows the Catholic ceremonial will readily call to mind. The singer was the blind Mademoiselle Pauline Paradis, and Mesmer sought her to apply his science to the cure of her misfortune; whether he restored her to sight or not is of no great moment; but certain it is he so far restored her that to her dying moment she never forgot his kindness. Yet his apparent failure crowned his fate. He was almost hooted from Paris, and Vienna treated him still worse; and broken, hearted, not, however, penniless, he sought the seclusion of the mountains of Switzerland, where, in communion with God himself, he lived in retirement near Lake Constance until early in the present century.

With whitened hair he stood, one calm moonlight night. He looked upon the clear mirror of water that reflected back the starlight, and in deepest anguish; he wept, sinking upon the ground, and fainted. Lying there, he became chilled, and never recovered from the cold he then contracted. He sought his place of birth, and disheartened returned to Mersburg to die, and in the very chamber where he first saw the light, he expired, closing his eyes forever upon the earth on the 16th of March, 1815. It was a bright and glorious day when tears fell upon his corpse and over his body, which was not laid in state by mankind; again chanted that angel choir, but their song was of another welcome—their hands released a prisoner of eighty-one years, and led another spirit to the realm of progressive delights.

Thus Mesmer passed away. Unostentatiously he was entombed in the quiet of the valley, and he was at rest, after a life which has never, perhaps, been paralleled on earth. He came in an age of fanaticism, after every grade of enthusiasts, in the very footsteps of most glaring impositions, with the most startling theory every propounded on earth—a resurrectionist, in our times, could not promulgate a greater innovation; and pausing now to look upon Mesmer, we see in him one of the grandest martyrs ever seen, proudly towering over universal contempt, although crushed by injustice, and overwhelmed by a might-made right. Yet the city that spurned him first reveres his memory, and in the Grand Cathedral of Vienna his monument towers high above the nameless graves of his persecutors. In solemn grandeur it stands, and the epitaph written by Kaut tells the world that Mesmer did not live in vain.

THE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER EXPRESSIVE OF A HIGHER LIFE.

It would seem that the human mind is ever prone to dwell in manifestation, and never to look beyond expression, for as soon as any fact is made certain a host of witnesses immediately warp it to a theory or make it substantiate some previous conclusion. Any fact is valuable that reveals a law, or by which anything hidden can be brought to light. In whatever branch of science or art such fact is studied, there is now no hesitation in assigning it its own appropriate place. Nothing is too wonderful for science to handle and arrange, provided it be in the external, and relate to mere matter, so called; but here science stops, and as soon as one desires knowledge and law beyond material manifestation, then it folds its arms and points to the clay and the potter. But let the savant tell us why the corallite imbibes certain primates and the ichthyosite others; why the beech and oak grow side by side, and yet each preserves its individual peculiarities, and we shall know of a wonder as strange as the moving of a table without contact.

The simple truth that an intelligence outside our own or that of any person present is cognizant of our thought and may respond to it, is of little value in itself, beyond what a similar faith has revealed through all time, for Christendom has not alone trusted such presence, but all the nations of the earth recognize it. But when we learn through it the law of spirit, when by it we better understand why we love and hate, why we aspire and pray, then each fact is a wonder-world to us, revealing to us our inmost being.

Such fact, however, can only be studied through ourselves—the law of it lies in our own spirits. It can be manifested to us only within ourselves. Thus when we learn that affection ever seeks an expression in accordance with its natural instinct, we shall know how blessed it is to keep fast the link that binds us to the object, no matter whether on a world or another holds that object. When we find that the life of the soul ever expresses itself through the affections, we shall not court the death and selfishness of isolation, but know the blessedness of that universal love that brings us nearer unto the divine love, and makes our hearts beat more in accordance with the great heart that fills us with life.

These revelations of spirit thus become not merely the proofs to us of an individual existence beyond the grave, but also of the infinite capacities of the soul, through its intellect, its affections, its divinity.

When we study with this desire to know ourselves the simplest fact or revelation of spirit power, we come into nearer relations to that life that has only the shadow of brightness to keep us from it. The philosophers of the day pride themselves upon the power with which they keep fast hold of truth without manifestation; the man of science rejoices in his investigation of fact without theory. The true philosopher studies law in facts, and in his deductions makes manifestation reveal truth; and science shall get upon not only the way to a higher philosophy, but be the light of it.

LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL.—Beauty is God's handwriting—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it; the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply, earnestly, with all your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Pearls.

Life had no God-light—earth no glory, till I heard the footsteps of thy soul, and felt Thine eyes on me like tropic sunbeams melt, Infusing warmth through all my frame—a thrill Of fire, that banished cold, and ice, and chill: Then beauty on the face of all things dwelt, And folding up its hands, my spirit knelt, Drinking of Omnipresent Love, its fill.

In the mouths of many men, soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays. The princely robe and beggar's coat, The scythe and sword, the plump and plow, Are in the grave of equal note— Men live but in the eternal "Now." 'Tis not the house that honor makes— True honor is a thing divine; It is the mind precedence takes— It is the spirit makes the shrine.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child. And see—the Sun himself—on wings Of glory up the East he springs, Angel of Light! who from the time Those heavens began their march sublime, Hath first of all the starry choir, Trod in his Maker's steps of fire.

A wife full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower that a man can wear next his heart. 'Tis told somewhere in Eastern story, That those who loved once bloomed as flowers. On the same stem, amid the glory Of Eden's green and fragrant bowers, And that, though parted here by Fate, Yet when the glow of life has ended, Each soul again shall find its mate, And in one bloom again be blended.

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See! Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

The rosy light hung o'er her cheek, And played around those lips that sang, And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak, If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood; as the emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age, in purple.

MUSINGS IN A CAR.

BY EMMA CARRA.

Taking a seat in one of the horse cars a few days since, I looked around to see who were my companions. Opposite sat a lady in deep mourning, the freshness of whose apparel bespoke that some loved one had but recently left her. Oh! how my heart leaped in sympathy as I saw the dark shadows of crushed hopes resting on her pale face; and I said mentally, could the mist that intervenes between us and Heaven be swept away, and transparent rays of light be substituted, how different would be our emotions when death separates us from those we love! The soul in an enlightened state needs no rhetorical sermons to teach it that it was destined from the beginning to live again, and that in its future home it will never retrograde.

Next to her sat one who, though he wore glossy broadcloth, had the mark of a mechanic almost indelibly stamped on him. His fine suit of cloth did not sit on him with that ease it would had he been accustomed to wear it every day. He would move away nervously as one in coarser cloth came near, as if he feared contact might rob his Sunday suit of its glossiness. He had on his Sunday suit, but he could not altogether throw off his every day manner as he talked with the man on the right. He spoke of its being a bad job having so much in the streets that ought to be cleared away, and thought it would be striking the right nail on the head to remove all obstructions at once. It was of no consequence if a pair of dollar kids did cover his callous hands, mechanic was written all over him; and had I been called on to select a husband from that group, my choice would have fallen on him, with his honest brown face and toil-stained hands, for I love a mechanic.

The mechanics are the bone and sinew of Young America; they heap into her treasury that which is the sheet anchor of the nation, removing mammoth blocks of granite from deep recesses in the hill, and by the magical power of steam, transplanting them far away, and piling one above another, till palatial architecture stands forth as a monument to industry.

Ting! goes the bell again; and now a youth with a lady leaning on his arm crosses from the sidewalk to the track, and enters this common conveyance for all. His face looks fresh and fair, for the rosy tint of childhood yet lingers; but is not the time fast approaching when the taintments of care will usurp the healthful bloom on his round cheek? Yes, for he will toil and struggle and strive to surround himself with costly decorations, that in the chase for gold he may outstrip his contemporaries, though his soul is crushed in the effort.

The fair being by his side—what a change a few years will make in her life history! and involuntary I ask the question, will she be a happy wife and mother, or will she glide down life's stream leaning on no manly breast for support when dark shadows cross her, and life seems hardly worth possessing?

But I hate sad pictures, and when I stop my pen from running riot in dark fancies, I reason thus:—If God had not intended that we should laugh and be merry, He would not have given us the sun to warm and cheer us, or to furnish light by which to select the beautiful from the gross in nature. We should not have organs to inhale the fragrance of flowers, nor warm hands to grasp and form a connecting link between human hearts, nor feet to climb to the mountain's peak that we may there, while drinking rarer ether, feel that we are nearer Him who planned the scene before us, and that living here, life is scarce begun. Well, after all, life is what we make it, though some seem born to laugh and dance, and sing and glide through this great world as if from the cradle to the satin lined last couch, life for them was one great holiday; while others—again I say I hate sad pictures.

But here comes the conductor; his person has in it a strange mixture of honest politeness, consequence, and a keen sense of his exalted position. He takes a scrutinizing glance right and left to see if there is any pretty girl in the car without a protector; if there is, when she gets out her waist will be encircled by a coat sleeve.

No handsome girls present except me—there I said it when I didn't mean to. Conductor takes my five cents, turns on his heel, and the next time he bell strikes—ding! I spring from the platform into the middle of the street. I don't believe in promiscuous coat sleeves, only in case of old age or decrepitude; but when such ones get out of cars conductors are usually rather near sighted.

MINNIE WILLIS: A Memory of the Past.

BY HENRI H. FENTON.

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth, The overflows of an innocent heart— It haunts me still, the many, many years has fled, Like some wild melody.

A bright morning in July. Fifteen minutes before seven. On the pier all is hurry and bustle. The bells of four or five steamers, ringing their summons to the tardy passengers, chime out amid the din and confusion. Now, and then the voice of a newsboy, "ere's the Sun," and Tribune! Now the scream of a fruit peddler, "Buy any oranges, sir! Fine oranges, four for a shillin!" contribute to the medley of sounds, varied if not harmonious. Men, women and children rushing hither and thither, as if not only their own, but the destiny of all created things depended upon a minute of time. The bells commence tolling, and their warning tones, mingled with the shouts of command, and more boisterous screaming of the motley crowd, resemble the wild alarm in a city smitten with the plague.

A moment's lull, broken by the deep voice of the captain shouting, "All aboard!" It is echoed from the main deck by the cry "All ashore that's going!" A hurried shaking of hands, a hundred "Good byes," and a few fervent "God bless you's," and then again the voice of the captain, "Cast off that bow line!"—"Let go!"—"Go ahead!" and the ponderous wheels revolve, and out into the channel of the majestic Hudson river sweeps the pride of its waters, the fleet steamer ALIDA.

As the ALIDA swayed gracefully round, pointing her prow northward, from an adjoining pier shot out the FRANCIS SKIDDY, taking its position close alongside; the four immense smoke pipes and giant working beam casting their huge shadows over the decks of the rival steamer. So close were they, that the passengers called to one another across the guards of either boat. For a time the ALIDA seemed like a hawk, fiercely pursued by an eagle. But the wings of the hawk proved the fleetest, and the SKIDDY slowly fell back, till it was content to fall under the stern, and plough the white wake of the favorite.

The weather for many days had been of the most sultry and oppressive character, but on this morning it seemed to have caught the balmy softness of Spring, and as the shadows of the FRANCIS SKIDDY fell slowly off from the decks of the ALIDA, the sunlight seemed to penetrate into the hearts of her passengers, imparting to them the genial glow of the atmosphere, so that persons until now strangers, were soon chatting and laughing together with the familiarity of old friendship. Restraint was thrown aside, and all seemed to vie with each other to who should contribute the most to the general enjoyment.

A recent bereavement had left a settled sadness upon my mind, and for change of scene I had concluded only the night before, to leave the metropolis for a season, and join the whirl of pleasure seekers and votaries of fashion in their race to the watering places. The general hilarity was not without its effect upon me, but still I avoided rather than sought companionship, and walking aft, I watched the progress of the rival steamer, while my thoughts were busied with olden memories and dreamings of the future. I was awakened from my reverie by hearing pronounced close at my side two words, two simple words; yet with what a full, musical sound they fell upon my ear: "How beautiful!"

Their tones vibrated on the air like the warblings of the first bird of Spring. They were the utterance of a soul, fresh from the hands of the Infinite, uncontaminated by contact with the selfish and the gross; a soul harmonious in its inherent, angel-like purity; the gushing melody of a heart wherein sorrow had never folded its wing, and where dissimulation, deceit and vanity had never entered.

"How beautiful!" I almost feared to turn, lest the exquisite music of the voice should prove but as one of those mysterious strains of indescribable harmony which sometimes enchant the senses in a dream.

Again that wondrous voice. I turned to look upon one of the most lovely forms that fancy could picture. A young girl, not more than sixteen, stood beside me. The white fingers of her left hand rested lightly upon the arm of a manly looking stripling at her side, while her right hand was extended towards one of the many magnificent scenes which adorn the most beautiful of rivers. The wealth of enthusiasm which looked out from her dark blue eyes, the picturesque attitude, the graceful flow of the drapery about her, all combined to render it a picture born in the brain of the poet-painter, rather than any semblance of earthly life.

Poor MINNIE WILLIS! As I sit in the rapt stillness of my room, the tears dim my vision, and through their haze, I can see as if outlined before me, the whole of that glorious scene; the white, fleecy clouds overhead; the way lines of hills sloping down to the gleaming water; the still listening air, only broken by the paddles of the rival steamers, ploughing their way with steady swiftness to their destination. And looming out from the picture, like the figure of some fair saint, encircled with a halo of purity and light, I behold you, MINNIE; soul of beauty and loveliness; now passed away to the clime, where through the great cycle of Eternity, no harsher words will ever gush to your lips than those which entranced my senses then, and even now, thrill my pulses with their remembered melody.

As the ALIDA sped on, on the ever varying scenery of the river's banks still claimed the wonder and the delight of that fair being, and her pure innocent heart seemed continually sending forth a stream of sparkling thoughts and fervent thankfulness.

I shall attempt no description of the gorgeous scenery of the Hudson river. Those who have made a day passage over its waters, have its wondrous beauties daguerreotypied upon their memory, and those who have not would derive little idea of its magnificence from a written description.

The ALIDA sped upon her course, now running close under the frowning battlements of the palisades, and now shooting out upon the broad bosom of Taapan Zee, past hero-hallowed Stony Point, past the magnificent Highlands, Fort Putnam and West Point, on into Newburgh Bay, and my eyes could not choose but follow that fairy-like figure, as leaning gracefully upon her brother's arm, she paced the deck, her glorious face and flute-like voice brightening and deepening the sunshine about her.

At the dinner table, some trifling act of courtesy rendered by the brother, made us acquainted, and while enjoying our cigars on the forward deck I learned something of his history: if history that may be called, which runs smoothly and placidly along through quiet lanes of contentment, with no striking features, no brilliant achievements, no heroic suffering.

Their father, a retired sea captain, had, after many years of strife with the storms and buffets of the ocean, settled quietly down upon a farm within sight of his birth-place, on the shores of Lake George. His whole thoughts were centred upon

his two noble children, and he seemed to care for little else on earth. The mother, a woman of slight constitution, with a mind far too active for its frail tenement, shared with him this deep devotion to their welfare. The son, ALBERT, had, two years before, entered Columbia College to complete the education already far advanced through the teachings of his mother, and during the spring of the year when I met them, the sister had joined him, entering at a favorite Seminary in the city. They were now upon their summer visit to the home of their parents, and never shall I forget the deep tones of affection which trembled on his voice, when he spoke of his parents and his sister. There was something in the manner of the young man which compelled the heart towards him. With a powerful, clear thinking brain; wondrous powers of conception and description, he was simple and gentle as a child.

When we joined the sister on the promenade deck, he presented me to her with the freedom of an old friend, and she, extending her little hand, looked up so confidently in my face, with that sweet smile and "bright frank brow," which had not learned to blush at gaze of man, that I could almost fancy her a spirit rambled off from a purer sphere.

Thenceforth the passage up the river was to me like a pleasant dream. The sad fancies floated off from my mind. I noticed no more the rival steamer. I could only look into those two joyous faces, and listen to their hopeful voices, while telling me of their past enjoyment, and their plans for the future. When the ALIDA rounded to at her dock, in Albany, I could but chide the haste which had driven her so rapidly to her destination. We parted; MINNIE and ALBERT buoyant with joy at their approach to their home, and I settled back into the old dreamy sadness, indifferent to all around me. Before parting, however, they exacted a promise from me that I would not pass near Lake George without calling on them.

Two weeks had passed away. I had mingled with the crowd filling the drawing-rooms at Saratoga, had paused at Trenton Falls, and passed on by Niagara across Lake Ontario to the St. Lawrence. From Kingston down the swift current of the river, through those scenes of almost visionary luxuriance, the Thousand Isles, so deeply was that picture of the ALIDA impressed upon my mind, that I could hardly convince myself that MINNIE and ALBERT were not standing beside me in those picturesque attitudes, or walking the deck by my side. In the decorated halls and spacious drawing-rooms through which I had fitted, I had gazed upon superb, queenly forms, glittering with gold and jewels, looked into many faces conscious of the magic power of their own fascinating beauty, but everywhere, in the brilliant saloon, in the railway car, in the silent stillness of my room, looked out that pure, calm brow, surpassing all in its beatified loveliness; and amid the roar of the mighty torrent of Niagara, came like the tones of an Æolian harp to my spirit's ear, the never to be forgotten melody of MINNIE'S voice.

I had kept upon my course, pausing but for short intervals, down the St. Lawrence and up the mysterious Sauganey, until at last wearied with the excitement of travel, I turned my face homeward. Sitting in my room at the hotel in Montreal, I determined that I would pass through Lake George on my way. I had formed no definite intention of visiting my traveling companions, yet the impulse to do so was struggling in my heart. Still I thought we were but acquaintances of a few hours, and had not seen enough of the hollow civilities of society to know how little they meant. Reasoning however would not convince me that the earnest invitation of the brother, and the enthusiastic "I shall be so glad to see you," of MINNIE, could have aught in common, with the heartlessness of fashionable life.

I passed through Lake Champlain and arrived at Ticouderoga in the evening. Walking musically among the ruins, where the cry of the "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" had startled the sleepy sentinel in times gone by, I decided that I should keep steadily upon my way, locking up the remembrance of that beautiful being in the inner shrine of my heart, as something which had passed away from reality.

The morning only confirmed my resolution, and as I took my seat beside the driver on the old stage coach, which runs to meet the little steamer plying upon Lake George, I endeavored to drive away in the fumes of my cigar all recollection of the steamer ALIDA and its passengers. As we approached the Lake, I felt my resolution fast giving way. But destiny had already decided. As I sprang from the coach, the first glance riveted me to the ground like a statue. Beside the little rustic wharf, the green boughs bending down upon her decks, lay the fairy-like steamer "Lady of the Lake," while the sound of her bell awoke musical echoes among the hills around, and there, under the shadow of those drooping branches, stood MINNIE. Her face was turned from me, but it needed no second glance to assure me it was her; the exquisite grace and symmetry of her form could find no rival. She had apparently but just finished a wreath of laurel leaves, and as my eyes first caught the scene, was extending her arm in the act of placing it upon her brother's head.

An instant, and once more those music tones floated to my ear. "There, ALBERT, there is the wreath of fame for which you so often sigh." And then his deep manly voice answered, "I range that his words, even then, took the mournful tones of prophecy."

"Yes, MINNIE, and it is the only one I shall ever wear." But, thought I, after all, what is the applause of the world, its fading decorations and hollow homage, to home affection and purity like mine. As the words left his lips his eyes met mine, and his start of pleased surprise instantly arrested the attention of MINNIE. With a bound like a fawn she was beside me, and seizing both my hands in her tiny fingers, she cried:—

"Welcome Spirit! Welcome! I have called you up from these crystal waters, all day long, and at last you are here! O, how glad I am to see you!"

I did not say how glad I was to see her, it was in my heart, but somehow it got choked in coming up, and so taking her brother's hand in one of mine, and retaining hers with the other, we walked on board the little steamer, and were soon gliding smoothly over the silver bosom of Horicon.

I had soon learned of their joyous reception at home, and all their enjoyments since I left them in Albany; their horseback rides over the picturesque hilly roads; their moonlight sauls upon the lake, and then MINNIE told me in her own artless manner, of how it was proposed the evening before to make an excursion to the head of the lake on the morning trip of the little steamer, and how her mother had told her she might, perchance, meet with her "Spirit of the ALIDA," for such Minnie had named me, mainly, I suppose, because I was so enthusiastic in the praise of that fine craft; and then her brother related how in the most fascinating scenery she had invoked the "spirit" to rise from the waters, and walk the deck with them.

Lake George, or Horicon, as the children of the forest named it, comprises within its thirty-six miles of length, many of the most magnificent scenes upon which the sun ever rose. Three hundred and sixty islands, dot the clear transparent

expanse of waters; not barren rocks, but covered with trees, vines and luxuriant foliage; and as the steamer makes its way through the narrow channels, the boughs droop down low upon her decks, and the clambering vines trail along her sides; while on either side of the lake the mountains lift their peaks in wild sublimity.

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake, O, I could ever ply the oar; When early birds at morning wake, And sunset tells its day is o'er."

As the "Lady of the Lake" touched the wharf at Caldwell, the sunset glow boomed out over the waters, echoed and re-echoed from the lofty mountains around, now dying away in the distance, and then returning in full force, resembling the discharge of a heavy park of artillery, from the opposite side of the lake.

Much as I had been led to expect from the enthusiastic description of their parents, by my companions, I experienced no shade of disappointment as I looked upon the father, who saluted his children. There was an earnestness in his welcome the instant my name was pronounced, which banished all my reserve in a moment. The ride to their happy home was a short one, and there the same cordial greeting was extended me by the mother. It was not a simple welcome, it was a heartfelt expression of gladness at my coming. She had heard, she said, her children speak so warmly of my kindness to them, (my kindness, indeed, what was it but an interchange of courtesies in which I was the greatest gainer), that she fancied she would have known me anywhere.

It would be useless for me to attempt a description of that household harmony. It extended down to the smallest and most trivial word. As for me, I moved about the house and through the gardens, all so tasteful and orderly, catching the perfumes of the honey-suckles which climbed up on the porch, and wreathed about the windows, like one in a trance passing through Eden-like scenes, his slightest wish anticipated by ministering spirits. Even through the lapse of years, I call up the remembrance of that day, and ask myself whether it could have been reality, or some bright fancy impressed upon my dreaming senses.

I could remain with them but one day, and never shall I forget that household group, as after their requests, almost entreaties to stay me, they collected about the carriage to bid me farewell. The parents urging me, (me, almost a stranger), to become the companion of their children, when we should all once more become dwellers in the great metropolis. ALBERT, promising—threatening, as he called it—to call upon me before he exchanged his traveling clothes, and MINNIE avowing her intention of coming with him—and then the last grasping of earnest hands, the last good-bye of tremulous voices, and MINNIE called out in her ringing tones of melody,

"Spirit of the ALIDA, tell me, when shall we three meet again?"

I could not reply, but waving my hand to the group, sprang into the carriage, and was flying away from an Eden, the like of which will never again gladden my earth vision.

"Spirit of the ALIDA, tell me, when shall we three meet again?"

The tones rang in my ears, obliterating all other sounds. The waterfall as it dashed through the rude bridge over which we drove, shouted it. The birds as they flew from limb to limb, chirruped it. The very wheels as they rumbled on, seemed asking, "When shall we three meet again?"

Alas! Noble, enthusiastic ALBERT. Innocent angel MINNIE, alas, when?

I look up to the stars in the hushed stillness of midnight and ask if of them; but there comes no other answer, than the never ceasing echo in my brain, flooding it with mournful melody,

"Spirit of the ALIDA, tell me, when shall we three meet again?"

Again all was hurry and confusion on the pier. Again the tolling of bells, shouting of newsboys, and rushing of carriages, passengers hurrying on board the steamers, friends collected to have the satisfaction of shaking the hands, and waving their handkerchiefs at those who were departing, with now and then an idler, who had no friends to part with or welcome, but who had merely strayed down to the river side as a relief from the sultry oppression of the streets.

Of this latter class I was one, and many a time since, I have pondered over the past, endeavoring to ascertain what influence drew me to the pier at that particular time.

But, by far the greater number of persons were awaiting the arrival of a favorite steamer, whose rapid trips had been chronicled and boasted of in the daily papers. The company at first joyous and lively, at length began to manifest signs of impatience.

"How late the HENRY CLAY is to-day," said one of the group, "something must have happened to her."

"Yes, very late," replied the person to whom the conversation was addressed, "and she ought to have made a rapid trip, as the ARMENTA was with her."

One by one the afternoon steamers had glided off to their various destinations, the bells had ceased tolling, the newsboys had flitted off to sell the balance of their papers, around the steps of the Astor, or up the great thoroughfare of Broadway; and still the crowd awaited in vain the arrival of the steamer. I cannot think why I lingered among them; I expected no friends, neither did I feel interested in the result of the trial of speed between the boats; but somehow I gradually partook of the anxiety of those around me, until I became as much interested as they.

At last a youth shouted from the end of the pier, "Here comes the ARMENTA! The ARMENTA is ahead!" and truly enough, close under Weehawken Heights the steamer was descried steaming rapidly toward us.

But even at that moment a hushed murmur ran through the crowd, which blanched the faces and chilled the hearts of those upon whose ears it fell. A vague rumor had been spreading through the city for an hour, and as it passed from one to another, men dropped their voices to a whisper, and moved about as those over whom some terrible calamity was impending. As it spread among the crowd on the wharf, the tears would gush up to the eyes of the mother, wife or daughter, while the strong man's brow would contract in agony.

Moved by impulse, I sought the first train of cars departing for Yonkers. I found it crowded with anxious faces. In that train there were no merry jests, no joyous laughter, no conversation except in hoarse stifled whispers. It was a sad, a weary, a terrible ride. May God preserve me from witnessing another such.

It was true there lay, with the bow far up on the shore, the smoking ruins of the swift steamer, whose wonderful performances had been the town excitement. The flames were wreathing around, hissing and crackling through her timbers like fiery serpents, while the thick columns of black smoke obscuring the glory of the sunset, combined to render the scene like one of those old gloomy pictures of doomsday.

Long before the cars stopped, the passengers were leaping off, regardless of their own safety, in their anxiety to learn that of their friends. Then ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. At times

a startling cry of agony told that the worst fears of some father, mother, brother, sister or friend, had been mournfully realized. Newly found bodies were constantly being brought up and laid upon the bank. Finding I could render no assistance, I walked out to the edge of a little wharf close by, and folding my arms, stood watching the sad scene, falling into one of my frequent fits of abstraction with my thoughts midway between the Present and the Future, until I partially lost the realization of what was passing around me.

I was aroused by the grating of a boat upon the sand. Two fishermen were lifting a body from the boat. They touched it lightly as a tender mother would touch her sleeping infant. Its wondrous beauty seemed to have cast a spell over them. I sprang up as if a musket ball had entered my brain.

It was MINNIE! I knelt down upon the turf where they had lain her. The same holy smile irradiated her lips and brow. The Death angel had no power over the angel of Purity. Earthly passions had never ruffled the serenity of her innocent thoughts in life, and why should they stamp themselves upon that marble form, when the spirit which it enclosed had flown to join the seraphic hosts in the clime of perfect bliss and beauty.

Looking upon that glorious form, far beyond the sculptured marble, I fancied that the angel-hosts as they welcomed her, could but exclaim in the words and with the same musical tones I had first heard flowing from her lips, "How beautiful!"

Later in the evening, the body of ALBERT was laid beside that of MINNIE. But all unlike the perfection of hers. When the alarm of fire was first given, he was on the forward deck, and caring nothing for his own safety when compared with MINNIE'S, he had rushed through the midst of the fire, not to save, but to perish beside her.

Bitter, strange thoughts rushed to my brain, but there, in calm serenity, looked up into my face that seraphic beauty, so glowing, and crushing out my rebellious thoughts, and I knelt down on the green turf beside them and murmured, "Father, thy will be done!"

I wrote briefly to that home, henceforth to be so lonely and desolate, telling the sad story and asking the father to meet me in Albany; to which point, I would guard with a brother's care the bodies of those loved ones. I cannot speak of our meeting. The frenzied grasp of my hand, the broken words of thanks, the strong man's tears, I could not endure the agony, and imprinting one kiss upon the cold white brow of MINNIE, I wrung the father's hand, uttered a hurried farewell, and left him alone with the dead.

Years have passed since then. The gray hairs are growing more plentiful in my head. I have met and mingled with many crowds, and have wandered through many varying scenes, but I have never, though often urged, mastered my feelings sufficiently to visit that home—Home said I—dwelling place, upon the shores of Lake George.

A little drawing hangs in my solitary room, guarded on either side by a miniature. The miniatures are those of MINNIE and ALBERT, and the drawing is a view of the hill side where their bodies repose, under the little monument erected by the hands of affection. Often as my eyes fix upon that drawing and those miniatures, they seem to change and blend into one picture, and the sunshine comes out and gilds it. It is a glorious river scene, the hills sloping down to the water—two steamers are ploughing their way upwards, and on the deck of the foremost, stands an angel, with one tiny hand resting upon her brother's arm, and the other extended gracefully towards the brilliant landscape. The sounds of outward life die away from my ears, and out from that wondrous picture, thrilling my spirit with their undying melody, come the two words which so enchained me in years gone by, "How beautiful!"

Flashes of Fun.

THE DIFFERENCE.—An Irish sergeant, being on a march at the head of the company, saw a dog running toward him with open mouth to make a snap. The sergeant having fixed his bayonet, ran it down the dog's throat and killed him. The owner coming up, demanded of the "Son of Mars" why he could not as well have struck him with the butt end of his musket—arrah, says Pat, and shurely so I would, if he had only run at me with his tail first.

PHILANTHROPY.—"What is a philanthropist, please?" "Philanthropist, my dear is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men."

"Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?"

SHORT OF CHANGE.—A sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt any change? "Not a cent," said Jack.

THE BEAUTIES OF LAW.—An editor out West, who served four days on a jury, says that he is so full of law that it is hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.

SENSELESS.—A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flag him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system: the heavy strokes upwards, and the down strokes light."

RULING POWERS.—At a late public meeting, the following "dry" toast was given. We rather guess the author got "battered" when he reached home: "The Press, the Pulpit, and the Petticoat—the three Ruling Powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads consciousness."

A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIETY.—There is a man out West in possession of a powerful memory. He's employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

PERSISTENCE AND OBSTINACY. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

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