



THE COUNTESS OF EGMONT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES JANIN.

The Countess of Egmont was alone in her oratory. To have seen her thus abandoned and silent, one would have been puzzled to say whether she was sleeping or awake, whether praying or in a dream. It was certain that she was very young and very beautiful. She was the only daughter of the Marechal de Richelieu, that man who had so much wit that he was through life thought closely to resemble Voltaire, and so much happiness that he died under Louis XVI, after having been the sharer in and the witness of the glory of Louis XIV, and a partaker in the pleasures of Louis XV. By her noble mother, Madame d'Egmont, descended from the Dukes of Guise; she bore upon her escutcheon the cross of Lorraine and the golden eagles. Her father, who passionately loved her, had married her to the greatest lord of the Netherlands, Casimir-Auguste d'Egmont Piquetelli. By this marriage, the niece of the great (Cardinal de) Richelieu and of the princes of Guise had become Countess of Egmont, Princess of Cleves and of the Empire, Duchess of Guel-dres, of Juliers, of Agrigente, and Grande of Spain of the creation of the Emperor Charles V, side by side with the Duchess of Alba and of Medina-Celi; in one word, the powerful house of Egmont, descended in the right line from the sovereign dukes of Guel-dres, was all concentrated in Mademoiselle de Richelieu.

Since her marriage with the old Count, the young wife, who at first had been playful and lively, gradually became dull and weary; she who had lately been so proud of the great dignities of Guise and Lorraine, seemed about to forget that she was so young, so beautiful, and so highly placed. The Hotel de Richelieu, which she inhabited with her husband, formerly so brilliant and so full of life, had become as silent and grave as if it were still occupied by the Cardinal-Minister. In short, it was rather the calm and dumb house of the seven-teenth century than the palace of a favorite of Louis XV, where dwelt the most beautiful women in the world, at that ardent epoch of temptation, sophistry, love and pleasure. Devoiced by ennui, Madame d'Egmont occupied the most retired part of her mansion.

Occasionally when Madame d'Egmont wished to be alone every one respected her retreat; her father himself, the frivolous Richelieu, appeared rarely before his daughter in her hours of silence; he waited until the Countess, restored to herself, had become what she was in the saloons and at court, a woman full of grace and wit, whose smile, voice, look and regal gesture charmed all minds and hearts. For a time, the Countess was a woman of the world; she was proud, animated and beautiful, and careless of all those innovations which that age, from the force of independence and cynicism of spirit, saw introduced every day into manners and laws. This young woman, from her intelligence, her spirit, her perfect grace, and that rare elegance of manner which was then beginning to pass away, but of which she had lost nothing, belonged rather to the society of the past than of the present, to the time of Louis XIV, the Great King, than to that of Louis XV; more to the day of Madame de Maintenon, who was dead, than to that of Madame de Pompadour, who was living. She was a woman above that all-sensual epoch, the intelligence of which was material; she was the only thoughtful woman of those times. More than once, even at the time of her greatest joy, she had suddenly fallen into the profoundest reverie; her blue eye became fixed, and her smile was directed to that formless world which is the future of tender souls. They said, when she was seen thus silent and attentive, that she conversed with an invisible spirit. Poor young woman; so much the more to be pitied that she lived in a mocking and sceptical age, always ready to laugh and to doubt!—poor woman, who, in a period of foolish joys and serious pleasures, and of obscene poetry, could hope to be understood by no one,—she, who was a woman, who loved, who suffered, who was a poet, and who confined her poetry, her love, and her suffering in her heart.

As we have said, Madame d'Egmont was alone in her oratory, when M. le Marechal de Richelieu entered. He came in so quietly, or rather she was plunged so profoundly in her meditations, that his coming was not perceived. The old courtier, whom nothing could astonish, stooped indelicately; he was about to retire, when, suddenly, the Countess, starting from her reverie, raised her head, and looked at her father as if she had been aroused from sleep. She was frightfully pale, her eye was insensible and her mouth closed, and her hands were horribly contracted. Another man, less happy than the Marechal de Richelieu, on seeing that distorted face, that forehead covered with clouds, and that horrible palor, would have understood that she was wounded at the heart; but what comprehension of moral maladies could be formed by the Duc de Richelieu?

The Countess soon recovered from her fright; her brows became clear; the color returned to her cheeks; her lips moved and became covered with smiles; she presented both her hands to her father, and her father believed that his entrance had only aroused her from sleep.

When M. de Richelieu had looked at his daughter, when he had regarded her with as much love as it was in his nature to find in the heart of one who had been the courtier and the favorite of the two kings of France most difficult to flatter,—when he had recovered from his first surprise, and found his daughter herself,—engaging, docile, submissive, and full of deference and respect—

"You will be much surprised at the cause of my visit," he said to her; "and I swear to you, my child, that if it were any other person than yourself,—if you had not in your veins the blood of Richelieu and Lorraine,—I should have hesitated before naming this demand I am about to make of you."

Thus spoke the Marechal; his daughter regarded him with an astonished air; but without alarm, as a woman who was taken by surprise, but whom nothing further could interest in this world, and who is ready for all things, the extraordinary as well as others.

The Marechal, having waited in vain for a reply, resumed the conversation.

"You have often heard me speak, my child, of an old gentleman, whom I formerly knew in the army, called the Vidame de Poitiers. You know that he was my friend, to whom I have been under obligation; that he saved my life, since which time I have not seen him. All that is said of him is strange. It is now more than twenty years (you were not then born, my child) since my old comrade retired to a house in the Marais, an old and mysterious place, upon my word. Nothing is heard there during the day, nor is there any light to be seen during the night. If any one knocks at the door, it remains unopened. The windows are fastened, the walls are silent; even the smoke is so discreet as to hide itself; no one knows anything about it. Neither the king, nor the lieutenant of police, nor myself, nor indeed any one can ascertain what passes in that house. They tell a thousand tales about it, but they are but tales. Finally, after twenty years of silence, my old friend the Vidame de Poitiers rouses himself, and writes to me. What he asks of me, my child, be pleased to imagine."

"Me, my father?" said the Countess, a little surprised.

"Even you, my daughter! Listen," said the Marechal, "hear the Vidame's letter:

"I am about to die, but before my death it is necessary that I should speak with Mademoiselle de Richelieu,—I would say, with Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont. Place at her feet the last wishes, and, if it shall be necessary, the last words, of an old man. Adieu!"

The Countess of Egmont was confounded; not that the idea of going to see an old man caused her any fear; but she was seized with a secret presentiment. At first, she wished to treat it as the fantastic pleasantry of the man who made the demand; but what was her astonishment when she heard her father—he who laughed at every thing, and who scarcely had a moment's gravity—positively declare that she must keep the rendezvous of the Vidame de Poitiers.

"He is of a noble and illustrious race," said the Marechal; "he was an old friend of your mother, he is my companion in arms, who saved my life, he is one of ourselves, and he is an old man who is dying alone; it shall not be said that he implored my charity and pity in vain. Certes, it touches me to see this man make choice of you, my daughter, on account of your fame, to receive his last confession. Be, then, worthy of yourself, and of me; go; the Vidame de Poitiers expects you."

"Go!" cried the Countess, "go this evening, immediately; what are you thinking of, my father?"

"Yes, my daughter, go immediately, at this moment—I wish it,—I order it,—or, rather it is the dying who commands you!"

"At last," said the Countess, who became more and more frightened every instant,—at least, Monsieur, I must obtain the permission of M. le Comte d'Egmont."

"I am not opposed to that," said the Marechal. And he retired, making a profound bow to his daughter.

III.

Madame d'Egmont, left alone, found herself in a fearful state of mind. The mere idea of penetrating into that ancient house of the old Vidame de Poitiers, that evening, appeared horrible to her. All that she had heard of him; and of the mystery in which he was enveloped, rushed upon her memory. Some said that he was shut up for a crime, others from despair; others, again, and these were the hardier spirits, declared that it was not the Vidame who dwelt within those silent walls, but that his soul, and the souls of his servants, there awaiting the eternal resurrection. What could he desire of her? What could there be in common between her and him? and what could she be to him, or he to her?

"My God! My God!" she said, wringing her hands; and this young woman, so proud and so noble, and who had never known fear,—that soul, half Guise and half Richelieu, half from the League and half from the Fronde,—this woman, who had known how to conceal and suppress the sickness that was preying on her heart, which no one had suspected,—now trembled, and would not obey her father,—in one word, she avowed it to herself, and if some one had been there, she would have spoken it aloud,—she was terror-struck.

So afraid was she, that she resolved to go immediately in search of her old husband, the Comte Casimir-Auguste d'Egmont Piquetelli.

The Comte d'Egmont was not born to be the husband of his wife. He was; it is true, a gentleman of pure lineage, a man of princely origin,—but that was all. In the eighteenth century, so stirring a period, nobility alone suffered. Already, on every side, gentlemen were revolting against their escutcheons, which they voluntarily erased from their parchments in order to transcribe there books of philosophy (and they so well erased them, that ever since it has been impossible to find a single word upon these disfigured parchments); on all sides the nobles mingled with the people, as if they had always belonged to them; everywhere there fermented that spirit of sarcasm and of irony which broke through all barriers; gradually had vanity displaced and chased away from its limits, that old aristocratic feeling which said to the philosophy of the age: *The first place to you, madame!* (a heresy that cost the nobility dear). M. d'Egmont was of that small number of prudent men who would not give up an inch of ground to the triumphant revolution, and who hindered none from passing beyond it; but this prudence would have been nothing in the eyes of his young and spiritual companion, if M. d'Egmont had not been the most obstinate, the most ceremonious, and the most dis-

some gentleman of his time. Thus, when M. d'Egmont saw the Countess enter his library, with a resolute step, he remained silent and composed: it was the first time that his wife had honored him with such a favor. He was then occupied with turning over the leaves of his sections of Papal briefs, and his collections of bulls; he was plunged into his dissertations on the Decretals and the histories of Councils; but, at the sight of the Countess, he forgot all the Councils, Decretals, briefs, and collections of bulls; he rose, he went straight to her, and taking her by the hand, he vainly sought for a fauteuil where she might sit.

But there were no chairs with backs in the library of the Comte d'Egmont.

The Count, who held the hand of his wife, rung his bell with great force, and soon all the doors were thrown open. At the same moment, and as if he perceived he had no gloves on, he passed his hand under his coat, and Madame d'Egmont, thus supported by her husband, traversed all the rooms of the hotel until they arrived at the steps of the dias. There, M. d'Egmont established his wife on the fauteuil, and seated himself on the second step, his place as Chancellor of Cleves, or as Major-Domo of Saragossa the Royal.

Thus alone the Countess could speak with her husband. She first told him of the strange order she had received from M. de Richelieu to go that night to the house of the Vidame de Poitiers, who was dying; that she did not wish to go there, or at least, that night; or at any rate that she was averse to going there alone. She said all that she could say, the poor afflicted lady; and she spoke long with that charming voice and suppliant expression, with her cheek covered with tears, and with all that terror she felt in her soul; but it was in vain. The Comte d'Egmont listened with as much sang froid as if he were reading a Decretal, or an explanation of a Council; he could not in truth understand, he said, why M. de Richelieu, his father-in-law, should wish the Countess to visit the house of the Vidame de Poitiers; but that, since such was the Marechal's order, it must be obeyed; that for himself, he would do nothing, and that he was much afflicted to see Madame d'Egmont suffer. He finished by rising from his seat, and placing his unglued hand under his coat. He reconducted his wife to her apartments, and after placing his Decretals and Councils in order, he went out to keep an engagement with M. le Prince de Conde.

Left to herself, the Comtesse d'Egmont saw that she had no other course than to obey her father and her husband.

IV.

When the gentleman-in-waiting of Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont had said to her coachman: *To the Marais, the house of the Vidame de Poitiers*,—the coachman, instead of setting out, remained astonished on the seat of his coach. *The Vidame de Poitiers*!—it was the first time he had heard such a being spoken of. Such were ordinarily the habits of that house, and the order of the visits of the Comtesse, that there was not one of her servants who did not know the name of the person she was to call on, according to the day and the hour of her going out. Nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, he decided on whipping up his horses and venturing into the Marais.

The heavens since morning had been covered with clouds, which now broke forth in a terrible tempest, the rain falling in torrents, the streets being flooded, the lightning flashing vividly, and the city deserted; for it is with the Parisians as with those insects which, in the fine coming of summer, joyously disport themselves in a transparent ray of the sun: at the coming of the first cloud, disappear both insect and Parisians. The coachman of Madame d'Egmont had soon gone over the distance that separated the Hotel de Richelieu from the Marais.

But, arrived in the Marais, the coachman knew not what further to do. Where was the hotel of the Vidame de Poitiers? When its position should be ascertained how was he to find it amid such a storm? The carriage in this uncertainty went to and fro, the horses prancing, frightened by the lightning; no one was to be seen. Finally, the carriage stopped opposite a certain darkened cabaret, the sign of which floated backward and forward in the wind with a sort of melancholy cry. The footman knocked at the door of the cabaret.

The door was soon opened, and from the bottom of her carriage the Countess could perceive the interior of that miserable habitation. All that misery the most hideous could accumulate was to be found in that narrow space; tables stained with liquor, damaged stools, a half extinguished fire, broken pots and dirty glasses, and a ragged carpet covered with the lees of wine! Certes, it was a curious contrast: the brilliant carriage of the Comtesse d'Egmont, her four mettlesome horses, her footmen and her heydruchs, the light of the flambeaux borne by two horsemen who wore her livery and her colors, and that smoky and wretched cabin; here, silk, velvet, and gold and armorial bearings; there, rags, and the smoke-covered walls for tapestry; in the carriage, the most beautiful, the youngest, and the most elegant woman of the court of France; in the cabaret, a hideous old woman in rags, decrepit and deaf, who waited on customers by the light of an infected lamp.

The old woman, seeing her door briskly opened, had hastened to it, and was standing on the threshold with an air of discontent and bad humor. The lackey of Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont, who was proud as a gentleman, for to wear her livery was no derogation, spoke warmly to the old woman:

"Tell me, woman, where we can find the hotel of the Vidame de Poitiers."

But the old woman looked at him without replying.

"I ask you," said he, raising his voice and gesticulating, "for the residence of the Vidame de Poitiers."

But she made him no answer; her looks were directed towards the beautiful woman who sat in the carriage, and she seemed to be unable to withdraw her eyes from her.

The people of Madame d'Egmont would cer-

tainly have lost patience with the sang-froid of the old woman, had not their mistress interfered. Madame d'Egmont, who was in haste to perform her mission, put her head out of the window as if to speak with her; but, at the same instant the thunder roared less loud, the moon showed herself anew, the wind, which had calmed a little, raged again, and the sign of the cabaret turned more quickly than ever on its hinges, uttering plaintive sounds.

The young Comtesse, without being moved, allowed the storm to pass; and, when her veil had been replaced and her beautiful looks had resumed their natural appearance, she addressed the old woman, speaking to her with a voice so sweet and a tone so touching, and with a look so full of benevolence, that the latter answered her question immediately, blunt as she was.

"You wish for the Vidame de Poitiers?"

"The Vidame de Poitiers," replied the Countess; and, at the same instant, she was struck with the change which had come on the features of the old woman.

In fact, there was an air of profound terror spread over that ordinary impressive visage. At the name of the Vidame de Poitiers, her dull eyes became re-animated and her figure elevated, her old hands contracted, as did her toothless and unsmiling mouth. In a low tone she said to herself: *The Vidame de Poitiers!* And, still standing in the light of the torches, her clothes agitated by the storm, she might, at a distance, have been mistaken for an immense interrogation point. She continued to repeat the question: *The Vidame de Poitiers!*

Approaching nearer to the carriage, she put her head into the window, and said in an under tone to the Countess:

"You spoke to me of the Vidame de Poitiers? You did well, noble lady; he is our neighbor. He has been long dead. Listen: It is eighteen years come Christmas night. Eighteen years! You could scarcely have been born then. Since that time his house has been closed and silent,—nothing is heard there, nothing seen. Sometimes, for a minute, they chant there the service for the dead, but very low, very low, so that I, who am deaf, can hardly hear it,—very low, very low. Oh, the old renegade! they say that he was all covered with blood; and recollect that he did not a single charitable action, that he died without a priest, and that he was not buried in consecrated ground!"

"You wish to go to the Vidame!" They say that he gave his house to the first person who should dare to enter it; and for eighteen years no person has entered it, neither rich nor poor, neither heirs nor mendicants, neither thieves nor vagabonds, neither lovers nor any others, except the owl! Do not go to the Vidame's to-night—do not go there at all! What want you of the Vidame? What misfortune are you in search of? What has made you so bold,—you, that are so young and fair,—that you go to a place to which I should not wish to go,—I, who am so miserable and old? What say you? Will you order it? Answer me!"

The Countess, who trembled, replied to the old woman:

"It is the order of my father and of my husband and I must go to the house of the Vidame de Poitiers this night."

The old woman was silent, and appeared to reflect; then, without quitting her post, she said to the coachman:

"You will go right around, then turn to the left then to the left, then again to the left, and always to the left. I will tell you when it is time to stop."

And again the carriage started. It must have been an odd thing, the sight of that old woman in the place of a laced page, her white locks floating, all stiff and strait, and her hideous rags touching the panels of the carriage charged with the cross of Guise, the helmet of Richelieu, and the sword of Egmont.

At last, the carriage stopped before an immense porte cochere. Both leaves of the gates were thrown open, and the horses entered the court.

The old woman, who had not left her place, opened the door of the carriage threw down its steps, and extended her decayed arm and livid hand to the Countess, who, pale and trembling, descended to the steps of the hotel, which were covered with a carpet charged with flowers.

Then began for the Countess the spectacle of which I am about to give an account.

V.

The Hotel de Lusignan (thus was the house of the Vidame called) was as brilliant within as it was sombre and sad without. Never had the ancient fairy protectress of that noble family, now extinct, inhabited a more splendid palace, or given a more magnificent fete. Hardly had the young Countess put her foot on the steps of the palace, than sweet music was heard; a gentleman presented himself, who offered her his hand; the Queen of France would not have been received with more marks of homage and respect. The vestibule was ornamented with flowers, carpets of silk and gold covered the stairs, which were filled with statues; immense lustres filled with candles were suspended from the roof; the ante-chambers were crowded with servants in rich liveries, standing ranged in files, who bowed to her as she passed along. She traversed thus several saloons worthy of the palace of Versailles, the one full of pictures, another filled with gothic furniture, and a third furnished after the Chinese manner. All had a brilliancy, a pomp, and an air of mirth and mystery, which quietly recalled these isolated houses, inhabited by indefatigable and invisible geni, that occur so often in the Arabian Nights.

But that which renders this confusion more striking is, that when they had arrived in the last saloon, the gentleman who escorted the Countess, introduced her into a long and vast gallery, which had all the appearance of a winter garden. He then profoundly saluted her, and retired. Madame d'Egmont, whose curiosity had been aroused not less than her fears, wished to see the termination of this adventure. She advanced alone and at hazard into that forest of green myrtles, of rose bushes covered with buds and orange-trees in bloom.

Green turf was under her feet, a mild light shone among the trees, and every thing appeared like a beautiful day in summer. The Countess arrived before a sort of rural cabin, or peasant's cottage, with every thing around it that belongs to such a dwelling. She entered it; the interior agreed with the outside: the walls were plastered with quick lime, and ornamented with three or four colored engravings. On a large table, which stood in the midst of this cabin, were to be seen several earthen pots and plates. There was also in this chamber, or rather in this stable, four or five Flemish cows, very beautiful, which were eating together at a rack. All of them lapped the hands of the Countess, and looked kindly at her, as she entered. The lady believed that she dreamed.

Finally, what was it that she saw at the bottom of the table? She saw a shepherd's bed, which was without curtains, covered with woolen cloth and unbleached sheets; and in that bed was an old man in his night-cap, who slept profoundly. It was the Vidame de Poitiers.

You can judge of the embarrassment of this young woman; so many sudden emotions had assailed her that day!—her father, her husband, that old hag, that palace so sombre outwardly, and within so brilliant and luxurious that it astonished her, who had been brought up in the luxurious home of the Cardinal de Richelieu; and then that garden in winter, that cottage, that stable and those cows and the crib; and in that shepherd's bed, the sleeping man, the man who had sent for her, the daughter of the Marechal de Richelieu, the Countess of Egmont, and one of the greatest ladies of Europe! She was not sorry, then, to wait the waking of the last of the Lusignans, so that she might have time to recall her thoughts. She seated herself on a straw chair, and supporting her elbow on the table, waited quietly.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the Vidame de Poitiers awoke.

VI.

The first glance of the Vidame de Poitiers, when he awoke, was at Madame d'Egmont. He saw her so fair, of a beauty so touching, and of a paleness so full of expression and so ready for any thing, although she could possess nothing; she was so young, and yet so mortal, that he recognized her at once, though he had never before seen her. On her part, she was astonished at the sight of this old man, who appeared as if he had been recalled from the dead for the purpose of saluting for the first and last time, one whom he loved. His head was beautiful. Lying as he did in those unbleached sheets, and wrapped as his body was in a fragment of green serge, in the midst of that cabin, and between two heifers which served as his nurses, it was still easy to see that there was in that straw, and in that bed, some noble remains of the family of Lusignan.

The first look assured the young countess that she had nothing to fear, and her heart was perfectly at ease.

The old man, rallying all his powers, rose in his bed.

"Madame la Comtesse," he said, in a low, but clear and calm voice, "I must begin by asking your pardon for having caused you to come here, and for having employed for that purpose the authority I have with your father. But I am dying, as you see; had I waited longer, I should have been dead; and I would not die without seeing you, as I can swear by one who was dear to us both."

At these words the Countess, who had become somewhat reassured, became once more pale and trembling; she immediately understood that there was an invisible tie between herself and this man. She cast down her eyes, and placed her hand on her heart, as if to prevent it from breaking. The Vidame continued his discourse.

"Was he not young and handsome, Madame," said he, "and did he not love you with his whole soul, and did not you, at the bottom of your heart, also love him?"

Here he stopped, either to take breath, or because he waited for the reply of the Countess; but she answered not, and he resumed in these terms:

"Madame, Madame, I have no time to lose; I know that I must die; it is necessary that I should have done with you, Madame. Therefore, pardon me, and take courage, and have mercy both on yourself and on me!"

She raised her head, threw back her hair, and fixed her supplicating eyes on the Vidame.

"My God! my God!" she said, "where is he, Monseigneur, pray, and what is about to happen to him?"

The poor lady was so excited that she did not perceive that she had let her secret escape her.

The Vidame gave her look for look, and pity for pity; and then, lowering his voice, he said to her, in a tone so low that she alone could hear him:

"He is dead!"

The Countess, shrieking, started from her seat.

"What do you say?" she demanded; "who is dead? Can it be that he is dead?"

At the same time she extended her hands towards the old man, who seized them.

"Yes," said he, "he is dead—and it is well that he is dead. There is no longer a Comte de Gisors, Madame, to love you here below. He is dead. And how, I ask you, could it have been otherwise? He saw you, he loved you, he dreamed of the happiness of being near you, and your father laughingly gave you to another,—and that other! Poor and noble young man! Thus despoiled of all happiness, thus deprived of all hope, thus isolated in the world, thus removed far from you, he departed, to die in a skirmish,—and I, who loved him so well, I remain, Madame, to tell you that which you must have divined for yourself; the young Comte de Gisors died for the daughter of Marechal de Richelieu."

When the old man had ceased to speak, the Countess fell back in her chair, and gave way to her grief. But, fortunately, for her, her tears, so long constrained, now flowed. She abandoned herself, as she had long wished, to that sorrow which she had held in secret. That sorrow broke out at last! The aged man, who seemed to have resumed his repose, left her to weep as long as she wished.

At last, he resumed, and in a voice so solemn that she was forced to attend to him. "Yes," he said, "he was a noble youth, of the highest heart and the greatest courage, and Madame, he loved you well! Here is a letter which he wrote to me on the night before his death:— "Love her, and speak to her of me who have loved her! Tell her that I loved her in death! Return to her that which I have of hers: that ribbon, which she lost at a ball at Versailles; that flower, which she carried; and that handkerchief, embroidered with the arms of her house. Behold all I have of hers. And pray for her, for the love of me, to watch over my young brother. He will feel my loss on earth. He will mourn for me with all his heart. He is an innocent; honest young man, without family, without fortune, without relatives; having only his sword, and destitute even of a name! But she will take care of him; she is so good! She will replace for the younger brother the elder, who is no more. Tell her that I have pledged my faith to this. And now the enemy cometh: I am about to die. Adieu, my old friend, —adieu, adieu, adieu!"

And at the same moment the letter of the unfortunate Comte de Gisors fell from the trembling hands of the reader.

The Countess of Egmont no longer wept, she listened.

The Vidame, seeing her thus attentive, collected all those powers which seemed about to leave him forever. "Hear me," he said. "The Comte de Gisors, that unfortunate youth who died for you, had a brother, a brother who was not the son of the Comte's father, but who is my son,—a son who is lost, deluded, without a family, nameless,—but still my child. This young man is called M. de Guys. He is now a private soldier of the French Guards. The Comte de Gisors was his support, was to him as a father. M. de Guys alone in the world; Gisors is dead, and I am about to die. Will you accept the Comte's legacy? Will you take his brother to your mercy? Will you, a noble young woman of twenty years, be a mother to this young soldier of twenty-five? Will you be the tutelary angel of this nameless child? Oh, say that you will! In the name of M. Gisors, who died in battle for you, say so; and also in the name of the old man who implores you, the old Lusignan, who supplicates you, oh, noble lady, to aid him in repairing his fault! Say that you consent, say it, and I shall die in peace; say it, and I will bear the news to the Comte de Gisors! In the name of mercy, charity and love, say, Madame, that you will do what I ask!"

The young Countess replied: "I accept the legacy of the Comte de Gisors."

The old man said: "And you will also accept the legacy of old Lusignan?"

She answered: "And also the legacy of old Lusignan."

Then the Vidame took from under his pillow a small casket, embossed in gold, and of rich and beautiful workmanship.

"This," he said, "contains all the fortune that I can give to M. de Guys, to my son, to the brother of the Comte de Gisors; will you convey it to him?"

The Countess took the casket in silence. And will you promise me, Madame, that when I shall be no more, to give it to M. de Guys, with your own hand, without telling him from whence it came; will you promise that this young man shall see you,—for it is necessary that he should see you, even if it be but for one moment? For, if you cannot see him, take this casket and throw it to the first beggar whom you shall pass on the highway. But you will promise me to convey it to him yourself, will you not, Madame?"

The old man seized her right hand, which he pressed to his head and his heart. With the same white hand which he bore to his dying lips, he made the sign of the cross. The countess withdrew her hand. The last of the Lusignans was dead.

When the lady came to her recollection, she found herself in her carriage, with the precious casket by her side. The old woman who had guided her to the Hotel de Lusignan, requested her, in a supplicating voice, to have her put down at her poor abode.

The Countess took the old woman to her house, and, in descending from the carriage, the aged creature, joining her hands, said: "May the saints of paradise pray for her!"

VI.

The Countess d'Egmont passed an agitated night. How could she give the casket to the young man? How speak to him? What should she say to him? After reflection, she resolved to confide to the curate of Saint Jean-en-Grève, who was her confessor, all that she could make known of this history, so that she might have a witness of her interview with the soldier of the French Guards, or at least give her good counsel.

All the night was passed amid a thousand projects, inquietudes, and terrors. Now she saw the young Comte de Gisors all covered with blood, who turned towards her his last look. Then appeared the old Vidame de Poitiers, who reminded her of her solemn oath. Again, the uniform of a young French Guardsman would appear between the shrouds of M. de Gisors and the Vidame de Poitiers. It was a night of fear, of remorse, of slandering, and of incredible trances, a veritable nightmare. One time it seemed as if she had been seized by an icy cold hand. At the contact of that hand, she started up. This time she did not dream.

Three women all in black—long black robes with interminable trains, long black veils, and great black cloaks, so that it was impossible to see their faces—stood by the bedside of the Countess. So many things had happened during the last twenty-four hours that she had forgotten that she was that morning to assist at the obsequies of the Queen of Portugal, who was said to have died of poison, as they said of all royal deaths. These three ladies came after Madame d'Egmont, to conduct her to Notre-Dame. They were Madame la Duchesse de Mazarine, Madame la Comtesse de Tesse, and Madame la Duchesse de Brissac. You can judge if the Countess, beholding these old and austere dames all robed in black, who had suddenly roused her from her slumbers, was not seized with fear and trembling!

The women of Madame d'Egmont, however, now entered her chamber. She was taken from her bed, dressed in mourning, and set out for Notre-Dame in company with her visitors. That day the whole Church of Notre-Dame was hung in black. Mesdames, the daughters of the King of France, assisted in person at the obsequies of the Queen of Portugal, Her Most Faithful Majesty. All the great ladies of the court had been invited to participate in the lugubrious ceremony. The mourning was led by Madame Louise de France. Madame d'Egmont, in her quality of Grandee of Spain, served as lady of honor to the Princess, and bore the train of her mantle, or rather the head of the veil which covered her whole person, and which trailed the length of fourteen ells, when, on entering the sanctuary, Madame d'Egmont fell at the end of it. As to Madame d'Egmont's veil, that was only the length of thirty-six royal feet; neither more nor less, according to usage

and the rules of etiquette of the Louvre. A woman equally veiled, bore the end of the veil of Madame d'Egmont.

Strange thing! That third veiled woman had been for a brief period sovereign mistress of the court of France where now she could appear only on days of mourning, and then solely by the grace of the king, and by favor of the craze that shrouded her. That woman, all black and bent, had given to the eighteenth century the signal for pleasure and wanton love. She had led the dance on the holy ruins of the seventeenth century; she had replaced Madame de Maintenon; she had dared to be queen and wanton, the first in France to be so, to lead the life of a great lady and a courtesan. That woman had been the object of the most chaste and innocent affection of the Regent Orleans; that woman was Marie de Parabere, who, once so flattered, so loved, so envied, was now too happy to bear the veil of Madame d'Egmont!

Thus Madame d'Egmont found herself placed between Madame Louise de France and Madame de Parabere. The one had passed her life in the Christian virtues, which she had found under the druggot of a Grey Sister; the other had devoted her existence to lawless pleasures. The one by her belief was fifty years at least behind her age, and the other had been twenty years in advance of Madame de Pompadour. The eighteenth century in fact, is represented neither by the virtue of the Grey sister nor by the profligacy of the courtesan. That century, in its most pure and amiable acceptation, is seen in Madame d'Egmont, that young woman who loves, who is loved, who sacrifices herself to her birth, who weeps for a lover in silence, and who walks with even step between virtue and vice, lady of honor to the one, and having her train bearer in the other.

The service for the dead soon commenced. As they felt little for the queen, who was dead, and as this was one of those official mournings that drew forth none of those tears that flowed so readily when Bossuet was in the pulpit, and all delivered themselves up to the paradoxes of a genius that moved both court and city, the funeral ceremonies of the Queen of Portugal resembled most courtly funerals. The great object of all those women in deep mourning was to see after absolute, Madame d'Egmont pass before the catafalque, and there make one of those reverences, so full of grace, which were so much admired in the chapel of Versailles. And in fact, among the women who had preserved the secret of that charming reverence, a la Fontange, which is lost with so many other inferiorities not less to be regretted, the Court of Louis XV assigned the palm to Madame d'Egmont.

All the court, then was impatient to see Madame d'Egmont salute the catafalque, and already she had advanced under the mortuary dais. Her step was so elegant, her figure so charming, and her whole appearance so fair and admirable, that under the deepest veils all would have recognized her. All at once, and at the very moment when she was about to salute the coffin, at the very moment when all eyes were turned upon her, she stopped in the middle of the choir. It seemed as if an invisible force had rooted her to the place, motionless as marble. It was an instant of great terror in that church, which had been filled solely for the purposes of a vain ceremonial. For a time all things were suspended even the chanting of the priests. The silence was terrible. They could not see the visage of the Countess, but from the fright which her whole person exhibited they could easily divine the palor of her face. Nevertheless, every one remained motionless, watching for what was to come.

The most astonished of that crowd of courtiers and great ladies, were four French Guards who had been placed at the four corners of the funeral canopy. These young men, dressed in rich uniforms, and supporting arms, held the places of four tapers of honor, and no more attention was paid to them than if they had been four columns of the catafalque. The courtiers of Versailles lived among and saw only themselves; how could they pay any attention to four guardsmen standing as sentinels? Some old ladies had had their attention attracted to a young soldier who stood first to the right, motionless, for he was a beautiful youth: hardly eighteen years, tall and slender in figure, with large and melancholy black eyes, and a pale and thoughtful face, he was from all appearance a gentleman; and, undoubtedly, it was a strange freak of fortune that had made him a simple soldier of the Guard. But these observations had been made by few persons, if by any, and now, at this solemn moment, the hesitation of Madame d'Egmont, as she stood arrested in the middle of the choir by an unseen power, attracted all the interest and attention, at least all the curiosity, of that assembly, called together by the etiquette of mourning.

It was, nevertheless, that same young man, that simple soldier, that living statue, placed by chance as one of the necessary ornaments of the cenotaph; it was him, motionless as he was, and with fixed and grave look, as if obeying orders, who first perceived that this veiled woman who stood immovable before him, trembled, that she was about to fall and that perhaps she would be injured by the pavement of the church. Then he forgot his orders and precipitated himself towards her. Good heavens! it was time: the Countess of Egmont fell senseless into his arms.

VII.

In a painter's atelier in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in the fourth story, two young men were seated: the one, young, lively, and laughing, was employed in putting the last touches to one of those charming portraits which made the fortune of the painter of the eighteenth century, remarkable for its Flemish tints, which have lost none of their vivacity and coloring even to this day. The young artist was called Greuse. The young soldier who was with him appeared to be plunged in a profound melancholy, which made a grand contrast with his dress, which was the uniform of a soldier of the Guard. Greuse worked on, from time to time turning his looks from his picture to his friend.

At last, seeing that the soldier was bent on maintaining silence:

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, "and whence comes that brow of care? What great misfortune has fallen upon you, my friend, that you are so sad and dejected, you whom I have known as a child of joy and pleasure?"

"Alas!" replied M. de Guys, "for it was him,— "Alas! Most unfortunate is he who has no other parents than pleasure and joy. They make an unfaithful family. You know well that I have never known any other; and now my relatives, joy and pleasure, have abandoned me, though why, I cannot tell. They have left me, and I am more sad, more orphaned than ever before."

And as he was in a confidential mood, M. de Guys recounted to his friend how, formerly an invisible protector had watched over him, prodigal of gold for his worst follies, and coming to his assistance on the most difficult occasions; and how all at once, this protection had been withdrawn from him, and he found himself in the condition of a child abandoned to the public mercy. Greuse listened to these confidential communications of his friend with the incredulous smile of a man who has never had an invisible protector, who has always protected himself, and who has no belief in people

that do good in secret. Thus, gradually, the conversation between the two friends gave way to a profound silence.—Greuse resumed his labors, and M. de Guys became more thoughtful than ever.

All at once an aged woman entered the painter's atelier.

"I come," said she, "to pray your lordship to paint my portrait. I shall you see be easily recognized."

At these words, Greuse, the painter of women, and of the youngest and most beautiful of women.—Greuse, who loved so well long and silken locks, purple and pouting lips, large blue and humid eyes, who made so handsome and laughing, and so brilliant, the women of the eighteenth century.—Greuse, seeing this wrinkled and bleached woman, all withered and bowed down, who wished that he should paint her! could not help bursting into loud laughter.

"Look there, my friend," he said to the young soldier,— "look there, upon that old sorceress. Do you wish to have a good adventure to tell M. de Guys? The occasion is fine, and such another you will not have in a life time."

At this the artist gave way once more to his wanton mirth.

The old woman, without being in the least disconcerted, said to Greuse:

"And will you paint my portrait if I will tell him of a good adventure?"

And she extended her dry and fleshless hand towards the handsome soldier, with a solemn air.

"Yes," answered Greuse, "yes, old lady, I will paint your portrait, all tawny, hairy, and was as it will be, if you will tell him of a fortunate adventure."

And Greuse, charmed with the idea, rose from his seat, and took M. de Guys by the arm.

"Come then," said he, "and learn the secret of your destiny."

And he drew him up by the arm.

"Take care," said the old woman to Greuse, "take care of that diseased arm! That young man was wounded the other day."

"How! wounded!" said Greuse; "you injured and yet tell me not of it!"

"Oh!" resumed the old woman, "he was not wounded by the blow of a sword, which he would have forgotten in a day; it was a more profound injury, and one which went to the heart, was it not Monsieur de Guys?"

At these words the young soldier roused himself suddenly from his stupor:

"What would you say?" he cried, "and how know you that I was struck to the heart! Who was she? I held her, all black, and all hidden under veil, and I saw her not! Ah! you are right in saying that I was struck to the heart."

Then the old woman, leading him to a corner of the room:

"You must," she said, "when night falls, to-morrow, come to the Marais, at the corner of the house of the Vidame de Poitiers, and there await our orders."

M. de Guys was thunder-struck.

The old woman turning to Greuse, who understood nothing of this strange scene:

"Monsieur," said she, "I hope that now you will not refuse to paint my portrait!"

And she departed, as proud and as ragged as she was when she entered.

When she was gone, Greuse looked at his friend, and saw that it was not necessary to ask his secret.

VIII.

Let us return to Madame d'Egmont. We left her in a most unfortunate state. This, then, was the brother of the man whom she had loved! She had found in the sentinel at the catafalque that noble M. de Gisors who had died for her!—for between the brothers the resemblance was striking; she had found him beautiful and young. M. de Guys, so to speak, was the reflection of M. de Gisors. She had seen the young man whom she had taken charge, who was to be her pupil. She called to mind the oath she had taken to the Vidame de Poitiers on his death-bed. She had promised to the dying man to see M. de Guys herself, to speak to him herself, to place in his hands, with her own, that fortune of which she was the depositary. But how to see him, where to see him, how to speak with him? How should she keep her oath? Oh, Gisors, Gisors!

But, as she was a proud and noble woman, mistress of herself when she was not too much taken by surprise, the Countess, resuming her first grief, sent the old woman in search of M. de Guys; and as she wished not to be known to that young man, nor ever to see him again, she caused him to be conducted by her messenger to her poor cabaret. There, seated on a miserable chair, her elbow supported on an oaken table, M. de Guys, the guardsman, found himself in the presence of Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont.

You must picture for yourself the astonishment and respectful admiration of the young man, and how he found her fair, noble, and worthy of all respect.—I shall not. When she saw him, Madame d'Egmont raised her head, and, with the greatest simplicity, but also with the greatest calmness, she spoke thus, the youth standing upright, and in an attitude of the deepest respect:

"Monsieur," she said, "a person who need not be named, and who is dead, requested me to be the executor of his will. I could not refuse the office. Behold in this casket a fortune which I was to place in your hands with my own. The wish of the testator was that you should be wise and fortunate. He knew that it was not necessary to wish that you should be honest and brave. And, now that my office is fulfilled, and if you believe me to deserve some recompense, I pray of you to forget that you ever saw me."

She rose to depart.

She went out. The door closed upon her. M. de Guys remained motionless, lost, and asking of himself if he were not in a dream.

The sound of a carriage departing roused him from his reverie. But it was not until he had opened the rich casket, and had touched with his own hands the fortune that had come to him, that M. de Guys would recall to himself, in a less confused manner, the vision which he had seen. Then seeing that he was all alone, his heart beat quickly, and he burst into tears.

IX.

If this history does not appear too strange to you, you will pass, if you please, with me, from the poor cabaret in the Marais, to the brilliant Court of Louis XV, on a great reception day. For it is a strange and singular age; royalty is yet in all its force, though it is about to decline; subjects are still profoundly submissive, though they are on the eve of revolt. It is necessary to recall the ancient splendors of that Court in order to obtain an idea of the Versailles of Louis XV.

That day, Madame d'Egmont had been taken to Versailles by M. le Duc de Richelieu, her father. Never, perhaps, had the Countess been more beautiful, more brilliant, or better dressed. She wore a grand satin habit covered with golden embroidery. Her person, her neck, her arms, her forehead sparkled with the diamonds of her house. You can judge if she was beautiful! It was thus appeared, and thus beautiful, Madame d'Egmont was seated, at the great table of the king, at the head of the flemish tier, as we have seen. There was at this table all the nobility of France: Duchesses, Grandees, of Spain, wives of Marshals of

France, all those who had the honor of the Louvre, and who were companions of the king. In the midst of that Court, so distinguished for beauty, natural grace, and spirit, was that king whom Voltaire alone could draw. The dinner began immediately after the king's arrival.

The public of Versailles, admitted to see the king dine, entered by one door, and went out by another describing in its rapid march a quarter of a circle around the great table. I had forgot to say that Madame d'Egmont was seated at the right of the king.

All at once the movement of that crowd which passed in silence before the royal table was suspended.—A light murmur, restrained by respect, made itself heard. All looks, which had been turned towards the king, were now directed to the place whence the sound came, and there every one could see, opposite to the king, and with his look turned towards him, fixed immovable, and nailed to the same place as if by a supernatural force, a man, a soldier, of fine figure, young and handsome, of a noble presence and charming face, perfectly graceful, and almost as handsome as the king himself. As I have said, he was motionless, lost to himself, and silent. He had recognized Madame d'Egmont.

There was a profound silence. That intelligent king, Louis XV, had soon comprehended why it was that the young soldier remained on the same spot, and motionless. The exempt of the Guards came up, and M. de Guys was violently removed from the hall; but still his look was immovably fixed on the same place, and there too was his soul. Madame d'Egmont, seeing M. de Guys, rudely removed by the *Garde du corps*, was unable to suppress her feelings, and uttered a bitter sigh. Poor lady! she forgot that all were looking at her!

It required all the spirit and good nature of the king to withdraw the noble lady from her embarrassing position. He approached the exempt of the guards, and without looking at Madame d'Egmont, but speaking with sufficient loudness to be heard by all:

"Monsieur," said he, "release that young man; he has been surprised by the grandeur of things, I wish that he should go in peace."

Then he added:

"Perhaps it is the sight of the queen that has troubled him."

And looking towards the queen with an adorable smile he bowed low to her.

X.

From that time M. de Guys saw Madame d'Egmont no more. To punish himself for having compromised that noble woman before the whole court, he died by his own hand. Some time afterwards Madame d'Egmont herself died, keeping the secret in her soul, if secret she had. To whom could she have confided that sad secret? Neither her husband nor her father was capable of understanding her. It was only the King who could do that.—Madame d'Egmont wished to put an end to so much secret sorrow: she died.

Such is the history of that soldier and that great lady, a touching history, and one of the utmost simplicity; a history of the purest and most chaste love on both sides. Do you know of anything more interesting in the world than the love of Madame d'Egmont for the noble Comte de Gisors, which concentrated itself on an abandoned child?

And, as in those days there were philosophers who wrote history, so history has nothing more impressive than the story that Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont had interviews with a handsome soldier who took her for a woman of the middle class. In our day, this story has furnished the subject of a vaudeville, which is marked by all the graces and inventions of contemporary spirit.

MARY MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life, too, I loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates, and first cousins. My first recollection is of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny haired, blue eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was I, myself—Harry Church; that blue eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chaise up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafores. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me! how gaily rang out her merry laugh. That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things, after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and in particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a sad coxcomb, I know; but, as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say, that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue eyed playmate, and then called myself a man again.

"In a year," I thought, "as the vehicle whirled away from our door,—in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and, if Mary is as pretty as she used to be,—why then, perhaps, I may marry her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps, in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should have perhaps found I was mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had accumulated the wealth in my native land made me a better man. When at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I took the number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which I had bought at the book-stall in London, and which I had read with interest.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed up many a token, from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others, it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome a happy home, and a sweet smiling face—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded, and sun bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company were assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate foot followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time), and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked, quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain; to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me? This was his child—his child and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And, hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying—

"Do you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said—

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears! Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the wayward wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and, though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home!

There were four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and, in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I should never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older, and graver, and more like a man, than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly: "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I look in his full, handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think I better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for that compliment," answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells I grow handsomer every day."

His wife!—could I hear that name and be silent still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is not another in the world. Don't you think she is very much as her mother used?"

"Very much!" I faltered.

"Hullo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe, you, and used to be playmates in your young days—Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "The sake of old times, and because you were here at the wedding, I'll give you jenny to kiss once—but mind, old fellow, you are never to peep the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I once want to see how you will manage those crimson mousethreads of yours in the operation."

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words—and yet how blent they made me!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning grey.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart, I am as young as ever.

The Tory Preacher and the Young Major;

Or, Church Discipline in Olden Time.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

It was a warm, sultry afternoon in August, one of those quiet, happy days when even the grasshopper and butterfly seem weary of play.

The high road is travel-worn and dusty, and every shrub and bush by the wayside seems weary of the heat, and drooping beneath the weight of dust.

"Now, grandpa, I've done spinning, and put all things in order, grandma is asleep in the bedroom, and aunt Sally has gone to the sewing society, now won't you tell me a story of old times?"

"Grandpa—grandpa," she repeated in a louder voice, "it must be the old Major, for there is no one else in town so old."

But the old gentleman had fallen into a reverie. From the length of time which the bell tolled, he knew for whom it rung those sad notes; and his heart was now busy with the past.

"I must follow soon, Ally. My old companions in arms are almost all dead. My armor is worn and rusty, and I must soon lay it aside, but I will not disturb your young heart with sad thoughts.

"You see, Ally," said the old man, after taking a few whiffs from his pipe, and knocking the ashes therefrom, holding it in his hand a moment, and glancing at his snug little cottage and garden which rustled amid the shrubbery like a bird's nest in the green leaves of a tree.

"You had to fight the Indians, I suppose," said Ally.

"Ten times worse than that, dear child, we had to fight the York Tories. I cannot explain it all to

you, for it is a long story, and would puzzle your little head; but to make it short, ye see, the folks over the Hudson thought they had a claim to the lands this side, and they sent out to England, and obtained, as they said, royal authority to their claim.

"Well, the Green Mountain boys, with Ethan Allen at their head, determined to resist, and you know, for you have often heard me tell how they fought."

"But speaking of those times remind me of what I meant to tell you when I began; that is a sort of love story, in which the Major and myself were interested."

"At these words Alice dropped her knitting work, though it was not in the seam needle, and looked up with much interest, 'in which you were interested, did you say, Grandpa?'"

"Yes, child, when I was young and foolish, and easily taken with a pretty face, and the love part would not be worth repeating now only as connected with the courage of the Major."

"Oh, tell the whole, grandpa. I don't like half stories."

"Well, well, don't interrupt me, and I will proceed. I said the courage of the old Major. It requires some courage to enter a battle field, and stand there as a mark to be shot at by the enemy, and feel that your body may be food for carrion; but to defy the minister in his pulpit with all his church to back him, requires more still."

"I thought it was a love story, Grandpa."

"Have patience, child, and I'll come to the point at last. Well, you see, our minister was a tory, and though he didn't say so in plain words, I've no doubt but he believed in the divine right of kings.

At any rate he had a great deal to say about the 'powers that be, being ordained of God,' and he always prayed for our lawful sovereign as he termed King George, and that 'we might be his true and loyal subjects.' But Safford was a staunch republican, and would have fought the old king any day, could he have had a chance.

She was the belle of the village, and at quiltings and paring-bees, and dances, she was the life of the company. I had long had my eye upon her as the choice of my heart, but there were so many that went to see her on Sunday evenings, it was seldom that I could find a chance to speak with her.

"I declare," said the old deacon one Sunday after sundown, "we shall lose all our corn unless we catch those rascally thieves: who knows but they are Indians?"

As he spoke he accidentally glanced at Polly. She sat in a corner of the great oak settle which stood before the fire, watching the puffing steam from the tea kettle, and looking somewhat sad.

"Why, Polly," said the deacon, with more animation than usual, "among all the rest of my troubles lately, I have been bothered by two or three young men who want you for a wife, now I have a mind to say that whoever will shoot or take prisoner the thief that steals my corn, shall have you for a wife."

Polly looked up in surprise at this novel mode of disposing of her hand, but the next instant there was a roguish twinkle in her black eye, and turning to her father, she said gaily, "a bargain if you please." She very well knew who would be first upon the field, and whose courage and perseverance would be the most likely to hold out longest.

"I wouldn't have it said that the deacon of the church ever told a lie; so I say it now—whenever will shoot or take prisoner the thief, shall have Polly Burr for wife."

"This conversation was overheard by the hired boy, and soon circulated through the village. Great was the commotion among the young men of the place. As for myself I rode far and near; I examined the cornfield by night, and devised every way in my power to ascertain the offender.

There was a general rising, and great commotion among the women. Our first thought was of Indians or Tories. There was a rush for the door, a tumbling over children and a screaming of their mothers. But what was our surprise when fairly landed upon the green, to see young Safford dragging with all his strength a huge bear, that to all appearance had just breathed her last.

"The minister was the first to break silence. His indignation at being disturbed in his discourse, and his anger at such an open violation of holy time, were at boiling point. He exclaimed in his loudest tones, 'Young man, who are you, that you should disturb the worship of the sanctuary! Know you not that you are breaking the laws of God and

man? Constable Chapman, arrest this man and hold him prisoner until further disposal can be made of his person."

Poor Safford was thunderstruck; he had intended no harm, but in his eagerness to display his prize, and supposing service over, he had hastened towards the village. It had not once occurred to him that he was a church member, and as such liable to censure.

He knew that it was wrong to absent himself from meeting, but he thought the offence would be pardoned, because of the benefit conferred. Seeing he was about to be taken prisoner, he at first resisted, but recollecting that he was in the hands of a legal officer, he thought best to submit quietly. His confinement, however, was short and another mode of punishment proposed.

During the week a church meeting was called, and young Safford cited to appear thereat, and give reasons why he should be not be excommunicated from the church for his high-handed wickedness. The deacon was present, but Polly was nowhere to be seen. When her father proposed so summarily to dispose of her hand, her first thought was of Safford, and knowing his bold and daring spirit, she felt sure that he would win. Poor girl! She little thought of such a sad termination of the affair. To be excommunicated from the church, was, in the eyes of that little community, a most grievous infliction. Such unfortunates were considered as losing caste, and were ranked among pagans and infidels.

Safford pleaded his own cause with all the eloquence he could command. "In vain did he contend that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, he spoke before judges determined to condemn him."

He was accordingly commanded to be present on the next Sabbath, when the sentence would be read. In the mean time the lovers had an interview. Poor Polly could do little else but weep. Her father said nothing, but looked stern and displeased.

"But you say, Polly," repeated Safford, "that if I am not excommunicated, your father will consent?" "He cannot help doing so," she answered, "but he thinks the Bible condemns church members marrying non-professors, and he would not dare give his consent to our marriage, if they turn you out."

"But I tell you I am not going to leave the church; that tory minister will find that he cannot manage me so easily."

"But it is already decided," said Polly, "the papers are already made out, and to-morrow it will be read."

"They will not read it, trust me, Polly," and thus they parted.

Sunday came, and with it the whole congregation to meeting. The whole did I say? All except young Safford. But when the afternoon service was about half over, he entered, his gun loaded with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge box on his side, and his knapsack on his back with six days' provisions in it. He marched into a corner and there took up his position. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Parson Goodman began to read the excommunication, but he had not proceeded far when Safford entered the aisle in his martial array, cocked and levelled his pistol, exclaiming, "Proceed if you dare! Proceed, and you are a dead man!" The poor minister overwhelmed with astonishment and fear shrunk behind his pulpit, and handed the paper to one of his deacons. He, trembling from head to foot endeavored to obey; the same threat was repeated, and Safford added, "Desist and march, or you are all dead men! I will not leave this house in shame." Not many minutes elapsed before the house was cleared, and our young man left his sole occupant. He looked the door, put the keys in his pocket, and sent them the next day with his respects to the minister. He thus remained a member of the church, in "good and regular standing," until the day of his death. Deacon Burr received such evidence of the perseverance of his self-selected son, that he dared not refuse his consent to the marriage.

"And, grandpa, didn't you feel badly," said little Alice. "There's your Aunt Sally coming up the walk from the sewing society; she'll have a batch of news all fresh from the manufactory, he replied; 'run and meet her.'"

Poetry.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Affectionately inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Jairus Josselyn, Tyson Furnace, Vt.

With radiant forms and starry eyes, And robes like clouds at summer noon, Two little Cherubs from the skies Came freighted with the dews of heaven.

I see them seek their former home, And round that home a radiance bring, And such sweet strains of music flow, Such strains as only Angels sing.

We loved the flowers of earth, they sing, We loved the bright blue sky, But we love the flowers that Angels bring, Still better for they never die.

We loved to live in our first home, Our childish tones were filled with gloom, But better still where Angels roam— For all its light, and glad and free.

We loved our parents as that home— We only love them better now, And Angels teach us how to come To cheer them when in grief they bow.

To bid them know that we are near, When most the heart feels sad and lone— Two little Angels hovering near, Their own forever—all their own.

And Oh! we're gathering bright sweet flowers To bloom for them in our bright home, And Father, Mother, in each hour, We're whispering to thy spirits—come, To turn thy weary eyes to Heaven, When earth seems cold, and dark, and drear, And know though every the same river, Thy "little ones" await thee near.

So sweet and clear the voices rang, It seemed 'twould reach the parents' ear; And bid them know that Angels sung— That their own Angels too were near, And then like morning dew (that falls To bless the flowers at summer even,) Obedient to some spirit's call— Exhaled in beauty unto Heaven.

SCHOOL DAYS; A Glimpse of Past Time.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY AGLARE RITCHIE.

School days! School days! How they come back to me; as I sit here by the dim firelight, this chill stormy night! Like Virginia Townsend's "memory bells," the remembrance of them is stealing softly down into my heart, and I can hear, now that I'm alone with my soul the sweet voices of the dear departed, wafted unto me by the night-wind. I was a gay, laughter-loving girl then, though the weight of many years is upon me now, and they tell me I am growing childish again; though my hair is silvery white, and old time has ploughed the furrows deep on my forehead.

"Oh, yes!—I was young then with no care or sorrow to blight my hopes, or shadow to darken the life-path before me, though God knows my life is wearisome enough now! We were a happy, joyous band! How could we know that in after years, clouds would appear on the sunny skies of our life dreams?—that first the shower, then the storm with its wild, chilly blast, should sweep over us, leaving with us, not but desolation and despair,—then, death! Well! so it was! Yes the old school-house, just at the foot of the hill, once held a merry group. Sweet Alice Merton—"our Allie," as we called her—with a sad smile always resting on those spiritual features; so studious, and always the first in our little class,—we followed her, to her grave in "Maple Vale" years before I left school; and I can recollect now, how timidly we looked up to the Squire's son, who stood by "Allie's" grave so moody, and the dark shadow resting on his noble features, as though some huge grief were bowing down his soul. I can just recollect it—how they whispered, the older girls to the younger, that "Squire Eustis's" son, in less than two years to come, was to have wed our "English" violet, and transplanted her to his own home."

In the spring, we planted flowers upon the little mound—and so we left her! But I'm thinking there are no gentle hands now, to pull away the rank grass and weeds, and plant sweet flowers there; or lay the fresh wreath of evergreen, entwined with the red berry of the mountain ash, over the little gray, granite stone at the head! "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well!" Then there was haughty Isabel West, with her cold, gray eyes, who always came among us when we were at play, to "freeze our souls," as little Bessie Winters used to say. We had no sympathy for 'Bel, and in a year or two she left us, and went to school, in "the great city," and we lost sight of her. But Bessie Winters, with her sunny brown hair and dark roguish eyes,—she was our idol! It was "Bessie" that always took the lead in our nutting frolics, that got the little tin pail heaped highest with berries, when we wandered through the forest-woods, together, a noisy troop, though we could aver that she never seemed to be doing anything but "tormenting" us! Harry Wilson, some three years her senior, always went with Bessie, everywhere. He was, by far, the handsomest lad in all the district. Perhaps it was his beauty that charmed us; he that as it may, from the oldest to the youngest, we all liked him better than we did the other boys. There was nothing of the appearance of the "country plough-boy" that characterized the others—in fact, Harry was our ideal of a gentleman. Now that I've grown older, I wonder how it came to pass that we could give up Harry to Bessie so easily, but it seemed perfectly natural then, that they who had studied, roamed, and played-together, should still tread the same path hand in hand, all through life. So years came and went! We had all of us, at least grown a trifle older, if not wiser, when we parted with Harry. "Don't forget us, Hal, when you're away in strange lands!" cried a merry voice. "No, indeed! not I. By my faith, not one of those bright eyes shall escape my memory!" Harry was leaving us! I shall never forget that hour, as we stood under the "big oak" by the old mill, and bade him good-bye. "Good-bye!" I've spoken many a farewell since, but that comes up "the greenest spot" in memory now! He was alike kind to us that night, for he kissed us all as he left us. "I shall come back when I'm a great man!" We knew that,—that Bessie would wait for him too; but we did not know that she would wait in vain! Years sped quickly by after that. But in the coming of those years, Harry's comrades smoothed his last pillow beneath his head, received his parting words—"God help poor Bessie!"—and the noble-hearted sailor-boy was at rest! Well! they brought us the tidings of Harry's death, and gloomy sadness shrouded his dark mantle over our little circle. This was our first great sorrow. "God help poor Bessie!"—and He did help her: for He took her up there where "Hal" was, and we blessed Him, for it! Her joyous step—how soon it grew slow, and lost its lightness. "Bury me by the sea-shore,"—and they closed the lids gently over the once bright eyes, folded the little white hands meekly over the silent heart, then buried her there. Far out at sea this wild night, Harry's form lies in its coral bed, the sea-weeds entangled in the wavy chestnut curls, the night-wind singing a mournful requiem over him. And the great waves come lashing up against the little grave by the shore, and the surging billows are chanting a symphony, above her who has gone to meet him. I can see your beautiful eyes, Bessie, in the burning coals before me, and I can feel your parting kiss, Harry, upon my withered cheek, now, as I sit here with the old memories crowding upon my soul. Have ye come from the land of the "Beautiful Hereafter," to guide me thence? Not yet! not yet! A few more days, and the palsied hand will be weaker, and the tottering step yet more slow! Yes! God will call me then. Now lay your soft hand on this trembling arm, Bessie,—look down into those dim old eyes, from which the love-light died out long ago, with yours so spiritual, Harry! Only a few more days and "the weary soul is at rest!" Like a "Peace" be still!" to the troubled waters of my soul, have ye come, ye gentle early-lost, to-night!—No dark valley for me! Oh, no! I've trod that here! The faith! the faith! God's angels are bringing me that, and the journey through—the Cross borne, the Crown won! God help us all!

Written for the Banner of Light.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

Not far from the banks of the Shannon, in the county of Limerick, is "St. Patrick's Well," famed for the efficacy of its waters. In sight of this are the remains of a castle and abbey, situated on a little eminence, destitute of shrub or tree.

Centuries have passed since these old stones formed a fit dwelling for brave soldiers and holy monks. There was a dense forest then, and the abbey was shaded by huge oak trees, that have now lain so long beneath the soil that they are turned to bogwood or turf.

Long after the castle had fallen, and the abbey, known only by its crumbling stones, a poor woman came here with a little boy, her only child, and dwelt in a cabin not far from the ruins.

All her earthly treasures were comprised in her boy, a cow and a little land. Patrick (he was named for the saint) was a delicate child, and very unlike most Irish boys, who are generally wild, rollicking little fellows.

He was not fond of rude play, but liked rather to sit at his mother's feet, and spell out his lessons in "Reading made easy;" getting all the aid he could from his mother, who was but a poor scholar herself.

Heaven had denied him riches, but gave him such a love of music, and so sweet a voice, that it seemed when he sat in the old stone arches of the abbey, and sung his little songs, as if some cherub had come down, and was chanting the holy psalms from some of the golden clasped missals of the old monks.

He sung when he sat in the cabin door by day, and when he was sleeping, snatches of sweet music would waken his mother, who would say: "Patrick, my darling, wait for the birds in the morning."

But Patrick did not hear her, for he was fast asleep, and was singing with some dream angel. But the more he sung, the more thin and pale he grew, till his mother looked at him in sorrow, and was afraid she would have to lay her little darling by the side of his dead father.

The waters of St. Patrick were not of use in his case, and his mother gathered herbs and made syrups, and worked hard to clothe him warm in winter; but he grew more wan and weak, and seemed fading away like flowers in Autumn.

In the long rainy days, when he could not go to the abbey, he sat upon the cabin floor at his mother's feet, and they would sing again and again the little ballads which they knew.

Soon Patrick's voice was so weak that he could not sing at all, but he would try sometimes, and when his voice failed, and he could only whisper, he would lay his pale, thin hands on his breast, where he felt the pain, and say, "when Spring comes, Mother, I shall be strong again, and sing with the birds."

One evening Patrick's mother went out to milk her cow. It was not by the door as usual, and she searched for it until she came to the "Ruins." The animal was quietly feeding there, but Patrick's mother came near, she made for the Abbey. The woman followed, when suddenly the dark and ruined cloister became a splendid apartment with furniture of the most beautiful description.

The cow passed on, and another apartment appeared, glittering with gold and precious stones. Here, too, were groups of little children, fair and beautiful to look at, dressed in robes of sea-green silk, with garlands of flowers around their heads. Our little fellow with curly hair and dimpled cheeks, had a tray on which were tiny cups of crystal filled with milk, while a little girl followed with a similar tray filled with delicious fruits—the finest of golden hued oranges, drops of limpid honey on shells of pearl, and vases of fragrant flowers.

WOMAN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is, there is a paradise; where she is not, there is a desert. Her smiles inspire love, and raise human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. Her sweet and tender heart gives life and soul to dead and senseless things. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind, and the world would be void without her. Man is a wretched being—miserable and unhappy—his daily existence a walking shadow of humanity. Man would be hard and unpolished granite but for woman. In her what a warm and loving heart, in which springs such a well of affection that no age can freeze! She is a more celestial than terrestrial being—charming and amiable as a girl, dutiful as a wife, and glorious as a mother. She is the balsam of man's life—his faithful counsellor and pillow. She can impart all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyment of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life. She is the comforter and supporter of man under his cares or misfortunes, and the bitter blasts of adversity.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN. There are certain good works to accomplish which it is permitted the young girl to leave the domestic sanctuary, and, if necessary, even to throw aside that reserve which should characterize her age. Does it not belong to her to instruct the ignorant, to console the poor, to exhort the sick, to visit the widow and the orphan? Go, my daughter, go without hesitation, and may God be with you. The young girl who assists her mother in her household duties—who lends her arm to support her aged father, who reads the Bible to her younger brothers and sisters; who loves to behold her in the exercise of domestic and out-door charities, paying to the unfortunate the most delicate attentions, which they receive from her with double gratitude, surprised to see her devote to such a use the goods that so many others believe are given to them solely for the purpose of lavishing upon the world and its pleasures.

FRANCE. One-half the area of France is cultivatable, and of this nine parts are meadow, four and a half parts vineyard; fifteen parts woods and forests; fifteen parts pastures and heaths; the remainder consisting of roads, cities, canals, vegetable gardens, &c. It presents every variety of geological formation, exhibited in almost every variety of known relations. All the departments, eighty-five in number, contain mineral substances. There are thirty-six coal fields in thirty departments, and the annual produce of coal exceeds 3,000,000 tons. France is surpassed by England only in the production of iron, twelve mines of which are in operation. Three hundred thousand persons are engaged in mining, and their operations show an annual value of \$80,000,000.

Schools are provided for only about one-sixteenth of the children, and the aggregate annual revenue from all sources is about \$180,000,000, while the national debt is over \$100,000,000.

RULES OF LIFE. 1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as possible, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

HARVARD COLLEGE ONE-MORE.

The Worcester Daily Spy of April 16th, contains the following conclusive affidavit of the Rev. T. W. Higginson in regard to the Phenomena, called by the heads of the Divinity School a deception and a "humbag," and for which they have without a hearing suspended a gentleman, high in the esteem of all who know him. It is of such importance that we copy it entire, with the remarks of the editor of the Spy which precede it:

The Divinity School Extension. Rev. T. W. Higginson, on Sunday evening last, in speaking of the phenomena of Spiritualism, adverted to the recent expulsion or suspension from the Divinity School at Cambridge of Mr. Willis, the celebrated medium. Mr. H. states that so far as he could ascertain, there was nothing alleged against Mr. Willis, except, that, while sitting in a "circle," and inadvertently moving his foot beneath the table, it came in contact with the foot of Prof. Eastis, his next neighbor, (which was in a similar position,) and was then seized by the Professor's hand. Not a particle of evidence had been made public, connecting the offending foot with any of the phenomena produced, nor did he (Mr. H.) believe any such had been brought before the Faculty; for the Rev. H. F. Harrington of Cambridge, who was present at the investigation, had protested against it, as furnishing no grounds for so important a proceeding. Indeed, the Faculty had expressly disavowed having made "any investigation of such a nature as would authorize them, publicly, to pronounce on the truth or falsehood of the charges," and entirely refused to do so. But they have "suspended" Mr. Willis, on the ground that he has been charged with such an offense, thus reversing the maxim of law, which assumes a man innocent till he is proved guilty. Mr. H. read the resolutions of the Faculty, which fully sustained his statement. He closed by asserting that these transactions sustained the traditional character of ecclesiastical tribunals, as being far severer than any legal ones. So far as these Professors had power to do it, the character and prospects of this young man were blighted, and there was not a student in the University, who might not, at any time, suffer the same penalty, if a single professor chose to charge him with crime. But, from such injustice a reaction must inevitably come. Annexed hereto, we print an affidavit from Mr. Higginson, of his own experiences in connection with Mr. Willis.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

To whom it may concern.—The public attention has recently been attracted by the alleged powers, as a "medium," of Mr. F. H. Willis, of Cambridge, and by the singular proceedings connected with his "suspension" from the Divinity School of Harvard University. In justice to Mr. Willis, and to an extraordinary class of yet unexplained scientific facts, I wish to state some phenomena, observed by me, during two evenings spent with him at a private residence in this city.

There were from nine to twelve persons present, all except Mr. Willis, being respectable citizens of this place, including one of our most experienced physicians. We sat around a long dining-table. The room was not brilliantly, but sufficiently lighted, so that every movement of every person could be distinctly watched—and I, at least, watched them very closely.

I shall omit the details of the phenomena, and give only the general heads.

1. The musical instruments which had been previously placed, by the company, beneath the table—a guitar, a small drum, an accordion, and two bells—were moved about from place to place, lifted and knocked against the under side of the table, and repeatedly and loudly played upon. Two were several times played in unison, at opposite ends of the table, and entirely beyond the reach of the medium.

2. The accordion was raised into Mr. Willis's lap, and being held by him, with one hand, between his knees, was played very skillfully, and executed a variety of tunes, selected by us—and even in answer to the alleged mental requests of some of the company, though not mine. Excellent imitations of the oboe, violin, and double bass were also given. It is well known that the accordion requires, in playing, the use of two hands.

3. Upon our extinguishing the lamps, for the sake of experiment, faint lights appeared upon the table, near Mr. Willis, two or three at a time, moving about like glow-worms, which they resembled. Other lights flickered in the air, with a more rapid motion, like fire-flies. Upon my obtaining and opening a phial of phosphorus, the lights increased in intensity, gradually diminishing when I corked it, to their original amount. Everybody in the room perceived them distinctly.

4. The room being still dark, the accordion was held on the table, by Mr. Willis, and as it played, in the manner before described, faint lights flickered around the keys of the instrument. During the darkness, all the phenomena were more intense, but it seemed very disagreeable to the nerves of Mr. Willis, and he begged to have the lamps restored.

5. The room being again lighted, I proceeded to try some closer experiments. Taking the accordion in my hand, between my knees, and guarding, with my feet, against the possibility of contact, I found, to my surprise, that the other end was seized by an invisible force, and the different keys audibly handled, producing at last musical sounds, but quite imperfectly. Before long, however, it was pulled away from me with very great force, and dropped on the floor. Others afterwards took the instrument, but it was played in no other hands. I may add that I simply held it by the end, with one hand, and that I have no knowledge of the instrument; also, that the hands of all the company were upon the table, and that I was beyond the reach of Mr. Willis's person.

6. Looking under the table while the guitar was playing, I saw, with perfect distinctness, the instrument lying on its back, untouched by any hand, but with faint flickerings of light playing over the strings. I could also see the feet of the persons nearest it, and that they were not in contact with it—while Mr. Willis was entirely out of its reach. No other person looked under the table, I believe nor did I mention these observations till the phenomena had ceased, for I did not wish at the time, to share my investigations with any one.

7. The guitar was moved slowly along by some force, to me insurmountable, and lifted between my knees, the neck resting on my left thigh. At the suggestion of some of the company, I began to sing, first placing myself in such a position as to guard the instrument from possibility of contact. Every song I sang was accompanied accurately and gracefully on the guitar; with a constantly increasing facility of adaptation. The best accompaniment of all, was finally played, to a peculiar and rather difficult Portuguese song, probably not known to a dozen persons in America besides myself. I cannot myself play the guitar, but I have heard it played a good deal, and I know that the accompaniment was an extraordinary thing, apart from the mystery of its origin. I know that I was beyond the reach of any part of Mr. Willis's person and that it was physically impossible for any one to touch the instrument, without my detecting it.

8. During all these various phenomena, I felt repeatedly a delicate grasp upon my feet, precisely resembling that of a hand, with distinct fingers. Upon my slipping off my shoe, it was still more distinct, and was in all cases accompanied by a very peculiar electrical sensation, as when two persons complete the circuit of an electro-magnetic battery. Keeping my own counsel, I heard precisely the same phenomena simultaneously described by persons at the other end of the table. Afterwards, placing my hand beneath the table, I felt the same contact, still more distinctly upon that. All the rest of the com-

pany held their hands upon the table, and I was beyond the reach of Mr. Willis. I might make these statements still more wonderful, by going more into detail, but have probably gone so far already beyond the credulity of my readers, that I had better stop. If any refuse to believe these facts, on my testimony, I can only say, that I should have found it hard to believe them on theirs. Like them, I prefer to verify novel facts by my own observation. I can only say for myself, further, that I have been all my life a student of the natural sciences, and have earned, by this time, some confidence in the carefulness of my own observations, and the accuracy of my own senses.

The question of the "spiritual" origin is not now raised; it is a simple question of fraud or genuineness. If I have not satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of these phenomena, which I have just described, then there is no such thing as evidence, and all the fabric of natural science may be a mass of imposture. And, when I find, on examination, that facts similar to these have been observed by hundreds of intelligent persons, in various places, for several years back, I am disposed humbly to remember the maxim, attributed to Arago, "He is a rash man, who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible."

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Worcester, ss. April 15, 1857.—Subscribed and sworn to before me, HENRY CHAPIN, Justice of the Peace.

SUMMER.

Oh, Summer! Summer! come thou back again; Uncrown this dimalice-king in my heart; Not flower-crowned Summer, who doth bear Within her ample lap, from dying spring, The sweet inheritance of folded buds— No, not that Summer, who, with wanton toys, The young fruit woe for nasty Autumn's arms— No, not that Summer, who doth burn and glow, Until she breed corruption with a kiss— But that young Summer of my life, when I, With careless steps, trod on my happy way, And dared to look good people in the face; When my to-days were ripen'd joys which hung Upon the golden boughs of yesterday! Why did he come, to mar this holiday? Why did he come, and with his presence make To-days, to-morrows, yesterdays—pale mutes Who wait upon my perish'd goodnesses, And strew with bitter herbs the dead, dead past?

WALKER AND PIZARRO.

The position now held before the world by William Walker, in Central America, reminds us of that which Francisco Pizarro held more than three hundred years ago in another part of America, not very far from the scene of Walker's operations. The events of the latter part of the fifteenth century, and of the early part of the sixteenth, threw up a large number of clever adventurers, who found in the New World that Columbus had given to Oastillo and Leon, a field on which to display their peculiar qualifications as men of action. Ozeola, Balboa, Cortez, Alvarado, Almagro the elder, Valdivia, and the Pizarros, all were children of Columbus, in a certain sense, for they probably never would have been heard of if he had not discovered America, or if some other man had not soon accomplished his work. The Spanish adventurers in America, with talents of the highest order, and equal to any work that might have been demanded of them, were, with some exceptions, men of a class somewhat lower and occasionally much lower, than those Spaniards who figured so prominently in Europe—Cordova, the Mendozas, the Toledos, Don John of Austria, and the rest of the leaders of the imperial race in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., and Philip II. They would hardly have achieved eminence in Europe, where the grandees of Spain would have been sure to monopolize the high places of their country, and to have done whatever work might have been found necessary to win for their country the commanding position which it was sure of gaining after the conquest of Grenada. But America offered a theatre to the Castilian adventurers of an inferior social class of which they were not slow in availing themselves, and where they showed that they were not unworthy countrymen of Ximenes and the Great Captain. But little is to be said of their morals, though they were an essentially pious order of men, and no one can understand their history who shall fail to keep this marked fact constantly in view. They were enabled to emerge from obscurity because the higher class of Spaniards would not encounter the risks that were inseparable from American action. Almagro was of unknown birth,—a foundling,—"the son of his own works," in a certain sense, and they led him to the bloody grave that the executioner makes. Francisco Pizarro was a bastard, and passed his childhood in tending swine, for the raising of which his native province of Estremadura is so famous. It is said that he was suckled by a sow, which may account for the hoggishness of his conduct in his great days. Unlike Walker, who has achieved notoriety while yet a very young man, Pizarro did not become known until he was an old man. He came to America when he must have been hard upon forty, and he was in his fifty-fourth year when he made the first of those voyages which were destined to end in the conquest of Peru. Nothing was known of Peru when he sailed on his first expedition from Panama, at the close of 1524. There were rumors of the vast wealth and vaster power of that wonderful empire of the Incas, but nothing was known of either. Then the great Southern Ocean was a mysterious waste of waters to the Spaniards. Rarely had they sailed, and then not far, to the South. The course of adventure had been to the North, as was natural, particularly after the successes of Cortez in Mexico. When Pizarro and his associates resolved upon prosecuting enterprises in the opposite direction, they encountered difficulties that ought to have caused them to cease from their labors; but the Spaniards of that age, though undeniably the most unmitigated rascals that the gallows was gaping for, had some heroic qualities; among which perseverance, and a refusal to give way before difficulties of the extreme character, were prominent. Once he was all but abandoned by his soldiers, but he refused to give up. A vessel had been sent to bring home himself and his followers from the island of Gallo, where they were suffering all kinds of misery. He drew a line on the sand, with his sword, from east to west, and, turning to the south, said, "Friends and comrades! On that side are hell, hunger, nakedness, the freezing storm, desertion, and death. On this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South." He crossed the line as he spoke, but only thirteen of his

men had the hardihood to follow him. It is from that time that the conquest of Peru may be dated. The spirit displayed at Gallo was what destroyed the Inca dynasty. It was displayed in a bad cause, but that makes it none the less heroic on its own account. Some of the boldest deeds ever performed have been so in the foulest causes that men ever engaged in, or that devils could have desired to see succeed. The worst war that ever was waged was that which the Spaniards carried on against the Dutch, and yet the Spaniards displayed as much intellect and daring in that war, as ever were exhibited by mortal soldiers. We must not judge a cause by its champions in every case. Freedom, should we do so, would hardly come off "first best" in a comparison with despotism.

Walker has never known the peculiar obstacles that were encountered by Pizarro, nor has he ever been reduced to such straits as the Spaniard experienced before he ever set foot on the soil of Peru. On the other hand, Pizarro had two advantages that neither Walker nor any other man can have in this advanced age of the world. The first was in the ignorance and fears of the people whom he was to subdue. The Peruvians, if not so much under the dominion of a superstitious fear of the Spaniards as the Mexicans had displayed, were still among the victims of that fear, which did as much for the Spaniards as their own intellect and valor. They always, in America, assailed people already morally conquered by superstition. In the case of the Mexicans, this was glaringly apparent, and accounts for the conduct of Montezuma, which, on any other supposition, was scarcely compatible with sanity; and he was, according to the evidence of the Spaniards themselves, no common man. The Peruvians were less affected in this way, but still they were to a certain extent demoralized, and so the empire of the Incas fell before the attacks of a few adventurers from a remote land. No such superstition now makes in favor of Walker and his men. The Central Americans know that they have to contend only with men, who, how brave soever they may be, must be pronounced grossly human. If the natives shall fall before the invaders, it will be as a consequence of the latter's moral superiority, and their progression of merely martial virtues. Superstition will have had nothing to do with their subjugation.

PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER FOUR.

As the doctrines of spirit existence, and the various phenomena of spirit manifestation, are professedly based upon the immutable laws of nature, and of nature's God, involving all the higher agencies which connect him with his works, and all the unseen with the visible, with all of which they are believed to be entirely harmonious, it at once becomes a pleasure to the spiritualist to study the relation of those agencies to himself, with the revelations and requirements of their great founder in all things. Not the least among those agencies are the laws and relations of electricity, an element of office and principles of which are just unfolding themselves. In reference to our ignorance of this agent, it has been wisely conceded by a celebrated professor of the nature of electricity, that the telegraph and telegraph are but keys to a door we have never yet seriously tried to open.

For the purpose of attempting to open to some small extent this door, or of presenting more in detail the laws and relations of this agent, in its connection with the more ponderable elements, and of thereby learning its office and principles as connected with the higher, we purpose to briefly state certain facts as the result of a thorough course of study and experiments, as well as much observation in electrical science, all of which are easily demonstrated by the most satisfactory experiments.

1. Electricity, in the hands of Deity, constitutes the power of attraction and gravitation—their laws being its laws—their workings and mysteries, its workings and mysteries. If this be so, the revolution of plants, the flowing of rivers, the swelling of the ocean, the formation of minerals, crystals, gems, pearls, planets, flowers, and even the finer tissues of our own physical systems, are but the workings of its laws. Verily, it is no marvel that those who have failed to recognize the existence and office of an agent so intimately connected with their grosser nature, should have failed to comprehend its laws and relations in connection with their higher life, or that in their ignorance of its principles, they should attribute to it the workings and revelations of that life.

The naturalist may analyze and become familiar with every property of matter in the universe, and he will find no agent that in and of itself exerts the power of attraction and gravitation except electricity. From its first discovery by Thales of Smiloteus, some 600 years before Christ, to the present day, this agent, when rendered active, has always exhibited these forces as properties peculiar to itself. Different electrical instruments have been constructed for clearly illustrating every form of attraction. Every form of matter is subject to the changes of this agent, and in the laboratory of the chemist, it is every day employed, not only in the decomposition of various solids, but also in their formation. In the great laboratory of nature the same results are more perfectly obtained.

In the mineral kingdom solids are ever undergoing change; to-day organized from the subtle properties of fluids, and to-morrow, again reduced back to the soluble state. Disturb, increase, or decrease, by mechanical means, this agent, and you will disturb, increase or decrease the formation or decomposition going on in the same ratio.

The same agent is at work and producing the same results in the vegetable kingdom. From the great table of Nature's God, it reaches forth its unseen hand, and selects those subtle gases adapted to the germ-cell it would develop; and, upon the principles of attraction, it gives them place in its organism. Increase or disturb the currents of electricity in connection with that plant, or this beautiful flower, by mechanical or other means, and you will increase the rapidity of its growth, or disturb and change its form, complexion, and beauty. I have seen a small electrical current, by mechanical means, applied to a sickly and unproductive house plant, which at once rendered it healthy and productive, and in a few days gave it the growth of many weeks. The electrical current was recalled, and the plant immediately drooped and died. Cor-

tainly if the work of condensing and arranging the gases, which constitute all vegetable matter, is the work of attraction; and if the rapidity of that work depends upon the quantity of electricity employed, we may conclude the work itself is the work of electricity.

Numerous other experiments may be presented in electricity, clearly illustrating the most startling and otherwise mysterious phenomena, which meet the gaze of the observer of nature, and which must be governed by the power of attraction and gravitation.

The wild tornado, in its furious march of devastation, measures its giant strides by the fixed laws of this subtle agent. It carries in a giddy waltz whatever it receives in its embrace, always turning in one direction, and that is found to be opposite to that observed by water in passing through orifices, and is alone controlled by the laws of attraction. Such results are in harmony with the laws of electricity, as when passing in active currents, it is found to observe the same order as the tornado, or maelstrom. That electricity controls and governs both is demonstrated by experiments, in proof of which the reader is referred to the "Select Experiments in Natural Philosophy, by J. M. Wightman," and to other familiar experiments by electricians.

2. The same agent, which, through the various forms of attraction, becomes the organizing and controlling power in the mineral, vegetable, and atmospheric realms, is recognised in the animal as the vitalizing force, and in man, the connecting link between the mortal and spiritual bodies.

As man, in his physical organism, is but a higher development of the lower creation, in which are preserved all the essentials of animal and instinctive existence, in presenting the physiological relations of electricity, our remarks may be confined to him with but occasional reference to his inferiors.

The physiologist, as he traces out the relation of those elements which influence and even give form to him whose capacities and capabilities he would know, at once learns the literal truth, that man is the lord of this creation, being intimately connected with all below him, possessed of all, dependent upon all, with power to rule all. Not only has he the grosser anatomy of the inferior animals, with all their various instinct, but he partakes of all the elements of which they partake, and which constitute their bodies and his system. A knowledge of his anatomy and capacities show that in a refined state are preserved all the elements and powers ever existing beneath him, that he is adapted to all and can enjoy all.

His digestive system, with the other systems intimately dependent upon it, is adapted to the too great divisions of the grosser elements, and they to it, rendering his connection with them direct and his dependence upon them absolute. The respiratory system is even as perfectly adapted to atmosphere and the atmosphere to it. The nervous systems, with the brain and spinal column for their centres, systems higher and more complicated than either of the others,—more essential even to life, and yet of themselves no more self-operating than they, we claim, are perfectly adapted to electricity, and electricity as perfectly to them. It is their natural element, and as the lungs are useless without air, so are the nervous systems without electricity.

The office of the several systems of nerves being understood the connection of this agent with the functions of vitality becomes at once apparent. Their office is to carry on every function of life, either involuntary or voluntary.

The agent which supports the nervous therefore becomes at once the vitalizing force. Numerous facts and observations, as well as direct experiments prove that agent to be electricity.

Intimately connected with electricity, through the brain, are the functions of the human mind.

Ascending in the scale of elements, certain philosophical principles are detected, which should be carefully observed. Though intimately connected, the higher element controls the lower, and not the lower the higher. Like all the grosser elements, electricity, when rendered active, seeks its latent state, or state of rest. Under no circumstances, does it evince intelligence, nor does it possess inherent power, or execute voluntary motion. Being more subtle than the lower elements, and hence more nearly allied to the mind, the mind, according to its own capacities, can control it, and employ it. Hence, strong mental emotions, mental excesses or abuses, disturb the involuntary functions of the system, and when persevered in, often cause death. Through excessive study, grief, fear, love or hate, we may violate the pure principle of harmony, disturbing that element next allied to the immortal, and inflict wounds upon the spirit. We may break the golden link which unites the spirit to the grosser elements, but because the servant expires, it need not follow that the master dies.

To estimate the quantity of electricity connected with the earth, and its surroundings, will ever exceed the capacities of mortals. From absolute experiments, Professor Faraday asserts that water, of a single grains weight, is found to contain electricity enough to charge 800,000 Leyden jars of the usual capacity! What then must be the quantity connected with our systems,—with the earth! When water is evaporated, or solids decomposed, the latent electricity they contain is disengaged, and being thus rendered active exerts those forces to which we have referred. To the estimation alluded to above, we may add another, and prepare our minds the better to admit the positions assumed. The evaporation of water from the Mediterranean Sea, alone, in one summer's day, is said to equal 5,280 millions of tons! Who then shall estimate the quantity of electricity disengaged from that fair sea in a single hour!

An important association, in connection with this subject is, that science has placed this agent in our possession, and enabled us to learn its laws and employ it for our good. As we have seen it is nearly allied to and intimately connected with the mind. As we study its laws and witness its effects in the mineral, vegetable, atmospheric, or animal kingdoms, let us reflect that we are studying and experimenting with an agent nearly allied to the mind of the Creator, who through this agent, has given to nature those "laws of beauty and of bliss," we so much admire. And while our minds are in connection with this fluid let us remember that throughout all nature, the eternal mind exists and controls it, and that the minds of our loved ones, who are re-

leased from the grosser form, like ourselves, as well as the Great Invisible, are all able to approach us through this medium. URANUS.

A GENTLEMAN.

Rarely have we met a more just definition of the above much abused word than the following which we extract from a late English paper.

The forbearance of the use of power is a sure attribute of a true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power—physical, moral, purely social or political—is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over the wife—in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her—the father over his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young, and the young over the aged, the strong over the weak, the officer over his men, the master of a vessel over his hands, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the rich over the poor, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, the keeper of a secret over whom it touches, the gifted over the ordinary man, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light.

YANKERS EVERYWHERE.

A gentleman recently found amid the ruins of Palmyra, surrounded by all the decaying relics of Oriental grandeur, a New England farmer from Berkshire county, "keeping house" with his family. Again, a friend from Boston was travelling some years ago in Greece, and stopped in Athens. To while away an evening he visited the theatre. While musing upon the topics which every scene around him suggested to his mind, and deeply buried in classic associations, he heard a voice behind him remark, "Pooh! this ain't nothing. You ought to see the Tremont Theatre, Boston." Turning round in utter amazement, he exclaimed to a quaint Yankee on the next bench—"Where on earth did you come from?" Without moving a muscle of his face, the person rejoined—"Got a little vessel down here in the Peiræus. Just come from Thomaston, Maine!" The effect can be imagined.

The Busy World.

CHINA is the most populous and ancient empire in the world; it is 1,390 miles long, and 1,030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Peking, with 1,000,000 inhabitants; next Nankin, 1,000,000; and Canton, 1,000,000. China produces tea; 60,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton.

ORPHANS.—There are 26 orphan asylums in the State of New York, in which nearly 9,000 little ones are fed, clothed and educated.

BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.—During the month of March this Society has aided 841 families, numbering in all 2619 persons. The amount expended was \$874.

DEATH OF A VETERAN EDITOR.—Amos Butler, or more than forty years editor and proprietor of The N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser, died at Natchez, Miss., on the 13th inst.

TOBACCO.—The yearly consumption of tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 26,000 tons.

SUGAR CANE.—The demand for the seed of the Chinese Sugar Cane has increased so rapidly that the price has advanced full three hundred per cent.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.—The Secretary of the Navy has sent an order to Capt. Hudson, of the U. S. Frigate Niagara, to receive on board Capt. Swartz and Lieut. Koblitz, of the Russian Imperial Navy, who, by the request of the Russian Minister, are permitted to go out in that vessel to witness the laying of the telegraph cable.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA is about to proceed to England on private business. The government will be administered in his absence by General Sir William Eyre, commander of the forces.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE has now a larger number of students than ever before, the Spring Catalogue showing a total of 261.

THE NEW STEAM FRIGATE MINNESOTA is to be fitted out for the conveyance of our Envoy, Mr. Reed, to China, and will no doubt be his residence while there, for most of the time.

SLAVES.—About ten thousand imported slaves from Africa have been landed on the Cuban coast this season.

SPEED INDICATOR.—Mr. Lerner, of Mobile, has invented a register, which, when attached to the car, indicates the speed at which the train is going. Not only can the conductor, passenger, or any one on the train, see at a glance at what rate they are travelling, but the superintendent at the end of the road, on examination, can ascertain what speed the train has made at any and every part of the trip.

ANNEST.—Townsend, the man who committed so many murders in Canada West some two years since, has been arrested in Cleveland.

FOR SALE.—The country seat of Mr. Boker—whose daughter's marriage has so much excited the gossips lately. It is situated on the Hudson River, just above Tarrytown, and is valued at \$140,000.

Marriages.

At Cambridge, Vermont, on the 7th April, Mr. Darius Safford of Fairfield, and Miss Susan E. Harding of Cambridge.

At Cambridge, Mass., on the 10th April, Mr. Charles F. Fay and Miss Susan H. Putnam, both of Cambridge.

In this city, on the 14th April, James Redpath, formerly of Kansas, and Mary A. Kidder of Boston.

In this city, on the 16th April, Nathaniel Foster Jr., to Miss E. Louisa Woods, both of Boston.

Deaths.

At Charleston, S. C., on the 15th April, Henry M. Cushman, formerly of this city.

Mr. Cushman was formerly connected with the Times and Ledger of this city, and his associates of the press will bear witness to his good qualities. A gentleman of fine talents, warm and faithful in his friendships, he was respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and one child in his native State, Connecticut.—Eo.]

April 16th, Ernest, infant son of Francis and Ollivia Keach, 18 mos.

DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1857.

All Communications relating to Spiritualism, to be addressed to the Editor of this Department, at this office.

INTRODUCTORY.

When Christianity was introduced to mankind, and the era of the second dispensation dawned a new day upon earth, it was welcomed only by the poor and the lowly, while those who thought themselves very wise, circumspect and Godly, chief among a people said to be specially beloved of heaven, laughed at it in private, ridiculed it in public, and opposed it at all times and under all circumstances.

"Who is this that comes among us teaching a new thing?" said the dignified priesthood. "Is there any danger of our holy religion becoming perverted by his sayings?"

The old Jew who had always worshipped in the city and scrupulously observed all the commandments, bowed reverently and replied, "He's only a carpenter's son—the child of one Joseph of Nazareth—he cannot harm us. He's a youth of wild ideas—who foolishly thinks he has great truths to promulgate, but they're mere whims."

The priest smoothed his beard, and patting the disciple of Moses on the shoulder, smiled half satirically, and told him to avoid the new teacher and cleave fast to the faith of his fathers.

Spiritualism comes as Christianity came, scorned and ridiculed by priest and the learned, loved and cherished by man and the people. Like that it is battled against by those who are too wise to learn, and advocated by those whose honesty of heart is only equalled by their zeal to make known the truth.

It was thought a very trivial thing, that now faith, when a youth twelve years of age talked with a few old men in one corner of a synagogue. Men, proud men, with rolls of parchment under their arms, walked by on the other side, and thought the listeners very idle souls to pass their precious time with the poor, simple-hearted youth.

But they little knew what words fell from his lips like jewels from a shaken crown. They little thought that God manifested himself in that youth more clearly to man on earth than he did in all their forms and rites, their holy books and sacred altars.

There was a little tapping sound beneath a low and humble roof in Western New York. It came like the rain drops at first, faint, yet unmistakable. At length curiosity was aroused; the listening ear was applied; thought began to move in the heart of man. Investigation followed, till a few said—it is from the world of spirits!

The news reached the cities.

"It's a humbug," said the popular voice.

"It's a delusion," said the pulpits.

"It's electricity," said the man of science.

The wonder grew. The mystery became yet more and more mysterious to those who stood at a distance and indulging in the yankee prerogative—guessed.

As months passed by, and years began to be counted, thousands searched to find out whether any good could come out of that little Nazareth in Western New York, and learned that there really were more wonders on earth than were even dreamed of in the philosophy of "Harvard" and "Yale."

Then the priests began to inquire, "What is this that we hear—will it pervert our holy religion?" And the priest of our day as did the priest of eighteen centuries ago, instead of looking at the matter with his own eyes, and judging of it with his own reason, rested entirely on the words of another, who said, "It's all a tricky affair—it's a weak, puerile thing that will have its day and die out. Harm our religion!" and the proprietor of a thousand dollar pew turned upon his heel, laughing immoderately.

But another year passes, and the new faith begins to assume, in the eyes of the church and of men of science, a more formidable aspect; to rival one in its pure teachings, while it overthrows and demolishes the vaunted theories of the other with a few simple facts. In the field of argument it meets the champions of theology and the schools with all their pompous display of books and bottles, as David met Goliath, with its little but mighty truth in its sling, and it vanquishes them as easily.

And such is the position Spiritualism holds to-day. It cannot boast of many wise or many mighty as among those called to its fold—neither could Christianity—but it has a great host of true and honest hearts gathered around its pure white banner. Hearts that speak the truth, and that love the truth for the truth's sake; hearts that throw creed and dogma to the winds, and feel their freed spirits rise as the weight falls off.

Spiritualism fears not opposition—it seeks it, for, in its consciousness of right it realizes its strength. In this particular, as in fact in many others, it differs from the popular church. The latter fears "the devil,"—as it technically terms an opposing influence;—prays, exhorts, and trembles lest its faith be destroyed. Can such a faith rest on a "rock of ages?" The former gathers strength from every conflict, and enters upon every struggle, trusting in that almighty arm that impels it onward. All it seeks, all it advocates, is TRUTH. It has no darling creed to cherish, no pulpit to sustain, no priesthood to fear or favor. It is alone with God and Truth, and they are one.

In whatever effort we may make in these columns to enlighten our readers on this great revelation, we shall rest solely on the simple facts, and shall present as far as we may be able, the plain, unvarnished truth. We will not undertake to say why things are—we will only show you that they really exist, leading to the operations of each individual mind in a series of causes. When Christ came to deliver a truth, and done many mighty works in which the men might believe, he did not attempt to explain the causes producing the effects at which men so greatly marvelled. There was wisdom in the course he pursued. Adopting a similar course

we will present the facts, and to the tens of thousands who are inquiring whether these things are so attempt to furnish sufficient evidence to convince them that they are.

UNSEEN INCENTIVES TO CRIME.

We commence our "Messenger" chapter this week with the report of a thrilling interview with the spirit of one, who, wronged and deceived while on earth yet cherishes feelings of the most bitter hatred towards the man who was the cause of all her suffering and shame. There is every evidence of a strong and active mind in what she says—a mind that needs but to be directed into other channels to work with immense power for good upon mind upon earth.

The article is suggestive of many truths, a leading one is that of the ability of unseen beings to lead those upon earth to the commission of acts at war with all their best interests. It is a self-evident fact that if the good can direct us into paths of peace, and joy, and good-will, those whom we call bad can likewise lead us, but only in ways of evil and misery. The sooner this great fact is known the better will it be for us all. We shall be better prepared, with this understanding, to meet all the events of life, and be more charitably disposed in our judgment upon our fellow men.

Instances are of almost daily occurrence around which a veil of mystery is drawn which would be easily seen through with a knowledge of the unseen influence before us. Not long since a gentleman who had held a government office for a number of years, fifty we think, and had always been esteemed for his honesty and goodness was detected in the act of purloining money from a letter in his care. He was arrested, and amid the astonished residents of his native place, tried, found guilty and sentenced. A friend of ours, doing business in a southern city, had in his employ a young man in whom he reposed the utmost confidence. He had been many times intrusted with thousands of dollars. In the course of time small sums were missed from the drawer, and plans adopted to detect the thief, which resulted in fixing the guilt upon this young man.

When closely questioned, he admitted the truth of the charge, and said he could not possibly say why he acted as he did. It was not because he was in need of the money, for he had a liberal salary, and was prudent and economical in his expenditures.

He said he felt impelled to do as he did—but to give a reason for it he could not. He was as much surprised at it himself, as was his employer, and wept like a child over the sad occurrence.

In this case, fortunately for the man and his family, the employer was a man of soul, and not of a mercenary, revengeful cast. The clerk returned within a given time all that he had taken. He was received again, or rather he remained, for he was never cast out, in the confidence of the merchant in whose employ he remained for many subsequent years, a pattern of honesty and faithfulness.

In both of the above cases the presence of unseen agencies is, with our present knowledge of spirit life, quite apparent. It is the influence of such spirits that compels men and women of the greatest probity, perfect pinks of excellence, and good heartedness, to commit acts totally at variance with every previous one in their lives; and men exclaim, "how very strange it is that he should do thus."

The spirit referred to at the commencement of this article is determined to force some individual now on earth to commit suicide. That person probably feels at times urged to desperation with the affairs of life, and almost resolves to leave it. Should he resort to such an act, the public at large would look upon it as of his own free will and purpose. We leave our readers to judge whether it would be an instance similar to this recently took place in this city. A young lady, a medium, passed into the spirit world, and it was afterwards found that her departure was caused by taking poison. Since that time a communication has been received from a spirit who confessed that he had followed her for years, determined to cause her to destroy her earth-life by her own hand. And he effected his purpose. He assigned as a reason for his course, that she refused to listen to his base proposals when on earth and he was resolved upon disgracing her in the eyes of her friends. But luckily for her, those friends behold the light—they wander not in darkness, groping amid what were once called "the mysteries of God." They see why she fell, and pity, but do not blame her.

It has been so with thousands—and thousands yet will be led astray by these unseen influences. Our duty is to inform the world of these things that they may guard against them. When a thought arises in our minds that would lead us to the commission of acts contrary to the voice of reason—warring against our better judgment, we should resist it as strenuously as we would the attempts of a man who stands face to face with us to injure us.

Doubtless the spirit to whom we have referred, and who speaks such bitter revenge, will be turned from her present purpose, and be persuaded to find her "revenge" in acts of love—a revenge that, as was said by one of old, "heaps burning coals upon the head" of the guilty, leading to repentance, submission and truth. In this way does "Spiritualism," persecuted, abused, "infidel" Spiritualism, perform its mission of good by bringing light and love to souls in the world, and to those, who, having once left it, return with sin and sorrow weighing them down. Heaven speed it onward.

THE MESSENGER.

Much interest has been manifested in the communications under this head. They comprise messages from a great variety of conditions of spirit life and besides exhibiting numerous tests, furnish some idea of the daily experience of the inhabitants of unseen worlds. Many persons have called upon us whose interest in the subject had been awakened by these familiar words from their departed friends.

"A spirit may hover in the air that we breathe! The depths of our most sacred solitude may be peopled by the invisible! Our up-risings and our down-sittings may be marked by the departed. In our walks, the dead, as we have called them, may be with us;—in our banquets they may sit at the board; and the chill breath of the night-wind may bear a message that our senses receive not, from lips that have once fondly talked with us."

"BILL POOLE" AND THE "BOSTON TRAVELLER."

The Boston Traveller made its appearance on the 13th in the quarto form, taking for its pattern the New York Tribune. Among the inauguration ceremonies, editorial flourishes, etc., attending the event, it took occasion to throw a dozen or more slurs upon Spiritualism. It seems to have been done in very good humor, and we are not inclined to scold it for the course it pursued. The burden of its remarks rested upon a communication in our paper from one known upon earth, by the name of "Bill Poole," the history of whose life and end is doubtless familiar to our readers. Now the Traveller knows, or ought to, that "circumstances alter cases," and that when a spirit that leaves this body and becomes surrounded by influences differing from those that surrounded it here, it is possible for it to think and act differently. It should know, furthermore, that the change which we call "death," lifts a heavy veil from the real character of man, and that the raising of that veil may disclose beneath what appeared to us on earth as the armor of an evil, a heart, honest enough to do right when the duty appeared plain and a way open, while on the other hand what seemed to us to clothe a very pious soul was only a cloak beneath which iniquitous schemes were planned and executed. There are many in the spirit world who were "Bill Poles" on earth, who are far in advance of those who were looked upon as the "righteous." The great moving cause within that urges a man to the commission of what are called "great crimes," needs but to be brought to act on a different object to produce great deeds of goodness. "Bill Poole" has experienced this change, and having resolved to progress, though all the forces of lower spheres war against him, we see no reason why he may not advance even in the face of the opposition of the theology of earth.

We have a word from him to our friends of the Traveller, and here it is. On the morning of the appearance of the article in that paper, we were present with the medium through whom the previous message was communicated, and received the following:

Yes, dark enough I am. What a fine thing it is to be a spirit; and a "dark" one too. I almost dread to become happy, for then I shall go farther away from earth and earthly things.

I was told that I was sure to meet with a good reception—and so I did. Thanks to our good Traveller I am before the world now. You'll see it like a blazing star travelling all over the firmament. I am glad of it. I really believe I was fashioned for a rogue after all, that I might do good. And perhaps as such I may do as much good as a minister. Tell our good Traveller that its all right; and Bill Poole sends him thanks from the spirit world. He'll get his reward for it—that is blessings; I mean nothing else. I sincerely regret my past evils. I cannot help them now, but I was punished for them as I went along. Yes, I never was happy. All I can do in the way of atonement is to do good now.

Yes, Ten thousand thanks to the Traveller, for now people who have circles will be curious to have Bill Poole come, and I shall have a chance to progress. I am determined to rise, and all the forces of hell shall not keep me down. I have no temptations now to withstand, and I will progress.

Now I suppose if I should write through this medium's hand, she would say, "you are a dark spirit—go away. The Bible says, 'God made his sun to shine on the evil and on the good,' and mediums are for unprogressed spirits as well as for progressed. I am sick of sin, and if repentance will not atone for sin, what will? I am happy over this morning's work, I assure you, more so than ever I have been."

JUDICIAL MURDERS.

We are to have two more judicial murders in Boston, unless some unforeseen cause shall interpose between the revenging arm of the law and the man's God-inherited right to life. Well, it is some consolation to those who see these wrongs, and yet have not power to avert them, to know that the world is gradually emerging from the era of Force, and entering into the more heavenly dispensation of Love. The light is surely dawning; and in this light mankind cannot fail to see that murder is no less a crime when committed under the cool, calculating sentence of an administrator of the Laws, than when planned and executed in the feverish excitement of aroused passion. If either is the more guilty of crime, it certainly rests with fearful weight upon the Laws. We can never legalize a Wrong into a Right. If it is a sin to murder a man without the sanction of law, it is plainly a sin to murder him with its sanction.

This great truth is becoming unfolded to the inhabitants of the earth, and the time is near at hand when the gallows will be banished from the earth to pass into forgetfulness, or remembered only as a fearful emblem of the days of ignorance, superstition, and consequent crime.

We shall present, at some future time, a few voices from beyond the gallows, which we hope will influence the public mind favorably on this much needed reform.

THE STABILITY OF TRUTH.

There are some very good and very pious people in this world who manifest a decided anxiety of mind for the personal safety of Truth. With them the truth is in danger, and they pray most fervently for its safety. They ask God to throw about its defenceless form his strong protecting arm!

Now, to our mind this fear argues ill for the faith they have adopted and is apt to create a suspicion that the foundation on which it rests is not a very sure one. They seem to have forgotten that God and Truth are one, and that in fearing for the safety of one they manifest doubts as to the permanency of the other. We would humbly suggest to these anxious individuals that the foundations of Truth have been described as resting on a rock, and are fully insured against all loss, and that if they have any fears for the safety of any church, or creed, or anything else which they have believed in as truth they have reason to suspect that they have unfortunately located themselves in that other house whose foundation is upon the sand, and would advise them to seek out another before the storm comes on.

"REV." MR. NEWTON.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in giving some account of Spiritualism, and its publications in this city, states that "Mr. A. R. Newton, the Editor of the Spiritualist, was formerly a Presbyterian clergyman." This must be some news, to say the least, to Mr. N., and we would advise him when he writes his autobiography to consult the Tribune and get all the facts. Perhaps in some future number he may ascertain in what part of the "vineyard" he was settled.

CONTRIBUTE YOUR FACTS.

We respectfully solicit from our friends in all portions of the world, short and condensed accounts of events that may be deemed interesting to believers in Spiritualism, or to those who are making investigations respecting it. What the people now want are facts—plain statements of what is transpiring in circles and families, who are just commencing, or have been long engaged in testing the phenomena. We need these more than theories for those to whom this paper is addressed. Notwithstanding the fact that upwards of three million people, in this country alone, are believers in, and are daily being blest with communion with the unseen, tens of thousands are not informed of the simplest truths connected with it.

Send us all the facts you can gather in, all the items relating to the phenomena you can procure, and we will lay them before these tens of thousands and before the world. Inquiries come to us from all directions—the people are taking the subject into their own hands, and wearied with the child-play and dallying of "scientific committees," are determined to know from personal examination the truth concerning Spiritualism.

THE VISION OF THE SPECTACLES.

One of the most interesting phases of spirit communion is that which enable a spirit to impart truth by presenting, in the form of a vision, apt illustrations. It is much in the style of parable, and invariably proves interesting to both medium and those who are in attendance. We have received much in this way through the kindness of our friend, Dr. A. B. CHAM, of this city, whose ability to see the presentation of spirit attendants and his willingness to exercise it, have afforded satisfaction to a large number of inquirers.

A short time Dr. C. while in company with a friend of ours beheld a vision which was so significant of meaning and so applicable in its teachings to the generality of mankind that we present it in his own words:

I see you wearing a pair of spectacles, they are very large, the glasses are almost opaque. They seem fixed upon you. You make an effort to push them off, but in the effort you are made to step back and they fall to the ground, yet, I see another pair over your eyes less in size and less opaque. Again you step back and they fall to the ground. Thus I see many pairs fall from your eyes; each succeeding pair is more transparent and more slight in form. And still numbers innumerable continue to fall as you recede and draw yourself from them, until they become so immaterial that they are almost invisible, they are as transparent as air until at last I see you withdrawn from every appearance of them.

Now your vision is clear, you see life as it is, you see truth in simplicity and beauty. Your spirit is free—your thoughts are free—your intuition is true. You turn away from these many thousand spectacles, from which have fallen from your eyes, and see before you a gate. This gate opens to a new world of spiritual beauties that is yet unexplored by earth's children. This gate you will soon pass. But no one can pass here whose vision is still clouded and made untrue by the inventions that man has sought out.

The spectacles in this vision are the figurative representations of opinions. When gold is tried in the fire the dross burns and the gold is purified, and the dross is consumed, and opinions are disinfected. The gold is your soul, the dross its errors, the smoke its opinions, and the fire is the spirit of truth that shall lead into all truth. Thus shall your opinions cease to be as you grow in spirit, in passiveness, in childlike innocence and in Christ-like power.

ORIENTAL SHAKERS.

In Oscanyan's recent work, "The Sultan and his People" we find the following:

"The word Islam, or resignation to the service and command of God, has been a source of much dissonance and dissension, and has produced a variety of sects, of which the Hanefees, Mevlees, Rifayees, and Abdals, are the most noted in Turkey. The Hanefees are the contemplative philosophers, Oriental spiritualists or transcendentalists; and to this class the Sultan and the principal part of the people belong. The Mevlees are the dancing or whirling dervishes, and they may therefore be considered as the Oriental Shakers. Their object is practical resignation to God, which state of mind they think they attain, by whirling round and round until their senses are lost in the dizzy motion."

There appears to be as much reason in the creed of the Mevlees as in many of the "articles" to which some in our part of the world subscribe as essential to salvation. The practice of these "Oriental Shakers" reminds us of a reason we once heard given by a Shaker in this country, to one who inquired, why he considered such an everlasting whirling necessary.

"I find the command in the Scripture," said he, "does it not say, 'turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?'"

The inquisitive individual nodded assent, and concluded to let the man "turn."

As the finished statues slumbers in the unwrought marble, so does a beautiful and harmonious lux lie in the mass of chaotic events and ideas which are constantly evolving—by means of the blind force which the world is full of—finally to be wrought out by the Spiritual artist.

How canst not make a single tool if thou dost not know how; neither canst thou enjoy spiritual pleasure if thou dost not know how. Of what use were light if all were blind? or love, if none could feel its pleasure? Of what use were God's love, if none could hear?

Thou canst see, thou canst love, and canst hear thy Father's voice. Then cultivate thy spiritual vision, that Heaven may be visible; cultivate love, that thou mayest eternally feel its holy sweetness, and ever listen for his voice, that thou mayest hear the central tone whence cometh all harmony."

Whoever looks steadfastly into his soul, and transmutes that bodiless thing into shape and substance, whether it be a temple or a poem; a painting, a piece of mechanism, a rhyme of melody, or a subtle discovery of the human brain—in what shape soever he has rendered the truth within him—that man has worshipped and sacrificed; he has laid the offering of his intelligence on the altar of the Highest Intelligence; and the gift of his being is repaid—in the Book of books shall it be set down to him.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress.

Recent Events in Spiritualism.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN THE DARK.

The "Cleveland Leader," not a Spiritual paper, states that there is a young man, a medium in that city, who goes into a dark room, and in the space of ten or fifteen minutes, produces an accurate likeness of any spirit friend we may desire, no matter how long he may have been dead. The Spiritual Universe, also published in Cleveland adds the following: "The medium referred to, is Mr. Rogers, of Columbus, Ohio, who is expected soon to become a permanent resident of this city. The portraits are drawn by the hand of the medium when he is profoundly entranced, and are beautiful, beyond description. He is by profession a tailor; but these productions will stand the test of the severest criticism, and are drawn in the space of from ten to thirty minutes. We are waiting with profound anxiety, to learn from Pres. Mahan, or the Buffalo doctors, whether these inimitable likenesses are drawn by the Odyllo Force, or by the snapping of the knee joints."

STILL MORE WONDERFUL.

Through the kindness of Mr. Davenport, we were present with a company of about thirty persons, and witnessed some demonstrations of a truly astonishing character. To say nothing of the manner in which the instruments were carried around the room to the extreme parts of it, while the mediums were securely tied to their seats in the box, we will state, briefly, one act which completely upset the last remains of our scepticism.

The spirit controlling the manifestations directed that William Henry should be taken out of the box, and that Ira, the oldest of the two, should remain there alone. This was done. Instantly the spirits tied the medium with his hands behind him, down to the bench on which he was seated and called for a light. He was found tied in a manner to preclude the possibility of a doubt as to his ability to untie himself. The circle was formed by joining hands, and the light was extinguished. In a moment the medium exclaimed—"My coat is off—bring a light quick!" The light was immediately produced, and there sat the medium with his hands tied as before, and his coat off, and thrown upon the board running across the back part of the box! Shortly afterwards, the coat was put on again, safe and sound, the medium still tied! Such are the facts as can be affirmed, under the solemnity of an oath, if required, by every person present.

We do not pretend to be able to account for these things; we only know that our senses did not deceive us, and that the thing was done as above stated. But these are only the beginning of wonders! The facts of Spiritualism are becoming altogether too formidable to be any longer trifled with. We defy the world to refute them. Let them be examined with the utmost care, and when convinced, let men be honest and fearless in the utterance of their convictions.—Spiritual Universe.

A LATE EVENT IN BOSTON.

The "Boston Atlas," though it has recently contained several editorial articles strongly opposing Spiritualism, contains in its issue of the 27th, the following without comment:—

A young lady confined to her bed by sickness, heard strange raps upon a table near her, and though a disbeliever in spiritualism, had the curiosity to ask if the raps were made by the spirit of a departed sister? The table rocked in response. "Now," said the lady, "if that is really the spirit of my sister, I wish it would remove the lamp from the table to the mantel-piece." And forthwith the lamp appeared to sail through the room and finally rested upon the place desired. These proceedings alarmed the nurse, who forthwith rose and walked towards the door; but was restrained by an invisible power, which lifted her bodily and carried her to a chair beside the bed.

She fainted; the window was thrown open, and water was sprinkled over her face until she revived. Feeling very nervous, she took hold of the bell-pull to ring for a servant, but her arm was seized and the bell-pull taken out of her hand. Frightened almost out of her senses, she requested the sick lady for God's sake to speak to the spirits to let her alone. "Will the spirit of my sister," said the lady, "let Mrs. — leave the room?" Again the table rocked several times to and fro, and taking this for an affirmative answer, the nurse rose and was permitted to depart. Without giving any explanation, she left the house immediately, and no entreaty could induce her to return. We received this statement from the nurse herself.

THE CHURCH TOLERATING SPIRITUALISM.

In addition to the vigorous sweep which Spiritualism is at present making among us, there are signs of the times which are particularly worthy of note. Our clerical and orthodox brethren have become comparative silent, either in astonishment at the rapid spread of the new faith, or becoming suspicious that there is more in it than meets the eye of their superficial philosophy. They no longer call us madmen and knaves. Indeed, Spiritualism is in eminent danger of becoming popular. Like the insurance companies, which have been compelled to accept the additional risk of fuel, fer matches and burning-fluid, or cease business the churches are making up their minds that a Spiritualist may even be a Christian. We heard of a case the other day, where an officer of one of the churches, having publicly given in his adhesion to the better faith, withdrew from his accustomed duties at his church, and took a back seat, fearing to give offense to his brethren, when his pastor being informed of the cause of his retirement, at once and cordially invited him to resume his place. A more marked incident still, occurred recently in New Jersey. A Methodist brother having become a Spiritualist, was put on his trial for heresy, and made a most worthy and noble confession. He justified himself by the Bible, by the teaching and experience of Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and by the language of the authorized version of the Methodist hymns; and was acquitted.—Spiritual Telegraph.

Our—Several editorials, and the extraordinary letter of our friend at "Oak Swamp," are omitted for want of room; all of which will appear next week.

Record of Facts.

EARLY MANIFESTATIONS.

Under the general head of "Records of Facts," we shall present a relation of events that have transpired, both in past ages and the present, in proof of the nearness of the spirit life to this, and of the fact that not only in our day, but in all past time, the spirits of those whom the world calls "dead" can manifest their presence to man on earth.

Ancient history gives us numerous instances of the appearance of spirits, and spiritualism in the days of which it speaks was the universal belief of the people. All forms and modes of worship, all faiths and creeds were based on it. Homer relates many instances of spirit presence. Soocrates had his familiar genius whom he consulted, to whose advice he listened, and whom he beheld. Calmet says, "The apparitions of good angels are not only possible, but also very real, they have often appeared under diverse forms, and Hebrews, Christians, Mahometans, Greeks and Romans have alike believed in them.

Melancthon, the companion and friend of Luther, states that he not only saw spirits, but conversed with them. That the disciples of Christ believed in the power of spirits to "rap" is evident in the fact that when St. Peter escaped from prison and went and knocked at the door where his brethren were, they believed it was an angel. This indicates that it was no uncommon event, for no special surprise appears to have been manifested by them, but as a matter of usual occurrence, they attribute the knocking to a spirit.

"Modern Spiritualism," as it is technically called, began its course in Western New York. Manifestations being first witnessed in a house in Hydesville, in the town of Arcadia, Wayne Co., in that State. It is described as a small framed building, one and a half stories high, and at the time of the occurrences which have made it a matter of interest and curiosity to so many thousands, bore unmistakable evidences of old age. This house was occupied in 1848, when the noises were first heard, by the family of Mr. John D. Fox. Previous to this date, however, sounds had been heard there, as early as 1844.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had sustained a character unimpeachable for truth and veracity. Mr. E. W. Capron, whose work entitled "Modern Spiritualism" we commend to those who would know more of these matters, says in relation to this family, "There are, probably, few families in which such an occurrence could have taken place, where it would have created a greater degree of surprise and fear than in this one. They were entirely unacquainted with the history of any similar occurrence in the world; and, brought up in the common routine of religious belief, they were, as, in fact, most of the world really was, and still is, entirely unprepared for such a development of the power of spirits to make themselves known to us by sounds, or other tangible means."

We cannot better commence this Record than by giving an insertion in this place an account of these early manifestations in this country as presented in the plain, honest, and common sense.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARGARET FOX.

"I am the wife of John D. Fox. We moved into this house on the 11th of December, 1847, and have resided here ever since. We first heard this noise about a fortnight ago. It sounded like some one knocking in the east bed-room, on the floor. Sometimes it sounded as if a chair moved on the floor; we could hardly tell where it was. This was in the evening just after we had gone to bed. The whole family sleep in the room together, and all heard the noise. There were four of our family, and sometimes five. The first night we heard the rapping we all got up lit a candle, and searched all over the house. The noise continued while we were hunting, and was heard near the same place all the time. It was not very loud, yet it produced a jar of the bedsteads and chairs, that could be felt by placing our hands on the chairs, or while we were in bed. It was a feeling of tremulous motion, more than a sudden jar. It seemed as if we could hear it jar while we were standing on the floor. It continued this night until nearly twelve o'clock. The noise continued to be heard every night. On Friday night, March 31st, it was heard as usual, and we then, for the first time, called in the neighbors. Up to this time we had never heard it in the daytime, or, at least, we did not notice it at all during the day.

"On Friday night we concluded to go to bed early, and not let it disturb us; if it came we thought we would not mind it, but try to get a good night's rest. My husband was here on all these occasions, heard the noise and helped search. It was very early when we went to bed this night; hardly dark. We went to bed early, because we had been broken so much of our rest that I was almost sick.

"My husband had gone to bed when we first heard the noise this evening. I had just lain down when it commenced, as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house. The girls, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the noise and tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. The youngest girl is about twelve years old. She is the one who made her hand go. As fast as she made the noises with her hands or fingers, the sounds followed up in the room. It did not sound different at that time; but it made the same number of raps the girl did. When she stopped the sounds would stop for a short time. The other girl, who is in her fifteenth year, then spoke in sport, and said, 'Now do just as I do. Count one, two, three, four, etc., at the same time striking one hand in the other. The blows that she made were repeated, as before. It appeared to answer her by repeating every blow she made. She only did so once. She then began to be startled, and said to the noise, 'Count ten,' and it made ten strokes of noises. Then I asked the ages of my different children successively, and it gave the number of raps corresponding to the ages of each of my children.

"I then asked if it was a human being making the noise, and, if so, to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit?—if it was to manifest it by two sounds. I heard two sounds as soon as the words were spoken. I then asked if it was an injured spirit, and, if so, to give me the sound; and I heard the rapping distinctly. I then asked if it was injured in this house and the sounds were immediately made distinctly; if the person was living that injured it, and got the same answer. I then ascertained, by the same method, that it remains were buried under the dwelling, and how old it was. When I asked how many years old, it was it rapped thirty-one times; that it was a male; that it had left a family of five children; that it had two sons and three daughters, all living. I asked, if it left a wife, and it rapped. If its wife was then living, and there was no rapping. If she was dead, and the rapping was distinctly heard. How long she had been dead, and it rapped twice.

terrified, and clinging to each other. I was calm, I think, as I am now. Mrs. Redfield came immediately. This was about half-past seven o'clock. She came in thinking to joke and laugh at the children; but when she came she saw that we were all amazed like, and that there was something in it. I then asked a few questions, and they were answered as before; and she was satisfied that there was something strange about it. It told her age exactly. She would then call her husband, and he came, and the same questions were asked over again, and the answers were the same as before. I was then asked how long it had been injured, and the sound was repeated four times, at regular intervals, and then, after a short pause, once more; the same being repeated every time the same question was asked.

"Then Mr. Redfield called in Mr. Duesler and wife, and several others. A great many questions were asked over, and the same answers given as before. Mr. Duesler then called in Mr. and Mrs. Hyde; they came, and also Mr. and Mrs. Jewell. Mr. Duesler asked many questions, and got the answers. I then named over all the neighbors that I could think of, and asked if any of them had injured it, and got no answer. Then Mr. Duesler asked it some questions, the same as I had, and got the same answers.

"Many called in that night, who were out fishing in the creek, and they all heard the same noise. The same questions were frequently repeated as others came in, and the same answers were obtained. Some of them staid here all night. I and my family all left the house but my husband. I went to Mrs. Redfield's and staid all night; my children stopped at some of the other neighbors. My husband and Mr. Redfield staid in the house all night.

"On the next day the house was filled to overflowing all day. This was on Saturday. There was no sound heard during the day; but in the evening the sound commenced again. Some said that there were three hundred people present at this time. They appointed a committee, and many questions were asked. I did not know much what was done that night, only by hearsay, as I went to Mr. Duesler's to stay all night.

"On Sunday morning, the second of April, the noise commenced again, and was heard throughout the day by all who came there. On Saturday night they commenced digging the cellar, and dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The noise was not heard on Sunday evening, nor during the night. Stephen B. Smith and wife, and David S. Fox and wife, slept in the room this night. I have heard nothing since that time until yesterday. In the forenoon of yesterday there were several questions answered in the usual way by rapping I have heard the noise several times to-day.

"I am not a believer in haunted houses or supernatural appearances. I am very sorry that there has been so much excitement about it. It has been a great deal of trouble to us. It was our misfortune to live here at this time; but I am willing and anxious that the truth should be known, and that a true statement should be made. I cannot account for these noises; all that I know is, that they have been heard repeatedly, as I have stated. I have heard this rapping again this (Tuesday) morning, April 4th. My children also heard it.

"I certify that the above statement has been read to me, and that the same is true; and I am willing to make oath to it if necessary.

(Signed), MARGARET FOX. "April 11th, 1848."

Mr. John D. Fox gives a certificate corroborating his wife's statement in every particular, and says: "I do not know in what way to account for these noises, as being caused by natural means. We have searched in every nook and corner in and about the house, at different times, to ascertain, if possible, whether anything or anybody was secreted there that could make the noise; and have never been able to find anything that explained the mystery. It has caused us a great deal of trouble and anxiety. Hundreds have visited the house, so that it is impossible to attend to our daily occupations; and I hope, whether it be natural or supernatural, the means will be found out soon."

A BOOK-KEEPER'S ERROR FOUND BY A SPIRIT.—A merchant on the dock, who does not care to have his name published as a medium for spiritual communications, but who gets spiritual responses by table tipping as often as he chooses to sit for the purpose, informs us that an error had occurred in his books, which he and his book-keeper had repeatedly looked through the books for, but had failed to discover it. He was sitting by a table in his counting-room, a few days since, when, by an apparent uneasiness in the table, he perceived that some one wished to communicate. He invited a bystander to come and put his hands on the opposite side of the table, which he did, when the table tipped to the alphabet and spelled out the following: "I feel like communicating with you to tell you where you can lay your finger on the error in your books. It is in Merchandise Account, in the month of September. On examining the account for that month an error of nearly twenty dollars was found. Some of our most respectable citizens were present at the time, and know the facts to be as stated. The communicating Spirit was that of an early acquaintance of the merchant, they having been clerks together, in another city, in years gone by.—Age of Progress.

Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal and sublime.

ART SCRIPTURE REFERENCE BY A SPIRIT.—At Greenpoint, L. I., a gentleman recently received a communication which was of such a nature as to render him anxious to know from whom it came. He accordingly implored the Spirit to give its name, and on enforcing this demand, the Spirit, through the raps and alphabet, referred him to Genesis xxxii: 29. Turning to that passage he read as follows: "And Jacob asked him, [an angel] Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? The family, who are the mediums, declare that they were entirely ignorant of the existence of any such passage in that place, and their declaration is quite sufficient to those who know them.

A MINISTERING SPIRIT.—A young girl, called Ludwig, in early childhood had wholly lost her speech, and the use of her limbs. The mother, on her death-bed, committed the care of this helpless girl to her other daughters, and they punctually discharged their duty till the wedding-day of one of them, when their charge was forgotten; but, in the midst of the marriage feast, the three young women suddenly remembered their neglect, and, hastening to the room of the invalid, they found her, to their surprise, sitting up, and learned from her lips that her mother had been there and handed her her food. This was the only time she ever spoke during her illness, and she shortly after died.

NOTICE TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.

Individuals to whom gratuitous copies of this paper are sent, who have acted as agents for Spiritual or other publications, are authorized to obtain subscribers, remitting to us the names, with the amount of Club price, for which see page 4, retaining the balance as a remuneration for their services.

A STRAY SURVIVOR.—In Horst's collection of trials for witchcraft, we read of a girl who had long suffered from lameness, occasioned by a distorted bone.—Nothing was found efficacious, till, one night, the bone became straight of itself. The child waked her mother and brother, and asked if they had seen and heard the angel that had been with her. It appeared to her that something had stroked her bone, whereon it became straight; and, from that time, her lameness ceased.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COMBES, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. The object of this department is, as it has partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. These communications are not published for literary merit. Truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted unless the answers given to them. They are published as communicated without alteration by us.

Thrilling Interview with a Spirit.

The following will be read with deep interest. It bears with it a lesson of vital importance, not only to individuals, but to the community at large. A few remarks in relation to it will be found in another column, under the caption, "Unseen Incentives to Crime."

"I wish I hadn't drowned myself. I don't know how to relieve myself of the unhappiness I feel. They tell me to forgive, but you might as well turn heaven into hell, as to ask it."

Here, then, we remarked, may be found the cause of your unhappiness. You cannot be happy so long as you cherish hatred in your breast. Your first duty is to forgive all who have injured you.

"I once thought I might forgive, but now it's impossible."

Not impossible, you didn't mean to say that. Anything that is right, it is not impossible for you to do. But do you not know that by refusing to exercise this Christian virtue, you are adding continually to your unhappiness?

"I know I am making myself trouble, but I always did."

What terrible wrong then is it that you will not forgive, when you know you are injuring yourself by refusing so to do?

"Broken promises and false heartedness are what I have to forgive, and which I never will."

It is no wonder you are unhappy, for in order to be happy, it is necessary to cultivate that principle of God which dwells within us, which is love. You, it seems, are acting entirely the reverse.

"God has been banished long ago from my soul, and hatred has taken his place. When I see the cause of all my mortal sorrow filling a suicide's grave, then I banish hatred—not till then. Yes, he shall drink of the same bitter cup, and I will hold it to his lips; yes, he shall know that although dead, I can be revenged."

My friend, I am sorry to find you harboring such sentiments.

"I am a friend to nobody—I am alone, self has become nothing."

Have you no mother on earth?

"Yes, once I had a mother; I have none; if she had been on earth, I should not be where I am. She is in heaven, where the child never will be."

Whoever that mother is she must love her child, and must be unhappy to some extent at his misery. If you love her, you should seek to make her happy.

I was given to love once, but it was a flower whose fragrance brought death."

But we are taught that God is love, and if you had cultivated that flower aright, and not allowed the weeds of earth to have choked it, it might have been different to you.

God! you believe in him. I do not. Did I not cry to God in my anguish, and did not a heavier bolt fall upon me?

Yes, I believe in a God of mercy and of love whom we should all obey and love.

"Know you that the only sin I ever committed was under the shadow of his branches."

Was it love, or something which is too often mistaken for it?

"Folly always lingers in the very core of love. I know it—so you will."

Suppose you had loved, and had strict regard to right?

"So I did."

How then did you fall?

"How? I'll tell you how. He to whom I gave the wealth of all my love betrayed himself and me also. He led me to an altar that was false; to a priest that was not one by law. Did I sin? I only was led like a captive blindfolded. I did not sin in the act; when I found the vows were false, and that which should be sacred was not, and myself better fitted for hell than heaven, my love was then turned to bitter hate, and revenge was the only boon I asked for in the future."

But is there not a better revenge than that which you seek?

"What better, pray? Should I seek to cast roses at the feet of my destroyer? Never. When hell and heaven unite, I may—not until then."

Do you know about the life of Christ?

"I know what your Bible teaches of him."

He suffered, and yet forgave.

"He was a Christ,—I am no part of one."

He was a man.

"And I am a woman—so we differ."

He was human.

"So am I, therefore subject to faults."

And he forgave even on the cross, under the most cruel torture.

"Because he was Christ; because he was pure; because he was well guarded and had friends both spiritual and mortal. I had none, and only return to express my bitter hatred against all mankind on earth."

I wish you would see differently, for I should like to see you happy.

"I shall be happy when I accomplish my mission."

If you have suffered wrong, how will another wrong perpetrated by you make you happy?

"When I have accomplished my mission, I shall satiate my hate and be satisfied."

I am in hell now."

But why do you wish to cause misery to this man's friends? Others than he must suffer, and how much greater is your sin than his.

"If he heaped misery on me shall feel the fire of hatred ere my work is done. So try not to bring me to a path of love, for the blood of my own offspring cries out against him, and I fling it back to earth to be living coals upon him."

I am sorry to see you so obstinate.

"Was the heart of man ever open to grief?"

Are they all alike?

"They were when I lived on earth. Have I not cause to hate?"

There is no injury that can be inflicted which is an excuse for hatred. Therefore I say you have not.

"You say no? you are a fool—for you cannot appreciate my wrongs. I have placed them before you in a plain view, and you coldly look upon them and ask me to love. I have been here long enough."

Before you leave the medium, one more question. Have you a child?

"I had but one, and my own hand coldly drank its heart's blood."

You did not destroy its life?

"No. I am told it lives yet, in heaven, where its mother never will."

Do you think the ties of consanguinity are ever severed? Do they not think of you even if they are in heaven?

"Do the angels think of the devil?"

Have you seen the devil?

"No—I see the element of evil dwells in the souls of all men. Mark me, mortal! he who now lives on earth, shall feel and know that the actress lives. He shall fall by his own hand; then will I seek for pardon of the God I have avenged; then will I sue for mercy—never till then."

Mark me! when your ears are greeted with the sound—another actor has passed on to the suicide's grave—remember her who now speaks to you, and that she will sue for pardon. I must be gone, for devil as I am, I would not injure the frail forms of those who tread your earth in suffering—they are women. (Alluding to the medium.)

Immediately after the above, the medium was entranced by another spirit, who said:

I have been here all the time. Why, you have had such a beautiful face talking to you, and such a dark form! I never saw anything like it before. Did you not feel bad? I did. She went out of sight in a moment. My name is Tommy Churchill. They told me I might come, because I was so very quiet. They told me to tell you it was better for her to come; it will be right in the end. Have you seen my mother lately? Why don't you go to see her? My father would not be mad if you was to publish what I told you.

Did anybody know this spirit?

Nobody knew her—nobody ever saw her. I heard her say she had been round the medium two or three hours, and she must come and would come, and they thought it best to let her come.

Frank Nichols to his Mother.

I never spoke to a medium previous to this; I never wrote through one, but I have communicated in other ways once, I may say twice; but not clearly but once. I was 17 years old when I left earth, and I am more than happy in my new home. But really I do wish to manifest to my dear friends, especially to my dear mother. Oh, she is so dear to me! I cannot rest in my home, because she is in darkness. I have a little sister; she is a medium. I have more than one, but I speak of this one on account of her medium power. Three days after my death I presented myself to her; she saw me as plain as she will see me when she comes where I am. Oh, how I wish I could manifest again. How I wish they would take away her fear, so that I can make known my presence. But the fear, and she fears, and that destroys my chance of manifesting. Pray how can I go to work to manifest in safety to them? This little sister's name is Harriet. Oh, my dear mother, I am so often with her, and I so desire to manifest. I died of quick consumption, but did not suffer much. The doctors called it hemorrhage of the lungs. I have been here two years lacking a day or two. I was not sick long enough to lose the run of time. I want that sister to sit for manifestations alone or in company it matters not which. My name was Frank Nichols. I lived in Taunton, Mass. Died there.

Yes, I know Dan'l Russell; he will be very likely to know me. Some of the Russell family are away in the west. If they don't know me refer to Harriet Nichols. I don't know how my folks will receive this, but I hope well. My mother was a christian woman.

From William Gavitt, formerly of Salem, Mass.

But a few years have passed since I was numbered among the inhabitants of earth. I was past the meridian of earth life, but had not attained to old age. All spirits are anxious to manifest to the inhabitants of earth. Some have more anxiety than others; I am not over anxious, but I am desirous of manifesting. I have friends near you; I have friends a long way from here; I have enemies, but I wish them all well. I have many friends in Salem, Mass.—I was engaged in trade some time; and I assure you, my friend, I am anxious in regard to those I call my friends, and also in regard to those I call my enemies. I would openly ask forgiveness for any error I may have committed in my journey through earth life. I am happy, I am satisfied—I found the spirit life to far exceed my highest anticipations. To my dear, dear friends, permit me to drop one word or two. As they value their happiness in the sphere they are hastening towards, I would beg them to seek light now, while they have so ample an opportunity. You, the spirit present, and the medium, are all strangers to me. Nevertheless, I have a word for the inhabitants of earth, and I must give forth that word. I am Wm. Gavitt, formerly of Salem, and now of the spirit life.

From B. B. Mussey, late of Boston.

Gentlemen—Although my spirit is hardly free from the pinions of earth, yet I gladly return and commune with you. I am sure that my spirit hath form; I am sure I am here in your presence as much as at any time during my earth existence. I am interested in that which now absorbs your whole attention, and I hope often to send messages through the columns of your journal to my friends on earth.

Oh, God of Wisdom, my spirit is continually crying, give me strength. Aid me, O, Father of spirits and mortals, to become what I might have been while on earth. I am free from the body of death. My soul exults in the loving kindness of God, the Father of all mankind.

One word to the kind friends in the earth-life; one blessing to those who bestowed so much upon me. Oh, say to them my spirit often stands beside them since it has been free from earth.

Gentlemen, you are strangers to me, though I think I have met you in my earth life; but I am not sure. Offer prayers daily in my behalf; and I, in return, will use my powers to advance yours, and yours are those of all mankind in love and wisdom. Hereafter I may visit you often. The diamonds I now bring are covered with dross; soon, I trust, the dross will vanish, and they shine with brilliant light. Let no eulogy be accompanied with my name, but a simple prayer that I may ascend to the sphere of wisdom.

Gentlemen, I am with you for the cause of truth.

BENJ. B. MUSSEY.

A Whalman of New Bedford.

How pleasant the word home sounds! And especially to the mariner, who has been tossed upon the mighty ocean for many, weary months. 'Tis now sixteen years since I left the ocean of earth-life and arrived safe at home, and I assure you I found a pleasant port. I have friends on earth; it is for them I leave for a time my new beautiful home. Yes, I am in hope to do them good; they were always ready to greet me with open arms when I returned to my earth home, and I can see no reason why they should discord me now. I have aged parents on earth; soon they will come to me. I would not have them come without a better knowledge of the future. I have two brothers and one sister; I have a companion, and one daughter. Now you must know I feel very anxious about these dear friends. My father was a carpenter by trade; my brothers followed the same calling, and I was master of a whale-ship. After being married a short time, I left my friends and sailed for the Indian ocean; I had been many voyages previous to this, and many times I have stood almost clapped in the arms of death, and yet my time to pass on had not come. I recollect well one time, some five years previous to my companions. I threw a harpoon at a noble whale, and forgot to unloose the cord from my wrist, and almost in a moment I was drawn fathoms deep.

I expected then to be drawn to the other world, but no, I was spared.

I remember about eight or nine years previous to my death, standing upon the deck in the midst of a thunder-storm, when with one flash of the electric fluid every man was swept off by myself. Again I was spared.

I have seen much of the earth-life, and now I am at home, and return to earth to give my friends a faint idea of the home they do not know anything about as yet.

My parents, especially my mother, live by prayer; a very pious woman she was; but she fails to understand religion as it should be understood; I am well aware my friends will not receive me directly. I intend to approach them by way of others, and I am sure I shall succeed in the object I have undertaken.

You do not know as I ever lived on earth, for I am a stranger to you, a stranger to her, whom I speak through, and as proof seems to be requisite, I will do the best to convince you that I once lived on earth. You may call me Capt. James Bennett. Write to Moses Harvey, New Bedford, or to Elder Howe, of N. B.

David Cutler, a Bostonian of the Olden Time.

May I be allowed to ask what place I am in Boston? That is just where I want to be. It seems to me as though I have been a spirit for a long time—but I suppose it is not so long as I think it is. Boston! Then it has changed since I was last here. My name was David Cutler; when I lived in Boston I lived on Queen street, second house from the corner. No one knows me here, and I know no one. I know I am a spirit—how long I have been away from this town? The last thing I recollect? Well I supplied the men that worked on the Governor's house with ale. Hancock was his name. I kept a porter house, second door down Queen street. I was in the right hand side looking towards the water. I drank some. I had two children, David and Polly. David used to carry the ale. Polly used to put it up. I sold a great deal that time, for the men worked hard and they wanted a great deal to drink. They tell me I have descendants here now, but I don't know where to find them. My father came from England, but I was born in Boston, in King street. Perhaps I have got the two mixed up—but the old folks lived near the church. Ben Franklin lived close by—almost next house to where I was born. I played with him more than I did with any body else. It appears to me I did learn printing. I bought candles of his father. That after I set up for myself. I was pretty young, only 18; got married when I was 19. Why don't I see Ben, if he is dead? I used to be acquainted with all the children, particularly with him. I hear he got mighty smart, got provoked with his brother and cleared out. I'd much like to see him.

You ask how come I here to you? I was looking and told this was Boston. I have descendants here and have been to see them, but I can't do anything there. I don't know the name of your streets, so I cannot tell where. There is a little fellow here who says they live in Prince street; but I don't know where that is. The building has a black door with a big knocker on the door. House large with small windows. This little chap says go out of Hanover street, take the right hand and go a little ways and you'll come to the house. Now I'll tell you something on my own hook. The name on the door is my own. I was 31 when I died.

Well when are you going to find out if I am true. I have been away too long for you to find many of those who know me.

This friend says all spirits have to progress on earth, and I have got to come back. I think this must be my resurrection. Now if you don't attend to me, when I come here again I'll stay, for I am not going to sleep as before.

We made some inquiries as to the correctness of the above, and subsequently received the following:

"Don't know whether these are relatives of mine or not, but this little fellow says they are. I don't mean to say what his name was David Cutler, but the last one was right. Well I told you I should come to see if you had got me safe out of difficulty, and I am satisfied so I'll leave."

From George Williams, formerly of California.

Good morning. One George Williams desires to communicate. I am drawn here by hearing the name of one who is not related to me; but as the old earth name sounds familiar, I came in answer to it. I have been in my present position nearly five years. I passed away in San Jose, California. It is not anxiety for my personal friends that brings me here this morning, or that leads me to communicate, but I am anxious for my acquaintances. Perhaps it will be well to rank them friends. I have an aged father in Boston; I have two brothers and three sisters. I knew but little, if anything of this light before I passed away, but I am happy, and wish all my friends to investigate for themselves. It is not well for one to investigate for his friends; let it be an individual work. As I advance in happiness and in wisdom, I will return to earth with choice gems for my friends, and especially for my dear, dear father. His eyes are sealed to this great truth, but not closely sealed, for the faith he leans upon is spiritual. I have many things I might give you this morning in regard to myself and my friends, but it would not be advisable. I come to awake now; bye and bye I shall come to add new light to those whom I desire to awake from moral death sleep.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

In the cemetery in Concord, Mass., may be found the following:—

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills. God's will be done. Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died Nov. 1773, aged about 60 years. Tho' born in a land of slavery, he was born free; tho' he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave, till by his honest, tho' stolen labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which gave him his freedom, though not long before his death, the grand tyrant gave him his final emancipation, and set him on a footing with kings. Tho' a slave to vice, he practiced those virtues without which kings are but slaves."

In another town, near the city of Boston, is the following:—

"Here lies our Captain, and Major of English was withal, A goodly magistrate was he, and Major GENERAL. Two troops of hers with him here came Each worth his love did crave; Ten companies of Foot also mourning march to his grave, Let all that read be sure to keep the faith as he has done, With Christ he lives now crowned, His name was HONNORABLE ANTHONY, He died the 10th of September, 1661."

Pearls.

Work on and win! Shall light from nature's depths arise, And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies, Sit down with fate, and idle fall?— No—onward! Let the Truth prevail! Work on!

Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity,—but in its suggestions unlimited and infinite. Hark! the rushing snow! The sun awakened avalanche! whose mass, Flashed off by the storm had gathered there, Flare about flake, in heaven defying winds As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth Is loosened, and the nations echo round, Shaken to the roots, as do the mountains now.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

Spring-flowers renew their wild perfume, But ere a second spring they fly; Our life is longer than their bloom, Our bloom is sweeter,—yet we die.

Yet stars like flowers have but their day, And time, like stars, shall cease to roll; We have what never can decay, —A living and immortal soul.

There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed.

There's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There's many a lonely bosom Whose joy and light have fled. For thick in every graveyard The little hillocks lie— And every hillock represents An angel in the sky.

A modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and generous actions. He is like the concealed flower springing from a humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume.

An antelope, In the suspended impasse of its lightness, Were less ethereally light; the brightness Of her divinely presence trembles through Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew Embodied in the windless heaven of June Amid the splendor winged stars, the moon Burns inextinguishably beautiful; And from her lips, as from a hyacinth fall Of honey dew, a liquid murmur stirs, Killing the sense with passion: sweet as stops Of planetary music heard in trance.

Life is short; and that portion of it which one human being devotes to injuring, punishing and destroying another we are inclined to think will pay but a poor dividend on the final settlement of differences.

Life's Looking Glass,

—BY— EMMA CARRA.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

O, what a rush! There they come, pell-mell! the quickest on the foot gets to the open air first and now for a shout that fills every fibre of his lungs with the pure air of which they have stood so long in need. Well, I will sit here over across the way a little while and rest me and perchance too I can catch some new ideas; I am sure I can, in variety of features will give me food for reflection. See that tiny little pale cheeked boy that stands apart from the rest. How his large eyes roll from side to side, as if they were eager to grasp at one effort an entire view of God's earthly possessions! His companions call him little Billy the book-worm, and such words harshly spoken always sink to his heart's core for he knows there is no help for him. His right arm is too weak to defend himself even from those of more tender years; so he studies on, bearing in silence the taunts and jeers heaped on him by the more athletic.

Little Billy, allow me to ask you a question: I trust it is a civil one. Are you now fitting yourself for the arduous duties of life on this terrestrial ball when maturer years shall come, or are you preparing yourself for an early residence in that land of which no history is written save by inspiration? Is it a fond widowed mother that places those neatly fitting patches on your worn jacket and robs herself of sleep nightly that you may wear tight boots and go comfortably clad to school? I opine it is, for your look as if you have a mother, and you look too as if that mother has double duties to perform. God grant that you may live to bless her and that in future years if you go out into the great world you will never be ashamed to shield from harm her who so faithfully devotes the best years of her life to you now. Billy, no one has told me where you live, but I think I can guess. It is in a little narrow court near by, for tenements are cheap there and they are near the school house too. Your mother thinks of this and says mentally, I had rather carry my wood and water up another flight of stairs if I can only make Billy comfortable. He will not have far to go when school is done before he can refresh himself with the food I have toiled to get when he is absent. This is all right, little boy; your mother does no more than her duty—she should make sacrifices for you or she is not a true mother. But if you live in future years you have a duty to perform in turn—see that you don't forget to do it; for she will be old and feeble then—the friends of her childhood and youth scattered or dead, she will have no one to lean on but you the child of her early love to whose benefit she devoted all the energy of those years when she might have neglected you provided for the future.

There stands the son of one who is worth half a million and yet his child goes to the free school, but he would not if his proud mother had her way. "Alfred," she says with a look of contempt toward her husband, "How can you so disgrace our son as to send him to be educated among the poor and lowly? Why, it is disgraceful to see him at recess playing side by side with low-bred mechanics' children, catching their low phrases and when school hours are over playing with them in the streets. I should think you would appreciate our vast wealth better than this, and give our children the benefit of it." Alfred Horton is a true American—he loves his country and his country's institutions, and as his dainty and fashionable wife finished speaking he gently laid by the paper he was reading and in a calm, every-day tone, to control his misanthropic mood, he said: "I don't think that rump through the broad rooms of his mansion and led his aristocratic

partner to rightly interpret his thoughts. She well knew by the arch look he gave her that his mind had taken a leap backward some fifteen years when her father a good old fashioned shoemaker who used to live away down among the swamps of Narraganset toiled so hard to keep her in a little country school till she could read and write, sufficient education in his mind the old man would say, for a shoemaker's daughter. It is not our purpose to tell now how the honest old shoe maker's child became the wife of a whole-souled man worth half a million, for many a pretty face without a noble heart to recommend it has made conquests before to-day, and will again so long as man strives to dive no deeper than the surface.

Harry inherits none of his noble father's democratic qualities; you can learn that by a glance at his curling lip and the lordly air he puts on as he keeps aloof from boys that wear coarser fabrics. His proud gait, in short every movement of his half developed form stamps indelibly on your mind the fact that his father owns and occupies a handsomer house than any other man in the fashionable street where it stands. Grandson of the old shoemaker! If I were yonder pale boy, the son of the widow, and you should ask me to change situations in life with you, I should answer no; for I would sooner live with a noble loving mother and receive her counsel daily though she dwell in a garret and subsisted on the coarsest food or be compelled by circumstances to clothe me with the coarsest fabrics, for I should know that by and by I should reach an honorable manhood where our happy country allows all an equal chance in the great conflict for success. You will grow up petted, carressed, and be taught by your proud ignorant mother that your father's wealth is sufficient to make men respect you. She will not encourage you to cultivate your naturally dull intellect, so few will be the themes and difficult problems that you will solve. Were your future career as bright as your noble father would have it, perhaps the pale half orphaned child might do well to exchange with you, but we know it will not be, for is not a mother's influence the strongest? I know it is, and that is why sitting here and looking across the way I have attempted to turn prophet.

Ha! little fellow, I saw you then, and do you know it gave me the heart-ache? For the boy is the type in miniature of what the man will be in future years. I saw you move slyly to the side of a companion and gently draw from his pocket a toy that you must have known he valued, and appropriate it to a secret pocket of your own, and after when it was missed I heard you deny that you had seen it; but you are too young not to have a tell-tale face that has exposed you, and now as the rightful owner grappled with and forced his toy from you I hear the noisy group that surround the batters, give you a name that I fear will follow you in future years elsewhere than at the school house; and then thoughts like these bring other reflections and involuntarily my head turns and I glance at yonder prison where five hundred men who once were boys-like you are buried from the great world with no one to minister to them save those who guard their bolts.

With a cold shudder I turn away, and though I strive against it I ask myself the question, Is there any one among that merry laughing throng who will in the far off future occupy a cell in yonder gloomy building?

To-day there are many emaciated forms within that pile of stone whose prospects in their early years were as bright as yours, but pleasure in forbidden paths phantasm-like lured them on till, they were too far steeped in crime to save themselves from ruin.

See the monitor! how lordly and important he looks as he turns from side to side and watches the innocent gambols of his mates that he may discover some trifling misdemeanor to report to his teacher, and thereby show how faithful he has been. I never fancied a spy—his is an occupation to sully the coat that never will wash him. I have but little faith in that teacher's power of governing who has no influence enough over his scholars to keep them from violating any wholesome rule necessary to be obeyed, and if the teacher has such an influence he will need no spy to watch over those under his charge when they go from his sight for a few moments to catch a breath of the fresh air.

If that stern teacher could once more be a school boy and compelled to sit cramped in a narrow seat long hours every day solving difficult problems while every muscle in his tiny frame ached from inaction, believe me, when he escaped if it were but for a few moments from such severe discipline, as juveniles now have to undergo, he too would like to jump and wrestle and join in mimic battles without stopping to think whether his companions in these sports belonged to this division or that.

Well, after all the modern improvements that this fast generation brag about, I cannot see that schools at the present day are so much superior in discipline to that good old school kept long ago by Madam Dawley. There is one short period in my history the memory of which no future darkness can blot out, for there it rests green and beautiful like the oasis in the desert to refresh and cheer. In my early childhood my companions and I as we tripped with light hearts down the wide green path by the road side often stopped to gather wild flowers by the way or bathe our warm faces in the cool brook that rippled by the meadow fence.

If the great eight day clock in the corner had struck nine a few minutes before we hung our little checked sun bonnets on the peg in the entry, we did not as we opened the school room door expect to meet with dark frowns or see our teacher with uplifted lash ready to punish us for being two minutes late. No, with light hearts we passed in, greeting our companions with happy smiles and extending our gift of fresh flowers to our beloved teacher who welcomed them and in such a manner that it gave us pain not to make her happy in everything.

Step by step, mentally we explored the paths that led to lore and all was harmony as we went, for we loved our teacher and loving her we loved our books and tried to become masters of what they contained. Reader, you may have obtained your education in a city school and always been subject to modern discipline and yet prefer that mode to any other; if you tell us this we do not doubt that such is your choice, for God in his wisdom has made a great variety of minds: some can endure and some cannot,—you I presume are one of the former. As long as life remains memory will at times cling to that little red school-house on the hill-side. I remember the mossy old apple tree in front of the flat stone step where my companions and I used to gather in the shade at the hour of noon and draw forth our little baskets filled with food fresh from the pantry at home.— There we ate, and chatted, and studied, and beneath the cool shade prepared ourselves for the pleasant duties of the afternoon. No spy was set to watch our every movement, that he might report any little delinquency, and cultivate in himself a love of gossip. The bell tolls, as we used to call him in those good old times, was always an object to say the least, not to be loved. Years have passed away since that happy group of little boys and girls used to play together on the hill-side, and that part of the old tree that shaded the school children has been hewn down, but the fibres that supported it lie buried deep down beneath a rich man's mansion that has long stood on the home of the old tree.

Those boys and girls are all scattered now but

I know the history of each. No State's prison discipline in school hardened them in childhood—they remember no time in the school room when they had to sit like a culprit on a rack for long hours in silence, without even moving a muscle under penalty of expulsion or a severe reprimand. Yes, I know the history of each of the scholars that graduated from the school house on the hill side, and not one of the number has done ought to sully his or her name. Often have I heard of their standing foremost in the ranks among the good and the true ever trying to benefit those who need friends. But there sounds the master's bell, and now every voice in that yard is hushed as suddenly as if God with one stroke of his power had made them all mute. See how they file in like a funeral procession; one after another, they disappear till that great piece of tomb like architecture holds them all again and confines them to their dull routine of duty. Alas! is there no pleasanter way to teach our children? Were Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and a host of other good men taught in this way? We opine not. But the yard is empty now, so we will move on. EMMA CARRA.

PRISONS.

"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."—Banner of Light, April 25th.

Why, why, why! Mr. Editor, how dare you speak right out in that way? Proof enough in those words that you are a native. I wish that every editor was such a brick as you are when speaking of wrong; we would soon see a different state of things in society. Those who now treat the sufferings of their fellows as mere trifles would then be instrumental in doing more good.

You have spoken my sentiments exactly, but being of the opposite sex I am constitutionally a little timid, and now and then I keep back a thought on that account, for if threatened with a severe punishment I never should dare to carry a pistol in my pocket to protect myself with, for fear it would go off and hurt somebody. In short, the only weapons I have any fancy for fighting with are my pen and tongue, and if the assailed would only repel with the same kind of weapons why I am always ready for a battle on any subject. But the very interesting and useful class of which you have spoken despise such implements of warfare. The bludgeon, dirk, pistol or strangulation being much more in accordance with their taste. You never see a villain have a pen any more than he does the telegraph wire, for it talks too loud, and is heard by too many, and the wielder of it is often too prying into his secrets.

O, I tell you, Mr. Editor, if those damp walls that hedge in the narrow cells in yonder five hundred thousand dollar prison could speak, it is my opinion that they would unfold tales that would cause the cheeks of outsiders to blanch. I have not the State Prison statistics at hand, but I have been informed by Mr. Spear, that apostle of the present day, that within the tomb like piece of architecture, so near us, there are now confined five hundred human beings, all subject to a one man power. Ought not the utmost care to be taken when selecting one from the busy world without to fill this office? Ought he not to be a good and true man? One that will remember that those over whom he presides are human beings, and have human feelings, in spite of the great wrongs they have committed?

It does not make men better to half feed and half clothe them and then shut them up in dark, damp cells, solitary, without book or pen to relieve the tedious hours of dungeon life. "Why they can have books," says the Warden. We know they can if you will consent to allow them the privilege, and have humanity enough to place the unfortunate and guilty ones where sufficient day light can creep in to enable them to decipher their pages. But any little violation of prison rules is usually deemed sufficient cause for the withholding of all privileges from the convict. Faint and weary from long confinement, and from breathing fetid air, the prisoner may move with a snail-like pace over the labor that brings him no remuneration, and straightway he is remanded to his cell by his sin-hardened overseer, and more severe tortures inflicted. "What matter," say they, "he is only a convict. Nobody cares for him, and if there did, why his cries cannot be heard outside of the prison; and if he dies a victim to discipline, why there will be no questions asked, his absence will only make room for another." Many, many times, when winter's storms at the midnight hour have battled around my window, have I turned my thoughts to the inmates of yonder gloomy cells, and wondered if they too were turning restlessly from side to side and listening to the war of the elements without; but my opinion is that none of the music of nature ever reaches them there—no sound ever comes to them in that tomb teeming with life, save the clanking of chains and the drawing of bolts, or the curse and the oath that is heaped on them without stint, by those who have lived a fast life till it has blotted out all sympathy for those who suffer. Now, Mr. Editor, don't infer from what I have said that I wish to make the place for the keeping of convicts one of entertainment and worldly-profit to themselves. O, no. Neither do I wish the guilty to go free; but I will tell you what kind of officers I hate to see stationed within a prison to preside over those who have no chance to report to the great world outside, the wrongs done them there. I hate to see an officer of a prison look from top to toe as though he had lived fast from his boyhood up, and most of the time been a firm supporter of Bacchus. Neither do I like to see him return a savage glance every time one of those wretched ones casts his eyes in the direction of his face, or purposely bare the butt of a pistol that the unarmed convict may see that he is able to deal unto him death if he give him the slightest provocation. In short, I would see a prison made secure where the condemned might be kept from again mixing with the world, till such times as the best judges of character and the physiognomist should pronounce them reformed. If that time never came, then let the convict remain in his prison-house till God frees the spirit from the foul clay that fetters it. The proceeds of the condemned ones labor going to support the helpless beings he often leaves in his former miserable home. I would have the prisoners' labor at some useful employment in which no sharp knife is needed, and then if they have no wives or helpless children who suffer for the necessities of life, let the proceeds of their toil, the pittance that they are allowed for each day's labor, be one-half given toward the support of the prison or put into the State's treasury, where it is not needed, and the other allowed to accumulate as a fund, a certain portion of which be given to every prisoner when his term of service shall have expired, and he is about to go out into the world.

Then immediate wants, as they too often do now, would not drive them to commit crimes again, they may battle off hunger and cold; then the prisoner would have something to encourage him while he toiled, and he would feel that by and by, when he had paid the penalty of past deeds, he could go out into the world with a share of the fund that his industry had helped to accumulate, could clothe himself respectably, and by continued

industry in some useful avocation he could, and I believe in most cases, would, show to the world that in every human being at the heart's core there is a vein of purity, though in some it may forever lie dormant. Under present rules when a prisoner has served out his time, the huge key grates in the lock, and he steps out into the sunlight with no one to care for him, or provide him with food or employment till his energies can be brought into proper activity; so he roams about hither and thither till temptation comes again, once more he falls and then the public cry—"we knew it would be so!" there is no use in trying to reform such men.

Mr. Editor, I would have all prisons built strong and high, but I would have them filled with sunlight and fresh air. Wholesome and plain food should be dealt out in sufficient quantities, so that discharged prisoners should not look emaciated and ghostly when they again come to associate with their fellowmen. I would have every prison have a library filled with the best of books and not a sectarian book among them. Each prisoner should have a catalogue and choose what volumes he wished to read and have them exchanged as often as he pleased. There should be a good old fashioned Bible minister address them every Sunday. Preaching as Jesus preached, to make men better, and not to show how many outbursts of eloquence there can be crowded into one short sermon. Every prisoner should be treated like a man and I would have a man to treat him so. I would have no biped that thinks more of a bottle of old Burgundy than he does of the reformation of a human soul, to rule over a reformatory institution.

And above all other means of reform I would prize a school connected with the prison, where those who are laboring under the curse of a poor education can gain a knowledge of books while confined there, no matter how many years he may have lived ere the prison key first turned on him or if his first lesson there be in the alphabet. A knowledge of the right kind of books will always tend to elevate the mind at any period of life from the cradle to the grave. Why, says the reader, if prisoners should receive all these advantages you have named it would be impossible to get prisons enough to hold the applicants. Bah! man loves his liberty too well to barter it for all the favors that could be heaped on him inside a dungeon wall. There, Mr. Editor, you freed your mind and now I have done the same, but it is my candid opinion that if by any freak of fortune either you or I should have one of those strong bolts turned on us we shouldn't fare any the better for what we have said. Never mind, there's a good time coming, so it is no matter if we don't get our deserts in this world. EMMA CARRA.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

One of America's noblest sons has spoken zealously in favor of early marriages, but should he not have qualified his words a little by saying such marriages should depend somewhat on circumstances?

There is a class of young men that the responsibilities of married life can never seem to affect, marriage making them neither better nor worse.

They glide through the world with about as much steadiness of purpose as nature gave them at the outset of life's journey; no ambition to be ranked among the good and the true, and letting all the great powers with which the Creator has endowed them lie dormant. Nothing arouses them from the lethargy with which they have envroned themselves. They are born, they vegetate and die—a kind of human squash, that would not be missed if they were to leave this world at life's most useful period.

If such a one marry, to him it makes but little difference whether his wallet is in a collapsed state or its sides swelled to repletion; his wife's feet may be encased in three dollar congress gaiters or she may wear fifty cent slippers—her Sunday suit may be composed of silk or calico, it is all the same to him. If she ask him for the means to support a home comfortably, he will give it to her if he has it; if he has it not it is all the same,—the answer no is given as pleasantly and with as little ambition as though he thought the wife of his bosom had no right to call on him to bear the necessary expenses of the family.

Reader, did you never observe that such miserable specimens of the masculine race generally get good wives? Yes, those that will suffer and toil in silence, hiding their husband's faults,—often speaking in his praise when they know well that their words ought to be clothed in censure.

Such men lose nothing by marrying young, for if they don't have a parent or a wife to provide them with a home they never will have any. But oh! don't such don't-care sort of men bring misery on their wives? Just imagine to yourself a quiet, pretty and industrious girl in her teens getting chained for life to a being that hasn't ambition enough to care whether she who has placed all her hopes of happiness in this world in his keeping lives in a house of beautiful architecture or talls hard to support a fifty dollar tenement.

I never look on the wife of such a man but I am led to exclaim with the prophet of old—"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep"—weep in sympathy for her dark future. What has she to encourage her? Nothing; for with the easy-going husband, the fruit of her toil is received as a matter of course. I have before my mental vision the history of one whose life-contrast rendered her miserable till life drew near its close.

I am speaking of Laura Milburn now, and perhaps a short sketch of her married life may make some of the young readers of the Banner a little cautious on whom they bestow their hand when they pronounce at the altar that word so full of meaning and big with the happiness or woe of the future. Laura was young and fair, and though her necessities compelled her to toil, her labor did not detract an iota from the ring of her happy laugh, for she knew that when her employer of a Saturday night placed in her industrious hand her weeks pay there was no one to share it; she was as free as the mountain air—she could lay it out in ribbons and silk, or she could drop it into her little ornamented tin safe till the small sums added each week joined in a whole began to look bulky, and then Laura would deposit it in an institution for safe keeping.

The young tailor's always dressed neatly, and there was such a finish to everything she wore that it were hard for a casual observer to tell whether she were dressed in silk or calico.—Her demeanor was always so modest and yet cheerful that in the shop she was called a model girl.—She had never known sorrow, and the inexperienced said they were sure she never would, she carried such a light heart and joyous smile.—Had the fair young girl remained where she was and not accepted the proffered hand of Ezra Bennett, perhaps the prophecy of her mates might have been fulfilled.

handsome, and his being a special favorite among the girls was proverbial. One qualification or disqualification that Ezra possessed seemed to be generally overlooked by his fair associates, and that was—allow me to use a phrase that can be understood by everybody—idleness.

The day that Laura Milburn became Mrs. Ezra Bennett she had laid by from the proceeds of her industry quite a sum of money; but it was not the possession of this that made the young mechanic choose the fair girl for a wife, for though he was lazy he did not possess a mercenary heart.

For a few months after the marriage the youthful couple boarded in Laura's former home, and then the wife proposed that they should go to house keeping. O! didn't a kind of uncomfortable chill creep over the young being when she was told carelessly by her husband that although he should like to go to housekeeping he had nothing with which to make a commencement. How quickly she turned her head that he might not observe the crystal drops that rushed up and trembled on her long lashes! They were the first tears that the wife remembered to have shed; but she did not wish her husband to know that she was dissatisfied with his answer, and after a few moments' silence she said cheerfully.

"Well never mind, Ezra; if you have saved nothing from your earnings in the past, that is no sign that you will not save something from them in the future. I will draw a part of what I have laid by, and then at some future time perhaps you can replace it."

"Yes," drawled the husband; and as Laura looked into his face and saw with what indifference he spoke she began to think that heretofore she had only looked at the surface in making choice of a life partner; but possessed of wisdom beyond her years she wisely concluded that to repine now would but add to her misery.

A fortnight later and Laura was mistress of a neat little tenement, and the earnings of her girlhood had supplied almost every article of its furniture. And now in spite of Ezra's habit of staying at home two days after working one she was not totally unhappy, for everything was new and nice and it was a pleasant thought that she was mistress there; and then she would often say to herself as her husband playfully touched his lips to her forehead, "Well, if Ezra is not quite so industrious and frugal as I wish he was, he is kind, and that will cover a multitude of faults."

Just so, Mrs. Bennett; but it wont pay house rent nor keep the coal-bin full. It wont cancel the butcher's bill, nor cause the grocer to roll in a barrel of flour. No, Mrs. Bennett; but I wish for your sake and many others' that it would.

Mrs. Bennett had been a wife long enough to be called mother by a family of four children, and O! didn't her careworn face and form show in what sphere of life she moved and made herself useful? I never like to waste ink in describing beautiful heroes or heroines—it is a worn-out theme; and every time I see a tale begin with lengthy remarks on auburn ringlets and eyes of jet, teeth pearly white and soft hands, I invariably whisper to myself, These are emanations from a soft and exhausted brain.

But what have those remarks to do with Mrs. Bennett? exclaims the reader. Nothing, only such a picture though rather highly colored would describe the beauty of the fair shop girl the day she became the wife of the mechanic, and now here is the contrast when she has been ten years the wife of a shiftless man. The bloom has all faded from her cheeks, and now they are sunken and sallow. The once laughing eye has retired so far from the outer surface that the expression is lost ere it reaches you; her form which a few years back was so symmetrical is stooping and decrepit, and no art could restore it to half its pristine beauty.

Does Ezra mourn over the wreck of his former beautiful wife? O no, he takes the world easy—thinks the world owes him a living and he shall get it whether he works or not—tells his smart but half sick wife not to fret, for who knows but that some rich old fellow may die and leave him a few thousands?

But this is poor consolation to the mother who realizes that her four children need new shoes periodically, and that as the seasons come around, the wintry blasts are to be kept from reaching their tender forms.

We have mentioned a few of the changes that took place in the personal appearance of Mrs. Bennett, but time and hard work and care made no such havoc in the husband's looks. He wore a heavy moustache now, and the whole contour of his rosy face looked slightly more matured; but his spirits were as buoyant and he seemed just as determined now, as long ago, to make of life one great holiday.

But there! the longer I write about him the more vexed I get, for I hate with all the energy I possess all persons male or female, who are lazy and lounge away life as though God placed them here merely as ornaments. Mr. Bennett never reformed—of course he never would; for he like many others was constitutionally lazy, and for such there is no cure save the sickle of the Great Reaper. Mrs. Bennett toiled and struggled to overcome the ills of her lot in life, hiding her husband's faults and taking the best care she could of her children and patiently waiting for her reward where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. She always did as every true woman should do—she locked the secrets of her home within her own breast; what others knew they learned from observation.

And now a word of advice to the girls and I shall say no more at present. Never marry a young man who don't take a bath and perform his entire toilette every morning before the sun rises, nor even then if he ask you to become his wife, unless he is some bank the price of a house lot in some pleasant village. Show him this article, for here is a life picture, and then say to him there is too much at stake in matrimony to risk a life partnership with one who heretofore has been able only to support himself. EMMA CARRA.

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