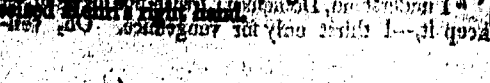


FROM THE FRENCH OF ALMIRE GANDONNIERE.

100



These are read: "You will, and you may, and you would not, if the church and the people were not so stupid."

promise her hand. Her note-book was too small

carefully for some moments, as if to assure herself

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1887.

Office of Publication, No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.

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CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

The most rigid laws, the most severe enactments, brutally administered by men who seem to delight in cruelty, have had little effect to prevent the spread of crime. On the contrary the most trivial faults of youth, committed under a weight of temptation, condemning the perpetrators to the same fate and companionship with hardened criminals, tends to confirm their vicious propensities and deaden whatever of good may remain. Society is prone to cry out, whenever it hears that one of its laws have been broken, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!" And so the youthful criminal is consigned to the care of brutes who kick and swear all the good out of him, while nursing the passions of hate and revenge to their dark maturity.

We do not believe in a morbid feeling towards criminals, which looks upon them in the light of martyrs, but we do think that a strict system should be adopted in appointing, and a strict watch kept on those appointed to the custody of criminals. It is time that men should be selected, not from those who evince only a dogged determination to govern, and a desire to exercise their authority, whether necessary or no. It has been too long the practice of appointing ruffians, shoulder bitters and brutes to the offices of keepers of jails, and wardens of prisons; and policemen, turnkeys and even servants of what should be reformatory institutions, are generally tried by power of muscle and not by that of judgment.

Let us adopt the plan of giving the care of prisons to men of humane feeling, pure men, who do not think it necessary to punish their own crimes upon another; men who recognize the varied elements of human nature, who perceive the difference between a calm premeditated wrong, and the fruit of early association developing itself in a trifling crime which may be weeded out from the good ground by judicious treatment. Let us pay these men well, and let them be responsible for the acts of their inferiors.

It is time, also, that our police courts were improved. That the automatons who nod their heads and move their hands at every complaint made before them, should be replaced by intelligent, living, thinking men. That the oath of a single man—albeit he may use the authority of his star as an excuse for perjury, should be weighed and balanced before it condemns a man to whom he is inimical to a felon's doom.

Our police courts, as now constituted are a libel upon the sacred name of justice. To be accused is to be condemned, a defence only heightening the punishment. A more child who may have been a felon, he is perhaps almost stranger to the taste of one) is seized in the roughest manner and dragged before a captain of police who consigns him to a common place with the most profane, and his first lessons of crime and hatred and revenge are there taught him. When he is brought before the Judge, there is no discretion used—oh no, he has stolen an apple and the pound of flesh, ay, perhaps the immortal soul must be the penalty. He is urged on by threats, kicks and blows, until the good angel is driven from his soul and nothing remains but the demon of evil, and then some day the astonished citizens hear of a cold blooded (as it is called) murder—and do not stop to think that instead of being cold, that man's blood has been kept at fever heat by the indignities heaped upon him. And then the fierce invective launched upon the criminal the muttered desires to see all sorts of tortures inflicted upon him, tell but too plainly of how pearly men assimilate to one another in the intense passions of hatred and revenge.

Let us ponder over this matter. There is abuse and evil all around us. The strong oppress the weak, and shall there be no redress? Men of calm thought and clear judgment. Men of humane hearts, and knowledge of human nature, shall not something be done to hasten on the time.

"When man to man the wide world o'er
 Shall brothers be and that?"

SPIRITUALISM.
INCREASING INTEREST—NEW
ARRANGEMENTS.

The great and rapidly increasing interest existing in the public mind in relation to the subject of Spiritualism, and matters collateral thereto, and the marked attention which has been called forth and directed to it by the publication of such articles as have already appeared in our columns, has induced us to render this feature of our paper yet more prominent, and attractive. Many plans are in operation to effect this purpose, the principal one of which is, that, commencing with the next number we shall devote two entire pages to the subject, placing them under the Editorial supervision of Mr. W. B. Adams. This portion of our paper will be edited by "THE DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM," the editor of which will present in each number the subject in all its varied phases, and furnish full and reliable statements of all the important events that may transpire in connection therewith. Our readers may therefore look forward to our coming numbers as one that will contain a large amount of interesting, instructive, and to thousands wonderful matter. Arrangements are being matured by which we shall receive the latest intelligence from all parts of Europe of this intensely interesting subject.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM will pleasure the readers of a beautiful group of flowers from Mrs. D. C. Kendall, containing some of the most beautiful flowers of the season.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

A fair correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator speaks thus truly of the country girls:—

"Farmer's daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of the country; a glorious race of women which no other land can show. I wish not to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest efforts of one or two kinds. There are some who depreciate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it because they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all subjects of the day, and a refined education, are no more excusable in a country than in a town-bred girl, in this age of many books and newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged, because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives, women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders, and an earnest thirst after the knowledge is almost certain to attain a sweet draught of the "Fleeting Spring."

Town girls have the advantage of more highly polished manners, and greater accomplishments; but the country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health (and consequently more beauty) simplicity, affection and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated minds, there are more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added lustre of foreign accomplishment could easily be caught by such a mind from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmers' daughters are deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women are found among them; and in New England this is especially so; but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will unite refined culture with their most excellent graces.

A sweet country home, with roses and honeysuckles trained to climb over it; with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, toll enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers, and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the paradises which Heaven has left for the attainment of men."

We have, most of us, at some period in our life, dreamed of that "sweet country home with roses and honeysuckles," and made our drawings of it in the future, but to a few of us, the jingle of the coin, and the ambition to be grander than our neighbors, has gradually drawn a veil over its fascinations—the veil painted with huge free stone and marble houses, with sculptured portals, mocking the boy and dusty street,—and with those of us who have not quenched the longing, it has still like the Will o' the wisp, receded as our hands were stretched toward it.

After all, there is nothing so useful to us as contentment. If we cannot choose our lot, there is much to be thankful for all around us, and by schooling our minds thoroughly, we shall learn resignation and happiness.

WILLS.

There are some, who not content with tyrannizing over a woman during their lifetime, wish to carry their power with them, after the grave has closed over their worthless remains. A case has lately happened in New York, where a young handsome woman, with a yearly income of \$15,000, has offered to the relatives of her defunct "Lord and master," \$10,000 out of each year's income, if they will allow her to marry a man with whom she is in harmony. The "chap" who "stepped out," said she should n't marry, without sacrificing the \$15,000, and the expected greater weight than guineas, refuse the ten, and obstinately persist in the fifteen thousand. Have those relatives hearts, or pieces of adamant rock placed in their bodies?

STUPID.

The Secretary of the Navy has refused the request of the New York Herald to be allowed to place reporters on board the Niagara and the Mississippi during their cruise to lay the submarine cable from Ireland to Newfoundland. Mr. Toucey says it is against the rules of the department, to have passengers on board men of war.

We think Mr. Toucey had better follow the advice which Henry Clay once gave to another official, that is, "go home," and send some one in his place, who has a soul capable of comprehending something above wooden nutmegs.

"The rules of the department" forsooth; what are they to the interest all the civilized world feel in the progress of this great work?

COTTON FACTORIES AT THE SOUTH.

Lowell and Lawrence are finding rivals in the Southern States, and the chivalry are rapidly becoming less dependent upon the merchant princes. The Georgia Constitutionalist says:—

Some idea may be formed of the extent of business carried on at the Augusta Cotton Manufacturing, when we state that near sixty thousand yards of cloth are spun weekly, consuming about fifty bales of cotton, of four hundred pounds each. There are about eight thousand spindles and two hundred and sixty looms in operation, and we are informed, the company find it difficult to fill with promptness the orders they receive for manufactured goods.

DEATH.

Then whence, O! death thy dreariness? We know That every flower the breezes' fluttering breath Woke to a glad and love-like murmuring low. Dying but to multiply its bloom in death. The hills gladdened infancy that fills The woodlands with its song of innocent glee Is passing through the heart of shadowy hills To swell the eternal March of the Sea; And the great stars, Creation's minstrel fire, Are rolling towards the central source of Light, Where all their separate glory but expires To merge into one world's unbroken might: There is no death, but change, and claspeth soul, And all are portions of the immortal whole.

THE HUMAN FACE.

The Rev. Orville Dewey, in one of his lectures on the Problem of Human Destiny, remarks: "The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts. If the dumb animal, over whom man exercises his cruelty, if the horse or dog, when suffering by a blow from the violence of man, could turn upon him with a look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of the mute expostulation? How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured. On this small surface, nine inches by six, are depicted so many traits, that among the million of inhabitants on the earth, no two have the same lineaments of the face. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike; if fathers did not know their own children, if brothers did not know their own brothers, if husbands did not know their own wives, if we could not tell our friends from among the multitudes of the assembled universe."

AN EXCEPTION.

We don't like parades, and although not partial to capital punishment, would not object to see some three or four of the operators upon HIAWATHA, suspended. The following, however, is an exception. Not that we agree with the "Old Bachelor" who made it. Oh no! We think the place "where crinoline is not" would be unendurable; but it serves to illustrate how very short is the step between the sublime and the ridiculous. It is needless for us to say that it is a parody upon that exquisite poem of Charles Mackay.

"TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS."

Tell me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway rear,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where women fret no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some "holer" in the ground,
 Where bachelors never yell,
 And cradles are not found?

The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
 And snickered at it answered—"Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Knowest thou some favored spot,
 Some island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 A place to smoke in peace,
 Where crinolines are not,
 And hoops are out of place?

The loud waves, sounding a perpetual shout,
 Stopped for a while, and spluttered, "Yoon git out!"

Tell me, my secret soul—
 Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting place
 From woman, girls and death?
 Is there no happy spot,
 Where bachelors are blessed?
 Where females never go,
 And man may dwell in peace?

Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given—
 Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in Heaven!"

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Our readers, no less than ourselves, will rejoice that we have made arrangements whereby that graceful and accomplished writer, EMMA CARRA, will write only for our paper. Her sketches which will regularly be found upon our eighth page entitled "Life's Looking Glass," will bear favorable comparison with any of the female writers of the present day. We need only call attention to them to prove our assertion.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

The majority of young women enter the married state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible functions of their new office. The consequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have been married a month. The art of "making home happy" is not understood by them. Exceptions, of course, there are; but the majority look cleanly and tidy habits—habits of order, and habits of punctuality. When children cluster about them their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over their husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles. It is mere thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husband's return from his work. The man comes home from the field or the factory to find an untidy room, and no symptoms of preparation for the evening meal. His wife has made no attempt to smarten herself; and his first growl of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and a sharp tongue. It may almost be laid down as a rule, that the man returns home, after his day's work, more or less in an ill-humor. He is tired, hungry, and thirsty, and, perhaps, had to endure some hard rubs in the course of his day's work. He is rebuffed and threatened with dismissal, justly or unjustly, by his task-master; or he has quarrelled with his comrades, or he has had bad weather to encounter, he has broken or damaged his tools, and been altogether unsuccessful in his work. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consolation where he has a right to look for it. He is disappointed, and he is at no pains to conceal his disappointment. The wife excuses herself and resents his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, quiet evening he had promised himself. And if he does not betake himself to the pot-house, he sulks in the chimney-corner, over an unsociable pipe, and wonders he was such a fool as to marry.

A BUSHEL.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to make a bushel, may be of some interest to our country readers:—Wheat, sixty pounds; corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds; corn on the cob, seventy pounds; rye, fifty-six pounds; oats, thirty-six pounds; barley, fifty-six pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; Irish potatoes, sixty pounds; sweet potatoes, fifty-seven pounds; onions, forty-seven pounds; beans, sixty pounds; bran, twenty pounds; clover seed, sixty pounds; Timothy seed, forty-five pounds; flax-seed, forty-five pounds; hemp-seed, forty-five pounds; blue grass seed, fourteen pounds; dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

BULLIES ABOUT, AND ABOUT BULLIES.

The Daily Traveller was issued on Monday, April 18th, in quarto form, and made quite a sensation. It gives us a first rate notice under the above heading which enhances its worth to us. Next week we shall publish it in our Spiritual Department, accompanied with an answer from BILL POOLE (whose spirit is referred to by the term Bully) which was received through our medium before the Traveller had made its way to her.

THE VINES OF FRANCE.

The number of acres under vine cultivation in France exceeds 5,000,000, giving employment in the cultivation of the vine and manufacture of wine, to about 2,000,000 of persons, mostly females, and in its transportation and sale to 250,000. The vine disease, now more or less prevailing in all wine producing countries, has increased the average price of wine from 100 to 175 per cent. The French government derives a considerable portion of its internal revenue from the manufacture of this beverage, about 80,000,000 gallons of which are annually distilled into brandy, the exportation of which is under special Government restrictions. Next to wheat the vine is the most important of the vegetable productions of France, and extends over the Southern half of the Empire. In 1819 there was produced in France 925,000,000 gallons of wine.

LADIES.

Plant roses! You need not say you have no room. There, in that little spot under your window, you can place a climber which will extend its fragrant arms, creeping up, up, till it nods and smiles at you, in your hour of evening rest. On that window sill, you can place a little pot or box, and the few minutes you give to its care, each day, will be threefold repaid by the fragrance it breathes into your heart. In that corner of your room it will be more beautiful than myriads of dogs, cats and nondescript animals wrought in worsted. So don't tell us, fair friend, that you have no room. You have plenty of room if you love roses, and pinks and heliotropes, and magnoliettes, and forget-me-nots; and if you don't love them; all we can say is, we can't love you. Why we would as soon think of loving the King of the Mosquitos as a woman who did n't love flowers.

Beautiful among the traits of the shop girls and grissettes of Paris, is their love for roses and violets. In that city a room, in which a rose bush, a geranium, or a violet, was not found we should recognise, instantly, as belonging to one of the "ladies," or one whose desire to "lord it," would prompt us to beat a hasty retreat from her vicinity.

We have said plant roses, that is, because of a all the flowers we like them best; they are the nearest emblem of a pure life, for the fragrance fades not from the leaves even after they have fallen to the earth. But we will be pleased if you plant and cherish any flower ever so simple, and, in the affection you manifest to it, we shall read good lessons of you, and will commend you, and cherish you even as you do the bright creation of nature.

Familiar Letters.

RAMBLES IN THE CITY.

Come, let us walk. Let us first wend our way through the crowded thoroughfare, sparkling with bright eyes, miniature bonnets, and exaggerated crinolines. But our observation, is not for them, as the hoops roll along, let us give way to them, and watch only the sterner sex.

You see that man, shrivelled, crooked and repulsive? Yow know him? No! We will tell you his history. As a boy at school he was noted for his aptness at figures, his dullness at everything else. The loss of a marble would cause him restless hours, the acquisition of a penny a world of delight.

He came to town: The figures still held their sway, the pennies still loomed up like cartwheels, and now behold him! He is a millionaire!

Let us follow him. Some insignificant poet, who had nothing to commend him to the world's regard, but that worthless article brain has said,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

so let us study awhile. Let us observe.

Ah! Did you see that? Did you? Well, then, look up. Can you not see the recording angel tracing in words of fire his condemnation of the brutality with which he refused that poor famishing child a cent.

Yes! But the world praises him. He is a self-made man. True, very true, a self-made man, for to him self is the universe, self is the axis upon which the earth revolves, and all the harmonies of nature, the countless stars, the dazzling sun, the full-orbed moon, shine but to light him upon his way.

Let us go with him to his house. Walk into his parlor. There are pictures there. Does he look at them? No, they were placed there after many teasings and poutings of her who was called "up country," "Deborah Snooks," or plain "Deb" most frequently, but now the "elegant and accomplished Mrs. —" Elegant, how?—accomplished in what? you ask. Why, my dear fellow, in the best of all elegance and accomplishments, dimes. Ah, but she admires painting. No, you mistake; it is only that Mrs. Smith has decided that to be genteel, one must patronize the arts, and so "Deb"—we beg pardon Mrs.—has worried and curtain-lectured her, liego into the "silly nonsense of buying pictures."

There are books in the drawing-room. Phebus! how they glitter in their crimson and gold bindings; let us see what he selects. There is Byron, in shining letters, Shelly, and not least Shakespeare; but see, he passes them. Now his hand attains the object of its search and grasps a dingy, greasy covered book. What is its title? "Every man his own lawyer." Yes, even in that he is penurious, frequent as he appears in Courts, as plaintiff, he begrudges the lawyer his fee. What do you suppose he is thinking of? Well, we will tell you. He owns a shanty, he calls it a house, in which exist several poor families, and one poor man is sick; his weekly rent is for the first time not ready; and the self-made man is looking for the formal mode of ejecting him and his little ones. See! He has ascertained. With what hurried strides he leaves the house. Our legs are not long enough nor our hearts strong enough to follow him further; but we can see as he vanishes in the distance—

"Nods and bows, and wretched smiles."

from all whom he meets, and hats are touched with deference, ladies put their pretty little feet more mincingly upon the pavement, as he recognizes them—

Why? Simply because

"Rumor whispered he was rich."

Now, let us ramble up the walks of our favorite Common. Notice that young lad setting the helm of his little vessel, and trimming the sails to catch the breeze. How his eyes brighten; how he shakes back the glossy ringlets and laughs aloud as his tiny sail little craft dandles over the water. See! there is a little fellow, watching him. The face is full of expression, the eyes large and fiery, the forehead beaming with promise. But he wears a little jacket, the hair is tangled upon his head. There they stand together, the patrician and the plebeian. What will be their destinies? Who can read their thoughts? No one, but God! In the unexplored future, that little one apparently so neglected may shake the senate house with his eloquence, while the pampered child of luxury may have no trace upon the age, his memory only preserved upon his tombstone. There is hope, and there is all in our land, and there are no barriers insurmountable, to the daring mind. These two children, together, there, in the open air, under the sun, are the best of all for the world, and the best of all for the future.

reverse their positions in life. Heaven send that it may not bring hardness of heart to the victor.

Ladies are fond of long yarns. Most especially do they like to spin out, respecting points of law, each one claiming to be the only true expounder. One of this class, a young sprig, interrupted by an elder who was defining the law "as he understood it," by exclaiming, "If that is law, I will go home and burn my books!" The elder, with the slightest show of sarcasm, turned towards him and replied, "If my young friend will allow me, I would beg to offer an amendment, viz, that in preference to burning his books, he should go home and read them." Keep entire, that.

Dramatic and Musical.

There has been but very little of interest to chronicle during the past two or three weeks.

THE BOSTON, after the withdrawal of HENRY VAN FURZ, which failed to attract audiences sufficiently large to repay the outlay, has taken to Bellette, those of Mr. John Wood and Treasurer Ellison being of the number. For his own benefit, Mr. Wood essayed the character of Mawworm, in the fine comedy entitled THE HYPOCRITE. For that of Mr. Ellison, George Vandenhoff volunteered, sustaining the character of Jacques in As you LIKE IT, and reciting Collins' ode to THE PASSIONS. The audiences have been small, and lacking in enthusiasm.

THE NATIONAL, under the guidance of Messrs. James Pilgrim and William B. English, has alone of all the places of amusement in the city, still continued coining money. As we occasionally look in and see the delighted crowds, uttering shouts of applause and laughter, and then witness one of Shakespeare's noblest productions, performed in empty houses, we cannot forbear asking, where is the critical taste of which Boston so loudly boasts? Still, we must confess to a partiality for Lucille and Helen, there is a sprightliness about their acting, so dashing, off-hand and natural, that we can't help but be pleased with them, although we should be glad to see them in a more appropriate position. Lucille especially we consider worthy of a much higher range of characters, and with proper study and cultivation, she would make no mean rival to Mrs. Bourcicault. We never did fancy the flash style of pieces, and suppose we never shall, but if the present season at the National is any criterion, we are immensely in the minority.

THE MUSEUM, although feeling the effects of the general stagnation in theatricals, has still been doing a paying business. Miss Eliza Logan has performed her range of characters, in a manner we think surpassing any of her previous efforts in Boston. Her Evadne, Julia, Parthenia, &c., have been noted as most effective portrayals, but by far the greatest sensation was produced by her performance of Adelphi. As an artistic display of the passions of love and remorse, it will take rank above any delineation of the character we have yet seen. This evident improvement noticed in Miss Logan, on each visit to Boston, evinces constant study and ambition, and we are glad to speak highly of her in encouragement.

ORDWAY'S ZEOLANS are en route to the West, where no doubt their melodies and oddities will drive the blues from the Hoosiers, and fill the pockets of the manager and themselves. Johnny Pell and Billy Morris will pass anywhere. There's no bogus in the ring of that kind of coin, and we prophesy that our Western friends will echo us when we say that, in no company of Minstrels which ever did, does now, or ever will exist, can these two "funny boys" be equalled.

FITZGERDON'S PANORAMA OF KANZAS has been unrolled nightly to small audiences. We regret to be compelled to say so, as it is in point of artistic execution, the best painting of the kind ever displayed in Boston. The Indian scenes on the prairies are especially energetic and life-like, and we would urge all who desire to see a chaste beautiful painting, which is not dependent upon gaslight for its effectiveness, not to neglect this opportunity.

THALMAN, the German gentleman who essayed to bring the uncultivated Yankees up to his standard of gentility, by giving concerts, to obtain entrance to which it was necessary to produce evidence of "three generations of blood," has been compelled to court the greasy multitude, and with no very brilliant success; the free "fifty cent" tickets being as plenty about second class hotels, as the free "blood" ones were in the neighborhood of Beacon Hill. We should have been glad to have known of empty benches, as we think it high time that these strolling minstrels, wore taught, that pandering to the puppyism of an insignificant portion of the citizens, however it may answer in petty Austrian towns, is not politic in the United States of America. And it is with unfeigned pleasure we record the fact that the real intellect, wealth and position of Boston are always the last to encourage such assumptions, as Mr. Thalman has probably discovered.

EDWIN BOOTH'S benefit in New Orleans was an ovation. When called out, he was crowned by fair hands, from one of the proscenium boxes, with a floral wreath bearing his name, and was then invited to the opposite side of the stage, where other fair hands gave him a wreath of laurel, purporting to come "from the ladies of New Orleans; to the American Roscius," while a heavy purse followed. After finishing at New Orleans, he returned for a brief engagement to Mobile, when the patriotic citizens, headed by Dr. Le Vert, gave him a complimentary benefit. The Marsh Children open at the People's Theatre, St. Louis, in MAY. (HARRY WILLIAMS' last remittance to this country was \$10,000. Lola Montes has been very successful at Louisville. Maggie Mitchell is at Norfolk and goes thence to Baltimore. Madame MacCallister commences her entertainments in Cincinnati, next month. Neddie is at Elkhart. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Davenport are engaged at the Arch St. Philadelphia. (GOOD NEWS. Edwin Booth will commence his engagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday, April 20th, and Miss Malinda Heron on Monday, May 1st. We expect a revival of the theatre going on at those times.

THE FARE to New York, by the steamboat line, has been reduced from five to four dollars.

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Those who object to spiritualism because its communications received, or manifestations presented, are imperfect, irregular, and often trifling, have only to learn the fact that their own spirits, in their connection with the agencies employed by those who would communicate, have the power to disturb or assist them in so doing. Are not the communications you receive generally as perfect as your own heart? Are not the manifestations as regular and harmonious as your own mind? Are they more trifling than your own thoughts? According to every principle of spirit manifestation, results corresponding in some degree to the condition of spirit and mind where they are given must be expected. Hence the importance of seeking the aid of developed spirits and assimilating ourselves to them. Where our hearts are there shall we find our treasures laid up.

It is impossible to become much developed in spiritual power, or to receive the aid of those who are developed, except by a regular effort on our own part at progression.

Development is the result of affinity. That which is developed receives from that to which it is allied or resembles it in its growth. If our minds and affections are permitted to mingle with the mind and affections of the vicious and abandoned, we do not expect thereby to progress in purity or uprightness. Nor need we expect such progress by fixing our minds on any of the million of subjects, or our affections on the pursuits, after which the multitude seek.

Spiritualism discloses the straight and narrow way of progression. It points out the various obstacles which prevent not only our happiness in this sphere, but our connection with the higher spheres, and our communion with the loved ones there. Aided by them, ours is the work of removing those obstacles, and of entering that way. Let it be our pleasure to do that work, and with their aid to enjoy the reward.

very unproductive this season, the mud banks which formed last winter interfering very much with the catch.

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THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTY PRISON, it is stated, receives within its walls upwards of fourteen thousand inmates annually, or on an average of more than forty a day.

LITERARY MEN IN PARLIAMENT.—Samuel Warren, the well known author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and of "The Diary of a late Physician," is a candidate for the borough of Midhurst. Charles Dickens is nominated by the *London Literary Directory*, which also urges the claims of Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold.

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THE NEW STEAMER ADRIATIC, of the Collins line, is now stated, will positively sail hence for Liverpool on the 6th of July, at which time it is contemplated, she will be in the most perfect readiness.

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A NEW LIQUOR PROSECUTION excitement has commenced in New Hampshire, and several sellers at Portsmouth have been bound over for trial. The affair caused some excitement. A similar movement has been made in several other places.

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NOVEL RECIPES.—The following is said to be the receipt for making a Rochester alderman's sandwich: Brandy at the bottom, gin at the top, and

into the congregational associations of New York and Brooklyn.

GOOD FISHING.—The schooner *Spray*, of Nahant, last week in one trip brought in 14,000 pounds of cod and haddock. The *Spray* had only seven hands and the fish were captured in seven hours.

GOOD.—In Greenville, S. C., a Jury awarded to young lady four thousand dollars damages against a citizen of that place for slander. After paying lawyers' fees, the plaintiff devoted the remainder to benevolent purposes.

DEATH VERSUS NOBILITY.—No less than five Earls and one Countess died in the month of February, viz.:—The Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Harewood, the Earl of Castle-Stafford, the Earl of Fife, Earl Arundel, and the Countess of Huntingdon.

MEMOIR OF FANNY FORRESTER.—The executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson ("Fanny Forrester") have released the Rev. Dr. R. W. Gray from his engagement to prepare a history of her life.

LAND SALES.—Three great land sales are now advertised by the U. S. Government. The first will occur at Iowa Point, in Doniphan County, Kansas, on the 6th of May. This sale is for the benefit of the Iowa tribe. Another will occur at Paola, in Lykins County, Kansas, commencing the 26th of May, for the confederated bands of Kickapoo, Peoria, Piankeshaw and Weas. The third will begin at Osawkee, in Kansas, on the 22d of June, for the Delaware tribe. For the benefit of the Iowa tribe 96,000 acres will be sold; for the confederated bands 214,000; and for the Delaware tribe 345,000; making in all 654,000 acres.

TO BE AVOIDED.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tatling is a waste of time.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.—The value of the Boot and Shoe Trade of Massachusetts is estimated in amount at upwards of \$45,000,000 for the past year. The wholesale houses have done a full average business, while the profits of the manufacturers have been small, and the large body of operatives have worked on low wages, notwithstanding the high price of food. The manufacturers' women's work has been fairly remunerative, while profits on men's heavy goods have been quite small.

Pearls.

And quoted like a great prophet,
The words of the day of all time,
Spoke them.

The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight,
And I would tread it with as firm a step,
Though it should terminate in cold oblivion,
As if Elysian pleasures at its close,
Flashed palpable to sight as things of earth.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night;
If the land and the air and the sea
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in the
Omnova!

The trials of life are like the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

She was lovelier than the morn,
Sisters come!
Purer than a flower new born,
Sisters come!
All who saw her nor could part,
Till her image filled her heart,
Dear her home!
Never death kissed maiden's eyes,
Fitter for our Father's skies,
Dear her home.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship,
which illumines only the track it has passed.

For love and beauty and delight
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light—being themselves obscure.

Obsequiously acknowledge merit in others, and in return you will always receive the kind consideration which you desire. When you cannot consistently praise, by all means, keep silent, unless there be a manifest wrong, deserving censure.

The harvest is waving, and fountain and flower
Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour,
And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay,
Proclaim through the valley—Day! beautiful Day!

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

Life's Looking Glass,

EMMA CARRA.

One boon I crave—freedom of thought and pen,
If this be wanting other gifts are vain.

A Chat with the Readers of the 'Banner of Light.'

Our worthy editors tell me when I take my pen to address the readers of the Banner of Light, I speak to a family *twenty thousand* strong. If in the centre of our lovely Common there were erected a platform overlooking this vast throng, and I were called upon to address you verbally, I think I should shrink away, and if I did not disappear from the earth altogether, I should immediately leave the vicinity of this numerous host, nor return to the common again till no foot-print but mine crushed the young grass just springing into life there: but sitting at my little writing desk and holding in my right hand a tiny instrument, which, in skillful hands, can at all times be made more powerful than the strongest sword, I dare speak to you.

Although you are many, I wish mentally to group you altogether and address you as one individual, whom I would do my utmost to entertain pleasantly if he were before me, let his humor be grave or gay, lively or severe. My pen and I are one—so identified are we that I shall speak of myself in the singular. This is not my debut before the public, therefore I cannot say but that you and I have met before; be that as it may, whether stranger or friend, I now, in assuming the responsibility of filling this department, extend to you through the medium of my faithful pen the right hand of fellowship, and state that from this time till the future will determine how long I shall meet you no more but in the columns of the Banner of Light, having been engaged by the gentlemanly editors of this paper to write exclusively for them. In assuming this charge, I do not forget the many kind favors I have received from my former publishers of the press generally—they have encouraged my efforts and paid me liberally, and for these deeds I thank them.

You will perceive I have taken this department in April. A very fickle month, say you. It is, but after all we welcome her, even if she does give us now and then a stronger breeze than we feel grateful for, or pile over our heads dark clouds. In gay moods she gives us sunshine, and then coquettishly sheds soft tears, as if she wept that she had displeased us. But I love April, for I know that she is a prelude to May and June.

Perchance as time rolls by, you may think the emanations of my pen partake somewhat of the character of the month in which I commence my labors here. I grant it will be so; for who of us always feels alike grave or gay? There are times in every one's history when dark mists veil the mental vision and light thoughts cannot find egress. At such moments the pen, if it move at all, will creep slowly over the paper, and the dark clouds that have settled about the heart will lend a shadow to every line traced by the power of thought—but these clouds do not last always. O no! there are in our rigorous climate more sunny days than stormy ones, and so it is in life; and when the mist vanishes and hope makes us joyous again, how the pen will dance over the white paper, and in skillful hands paint with a beautiful glow events that before had no interest for the writer.

Yes, reader, from this time forward, as long as we can make ourselves agreeable to each other, I hope to meet you here mentally once a week, where to the utmost of my ability I will strive to entertain you as I would a first-class guest, realizing from experience that you will not always feel in the same mood. I shall at times indulge in a humorous chat on subjects that I think will interest us both, and then we will talk on graver topics—perhaps give some sketches of the darker shades of life, but always with this great principle in view; that He who made this vast world, knew our wants and necessities best, and that when he said, "Let there be light" he was aware that the darker shades were needed to bring out the true beauty of the lighter.

And now, reader, in conclusion let me say that in the future I shall do my best to please you, and if I prove unequal to the task, please extract from each article whatever of good there may be in it.

and pass the dross in silence; then shall I be encouraged to still greater efforts and my motto shall ever be Excellence.

THE CONTRAST:
Or, Aunt Debby and Aunt Seraphina.

O, how I wish I were rich! Not that I bear extreme love for shining ore—no, but because it would emancipate me from the slavery of fashion. I could do as I pleased then, and if I did not dress à la mode every time I went out, the most that would be said about me would be that I was a little eccentric.

Oh! how nice it would be when I arose in the morning to encase my feet in good old fashioned leathern shoes of sufficient size to allow me to move with freedom, and robe myself in calico, selecting such tiny figures and delicate hues as best become my complexion! When once free to wear what I chose, wouldn't I put my veto on human bodies being supported by bones of leviathan? Yes, every sea-monster after he had yielded to man what was truly useful and beneficial to the human race, should have the privilege of letting his bones sink to rest on coral reefs in his native element, the wild winds performing a requiem above him; while my garments being without props should leave my form free to repose as God designed it should do. I would make use of no crinoline—no whalebone—no tight fitting congress gaiters, nor would I promenade the streets when the thermometer was at zero with nothing to protect my poor brain from the weather but the shadow of a handful of lace and flowers reflected from a fashionable bonnet attached to the extreme back of head.

Every generation grows wiser and wiser, it is said.—Bah! nonsense! or if they do, does that wisdom make them happier?

Let me tell you something about my good Aunt Debby's style of dress and living when I was a little girl and used to go and see her spin. I loved my Aunt Debby, and not only I but all who knew her did the same. You never heard dyspeptic ejaculations in the little brown house where she lived; no, old Towser could lie by the wide kitchen jamb from September till May without ever being driven from his comfortable quarters to let her sit by the fire and toast her feet; her horse and thick flannels and linsey woolsey gowns were a part of the harvest gleaned from the warm backs of the saxon flock in the meadow. With her own hands she spun and knit and wove, and the manufacturing of the fabrics kept a warm glow about her heart that made her welcome every one with a smile. No contrast was there between my Aunt's Sunday and Monday face. If the good old Elder Jones dressed in his homespun suit called on a washing day, the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember that she ever went into hysterics or stood in the kitchen and listened to hear her daughter Patty tell the pious old man she was *not* at home.

After Aunt Debby died modern ideas began to creep into the old brown house; for Uncle Silas was owner of one of those happy temperaments that don't believe in dying of grief when a life contract is suddenly broken up; so after Aunt Debby lay down to an unbroken rest, under the mossy old apple tree in one corner of the stony meadow where the Saxon flock were wont to graze, Uncle Silas gave the village painter a protracted job, and the exterior of the once brown house became as white as the glistening drifts that were piled about it in mid-winter.

It was summer now, and did the spirit of Aunt Debby ever hover about the spot, the contrast to her former home must have looked strange, so completely had familiar objects been changed. The scraggy oak bush where her linen milk strainer and towels used to bleach and flutter in the summer sun was gone now, for Uncle Silas in modernizing his home had hewn it down and then consumed it in the old stone fireplace which he afterwards filled with bricks and mortar, and then placed in front of it a model cook stove. The old sweep well lost its bucket and balance, and the cool breeze that flitted in the vicinity could no longer penetrate to the limped water at the pebbly bottom, for the wide top was planked over now, and an imposing pump inserted. The fence that encircled the wide yard at the back of the house was laid low, and the crooked rails piled behind the barn for future burning. No more did Brindle and her calf lie side by side in that enclosure on the dewy grass, but in their stead was a flower garden, and beds edged with box or striped grass ornamented the sides of the gravel walk. The quadrupeds and bipeds that in Aunt Debby's day roamed free all over the farm were now shut up in narrow quarters—in nooks that seemed laboring under the curse of barrenness.

This was done that ornamental trees might grow luxuriously near the house and that the sweet clover fields that lay between the homestead and the road might not receive a hoof-print, nor the gorgeous winged butterflies be disturbed in their summer-day rambles. The corn crib was emptied of its contents and the well fed spiders that had so long inhabited their gossamer homes in the peak of the roof had to migrate, and the swallows that were so tame in Aunt Debby's time and cut the air so fantastically, now built their nest elsewhere than under the eaves of the old corn crib for it was moved up and joined to the rejuvenated house, and by the aid of a skillful mechanic it was converted into a modern parlor.

Ah! little Aunt Debby think when she a bride used to sit on the rough bench in the corn crib and help Uncle Silas shell corn, and both would join in singing psalm tunes, that in a few years when she lay down to her last rest he would ere the earth's damp had removed the polish from her coffin convert that useful old building into a drawing-room and furnish it luxuriously.

It is not probable that Uncle Silas ever would have done so, but as we have said his was a happy temperament, and when he found that Aunt Debby had really left him he wisely concluded that life is too short to spend it in mourning and that another wife would be a very useful person at the homestead. Uncle Silas ideas of qualifications for a matrimonial partner had changed somewhat since he married the plain featured Deborah Bristol, he now began to think that a *handsome* wife was not only useful, but decidedly ornamental. Marrying a wife he used to say was attended with a great deal of expense even in the beginning; so he gave it as his opinion that it was undoubtedly best for him to marry not only a handsome wife but a young one, as the probability was that she would live to wait on him in his old age and he should never be troubled more in looking up a mistress for the renovated brown house, nor his mind be haunted by the thought that in life's decline when he most needed sympathy, stranger hands would administer his necessities for hire.

The more Uncle Silas revolved these subjects in his mind and looked at the facts in the case, the more convinced was he that if he could obtain such a life-partner it would be a decided hit. But would a young and handsome wife come and live in the brown house, thought the substantial farmer, even if he did have thousands in the bank and a good reputation besides? Uncle *didn't* speak it aloud, but he said mentally so, and this was why the village painter was engaged, and the corn crib moved for a parlor, and the yellow chairs that used to sit in Aunt Debby's best room removed in

to the kitchen and the former kitchen chairs taken to make the tea-kettle boil. This was why the sand bank on the hill side at the extreme end of the farm remained unmolested now—sanded floors were no longer needed when Aunt reposed outside the homestead; Ingrain, Brussels, and Tapestry had supplanted them on chamber, sitting room and parlor.

It was the anniversary of the day that Aunt Debby left the farm house forever, and Uncle Silas was sitting at his parlor window—looking away across the fields to that quiet corner where stood the withered old apple tree, and he was half a mind to be sad, for the thoughts would intrude themselves—Am I any happier now than I was when the old house was brown and the parlor and kitchen floors were sanded?

A distinct sigh escaped his bosom, and then he was interrupted in his musings by a white arm being laid lightly over the beautifully upholstered chair where he sat, and then a silvery laugh rung upon his ear and the little fairy like Mrs. Silas Bisbee Number 2, remarked playfully on her venerable husband's elongated face. A sound escaped the farmers lips, but it would be difficult to determine whether it were a laugh or a groan as he extended his hand to the rosy cheeked being before him.

Good Aunt Debby was the same plain being from her cradle to her grave, but as life advanced Uncle's taste took a different turn, and gradually as we shall see he became the victim of fashion and etiquette.

But he did not entirely depart from his good old style of dress and living, till he wooed and won Seraphina Gifford, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Seraphina had spent three years in a fashionable boarding school in the city, and it was she who suggested that the old homestead and its surroundings must be modernized before she would consent to become its mistress and the step-mother of Patty, her former playmate.

Reader let us take a look at Uncle Silas the day his first wife bade him good by forever. He was a plain farmer with a large share of the fruits of his toil at interest, the wool and flax from which his garments were made were raised on the soil that his and his faithful wife's industry paid for.

Only one year later, and the black suit of cloth that he wore on the day of his second wedding was the first encouragement he had ever given to the importer; and now acting to Seraphina's advice he found himself in fashionable tights from top to toe. His hat gave him the headache, his imported suit made his heart ache, while his polished boots almost caused him to cease locomotion. From this time there were no more psalms sung at the homestead, for Patty seemed to catch the spirit of her youthful step-mother, and psalms and hymns were voted unfashionable. Former companions were invited from the village to spend days and weeks at the now inviting farm house, while Uncle Silas now and then found that it was very hard to get along without drawing funds from the institution where he used to make deposits. If he attempted to retrench Seraphina told him fine but not welcome tales of how others lived in the village or the city, usually ending with a request for more means to help her to support the fashions.

Poor Uncle Silas! scarcely a year went by after his second marriage before all his former dreams of bliss in the society of his handsome young wife vanished, and deep sighs of regret would well up from his heart when he thought of his plain home and the unfashionable wife of his youth; but it was too late to recall the past now, and a few years later Uncle Silas did not have to torture himself into fashionably fitting suits of broadcloth, for he too went to rest under the old apple tree by the side of Aunt Debby; while Seraphina sold what remained of the estate and returned to her paternal home a few thousands richer for her mercenary marriage.

Patty—we beg her pardon,—Miss Martha Bisbee became the wife of one who was worthy, but our pen refuses to indite that she was a type of her mother; the renovated brown house and the influence of the young step-mother had made her also fashionable. Wealth with those individuals produced a very different effect from what it did on Aunt Debby, and I opine from what would have done on me,—for all the love I have for gold is based on the fact that it emancipates the owner of it from the thrall of fashion.

IDOLERS AND GOSSIPS
ARE NEVER WELCOME ANYWHERE.

"If ever I wished, prayed for the entire extermination of any fraternity of human beings," said Mrs. Pease, "it is of that class called idlers, hangers-on, engaging in no honest calling themselves, they don't seem to even imagine that anybody else has anything to do but to listen to their tales of woe and sorrow and poverty. There never does one of these human vampires enter my domicile but I begin to feel the strength of Samson coursing through my muscles, and I can hardly control them from ejecting the intruder from my night by giving her the benefit of the fresh air. Just as an industrious person grasps her sewing and begins to employ her time profitably, I should like to know what right these idlers have to break in upon you and begin their daily round of rehearsing all the ills that flesh is heir to."

Mrs. Pease was a dressmaker, trying to assist her husband to prosperity, and as she uttered the above sentence half aloud she laid her baby in the cradle and took her work that she might gain time while he slept, when as if in confirmation of her words, in comes Mrs. Chaffee without even the ceremony of a ring at the door-bell. The needle drops nervously from her right hand, and with her left she grasps the side of the cradle and rocks it with such force that one might think steam power had been suddenly applied.

"The baby sick?" exclaims Mrs. Chaffee interrogatively.

"Yes," says Mrs. Pease, and a chill creeps over her and her face lengthens to most unnatural dimensions, for past experience teaches her that an icy bath in January could not be more ungrateful to her feelings than will the coming remarks of Mrs. Chaffee.

"Why, bless me! he is sick," ejaculates the caller, pulling down the bright patchwork quilt that till now lay so cozily over the little sleeper.

The cool air coming in contact with the restless one's face, his resentment is shown by a shrill cry that thrills through the mother's nerves as does a spark of electricity along the charged wire.

"How pale he looks, Mrs. Pease!" she continues "O, what a feeble cry! Poor little thing! (Mock sympathy.) I guess he's not big for this world. Mrs. Patten's baby was taken sick the other night—just about his age, and looked very much like him."

"How is he now?" questions the mother with a trembling lip.

"Oh, he's dead," replies the caller, "died that same night." Mrs. Chaffee, evinces about as much feeling as though a defense dog was the theme of conversation.

The mother, after a strong mental effort, recovers sufficiently to say—Oh, Willie's not so very sick—only got a little cold, he coughed and played with his pa this morning. *Willie!* I got him to sleep."

Mrs. Chaffee draws a long sigh (the hypocrite), and says dejectedly, "O, disease comes on so gradually sometimes in children, that they are grasping with death even while the inexperienced mother thinks they are recovering."

Mrs. Pease feels so strangely that she don't know whether she is going to be taken from the babe, or the babe from her, and she lifts it hastily from the cradle, clutches its feet to see if they are cold,—ascertains they are not, so she takes courage again and says with more firmness, "Well, if our little Willie is very sick we shall have the best of physicians; and I trust he will not die."

And now Mrs. Chaffee goes off on another track, saying, "Well, it would be better for the poor little thing if he should die now in his infancy—he would get rid of the hardships of this troublesome world." She wishes she had died when she was of his age, (Mrs. Pease wishes so too) for she has seen nothing but trouble and sorrow since she was born.—And it is my honest conviction that she never will see anything but trouble and sorrow till she leaves off gossiping and makes an effort to be useful in society. If she is poor what right has she or any other individual to idle away his or her time and monopolize the hours of others if they are too lazy or contemptible to make themselves useful? Let them for mercy's sake stay at home and leave others alone who have a mind to employ their time usefully and profitably—the time that God has given them to provide for their own necessities and to work in his vineyard, the great world where be one's situation in life what it may there is plenty for willing hands to do.

A word of advice to you, meddlesome gossip. Could you realize what an unwelcome guest you are in every one's home,—if you have one spark of self respect remaining you will stay beneath your own roof till time the great reformer makes you better. You never will go again to anxious watchful mothers who sit beside a sick or restless babe, and detail with a relish all the harrowing scenes your memory and imagination can furnish, like a quack doctor of the modern time who enumerates all the diseases in the calendar with a view to advertise his wonderful nostrum, some all healing Panacea which can cure every one of them.

Don't call on your industrious neighbors early in the morning, or indeed at any time, consuming all the best portion of the day in detailing all the minutiae of your domestic affairs, beginning with what you had for breakfast and ending with what you intend to do next summer if your husband has his salary raised. These things only bring you into contempt among the honest and industrious, and cannot cause you enviable reflections after such unprofitable visits.

It seems to me that the tongue of a gossip is endowed with more than common capacity. I have seen them talk, talk, till my half crazed brain was all of a whirl and almost unconscious that I was created for any other purpose than to hear their everlasting talk. I knew one once,—she was a Mrs. Buzz, and O! how she did afflict my poor Aunt Jane! I have known her to drop in of a morning when the thermometer was fast sinking to zero, and stand in the door way, between my Aunt's kitchen and the entry with her hands braced on her sides, and go on with her domestic rehearsal till my little nervous Aunt in her bewilderment seized the cat and tried to put her into the fire instead of the chestnut sticks that lay beside her,—hung a pail of water on the crane instead of the good old fashioned dinner pot, and then emptied into it the pan of mealy potatoes that were designed to grace the breakfast table.

A few minutes later Aunt Jane thinking only of present relief turned the contents of the sugar bowl into the baby's lap to prevent a medley of noises and feeling regardless of consequences so that she could stop misery from one source at least. At this moment Mrs. Buzz caught a glimpse of my uncle coming around the corner of the porch with a horse whip in his hand, and as if conscious of what she deserved she vanished so quickly that a close observer could hardly tell whether she departed serially or bodily into the road. Uncle came in and giving a scrutinizing glance around the kitchen he perceived the singed cat, the scorched water pail, and the baby's cheek distended with sugar he inquired who had been there. "Mrs. Buzz," meekly answered his little wife.

Oh, wasn't it well for Mrs. Buzz that she had the presence of mind to disappear when she did, for the muscular husband when he heard the name mentioned clenched tighter the whip he held in his hand, and I do believe that if the gossip had been before him he would in his anger have forgotten that she was of the opposite sex, thinking only of the fact that Mrs. Buzz made it a regular business to commence early every morning and make all with whom she came in contact as miserable as possible. Uncle didn't say anything more, at least not aloud,—but Mrs. Slater who sat at the further window—doing the family sewing said she heard him mutter an expletive that was never fashionable among the Puritans.

Well, after all, when I come to reflect seriously I don't know but I could forgive a female gossip; but a male gossip, one who will stop his business acquaintances in the street, seize them by the button hole and pour into their unwilling ears meaningless nothings that consume their time and keep them from their duties, bah! It is my private opinion that such individuals ought to change situations in life with some of those poor beings who pine away, victims to diseases that render them incapable of benefiting their race.

And O, gossip! male or female, especially don't you go into a printing office and afflict the poor editor who toils early and late to lay before the world new truths or draw new ideas from old facts. That careworn, brain-harassed editor may carry a smiling face, for the fraternity generally are constitutionally polite; but believe me if you could read his thoughts when you are indulging in that incessant gabble and lounging about his office unemployed in anything useful you wouldn't feel flattered: so keep out of there unless you have reasonable business,—or if you do go into the office do your business promptly and pay full price for the newspaper that you extract from the pile on his table, remembering that he has to pay the paper manufacturer, his compositors, his correspondents, to say nothing of the rent of his office often an exorbitant one, and the support of his family, and—and—O! an editor's expenses and trials are too numerous to mention, so don't add to his ills by borrowing his papers and uselessly monopolizing his time.

I don't know that the editors will thank me for exposing these facts, for they are a patient race usually preferring to bear their trials in silence.

A few more words concerning Mrs. Pease and her caller, and our sketch is ended. Mrs. Chaffee stayed and talked till the *honest* nerves were so unstrung that she had no relish for work and hardly any for life, for she fancied that if little Willie recovered now he was liable to be taken at any moment with some other disease, and snatched from her with scarcely a warning. But oh! what a relief it was to her when her visitor left and she could indulge in tears freely. Half an hour later her husband opened the outer door whistling Yankee Doodle, but how quickly his time stopped and his countenance changed when he opened the door that led to his wife and babe, and how little he related this tale and remarks of this morning caller. "Is that all, Betty?" said the husband bursting

into a loud laugh, for he believed in treating gossip in a different way from what my uncle did,—and he took little Willie in his arms who seemed suddenly to recover from his fatal cold, while the young mother began to think that half of the ills of life are imaginary.

An hour afterwards the recollection of Mrs. Chaffee's call had about passed away from the Pease family; for the husband's motto always was throw care to the winds.

THE TRUE MOTHER,
Or, Fast Young Men.

"A mother is a mother all the days of her life."

Reader, did you ever realize how much meaning there is in that line of an antique song? "A mother is a mother all the days of her life." We are speaking of the true mother, whose soul clings to her offspring with all the tenacity that it adheres to its hopes of Heaven. Watch this mother as she kneels beside the cradle of her babe; see her incline her detective ear to his half closed lips, that she may catch the echo of his soft breathing, and learn if disease be stealthily approaching, and if no fall monitor be hidden there, with what looks of love towards the sleeper does she rise and remove all obstructions to his slumber.

Denying herself the pleasure of meeting with her friends, she remains by his side, and by the gentle motion of the tiny rockers, woos him to longer rest. How her heart leaps with joy when some friend, who can read the mother's soul, praises the babe, and tells of his (all imaginary) wonderful powers! Comments on his broad forehead and piercing eye, his muscular strength for one so young, and prophesies that away in the future the infant will become a vigorous man both mentally and physically. Could the innermost recesses of that mother's heart become transparent now, how you would see love towards the speaker visible in every fibre of her frame! The true mother can never hate any one who loves her child.

Most of the best years of woman's life while in the meridian of existence are devoted to her family. Sickness and sorrow are borne for them almost without a murmur. For them she toils—her duties and cares endured cheerfully, asking nothing in return save encouraging smiles from those she loves. And does she always obtain the boon she craves?

Ah! would that I could say yes, but I cannot; for here is a type of too many after childhood has passed and they no longer wish to seek maternal care. The bright eyed little Benny is of commanding figure now, smokes aromatic cigars,—has raised a glossy imperial thought of downy softness,—pays the highest prices for mint juleps and champagne,—in short he is a *fast young man*. Talks of his meek loving mother who sits lonely and late watching for his return, as the old woman who tries to be on the lookout for him now as she used to be in years gone by, and says with a swagger and an oath that she can't come it—he will go where he has a mind to and return when he pleases. Around him are a group as hopeful as himself, and together they swear and drink and smoke and tell how—we use their phrase—they pull the wool over the old women's eyes and will do as they have a mind to in spite of them.

O Benny! Oh, fast young men! did you ever see a pauper funeral or a pauper's grave? If you have I pray you may have the reflective organs large. I have seen a pauper funeral where the occupant of the half stained pine coffin grew prematurely old, and so deeply was I impressed with the scene that I inquired of one who stood near me—concerning his history. The stranger told me that the pauper was once a *fast youth*, who boasted long and loudly of his deeds of daring in lawless sports.

The sacred name of mother never passed his lips unless it was to tell his companions how he had outwitted the old woman, and made her believe that he went to church when he only went to the restaurant and partook of champagne and oysters; but deception will not last always. The bloodshot eye, the unsteady hand revealed a tale that broke the mother's heart, and then the youth quickened his speed in his downward course till white locks lay thin and scattered on the head that was once pil- lowed on a loving breast. The night winds alone had echoed his last sigh of agony, while his shrunken form lay stretched on the cold damp earth with no one to care for it—with no one to take it to its last rest save those who did it for hire and were paid from the city treasury.

Mothers! though your arduous tasks so lovingly performed do not bring gratitude from your children, shrink not from duty, for it cannot make you happier nor your child better to neglect him. Continue to use kind words to the wayward and make home attractive. It is my opinion that the sunshine of love will melt the hardest ice that ever encircled the human heart, but the length of time those flinty passions take to melt will depend very much on external influence. It is not necessary to have tapestry carpets on the floors, glittering candelabra, choice luxuries or gay society to make home pleasant. O no! begin early to let childhood enjoy itself in a childish way: don't be afraid to let empty nutshells lie here and there on your well swept carpet, nor don't sold at Jenny because you see her mutilated little favorite scattering sawdust all about where you wish to keep it so nice and clean. You love your children—your labor for them,—yes, and would die for them if need be; so don't be too neat and drive them away from home for enjoyment. Remember that life is made up of little things; therefore make home to the husband and children the pleasantest spot on earth, for when once they stray away there are enough outside who envy others' happiness and will gladly show the husband where wine can be bought cheap, or accompany the children to haunts where the sacred name of mother connected only with pure thoughts is never spoken.

This is sketch Number One on this subject; at another time we will talk this matter over again.

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