

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light. **BARTHOLOMEW BROOM** A Connecticut Storn.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

He lived in Cobblefield. Everybody knows where Cobblefield is, and so I will not stop to tell them. Cobblefield,-the town in which Rev. Mr. Grimshaw preaches, and has preached since the days whereof the memory of (a young) man runneth not to the contrary,-the town that supports a lawyer of such extensive fame as Esquire Tussle, who has been in every suit, big and little, that Cobblefield has had recorded on her books for twenty vears.

People called him Barty Broom, for short, and I will venture on a similar familiarity. He was the son of his father and mother: but he was the child of his Aunt; his maiden Aunt, Vicy, which is short again for Lovisy. A fat, indolent, gawkey, piggish kind of a youth, bred to the farm, and destined to as not. I can keep a secret, I hope, and I guess I assume his father's place in the house and the town. whenever it might please Providence to remove too." him.

Barty's mother was a little woman of little spirit, feeling herself of little consequence and surrendering up about all her domestic privileges into the hands of her husband's more masculine and energetic sister Vicy. "Oh, dear!" she would say to Aunt Vicy very

often; "I only wish I had your faculty. But I ha'n't; I know I-ha'n't, and so what's the use of my tryin'? I might as well give up to you first as lasti

And she did. Aunt Vicy was the head and front of the household. Not even Mr. Broom dared to contravene her orders. If he was about to engage in any new undertaking, he invariably took aside Auft Vicy to consult her about it. No new project in connection with the farm- was started, without the concurrence and direction of Aunt Vicy. She was all in all. She made the rest look | Singin'school : there's ways and times enough, if up to her with a strange sort of respect. As for you only have a mind to set yourself about it." Mrs. Broom, she was the merest child in her hands that you can have any idea of.

This, perhaps, was the secret of it. Aunt Vicy Broom, the sister of Mr. Thaddeus Broom, had broom, use sister of BIT. Inaddeus Broom, had strong in and never ventured to betray his pref-the money; and whoever keeps the money or the dicine chest, is generally held in a peculiar kind of esteem. Mr. Broom, you will observe, had as much left him by his maternal grandmother as his sittor field but he hed est it field mother as his sister had : but he had got it tied up somehow, and himself; and that was a great deal. over laid with small mortgages, and worked into

the narrowilimits of his household.

"Why, nobody, as I know of," said he, growing "Oh, yes, it is ; don't think I'm going to believe

that, Come, tell me!" "I can't, for I don't know myself." And he

wriggled uneasily in his chair. "Oh, well," said his aunt, "if you are determined not to tell me, I shall guess for myself. And I guess I can guess right the first time, too. The girl you've got your eye on is-is-is Mary Larkum. There I knew I could hit it, and not

half try, either." The uncouth nephew did not deny the soft impeachment, but simply sat and looked out the window and simpered foolishly, as if nothing could please him better than the thought of being named in the same breath with such a beauty as Mary Larkum.

"Oh, you might just as well own up to it !" ex-claimed his Aunt Vicy. "I see how it is. I understand all about you young fellers. You can't expect to deceive such an old head as I am; let me tell you. Come, Barty, own right up to me, and say that you'd like to catch Mary Larkum. For if can be in the way of helping your business along,

"I think Mary's a darned pretty girl, Aunt Vicy," was his ardent reply.

"And so do I, too. There aint a bigger beauty in all Cobblefield, I'll venture to say. And now, if you could but catch her, Barty, you're a lucky felfer. You'll be the envy of all your acquaintances, and as happy a chap as there is to be found anywhere. Do it, Barty | Don't you delay another week about it: the girls all like bold men, and now don't you be timid any longer! Up and go at your work as soon as you can! the sooner, the better !

"I don't know how to get at it," he returned, gaining confidence a little. "She's so sort o' shy, or somethin' or other

"Oh, la; then do you be all the bolder! "Faint heart, you know never won fair lady. See her home some night from Conference meetin', or from

Barty considered upon it. His Aunt was his firm friend, and that he knew to his satisfaction. Mary, moreover, was his first and favorite sweetheart though he had never ventured to betray his pref-

It ought to be said here by way of parenthesis, a very unbusiness-like snarl-and there he was. | that Mr. Larkum, who kept the Post office and vil-All he could do was, to keep perfectly quiet on lage store in Cobblefield, had sometime before aphis farm and earn as good a living as he could. plied to Aunt Vicy for the loan of three of four His whole ambition now must needs be confined to hundred dollars, knowing that she was anxious to make a little investment; and that he had given Aunt Vicy had helped him some, so as to get her as security for the same a mortgage on his am-Aunt Vicy man neipen nim some, so as to get him into him Mr. Larkum was in fact indebted to her for his consnould nappen to take a lancy to any one, he might think himself pretty comfortably provided for during his natural life. She did have a fancy, and it was for Barty.

her now as well as I ever did myself; not because "Oh well, because," whispered she in Mrs. Lar-of any skill of mine with words, but because one kum's ear, "I've been puttin' this and that togeth-can never even speak of such a creature without er in my head, and I've cal'lated that our Barty is revealing her whole nature almost with his first only jest about two years-perhaps a leelle upwards, words,

every occasion he could get. Hitherto, he had and Mary wouldn't make a bad match! What do paid his attentions only at a distance, silently, as the you think about it?" Persians worship the rising sun; now he resolved to break over this barrier of bashfulness if everything else broke besides.

On the very first evening, therefore, after receiving this important encouragement from his Aunt Vicy, up he goes, as the singing school is " let out," ery variety of disorder, all of them more or less anxious or satisfied. It seemed an age to Barty taking down their shawls and hoods from the peg. but finally they all felt compelled to bid good-night would not dislike it." so many times, and to kiss each other over and over, (which some of the young fellows considered | turn, "that he hasn't courage enough for such a a waste of the raw material,) and to hide their girl as she is." faces so many times in their warmly quilted hoods. Presently they began to emerge. Such crowding and squeezing as there was,-you would have thought the little school-house to be twice as big as it was. Great girls and little girls, married

women and women expecting soon to marry, tall and in confidence." short, stout and common,-they came out through the throat of that little entry in a style that put of such a thing !" all idea of numerical calculation at fault.

One was seized after another, as she landed on the ground, and carried off into the darkness home. Barty's heart was beating high, and he thought of his Aunt Vicy just at the right moment, of her advice, and especially of her money. His fingers were twisting together in all sorts of shapes, as they hung down by his side. All he was waiting for was to spy Mary.

There she came, radiant in the light of the two sputtering tallow candles in the entry. She wore a shawl that exhibited her proportions with exquisite effect, and a hood that had bewitched the hearts of all the gay gallants in town long ago. She cast bright glances on this ade and that of her, as if she were determined to shoot every one of

Just as she landed from the threshold, up jumped several to beg the favor of her company. Perhaps there were five or six of them. One, seethe third ahead of him, followed suit ; the second frightened off the first, and the first was-who do work after this more like a man!" you think he was, fair reader, but Bartholomew Yes, there he næ the Broom? stood

bords. Barty Broom determined to see her home, on and I've been thinkin', this long time, that Barty

Mrs. Larkum couldn't help laughing in the woman's face.

"Oh, I understand why you laugh, well enough," said Aunt Vicy; " but this ain't no laughin' matter. Now suppose you and I set down and talk serious about it. Jest look and see what our Barty is, for and chooses the best place he can get near the yourself. See what a nice stiddy young man he's door. The "fellers" were staiding about in ev- got to be; and what his prospects air; and what a farm, and what a house, and what a property he'll have. He's kind, and obedicnt, and faithful, and before the girls began to come out at all. They all that, as you know yourself, Miss Larkum. On-squeezed in so into the entry; they were forever ly he's a little bashful. Now I've come over here a'most a-purpose to let you know how he feels Then they had to linger so long for the sake of towards Mary; for he never'd tell himself, I'm indulging in a farewell cackle, and laugh, and scream, afraid; or not till he knew for certain that Mary

"Then I'm afraid," answered Mary's mother in

"Ah, but why won't you use your influence, Miss Larkum? Only use your influence. If you will, I'll venture to say Barty will be a different boy jest as soon as he sees the change in Mary. He's partial to her, I know he is ; though I speak it to you

"Indeed," answered Mrs. L.; "I hadn't thought

"Wal, but he is, for all that. And it was only by the merest accident that I come to find it out, He likes Mary, and you may set your heart on't, Miss Larkum!"

"I'll tell Mary, at any rate; if that is what you want."

"It's iest what I want!" exclaimed Aunt Vicy. "But I wont undertake to answer for her taste,

you know. Perhaps she takes a fancy to him, and don't know a word about it."

"It's jest as likely to be so as any way," said Aunt Vicy. "Now wont you help the matter along a little if you can, Miss Larkum? Wont you drop a hint here, and a good word there? For you see, as well as I do, that this would be a proper good match. All the property would come together, And and that would make what went to each so much as it she were determined to show every new or and that would make what went to each so much her multitude of admirers and silver arrows. And the more respectable. And Barty 'll get all that the light smile that respective ther face it was this father leaves, of course and people say he's enough to mixe an admired the say for her at the favore to see it mine header will had had be were distance even of twenty feet. property of mine in his hands, and that I've got a mor'gage on your place here; how easy it would be to let all that stand just as 'ds, and never either of ing another pushing forward for the prize, slunk us give ourselves the least bit of trouble about it! back with bashful demeanor, and the fourth seeing I'll depend on you to fix this thing as it should be, now, and I guarrantee that Barty 'll come up to

Aunt Vicy thought she had done wonders, no

She did not wish to say "yes," and she hardly ared to say "no," so she said nothing.

NO.

Barty looked up at the moon. "It's a grand night," said he.

"Yes, indeed," said Mary.

He looked up at the house.

"You've got a purty house, Mary," said he. You'd orter he thankful for so good a house as you've got. Tain't everybody that can call such a iouse her own."

Mary looked off up the street, and began to bite er pretty red lip.

"And there's another thing," said he; "you mustn't think you can always live here, nuther, ecause you can't."

"Why not, pray ?" she inquired, in great sur-

"Wal," said he, "because things change about so. You'll be older by an'-by than what you air now, and then p'raps you'll see for yourself. Jest mark my word."

She did not try to check herself from laughing outright in his face.

"See here, Mary." he went on, dropping his roice.

"Well," said she, patiently and roguishly. "I wan't to make a bargain with you. Will you

agree to't ?" "I must know what it is, first," she cautiously

answered.

"Wal, it's no more nor less than this: I want ou to say you'll be my wife, if I'll be your husband !"

There it was. He had spoken out what always costs a man of high sensibility and courage a great struggle to speak; and done it without a thought. "Of course I couldn't very well be your wife,"

answered Mary, highly amused, "unless you were my husband." And laughed as hard as she could laugh.

He thought he could put up with everything

else, but this laughing he did not quite comprehend.

"At any rate," he concluded, in a fluster, " will you have me, Mary Larkum?" "Why," said she, "it's a very sudden question

for me to answer. I had never thought of such a thing." "You may get somebody that ain't half so good

as 1 am," said he.

" Very likely," she answered, and laughed again. "I don't think it's a laughin' matter," said he. "I'm serious, and I wish you was. I came over here a purpose to ask you."

"Then I'm sorry you put yourself to so much "You say no, then, do yer ne assured

for a categorical answer. " Have I said so ?" she responded with still an-

other laugh. He studied her partially shaded countenance by the light of the moon, to try and discover exactly what she meant; but he might as well have tried to solve the riddle of the Sphinx herself.

Will you say Tes or No, "Certainly. Yes or No." "He was a little out of temper. "Then you refuse to have me, Mary Larkum, do ve ? I shall go home to tell Aunt Vicy that there is no use of talkin' to ye, shall I? I shall never think of you any more, shall I? You want to make me feel this way, do you? Oh, wal, then. I can go. I can leave you. I'm my own master, [s'pose; and you think you're your own' mistress. But you may not be so very long, let me tell you. You may go further, one of these days, and fare a great deal worse! Good night. I'm going back home ?" And that was the way Barty Broom popped the the question. He did it just as he would have gone to work splitting a log with beetle and wedges. And he went off in a huff, wondering what was the reason he was rejected. It did not make him feel any better, either to catch the echo of her mellow laugh as he turned his unwilling feet away. But she could n't help it, poor girl! Laughing was as natural to Mary Larkum as breathing ever was to a baby. Not for three whole weeks did Aunt Vicy hear of his discomfiture; and when she did, she held up her hands in horror and amazement before her dutiful nephew and declared that she would go over with him to the Larkums' that very evening. and see Miss Mary and her mother for herself. And, come night, sure enough! over they went. Aunt Vicy tapped on the door. She noticed that there was a great bustle within, and overheard a confusion of voices. She paused a moment to catch its meaning, but was only more perplexed than ever. She was shown in, however, and sat down with Barty in a vacant room, Mrs. Larkum speedily waited on her. "Now, do tell, Miss Larkum,,' said Aunt Vicy; "what have you got now? What is a-goin' on here ?" "Oh, nothing at all," was her answer! except that our Mary has been a getting married. A very private little family party, you know." And Mrs. Larkum tried to smile it off. "Wal, and I should think it was a very private family party! I declare, I'm astonished, Miss Larkum! I'm dumbfounded! here I've come over with my Barty express to see you and Mary,: and see if we could n't get up some sort of an understandin', and the first thing I hear is, that Mary's married! who'd ever thought of such a thing? I say its abominable, Miss Larkum; and. you may think what you're a mind to on't. Come,. Barty, we'll go home! we'll never come over this threshold ag'in! Only jest tell Mr. Larkum how't he may as well take up that mor'gige tomorrow as any time! He can't expect to keep my money in his hands any longer! She started and went out in a high huff, chattering and scolding all the way, with Barty close at her heels. Some of the select wedding-party. caught sight of their departing figures, and could not restrain from laughter at the odd looking pair. that were taking their hasty leave. It was a trick of Mrs. Larkum's own self. She tried it, that she might thus shake off the claims of

mind to labor the family: and if so be that she should happen to take a fancy to any one, he

would get all her property, would step into his apply to her for it? Of course he was pinched; of father's shoes, and would live right straight glong as him closed by the dependent; and of course he was be her her to be the straight glong as him closed. ite. There was nothing she was not willing to do for him. She reproved him, and fondled him, in her way; she had the naming of him, and she de- pedition against Mary Larkum, in company with clared she would have the marrying of him. Not that she meant to marry her own nephew at all, Barty formed mis its but she was set on finding somebody for him, when the proper time came, that would be worth his while.

room,-she had a snug little chamber all by her- congregated weekly to try their voices in concert.

something. You know you're getting along to be a man, I s'pose, don't ye? Wal, let me tell you and sometimes another; she was never left to pick that you air, whether you are willing to own it or her own way. The fact was, she was occasionally not. You'll soon be managin' the farm for your more troubled to pick out her evening's cavalier, self, and that's a fact ; and there's no such a thing they swarmed about her in such plenty. as carryin' on a farm alone, you know. I mean, Let me stop to say a word to the reader about Barty, a man must have somebody to help him. He Mary Larkum. She deserves that somebody

body. Come !" "Pho !." exclaimed the bashful youth, with a gawky laugh, while he ran his huge fingers through his flaxen poll.

"No, you needn't 'pho,' neither," said she. "What I tell you, Barty, is as true as the gospel. Only you're like all other young men of your age -you hate to own it. You would like to make

. Barty gave a reluctant snicker, and looked resolutely out of the window. "But jest see here, child," she went on. "You

can't put off this thing always, can you ? Wal, then, it's got to be considered at some time, and why not now? You're old enough, or I never should ha' ventured to break it to you. Come, what girl in all this town, now, is your choice ?"

She regarded him closely, to hear his answer. "I don't care for any of 'em," said he,

"Oh, yes, you do too, come don't say such a foolish thing as that again! You are as much bewitched after the girls as ever any body is, and you know it. So don't think you're going to fool me with your nonsensical excuses."

He couldn't help snickering again. His very bashfulness proved all his aunt wanted so much to

Know Who's the girl, Barty? Who's the girl? Come, make me a confidant for once, won't you? I'll assure you, I will help you all I can in the busilies. Come, tell your sunt who she is f"

It was with such an idea as this predominant in her head, that she set out on this matrimonial exher favorite and hopeful nephew.

Barty formed his resolution, and acted up to it

he proper time came, that would be worth his thile. So one evening she took Barty off into her abroad, and all the young folks, with some old ones, self,—and began to break a subject to him that had for some time given her a great deal of con-cern. "Barty," said she, pulling on her cap over her Like the golden-rimmed queen-bee in the hive head, "set down. I want to talk with you about she was the centre of the whole plan. Sometimes

must have a wife. You must begin to look round should say it for her, and why not I ? I know her and see if you can't make up your mind on some well; I have flirted with her of a rainy afternoon across her father's counter, many a time; and I used to have, but it was a great while ago, and I have tried to forget it since, I used to have a sort of partiality for her that it makes me feel more than half sad now to think of.

But wasn't she just the richest, rosiest, roguishest hoyden that ever let her curls hang lose about her fair neck and shoulders P. And did ever you, or me think, I s'pose, that you never thought of such thing as a girl in all your life !" anybody else, see such a healthy red on any young girl's cheek ? shading off so delicately into that marble whiteness, fairer than anything from Curarra! Her two eyes shot all sorts of arrows-magnetic, I mean, of course, -- into your own, tipped with sen-timents that thrilled your yery soul. -- And she didn't seem to care one fig for all her beauty, either, which only heightened its charm. She wasn't prim, or starched, or "stuck-up" at all; but as natural as the air that blew through her dark curls, or the water in the little brook that she had romped with from her early girlhood.

Mr. Larkum thought all the world of her, and well he might. Her mother was not a whit behind him in fondness. Mary was the family pet. Mary. was the idol. All the rest deferred to Mary. If nobody else was gratified, they were all willing to

hooddy elle was gradied, they were all whing to let Mary have her way. Because they loved her so well. And all loved her just as much, (so it seemed, at least.) who came into clove relationship with her from day to day. "But don't let me highr too much with you dear reader, over this fresh June rose-bud. "If you have not skipped my brief hist at a description, you know

beauty of Cobblefield, and daring his fate.

"Hi !" said he, to clear his throat.

Mary's eyes were everywhere but upon him, and he should have known as much.

"Shan't I see you home P" said he, with decided trepidation in his knces and voice.

Poor, unfortunate Barty! Mary did not even hear him ! He would have to raise his voice somewhat, if he expected her to catch a syllable of his offer on such an evening as that. But what does our friend Barty essay but a new

trick? Something probably gleaned from family customs, and partaking of the most homely familiarity.

He even took hold and tugged at her shawl, the better to arrest her attention

· She looked down there, of course, not knowing but some savage dog had seized her by the dress. and was bent perhaps on tearing her limb from ing, crowding all of his soul into his look. He belimb.

As she glanced downwards, her eyes met those of her admirer. It was all done in a tenth part of the time I have taken in telling it, and the effect was vastly more striking on our friend Barty than it can be on the reader.

"Mayn't I go home with you, Mary ?" said he once more, still holding on by her shawl.

"Oh, no, I thank you !" was her brisk answer. At which gallant No. 2 stepped forward with more assurance and carried her off straightway on fire in the eastern sky, the insects were piping away his arm! Barty straddled away homewards under at their monotonous music in the grass and the air the welcome cover of night, to ruminate on his was bland and genial enough to be peopled with luck at his earliest leisure.

"Well," said Aunt Vicy, the next time she could get him off alone with her; "what did you say to fary Larkum P"

"Nothing at all," he answered growlingly.

"What, didn't you go home with her from singing-school ?"

" No."

"Did you ask her ? You' hadn't the courage to ask her, Barty !? "Yes, I did ask her, too."

"And she gave you the mitten ?"

"I do'no what you call it, but she wouldn't accept my company. She took up with Dick Billets' in preference to mine.!"

"The minx! But PU look into this business for myself! Don't you lose any courage Barty ; I'll fix matters to suit you, if sich a thing is within. mortal power."

So she must needs go over and see Mrs. Larkum, for the express purpose of talking with her about her daughter. There she flattered herself she was going to " fix matters," just as she had the inclination.

"Miss Larkum," said she, as pleasantly as she ever spoke that, or any other name, in all her life. "how old's your Mary gittin' to be? For I've been thinkin' more or less of her for sometime beck, and I wondered jest how old she was."

Mary's mother was taken somewhat by surprise

Mary's money was taken somewhat by surprise at such an inquiry, but she made up her mouth for as pleasant in answer as possible. "Why," said she, " Mary must be somewhere about nimeteen ; not quite so much as that yet. Why do you ask ?" - Tray Incont Suits of the Star Incont Suits of the Star 11 J. 1 1.50

doubt: but Mrs. Larkum only laughed in her sleeve at her. Especially did she let herself indulge in merriment, when she thought of Aunt Vicy's claim on the family in return for the money loaned her husband ! It was fun indeed, when she was asked to give away Mary for the sum of three or four hundred dollars.

There is no telling exactly how her mother did act in the premises; whether she persuaded Mary to slight or to favor Barty Broom, or had she so much as mentioned the subject at all to her.

But this much was true; Barty did afterwards continue to offer his services to her as a beau home, and he was not always rejected, either, make the most out of it that you can.

Upon this our friend Barty seemed to be better acquainted at once. He took a deal of courage. He dared to look Mary Larkum full in the face, when he met her. He stared hard at her in meetgan to feel encouraged in his own heart, and stood longer before his little piece of a mirror, not only Sundays, but on other and more ordinary days.

Spring came and Summer close upon its licels. For him, that summer was to be an eventful one.

On a certain delightful evening during the warm senson, he rigged himself quietly in his best suit, and took a leisurely stroll off in the direction of Mr. Larkum's house.

nothing but the delicious vagaries of dreams.

Once twice, three times, did Barty walk past Mary's residence, squinting guiltily at the door and windows. But he could see no Mary yet. Once, twice, three times more he essayed it. Till at the last he spied a female figure clad in spotless white coming towards him in the distance above.

The nearer he approached, the more certain he was what and whom the beautiful apparition meant. It was Mary! He knew it was Mary! And the moment he got near he could not help accosting her as Mary. "Good evenin'?" said he.

She hesitated, and finally recognized him.

"I thought o' comin' over to see you," said he but I didn't know's you was in. Lucky I didn't call, wasn't it ?"

Mary laughed, but did not reply. "I'm goin' your way," he continued, "and I'll go home with you, if you've no objeckshun."

"I thought you were going the other way," archly answered she.

"Oh, so I was, till I found you, you know. But now we can go on together."

And he proceeded along by her side, and not so very close to her side, either.

They reached the gate. Never did the silver moon seem one half as beautiful, nor the night air seem so hushed and still. They unconsciously lingered a minute, drinking in the inspiration of the hour.

"Won't you come in ?" at length asked Mary.

"Oh, no," said Barty, "I guess not-I'd rather not-I blieve-I'd jest as leave stand here a spell -hadn't you ?" S. C. Barris 1 10.0

all the villagers with a single energetic movement. And she was successful.

Mary's husband was the son of an old schoolmate of her mother's, and the courtship had all been conducted through her father's post-office! Nobody knew a word about it, till it was too late to think of anything like interference. Barty is an old, flax-haired bachelor to this

day; and so he is likely to continue to the end of his life.

Writton for the Banner of Light. THE LITERARY SEXTON.

BY WM. O. EATON.

It was unto Mr. John Swallow, gentleman, that Mr. Jeremiah Penwell, elegist, etc., one day unfolded some of the interesting secrets of his liter-

ary career. Mr. Swallow had ever been deeply impressed with a sense of the benefits of literary society, and reverenced literary characters, as he did Hebrew. characters, in proportion to his inability to understand them. And in this inability he was profound. Imagine Swallow's delight, therefore, when somebody, knowing his predilection, introduced him to the great Penwell.

"Otherwise known as the Literary Sexton," added Penwell, bowing with a proud smile.

"Shall never forget the honor," said Swallow, bowing twice to his once to prove his sincerity. "But I don't see why they should call you a literary sexton," said he afterwards, surveying the plump figure and jovid countenance of Penwell. "You look more like a feast than a funeral."

"That's very true," said Penwell. "But they call me the Sexton because I am distinguished particularly, and over and above all other writers in the country, for the great number of elegies, obituaries and epitaphs I have written-comprising about three-fourths of all my productions in verse and prose."

"Indeed !" said Swallow, looking serious.

"A fact," returned Penwell. "It comes natural to me to mourn for the loss of others-that is to say -on paper. Off of it, I don't care a custard for all the dead people that ever lived."

"How happened it that you fell into this way?" asked Swallow, looking as mournful as if Penwell had experienced a great calamity. "I first chanced to try my gift at wailing on

some of my departed relations when I was young, and succeeded to a charm. Imagine my joy when I found, by repeated trials, that I could bring tears into their eyes at any moment !"

"It must have been a great satisfaction."

" My elegies took so well that whenever a friend of the family died I was entreated to write something, in prose or verse, upon the occurrence; and I was ambitious to do so, and thus I embalmed, or rather inurned myself in the affections of the survivors. I became bound to them, as it were, by the crape of gratitude."

" It is an ennobling employment to speak well of the dead," said Swallow; " and has no doubt exalted your tone of thought."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Penwell. "I know at first that I scorned compensation for what I wrote, feeling amply rewarded if I could make the mourners realize their loss. But then, you see, the living must have precedence of the dead. I was poor. Writing afterwards became my profession. It wasn't to be expected that I was to turn grave-digger, gratis, for all the mourners in creation; and so I decided to charge .something for my kind offices, as sentimental sexton."

"I don't see why not," coincided Swallow.

"The fact is," continued Penwell, confidingly taking Swallow by the button, "it isn't every man who can get up the steam of similar instance, a man comes rushing into my office early in the morning, just after I have eaten a h arty breakfast and am enjoying the newspapers, and says, 'Penwell, so-and so is dead and I wish you to write something in your best style, and I will make it all right with you;' I have instantly to put on a grave face, stop the wheels of comfort, inquire solemnly into the details of wretchedness, and then get my

he had just lost his wife, and wished me to write a cles on the deaths of literary men, such as noveltold him to call the next day, when he might choose from several which I would write. When he re-turned, I read them to him, and he selected one, my hand in. You see the mounful style is very turned, I read them to him, and he selected one, my hand in. You see the mounful style is very total them to him, and he selected one, my hand in. You see the mounful style is very turned, I read them to him, and he selected one, my hand in. You see the mounful style is very the form the selected one, the selected one is the selected one. took out his pocket-book and paid me, and I took popular with a large class-readers of the list of occasion to observe that I supposed now that the deaths, lovers of horrible accidents, and the greedy partner of his heart had gone forever, that the devourers of the calenders of crime ; people in short world looked changed to him, and that he must who are foul of anything which reveals the miserfeel very lonely.

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me as if he didn't exactly comprehend my means press could not live. Their occupation would be ing. Finally a gleam scemed to dawn upon him, and his face, to my surprise, brightened up : ful was not so prevalent. Such is the humanity of

"" Oh, yes," said he, carelessly, it did make me humanity, sir! feel pooty had, at first, and he turned on his heel "But you had and went off whistling. "There, thought I, is a true man of the world.

Without sentiment, he is at least without hypocri- more. I am poor, but fat and content, as you see to the dead what he can."

"That is a very charitable construction of yours," said Swallow, musing; "but perhaps it was that very cool and calculating nature which killed his wife.'

his husiness to bury, and make the sod look as

speak favorably of the dead, when you know they do to their memories. I shall then whip out my blank book, and show them their names elegantly havn't deserved it."

"No. To speak nothing but good of the dead is a generous old maxim which I always call to mind on such occasions to encourage me if I ven- the details if they consent. Invalids are impresture to write a good plump lie; and moreover, the sible, and like kind offers, and wouldn't be likely to, greater the lie the greater the sarcasm, so that I mind ten dollars, on the verge of the grave." kill two birds with one stone; the implied sarcasm tickles the knowing ones, and the ostensible compliment pleases the friends. This is good logio. to mind the fact that an acquaintance once asked papers, getting a handsome discount, because it me for an obituary notice for a friend of his. He will be by the quantity, and extra copies will be described him in the most favorable light, and though I had never seen the man, I sat down and did my best, in glow and grace, to make the world sigh for so much departed worth, and the publisher elegy when my time comes." ried, exclaimed, 'Admirable! Admirable! I wish I had known the poor fellow !' and he published the article as editorial, and refused to charge for it. "Another triumph of my genius! thought I. down. About a month afterwards, some one called after me in the street, 'Here Penwell! Penwell !'

"I looked back and the publisher approached me. Going to compliment my article, thinks I to

myself. "The man was red in the face, with anger That abominable burlesque of yours !' said he, ! wouldn't have published it for fifty dollars, if had known the man. - More than a dozen gentlemen, who did know him, came to me, amazed ; and told me that the fellow was one of the most worthless scapegraces that ever died a natural death; and I had to apologise in the paper the next day !'

" Anybody but a literary sexton would have been confused at this, but I calmly assured him that if he wasn't to blame, no more was I; for I hadn't ner. known the dead man any better than he!

"He wouldn't be appeased, but went off muttering in a style which convinced me that adjectives were as cheap with him as with me, and mine were much the sweeter. But, my dear Swallow, you musn't think, from all this, that in my capacity of sexton and undertaker for men's memories, I always play the flatterer. An adroit obituarist is a man to be forred and sometimes when men anger ple wish to have a good report after they shall be dead, particularly the rich and the wicked. To gain it, the gallows-bird puts on as brave a face as he can, before he is swung off, and the miser bequeaths. largely for public charities."

-sexton, of your known experience, would be much employed by our wealthier reprobates," said Swallow. "Were I like some of them, and about dy-

el very lonely. "As he fastened his pocket-book, he looked at reports of such wretchedness most of the daily

"But you have not become wealthy, yet, have you!".

"No. I make a good living, however. Nothing at all, will bring me in a cool thousand at least."

"Do you dare to trust me with the secret?" "Willingly, Mr. Swallow. "I intend to get letters of introduction from some of the most influential members of my pro-"Very possible-but all's one'to the sexton. It's fession, to the principal physicans in the city, on whom I shall call and ascertain who are their rich-

green as he can." "But I should think it would go against the Izhall then get introductions to those patients and grain, sometimes, when you are called upon to inform them who I am, and the great benefit I can

printed at the top of the pages, and then offer to do the literary undertaking for them, and take down

"Suppose they should refuse ?"

"I shall tell them I am determined to say something, and that may bring them to terms. I can enough for a literary sexton, at any rate. It calls then easily make an arrangement with the newssought for."

"Really, Mr. Penwell, your enterprise is equal to your genius; and permit me to be booked for a good

his book and pencil at once.

"Put me in 8s as the hymn-book says." "Swallow-88-" said the Sexton, writing it

"That reminds me that I haven't ate anything

to-day, and as you are probably hungry yourself, after this long interview, you can give me some idea of what you want said, while I dine with you."

" Very well, Mr. Penwoll, Don't be offended if offer you the X now, for fear I shall forget it." "No offence at all," said Penwell, pocketing the money. "I hope yet to see you riding in your own carriage," said Swallow, "for you certainly de-

serve it." "Thank you," returned Penwell, laughing. see no reason why I shouldn't get rich, as well as those who raise hogs for a living; for we both live by the pen. And if I ever should, I shall have on.

my carriage, for arms; a Raven, or a Screech Owl." And with this sally, they sallied forth to din-

Written for the Banner of Light. BLIND CARRIE. BY ACLARE RITCHIE.

"Please, may mumarin, and est, me a little -1.11-2" It was a Suce "childish' force that spoke, and Granama Trienon laid aside her knitting, and went to the door. - "What is it!" "Please may I come in ?" " Lors ! yes, child ! Here, take a seat!" But the little hands were put out in a hesitating manner, and the tiny foot was put for-"I should suppose that an author-beg pardon Grandma peered over her spectacles at the new ward very cautiously. "What's the matter ?" and comer. " If you would only take hold of my hand, and help me a little! Because you see I'm blind !" The voice was very tremulous, and the child sighed, "Blind !" The exclamation dropped from Grandma's lips, in a tone of mingled awe and horror! Then she gently lifted the little form, and placed it in the arm-chair by the open window. "Thank you! This is Mrs. Nichols, isn't it ?" "Yes, dear; and what might your name be? And what kind of a family do you belong to, that they let a young girl like you, blind too,"-and here Grandma's voice grew low again,-" walk round all alone in the country ?" "Please don't feel offended with my friends for letting me run wild,-and the child laughed merrily,-" but I'm here on a visit to ' Beechwood,' with uncle Charles. My name is Carrie Lemont. We are stopping with Mrs. Linton, who is my aunt And I feel so lonesome-no, not lonesome,-but then there's nobody but auntie to speak to, so she told me to come over here, for you had a little girl staying with you, about my own age, and that you would let us go out together." "Then it's Anna you want! Well, I'll try and find her, but tell me first, how you found the way here."

some angel-saint. So aber ashed like vision of and help us bring up Carrie 1" It was all I said, beauty on my sight! "If that you of an ish from passed hway is the called to James the gardener, ols?" I was almost afraid the world ranish from passed hway is the called to James the gardener, my sight so I said not a world. She waited a more to gardown for, and they brought up our Carrie, ment or two longer, then said "Annie, me you and all the while, not one of us, spoke a world here?" "Annie!" I had been plain "Anna" all Gradina' Nichols was weeping very bitterly, and I the days of my life, but she had called me "Annie," and it became very beautiful to me. "Annie!" It comes to me in dreams now so How lonely it seemed! I threw myself down on sweetly she spoke it! I know how strange it the floor, in my agony, and tried to weep; but, no! seemed to see her beautiful blue eyes gazing full the fountains of my soul were all dried up, by the upon me, then hear her ask, if it were Grandme', raging fire within me. I could hear the cautious and then if it were Annie! Grandma' came in step down below, then I heard the "front room" then--"this is Anna, Carrie!" and she placed my door shut gently to, and the key turned duietly in hand within hers. "I am very happy to see you, the lock. So I paced the floor, till morning dawn-Carrie." "Thank you, Annie"-there it was, ed I Then I went down, as I passed the door of "Annie" "Then I went down, as I passed the door of "Annie " again-" I wish I could see you, but I'm the parlor, the temptation seized me to go in. I very happy to meet with you ! Can't you see ? Can't remember how very dark it was there, but Carrie's you see me? Why can't you see me, Carrie?" white face, that was there too! It has haunted I asked, lost in childish wonderment. And she me ever since! There were wonderings how "unsy, and no doubt he did what he thought his duty me; confident that as long as people continue to hold me then how the light had died out from cle Charles " would feel, yet I said not a word, by his wife, while she lived, as he now does, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my "those eyes—that when the sun was shining brightly Early in the morning, Grandpa" and Tarmer Proosy, and no doubt he did what he thought his duty me; condent that as long as people containing those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion, by die, and there are any types and tombstones, my those eyes—that when the sun was shining orightly fairly in the motion of the village. They were gone a noonday God had suddenly sent the darkness of tor went down to the village. They were gone a midnight down into her soul! I was an orphan, very long time, and Grandma began to grow very individual with my nervous. At last they came, but there were two individual with my nervous. and for little less than a year had resided with my nervous. At last they came, but there were two grandfather's family, with no chosen companion, coffins in the wagon, and one of them was " incle save my dog "Watch:" Carrie and myself became Charles." He had died very suddenly, on the day very intimate during her visit, and we finally per- before, while on his way to us! Mrs. Linton was suaded her, uncle to let hep' remain with us, at at the South, and so they brought him to "Nichols "Beechwood" And so he loat her with us. The Farm." James had removed a portion of the beautiful summer evenings, Carris and I would stone wall, during the day, and just at twilight, the then sit on the great stone step of the door, I, little funeral cortege came down the lane, into the gazing up at the stars in the heavens above, she, orchard. Close down by the brook, on the side of silent and still, with the starlight of her own soul, the green hill they buried them side by side. for God's hand had lighted the stars there. Well A great wall went up from our souls, as for God's hand had lighted the stars there. Well A great wail went up from our souls, as they so we mused. "Do the moon and stars shine placed "our blind Carrie" away from our sight, but bright, Annie ?" I can hear the brooklet murmur; "He doeth all things well." And thus the sunlight and the fragrance of the flowers is very sweet, and so beautiful, faded out from our home! "It won't can hear the breeze whispering to the old forest be long before Grandma' will come up to me!" trees; but I wish God would let me look upon you And when the lilacs began to put forth their buds, once, Annie, and see the green earth, so bright and the warbling birds came back to us, in the

> ever see anything, Carrie ?" I asked eagerly. welling up in my eyes, at grandma', who was shak-when Currie spoke thus, that she was going to die. ing ! "The pure in heart shall see God "-I knew I could only imagine that she was about to leave us, for a little while! So the summer passed, and left me, but the old heart-anguish is here yet. we were expecting Carrie's uncle, and she was go- Only 'Watch' and I; here now! "Into the Land next summer, won't you?" "I am not going to me still, sister mine, up to your home! "Annie" leave you, my sister, and next summer, I shall be and "Watch" are lonely here; waiting for "Carrie." here with you still!" She said it in her calm, easy Sweet Carrie! Angel-Carrie! only gone before! way—and I was so glad! I caught up my sun-bon-

net and ran down across the meadow, to tell my grand-father, that Carrief was going to stay, with us. "I hope she may " was his only reply, and he went on with his mowing, and I went slowly back to the house, thinking how strangely everybody talked! That night we went down into the orchard-Carrie and I. Close down by the brook, under the shade of a great elm-tree, was a huge moss-grown rock, which we called "Carrie's seat," and here Carrie's at down, and I at her feet. "Shall the coast to his wife; "and this time I'm afraid I like "uncle Charles ?" I asked, in my abrupt manner. "Uncle Charles ? Kou will not see him Annie-he will not some here for me " Annie-he will not come here for me." She was very calm, and continued : "The shining angel has come again, Annie, to me; and he is to meet me here to night! Uncle Charles was with him, but he did not speak to me ! All through life, God will send trials and temptations unto you, my sister. but, the shining one has told me, I may guide you ! So I shall be with you, and next summer I shall come back to you, as you asked me to do! I wish I had said " good bye " to Grandma,' and Grandpa,' too. But you can tell them, that I'm going home, and that it won't be very long, before Grandma' will come up to me! 'And Grandpa' too -tell him that I've seen " the great, white Throne," he used to read to us about, in the long winter evenings, and that I love him, he has been so good to the poor, blind girl." There I sat, looking up at her, not daring to stir away from her, and with no word escaping my lips, for fear I should lose those, dropping like precious jewels, from her lips, so holity, and sinking way down, down, into my soul. "Watch ! good old Watch ! and the faithful old creature, haid his head upon her knee, and whined ! She laid her hand upon his head, very caressingly, then said. "You will be very kind to "Watch," for me, Annie, and-God bless you! I'm going now-will you not say "good-bye." "Good bye, Carrie !" How my heart ached, as I said this, yet I was very still and quiet! She "Somewhere, Charles!" echoed the 'lady. leaned over and kissed me, then laid her head back, "Where can it be but on David's side ! His wife I said this, yet I was very still and quiet! She against the trunk of the tree-and died ! The lids were drooped over the sightless orbs, and she was very beautiful, as she sat there, so still and silent, the sweet radiant smile upon her lips, as though Martha, though he would not pretend to give an ing full upon her! So Carrie sweet girl, went out from among us! Into the long hours of the night, very uncharitable to suppose it was any fault of face, with an eager wistful look, all unconscious that and offer her some plain work, if she had time to the life-spark had fled! I remember how very bright it was, that night, and while we were there for we sat facing the house, I could see Grandma come to the door, and look out at us. But I had no heart to beckon her to come to us, though I knew Carrie was dying ! "Annal are you crazy You and Carrie sitting here, and the dew falling I I tried to get up, but I looked at Carrie, and sphed "Come, Carrie, it's near midnight." I could not sleep, knowing you were out, and you've got such a cough, too!" ⁴ I soa you take the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not arrange in the soa way in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of it. Why may not array in the proper view of the proper view of

Graddina' Nichols was weeping very bitterly, and I left them, in the stillness, with the dead; and went in into my room. My room-and Carrie's, too! How lonely it seemed! I threw myself down on

and beautiful again. Grandma', why won't God let me see one thing as well as another? Do you ever see anything, Carrie ?" I asked eagerly. "Next summer, I shall come back to you!" It sounded in my ear every time I looked "Oh, yes! I see the angels, when they come to out of the little "west-window" down towards the us, the same as you and Grandma'do, and"-" The graves! There was no monument there-only angels! Angels up in Heaven, Carrie! Do you "Carrie's seat." That told a thrilling story! The see them? Oh, tell me all about them, grandma' summer had well-nigh departed, when I went down never sees any-neither do L?" How many times to "the seat," one beautiful evening-and Carrie I had wept, because, Carrie could not see, Sweet came! Like a ray of sunkhine, she came unto me, Carrie-so "pure in heart," so full of grace. And her spiritual beauty lighting up the dark recesses the angels, sainted angels, they came to her!] of the inmost soul within me! "Lighting all the They, of God's chosen band, all robed in shining solemn river"-then vanishing away1 "I have white. I thought of all I enjoyed, but I lacked come, ere the summer closed, Annie." "Uncle "the one thing needful "-the inner faith. Then | Charles" was up in my home, as I told you, and again I thought, "perhaps Carrie is going up there Grandma has come since. The harvest is ready, to dwell with them," and I noticed how thin and the reaper is waiting, Grandpa will come next transparent the little hand had grown, how short I'm guiding you yet! Good old Watch! Watch the breath came; then I remembered how a whined. Who shall say that Carrie was not with slight, hacking cough, had startled me from sleep, us then? My old childish joyousness came back to nights along back, and I felt that Carrie was going me, for Carrie could see! And, in my exuberance away from us. So I looked, with the great tears of spirit, I called Watch, and we bounded up the hill. together. "Oh, Grandpa, Carrie has come backing her head so gravely." "My dear child, you Grandpa Nichols was dead! The stern Reaper had wont see spirits, and stay here 'long-that's cer- gathered the harvest and gone! 'lhere he sat in tain." "Oh, I know that, grandma', because the the old arm chair, with the Bible open on the stand shining angel has come to me twice! One more before him! A great calmuess suddenly settled time, and he will come and take me by the hand, and down upon me! I laid my hand on his—it was icy Grandpa was in Heaven! So one by one, they've ing back to the city with him. "I'm so sorry you-'re going away, Carrie! You'll come back here they fled! But "I'm guiding you yet," So guide

MARTHA MEADOWS

OR, HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

"So I find David Meadows has been getting drunk again, though he promised me to mend his ways," said the clergyman of a small village near

ming into as melancholy a mood as possible, that 1 may not offend by producing a cold article. These efforts, these privations must be paid for."

"Certainly they must," said Swallow, decisively, "But I don't see how you can get into the proper frame of mind, always, on such occasions. How do you do it 🖓

"There's the secret," chuckled Penwell, poking Swallow in the ribs; "I don't tell everybody. I take pen in hand, sit down, and imagine, first that I have lost all my friends, and then that I am sitting on a tombstone, in a grove of weeping willows, and surrounded by skulls and cross-bones. Then I think of all the misfortunes I ever met with; the girls that jilted me, and the men that cheated me. and how Isshould feel if I was left alone in a wilderness, blind, lame, and hungry, no shoes to my feet, and the bears coming after me; and at last I get wound up to the proper pitch of grief, and then I nitch in f

"That is an ingenious mode," said Swallow, admiringly, "you must have marvelous control over your feelings; your soul must be much like a handorgan, you can grind any tune you please out of

"Precisely; all which, as I said before, must be paid for. Money is the magic! money is the thing that does it! Money, acting on poverty, like the moon on the tides !"

"Admirable simile !"

"And that moon never is eclipsed. And though she often shows herself in quarters, she is always a full moon to me. You may think all this odd; perhaps imagine me to be a hypocrite, and mercenary; but it's a mistake, if you do. At the time, I am sincere; at the time, I really mean what I say or, at any rate, as much so as they do who have the credit of being genuine mourners at funerais in general, and who say they can never cease to lament the departed, and yet in a few days are ready to laugh at trifles, cager for a new object to supply the vacant place in the heart, if there is one, and never even visit the grave again. That is all human nature, however, and lucky it is that it is so. If we were intended to weep forever for the loss of a loved one, we should be more like water-melons in consistency."

"That is very true," returned Swallow, endeavor-ing to be as matter-of-fact as possible, "and there would be a rise in the price of pocket-handkerchiefs."

"I see you take the proper view of it. Why may not a man be as faithful a sexton, and entitled

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ing, I would engage you at aimost any price, varnish my coffin—I mean, my character."

"Thank you. I have no doubt I shall do a big business in that way, yet," resumed Penwell. "In act I did once make a heavy haul of the kind, and that not long ago. An elderly man who had gained his wealth by a series of fraudulent transacions, striken with a death-bed repentance, sent for me. 'When I am dead,' said he, 'Pe well, I am afraid the papers will speak of me as I deserve, unless you try to manufacture a little public opinion for me. By anticipating their remarks, as soon as I am dead, you can head them off, and my enemies will think there are two sides to the question, and may keep mum. What will you charge, my ready and talented friend, to have a regular cataract of obituary notices and elegies, in about a dozen papers, as soon as the breath leaves my body? Be as reasonable as you can, my boy, and don't be hard on a dying man.'

"' Dying d-1!' thought I. I counted the probable cost, wear and tear of conscience and violation to my feelings, etc., and told him I would do it for a hundred dollars, and do him up brown.

" ' Couldn't think of it,' said he, panting. ' Not worth more than fifty. Say fifty, and it's a go.'

"' No,' said I, affecting indignation, and rising. 'I see that you have no more regard for your reputa-tion after death, than you have had throughout life. A hundred dollars is dog-cheap for such a batch of eloquent lics as I should tell.'

"' Say cighty,' implored he, seeing me going. " ' No.'

"Eighty five-hold on-ninety-I am most gone.'

"Fearing, he was so weak, that he might die and I would lose the job before the bargain was completed I agreed to call it ninety-five, cash down; and it was paid. He lingered two days, and during that gress," which was the lightest reading Grandma time, Swallow, I carned my money. I had but just allowed, and calling "Watch" went down into the finished reading to him the various articles on his orchard, and threw myself under the shade of the worth, when he died; and I rushed at once to the trees, to rest. The book was not very fascinating newspaper offices, for fear that anybody should get to me, after all, so I shut it up, and "Watch" and the start of me, before I could say my say.

"The next day, the whole ninety-five dollars' worth appeared in the morning papers, to the as- me ?" tonishment of those who knew the man best, and to No the solemn admiration of the people generally 1" "What a world this is!" exclaimed Swallow,

with mouth wide open, as if he feared he might ourst with astonishment, unless it had a vent.

" Great farce-life is-great farce-and the clos-

"Auntie came up as far as ' the turn' with me, and then told mc, that by walking close by the stone wall, I could soon find it. So I knew, when I laid my hand on the gate, that this must be the house !

Grandma's gaze was fixed upon her,-it was very vident that a blind person was an object of no little interest to her. "Sit here, still; and I'll hunt

"Annal Annal where are you ?"

The voice came from the barn. By and by, Grandma came to the back door, and looked out. The day had been very miltry, and along in the afternoon, I had taken Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Pro-I, went into the brook to wade 1

"Anna ! come up to the house ! Can't you hear

No! I wouldn't hear her! How did I know there was anybody to see me! 1 had never been called up for such a thing before-it had always been to. hunt eggs, or something similar. So I staid, and waded in the water! After a time Grandma came down, and after administering a rebuke, told me

think you can say a word for vens ?" Mr. Ste-

The latter was the name of manufac-

turer who employed David. "I am afraid, my dear," said the worthy clergy-man, "that I have exhausted all my influence in that quarter. Still, I'm willing to try again. David used to be a very good workman, and bore an excellent character; and I'm truly sorry for him." "I'm only sorry for the wife and children," persisted the lady.

"Let's be sorry for both the husband and wife." too," said the clergyman, perceiving that his little daughter, who sat at breakfast with them, was giving an attentive car to the conversation. "Well, my dear Charles," said the lady, "you,

as a clergyman, may pity David, but I confess I can't pity a drunkard. It was a bad job for Mar-tha when she married such a man. I've offen heard Mrs. Watson say what a smart girl she was when she lived with her as a servant. And only see how shabby she is now, when she comes to church. And yet David earns very good wages."

"All I can say is, that I have known David to be quite as spruce a young man in his bachelor days as you say his wife was in her maiden ones." replied the clergyman. "Only there is evidently something wrong somewhere."

was never known to drink."

The reverend gentleman hinted that there might be other faults besides drinking, chargeable on the spirit were lingering yet, the long, silky curls shading her pale face, and the harvest moon shin-than a passing word, when he met her in the vil-I sat there, with no power to move or speak, and hers if her husband were a sot, and declared her the chilly night-dews falling around me. And "Watch"-be lay there looking up into Carrie's course of the day, to comfort her in her troubles, undertake anything of the sort

"That will be kind of you, Jane," said Mr. Hay-ward : " and menntime 1 will be sure to look in at the rope-walk on my rounds,"

"Mamma," said the child, as soon as her father. was gone, " may I go with you?" "Yes, my love," replied the mother, " but what makes you wish it?"

"I should like to take my old frock to give to Martha's little girl," said Harriet. "She is just twelve, as I am; and I pity her for having such a

1.5

Anna up!" " Very well !"

BAN NER OF LIGHT.

who, with the headlong generosity of her age by the unpleasant reality; and when she returned peculiar to those whose kindly impulses have been to the parsonage, and her husband informed her duly fostered-longed for her mother to go and that he was afraid Mr. Stevens would not the comfort poor Martha, for whom she already felt David back-that matters were worse than he had impressed.

through a field, leading to the rope-maker's cot-rope, which might have set the place on fire, if tage, which they reached in about a quarter of an hour. The little garden in front was strewed with litter of all sorts, such as old bits of iron, rags, scraps of paper, and such like, which did not im-press the beholder with any high opinion of the housewife's tidiness. Even the linen, hung out to "What', though he is a drunkard, my dear ?" dry, was full of holes, for want of careful mend-

ing. The disagreeable impression made on Mrs. Hayward, who was neatness itself, was still further confirmed on opening the cottage door. Martha was just removing the breakfast things from the table, while her three children, none of whom were employed, stared rudely at the ladies as they en-

"Is any one ill here, that you have the break-fast about at this time of day ?" asked Mrs. Hayward.

"No, ma'am," replied Martha, sullenly; "I'm getting it away to make room for dinner.

"Well, Martha, you're not one of the early ones, I see," rejoined the clergyman's wife, with a smile.

""It's very well for them as has servants to talk about this, that, and t'other : they don't know what it is to be poor folks," muttered Martha Meadows, rather ungraciously.

"Oh! I make every allowance for poor people, I can assure you, Martha," replied Mrs. Hayward : "nor have I. of course, the least right to interfere ; only I thought your eldest girl might have made herself useful by washing up the tea-cups."

The uncombed girl only stared more fiercely than ever at the lady. "Oh, fie !" cried Harriet, passing from one ex-

treme to another; "you shan't have my frock if you're too lazy to help your mother."

"That's fine talking for you, miss," cried Martha, glad to vent on the young lady the sentiment she dared not show the clergyman's wife : "but your father isn't a drunkard, like the father of these poor children; and it's not so easy, miss, for poor folks to keep tidy; and I wonder where would be the use if I did, when David-----

"Come Hirriet you must not speak so hastily" said Mrs. Hayward. "Now walk on, my dear, and than she added. "And now. Mrs. Meadows, supnose you send the children to play in the garden, that I may have a little talk with you?"

After a slight demur, Martha said a sort of re-luctant "There-go!" to the children, which she had to enforce by a cuff, as a conclusive argument in reply to their "No, I won't !" before she could effect the desired clearance.

"I thought it best the children should be sent away," observed Mrs. Hayward, taking a chair, which Martha seemed in no hurry to offer her; "not for my sake, but because it's not fit to talk before them about their father's being given to drink."

"They know it, fast enough-even little Bob!" muttered the ropemaker's wife.

"I'm sorry they've such occasion to know it," replied Mrs. Hayward. "But don't let me hinder your doing your work, Mrs. Meadows. I can talk just as well while you go on cooking your dinner.

"Oh! we've only got a bit of cold bacon for dinner," said Martha; "and I shall boil a few potatoes presently."

Mrs. Hayward thought bacon rather ill chosen, being an incentive to thirst, and only likely to set like a man starting on a journey, and seemed half-David on to drink again: however, she let that seas over; for when he spoke to him he made no drop, and after saying she would send Martha some answer, and Jem replied for him that "his friend" vegetables from her garden, besides a bit of pork, was going to make his fortune in foreign parts .she made her an offer of obtaining for her some em- Having ascertained this much, Mr. Haywood lost ployment from a rich lady, who had requested the no time in returning home and ordering his chaise, clergyman's wife to find her a good sempstress and telling his wife not to expect him till she saw amongst her husband's parishioners.

This was but casting a spark into a barrel of gun-powder. Martha's indignation flamed up. It was David's business to work for her and the children -not her's to provide for David. Besides, if he never come to no good end."

feared, as David had let fall some sparks from his On leaving the village, they struck across a path pipe, while in liquor, and set fire to a coil of and children,-Mrs. Hayward rather surprised him,

said Mr. Hayward smiling, and remembering how indignantly she had disdained all possible pity for

him that same morning. Mrs. Hayward then detailed what she had seen at the cottage; adding that she had been told by the village schoolmistress, that David was by no means an habitual drunkard. That it was true he frequently resorted to the public-house to chat with his neighbors, or drink a glass of ale; but, except on three occasions, when "Black Jem" had treated him to some spirits, he had never been seen drunk. In short, the good lady had so completely veered round on the subject, since her talk with Martha, that she

had determined, in case Mr. Hayward had not succeeded in appeasing Mr. Stevens, to see whether she could prevail with him to forgive David Mcadows once more.

The clergyman quite approved her trying, but thought they had better wait till the next day-not to indispose the manufacturer by seeming to meddle, or to teaze him unreasonably: and said he would take an opportunity to go and speak to Martha, and try to dispose her to show a more forgiving spirit towards David, if he were sorry, which he believed he was, for his past follies.

But the next day brought a great change. The eldest girl came all in tears to the parsonage, to say that "Father and mother had words, the day before, when David came home to dinner; and that he had gone out, and never come back all night: and that mother didn't know what to do, and houed the lady would be kind enough not to forget the pork and vegetables." Mrs Hayward comforted the child, and gave her a basket full of provisions to take home to her mother; while Mr. Hayward took his hat and walked down to the cottage.

He found Martha in a fit of crying; having just received a letter from David, which she had spelt through with some difficulty, containing the startling intelligence that he was going for a sailor, and carry those seeds to Mrs. Thompson's, where I'll desired his love to the children-did not know join you." And no sooner had the child obeyed, when he should see them all again, but would send his wages as soon as he received them.

"Oh, sir," she cried "who would have thought David would go and leave me?"

The clergyman said, he hoped Martha had not driven him away by unreasonable reproaches, at a moment when David was sufficiently punished by being discharged by his master; but to this she made no reply, and merely burst into a fresh fit of sobbing, declaring that never was woman so un-happy before. Mr. Hayward exhorted her to be calm, and left her, saying, he would go and see what could be done, though he had little hope to find out where David had gone to as the letter bore no post-mark, having been delivered by a lad. who passed by the cottage, and merely flung it in at the door.

The clergyman went straight to the publican, and besought him to say all he knew about David Meadows. Nor did the landlord-a respectable and very goodnatured man-want any pressing to inform him that David had been seen, after leaving home, trudging along the road to the nearest seaport in company with "Black Jem." It was the Blacksmith who brought the news into the taproom the night before. He said David had a bundle, him, set off on his charitable errand.

Martha now thanked Mrs. Hayward for her | It was not till the middle of next day that Mr. promised present, and for her offered employ-ment; observing, however, in a more civil tone, told his wife that he had succeeded, for the good that she had enough to do without taking in work. Well, Martha, you know best about that," re-Yes-he had found David, and rescued him in plied Mrs. Hayward; "only if, as I fear, David has the nick of time; not exactly from becoming a sail-lost his place, wouldn't it be prudent to try and or, as he had written to his wife under the influence supply the deficiency, till he obtains something of his potations, really believing Black Jem was takcalling of a smuggler, to a gang of which free-trading gentry his dark complexioned friend was affilated, as surmised. Having traced the deluded man, by the help of the police, to a public-house in a low lost his place, whose fault was it ? Not her's, but | neighborhood, Mr. Hayward came upon him unahis. He ought to be ashamed of himself for wares as he sat drinking with his companion in the bringing them into trouble, and now he might get tap-room. Black Jem no sooner espied the reverout of it as best he might. And she wound up the ened gentleman, accompanied by a policeman, than whole by the assertion that "People as drink he thought fit to vanish by a back-entrance, and either to leave the town, or at any rate remain invisible for a few days to come. After reading the terruption, for she thought it might relieve her ir ritation to descant on her wronged but when Mar-tha paused for breath, she said quietly, "Then you should try and prevent his danking." "It's not I as makes hip drink, ma'am," retorted harm's way, and taking him to his father-in-law's, a Martha, "but Black Jep." substantial farmer, who lived some miles off, when

Martha should be informed that her husband was safe and well, but was not to expect to see him yet awhile, as he had got some work elsewhere, until his former employer was willing to take him on once more.

"And now, my dear," said Mr. Hayward to his wife, "I shall go and speak seriously to Martha; and after that I shall give her over to you to reform, and we'll see if she and David can't be a happy couple yet."

The day after, saw Mrs. Hayward again on the way to the ropemaker's cottage, and this time Martude quite different from her former tone of defi-She knew now who were her real friends, ance. she said, and called down blessings on the head of she spoke.

"Is father tipsy again," said the youngest child, that you take on so, mother?"

"Get out you unmannerly brat!" oried Martha pushing him somewhat roughly out of the cottage. "You must not be so hard on the children for repeating what they hear you say," observe 1 Mrs. Hayward, when they were alone : "nothing weakhaving to call his father tipsy any more?" added she, in a cheerful tone.

Martha said she should be glad indeed if it could be so; but how was it to be done?

"Why, you have already confessed that David is ward ; "and it's my mind it was your fault he be- truth, as connected with higher life. gan drinking at all; therefore it will be easy to cure him, as it is not yet a rooted habit."

Martha was about to protest indignantly, when recollecting her obligations to Mrs. Hayward, she put a curb on her tongue, and merely said she was nuite sure the fault was entirely on David's side.

"Now, just answer me this question, Martha? resumed the lady: " which do you think is the neatest-the parlor at the Fox and Hounds, with its well-scrubbed floor, and shining furniture, and bright fire-irons, or this room ?

Martha made no reply, but she instinctively reseemly litters.

work, a man can find a clean, comfortable place to a dirty, slovenly one."

I'll get it all nice against his return-for you say he vill come, don't you, madam ? "

"Yes, Martha. But this is not all. Suppose your room were neat, as I hope it will become, if you feed David on salt bacon and under-boiled potatoes, not all the neatness of your place will prevent his longing to wash it down with something that he thinks nicer."

"Please, ma'am, David was never pertikler," observed Martha:

" Particular or not," said the lady, "everybody likes a nice, wholesome meal; and, take my word with something savoury-and cooking nicely is no more expense than cooking badly-quite the re-verse-the gin-palaces would lose half their customers."

This was quite a new view of the subject to Marsons of her class usually are, when Mrs. Hayward, yielded herself to the lady's direction-for she must know best, Martha argued, more gratefully than logically, since the reverend gentleman and herself were going to restore her David to her.

And for a long Berles of days, Mrs. Hayward was seen going to the ropemaker's cottage—sometimes alone, but oftener with Harriet, who had undertaken to teach Patty, the eldest girl, how to knit. Under the lady's kind directions, the cottage soon assumed an air of great neatness. The little garden was put to rights by the clergyman's gardener and groom, combined in one person; the children ner of grossness and sensuality, they can officiate were set to weed it, and were prohibited from play- at spiritual altars, denounce whom they will, and ing on the platbands with the pig, who was thence- what they will, and practice all the baser indulforth, to keep to his own premises in the rear; gences which they denounce in others, and still reand when the arrangements were completed, a couple of beehives-a present from a neighbour, who had watched the symptoms of improvement with pleasure-gave a pleasing aspect to the whole place as the earnest of future industry-though, to be through which to approach the Father, and partake sure, the busy little inmates would not find many of his blessings? Ignoring the examples of others, flowers that season in the hitherto ill-tended gar-Meantime, Martha on her part, went almost faily to the parsonage, where she was allowed the full run of the kitchen, for the purpose of taking practical lessons of making a little go a great way from the hard-working cook, who was quite proud of becoming a professor in her art, and under whose able guidance the rope-maker's wife bid fair to become what our neighbours call a cordon blue (which we may explain to the uninitiated as equivalent to taking their degree as a knight of the order of cooks, whose grand master was Vatel in former times, then Ude, and now Soyer), and thus her time was fully taken up till the month's probation was up, and David returned. Ohl what a hearty meeting it was at the ropemaker's cottage! And how surprised David was at the sight of his new home-for it seemed quite new in its present neat condition; and he fancied a great | mosphere, water, earth. In its relation to the deal of money had been spent on it by their kind patrons, till Martha explained that, except the seeds and the gardener's work, all the rest had been effected by the patient advice daily given by Mrs. Hayward. The children too, had grown neat and orderly, partly through Harriet's zealous exertions; and Mariha herself was wonderfully improved-in temper, and even in good looks-by her present activity and cleanly attire. And David had certainly turned over a new leaf on his part—having forsworn all spirituous liquors for ever, as he told Mr. Hayward, to whom he paid a visit, to thank him and his wife for making a new man of him, as he called it. He then went to pay his respects to his former employer, whom he at once conciliated by of inherent power, he dwells in the very element saying that he had put by part of his earnings to pay for the ropes that had been burnt through his fault. Mr. Stevens, however, returned him the money to put his eldest child to school, and told him he might return on the following Monday to his old trade. Having grown wiser, both David and Martha took care to keep their now-found happiness. If perstitious traditions, connected with religion, may David makes comparisons now between the parlor at the Fox and Hounds and his own little room, they are all in favor of the latter, and therefore he spends his evenings at home, while Martha is thoroughly convinced that not all the lecturers on gence than their own, and no connection of our prestheretotalism, nor the clergyman's preachings, nor the doctor's advice, are. half so, efficacious to prevent drunkenness as the one little simple receipt given from their minds. by Mrs. Hayward-namely, MAKE HOME COM-POBTABLE.

PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL TEACH. INGS OF SPIRITUALISM. NUMBER FIVE.

From the views we have taken of the relations of those elements which constitute and control our present existence, it must be apparent that we are to look to their laws for an explanation of all the phenomena connected with earth and its surroundings, and as there are phenomena, which, in chartha received her with a degree of respectful grati- actor and importance, far transcend the philosophy of those whose researches have been confined to the grosser divisions of matter, or whose affections have both the clergyman and his wife, shedding tears as been placed on no higher God than the most refined and valuable metals in the mineral kingdom, we must be excused for seeking their solution in the laws and unfoldings of the higher elements.

. As we ascend in the scale of elements, as presented in the volume of nature, we find the most direct solution of phenomena in the lower. This is in exact harmony with the first law in mechanicsens children's respect for their parents like listen- the higher element controls the lower. Hence. ing to their quarrels. But come, Martha, shall you every discovery in the science of electricity, when and 1 manage matters so as to prevent Bob's ever rightly applied, has had a tendency to perfect each of the so called natural sciences. It is true the greatest efforts made in its applications have been to facilitate speculation, and lay up treasures on earth, but some there are who have availed themby no means a confirmed drunkard," said Mrs. Hay-selves of it as a medium, for the acquisition of

In tracing its laws, and showing its office, in connection with things ponderable, the astonished world ezclaims-how beautiful | But when its connection with mind or spirit is suggested, the cry is heard-what blasphemy! Its office in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms may be studied with impunity. And oven if we venture to gaze at its workings in the atmosphere, as revealed in the tornado, the water-spout, or the lightning; it is scarcely sinful. As connected with inanimate matmoved her dirty apron, and tidled up sundry un- ter, we may tune our hearts to its notes in the universal song of love. We may drink in its music. "Very well, Martha; that's the best answer you as its softest notes are whispered by the babbling could give me," said the lady. "Then I'm sure you'll agree with me that if, after a hard day's harp strings of nature are touched with greater spend his evening in, he'll naturally prefer it to a force by the fingers of lightning, but its workings with the spirit must not be examined. Its connec-"I never thought 'of that," said Martha; "but tion with the soul, through which the music of carth and of the higher spheres are alone heard and felt, must forever remain a hidden mystery 1

It is true, some with minds comparatively free, have admitted that electricity is intimately conneoted with life, and that many mental and physical phenomena involve electrical agency. Some have recognized it as the vis nervea, and suggested that it is the vis vitae and vis insita. Nor have these conclusions branded them as infidels.

Men have been engaged in establishing mediums for it, if every working-man's wife provided him of communication between city and city, upon its principles, and are now engaged in connecting, through it, the thoughts and impressions of continent with continent; and few are disposed to call the projectors of such schemes insane. But to recognize tha; but though not fonder of innovation than fier- this, or any other agent, as a medium of impression or communication between spirits on earth and after giving her some time to reflect, inquited those in a sphere above, is enough, in the minds of whether she were willing to try, she unhesitatingly those who never had an original thought, or never looked beyond the altar at which some one as ignorant and frail as themselves officiates, to justify them in denouncing the most intelligent and rational of earth as insane. Oh ! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how has, thy overthrow, as well as the examples of the cities of the plains, been disregarded by those whose professions render them the dispensers of bread to the spiritually hungry, and of living water to thirsty souls ! While filled with all man-

effect. The formation of minerals, and from their existence and decomposition, the existence of vegetable organism, and from this animal life, gives evidence of the most beautiful adaptness of causes to effects that the human mind can conceive, and this is a primeval law in nature. This, by whatever name you call it, reveals an attribute, in the laws of nature, which all ascribe to the spirit-to the Godhead.

8

Again, this attribute is beheld in every departnent of nature. Planets, and systems of planets, worlds innumerable, as well as earth, and its serroundings, give evidence of the adaptedness of cause to effect, in all their movements. This intelligence, hen, as the first cause, gives evidence of being omipresent and at the same time, so far as our capacitics extend, omnipotent. These, too, are attributes all will agree in ascribing to the Christians' God.

If we study the laws of nature, a little farther in their unperverted state, we find them all written in letters of love and goodness. "I cannot go where universal goodness smiles not around."

"Love draws the curtain of the night, And love returns the day."

In all the workings of nature; she provides for herself. Those alone are neglected when the cup of goodness is passed around, who have forgotten her requirements, or lost confidence in her promises. In nature's laws every cause is goodness, and every effect the same. Blind unbelief s cs no good in the tempest, the earthquake, the tornado, but truth declares them all essential goodness. This goodness is revealed in the natural provision made for the rational gratification of every desire, of all that has life. It is the brightest attribute in the Christian's God, and one harmonious with all the others.

Justice, another attribute in the God the Christian worships, is as clearly revealed in the volume of nature as it is written in the creed of the churchman. In every department of nature, cause and effect are inseparably connected. This rule applied to accountable beings, and nature renders everything, accountable, constitutes the most perfect code of justice. "What a man seweth that shall he also reap," is true physically, mentally, spiritually, and well would it be if none were deceived with hopeless expectations of escape. Naure knows no respect of person, and makes no provision for escape. No reward for obedience can be enjoyed except through personal obedience. Such obedience secures its own reward.

Now, for the argument, grant there is no higher power than electricity. Assume that it has, in and of itself, made us, and all things we behold, as they are, and what follows?

First. Electricity, is endowed with intelligence and nade to possess the property of inherent power. If this were true, spiritual phenomena, in all their various phases, could be very easily explained upon its principles. With such properties, electricity could produce rappings, tippings, and lights when and where it listeth. It could control the hand, or scize upon the vocal organs, as it pleases, and write or speak through mediums of its own selection, and in whatever language it might see fit. It could move heavy articles at pleasure, play upon instruments with the precision of the best masters. It is powerful enough for all this, and subtle enough to do it undetected by even skeptical professors. But, as an electrigian, I have yet found no one bold enough to oppose spiritualism, by presenting, as the basis of argument, such absurd conclusions concerning the properties of this agent. But should such grounds be assumed, it would be only necessary to apply the word spirit to electricity, for it would at once endow it with all the powers, intelligence, and capabilities of spirits !

Second. Either there is a higher power than electricity, to which the attributes we have named be long, or science must at once endow this agent with all the adorable attributes of the Christian's God. and that, too, in their greatest perfection. Indeed, it must be recognized as electricity no longer, but in future be called God, Jehovah, Jove or Lord! But such inferences are too irrational to receive a moment's assent from the human mind. The only intelligent view to be taken of the subject has been more than anticipated, Electricity is in intimate connection with the mind or spirit, not possessed of any of the attributes of God or spirit. only acting as vicegerent to spirit. Of itself it possesses no more intelligence, or other attributes said to belong to God, or to constitute the spirit, than any of the more ponderable elements. God, as the great source of all spiritual life and power, employs this agent to do his will among the grosser elements, to organize and destroy. Spirits in the flesh have power, corresponding to their capacities, to employ it in the same manner, and we believe with great assurance, that disombodied spirits, being more like God, in a spirit sense, pos-sess this power to a greater extent. Of the moral tendency of these truths, (if they be truths,) we will speak then they have been more fully presented, when their practical teachings will be considered in connection with the teachings of the scriptures. UBANUS.

Mrs. Hayward heard her through without in-

The individual thu fnicknamed "black" on ac-count of his swarthy complexion, was one of those nondescript characters whose means of getting a livelihood are put clearly defined; who appeared only now and hen in the village, and was generally suspected of being a smuggler.

"Why to you give him such salt fare as bacon," inquired the lady, "just to make him thirsty-whor we can have fish which is much wholesomer, and so very cheap here ?"

Martha looked at the fire, and then twisted up the corner of her apron, and at last declared it was so much trouble, and took so much time.

"I'm sadly afraid, Martha, you think every duty too much trouble, and tidiness and cleanliness into the bargain," said the lady, rising. "I came with the wish to advise and help you, but I really don't see how I can do either. So I must now wish you good morning."

that it was "All along of Black Jem, who enticed alive. her husband to the public-house."

""The public-house is probably cleaner and better kept than his house, and that's perhaps why David prefers it," observed the lady.

"Well, I'm sure !" cried Martha, reddening, and respect for the promised pork and vegetales. Then suddenly changing her tong, she whispered, "I hope, lady, you'll send me things all the same for I'm a poor, helpless woman and if. David dear! who could have thought he would have run goes on so, I shan't have bread for the children, at away from them all last." "Of course, Martha, I shall not disappoint. you respect for the promised pork and vegetables.

of anything I have promised, though we don't see things in the same light," said the elergyman's wife

And Mrs. Hayward hurried through the ill-swept

had waited on the rope manufacturer, and appealed so earnestly to his kind feelings in favor of his discarded workman, that Mr. Stevens promised to " take the matter into consideration " if David should turn up again, saying he was really sorry for the young fellow, who was one of his best hands, only t was such a bad example for the others, and so forth. She next hastened down to the cottage, to administer this drop of comfort to Martha, her woman's heart having melted to pity in favor of the ropemaker's wife, now that she was deserted-making her forget even the repulse her kindly-meant advice had met with at her last visit. Martha was one of those who grow helpless the moment sorrow falls upon them; so instead of bestirring her-Mrs. Hayward now walked to the door, followed self to meet the exigencies of her position; she kept by Martha, who assured her with great volubility on lamenting over her ill-luck. She had lost the that there was no fault of hers in the matter, and best of husbands, and was the unhappiest woman

"So you said, Martha, about his drinking," ob-served Mrs. Hayward. "You see now we're sel-dom so badly off but things may become worse. However let's hope for the best."

But Martha hoped for nothing :- only she wished evidently restraining some very pert retort, out of she hadn't been so hasty last time David came home -for, after all, he couldn't be said to be given to

> merely shid a few soothing words, and promised to return next day and see how she got on. She now conguited with her husband as to what had best, be

And Mrs. Hayward hurried through the ill-swept little garden where the children were rolling innoget dirt and chalers, in company with a pig-glad to escape from the disheartening sight of the ropemaker's uncomfortable home. All her inter-social in Martha, and the kind methods which she had brought with her, had been intered to the winds brought with her, had been intered to the winds all do escape from the disheartening sight of the social in Martha, and the kind methods with the hidd brought with her, had been intered to the winds all do escape from the disheartening sight of the social heart her hidd brought with her, had been intered to the winds all do escape from the disheartening sight of the social her heart what the blergyman had done to save with a social her hidd brought with her, had been intered to the winds all do the winds back at the month's end. It was then agreed that all all all all her hidd

Brararay .- " My brudders," said a waggish colored man to a orowd "in all afflotion; in all ob your troubles, dar 15 mis place you can always ob your troubles, dat is one place and are preserved through the place of wisdom to plan, find symetry," he replied, rolling his eyes and to adapt in the most perfect order, cause to

ceive their honor and respect !

How long shall mortals look upon such men as the only interpreters of truth-the only mediums regardless of the opinions of the spiritually blind and their leaders, we declare for individual spiritual freedom, and assert the right to receive truth from whatever source it can approach us.

The connection of the higher elements with mental and spiritual life, as clearly reveal the mysteries of mind and spirit, and explain the various phenomena connected with each, as their connection with the lower elements reveal and explain the phenomena connected with the lower.

1. The relation and laws of the elements, as prosented, give evidence of the existence and attributes of God.

We have presented electricity as the fourth general division of elements in nature, and as intimately connected with mind, the three lower being atlower elements, we have recognized it as the organizing power, being itself the power of affinity, the force of attraction and gravitation. These laws, so far as the grosser elements are concerned, are irred. vocably fixed, and were fixed " when first the morning stars sang together for joy." As these laws are the result of electrical force, and as this element is directly connected with mind, any the only element that is thus connected, we can at once understand how God, himself a spirit, could and has created all things, through those laws. Being a spirit, as the great source of intelligence, and the only fountain which cofistitutes the organizing power, the beauty and perfection of the laws of which, sparkle in gems and pearls, flowers and rain-drops, and is chanted in music by millions of voices.

Men, whose minds have been misguided, and whose hearts have been embittered by false and sucavil as they will, and attempt, by reason, so called, and direct restraints upon the "divinity within." to pursuade themselves that there is no higher intelli-

Why, in the unfoldings of the more ponderable elements alone, we trace clearly the existence of God, and all his essential attributes. Grant what we there find, the existence of a subtle fluid called electricity. Admit that all things have been created

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

An epitaph placed upon a marble stone in 2. Boston, N. H., over the grave of Miss Sevillah Jones, who was killed by Henry N. Sargent, because she would not marry him. Sargent shot himself at the same time; and being in the neighborhood I attende ed the funerals of both ----

Bovillah, daughter of George and Sarah Jones. Murdered by Henry Sargent, Jan. 13. 1834. Aged 17 years 9 months, Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter, By the revengeful hand—a mailcluus Henry, When on his way to school he met her. And with a six self-cocked jistol shot her.

More poetical, as well as more indignant, is the expression of fceling, in a stanza, on an old grave stone in the ancient burial-ground of Stoneham, over the remains of Mr. Gould, who was cruelly murdered for his money :--

"All moral ties they burst assunder, No laws would these vile wretches bind, For nought but murder, guilt and plunder, In their vile hearts could refuge find."

In the town of Dorchester, at the grave of William. Poole, of the First Company of Emigrants, Town. Clerk. and Schoolmaster," may be found these words :---

In every sphere there is a place for heroism, quies and humble it may be, but brave and disinterested, energetic, hopeful, and much enduring.



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OUR COURTS OF LAW.

Our readers will not need to be informed that we do not belong to the class who are constantly bewailing the "good old times" that are gone, and that our sympathies are with the active, progressive, living energy of the Present, rather than engrossed by the exploied ideas and hollow dogmas of the Past. Still, there are many good things among those teachings of the ancients, and not the least among them are the rules of evidence in Courts of law.

Time was, when matters pertaining only to the case at issue were allowed to be dwelt upon, but at the present day the grossest license is indulged; and the moment a witness appears upon the stand, he is like a fainting camel in the desert, with flocks of vultures hovering about eager to pluck the flesh from his bones. Not only is every incident of his own life pounced upon, from the time he robbed old Skinflint's orchard of an apple; but the character and standing of all his relatives and friends must be raked up, and even the secrets of the grave exposed to the comments of prurient curiosity. He is brow-beat by lawyers, snapped at by judges, and made to understand something of what the Spanish Inquisition was in its most tyrannical moods. Lucky will he be, even though as innocent of harm as an infant, if he leaves the stand without having been proved, to the satisfaction of two-thirds of the auditors, a monster of iniquity : a man who would rather commit gratuitous perjury than cat one of Parker's best steaks, or pick a pocket in preference to becoming President of the United States or Nicaragua.

Seriously, it is shameful that a man who is dragged into a Court to testify, (in most cases an unpleasant task.) should be subjected to the insult and made to minister to the morbid desire for notoriety of some brainless lawyer, whose talent (so called) consists of an over-abundant assurance, and a flow of filthy invective.

Judges are day by day losing the dignity of their position, and becoming mere machines in the hands of intriguing pettifoggers. They sit still on their cosy seats, with half closed eyes and thoroughly closed judgment, and dream away the time, while these parrot longued harpies confound the senses of the jurors with their incessant clatter, until they are ready to believe that black is white, or that the moon is made of green cheese. A reform is wanted in this. Will the people see to it? It is an easy remedy: let witnesses treat these sharks as they deserve, and if the Court denies them protection, why protect themselves. A determination to resist insult and resent affront, will soon bring the needed

PRETENSIONS OF PROFESSORS. An experienced teacher of navigation, has lately invented a new quadrant, the properties claimed gala parades, peculiar to Paris. The thousand and for which are of a marvellous character. It being one Target Companies existing in that city, uniting asserted that by its means the latitude and longi. in a grand demonstration. The number of men tude of a place or vessel could be determined with in the ranks is variously estimated at from six to unerring certainty without a meridian altitude, and twelve thousand. They appeared in all sorts of by an observation upon any object capable of being uniforms-some with red flannel shirts with black reflected.

Jr., and Messrs. J. I. Bowditch and G. P. Bond, re- tion uniform."" ject its pretensions, "as contrary not only to the . The Generalissimo with his staff reviewed the universal teachings of science, but also to the con- Division and as he rode down the front there was a stant experience of practical navigators, and that tremendous outburst of music from the bandsthey regard the whole claim as simply ridiculous, such as "Hail Columbia," "See the Conquering

emy." It is even stated that " the introduction of there was no lack, were of every conceivable sizecaused considerable laughter in the Academy."

Arts and Sciences, if all new inventions are to be spread eagle and inscription." E Fiuribus Unum," laughed and ridiculed out of notice, because, for- in every style of arrangement. The column, aside sooth, the antiquated theories and ideas of its non- from the various staff officers, numbered sixty-eight progressive professors, do not make mention of companies and ninetcen bands, and was formed in them. Had we not better annihilate our railroads two divisions. and telegraphs, and bring back the old slow coaches This was the great parade of which Mayor Wood for the pleasure of these stand-still luminaries. has been talking for a year. A strange character Respecting the quadrant in question, we personally that same Mayor, modeled very much on the patknow nothing, but from a communication published tern of Louis Napoleon. Now he usurps the chief in the Advertiser from the pen of Mr. Forbes, we are command of the Police, and now the Military. He is satisfied that the inventor has been very shabbily one of those men to whom action and excitement treated by the committee, either from ignorance or seem necessary to existence. prejudice.

The committee refused to test the instrument simply because it conflicted with their old theories. Now facts are certainly of much more importance than all the theories ever advanced, and in this case gentlemen of high attainments in the scientific world-gentlemen, who have commended themselves to the regard of mankind by practical benefits, and who have wrought out their own theories into practice with their own hands, assert as facts, what these sapient philosophers sit in their comfortable rooms and with winks, laughter and old saws, pronounce impossible and unworthy of investigation. because, forsooth, the principles are not to be found in their rusty old folios. Verily, our learned professors and teachers are progressing backward, instead of following, or leading as they should, the forward march of man.

The humblest man who exhibits an invention be fore an institution organized professedly to encourrespectful attention and investigation. There have years in matters undreamed of before, for any thing! however wise or high in position to cry out, "Pshaw this cannot be, because we do not understand it." The wisdom of the world is not all confined to high professorships in colleges and schools, and pro fessors will in vain attempt to fetter the free mind with their old notions and philosophies.

PLANTING TIME.

The reign of snow and ice is over. March with its bluster and bravado, and April with its alternate smiles and tears, alike have done their part towards preparing the earth for the plow and the harrow. Soon over-all the fields the fresh grain will be springing beneath the bountiful smile of God. Musically among the opening buds sing the feathered warb lers, and the earth, the air and the oc

MILITARY PARADE.

BANNEROF

New York was last week the scene of one of those pauts-some in blue shirts, faced with red, pink and

Many gentlemen who have examined the instru- blue, and drab pants-some in black suits-all being ment and tested it thoroughly, are satisfied that it trimmed with silver and gold tinsel and a superfluwill perform all that is claimed for it. Among them ity of buttons. The caps worn were of every vari-Commander Armstrong, and Licutenant Maury of ety, comprising the army-regulation cap-Contithe Navy, and R. B. Forbes, Esq. The opinions of nental hat-common cloth cap with band of tinselthese gentlemen are certainly entitled to considera- fancy caps of blue and red velvets and silk, set off tion in all nautical matters. And yet a committee with stars and spangles-and striped cotton nightof the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, con. cap. The Generali simo and his subordinate officers sisting of Professors J. Lovering and B. A. Gould, were provided for the most part with the "regula-

and unworthy the further attention of the Acad- Hero comes," and other airs. The flags, of which the quadrant and the statement of its claims, the American flag and national ensign in silk and bunting-the stripes of every shade from light scar-- Of what use pray is an American Academy of let to deep crimson, and the decorations of stars,

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE. Earth putteth on the borrow'd robes of heaven, And sitteth in a subbath of still rest; And silence swells into a dreamy sound. That sinks again to silence. The woods drone A drowsy song, that in its utterance dies; A drowsy song, that in its utterance dies; And the dim volce of indolent herds floats by, With slow, luxarious calm. The runnel hath Its tune beneath the trees. The insect throng, Its two beneals the trees. The insect throng, Drunk with the wive of summer, dart and dance In maky play; and through the woodlands swell. The tender trembles of the ringdove's dole. And here and there, from clustering groups of trees, Rise hambet spire and gables grey, half hid With green profusion—quaint manorial homes, Whose quiet household smoke seems motionless had alcured on the blue. And pictured on the blue

MAPLE SUGAR.

"Our country cousin" aroused our indignation, by placing secretly upon our table a package of the raal Yankee "sweet stuff. None of your scrapings of cast away West India (apology for) sugar hogsheads, but the "ginuine" article, clear as the eye of a Greenfield lassie, and well up to the sweetness. of her lips. We're not offended. Oh, no! Not a age the progress of art and science, is entitled to bit of it. All we have to say is, cousin or no cousin; "you'd better not do that agin !" We're good nabeen too many advances made within a few short sured, we are, but human nature can't stand every-

ART AND ARTISTS.

PAGE, whose Venus is now on exhibition in Tremont street, has just completed his best picture-The Flight of Joseph and Mary into Egypt. It is small, but is said to embody a world of tonder sentiment and affectionate treatment.

WILLIAM STORY has modeled a life-statue of Hero in search of Leander, which is a great advance on the statue of his father : that is mainly a transcript of the Meander of the Vatican.

ROGER's designs for the bronze door of the library of the Capitol at Washington, are said to display considerable genius, though their general plan and ornamentation is borrowed from those of the Bap-

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIBATION.

LIGHT

We lisve all of us heard of the queer Ideas, the dwellers upon the other side of the "fish pond" have of the great Yankee nation. It is not an uncommon thing for the English and French papers to speak of Massachusetts as a growing suburb of Boston, or of Ohio as being located in the western part a laterarticle in a Parisian paper, is the best of ถ่ไไ

The office of the "Courier des Etats Unis," the French paper in New York, is throngod every day with Indians. who come to ask for admission into civilized life.

One day there entered a Camanche. The tribe of Camanches is the most warlike in America. 😁 "Pule-face," said the Indian, "are you the edi-

tar of the " Courier des Etats Unis ?"

"Yes." said the pale face, seizing a chair to hold as a rampart between him and his visitor until he had declared his intentions.

The Camanche smiled.

"Lower your weapon," said he. "I come to smoke with you the calumet of peace. Henceforth, living. Stand aside ! Let me pass into your dressing-room to wash off my war paint. I will leave my To be sure, there were those who pursed up their tomahawk, meantime, on your table."

So saying he passed into the editor's private apartment. Enter a Cherokce. " Pale-face !" he said, are you the editor of the

. .

Courier des Etats Unis ?"

"Red face, I am,"

"Ah. Thuve often read your brilliant articles while reposing in the midst of the prairies, after my hunt for the grizzly bear and the bison ! The you as a friend, to undertake my civilization." "Friend from the wilderness, I will."

"Thank you ! And as a pledge of my good in. from the office-clerk below."

"What! How! Why, red-face, you don't mean over been witnessed upon the Boston stage. to say you have scalped my head clerk ?"

refusing to let me come unannounced to your presscalp him for such an insult."

icise no more my manners, till you have civilized your boots for my living."

All brought bear-skins, war-clubs, scalps and bows and arrows, and in their various dialects they cried :

"Civilize us, and we will brush your boots !" And suddenly, with one thought, they precipitated themselves upon the boots of the editor, and fought for the possession of them with such fury it was the actor, and the actor alone. that they were all soon dead upon the floor.

GOODI

offence for any one to kill a rabbit, deer, or any of triumphantly. the feathered tribe mentioned, between the lst of the spring and summer. and who sometimes man.

Dramatic and Musical.

EDWIN BOOTH AT THE BOSTON THEATER .-- Monday evening, April 20th, will be chronicled as an event of importance in the history of the Boston stage. On that evening after having received the unqualiof the Empire of New York, but the following, from fied approval of the Western and Southern cities, EDWIN BOOTH made his first bow as a "star" to a

Bost n audience. The desperate storm which provailed prevented a large attendance, but one glance around the house was sufficient to prove that he was to undergo the criticisms of the old play-goers of the Tri-mountain city : critics not famed for their. cordiality to aspirants and novices.

The welcome, warm and enthusiastic, was a tribute to the name of his father, and that over, the audience fell back into the position of cold judgment,³ awaiting the result. - The character assumed was Sin Giles Ovenneaon, and as the play began to de-. velope itself, one by one the observers bent forward. with more eager attention, the frigid looks passed off from their faces, and before the play was half through, a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm told follow the war path no more. I am weary of that a great actor had arisen. When the curtain winter hunts in Arkansas and summer ravagings in finally went down upon the play, there were few in Texas. I would prefer to brush your boots for a that audience who were not convinced that the young actor was a man of most extraordinary genius.

> lips, twirled their well-dyed moustachioes, and muttered patronizingly, "Aw, yes, clever, quite clever, but "crude:" but to that class of persons, all things in nature might have been improved, had they been consulted regarding its construction. The unanimous judgment of the auditors stamped the new "star," as even now in the very front rank of living actors.

RICHELIEU, performed on Tuesday evening, was yet a more perfect triumph. Actors who have trod. reading of your paper has converted me. I come to the boards for a greater number of years than this young man has lived, have quarreled for eminence in the part. Column upon column has been written and published, asserting the unapproachable exceltentions. here is my collection of scalps, which, in | lence of this one or that one, and yet we think that various late encounters, I have taken from the in all that audience few could have been found so. heads of my enemics. One-that is quite fresh, hardy as to say (pitting their ideas against the you see-I have just taken, as I came up stairs, overwhelming judgment of the mass) that taken as a whole, a better performance of the character had

Our limits will not allow a review of the play, "Of course I do. He sounded the war-whoop by although we should be glad to point out the beauties of the performance as they suggested themence. It was my duty to the honor of my tribe to selves to our mind, from the opening to the close. It was no copy; it was a great original perform-"Oh, red man !-- to scalp a man is to wrong him !" ance. - Never has the test scene, in the fourth act, "Ah! ah !----unless he is your enemy ! But crit- been given with greater effect. So smoothly it approached the climax, that the audience (and it me. From to-day, I-will cease scalping, and brush needed no second look to see that most of them were familiar with the scene) were electrified with the The Cherokee stood aside, and enter a Delaware, 'outburst of the curso-there was no winding up of an Apache. a Blackfoot, a Pierce-nose, and a Sioux. | the organ, or sounding its strings before the grand overture commences, it was one grand symphony which rose harmoniously upward till the dome resounded and echoed its reverberations. Then came one of those spontaneous shouts of enthusiasm, torn from the heart, as it were, by the electric hand of genius. There were very few applauding the author.

RIGHARD THE THIRD attracted a very large and critical audience on Wednesday, and although an exaggerated memory of the "immenseness " of the The Legislature of Ohio has passed a law for the elder Booth's personation of that character existed protection of the birds, &c., which makes it a fineable | in most minds, the new star carried the play through

PESCARA on Thursday continued the triumph, and February and the 15th of September, or to kill a the "small critics," to use a phrase coined for the blue-bird, mocking-bird, red-bird, or any other designation of those who were not enthusiastic in singers named, at any time. The boys who go out the praise of a larger actor, and in this instance only "hunting," says the Cincinnati Commercial, during applied to the coiners left the theatre with the conviotion that the shrug of their shoulders and, the curl

change. Let it be tried.

And it is matter of sincere regret also to remark the extreme vindictiveness manifested towards prisoners, of whatever nature. A bull fight in old Spain could hardly be less lacking in human sympathy than are many of our Court rooms during the progress of oriminal trials. A savage pleasure seems to be taken in the production of any evidence bearing against the prisoner. The Attorney for the people instead of bringing forward his evidence decidedly yet calmly as is the duty of one who is acting as an exponent of that law which should presume innocence until guilt is proved, indulges in a strain of fierce denunciation, and warps the evidence by his ingenuity into forms its plain simplicity would not bear. The judges sit still looking on, while assertions are made that at some remote period in the past life of the prisoner, he was gocused of some trifling orime, and he is therefore of course capable of a long career of infamy, and must have been guilty of the offence now charged against him, even though the evidence is not of a feather's weight. We have in our mind's cythold and of a feather sweight is earthly tribunals, who watched with the eye of Atra, and the clear, brittent judgment of an edu-oated, well-balanced miter, the slightest deviation from the true rules of evidence, and we remember how his eye would sparkle and his voice thrill through the Court-room when rebuking some impudent lawyer for disrespectful treatment of witnesses mbis endeavor to bewilder the minds of jurors by And falsehoods. He was not a popular man with profession, that Judge. He received no complimentary dinners from the pleaders at the bar. But be was far more. He was popular with the people, and the record of his just judgments awaited him as a welcome at the bar of God. Would there were more such-

THE NIAGARA UPON ITS MISSION.

The Niagars, after a most successful trial trip returned as far as Sandy Hook, where the invited guests were landed, and the noble steamer proceeded mpon her glorious mission, to England.

As side by side the monster steamers leave the shores bearing the electric chain which is to bind the two great commercial powers of the earth togriber the poets prophecy will be half fulfilled, and the first message which thrills along the magic wires will shout in grandly eloquent tones. Beace I

"Peace | and no longer from its brazen portals. The blact of War's draid trampet shakes the skies, But beautiful as songs of the immortals. The holy melodies of Lore arise !"

Ms. Powerz, who painted the De Soto picture for Congress, has been appointed by the Ohio Legisla-Anre to paint a representation of Perry's Victory on Lake Erio the price not to exceed \$5000.

the new risen Spring.

For you sun-browned man singing as the plow turns up the rich loam, which is to warm into life the dry seed it receives, making it multiply and increase a thousand fold, there is cause for thanksgiving and gratitude. Away from the weary brain. toil of cities-undistughed by the conflict of crime and sorrow which surges wildly through the streets of a city, under your own vine and fig tree von can sit down when the twilight brings repos from labor, contented and happy.

O, country boys, dazzled by the glitter of th fine broadcloth and golden rings of your city cousing, beware ! Under that shining-exterior a under the leaves of the most gorgeous flowers of Ceylon, is too often the chosen lurking place of the deadly aspen. Vanitics, follics, envies, tending to crime and bitter repentance, are closely connected with this supremacy struggle of cities. Better on the acres where your fathers' toiled, thanked God, and prospered, live contented, even though humble lives. than join in this world-strife and learn when the fruit you aim at is within your grasp, that you have lost all relish for it and your struggles have been worthless ; worse than worthless, deadening to the purer aspirations of the soul.

"Planting time !" With what a pleasant sound it greets the car. And with what a genuine joy the husbandman sees the first blades of the green corn springing up from the earth---Pshaw 1 We can write no more upon this theme: our little sanctum is already spreading out into a broad meadow along whose boundary leaps a laughing brook, and we are transformed into a whistling plough boy .-- It wont do : this strain would send us out into the sunshine in fact as well as fancy, and that demon ory of copy# is yet ringing in our ears; so what the brain refuses to do the scissors must.

"Planting time !" Wo close the pleasant theme with a mild remark to the members from Snooks ville and other agricultural towns, that instead of wearing out their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and they should suddenly recollect that it is " Planting will be that of Portland. She will be a sight to the dollars and patience of the "Dear Public," time," plant themselves forthwith in stage coach or rail-car and proceed to planting their onions and potatoes. mailton die

BABBATH MORNING.

BABBATTH MORNING. Hark, from size the sound of Babbath bells! In science music pe aling through the sir ! Again the day of rest these noise declare ; And us their homony uprising Wwdia. How sweetly in the anthem she dodi' share. Beth inverse whisper to the hearens fair. A peakerful nurmur by the scanded dwells. The second of birds, the star of Besting. The second of birds. The star of Besting. The second of birds. The star of Besting. The second of birds. The way is bis of for the sound restling least spon the break trees. Sound the birsts. How way is bised and the second " Preparit wather the Star all your is bised.

tistery at Florence.

PAUL AKERS of Maine, is reckoned one of the most promising of the young American sculptors. His greatest original work, not yet in marble, is the group of " Una and the Lion," suggested by Spenser's Fairie Queen. - Canto III., 9.

This is the subject : the allegory is Truth. Akers followed a caravan for several years, making studies of a celebrated lion. He has succeeded in modelling the rare black African lion, the true monarch of the wilderness, after a manner that makes Canova's

of St. Peter's seem beside it, but the insipid brute of a menagerie, full-fed and lazy. Aker's is instinctive with forest life. He breathes; he lives; he is real; and the position is such as to display his form, strength, and purpose in regard to Una, to the best advantage. He is watching as only a lion watches. Una is beautifully modeled, partially draped on her lower limbs, back naked, and lying asleep, with her head on one arm, reposing on the lion's mane. From whichever way the group is viewed, the entire aspect is pyramidical, and yet the lines are flowing, graceful, and most beautiful.

Miss HOSNER, of Boston, carnest, studious and ambitious as ever, is daily confirming the prognostications of her success.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

We learn by the late news from England that it is expected that this monster steamship, now being completed in the Thames, will be ready for launching in August. Being 680 feet long, she is to be let into the narrow river sideways and will truly represent a town going into the water. Longthwise, she would stretch nearly across the stream. Her tonnage is 22,500, which 'would enable her to take in the united bulk of the Collins and Cunard lines of steamers, and sail off with them as a soldier sails off with his breakfast. With all this great hulk, the Great Eastern will draw but 36 feet of water, and that, too, with 1200 tons of coal in her bunkers. It is thought that the first port she will touch at here,

BLONDES ATTENTION I

A portion of the wealthy young idlers in Paris have formed a new club, the rules of which are deoldedly eccentric. It has taken the litle of Sociele pour l'encouragement et la propagation des formaies blondes." and on admittance each member takes a solemn oath and gives a plodge, not to bestow his hand, his heart, and his affections on shy lady who ounce boast of fair hair. The beautifurchade is in-material, but every member who infragent whit regulation by marrying a dark blird, whaty is to

tice that the amusement may prove rather an ex- earnest admirers of true genius. pensive one. The law includes sparrows, robins, blue-birds, swallows, meadow larks, martins, thrush. mocking-birds, orioles, red-birds, and cat-birds---so humanity has a show as well as policy. It was a broad and generous consideration not to forget even the sparrow, and a worthy imitation of that Divine care which is not indifferent even to the fall of one of them. Let the birds sing.

BUNKER HILL.

The seventeenth of June, the anniversary of the defeat which in reality was a victory will be celebrated with more than usual ceremony. The military and Masonic Order will turn out with full ranks, and the Statue of Warren be inaugurated. A company from the Eighth Regiment of New York City, (Washington Grays,) intend making an excursion to this city and Charlestown, to participate in the celebration. They will number 125 men, and be accompanied by Dodworth's first band. This will make three New York companies that intend to be the strictly terrible and repulsive passions, with the present-two fire and one military.

We trust that arrangements will be made to ensure them a reception worthy of the occasion.

BICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

Wm. B. Astor is the richest man; he inherited his wealth. Stephen Whitney, \$5,000,000, owes his for- was one of his favorite points; because it was tune to speculations in cotton, and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, \$4,000,000, came of a rich family, and gained a vast increase of wealth in one of the "positions" in which the greater Booth, the shipping business. James Lennor, \$3,000,000, which he inherited. The late Peter Harmony, \$2,-000,000; came to the city as a cabin boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorillards, \$2,000,000, came from France poor, and made their huge fortunes in the tobacco and snuff business. The late Anson G. Phelps, \$2,000,000; learned a trade of a tinner, and made a fortune in iron and copper. Alexander T Stewart, \$2,000,000, now of the dry goods palace Began business in a little fancy store. Of those who tic. are put down for \$1,500,000, George, Law began life as a farm laborer, Cornelius Vanderbilt." as a boatman, John Lafarge as steward to Joseph Bonaparte. Of the millionaires, James Chesternian Legan life as play of The Duoness was performed during the week. a journeyman tailor, and Peter Cooper as a glue but the attractions at the Boston being much great maker. George Banoroft, Brotestor Anthon, Thomas er, we had no opportunity of seeing, and therefore M'Elrath, and Dr. Francis are each stated to pon can say nothing of its marite, although we hear it sess \$100,000, Edwin Forrest is rated at a quarter of highly spoken of. a million; so is Bidney IS Morse, of the New York Observer. Mr. Beiner hal \$150,000. But probaps the most remarkable of all is, that Airs. Okill has made \$250,000 by keeping school hars

THURSDAY, APRIL 1000, 114 Lenioens . Do inter is laixty sinth barde-say. I hire thinker sat in sind larists. Brother, is this grouper fit fiter identia

age to kill a meadow lark or "flicker," should no- of their lips, would not control the opinion of the

On Friday night, Mr. Booth's benefit was an evidence that he was the popular favorite ; and never, since the erection of the Boston Theatre, has such genuine, heart-felt applause been heard within its walls. The play was Bertram ; one which we could heartily wish to see banished from the stage forever. The "make-up" of the son was like the father, and

too many of the attitudes clesely resembled his.

When called before the curtain, Mr. Booth deliv. ered a modest speech and closed the evening's performance by walking through a farce, which did not enhance his reputation. On Saturday afternoon he repeated Bertram.

A word or two of Mr. Booth's faults. and we leave the subject until our next paper. And first. he plants his foot upon the stage in an awkward manner. too much like his father. And second, he copies some of the positions from the same terrible actor. We say " terrible," and mean it. The elder Booth exceeded all other actors in the portrayal of

single exception of anger. Anger is quick, energet ic, and withering in its immediate effects, and so to our minds the oft quoted passage, " I' the North, what do they i' the North, when they should carve their sovereign in the West ?" was one of the worst passages delivered by the elder Booth, although Hits drawled out with a "note of preparation" for the audience to get ready for the attitude. Here was (although the younger) failed, and we are glad he did so. 11 - TA

Of Hamlet, Lear, Brutus, and the other charge ters assumed by Mr. Booth, we shall have something to say in our next issue.

At the NATIONAL THEATRE, the " Three Fast Then" has at last closed its fast career, having attracted. up to the night of its withdrawal, the same class of audiences as at its opening-crowded and enthusias-

MISS ELIZA LOGAN has also continued to attract a house full of admirers at the Museum. The new DI FRA

the editor of the North Western Excelsion will the ht to copy. & column of original matter Thes of paper, without noticing the fast that more built

forfait 1000L

See.

familiar Betters.

HORSE BAILBOADS.

What should we do without the Horse Railroads? is rapidly becoming the question among those who formerly opposed their construction. As they diverge in various directions from the city, new cotburban home, where smiling faces and loved voices await to greet and bid him welcome.

Oh! ye pompous, luxury fed holders of city real estate, what to you is it, that the poor man has to crowd his loved and loving family into one or two cell-like rooms in a filthy lane or alley. It touches but in strictness she was a naval nation far earlier you not. Oh, no! From your gorgeous palaces on than that age. That the King of England was Beacon Street you can look over the beautiful Common, and throwing up your mahogany or rosewood sashes, can inhale the fresh air which comes wandering over the many perfumed flowers of the Publie Garden, and forget the stifling atmosphere of Sir Simon de Montacute and Sir John de Cromwell the dismal corners, where he who has toiled until were the most conspicuous of the number. A third the going down of the sun to create these luxuries was Sir John of Argyle, one of those Scotchmen, it is for you, must fester away his existence till the dull supposed, who adhered to the Plantagenets in their daylight calls him once more to labor. You forget endeavors to subdue Scotland. Great naval victothat his little ones have no gay dresses, and feath- ries were won by the English in Edward III.'s time. ers and hoops to while away the morning hours. "Ah 1" you will exclaim, " but the Common and the Slugs, in which the French and Genoese were de-Public Garden are free to all." Oh, yes! but you will not remember that Police officers see boisterous play and childhood's frolics in a different light, men, and most of their vessels. The English loss when the child wears the uniform of poverty, from | was also great. Ten years later the English won what they do when it flourishes in silk and velvet.

We do not lecture you for this. We know that the story of the rich man who as he shivered through the frosty air on his way to his mansion suddenly thought of a poor neighbor and promised himself to provide him with fuel, but after arriving at his home, wheeling the sofa up to the blazing grate, and putting on his embroidered slippers. concluded after all, it was not very cold-" no. indeed, it was very comfortable," was no fable. Alas, for poor humanity, we are all too apt to think light of the sufferings which do not touch us. But, you should not oppose in your blindness to your own interests, reforms which would elevate and make the mechanic and the laborer happier, without drawing your purse from your pocket.

Well, well, all this homily amounts to little, the good time is yet to come when the brotherhood of humanity shall be acknowledged. But we do believe in Horse Rail Roads, and what is more (although it may shock the ideas of some) we believe in running them on Sunday also, that the man who has toiled in a close room all the week, may take his wife and his little ones, and get an occasional glimpse of blue sky, green fields and pure water. Trust us, that man returns into town and resumes his labors, none the less religious, none the less holy for thus looking upon the boundless loveliness and beauty with which God has besprinkled earth, water and sky. -

·Your magnificent churches are all very well ; you, may think, there is more beauty in the tessalated floors and glass garlanded with a rtificial hues than in the springing grass, the opening flowers, and the waying forests.

You, may think that the singing birds and the laughing waters, have, less melodious voices, than that of your star preacher, and we do not quarrel with you, enjoy your own tastes, but pray do not place stumbling blocks in the way of those who think otherwise.

For ourselves, when we can leave our little thought, and steps are directed to one of the or with a knowing nod of your head exclaim "Insane, certainly insane."

together, and ranged in order of battle, so much had the strength of naval armaments increased since the days of antiquity.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were essentially maritime in their character. In the fiftcenth century other European nations besides the Italians began to show that they had the daring and the skill that were necessary successfully to encounter tages spring up, and the toil-worn man of business the perils of the ocean. Portugal, under the auslooks eagerly forward to the hour when he shall pices of the noble Prince Henry, -one of the very take his seat in one of these commodious cars, and noblest characters of history,-then commenced that glide smoothly along towards the quiet little su-career of maritime discovery and conquest which was to make her mistress of so many magnificent lands in both the East and the West, and to destroy the commercial supremacy of Italy. England's naval power is commonly dated from the sixteenth

century, and specifically from the reign of Elizabeth, "lord of the sea," was admitted in 1820, by solemn treaty with the Flemings. There were twenty-one English Admirals in the reign of Edward II., but few of whom, however, were men of much note. The most remarkable of these was the battle of feated by Edward in person, with immense loss, June 24th, 1340. The vanquished lost thirty thousand the battle of L'Espagnols or "Spaniards on the sea," in which both Edward III. and the Black Prince were present, and also John of Gaunt, though the latter was but a boy. These victories have been obscured, and deprived of their proper place in history, by the blaze of light that shines from Crecy and Poiotiers, but they were as brilliant affairs as St. Vincent or Camperdoun.

The sixteenth century saw mighty fleets decide the fate of the world. The English, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Italians, and the Turks were then the principal maritime peoples. The latter, however, were not, themselves, maritime, and it was only their possession of certain countries that abounded with sailors, which enabled them to make such a figure on the sea for a long period, and came very near to giving them that dominion over all southern Europe, at which they at one time aimed. They furnished fighting men to their fleets, but few seamen. Christain slaves at the oars, and Greeks from the coast of Ionia, and from the isles of the Ægean Sea, formed the bulk of their crews. This system answered well enough so long as they were victorious, but it was good for nothing in defeat. which was the reason why the Turks never recovered from Lepanto, where the allied Italians and Spaniards destroyed their armada, in 1571. Seventeen years later the "Invincible Armada" of the Spaniards was destroyed by the English, and Spain was not able to recover from that blow. It was to her what Lepanto had been to the Osmanlis, though in each case the full effects of the disaster were some-

time in developing themselves. The fleets that fought the two great battles, in the narrow seas and in the Gulf of Corinth, were strong enough to have annihilated all previous armaments that the world had seen afloat; and in their turn they were surpassed by the fleets of the seventeenth century, though not to the same extent, it is probable-the fleets that fought under Blake, and De Ruyter, and Rupert, and Van Tromp, and Russell, and Tourrille. The eighteenth century saw no very great changes

effected in the demonstrations of naval strengtly. sanotum, and there are very few hours when we can do Even the mighty wars that grew out of the French so, we are like a boy released from school and our Revolution did not witness so much of changes in the mode of operation as might have been expected Horse Rail Roads, and could you see us flying about from a time when the talent of the world was so over the green fields, or plying the car upon one of the largely devoted to the purposes of war. Substan-Ponds, you would compress your lips still tighter tially the old modes were continued, one cause of which, we may suppose, was, that the English had found them so successful in annihilating the naval power of France, Spain, Holland, and Denmark. The last war between the United States and England showed that a change had been commenced, and would have to be carried out, and that, as it was sure to be of a scientific character, more naval skill, and possession of the ordinary elements of maritime success, would not, as theretofore, be sufficient to ensure victory to a nation. Hence for forty years we have seen all countries that have any pretensions to naval positions striving to make themselves strong on the ocean, in various ways. At first, it was common to build great ships, with powerful armaments. The Americans, the English, the French, and the Russians, all did this, and a nice collection of lumbering old hulks they have get in return for their money, When war came these big ships were found to be of no use. England sent many of them to both the Baltic and the Euxine and the consequence was that she effected nothing worthy of her ancient fame on either of those seas. Had Sir Charles Napier had a fleet of small vessels he would have accomplished something in the Baltio : and it was because England had got together a "mosquito floet" in the spring of '56 that Russia made peace, though she had so skillfully and so strongly fortified Gronstadt that, though assailable in the early part of the war by light vessels heavily armed, it may be doubted if it would have been found so had the Paris Conference ended as idly as that of Vienna. The big ships of Bussia were of less service to her than those of England were to the alliance, for the latter did blockade their enemy's fleets. There were thirty ships of the line, and numerous frigates and steam vessels, besides small oraft. In the Russian Baltio fleet alone, and yet they dared not go out and meet the English, who were so inferior to them in force for some time that it should seem the Russians ought to have offered hattle, and might have done so with reasonable chances of success. In both services, the huge floating castles, on which so much money and time had been wasted were found useless, and had the war been continued. its naval operations would have mainly been confined to small craft, such as are susceptible of being used in shallow waters.

THE GABDEN.

BY W. J. BTILINAY. "Be noble, and the noblemess that lies In other men, sleeping but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

I know a garden where, in magic bowers. I know a garden where, in image owers. Enchanced, spring most rare and wondrous flowers, Kept by the charm that on the garden lies, Invisible to cold, unloving cyce; That so from those who walk in scorn and pride Each flowret seems of its own self to bide :

Each flowrei seems of its own self to hide: But when they come who know the blessed spell That bide seach bud to life and fragrance swell. Beauty awakes wher'er they turn their eyes, And rarest perfumes at their call arise. The human soul's that mystic place-The graceless never find its grace, And Pride sees it a barren field-Only to Truth will Beauty yield The secrets of its wondrouts life, Fidelity to Faith, and Lave to Honor give Their light and fragrance: here the magic lies-Virtue at Virtue's soles alone will rise.

IMPORTED ETIQUETTE.

N. P. Willis says :- " We should be glad to see a distinctly American school of good manners, in and I have, over and over again, given the strongwhich all useless etiquettes were thrown aside, but faith. I have never sought to obtrude my convic every politoness adopted or invented which could tions upon others. When I have appeared before promote sensible and easy exchanges of good will the public on the subject, it has been generally in and sociability. Good sense and consideration for others should be the basis of every usage of polite most influential newspapers ; and when I have occalife that is worth regarding. Indeed, we have long thought that our country was old enough to adopt measures and etiquettes of its own, based like all. other politeness, upon benevolence and common every citizen in the enactment of our Constitution sense. To get rid of imported atiquette is the first thing to do for American politeness."

We agree with Mr. Willis to an iota, but doesn't it seem strange that he never thought of carrying his precept into practice.

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

Charles Mackay, the well known author, is preparing to pay a visit to the United States and Canada.

Upwards of 10,000 Norwegians will proceed from Norway to Quebec during the present summer. Several of these will remain in Canada, but the larger portion will pass on to the North-Western States of America. Sir Cusack Roney has left England for Christiana, to make arrangements for Spiritualism tending to produce such excitement, all the transit of these persons from Quebec to their destination, and also to disseminate information with reference to Canada on behalf of the government.

Of the \$30,000,000 to be paid to Denmark for the capitalization of the Sound Dues, the Minister of Finance. Col. Andrae, proposes to appropriate \$8,500,000 to discharge the English loans of 1849 and '50. The last ship which paid Sound Ducs was the English steamer Shamrock, laden with when hereditary, has been oured through its instruwheat from Rostock to Hull. The first vessel which mentality. did not stop at Helsinfors was the Prussian schooner Count Schwerin (so-called from the opposition leader in the Landtag), with wheat from Stettin to nuisance that which is dear as a religion to thou-England.

The amnesty which it is rumored that the Emperor of Austria will grant on visiting Hungary, it is said will be of a most general character, excluding only Kossuth.

The military gazette of Turin announces that an army-corps of 20,000 men is about to be concentratted at Alessandria, close on the frontier of Lombardy. The Austrian consuls, however, have received orders from Vienna not to quit, their posts. which indicates, certainly, a prospect of speedy adjustment of the armoultion. As

John Bright, in his farewell address to the elec tors of Manchester, expresses his confidence that the period of reaction will speedily occur, when men like himself, Cobden, and Milner Gibson will be reinstated in public favor.

favor of free trade.

An interesting report has recently appeared in the Moniteur, the official organ of the French government, setting forth the steps which have been taken in Algeria for the cultivation of cotton, stimulated by the prize of 20,000 francs given by the Emperor annually for that purpose. There is one statement in this report which will arrest the attention of Americans, namely, that although the plant suffered severely last year by the drought. there has been an increased yield of 600 bales,whereas, adds the report, " the United States, at the end of the fourth year of experiment, exported only 400 bales. Already the planters in Algeria have obtained two important points towards competition with the United States-quality and equal yield, according to the quantity of ground planted. There remains a third to be attained, and that is the extent of production, which can only be accomplished when the number of hands employed can be I know their truth will be demonstrated to you if sufficiently increased."

HARPER'S WEEKLY ONCE MORE. The "Journal of Civilization," published the reply of the Hon. John W. Edmonds, to the editorial in which he is recommended to the consideration of the authorities charged with the power of suppressing," nuisances." It is plain, candid and logical. We make the following extracts :---

I have lived now near sixty years. For more than one-third of that time I have occupied public stations where my thoughts and actions have been open to the widest observation, and I have thus earned a character among my fellow-men that is very dear to me. I can not consent to part with it without a struggle. I can not, without remon-strance, suffer myself to be held up to the world as a fit "subject of penal inquiry ;" and it is not unreasonable for me to ask a place for my defence in the same columns which have contained the un-

provoked assault upon mo. It is true that I am a firm and undoubting believer in Spiritualism. I have, at some chazard and inconvenience to myself, avowed that belief; est evidence in my power of the sincerity of my answer to attacks upon mc. My first public avowal was drawn from me by an assault of one of our sionally stepped beyond the mere circle of believers, it has been in answer to attacks from editors and bishops. I have never been the assailant, but have been content to enjoy the right secured to that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and wor-hip, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind."

The specific charge your paper makes, is, that Spiritualism engenders insanity. I know this charge to be erroneous. I know it from a careful and minute observation in that regard for over six years; I know it, from the principles it inculcates; and I know on the other hand, it is a preventive at once and a cure for mental aberration

I do not mean to say that there has not been any case of one professing Spiritualism or pursuing it who has become insane. Love, the pursuit of wealth, and religious excitement have, in all ages, resulted in insanity; and I do not suppose that minds liable to be upset by undue excitement are exempted from that liability by reason of their belief in Spiritualism. But I do say, that instead of its tendencies are the other way. For it is a faith which addresses itself to the reason rather than to the emotions. It is the calm and deliberate judgment of investigators which is always demanded and not a blind or impulsive credulity; and a calm and dispassionate frame of mind is always enjoined.

and can alone be available to the Spiritualist. Besides, Spiritualism in revealing to us the causes of that unsoundness of mind which in all ages has afflicted mankind; and out of that revelation

grows the remedy for the disease. I have known ome interesting cases in which insanity, even 0 0 .0

And now you-what do you do in adding your contribution to this storm? You condemn as a sands and tens of thousands of your fellow-citizens. You denounce as worthy of "penal inquiry" that which is received as truth by hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the world who have inves-tigated and judged for themselves, who are as capable as you are of forming a correct judgment, and who are as honest and pure in motive as I concede you to be.

Ten years have hardly elapsed since this thing began among us. It has encountered from the beginning the active hostility of the press and the pulpit, and the inert opposition of the public. Yet its progress has been ever onward. Impelled by its own innate power, it has gone on until it numbers its adherents by millions ; it embraces in its ranks some of the brightest minds in this and other countries. Philosophers, artists, poets, lawyers, doctors, priests, editors, authors, judges of the highest courts, governors, legislators, diplomatists, farmers, and mechanics, in all parts of this coun try and in other countries, are enrolled among its believers. Its library numbers over 100 works in English, besides some in German and in French Changes in the Swedish Tariff are anticipated in The periodicals devoted to its cause exceed 20 in this country, besides one published in Spanish at Caraccas, South America, and one in French at Ge-

proud mothers, who, indulged with the sugar at the bottom of the brandy in childhood, had grown to love the brandy itself, and, becoming a little wild and loose-brained, to save the "respectability" of the family, were sent to the asylum, and thus avoided the censure and received the pity of friends.

5

Spiritualism may be "a cause of insanity," but it is a lesser cause than religion, a lesser cause than business, than love, than any other of the thousand causes that surround us, and yet this valiant editor would not call religion " a nuisance," and ask the authorities to abate it. He would not charge a Wall street broker with being a fit "subject of penal inquiry." And yet he might so do with as much reason, as he attacks the faith of the Spiritualists. Once admit the precedent, and every subjectmay pass forthwith under the ban of proscription from its alleged - tendency to produce mental dorangement and self-destruction; for every subject which has excited any degree of interest in the public mind has furnished the occasion for such results. Then let us have a universal gag-law and stop discussion upon all subjects, and thus be consistent."

TRANCE SPEAKING.

Mrs. R. M. Henderson loctured at the Melodeon on Sunday evening, in a strain of cloquence rarely heard within the walls of that house, brilliant as it has been with great intellects. We regret that we cannot this week give a report of her remarks. She will lecture at the same place on next Sunday afternoon and evening, and we advise all-whatever may be their views upon the subject of Spiritualism-to hear her. The prompt manner in which every question is answered, and the purity and grace of her language is extraordinary. -

Mrs. Henderson may be engaged to lecture in other places or in private circles, by applying to Dr. H. F. Gardner, at the Fountain House.

MECHANICAL WRITING .--- We would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, on our eighth page. Mr. M. is probably the best mechanical writing medium in the country. His wonderful success in answering sealed letters has given him a widely extended reputation.

MEETINGS IN CHARLESTOWN .--- Meetings are held . regularly at Washington Hall every Sabbath afternoon. Mrs. Conant will speak on the evening of . May 3d.

For the Banner of Light.

To the President and Professors of Harvard Universily :- Through the press, I address you in the spirit and words of love and wisdom. By too exclusive attention to the books of the past are you not neglecting the Providential dispensations and inspirations of to-day? The principles and phe-nomena of modern Spiritualism, as based upon newly developed laws of nature, are not embraced in your present system of instructions. Our children need the advantages of the new and living way of goodness and truth.

Monied and Titular Institutions are paralysing the affectional and intellectual energies of both the individual and collective capacity. The Divinity both of material nature and of modern Spiritualism is coming in to show us the more excellent way of of life and truth. A word to the wise is sufficient. Yours', an investigator of Spiritualism, and a friend to the cause of Divinity, and of Humanity, WM. H. PORTER. Cambridge, April 23, 1857.

The Busy World.

LEGISLATIVE .- A bill has been reported in the House increasing the sqlary of the Warden of the State Prison to \$2500 ; that of the Deputy Warden to \$1500; that of the Clerk to \$1200; and \$700 to the Physician of the Prison.

NAVAL POWER.

The Roman poet, who had fought at Philippi, and who knew personally the more conspicuous of the victors of Actium, expressed the opinion that the man who first ventured upon the ocean must have possessed nerves of brass ; but the Romans, though their annals were illustrated by some distinguished naval successes, were never, in any just sense, a maritime people. The legionaries could fight anywhere, and when they battled on the decks of ships they were nearly as successful as when they stood on firm earth. But such fighting was episodical in their career ; they never took to it strongly. At no time after they went beyond the bounds of Italy could the Romans have accomplished much if they had met with a people who were powerful on the ocean, not only in a commercial sense, but in a strict military sense. The Carthaginians were a nation of traders, or they might have kept the Italian race within their peninsula, or have thrown their line of conquest towards the North, which would have worked a great change in human destinies, England has often been called the modern Carthage, but the comparison involved in the words is not only unjust, but absurd. England has used the sea for the purposes of commerce to an extent that no other country has ever approached, but she has given pretty good evidence that she knows how to convert its ever-restless surface into battle-fields. This latter was what the Carthaginians never could do, so far as to produce a permanent effect. "To carry the war into Africa" has passed into a proverb, because the Romans, unable to drive Hannibal from Italy, were yet more than a match for the maritime Carthaginians the moment they sent the legions beyond sea. It would have given a very ourious reading to history, if Carthage had had a Nelson at the same time that she had a Napoleon, or even if she had known how to turn her maritime fabilities to ordinary account for the purposes of war. The Italian republics of the middle ages showed

much naval capacity, particularly Genoa and Venice, whose long and bloodily-contested rivalry caused so much waste of life, money and enterprize, and which threw the cause of Italy back, and had much to do with the ultimate triumph of the "barbarians "from beyond the Albs, over that " Nibbe of mittions." The force this Vehice hid more than give min "first-rate notice, but we guess the new once put upon the sea would have been able to de Editor whars speed, or, else the Light of the Banner stroy the united fleets of Tyte Carthige Athens, dauled, his eyes so that he couldn't read our im Rhoits and Rome, could the latter anes test got print, Awath is the brother ?.....

B Loopethy from a part of the second of the Borker and all more forther and the second of the second it miril former tail it Extensis Naws Lines - Our friends, Olark & Hall to some the dramat log girphered and the solution to

POETRY AND HOOPS.

Hoops seem to have served a mischievous poet sometimes, a hundred years ago, among the conceits and fashions of the day at Stoke Pogis. They were imp they called a poet:

- "Who prowled the country far and near.
- Bowitched the children and the possants, Dried up the cows and lamed the deer, And sucked the eggs and killed the pheasants."

The lady of the manor swore "by her coronet and ermine" she would rid the country of such a pest, and sent out a party accordingly; but the wight was under celestial protection, and

> " On the first marching of the troops, The Muses, hopeless of his pardon, Conveyed him underneath their hoops To a small arbor in the gardon,"

THE THREE CHANCES.

We find the following anecdote in an interesting paper on Bolivia, by M. Favre-Clavoiroz, consul-gen. eral of France :- A parish priest in one of the villages of the State has had the bright idea of dividfamily to inquire where they wish the soul of the dear relations going to Gehennik, so he parleys with them off under the head, "Spiritualism." the honest Padre, and after a severe struggle between his conscience and his purse, generally comes make of this heaven born truth a pack horse to cardowl handsomely, and the revered defunct is duly ry the sins of hereditary disease. And then, there Installed in " Paradise. " In Mine all as to a down were the sons of rich fathers, and the daughters of

It has courted, from the first, the neva in Europe most thorough investigations. It has encountered many such, and never without a triumph. And now it comes openly and boldly before the world. asking no forbearance, craving no lenity, deprecating no inquiry, but demanding the strictest scrutiny to which the human intellect can subject

From such scrutiny it must result-there is no escaping it—the conviction must result to every can-did mind, that the principles which Spritualism inculcates are in close conformity with the laws of science and the revelations of the Holy Scriptures, and ever to man's advancement in purity and knowledge.

Every man and woman who has become a thorough believer in its doctrines, has inevitably become wiser and better and more full of works for the good of mankind.

I make these assertions without reservation or equivocation, b-cause I know them to be true, and

you will but take the pains to inquire. And if this is so, I beg to know why it is, that that which aims only at the good of mankind shall be so fiercely denounced; and why they who appeal for the verity of their faith to reason, to science, and to revelation, shall be proclaimed to be fit only for the felon's doom?

Must the poisoned bowl be drained again because at that period as much in vogue as how. once more the truth is spoke in Athens? At this One of Gray's satirical poems describes a wicked day, and in this country, must Galileo's fate be his who even amidst persecution, dares say "Neverthe-less it moves ?" J. W. EDMONDS. less it moves ?" New York, April 6th, 1857.

As a rejoinder to the above, the Editor reiterates his assertion that "Spiritualism is a common cause of insanity," and presents it as the point at issue between it and Judge Edmonds, and the Spiritualists generally. And because it is a "cause of insanity" this guardian of the people would have those who have faith in it "put in jail." We well remember an instance in which this mode of an attempt to arrest the hand of God, was tried, and the spirits came and opened the bolted doors and led out the victim of popular ignorance. We are not quite sure but that the time is near at hand when this act in the drama of life will be repeated.

To uphold his position, our opponent travels from Maine to California, and gives us in figures an aoing his church into three sections, each painted of count of persons made insane by this "cause." a different color. That nearest the altar he has Now, though it is said "figures won't lie," we are called Paridise ; the next Purgatory ; and the third, inclined to the belief that these figures are an exa place it would not be proper to name. Whenever ception to the general rule. From the tone of the a death occurs in his parish, he calls upon the remarks made by the Superintendents in presenting them, and which are given with them, we conclude decensed to go. If to Paradise, it is so much ; Pur- that having little if any knowledge of what Spiritgotory, somewhat less ; and the last place is " dog- ualism really is, and having a few cases of insanity cheap." Of course, the Indian will not hear of his for which no cause could be assigned they classed

Well, it was all very well, perhaps, for them to

CRIME IN ST. LOUIS .- There are now confined in the jail at St. Louis twenty men charged with murder. Three are committed for examination, thirteen for trial, and four are under sentence of death.

THE MEECHANTS OF NEW YORK are about to present to ex-Secretary Marcy a service of silver plate valued at abou' \$10.000.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES .- The clay of which these are made is procured chiefly in Asia Minor, but also in Spain, Greece and Moravia. The manufacture of pipes from the clay is carried on with especial care at Vienna and Pesth.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE has three English thorough bred horses on the 'way to Concord, for his farm : one a stock horse, and the other two brood marcs.

THE RAG PICKERS .- New York city contains not less than one thousand professional rag-pickers.

RAIL ROAD IRON .-- Over two thousand tons of railroad iron has been shipped from New Orleans for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

PRINTING PRESSES .- Among the exports from New York during the past week, were ten printing presses to Australia.

LAND FOR RAILROADS .- The quantity of land granted recently by Congress for railroad purposes in the Territory of Minnesota, is estimated to be 4,416,000 acres.

AGRIQULTUBAL FAIR IN BOSTON .- At a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture at Westboro' on the first of April, it was agreed that a State Oattle Show and Agricultural Fair be held on the 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d days of October next, and that the place should be the Agricultural grounds in Boston, provided a sufficient guaranty fund is secured. The following is the Committee of Arrangements: Samuel Chandler, of Lexington; John Brooks, of Princeton; George Marston, of Barnstable; Wm. G. Lewis, of Framingham; Moses Newell, of West Newbury ; Thomas J. Field, of Northfield.

THE TELEGRAPH .- The offices of the New York and Washington Telegraph Co., at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are to be kept open at all hours, day and night, for the transaction of business.

REFORM IN TURKEY .- The Oude Napoleon is in course of translation into the Turkish language, with a view to assist the commission appointed by the Sultan, to report on the reform possible to beintroduced into the laws of the empire.

POSTAGE STAMPS .- In the course of the last quarer there were sold by the New York city Post Office postage stamps to the value of \$114,505. Goon.-The grain and fruit prospects in Indiana

BANNER OF LIGHTI

out, and before the world confess its sins, and repont.

DEPARTMENT

SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

BOSTON, THÚRSDAY, MAY 7, 1857.

All Communications relating to Spiritualism, to to

addressed to the Editor of this Department, at this office.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. CHILD, Boston. We made inquiry respecting the spirit

of Capt. Earlo Hodges, of Norton, Mass., whom you state

left this existence about two weeks ago, and received the

following answer:--- "The spirit you call for is an inhab-

itant of the spirit land, but cannot commune directly at

present. He bids me offer thanks and love, and requests

me to say to you that he finds all in the spheres, strange,

new and incomprehensible. A mist of fear and strange

reality combined, envelopes him. Boon he will see clearly

T. F. BRIGHAM, St. Johnsbury, VI. The communication you

refer to was received by us without any inquiry or solicita-

tion on our part. The spirit came and voluntarily gave us

the statements procisely as published. We had no acquain-

tance with him, neither had the medium. As to your

TEST MEDIUM. A correspondent writes, "Are you acquainted

with a good test medium who would like to make us a

visit, at our expense, and for a fair compensation stay two

or three weeks? We are in great need of visible, tangible

facts." Such a person may address, T. F. Brigham, St.

KATPA writes us. "The Banner of Light supplies a domand

that I am fully confident has been felt for sometime.

During a few days stay in Natick, I was agreeably sur-

prised in ascertaining the reputed number of Spiritualists

in that place. The subject has received an additional im-

petus there, owing to the moral courage displayed by the

Universalist minister (Mr. Bowles) in acknowledging and

proclaiming what his reason and judgment have taught

him is truth." Our correspondent also states that those

in want of a good speaker will do well to address Mr.

Rusoni Rurkhurst, Milford, Mass. The latter gontleman has

collected a library of books and papers on Spiritualis of for

free circulation in his neighborhood. The example is com-

monded as one worthy of imitation. We thank our friend

for his interest in our enterprise, and shall be pleased to

receive any facts that may come to his notice in the phe-

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE WORLD.

mad," says an old adage. We are to have this fully

illustrated within a few years, and the work has

already begin. The great question, "Do the inhab-itants of the spirit world, those who were once the

inhabitants of this earth, manifest their presence

and communicate their thoughts to us?" is to be

made the subject of public discussion, and it would

seem that the increased avidity with which the

opposition attack the truth, is purposely designed in

order the more certainly to accomplish their dis-

Spiritualists have long wished for the opportunity

to meet their opponents in the great arona of the

world, and before all nations and people submit their

FAOTS to the most searching scrutiny. Until quite

recently no such opportunity has been afforded.

The press, particularly that portion of it which at-

tempts to maintain what it foolishly calls " a re-

spectable position in society," has thrown all com-

munication on the subject under the table, and only

alluded to it in some line or two of paragraph.

Scientific conventions have laughed at those who

have had the courage to suggest that it be spoken

of. Collegiate professors have hushed up all inquiry

about it. The Protestant Church has frightened its

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make

nomena of Spiritualism or the progress of reform.

MARY HODORS, for CAPT. BARLE HODGES."

and commune freely.

other inquiry, see below.

Johnsbury, VL

comfiture.

0ľ

Can this be done? Well, it's not done yet; but one blow has been

'When Mr. Willis was induced to be present, and, in the goodness of his heart and the honesty of his purpose consented to endure the torture of a deeply and turning their backs, resolutely declared that sensitive mind, occasioned by the base suspicions of they would go no farther, and that others should not bigotry and sectarianism, that he might be the means of opcuing the blind eyes of those who instruct men what to preach, the crusade against wilful ignorance of the facts of Spiritualism commenced. The character of Mr. Willis is above reproach.

We speak the unqualified opinion of hundreds who snow him when we say, that he does not deceive others, and is not himself deceived.

The circle met. In a private house the faculty of the old College sat down, -- not to ascertain a truth, mystery will be solved in our day and generation, but to prove an honest man a rogue. They knew he was deceiving them, and who should dispute their wisdom?

"The earth does move," said a philosopher of an cient times. "It does not," replied the schools. "Put the man

out of the world."

"The table moves," said Mr. Willis. "It does not," responded the professor. "Put

the man out of the College." But neither were put out; and so the earth moves yct, and the table moves, and something else will move within a twelve-month.

The College is now before the world, and must come to triul. It has accused a young man whose life is as pure and blameless as any within its walls. of dishonesty and gross deception, and the young man challenges proof and produces the testimony of hundreds of as sound minds as any on earth to the truth of his statements.

Within a few weeks "Harper's Weekly," a paper said to have a circulation of near a hundred thousand copies, has ranked Spiritualists with "gambling dens, disorderly houses," calls their meetings "a nuisance," and considers them "as much deserv ing of punishment as the knaves who cheat at faro. or the unfortunates who sully purity and imperil health ;" and further states, that during the past four years hundreds have become insane by Spiritualism. The Boston Courier, also launches forth nearly two columns of like defamation and falsehood and pronounces as false what even the public opponents of Spiritualism candidly admit as true. Other papers who claim "respectability," have likewise opened a determined war against this truth. Not content with merely circulating false reports against the cause and those who believe in it, they are advising the authorities to put its three millions of believers in jail !

There is a purpose in all this. The press would not speak a year ago. It thought the mention of Spiritualism beneath its notice. But now it talksand it talks, as it would seem, mercly to make a display of its own ignorance. It shows itself to be far behind its time :--- it denies what nine-tenths of its own readers, and every child knows to be as true former. as that the sun shines. But it talks; and we are glad that it does. It must now meet the question before the world. It must meet the great record of facts that for the past ten years have been accumuthem to be true.

fore the world-the whole world. France has the cule of a score or more of others in this country and phenomena in the palace of its Emperor, and all every other, have failed to prove it false. And our Europe, all the world is looking thitherward. The friend of the Guzette knows very well that Pope issues his bulls against it, but in Rome, and every city, town and hamlet in the world of in the Great West of America, its mediums are civilization has within it from a single individual

THE SPIRITS AND THE PULPIT. One of our prominent divines preached a powerful sermon against modern "Spiritual manifestations " on Sunday last. It was a powerful invective in some portions, and a powerful sarcasm in others, struck, and the effect is known throughout the but by no means a powerful argument. We see no reason why investigation should stop at a certain world. point." The world would not have been the world we inhabit had our discoverers and inventors + topped still when they had progressed to a certain extent,

attempt to succeed where they had failed. Furniture gymnastics, we admit, are ridiculous enough, but we only regard them as " manifestations " trifling importance compared with the more startling revelations which are inexplicable by any known forces. Every form of religion has about it something that may be made to appear ridiculous and reprehensible, and it would be as unfair to condemn the creed on that account, as it is to condemn Spiritualism," (so called,) because a few choose

only to enjoy what is ridiculous in it, without caring for its hidden truths. We firmly believe that this and a friend says he is willing to lay a small wager that the secret will be discovered by a Yankee .---Evening Gazette.

Our friend of the Gazette, speaks the above words for the truth, and we thank him for them, but in his efforts to please all sides he weakens the position he first assumes, and makes it a difficult matter to say on which side of the fence he is. If, however, he desires to be on the fence, his position is well defined-but we should judge it to be anything but pleasant and agreeable. The prospect from that place may be very good, but the high winds and the loose shot of mischeivously disposed persons who happen to be out gunning, must be quite annoying.

The Gazette caters, to the wishes of those who, either wilfully or unfortunately ignorant of facte, look upon the mode of spirit munifestation as "ridiculous." The act of Christ walking on the water is not considered "ridiculous," why then when an article, furniture or anything else, is seen to rise ten feet from the floor without any visible appliance of power should it be thought to be so? Had the event occurred eighteen centuries ago, and a record of it made by Mathew, Luke, or John, reached us it would be considered a "a miracle," a most decided proof of the power of God. The movement of an object from the floor to the ceiling-the passage of an object from one place to another untouched by human hands, disengaged from all human agencies, is as wonderful an occurrence-is as great a miracle as any recorded in the Bible. Why then call these things "ridiculous?"

What if "prominent divines" do say they are? Shall we sit in the pew and nod our assent to the pulpit like so many automatons? What if the readers of the Guzette are started from the equanimity of fashionable repose by an open and fair acknowledgment of the truth? Will it greatly harm those readers? We think not. There is nothing "ridiculous" in the rap of a friend at our door, to announce his presence, neither is there anything ridiculous in the rap of a friend at our table for the same purpose. The former can be seen by us, the latter not, therefore if you must fasten ridiculousness on either, certainly it will hold best on the

Again: the Gazette expresses a belief that "the mystery will be solved." Mystery ! Why, my dear sir, there's no mystery about it that was not solved ten years ago at Rochester, and solved in such a lating, and either prove them to be false or admit | way that all the saigetife antmen or raraday, the

the theology of Beecher, the philosophy of Rogers, It is thus that the question is being brought be- and the show of fancied learning and shafts of ridi"PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS."

The fifth yearly meeting of the " Progressive full explanations obtained. Friends of Pennsylvania," will convene in the Longwood Meeting house, Chester Co. Pa., May 17th, and continue its sessions for three days: A committee appointed to make arrangements for this Convention have issued a circular from which. we make the following extracts. The tone of the circular is noble, manly, and will find a rewith the onward march of the spirit of the age .--We bid it God-speed on its course :

"The distinguishing peculiarity of this Religious Society is, that, not being founded upon a creed, it invites the co-operation of every friend of Truth, Humanity, and Progress, without regard to sectarian or theological distinctions. The rights of those who come into our assemblies are graduated by no differences of sex, nationality, or complexion. We have no order of priests or ininisters, lifted above their brethren to address us in a voice of authority to define the boundaries of thought, and interpret for us the will of God. Free discussion has for us Buzzard sends us. no terrors.

"We assemble ourselves together, from time to time, not to wrangle about the abstruse dogmas of a dry and sapless theology, but for the renewal of our spiritual strength, and to worship the SUPREME in and promote the spirit of love and good will among let me occupy a small space in your columns. I mankind ; to confront in a manly spirit the great moral issues of time; to testify against every form words of encouragement, sympathy, and hope to the poor, unfortunate, and the degraded, and to devise and execute their plans for relief."

AN UNEXPECTED MANIFESTATION.

We hear an amusing instance of spirit power and ing and instructive to a large circle of friends and the whole subject, and laughed at those who have exhibited any interest in it.

Now it came to pass, as the prophets of old would say, that this aunt became quite sick, even, as was supposed, nigh unto death. All her friends gathered around to receive her parting blessing, and bear up her soul on their prayers to the home of the good, above. She was weak and faint: each moment they expected she would depart, when, suddenly she sprang to her fect and delivered in a loud, strong voice, and not a little eloquence. a discourse to those present !

About the same time her son clapped his hands to his ears, frightened at the words which unseen beings whispered to him, but was forced by the same power to remove his hands and write out the messages that were communicated to him in this unexpected manner.

We have not heard what the consequence was that resulted from this singular movement. We feel disposed to say, however, that the old lady is not inclined, under the circumstances, to laugh at her niece in this city, and that if her friends will be forgive and forget all their past " foolishness."

THE DESIRE OF SPIRITS TO COMMUNI. CATE TO THEIR FRIENDS.

There is an intense desire on the part of inhabi tants of the spirit world to make known their immortality and happiness to their friends on earth. she is tranced there's no spirit too large to speak We have been impressed deeply with this truth through her. This time, says I, who is it? O, her during the communication of the messages published in our columns. All who have read those articles. will have noticed with what an earnestness the writers express their thoughts, and long for an inding it was possible to speak through this medium opportunity to reach their relatives. Parents I came to give the world a great truth." Says he, wish to speak to children; children to parents, and friend to friend. Often times when we have is impossible." kept messages from our columns in order to become better satisfied of their truth, the spirits have re- ing creatures." better satisfied of their truth, the spirits have re-turned to us, and reassuring us that the facts are real-not to blame." And then he went on to explain how ly as given, entreated us to give it to our readers, for | by self-magnetism their back brains was all drawed then it may possibly reach those who know the cir. into their front brains, thereby confusing and orac then it may possibly reach those who know the cir-cumstances and will awaken that interest in them and queens. I don't understand scientifics very which will open for the spirits a nearer approach, well, but this seems very plausible and clear to me. and enable them to talk with, and grasp as with a But Erra, he's mighty shrewd at understandin'. hand of flesh, those from whom they have long been separated. eparated. These short, familiar, characteristic messages are must have done with this trickery,—that Sally's convincing thousands of the truth that spirits do communicate with men. We look upon this as the great question to be settled in the public mind.

them, had presided over these manifestions,

Friend Wilcox having expressed a desire that these wonderful facts should be published, and I myself having implicit confidence in the reality of them, they are unhesitatingly laid before our reada ditt di 190 ers. .

ANOTHER GREAT EXPOSURE.

We do not know what we shall do. Spiritualism sponse in every honest heart. This society is not is completely done up, marked, and sent, off by ex-"waiting for the spirit to move," but is keeping step press to the State of Oblivion, as will be seen from the following letter which we have received from an estimable lady acquaintance, residing in that extremely loquacious district; "Oak Swamp." We submit it to our 25,000 readers that they may see to what a desperate fate our cause and our paper are consigned. The letter is " done up " in the regular" old fashioned style, and duly superscribed "To the Speretual Editor of the Banner of Light," which, we suppose, means ourself. We shake somewhat in our new chair editorial, at the great thoughts Mrs.

MR. EDITOR :-- I write to inform you that Spiritue allsm is all a humbug; it can all be explained away in the most simple manner. I have this from the most reliable source, and as I feel that I owe this spiritual strength, and to worship the Sorian in explanation to the public, you will be so kind as to: send this to you because I hear you have just started a new paper, and I know that you will be gratified of oppression and popular wickedness; to invigor- for the earliest information. I hope you have not ate every noble and generous impulse and bast anything by it. However, it can't be a great every aspiration for purity and virtue; to speak deal, any way, and this will probably be the last paper you will publish. I am the wife of Dea. Ezra Buzzard. My name is Julany. I have one daughter, Sally Buzzard, who is a mejum for the spirit rappings, also is a mejum for trances. Wal, last-Monday night-week ago to night, O my, how it rained-my husband went to town in the afternoon and I was really worried most to death about him. manifestation as having occurred the past week in | We sot for a settin'-I don't know when I have felt an Eastern city. It appears that a lady of this city so bad about a rain as then. You see Ezra, he aint an Eastern city. It appears that a lady of this city whose experience as a medium has proved interest this day he went off without his overcost. That's what makes me so particular about remembering relatives, is blest with an aunt who has ridiculed the day of the week. I sent his coat down to Nancy. White's, Saturday to be mended, and it hadn't got home Monday, that's how he happened to go without

t. Wal, as I was a sayin', we sot Monday night for a settin,' and had invited some dozen or ton per-sons in to join in our devotions, and I told Sally. they'd be sure to come in spite of the rain, and as soon as her pa got home Lwould send him after some of the wimmin folks. Now that was one thing that worried me, for I was not all sure of Ezra's getting home in any sort of season. Only just think of it, as we have to go nine miles for every grocery we have, it makes it propper bad when we get out, and that's what makes me sure 'twas Monday night, for we were all out of saleratus, and we always set our bread to risin' Monday night, and mix in the saleratus Tuesday morning-because Tuesday being ironing day you see we always have a good fire a-going to bake by. Wal, Monday night come and so did Ezra, sopping wet to his skin. I give him a rum sweat that night and I think that that was all in the world that saved him from a fever, pennirial is good, I always keep a lot of herbs on hand in case of sickness in the family. Wal, we all got together Monday night and sot around the little table,-I told Ezra it was no use to fuss and get the best one out. Wal, we all sot around the table. I didn't think we should have much of any doin's, for Sally had been kind o' pindling all day, but I dosed her with some home made bitters, and I think she felt better come kind enough not to laugh at her, she will cheerfully night. These bitters are the best things in the world to have in the house,-let's see, where did I put that prescription? I believe it's up stairs in the till of that old chest. I'll hunt it up some day and send you. Wal, we was settin' round the table all of a sudden Sally rolled up her eyes and gave a jump, then I know that she was going into a france. is very imposing when she is in a trance.' She is awfully intellectual in her natural state, but when voice was the solemnest that ever I heard as she says, "George Wasnington." It drawed tears to my eyes to think that he should have left the seventh heaven and come to us. But imagine our surprise,

mbers by asserting that is all of the devil. The Catholic has submissively bowed to the decree of its god, the Pope, and turned its back upon it.

Meanwhile, arrangements have been planned, and each individual and class has been assigned its place in the war of theological and political revolution which is near at hand. To those who have been cognizant of the course of events in Spiritualism from the first rap at Hydesville to the rap at "Har. vard," a few weeks since, the most consummate wisdom and skill on the part of the spirit world has been apparent. The gradual development of each new phase; the nice discrimination which has determined what mode of manifestation was proper. for a certain time and place, so that each class of mind be fairly met, has proved, most conclusively, that the highest intelligence has the whole subject under control.

We have stated affairs as they have been. Let us now, for a moment, look at what our spirit friends have been doing to produce a change.

A few years since a young man of the name of Hume, left his home in Connecticut, and sailed for Europe. In his presence manifestations of a most extraordinary character had occurred. Reaching England, he found that his fame had preceded him. and many individuals desired to witness the phenomena. They did so, and were more than ever convinced of the power of spirits to make known their presence. While in the full tide of favor, with the eyes of thousands upon him, Mr. Hume joined the Romish Church. The news, when it reached his friends in this country, created a deal of excitoment, and with some, not a little regret. But the majority quietly sequicased with the wishes of the unseen, thinking that they knew their work, and declared that it was all for the best, however strange it might appear. The result begins to be seen. Mr. Hume, a medium by whom the most astounding manifestations can be produced, is in the heart and homes of that great power, the Catholic Church.

More recently there has been a shock of surprise in the ranks of Spiritualists occasioned by the sudden conversion of two well known Spiritualists and poworfal writers in this country. When the time comes. Romanism will be shaken to its very foundation with the artillery of truth. The sudden conversion of these mediums, and their adoption into the mother church, has a meaning far deeper and of graver import, than is at first apparent. It is the means to an end, and the end is zear.

Old Harvard Gollege would not speak its thoughts It dare not come before the world and meet the question of Bpiritualing openly, fairly and honestly, as it should. Often importuned to do so by its own members, and looked to for information by thonpands, it remained as dumb as the bricks that formed its walls. The stabboraness of pride of With the must be broken by the menarchy of Books must be detaroned ; Harvard College alis is brought Th

tions vote not to have anything to do with it, but ready discovered "this mystery."

Harvard College finds itself in a position where it must meet it fairly, or leave the field dishonorably. unexpectedly entangled in a net of circumstances of words and display of assertions is as destitute that compels it to open its columns to a fair discussion of its merits. Yes, the trial is at hand-let it come. Cheerfully do we welcome our opponents to the contest, and appeal to the world for its judgment. We have no fears for the result.

FAITH IN THE IMMOBIALITY OF TTTTTT.

Judging from the expressions of the public press. having had brought to his vision a sight of an immortal life beyond the limits of this-to his hearing world."

a voice as of a great host, saying, "come up hither," and, clasping in his arms the loved ones Courier. The writer further says-hear him, Mr. who have gone on before, seeks to make known to Courier, he certainly includes yourself in the class others these realities and to open to them the the same inestimable blessings.

hearts and say, take these joys, these tokens of my new idea in optics, or the polarization of light, or love, and they should close too the door and reply, whatever principle may be developed by this new 'not to us-not to us ;-- its all a delusion." And discovery-they will, I assert, repent in sackcloth yet we remember it was always thus. We send our and ashes ere long, that a great fact has been illusmind along through the great vistas of the Past, and trated, when combined science, penned in from the see inscribed on the walls of either side the record of man's pride of opinion casting out God's truths. | ries of governments and collegiste institutions, pro-We see the advent of every Truth upon earth heralded with shouts of ridicule, fought against by the and eaten with old prejudices." learned, excommunicated by the Church, and exiled by the State. Its way is marked with blood : its cross is borne upon its own shoulders; it hangs of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism has rebetween heaven and earth, despised of men, crowned with thorns, and companioned with crime.

But, ah ! this Truth is immortal, and though the California; one in New Orleans, in the French lanworld think it "crucified, dead and buried," it bursts the bonds of sepulture, and lives forever at the right hand of God. It has its second advent -and when that occurs, it comes with a might that nothing can withstand. It walks over its old path the editorial management of T. L. Harris. as a conqueror. It points out to mankind that every drop of blood it shed on earth, when first it came, has become a jewel, and it bids them gather Spiritualism and general literature, our aim is to them in. And they do "gather them in."

courage. We are willing with such a harrost in A friend in Salem writes, "I have distributed all view to let the seed be nown in tears, if need be. view to let the seed be nown in tears, if need be. your circulars, and have heard 'not a fast 'say they We will say to the world, taugh on, spoil on, crucify were determined to be anneat the 'srray', that is to have be paichere the Trath we bring, we know it is move on in the battle of Personal with 'Banners of Light.'" So they all say.

cherished as its own children. Scientific conver- to an army of twenty thousand strong, who have

A WORD FOR THE BOSTON COURIER. The editor of the Boston Courier, whose recent war a knowledge of events daily transpiring around us, is respectfully requested to read the following sentence from an article published in its own columns ten days previously, wherein a correspondent, in alluding to the rejection of newly discovered truths, says : "I must say, however, that I have-I will not use the word contempt-a nervous repugnance to professors and other scientific personages, who, like

priests in monastery, live and grow lax and inacof scientific societies, and religious bodies, one would tive on the ideas and labors of the past. Repudiatconclude that the advocate of Spiritualism was an ing every new suggestion, not in consonance with allopathic physician of a very old school, who was the arbitrary theory in which they have been edutrying to force down the throat of his patient some cated, they superciliously reject all new truths, unnauseous drug, instead of being, as he is, one, who, til demonstrated, without their assistance, by the rough common sense of the, to them, uneducated

> That will apply somewhat to your own case, Mr. he alludes to-in your own paper ! Think of that.

"They will, in rejecting, without inquiry or exam-We cannot conceive why God should come to their ination, because they "have no data" to justify a world, in stately edifices, drawing from the treasufuso salaries, sat silent, inactive, irresolute, timid,

SPIRITUALISM OF THE PRESS.

A paper devoted to the investigation and elucidation cently appeared in Geneva, Switzerland; also 'one in Carracas, South America; one in Maryaville, guage, and one in New York ; the latter edited by S. B. Brittan, formerly of the Spiritual Thegraph, a writer of ability and much experience. A new Monthly is also to be published in New York under

THANKS .-- We thank our friends in all directions for many words of encouragement. As a journal of make this paper truly meritorious and worthy of a As we think of these things our hearts take wide circulation-it will then be sure of receiving it.

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SPIRITS WITH THE SICK.

Rev. Adin Ballou relates the following in The Practical Christian, Nov. 1853 :--

My friend Marcus C. Wilcox of East Blackstone. in whose family many wonderful Spirit manifestations have at sundry times occurred, relates the following recent ones. On the 12th inst., a little alarmingly sick of lung fever, Mrs. Wilcox was bending over the bed endeavoring to lift him into a more comfortable position, when the entire head of the bed, with the heavy bedstead, was gently raised some ten inches from the floor, as if to accommodate her movement. Immediately on this signal of spirit-presence, friend Wilcox anxiously asked the invisibles, "Shall we be able to raise the little boy from this sickness?" Response was made in the affirmative, by raising the head of the bed and bedstead, as before, and letting it down, three times. A dozen questions were then answered, by the same movement of the bed. The mother of the little patient, as well as his uncle and aunt, were instantly relieved from despondency, and filled with the strongest assurance that he would recover Mrs. Wilcox, who is a powerful medium, was di-rected by the attending physician to make an application of mustard to her nephew's chest." This affected him so unpleasantly, that it seemed ex-tremely difficult to keep it on. At that moment her hand was moved to his head, and placed across his as the priest offered it up in saurifice to the tutel eyes, when he instantly sunk into a calm alcep, and spirits or divinities of the tribe, confused preter remained quiet for twenty or thirty minutes, till the mustard had produced its desired effect. On opening his eyes he requested the plaster taken off, as it made him smart. Beveral times, subsequently Mrs. W.'s hand was used to put him to sleep, and by passes over certain parts of the body, to relieve, instantly, the pains he was malering.

by passes over certain parts of the bool, to reneve, instantly, the pains he was mailtaring. On the 15th inst., as Mrs. W. was attending him, the whole bod, with the bodsteed was raised com-pletely from the floor, and swing gently back and forth for several inflation. The side boy now slow-ly improving, was deeply interested and pleased at receiving such a token of kind regard from the spirits. Ho he acted his atted what he should say to them. She directed him, What he should say to them. She directed him, What he should say to the whole bed in mid alr, they responded to the child, by rapping with the front logs of the bed-stead upon the floor; She rapping, that the agtrit of a deceased physician, formarly well known to

" Spirits cannot come back to earth to communicate; if

Says I, "Then mediums are all lying and deceiv-

You oughter seen how he picked George Washington up on every pint, until he was thoroughly convinced

loing their working arresting the attention and in brains should not be so unnaturally drawed out. And, says he, the next thing she'll be lopped off like a flower in the spring,-he always was poetical.-George Washington here made a beautiful prayer, in which he besought us to wrastle with the demon Spiritualism and return to our good old Baptist ways. I asked him if this revelation had been made anywhere else, and he said, No. Then he said, "spread it to the ends of the carth." I made in-quiries about the spiritual papers and I find that yours is a new one just started, and so I thought it would save you a great deal of trouble and expense, to send this right on without any more fuss. If you please, you may enclose me two letter stamps for this, I reckon that wont more than pay for the inl and paper besides the postage. JULANY BUZEARD.

Oak Swamp, Bristol Co., Mass.

MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE

INDIANS All primitive nations, during their simplicity and while uncorrupted by the sensualisms of ertif cial life, have believed in, and professed to enjoy intercourse with supre-mundane intelligences, find an example of this fact as occurring among th Indians at the Sault of St. Mary, in the year 176 as related by a Mr. Henry, who, we believe, was s eye-witness of the facts. The Indians of the tribe # s mbled and erected a strongly-built wigwam, as placed the pricat's tent in the middle of it. A co aiderable quantity of tobacco was then brought a as the priest offered it up in sacrifice to the tutel tural voices were heard; and the whole wigws commenced shaking. The priest then claimed receive revelations from the spirits respecting the English enemies, Many passages might be quot from Cotton Mather and other writers concerni

BANNER, OF LIGHT

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Record of Facts.

TABLE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY. Dr. J. F. Gray, of New York, relates the following singular case of table-moving which occurred at his house some time ago: A circle which had ashad then withdrawn from the table and were conversing with each other. While totally unexpecting any further spiritual phenomena, the table. which was standing about twenty-five feet from the porson nearest to it, started upon its castors and rolled directly to them, the circle opening and recoiving it in its midst as it approached. After this a small sofa, which was also standing at some distance from them, was carried bodily, through the air and set down in their midst by an invisible power, when, by striking with one end upon the floor, it spelled out a communication to them. Wonder where the table and sofa got their "involuntary powers of mind " to do these things ?

SPIRIT-OURE AND APPARITION IN 1676.

The following relation, which, condensed from Mr. Glanvil, is not only interesting in itself, considered, but when viewed as a parallelism and confirmation of many things now alleged to be occurring. A Dutch woman, named Josh Claes, residing in Amsterdam, Holland, had, for fourteen years, been completely paralyzed in both legs, one of which was without feeling. On the 13th or 14th of October, 1676, she felt, while in bed, a hand pulling her arm three times. Being alarmed, she inquired what it could be ; whereupon she was answered in these words ; "Be not afraid, I come in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Your malady shall cease, and it shall be given you from God 'Almighty to walk again."

The woman, being still alarmed, cried out for a light, when the voice answered, "There needs no light ; the light shall be given you from God."

"Then," continues the narrative, "came light all over the room, and she saw a beautiful youth about ten years of age, with curled yellow hair, clothed in white to the feet, who went from the bed's head to the chimney, and a little after vanished. Hereupon did there shoot or gush some-thing from her hip, or diffuse itself through her leg as water into her great the, where she did find life rising up, felt it with her hand, crying out, "Lord, give me now again my feeling, which I have not had for so many years.' Yet she continued that day (Wednesday) and the next day (Thursday) as before, till evening, at six o'clock, at which time she sat at the fire dressing the food. Then came as like a rushing noise in both of her cars, with which it was said to to her, 'Sland! your going is-given you again.'"

The woman then arose and walked, and continued afterward to enjoy the use of her limbs. This account was taken by a Dutch merchant from the woman's own lips, and printed in the Dutch lan. guage, and was attested by a sufficient number of oredible witnesses to place it beyond doubt.

AN ANGIENT MANIFESTATION.

Among the numerous oracles of ancient Greece there was one devoted exclusively to communications from departed spirits with their friends in the flesh. It was situated at Thesportia, near the river Acheron. Periander, King of Corinth, had a wife named Melissa, who died and was buried. He afterward had occasion to consult her to find the means of recovering a certain article of value which had been lost, and for that purpose he had recourse to this oracle. The spirit of Melissa presented herself when called, but refused to answer any questions, saying, with frightful solemnity, " I am cold, I am cold; my clothes were not burned; I am naked and cold !" It was customary in those days, and with that people, when one died to burn his clothes as a part of the funeral solemnities ; but this rite had, from some cause, been omitted in the case of Melissa, at which her spirit scems to have been annoyed. Her clothes were afterward duly burned, and then Periander obtained from her the response which he required. This circumstance happened about 500 years before Christ, and is related by Herodotus, B: v., chap. 93.

SURGERY BY AN ENTRANCED MEDIUM.

M. O. Randall, of Brockport, N. Y., writes that a the wrist joint, became en ment of a hone at tranced as she was sitting in a circle, and was spiritually moved to commence an operation upon the wounded organ. She placed the back of the wrist against the table, and her knee against the wrist, holding it firmly as in a vice, and then, by a succession of twists and turns, finally succeed ed, apparently in the most scientific manner, in bringing the bones to their proper places. Soon after this she awoke without any recollection of what had occurred. She was asked how her wrist felt, when she commenced examining it, and stated that the soreness had entirely left it, and from that time it was as well as ever.

am free, yes, free indeed-for man knows little of freedom until he has cast off the deal link which binds him to earth.

I am often with this child of God, and this son of man; and I often strive to lead him above the cares of earth, yet he knows it not. He can but be aware of the presence of angels; yet he cannot single out any one among the number. I see a cloud hanging over his spirit, and upon it is written these words "If spirits do indeed hover around us, can they communicate with us?"

This is a question remaining unsolved to him; when he has solved that question, this cloud shall

disappear-not till then. He speaks of truth as being the foundation of spiritualism; now if the fabric be founded upon

truth shall it fall? We answer, never. He speaks also of delusion. True many spirit-ualists are deluded, and why? because they lay down the reasoning powers which God has given, them to follow that of some darker spirit. No man can be deluded who walks by the light of his own reason, while treading the labyrinths of spiritual-ism ; and he who date not walk by his own light is a coward, and worse than a coward.

I would have him know that that which he considers unfit for a religion has been his Saviour. I would have him know, also, that the spiritual beings which have surrounded him, have daily invoked for him blessings ; and they have been asked by those who are a part and portion of Deity; and if their prayers are unfit to be laid upon the table as an offering, what I ask him in the name of our God is a fitting offering? We would also have him know that that which

has been his salvation, that element which has saved him from a moral hell, is also fit to carry him to the highest sphere of heaven.

They who believe in the glorious truths we bring, and yet bow to the yoke of popularity, what we ask shall be their condemnation? The light placed within such souls was placed there to guide them; and instead of following that light they have turned, and are following the star of pride. When spiritualism becomes the religion of the day, all their stiff necks will bow to the reigning star; but now they say, I believe it, but dare not let the world know I believe it.

And now, stranger, e'er I leave, permit me to ask a blessing upon one whom angels have carefully guarded; permit me to invoke the aid of all holy ones to descend upon him ; may the spirit of love meckness and forgiveness settle upon his soul, and may be come forth, in answer to the call from the spirit land. We ask it, yea, we demand it."

The spirit holding control of the medium, and through her having spoken the above, called for a pencil, and wrote, . "From old Elder Bisbee, of Waterville, Maine."

From Jamos Canovan, to his Brother, a Catholic Priest, and his Wife, Sister Perduzzi of the Ursuline Convent, Mt. Benedict.

I have friends on earth. Is there no way for me to speak with them? They are Catholics ; will they eccive the new faith? I left a wife and two sons on earth who now live in a small cottage near Mt. Benedict. I have a brother in Dover, N. H. who is a Catholic priest. I wish to speak with her who was my wife on series but I know it will be very hard for no to rail access to her, on ac-count of her religion opinions which are very rigid. rigid.

She was a strict Catholic. She received her education at St. Ursuline Nunnery, only a short distance from here. When that was destroyed she had been away from it only a short time. Her name was Mary Perduzi, (or Perduzzi sometimes spelled) her father was an Italian; she was American born.

Both her parents are in the life of spirits and are present here with me. Her mother was an Ameri-can woman. My brother's name is Canovan, priest in N. H. as I told you before.

I have been in the life of spirits near two years -it may be a little more or less. Now if I can reach those dear friends I shall be much pleased : but in coming to you this morning I have but little faith that I can come near enough to them to converse with them. Nevertheless I will try?

How are you to know I am who I profess to be?

You can ascertain about my companions by looking at the list of names of pupils at the numery. I Mrs. O. A., of that place, who had for some two believe the catholic book store has a list. Write to weeks been suffering from an apparent displace- my brother : I cannot approach him, but I presume in Dover yet ; he wa the last I saw My name was James Canovan. My people are in good circumstances, as property was left both by the father and myself. My sons will doubtless be educated as priests. For a long time after death, I believed in that I believed in on earth. What had been engrafted on my spirit while on earth clung to it when it was free from earth. After a time truth dawned upon me, and those shackles dropped off, and error became as naught. Oh, it's hard, very hard. I have been seeking to commune for over two years with my friends, and have now for the first time communed with mortal since I left the mortal. In the lapse of years, I have in a measure forgotten the use of the human organs, therefore I do not speak fluently. Think you son that if you were deprived of speech for years, you could express yourself, fluently, if you were to be allowed. So it is with us; like taking up a piece of work after a lapse of years, and you ad forgotten. Do you suppose that if you had the palsy for a lapse of years, you could take up that pen and use it as you now do? So it is with us, We principally commune by intuition-the action of thought. Sometimes, when we are drawn nigh earth, we speak vocally; but not without drawing from your material life to make sound. No spirit in its spiritual or higher element is known to utter sound. When the mortal is drawn nigh to spirit and hears sound, that spirit draws from the mortal to make the sound. Music we have, but it is not like the music of earth. There would be no sound to you in your natural state; unless we drew from you particles to make the sound. You in mortal form, in making music, are obliged to form an instrument, that your sounds may not be diffused in air. So it is with us when coming to you ; we must draw from you to make sounds, because you under-stand by vocal organs. We understand by spiritual powers-intuition. Three spirits are here with you; their several bodies repose on so-called consecrated ground in Dover, N. H. One is speaking with you and he to speak at some future time to those who will know him better than you do. Many thanks are given you for your kind attention. I do not know whether it is policy for you to put this forth; of that you must be the judge. The church we refer to is powerful; you live outside, while I am cognizant of its inner temple. You cannot know its power-it is deep, unfathomable as it wore, and we must tread lightly upon it if we would benefit it and its followers. with it is the fight of all and a first speakers.

told him to go the office of the "Banner of Light," be of good oheer, and persevere, and if discouraged get a few copies, and send them to Mr. Sheldon, of to-day, hope on till the morrow. All tell them if the old man was on earth again, and had the light Gaston, Ala. We then read to him this communication. He confirmed the truth of the circumstances, and we both received the interesting facts as one other evidence of the reality of spirit intercouse :--This spirit came with such a joyous smile upon her lips that we could not help remarking that she was particularly happy, or seemed to be so.

"Oh, yes, I am always happy. Some years since lived on earth, but not in this cold northern clime. You have many beautiful things, no doubt, but I should be happier to live where I used to live. You northern folks have strange looking houses, but I presume you are happy. I have a husband in the earth life, and I am anxious to commune with him, but he lives a long way off. Now will you send to him? My dear companion has married again; it was my wish. I told him to take the lady, and have been continually trying to speak with her, and shall, n time. They have no good mediums where they

dwell. I wish to ask my dear husband to sit alone a small portion of each day, and I will be with him and try to manifest. I want him to sit perhaps thirty or forty days. Tell him to often speak of me to those he has around him, beneath him ; he will understand this. Tell him to often sit under that little rose tree—I shall be with him then, if he thinks of me-he will understand that also. My name is Harriet Sheldon. The name of him who was once my companion is Israel Sheldon-he resides in Gaston, Alabama. Will you attend to me early? Then good-day, sir.

Reuben Page of Hampton, to James Page of Boston.

I died at Hampton, N. H. I was a farmer, and as near as I can remember it is between seven and eight years since I died. I cannot call to mind any pircumstance which transpired at that time to refer to as to the correctness of my idea on this point, as was shut up in my house for a long time and did not know anything but what was going on in my own family.

My trouble was cancer on the face, and it kept me from going to meeting for a long time. I was a Baptist. I have an adopted son in Boston, who used to live close by the meeting house near here. He was one of the dearest children I had. He used to come to see me when I was sick, and I have been to see him often since I have been here. I took him when a little infant-that is, my wife, or we, did-Sally was her name.

James lived when I last saw him in a large house, with long steps to go up to the door; it is in a short road leading from a long road,-it looks like a cowyard to me. Somebody says the long road is Milk street. There is a number on the door-No. 4. They did not number the houses where I lived, but I suppose there is so many of them they have to here. James has lots of boys. Don't tell him to come to

me, for I cannot talk to him yet; I wish I could, and to my children too; but tell him to wait a few months.

I was about sixty when I died. A cancer started on my lip, and used to bleed dreadfully; It spread to the jugular vein, and then I died. Dr. Kittredge operated for it.

The cow-yard this spirit had reference to as having been the residence of his son, as near as we could judge from the conversation, was Sewall place, leading out of Milk street, below the Old South. No. that we had no clue to James Page there, or any proof of the truth of the spirit.

We inquired of Dr. Kittredge who, as he said, visited him during his illness, and he gave the following account, which was all he recollected of him. We will here state that Dr. K. is also an inhabitant of that real life of which ours is a shadow. He says:

"Page lived on the main road, about ten miles from me. I remember his Wife, and heard him He died of cancer on the face, commencing on the lip; when I saw him the under jaw was nearly caten away. He comes anxious to communicate : From Edward Butler, formerly of there are thousands in the same way in the spirit world. They know they have friends somewhere, but do not know exactly where. This old man tells

they have, he thinks he would praise his God continually.

Son of earth, can I do anything to benefit you? I have people living near you, but the most of my people are down at a place you would call Cape Cod. I have a son in your city, on Commercial street. His name is Judah Baker.

I have been trying to manifest to you for some time. Son, I hope you will prosper. You have a mighty crowd of good spirits who wish you prosperity, and you have also a great company of opposing spirits, who plot evil against you. But, son, keep company with the good ; take heed your feet do not slip from the rock of wisdom and your success is sure, for God himself hath spoken it.

From Edmond Palouze and Richard Davis Winn.

Happy to see you. I have much to say. Can no

speak your language well. Got many people to speak to, friends, many friends. No Americaine, no-France my native country. I once lived nigh by you-wish to say I so much happy, and I be much happier would all my friends see. Got a son, a daughter, grand childron in your country. Try to speak once, no succeed well-try now, do better. Have a grandson in your council, common council, call him Henry Dalton. He is the son of my Sophie, my daughter, my child. He be much medium, and he no see, no believe.

My name Edmond Palouze.

Immediately following the above, another spirit came, who said :---

I am a stranger to you. As I brought the spirit who has just been communing I must answer for his goodness. He did very well. He was a French physician, and I have been assisting him some time past to manifest. He has friends here in your city. He has tried to manifest to them and has partially succeeded. Very fine people they are, and if he succeeds much good will be done.

I was a little sailor-boy on earth, and as sailors are welcome everywhere, I suppose I am here. I have a brother and a mother in your city, and I am in the habit sometimes of communing with them. I shall be most happy to drop them a line now and then through the columns of your raper. I was lost at sea some yours ago; but you see I am not lost now.

I would like to have my friends know I am with them often, and if I don't manifest my presence, it is because I cannot. My name was Richard Davis Winn. I have a

brother and mother liere. His mame is Timothy Winn; I am in the habit of communicating with him. I am not a very advanced spirit, but I am becoming wiser and better every day. My brother lives on Boylston street—is married. I go there often. I only come to square the yards with my friend here, and will meet you again.

its together ! I have not yet learned how to manifost well to my friends, but I assure you, dear sir, I have a great desire to learn. I was called harsh, storn, unyielding, by many on earth, and I suppose I was so. I have a wife and children on earth, who make the future pleasant. I am not unhappy, neimother to be not at all anxious in regard to the future, for all will be well. Say to her everything is right. I am often with her, and would to God could manifest to her. She was but a child to me; Col. Foster.

Boston.

come-that the same spirit was manifesting now 1 I look back to the time when I was on carth, surrounded by a plenty of the goods of earth life; and again I look back to the time when all was swept from me, and my soul writhed under the agony of poverty

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In the year 1847, and years previous, and years succeeding that, I was an officer under government; yes, I was commander of a revenue cutter. Now a mist comes before mo-the times were passed that were happy times to me. My position was taken by another, and all my earthly goods were taken also, and I said to myself, I wish to die, I have no longer a wish to live on earth. That wish was gratified, and 1 became an inhabitant of a higher life. And now 1 return, -yes, return, and for what? for good and nothing else. In proof of what I now tell you, I refer to your friend K----, or at the Capitol at Washington.

From Wm. Roulstone, formerly Fire-: man, of Boston.

Near 14 years ago this very season I ended. my earthly existence, but as I am anxious to communi-cate with the friends I have on earth, and as I know of no better way I came to you. I have not much to say, for I am not accustomed to controlling mediums.

What shall I give you to prove to you that I once lived near Boston, and that I have friends living here now? I lived in Charlestown, or boarded there, for I was in Boston most of my time.

Were you here in Boston 14 years ago? Do you remember the Brattle Square fire? I was killed at that, fire by the falling of a wall, I suppose, for I saw it coming, which was the last I knew. That was a hard way to die, for I did not die instantly, al-though I suppose I did in a short time. But to be buried beneath a huge pile of hot bricks and know you are in your tomb, together with the intense suffering, is awful.

I have dear friends on earth. My hame is Wm. Roulstone, and my friends are of the same name. I. wish to let them know I can communicate, and that is all at this time. Good bye.

Ezra Hinckley, formerly of Charlestown.

I might as well tell the story of a fellow that's here, as to have him try to come and fail. He gives his name as Ezra Hinckloy. Says he used to live in Charlestown, Mass.; that there are many there who will know him. Some four years ago he started for California with a company. One of the party took sick and was left behind. Ezra couldn't bear to think of this-to have liim lay by the roadside and suffer-so he went back to see to him, after he had traveled three or four hours.

It seems the fellow had the cholera and died, and this chap who took care of him died too, and both bodies were found by the roads de. John Brown was his friend and will remember him. He knows all about his going away. Says he was a machinist, but never worked at his trade here. He came from Barnstable, Cape Cod. He is a very good looking JAMES 'ARNOLD. fellow.

The above was communicated to us last December. Hinckley at that time did not understand how to manifest, and consequently, as will be seen, he employed another spirit, James Arnold, to act for him. Now he comes to us himself, and alludes to the former message we received. Here is his statemont :--

"I have been in the spirit land about four years. I have friends on earth and acquaintances, and I am very anxious to manifest. I cannot talk much, nor say anything very eloquent ; but what I do say will be truth.

I come to you once more. Do you remember Ezra Hinckley? I am sorry you did not test me. I told you I died of cholera on the way to California, Now there are a great many friends who would be glad to hear from me. 1 knew Mr. Wild and John Brown. Will lives in Somerville, just out of Charlestown ; Brown resiles in Charlestown. That is, they did when I was on carth.

From J. Waterhouse, formerly of Portland, Me.

I was practicing making bread, for I was a baker. That is the way I generally manifest myself, but you lid not know me by that pantomime. I don't know you, don't know the medium, nor any one round berbut there are plenty of people I do know. For a number of years before I passed away I supplied the people with bread; not the bread of life, but the staff of natural life. I am anxious to convince my friends of the truth of Spiritualism, or, in other words, I am anxious to make them be lieve that spirits can manifest as well as return to earth. I am happy where I am, and not anxious to return to earth although my life was rather a pleas. ant one. 1 have a sister ; I want to say two or three words to her. She sews for a livelihood, and she is a melium. I would like to have her devote a little of her time to developing her medium powers. I might come to her where she is, but if I come to a stranger ; through a stranger, and send it to her, perhaps it will be better received. A poor sermon preached by a smart speaker often does more good than a smart sermon preached by a poor minister. 1 lived in Portland, Were you ever there? A very fine place it is. As I carried on the baking business there, no doubt my old friends will be glad to hear from me. Tell them I am getting along well in my new position, and like my quarters much. Now you do not know whether I am telling you truth or falsehood. Well, call me J. Waterhouse. -- Have a sister, and I give you the name of Ellen Waterhouse, If you want to know about me write to her at Portland, Me. Probably you will receive an answer. Girls that sew for a living don't have a chance to travel much, although she has been around some. As I have no call this way, I am generally when I come to earth found where I lived when there. Good day.

bury, Mass.

From Col. Foster, formerly of Rox-What a strange thread connects mortals and spir-

leading out of Milk street, below the Old South. No. [am very anxious to make happy. I can now see 4 was occupied as a bar-room and eating house, so many errors in my earth life; I wish I had been more considerate, but it is past now, and I can only ther am I very happy. I cannot approach my dear family and friends as I wish to-cannot do so much for them as I would like. I have been in the spirit land a few years. I have daughters at home with their mother, sons abroad. I wish to tell that speak of his children. I was called to him, and told yes, I was old, she was young. You like to have him nothing could be done for him, and that he had proof of those who come to you. I am sure I can better prepare to go out of the world as comfortably hardly ten where to send you for proof in this case. My family are in Roxbury. They used to call me



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

Banner of Light. The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the onwegance 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 —only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated with ut alteration by us.

A Voice from the Spirit-World in relation to Rev. I. S. Kallock and his Position.

What a blessed thing it is to forgive. Jesus was disposed to forgive all his enemies, and so should every true disciple be disposed to forgive all sin. They who are without sin should cast the first stone, but they who charge the erring and are guilty of sin, dowrong; they should remain quiet, and not ory out against one who is treading the same path with them. The minister of the Gospel who has so lately been set up in your midst, that the multitude may cast stones at him, was well known by me when I dwelt in the earth life. Well may he say the angels have guarded him, for spirit power has set him free that he may fulfill a mission that is assigned to him. We of the superior life do not come to justify'slil, nor do we come to censure.' We wish if possible to elevate all mankind, and if they sin forgive them -lift them up, instead of casting them down as worthless. We, in coming, do not presume to say that our carthly brother was guilty, neither will we say that he was not guilty, but we will say that we do know whether he be guilty or innocent. Many angels are daily hovering around him, and hey are hovering there to do him good. The talints given him by the great Father, must not be buried by strife or discord they must rise bard the drosslof earth, and if the hues that surund those talents be dark, angel hands must make tiem bright. Wedded as ho is to the souls of many. behoveth him to walk on steadily and upward nd if the passions that belong to earth fight to ob ain the mastery; he should, resist nobly to obtain

The orown of life. I knew him when b child, and I have watched his progress unto the present time. Wo find manyidrrors in his earth life, and we find many virtues; because of the errors we do not desire to crush his stues -no, we rather assist them to rise, that the may one day be above those errors; woll of general Tam a spirit years ago at the command of God, I laid down my carthly tabernaoler yer's am not lead hus incret alive that while on bargh, modifies house incommiss from our office, a spirit approx when there I was joined to a body of geath. Now I through parts his from in the is a medium, and

Harriet Sheldon to I. Sheldon, Gaston, Ala.

At the close of the following communication, we were told that the spirit was the wife of J. Sheldon, of Gaston, Ala. .. We returned to our office, Intending to write to Alabama, making inquiries respecting the facts in the case. This was in the forenoon. In the atternoon of the same day a gentleman called upon us and said he wished a few copies of our paper to send to a friend in Alabama. Al part "Are you hoquainted in that state ?" we asked." Hereplied that helwas to some extent; and surmine.' Help him if you can." 3

At a subsequent time the same spirit came and said :-

difficulty in manifesting this morning. There seems friends know that I am happy, and that I did not to be a circle of powerful spirits here who cannot find things as I expected I might. I do not wish control, and who therefore prevent others from controlling. Your last visitor was a gentleman from the South, named Brooks. My name is Page. It seems Those poor ragged fellows who are going round you have not succeeded in finding out my truth. No. your streets every day, are just as good in the sight 4 Sewall place, is the number of the house where my of God as you Yankees are, who are dressed in time son resided. Go there and inquire if James Page clothes. I hope you will always remember this. I ever lived there, and see if you don't find what I tell think if I were on earth again, I should have a reyou to be true. He is tall, straight, not very dark | ligion of my own, and that would be to do just what complexion, and as the world would say, very gen- I thought was right. I am sure that is the best tiomanly. I suppose you know he was not my own religion. son; but he was as dear to me as though he had s I suppo now I cannot.

At this point the spirit left and another came. who said t-

I have been called here this morning for the pur pose of giving you what may be called wisdom. The spirit who has just presented to you his tests, From Caleb Currier, formerly Capt, has failed in some points. The son he speaks of resided in a house which was once mine, in Winter street. The house did not belong to him-he simply resided there a period of time when the owner was inquiries of those who are acquainted with Samuel and am told by those who know you and whom Appleton, and your story will be complete. MRS. SAMUEL APPLETON.

As our readers may be interested to know the result of our inquiries, we will remark that the above impossible to do so in each case, we must omit them. friends to further inquiry.

Judah Baker, to his Earth Friends.

"If a man die shall he live again ?" I answer, there is no death ; man cannot die. A few years slipce I walked in a form of fiesh; and was called an might have known; but that was not for me. inhabitant of earth; and now Lam a spirit. And alists are half asleep-as though they are not doing know I can return and manifest;

roung, yes, young. I have children with me, and I for the second coming of the Messiah. if Ab, if he have some on earth. To those on earth L will say, could but see, and know, and feel that the time had

I have been in the spirit land about two years. I you he was a Christian-so he was. When I told was born in Ircland, but had been in this country him he must go, he said, 'God's will be done, not many years, when I passed on. I was a true Catholic and I tried to live a good life; at least I did the best I knew how. I was sick but a short time ; my disease was brain fever. I left a wife and family who are now living at the south part of your city. I have presented myself here before. I find some If you have no objections, I should like to have my you to set me down as one of the ignorant Irish. for, bless God, I had a decent education.

I thought was right. I am sure that is the best

«I suppose you would like to prove me. I was a been. He has six boys, all grown up. Well, when- tailor by trade; and I don't know of any better way ever you find him, you'll find a pretty good fellow. I never had cause to regret adopting him. He made all kind to me, as good as they could be, and I hope himself-educated himself, and has made his way God will be merciful to them on earth and bless alone through the world; and he stands pretty high. them when they come where I am. I worked at a Ho used to live on Winter street; I don't know as he great many places in this city, (I suppose I am in lives there how; when he lived there, there was a Boston,) but I will send you to the last place I medium in the family, and I could see him; but worked at. Go to Dolan's, on Washington street, and ask him if Edward Butler ever worked for him as pressman and journeyman; and, if you find mo true, will you give this to the world?

of an U. S. Revenue Cutter.

This is the first time I ever made an attempt to communicate to people of earth. I have now been absent from the city. Now you have only to make an inhabitant of the spirit world nearly six years. once knew, that it is my duty to return and manifest, that I may not only benefit myself, but bena benefit to those I left on earth, and to the cause of Spiritualism.

I lived a Universalist, and I died a Universalist, statements have been found to be true. We would in the full faith that the love of God would be my like to state all the particulars, but as it would be salvation, and in that I was not mistaken. I believed in final restitution of all things to a state of purity and affection. I believe it now, although leaving the words of the spirits as here published to death has claimed my mortal form, and I live in the do their own work in awakening the interest of spirit life. Yes, a part of my religion is still dear to me. But I could not tell where I was going when leaving earth. I could not tell how long it would be before I should be supremely happy-whether it would be immediately, or whether I was to remain in a state of probation, I could not tell. Had I lived under the bright star which you live under, I

I have one son and two daughters on earth. yet it seems I can, return and communicate, and have a wife also ; she is now suffering from physical prove myself to be myself. Yes, I passed many disease; that body which was wont to move about years on earth; and if I had known what I now at will is now held in chains by paralysis. But it know, I should have passed them in a different man- is well-soon she comes to me-then, oh then, what ner. Yet I am happy, and one might well suppose a joyful reunion ! I am anxious that they should me to be so, for I can return and commune with my know I am cognizant of a great deal that has triends, my children. It seems to me that'spiritu. passed since I left them. Lam anxious they should

half they should do. But I come chiefly to manifest to my friends at ness, but I am sorry to say a orowh of supersition this time. You are a stranger to the ast and to and bigotry he is too close in the views. Oh. I you. I was an old man in the there is too is and bigotry he was more liberal. He is looking My son is one who wears a garment of righteous-

Danforth Newcomb to his Earth Friends.

Danforth' Newcomb is anxious to commune with his friends on earth. My father, mother, brother, and sister are still dear to me. I was a victim to the fatal disease, consumption. I went to a foreign land with the view to gain my health, but returned only a spirit. My friends belong to the Methodist Church, and will hardly receive what I am now disposed to give ; but so kind an earthly parent must not reject the spirit. You are all strangers to me, and I presume I am to you. I have much to give the dear friends I have on carth. Will you permit me to approach them by the way you have so kindly given us? I do not come to overthrow their feligious opinions-no, no ! but to give them new light, which will do them no harm, and peradventure much good. I am happy and have no desire to return to earth to dwell. I found heaven not to be what my minister had pictured it. I was not long in gaining spiritual wisdom in regard to the spheres, and, thanks be to the Higher Wisdom, I now return to impart love and light to those yet to come. My dear, dear father sadly mourned for me. I would say to him that those he has seen pass on are happy, and are often by his side when he least thinks of them. Joy, joy, the angels bring to earth, and if my dear earthly friends will open their souls and receive those they so dearly loved on earth, we will impart sunshine, where darkness now obscures the sky. (You must pardon my crude ideas and remember I am not used to controlling your lady mediums.) I have been in the spirit life between two and three years, and rejoice in this my first coming to bear a message of love to my friends onearth. Given from the spirit of Danforth Newcomb to his earth friends.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

Pearls.

8

Attend, oh ! Man Uplift the banner of thy kind, Advance the ministry of mind . The mountain's height is free to climb,-Toll on. MAN's hermitage is TINE! Toll on l

No proacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

Morn on the meadow, and blossom and spray Glitter like gems in the dewlight of day, Grasses of omerald, tufted with gold ; Lilles, like Love, when too bashful and cold;] Wings of the wild bee, disturbing the nest Of the lark, that still broods o'er the song in its breast, Flow'ret and butterfly wake as new born. For 't is morn on the meadow, the dew lighted Morn.

It is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

Birds are singing round my window Tunes the sweetest over heard,

And I hang my cage there daily, But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled. And they sing there all day long; But they will not fold their pinions In the little cage of song !

Brery heart has a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave, To come to succor us, that succor want? How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The flitting skies, like flying porsuivant, Against foul fiends to aid us militant? They for us fight, they watch and duly ward, And their bright squadrons round about us plant, And all for love and nothing for reward : O, why should heavenly God to man have such regard ?

Many persons seek Heaven, who do not seek virtue.

Sweet Violets,-the morning bids, Ye ope your silken eyes, And shake the moisture from your lids, That thus as sparkling lies As star of dew On heaven's blue, Or atom of the skies.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the sire of a saint

FACTS FOR WIVES TO READ.

I wish to have a little chat with wives-gentlemen will please not read this article, and at some future time I will say a few-words to them on similar subjects, and then I will request a like favor from my sex. I am addressing those who have good husbands that are willing to toil early and late to provide those they love with food, clothing, and all that is necessary for them to contribute to make home happy. Wives, let me in imagination. group you all together and speak to you as one individual who is willing to listen to a few plain practical truths.

Mrs.----, did you ever think how easy it is to make home happy ?--- to make that spot which should be so dear to every wife and mother attractive? It needs no tapestry or velvets-no costly silver plate or rich drapery to render it so, nor do the walls need to be decorated with hundred dollar pictures encased in massive frames, although we could excuse extravagance in obtaining works of art better than we could excuse it in anything else. The man who gets but a dollar and a half a day in exchange for his labor can and ought to have as pleasant a home as the one who gets five times that amount. It is the way that money is spent that makes home happy or otherwise. I have een wives that would repine and keep the domestic circle in a kind of Bedlamite uproar from Saturday night till Saturday comes again if they had an income at their command that was equal to that of Girard. Money does not of itself bring happiness, neither does the want of a large income always bring misery. The happiest family I ever saw lived in a three room tenement, supplied with not more than fifty dollars worth of furniture. But oh! that wife! I wish that every other wife was like her: she seemed to forget self when her husband and children were around her, living only for them and they in return living only for her. Now if you want to rule supreme in your house (I am so glad the men are n't going to read this) don't let your husband know it. O no, for there is always more or less of the spirit of Bunker Hill in every man's disposition ; that is, I think so,-and if there is n't he is not worthy of a wife. Don't come right out and say with the firmness of a martyr, I want to go to the Opera to-night and I will go. Pshaw! how silly you must be to do anything of that kind. Suppose he places his hand over his closed wallet and says, "Well, if you are so determined about it, you may go and go alone, and foot your own bills : you didn't condescend to ask me whether my business is so that'I can leave to go with you or whether I should like to go." Mrs. ----, no matter how much you apologize or try to qualify the expression you used, you can't make that husband feel for this evening at least as he would have felt had you addressed him something in this wise :--Husband, have you seen the programme for the Opera to-night?

cigars for a month to replace the price of the ex-best friend you have this side of heaven.

And then if you want a new silk dress don't say right out some day before your husband at his dinner, "I want a new silk dress and I am going to have one. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Kinsley and Mrs. Lane have each got new ones and their husband, aren't in any better business than you are."

No, don't mention any thing about a silk dress, in that way, because if your husband is worth having you won't get the dress pattern half as quick nor you won't enjoy wearing it half as well after you do obtain it.

I will give you a little idea of how I think I should proceed, under those circumstances. Say my husband was a quiet, industrious, domestic sort of a man that dined at home every day. The first thing I would do, if I wanted to ask for a new silk, would be to have a No. 1 dinner preparedfor woe to the one that will ask any favors of even the best tempered man when he is hungry. Prepare his favorite dish this day, by all means; do it yourself for fear the cook wouldn't do it as nice as you would like it to be, and then after he has ate his dinner, lit his aromatic cigar, and thrown him- ter what may be your situation in life, act well your self back on the sofa, commence, after a few preliminary remarks. in a mild ladylike way, in this wise :. " Harris & Co. have some very nice silks- for every violation of right, God has instituted a only one dollar and fifty cents a yard.

Very likely he won't hear you the first time you speak, so take a seat beside him and repeat what you have said, with a diffident air, and then add coaxingly, "You will buy me one some time when you can afford it, won't you, Charley ?"

His answer will be, "Can't get you one now lear-have to pay a heavy note Saturday.

Don't take the refusal the least unkindly, but go on telling what very rich silks they are-how pleased you shall be by-and-by to have one when he thinks he can afford it, to wear with your spring shawl, and you wonder what Mrs. Blake will say when she sees how much more indulgent your

husband is than hers, &c., &c. Believe me, Mrs. ——, if you follow my ad-vice your husband will not have finished smoking that cigar before the price of a costly silk dress is transferred from his port-monnaie to yours, and the best of it all will be, he won't have the least idea you compelled him to give it to you; he will think it is a free gift of his, you merely stating accidentally that Harris & Co. kept such goods.

Why, my dear Mrs. _____, it is the easiest thing in the world for a wife to reign absolute among her household, always having every one a willing subject and happy under the government; but don't think to effect this state of things by frowns and coercive measures, for God never intended that homes should be ruled in that way. Don't, every time your busband comes in from his office or counting-room, meet him as though you were totally indifferent whether he spent his leisure hours with you in the parlor, or sought male companions, You didn't use to meet him that way before you became his wife. Oh, no, then you arose to meet him and put on your happiest smiles, always dressed yourself with care when you knew he was coming, and rehearsed no incidents to him that you thought would make him feel un-comfortable. In after years, that young man who had faith that your pleasant smile would continue as long as life should remain, took you a bride to his home. Don't you suppose that now he feels the contrast keenly, and don't you think it causes him many hours of heart-ache to see you meet him day after day with a kind of apathy when for others you have kind smiles and pleasant words P

Yes, he thinks of the courting days-feels that he does all in his power to make you contented and happy, but judges from the frown he sees and the murmurings he hears that all his labor is vain ; he argues with himself that he might as well seek enjoyment elsewhere, for they don't meet him that way at the saloon, the billiard hall or the club room, so he goes to mix with those who keep a smiling exterior even if their hearts are breaking, for it is their business—they know how much depends on having all sunshine about them. The first glass taken it is always easy to dispose of another and another, till no matter how attractive the wife may try to make home now, it' is too late, the keeper of the favorite saloon will always outwit her in presenting objects of interest. Now, Mrs. -----, I don't think you tease and fret and scold or treat your husband with indifferthe day he first called you wife, but by degrees vou have acquired this manner and when so disagreeable a habit is once formed it becomes verv hard to throw it off. Now the best way is never to indulge in anything of this kind. Always re- has published an article to show that good coffee is member the pleasant smile that caused your hus- a powerful antidote to poison. He says that if a band to prefer you above all others in your girlhopes of happiness in this world in his keeping preparation, and then takes, ten minutes after, only strive to remain the same towards him as you one spoonful of good coffee, he will at half past were long ago : you will surely lose nothing by such a course, while the probability is you will gain a than he has whalebone force in his hairs. Dr. L. great deal ; at any rate you will retain your hus- discards Liebig's theory, that the chemical basis of band's love, and most persons of reflective minds think that is worth possessing. Thus far I have spoken to the wives of those men who have counting rooms or offices and can food are numerous, but not all equally obvious. afford to visit the Opera or indulge their wives in Thus, by careful drying, arrowroot is found to consilks, and now I want to have a little chat with the tain. in its ordinary state, .18 of water ; wheat, .14; wives of those who work harder with the muscles and receive less pay. I mean mechanics who toil from sun to sun for a dollar and a half a day; they work outside of home and the wives labor inside, each in his or her department wishing at heart to ing to Johnston, wheaten bread contains not less make the other happy. Now, Mrs. Mechanic, when your husband returns from his labor in the evening, don't, the moment he opens the door, begin to draw your face down to twice its usual length, and move around as though your feet were shod with fifty-sixes. Don't set the children to crying, by giving each a slap when you hear the echo of his footsteps in the outer hall. and then when he cuters, try to convince him that your ears are stunned with such noises all the time luring his absence. Don't, before he fairly seats himself in a chair, begin to tell him that you are in need of sugar, and butter, and flour, and-Oh, it isn't worth while to try to enumerate the groceries, -and that Willie needs a new cap, and Katy s pair of shoes, and then remind him that you haven't had a new bonnet in two years, and that your five years old silk is growing rusty. Now, if you should talk of these things without intermission, from June till January, it would not ncrease your husband's income, nor make any nember of your family happier. If your husband is industrious and devotes the proceeds of his labor to his family, no matter if his income is so small that it sometimes taxes your ingenuity to the utmost to keep the family comfortably clad, it is your duty to do these things, and any woman who would not do it cheerfully is unworthy the sacred office of wife and mother. You say you have a very hard time in this world. Granted ; your husband says the same in regard to to transmit. himself. Both of you are right, but you are not the only ones in this bury world who think that an armedition working every day, from sunrise to sunset, or a little later, just to keep square with butchers and note ster, just to keep equare with butchers and grocers don't pay, and yet I never heard of an individual increasing his income a shilling by re-phing. My advice is, do not deprive yourself from enjoying what you have by completing and hom enjoying what you have by completing and

tend even if he had to dispense with the use of coveting what you have not, and under all circum-

There is another class of wives that I have been considering whether they are worthy of notice. They are a kind of butterfly set, who seem to think that the end and aim of life is to flirt and dance with almost any other man but their husband. In the morning you will usually see them with their hair in papers, and up to nine or ten o'clock in general dishabille; after that they robe themselves in such gossamer fabrics that at the first glance one would almost think they were wrial. No matter where you meet the husband of such a wife, it is very

easy to select him from among those men who have wives worthy of the name. They have a woe-ber gone expression that never leaves them, not even when they try to contort their faces into smiles. Such unfortunate husbands are always dodging about here and there on 'change, trying to borrow funds with which to take up notes &c., while their wives are lounging in fashionable saloons, sipping hot coffee or devouring candies.

A few more words to butterfly wives-to all wives, and I will throw down my tell-tale pen. No matpart in the sphere in which circumstances have placed you, always remembering that if you do not, penalty.

If any gentleman, presumes to read this after the very modest request I have made, don't let him think only one party deserves a pen and ink castigation, I haven's thrown away my pen-I have only laid it by till mext week.

EMMA CARRA.

Poetry.

For the Banner of Light. MY SPIRIT HOME. MY CORA WILBURN.

My Spirit Home ! my cottage in the wood, Encircled by its wilderness of flowors-My paradisean vale | with tints imbued, Of overlasting bloom. Sweet angel bowers, Twined by the hand of long expectant love-Such pure delights await my soul above.

My Spirit home I thy flowery portais twine Around a vision of my heart's sought shrine My seraph mother, lovingly awaits The earth-tried wanderer at the blooming gates; With form of light and purity ; with grace And love celestial beaming on her face.

My Spirit home! Joyful my father yearns To clasp unto his breast the child that turns So longingly from earth; with beckoning hand Portrays the glories of that better land : And 'round me press a lov'd familiar throng Of souls' affined, with triumph's welcome song.

My Spirit home I thy hallowed altars gleam With rich fulfillment of the earth-born dream, The yearning heart its loved ideal meets. The trusting soul its kindred spirit greets,

And the rich stores of the heart's wealth pour forth Their hearded gems of tenderness and worth.

My Spirit home ! Love's all-pervading power, Hallows the glory of the spirit's dower: Freed from the dark'ning touch of earth that flings The taint of passion o'er its angel wings; Thrice glorified by suffering, care, and fear, Unfolds in beauty, in that upper sphere.

My Spirit home I Hope's radiant wings unfurled, No more gleam shadowy; joy no more is huri'd From the high summit of aspiring thought; Friendship not there, by worldly wile is bought. And Mammon reigns no more; the flowery sod Yields wealth aburgant, 'neath the smile of God.

My Spirit home ! Not vain were all the dreams Born of heart-solitude; the dazzling gleams, Transient and fair, of better worlds to be, The toppling whispers of eternity i Joy! Joy! realization's bliss awaits My longing spirit, at Heaven's flowery gates!

Agriculture.

BRANS. These are a valuable crop. There are three different descriptions of Beans, and many varieties of each sort. The dwarf Bush, or French Beans, the Runner Beans, and the dwarf broad or English Windsor Beans. The latter does not succeed well in this country, except in the cooler northern latitudes. In England it is more in use then any other, both as a vegetable and an agricultural crop.

Of Bush, or dwarf Snap Beans, the Mohawk is the best, because the most hardy. It may now be planted. , The refugee, or late Valentine, is a great bearer, and the white dwarf Kidney is one of the best for late crops. These should be planted at short intervals, for succession crops, through the summer months.

Of Running Beans, the Scarlet Runner, the White Case Knife, and the Lima Beans are the most desirable sorts. The first week of May is time enough to begin planting, and the Lima should not be planted for three or four weeks later, and they are grown usually on hills slightly elevated, three or four plants in each. These all require poles. There is a variety of the Scarlet Runner with variegated flowers; they form pretty, vines to run' over rustic arbors or trellises of any kind in the kitchen-gar den, but are not fitted for the pleasure-ground. The beans of this sort are equally good for the table as the others.

Beans like a light, rich soil, well manured. They must be well cultivated with the hoe, the earth being drawn up round their stems. The closer dwarf Beans are picked for the table, the longer they will bear.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS .- This is a variety of the Cabbage family that deserves to be universally cultivated. It is allied to the Savoy, and is a valuable winter vegetable. It grows two or three feet high and on the sides of the stem are produced quantities of miniature cabbages, which are the estable part. They are best after the early frosts have touched them, when the stems with their crops upon them may be taken up and put away for winter use, in a shed or cellar, the roots being covered with earth. Seed should be sown from the middle of April to middle of May, and the plants transplanted into a deeply dug rich spot, two feet apart, in July. The culture is the same as the former residence of the Knights of St. John, for cabbages.

summer or winter, as it keeps well. Early Horn Hospitallers was founded by Gerard Tour, who is the best for the first crop, and may be sown as | was born at Martiguez, in Provence. After the early in spring as the ground can be worked. It is capture of Jerusalem, he established in that city, also best for a very late ground can be worked. At a superior of containing as the ground can be worked if in the year 1099, a house of refuge, for the purpose sown as late as the second of third week in July. of giving an asylum to the pilgrims who were in The Altringham and the for third purpose should world to visit the Holy Places. Raymond Dupay be sown from middle of May to June. Early crops succeeded Gerard as Grand Master of the order. may be thinned to four or six inches apart in the He decided that the order should in future become rows, but those to stand for winter use eight to military as well as hospitaller, and that it should twelve inches. Carrots should be grown on ground that was manured for the previous crop produced The order, thenceforth, assumed the title of Knights by it, such as Cabbage, Peas, Onions, &c. Carrots of St. Johns of Jerusalem. When Saladin obtained may be grown as edgings to the garden-walks, as we have remarked in a former number. They look Knights quitted Jerusalem to establish thamselves. pretty, and it saves room in small gardens .-- Independent.

Flashes of fun.

A MAN OF MEANS .- "Is Mr. Brown a man of means ?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzletop, referring to one of her neighbors.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SOUL.

Thou hast a priceless Gem-oh! keep it bright, Untainted by corroding cares of earth; Let nought corrupt, or mar its beauty rare. But guard the treasure with a lealous care :-So it may rhed around a holy light Reflected from the glorious spheres above, Then sparkle over in the mighty crown Of light, that rests on the Eternal's brow.

Theu hast a crystal Fount-oh, keep it pure ! Forth from a higher, holier clime, it sprang At the Creptor's word. O, mingle not With its bure waters aught of earthly soil,-Then shall flow thence sweet streams of truth, and love, To bless and beautify the earth below. O, keep it pure, that angel ones may come And move the waiting waters, and leave there Their holy impress, that shall heal and bless. Then shall it mirror Heaven's own glorious hues, And ever sparkle 'neath the Father's smile.

Thou hast a Temple-guard its portals well, That nought shall enter there, save what is irne. Let Heaven's own light pervade it evermore. And shut not out the genial breath of Heaven; And from the altar ever let there rise The incense of a pure and faithful heart. Thy thoughts be pure and true, thine actions good, Thy life an offering of love, and truth ; Bo to that Temple shall the angels come, And bring their heavenly gifts of love to thee.

Thou hast a mighty Harp. In Spirit-land 'Twas once attuned to sweetest harmony : Those strains angelic are forgotten now, And careless hands have touched the answering chords, And woke sad discords in life's varied tune. Oh! bring no more with rude, unfeeling touch, Discordant tones from aught so beautiful, But hush !---and thou shalt hear a thrilling strain Ofsweetest melody sweep o'er its strings,-A scraph hovers near, and wakes thy Harp To heavenly strains, that angels bend to hear. And wilt thou list? thou soon shalt hear the lays That angels sing from their bright home on high; Then be thy Haro attuned to strains divine That shall accord with Heaven's own minstrelay.

That Gem. that Fount, that Temple, and that Harp-Oh, what a gift 1 thine own immortal Soul 1 Be ever good, and true, and live near God, Thy life a tune played by the Almighty's hand, A sunbeam from His glorious countenance A smile, a word, a thought an act of His I FLORIA. E. Medway, April, 1857.

THE HOLY LAND.

In reference to the presentation to the Emperor Louis Napoleon of the ancient palace at Jerusalem, some particulars relative to the order may not be QABBOTS .- This is a valuable vegetable, either for | without interest. The miltary order of the Knights defend by arms the Christians against the infidels. possession of Palestine, in the year 1188, the at Acre, subsequently at lihodes, and in the year 1530 in the island of Malta, which was given them by Charles V. The French Government long coveted. the ruins of the establishment at Jerusalem, as belonging to France by right, which, since the orusades to the present day, has always assumed to represent in the East the military spirit of the West, and to be in that country the most pious and most ateadfast supporter of Catholic interests.

If he is in pretty good humor this will be his answer, or at least we will fancy it will be, No dear, I have not seen it.

As he has no particular interest in the subject he has not looked at the programme. "I wish you would look at it; and by the way, husband, don't you think it would be more conducive to your health to go to some place of amusement once in a while? You confine yourself too closely to your business."

The husband looks pleased at his wife's solicitous manner and remarks "I suppose I do confine mymelf too closely to my business, but it costs so much to live that if I am ever going to arrive above mediocrity I must apply myself steadily." "True, dear; but what are dollars and cents to

your health and the enjoyment of life P . Why, we have but one life to live, and what is the use of ameteing a fortune now for somebody to squander away after you and I have gone? Is ! neither you not any one else was ever any poorer for appending a fag dollars now and then at the Opera or the Theatre or any place of entertainment. Why! don't you know if you patronize others they will patronize you if" (Mr is a merchant.) "But don't go to please me, husband. O no, certainly, you know, your business best, and if you don't like the Opera or think you can't afford to go, why, I shall for just as happy at home. Do just as you

Has dest, of course, don't you that after such an in-terview as this your burbles would think there was never a new biesed with as youd think there was never a new biesed with as pood a with as histend and the would go to the Opens with you of My other pace of assurances. that you without to all

Scientific and Mechanical.

A STEAM STAGE WAGON has been constructed, to ence because you intend to do so. No, you oe mn on common roads by a company formed of cithim now just as much if not more than you did izens of Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, which was recently testod, and is said to give complete satfaction.

> ANTIDOTA TO POISON, -Dr. Max Langenschwarz person swallows at seven c'clock a spoonful of iodine seven have no more iodine in force in his system coffee and tea is one and the same thing.

> WATER IN FOOD .- The sources of water in our maize, .18; beans, .14; potatoes, .75; turnips, .92; cabbage, .92. In articles that are mixed with water, as bread, the proportion is much greater. Accordthan 45 per cent., or nearly one half, water. . Thus

this article is both "meat and drink ;" and, in greater or less degree, the same may be said of all sorts of food in use.

GEOGRAPHY OF RUBSIA .--- The Imperial Geographical Society, at St. Petersburg is preparing the publication of a geographical dictionary of the dominions of the Czar. The work will certainly prove instructive.

VELOCITY OF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT.-Some early experiments on the velocity of electricity in high tension led to the assumption of an almost inconoeiveably high speed as that always natural to the electric fluid. The experiments lately made, to test the feasibility of the great submarine telegraph project, indicate about one thousand miles per second as the average velocity. It has also been proved that several waves of electricity may be travelling on the same wire at one time, a fact which will tend greatly to facilitate the rapid working of the great telegraph.; In one case, where the ends of one thousand and twenty miles of wire were brought near together, and a succession of shocks produced, three signals of a signal stroke bell were distinctly heard after the hand had ceased

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, has determined to send an expedition to make surveys of the openatry near the range of the Rocky Mountains, within the Brit-

m

"Well, I reckon he ought to be." drawled out the ancient beldame, " for he's the meanest man in own."

IT AIN'T BEST TO KNOW TOO MUCH .--- A gentleman residing a few miles out of town recently carried home a small Electric Machine for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the niggers. as usual ficoked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among these darkies that had evinced a strong disposition to move things. or in other words, to pilfer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "look here; this machine is to make people tell the truth, and i you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, massa," said the boy, "I nebber lied or stol'd anyt'ing in all my life."

"Well, take hold of this;" and no sooner had the little nigger received a slight shock, than he fell on his knees and bawled out :

"Oh ! massa ! I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and I have lied ever so many times. Please, massa, do forgive me !"

The same experiment was tried with like success on half a dozen little darkies. At last an old negro who had been looking on very attentively, stepped

"Massa," said he, "let dis nigger try, dat masheen is well enough to seeer the children wid, but dis nigger knows better."

The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes;

"Massa," said he, "it ain't best to know too much; deres many a soul gets to be damned by knowing too much, an' it's my 'pinion dat de debil made dat masheen jest to ketch you soul a foul some, time an' I reckon you had best jest take an' burn it up, and have it done gone." 14. 公tha 小气。

A HANDLE TO HIS NAME. A lieutenant in the service, by the name of Broom, was advanced to a Captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Capt. Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day having done so for the fourth time, Broom said :- "You will remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name."

"Ab," said his tormentor, " so you have-well, Broomhandle, how are you ?"

A Burz .--- An Irish paper concludes a biography of Bobespierre with the following sentence :--- " This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time." WOMAN I-II have ther for a toast, we won't ask for any delder find mand dog these as is straid of the bert of a tree.

A WHITE CRAVAT.

Good Looking Swell: I declare I never will wear a white cravat again ! His Facetious Friend : Ha ! I suppose, my dear.

fellow, if the truth were known, that some one has been mistaking you for the waiter?

Good Looking Swell: No, sir, it was a thousand: times worse than that; for an ugly old maid began making sentimental love to me under the delusion, I really believe, that I was a perparson! I sus-pected, every minute, that she would be asking me. to send her my measurement for a pair of embroidered braces 1

DAYS OF WORSHIP.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship, viz: Sunday, by the Christians: Monday, by the Grecians; Tuesday, by the Persians; Wednesday, by the Assyrians: Thursday, by the Egyptians ; Friday, by the Turks; and Saturday, by the Jews.

> Adbertisements. A. C. STILES, M. D.,

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