

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## BARTHOLOMEW BROOM; A Connecticut Story.

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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 Tussock, who has been in every suit, big and little, that Cobblefield has had recorded on her books for twenty years.

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, Vicky, which is short again for Lovisy. A fat, indolent, gawky, piggy kind of a youth, bred to the farm, and destined to assume his father's place in the house and the town, whenever it might please Providence to remove 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 Vicky.

"Oh, dear!" she would say to Aunt Vicky very often; "I only wish I had your faculty. But I haven't; I know I haven't, and so what's the use of my trying? I might as well give up to you first as last!"

And she did. Aunt Vicky 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 Aunt Vicky to consult her about it. No new project in connection with the farm was started, without the concurrence and direction of Aunt Vicky. She was all in all. She made the rest look up to her with a strange sort of respect. As for 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 Vicky Broom, the sister of Mr. Thaddeus Broom, had the money; and whoever keeps the money or the purse, 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 sister had; but he had got it tied up somehow, and over laid with small mortgages, and worked into a very unbusiness-like snarl—and there he was.

All he could do was, to keep perfectly quiet on his farm and earn as good a living as he could. His whole ambition now must needs be confined to the narrow limits of his household.

Aunt Vicky had helped him some, so as to get him into his present security, and determined to hold on to it. Her property till she had a mind to let it go. So there she dwelt—the female nabob of the family; and if so be that she should happen to take a fancy 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. How lucky it was for him, to be sure. Now he would get all her property, would step into his father's shoes, and would live right straight along as comfortably as you please. Barty was her favorite. 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 declared she would have the marrying of him. Not that she meant to marry her own nephew at all, but she was set on finding somebody for him, when the proper time came, that would be worth his while.

So one evening she took Barty off into her room—she had a snug little chamber all by herself—and began to break a subject to him that had for some time given her a great deal of concern.

"Barty," said she, pulling on her cap over her head, "set down. I want to talk with you about something. You know you're getting along to be a man, I s'pose, don't you? Well, let me tell you that you air, whether you are willing to own it or not. You'll soon be managin' the farm for yourself, and that's a fact; and there's no such a thing as carryin' on a farm alone, you know. I mean, Barty, a man must have somebody to help him. He must have a wife. You must begin to look round and see if you can't make up your mind on somebody. 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 me think, I s'pose, that you never thought of such a thing as a girl in all your life!"

Barty gave a reluctant snicker, and looked reluctantly out of the window.

"But jest see here, child," she went on. "You can't put off this thing 'always, can you? Well, then, it's got to be considered at some time, and why not now? You're old enough, or I never should have 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.

"Oh, I don't care for any 'em," said he.

"I, 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 confident for once, won't you? I'll assure you, I will help you all I can in the business. Come, tell your aunt who she is!"

"Why, nobody, as I know of," said he, growing more nervous, certainly.

"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 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!" exclaimed his Aunt Vicky. "I see how it is. I understand all about you young fellows. 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 you do feel so, you may just as well say so to me as not. I can keep a secret, I hope, and I guess I can be in the way of helping your business along, too."

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

"And so do I, too. There ain't a bigger beauty in all Cobblefield, I'll venture to say. And now, if you could but catch her, Barty, you're a lucky fellow. 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 of 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 Singin'-school: there's ways and times enough, if you only have a mind to set yourself about it."

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 preference except by staring, by blushes, by confusion, and all manner of gawky ways. He had the satisfaction of knowing, too, that his Aunt Vicky had set her heart as fondly on Mary Larkum as he had himself, and that was a great deal.

It ought to be said here by way of parenthesis, that Mr. Larkum, who kept the Post office and village store in Cobblefield, had sometime before applied to Aunt Vicky for the loan of three or four hundred dollars, knowing that she was anxious to make a little investment; and that he had given her as security for the same a mortgage on his ample property. Mr. Larkum wanted to use the money,—she had no use for it,—and the transfer was an accommodation to both parties. But still, Aunt Vicky could not get over the idea that somehow Mr. Larkum was in fact indebted to her for his continuance in business; if not for the support of his entire family. She had lent him money; that was sufficient to tie his hands. Unless he had been in great straits for it,—she presumed,—why did he apply to her for it? Of course he was pinched; of course he was dependent; and of course she had him all together in her own hand.

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

Barty formed his resolution, and acted up to it at the first opportunity.

There was a singing-school, held in the old school-house. They had engaged a teacher from abroad, and all the young folks, with some old ones, congregated weekly to try their voices in concert. Among the rest went Mary. How could she stay away? The school would have gone down in a fortnight, if she had not lent her aid to the project.

Like the golden-rimmed queen-bee in the hive she was the centre of the whole plan. Sometimes one beau had the pleasure of escorting her home, and sometimes another; she was never left to pick her own way. The fact was, she was occasionally more troubled to pick out her evening's cavalier, they swarmed about her in such plenty.

Let me stop to say a word to the reader about Mary Larkum. She deserves that somebody should say it for her, and why not? I knew her 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, rougiest, boyden that ever let her curls hang loose about her fair neck and shoulders? And did ever you, or 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 Czarina! Her two eyes shot all sorts of arrows—curative, I mean, of course,—into your own, tipped with sentiments that thrilled your very 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 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 close relationship with her from day to day.

"But, don't let me flatter too much with you, dear Barty, over this fine time rose-bud. If you have not shipped my brief hint at a description, you know

her now as well as I ever did myself; not because of any skill of mine with words, but because one can never even speak of such a creature without revealing her whole nature almost with his first words.

Barty Broom determined to see her home, on every occasion he could get. Hitherto, he had paid his attentions only at a distance, silently, as the Persians worship the rising sun; now he resolved to break over this barrier of bashfulness if every thing else broke besides.

On the very first evening, therefore, after receiving this important encouragement from his Aunt Vicky, up he goes, as the singing-school is "let out," and chooses the best place he can get near the door. The "fellers" were standing about in every variety of disorder, all of them more or less anxious or satisfied. It seemed an age to Barty before the girls began to come out at all. They squeezed in so into the entry; they were forever taking down their shawls and hoods from the peg. Then they had to linger so long for the sake of indulging in a farewell cackle, and laugh, and scream, but finally they all felt compelled to bid good-night so many times, and to kiss each other over and over, (which some of the young fellows considered a waste of the raw material), and to hide their 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 short, stout and common,—they came out through the throat of that little entry in a style that put 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 Vicky 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 spattering 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. As she cast bright glances on this side and that of her, as she were determined to shoot every one of her multitude of admirers with a silver arrow. And the light smile that shone from her face—it was enough to melt an admirer's heart, for her at the distance even of twenty feet.

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, seeing another pushing forward for the prize, slunk back with bashful demeanor, and the fourth seeing the third ahead of him, followed suit; the second frightened off the first, and the first was—who do you think he was, fair reader, but Bartholomew Broom? Yes, there he stood, confronting the 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?" said he, with decided trepidation in his knees 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 limb.

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 his arm! Barty straddled away homewards under the welcome cover of night, to ruminate on his luck at his earliest leisure.

"Well," said Aunt Vicky, the next time she could get him off alone with her; "what did you say to Mary Larkum?"

"Nothing at all," he answered growlingly.

"What, didn't you go home with her from singin'-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 what you call it, but she wouldn't accept my company. She took up with Dick Billets in preference to mine."

"The minx! But I'll look into this business for myself! Don't you lose any courage Barty; I'll fix matters to suit you, if such 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 back, and I wondered jest how old she was."

Mary's mother was taken somewhat by surprise at such an inquiry, but she made up her mouth for as pleasant an answer as possible.

"Why," said she, "Mary must be somewhere about nineteen; not quite so much as that yet. Why do you ask?"

"Oh well, because," whispered she in Mrs. Larkum's ear, "I've been puttin' this and that together in my head, and I've cal'lated that our Barty is only jest about two years—perhaps a leetle upwards, though,—her senior. I'm thinkin', Miss Larkum, and I've been thinkin', this long time, that Barty and Mary wouldn't make a bad match! What do you think about it?"

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

"Oh, I understand why you laugh, well enough," said Aunt Vicky; "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 yourself. See what a nice stiddy young man he's 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 obedient, and faithful, and all that, as you know yourself, Miss Larkum. Only he's a little bashful. Now I've come over here almost a-purpose to let you know how he feels towards Mary; for he never'd tell himself, I'm afraid; or not till he knew for certain that Mary would not dislike it."

"Then I'm afraid," answered Mary's mother in turn, "that he hasn't courage enough for such a girl as she is."

"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 just as soon as he sees the change in Mary. He's partial to her, I know he is; though I speak it to you in confidence."

"Indeed," answered Mrs. L. "I hadn't thought of such a thing!"

"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 jest what I want!" exclaimed Aunt Vicky.

"But I won't undertake to answer for her taste, you know. Perhaps she takes a fancy to him, and I don't know a word about it."

"It's jest as likely to be so as any way," said Aunt Vicky. "Now won't you help the matter along a little, if you can, Miss Larkum? Won't 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 that would make what went to each so much the more respectable. And Barty'll get all that his father leaves, of course, and people say he's

"Now, you know, too, that your husband has got property of mine in his hands, and that I've got a mortgage on your place here; how easy it would be to let all that stand just as 'tis, and never either of us give ourselves the least bit of trouble about it! I'll depend on you to fix this thing as it should be, now, and I guarantee that Barty'll come up to work after this more like a man!"

Aunt Vicky thought she had done wonders, no doubt; but Mrs. Larkum only laughed in her sleeve at her. Especially did she let herself indulge in merriment, when she thought of Aunt Vicky'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 homme, 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 meeting, crowding all of his soul into his look. He began to feel encouraged in his own heart, and stood longer before his little piece of a mirror, not only Sunday, but on other and more ordinary days.

Spring came and Summer close upon its heels. For him, that summer was to be an eventful one. On a certain delightful evening during the warm season, he rigged himself quietly in his best suit, and took a leisurely stroll off in the direction of Mr. Larkum's house.

The full moon was swinging like a bright ball of fire in the eastern sky, the insects were piping away at their monotonous music in the grass and the air was bland and genial enough to be peopled with 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 evening!" 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're no objectshun."

"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'd love—I'd just as leave stand here a spell—hadn't you?"

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

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

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

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

"Why not, pray?" she inquired, in great surprise.

"Wal," said he, "because things change about so. You'll be older by-an-by than what you air now, and then praps 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 voice.

"Well," said she, patiently and roguishly.

"I want 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 you 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 I 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 trouble for a categorical answer."

"Haw! I said so?" she responded with still another 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 Yes or No, then?" said he.

"Certainly. Yes or No."

"He was a little out of temper."

"Then you refuse to have me, Mary Larkum, do ye? I shall go home to tell Aunt Vicky 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, I 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 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 not 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 Vicky 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 Vicky 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 Vicky. "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 dumfounded! here I've come over with my Barty express to see you and Mary, and see if we couldn't get up some sort of an understanding, and the first thing I hear is, that Mary's married! who'd ever thought of such a thing? I say it's 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 agin! Only jest tell Mr. Larkum how'n't we may as well take up that mortgage 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







who, with the headlong generosity of her age—peculiar to those whose kindly impulses have been duly fostered—longed for her mother to go and comfort poor Martha, for whom she already felt impressed.

On leaving the village, they struck across a path through a field, leading to the rope-maker's cottage, which they reached in about a quarter of an hour. The little garden in front was strewn with litter of all sorts, such as old bits of iron, rags, scraps of paper, and such like, which did not impress the beholder with any high opinion of the housewife's tidiness. Even the linen, hung out to dry, was full of holes, for want of careful mending.

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 entered.

"Is any one ill here, that you have the breakfast 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 '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 extreme 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 Harriet, you must not speak so hastily," said Mrs. Hayward. "Now walk on, my dear, and carry those seeds to Mrs. Thompson's, where I'll join you." And no sooner had the child obeyed, than she added, "And now, Mrs. Meadows, suppose 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 reluctant "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 rope-maker'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 David on to drink again; however, she let that drop, and after saying she would send Martha some vegetables from her garden, besides a bit of pork, she made her an offer of obtaining for her some employment from a rich lady, who had requested the clergyman's wife to find her a good sempstress amongst her husband's parishioners.

Martha now thanked Mrs. Hayward for her promised present, and for her offered employment; observing, however, in a more civil tone, that she had enough to do without taking in work.

"Well, Martha, you know best about that," replied Mrs. Hayward; "only if, as I fear, David has lost his place, wouldn't it be prudent to try and supply the deficiency, till he obtains something else?"

This was but casting a spark into a barrel of gunpowder. 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 lost his place, whose fault was it? Not her's, but his. He ought to be ashamed of himself, for bringing them into trouble, and now he might get out of it as best he might. And she wound up the whole by the assertion that "People as drink never come to no good end."

Mrs. Hayward heard her through without interruption, for she thought it might relieve her irritation to descant on her wrongs; but when Martha paused for breath, she said quietly, "Then you should try and prevent his drinking."

"It's not I as makes him drink, ma'am," retorted Martha; "but Black Jem."

The individual thus nicknamed "black" on account of his swarthy complexion, was one of those nondescript characters whose means of getting a livelihood are not clearly defined; who appeared only now and then in the village, and was generally suspected of being a smuggler.

"Why do you give him such salt fare as bacon," inquired the lady, "just to make him thirsty—when 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."

Mrs. Hayward now walked to the door, followed by Martha, who assured her with great volubility that there was no fault of hers in the matter, and that it was "All along of Black Jem, who enticed 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 evidently restraining some very pert retort, out of respect for the promised pork and vegetables. Then suddenly changing her tone, she whispered, "I hope, lady, you'll send me things all the same—for I'm a poor, helpless woman—and if David goes on so, I shan't have bread for the children, at last."

"Of course, Martha, I shall not disappoint you of anything I have promised, though we don't see things in the same light," said the clergyman's wife.

And Mrs. Hayward hurried through the ill-swept little garden—where the children were rolling amongst dirt and cinders, in company with a pig—glad to escape from the disagreeable sight of the rope-maker's uncomfortable home. All her interest in Martha, and the kind feelings which she had brought with her, had been scattered to the winds

by the unpleasant reality; and when she returned to the parsonage, and her husband informed her that he was afraid Mr. Stevens would not take David back—that matters were worse than he had feared, as David had let fall some sparks from his pipe, while in liquor, and set fire to a coil of rope, which might have set the place on fire, if not perceived in time—and that it was therefore necessary to do something at once for the wife and children—Mrs. Hayward rather surprised him, by declaring that it was David she pitied now, and not Martha.

"What, though he is a drunkard, my dear?" 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 Meadows 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 tease 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 hoped 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 desired his love to the children—did not know 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 unhappy 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, like a man starting on a journey, and seemed half-sick over; for when he spoke to him he made no answer, and Jem replied for him that "his friend" was going to make his fortune in foreign parts. Having ascertained this much, Mr. Hayward lost no time in returning home and ordering his chaise, and telling his wife not to expect him till she saw him, set off on his charitable errand.

It was not till the middle of next day that Mr. Hayward came back, wearing a satisfied look, that told his wife that he had succeeded, for the good lady instantly said, "So you found David?"

Yes—he had found David, and rescued him in the nick of time; not exactly from becoming a sailor, as he had written to his wife under the influence of his potations, really believing Black Jem was taking him to his own ship—but from the less honest calling of a smuggler, to a gang of which free-trading gentry his dark complexioned friend was affiliated, as surmised. Having traced the deluded man, by the help of the police, to a public-house in a low neighborhood, Mr. Hayward came upon him unawares as he sat drinking with his companion in the tap-room. Black Jem no sooner espied the reverend gentleman, accompanied by a policeman, than 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 contrite David a gentle lecture on the danger he had escaped, and commenting on the easy transition from drunkenness to crime, Mr. Hayward did better still, by at once removing the rope-maker out of harm's way, and taking him to his father-in-law's, a substantial farmer, who lived some miles off, when he easily induced the benevolent old gentleman to keep him in his employ for a month, till he had paved the way for his return to his village.

Mrs. Hayward had not been idle meantime. She 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 it 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 rope-maker'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 herself to meet the exigencies of her position, she kept on lamenting over her ill-luck. She had lost the best of husbands, and was the unhappiest woman alive.

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

But Martha hoped for nothing; only she wished she hadn't been so hasty last time David came home—for, after all, he couldn't be said to be given to drink—not he! Perhaps she said a little too much about it, and that nettled him; but oh, dear! oh, dear! who could have thought he would have run away from them all!

Mrs. Hayward wisely abstained from giving advice which would not have been listened to, and merely said a few soothing words, and promised to return next day and see how she got on. She now consulted with her husband as to what had best be done, circumstances having altered thus favorably for Martha, since David had been rescued from Black Jem's clutches. The worthy couple deemed it right to repair first of all to Mr. Stevens, who no sooner heard what the clergyman had done to save David, than he declared his willingness to take him back at the month's end. It was then agreed that

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 rope-maker's cottage, and this time Martha received her with a degree of respectful gratitude quite different from her former tones of defiance. She knew now who were her real friends, she said, and called down blessings on the head of both the clergyman and his wife, shedding tears as she spoke.

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

"Get out you unmanly brat!" cried 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," observed Mrs. Hayward, when they were alone; "nothing weakens children's respect for their parents like listening to their quarrels. But come, Martha, shall you and I manage matters so as to prevent Bob's ever having 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 by no means a confirmed drunkard," said Mrs. Hayward; "and it's my mind it was your fault he began 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 quite 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 removed her dirty apron, and tidied up sundry unseemly litter.

"Very well, Martha; that's the best answer you could give me," said the lady. "Then I'm sure you'll agree with me that if, after a hard day's work, a man can find a clean, comfortable place to spend his evening in, he'll naturally prefer it to a dirty, slovenly one."

"I never thought of that," said Martha; "but I'll get it all nice against his return—for you say he will 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 for it, if every working-man's wife provided him with something savoury—and cooking nicely is no more expensive than cooking badly—quite the reverse—the gin-palaces would lose half their customers."

This was quite a new view of the subject to Martha; but though not fonder of innovation than persons of her class usually are, when Mrs. Hayward, after giving her some time to reflect, inquired whether she were willing to try, she unhesitatingly 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 series of days, Mrs. Hayward was seen going to the rope-maker's cottage—sometimes alone, but oftener with Harriet, the eldest girl, 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 were set to weed it, and were prohibited from playing on the plattbands with the pig, who was thenceforth, to keep to his own premises in the rear; and 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 sure, the busy little inmates would not find many flowers that season in the hitherto ill-tended garden.

Meantime, Martha on her part, went almost daily 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 did 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 Sayer), and thus her time was fully taken up till the month's probation was up, and David returned.

Oh! what a hearty meeting it was at the rope-maker'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 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 Martha 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 sworn 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 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 new-found happiness. If 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 lectures on teetotalism, nor the clergyman's preachings, nor the doctor's advice, are half so efficacious to prevent drunkenness as the one little simple receipt given by Mrs. Hayward—namely, *MAKE HOME COMFORTABLE*.

"SYMPATHY." "My brudder," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "is all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dat is one place you can always find sympathy."

"What? What?" "In a dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

## PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL TEACHINGS 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 character and importance, far transcend the philosophy of those whose researches have been confined to the grosser divisions of matter, or whose affections have 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 mechanics—the higher element controls the lower. Hence, every discovery in the science of electricity, when 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 themselves of it as a medium, for the acquisition of truth, as connected with higher life.

In tracing its laws, and showing its office, in connection with things ponderable, the astonished world exclaims—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 even 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 matter, we may tune our hearts to its notes in the universal song of love. We may drink in its music, as its softest notes are whispered by the babbling brook, or tremble at its deep double bass, when the harp-strings of nature are touched with greater force by the fingers of lightning, but its workings with the spirit must not be examined. Its connection with the soul, through which the music of earth and of the higher spheres are alone heard and felt, must forever remain a hidden mystery!

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

Men have been engaged in establishing mediums 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 this, or any other agent, as a medium of impression or communication between spirits on earth and those in a sphere above, is enough, in the minds of those who never had an original thought, or never looked beyond the altar at which some one as ignorant and frail as themselves officiate, 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 manner of grossness and sensuality, they can officiate at spiritual altars, denounce whom they will, and what they will, and practice all the baser indulgences which they denounce in others, and still receive their honor and respect!

How long shall mortals look upon such men as the only interpreters of truth—the only mediums through which to approach the Father, and partake of his blessings? Ignoring the examples of others, 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 presented, 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 atmosphere, water, earth. In its relation to the lower elements, we have recognized it as the organizing power, being itself the power of affinity, the force of attraction and gravitation. These laws, as far as the grosser elements are concerned, are irrevocably 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, and 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 of inherent power, he dwells in the very element which constitutes 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 superstitious traditions, connected with religion, may cavil as they will, and attempt, by reason, so called, and direct restraints upon the "divinity within," to persuade themselves that there is no higher intelligence than their own, and no connection of our present existence with another, but God will speak in nature, and his instruction will erase such delusions from their minds.

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 and are preserved through its laws, and what follows? Those laws give evidence of wisdom to plan, and to adapt in the most perfect order, cause to

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 adaptiveness 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.

Again, this attribute is beheld in every department of nature. Planets, and systems of planets, worlds innumerable, as well as earth and its surroundings, give evidence of the adaptiveness of cause to effect, in all their movements. This intelligence, then, as the first cause, gives evidence of being omnipresent and at the same time, so far as our capacities 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 is as 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 sows that shall he also reap," is true physically, mentally, spiritually, and well would it be if none were deceived with hopeless expectations of escape. Nature 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 made 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, tipplings, and lights when and where it listeth. It could control the hand, or seize 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 electrician, 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 belong, 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 disembodied spirits, being more like God, in a spirit sense, possess this power to a greater extent.

Of the moral tendency of these truths, (if they be truths), we will speak when they have been more fully presented, when their practical teachings will be considered in connection with the teachings of the scriptures.

### CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

An epitaph placed upon a marble stone in 1. Boston, N. H., over the grave of Miss Scoville 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 attended the funerals of both—

Scoville, daughter of George and Sarah Jones. Murdered by Henry Sargent, Jan. 13, 1854. Aged 17 years 9 months. Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter.  
By the revenging hand—a malicious Henry,  
Whom on his way to school, he met her,  
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her.

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

"All moral ties he burst asunder,  
No law would those who wretches bind,  
For ought 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—

"No passenger! 'tis worth thy while to stay,  
And take a dead man's luncheon by thy way.  
I was what new thou art, and thou shalt be  
What I am now, what odds 'twixt me and thee.  
Now go thy way, but stay, take one word more.  
Thy staff, for ought thou knowest, stands next ye door.  
Death is ye door, ye doer, ye doer, ye doer,  
Be warned, be warned, believe, repent, farewell."

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



THE NORTH WESTERN EXPLORER. We regret that the editor of the North Western Explorer has consented to copy a column of original matter from our paper without noticing the fact that such a paper exists. Brother, is this generous?



## HORSE RAILROADS.

## NAVAL POWER.

# THE GARDEN.

BY W. J. STILLMAN.

**IMPORTED ETIQUETTE**

## EUROPEAN ITEMS

## POETRY AND HOOPS.

## THE THREE CHANCES.

**HARPER'S WEEKLY ONCE MORE.**

TRANOM SPEAKING.

For the Banner of Light.

The Busy World.

Goon.—The grain and fruit prospects in Indiana are favorable.



# DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1857.

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

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. B. CHILDS, Boston.** We made inquiry respecting the spirit of Capt. Earle 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 inhabitant 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 terror really combined, envelopes him. Soon he will see clearly and commune freely."

MARY HODGES, for CAPT. EARLE HODGES.

**T. F. BRIGHAM, St. Johnsbury, Vt.** The communication you refer to was received by us without any inquiry or solicitation on our part. The spirit came and voluntarily gave us the statements precisely as published. We had no acquaintance with him, neither had the medium. As to your other inquiry, see below.

**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. Johnsbury, Vt.

**KATTA writes us,** "The Banner of Light supplies a demand that I am fully confident has been felt for some time. During a few days stay in Naik, I was agreeably surprised in ascertaining the reputed number of Spiritualists in that place. The subject has received an additional impetus 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. Fernald, of Naik, Mass. The latter gentleman has collected a library of books and papers on Spiritualism for free circulation in his neighborhood. The example is commended 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 phenomena of Spiritualism or the progress of reform.

## THE QUESTION BEFORE THE WORLD.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," says an old adage. We are to have this fully illustrated within a few years, and the work has already begun. The great question, "Do the inhabitants 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 discomfiture.

Spiritualists have long wished for the opportunity to meet their opponents in the great arena of the world, and before all nations and people submit their facts to the most searching scrutiny. Until quite recently no such opportunity has been afforded. The press, particularly that portion of it which attempts to maintain what it foolishly calls "a respectable position in society," has thrown all communication 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 members by asserting that it 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 "Harvard," 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 excitement, and with some, not a little regret. But the majority quietly acquiesced 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 powerful writers in this country. When the time comes, Romanism will be shaken to its very foundation by 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 near.

Old Harvard College would not speak its thoughts. It dare not come before the world and meet the question of Spiritualism openly, fairly and honestly, as it should. Often importuned to do so by its own members, and looked to for information by thousands, it remained as dumb as the bricks that formed its walls. The stubbornness of pride of opinion must be broken up; the monarchy of books must be dethroned; Harvard College must be brought

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

Can this be done? Well, it's not done yet; but one blow has been struck, and the effect is known throughout the world.

When Mr. Willis was induced to be present, and in the goodness of his heart add the honesty of his purpose consented to endure the torture of a deeply sensitive mind, occasioned by the base suspicions of bigotry and sectarianism, that he might be the means of opening 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 know 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, 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 ancient 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 yet, and the table moves, and something else will move within a twelve-month.

The College is now before the world, and must come to trial. 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 deserving 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 talks—and it talks, as it would seem, merely 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 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 accumulating, and either prove them to be false or admit them to be true.

It is thus that the question is being brought before the world—the whole world. France has the phenomena in the palace of its Emperor, and all Europe, all the world is looking thitherward. The Pope issues his bulls against it, but in Rome, and in the Great West of America, its mediums are cherished as its own children. Scientific conventions vote not to have anything to do with it, but Harvard College finds itself in a position where it must meet it fairly, or leave the field dishonorably. The press attempts to laugh it down, but finds itself unexpectedly entangled in a net of circumstances 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 IMMORTALITY OF TRUTH.

Judging from the expressions of the public press, of scientific societies, and religious bodies, one would conclude that the advocate of Spiritualism was an allopathic physician of a very old school, who was trying to force down the throat of his patient some nauseous drug, instead of being, as he is, one, who, having had brought to his vision a sight of an immortal life beyond the limits of this—to his hearing a voice as of a great host, saying, "come up hither," and, clasping in his arms the loved ones who have gone on before, seeks to make known to others these realities and to open to them the same inestimable blessings.

We cannot conceive why God should come to their hearts and say, take these joys, these tokens of my love, and they should close the door and reply, "not to us—not to us;—it's all a delusion." And yet we remember it was always thus. We send our mind along through the great vistas of the Past, and see inscribed on the walls of either side the record of man's pride of opinion casting out God's truths. We see the advent of every Truth upon earth heralded with shouts of ridicule, fought against by the 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 between heaven and earth, despised of men, crowned with thorns, and companioned with crime.

But, ah! this Truth is immortal, and though the world think it "crucified, dead and buried," it buries 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 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 them in. And they do "gather them in."

As we think of these things our hearts take courage. We are willing with such a harvest in view to let the seed be sown in tears, if need be. We will say to the world, laugh on, scoff on, exult on, and we will say to the world, we know it is immortal, and cannot die.

## 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, but by no means a powerful argument. We see no reason why investigation should stop at a certain point. The world would not have been the world we inhabit had our discoverers and inventors stopped still when they had progressed to a certain extent, and turning their backs, resolutely declared that they would go no farther, and that others should not attempt to succeed where they had failed. Furniture gymnastics, we admit, are ridiculous enough, but we only regard them as "manifestations" of 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 mystery will be solved in our day and generation, 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 mischievously 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 facts, look upon the mode of spirit manifestation 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 "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 untouching 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 *Gazette* 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 his niece in this city, and that if her friends will be kind enough not to laugh at her, she will cheerfully forgive and forget all their past "foolishness."

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 way that all the scientific authors or rascals, the theology of Beecher, the philosophy of Rogers, and the show of fancied learning and shafts of ridicule of a score or more of others in this country and every other, have failed to prove it false. And our friend of the *Gazette* knows very well that every city, town and hamlet in the world of civilization has within it from a single individual to an army of twenty thousand strong, who have already discovered "this mystery."

## A WORD FOR THE BOSTON COURIER.

The editor of the *Boston Courier*, whose recent war of words and display of assertions is as destitute of argument and common sense as it is of truth and 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 a monastery, live and grow lax and inactive on the ideas and labors of the past. Repudiating every new suggestion, not in consonance with the arbitrary theory in which they have been educated, they superciliously reject all new truths, until demonstrated, without their assistance, by the rough common sense of the, to them, uneducated world."

That will apply somewhat to your own case, Mr. Courier. The writer further says—hear him, Mr. Courier, he certainly includes yourself in the class he alludes to—in your own paper! Think of that. "They will, in rejecting, without inquiry or examination, because they 'have no data' to justify a new idea in optics, or the polarization of light, or whatever principle may be developed by this new discovery—they will, I assert, repent in sackcloth and ashes as long as that great fact has been illustrated, when combined science, peeped in from the world, in stately edifices, drawing from the treasures of governments and collegiate institutions, profuse salaries, sat silent, inactive, irresolute, timid, and eaten with old prejudices."

## SPIRITUALISM OF THE PRESS.

A paper devoted to the investigation and elucidation of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism has recently appeared in Geneva, Switzerland; also one in Caracas, South America; one in Maryland, California; one in New Orleans; in the French language, and one in New York; the latter edited by S. B. Brittan, formerly of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, a writer of ability and much experience. A new Monthly is also to be published in New York under the editorial management of T. L. Harris.

THANKS.—We thank our friends in all directions for many words of encouragement. As a journal of Spiritualism and general literature, our aim is to make this paper truly representative and worthy of a wide circulation—it will then be sure of receiving it. A friend in Salem writes, "I have distributed all your circulars, and have heard of a few; say they were determined to be among the 'army' that is to move on in the battle of Progress with 'Powers of Light.' So they all say."

## "PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS."

The fifth yearly meeting of the "Progressive 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 response in every honest heart. This society is not "waiting for the spirit to move," it is keeping step with 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 the differences of sex, nationality, or complexion. We have no order of priests or ministers, 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 no terrors."

"We assemble ourselves together, from time to time, not to wrangle about the abstruse dogmas of a dry and spleenful theology, but for the renewal of our spiritual strength, and to worship the Supreme in the search for living and vital truth; to inspire and promote the spirit of love and good will among mankind; to confront in a manly spirit the great moral issues of time; to testify against every form of oppression and popular wickedness; to invigorate every noble and generous impulse and every aspiration for purity and virtue; to speak 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 manifestation as having occurred the past week in an Eastern city. It appears that a lady of this city whose experience as a medium has proved interesting and instructive to a large circle of friends and relatives, is blessed with an aunt who has ridiculed 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 feet 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 kind enough not to laugh at her, she will cheerfully forgive and forget all their past "foolishness."

## THE DESIRE OF SPIRITS TO COMMUNICATE TO THEIR FRIENDS.

There is an intense desire on the part of inhabitants of the spirit world to make known their immortality and happiness to their friends on earth. We have been impressed deeply with this truth 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 opportunity to reach their relatives. Parents wish to speak to children; children to parents, and friend to friend. Often times when we have kept messages from our columns in order to become better satisfied of their truth, the spirits have returned to us, and reassuring us that the facts are really as given, entreated us to give it to our readers, for then it may possibly reach those who know the circumstances and will awaken that interest in them which will open for the spirits a nearer approach, and enable them to talk with, and grasp as with a hand of flesh, those from whom they have long been separated.

These short, familiar, characteristic messages are doing their work in arresting the attention and in 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.

## 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 nephew of his, whom he is bringing up, being 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 invisible, "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 directed by the attending physician to make an application of mustard to her nephew's chest. This affected him so unpleasantly, that it seemed extremely difficult to keep it on. At that moment her hand was moved to his head, and placed across his eyes, when he instantly sunk into a calm sleep, and 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. Several 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 suffering.

On the 15th inst., Mrs. W. was attending him, the whole bed, with the bedstead, was raised completely from the floor, and swung gently back and forth for several minutes. The sick boy now slowly improving, was deeply interested and pleased at receiving such a token of kind regard from the spirits. So he asked his aunt what he should say to them. She directed him, "Whereupon, still waving the whole bed in mid air, they responded to the child, by raising with the front legs of the bedstead upon the floor, a table, upon which the family were informed through the messages, that the spirit of a deceased physician, formerly well known to each

them, had presided over these manifestations, and full explanations obtained. 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 readers.

## ANOTHER GREAT EXPOSURE.

We do not know what we shall do. Spiritualism is completely done up, marked, and sent off by express 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 Spectral Editor of the Banner of Light," which, we suppose, means ourself. We shake somewhat in our new chair editorial, at the great thoughts Mrs. Buzzard sends us.

Mrs. Buzzard.—I write to inform you that Spiritualism 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 explanation to the public, you will be so kind as to let me occupy a small space in your columns. I send this to you because I hear you have just started a new paper, and I know that you will be gratified for the earliest information. I hope you have not lost anything by it. However, it can't be a great 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 medium for the spirit rappings, also is a medium 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. We set for a settin'—I don't know when I have felt so bad about a rain as then. You see Ezra, he ain't very well, and he's proper liable to get cold, and this day he went off without his overcoat. That's what makes me so particular about remembering 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 it. Wal, as I was a sayin', we set Monday night for a settin', and had invited some dozen or ten persons 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 I would 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 proper 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 rise 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, penitential 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 set around the little table,—I told Ezra it was not so to fuss and get the best one out. Wal, we all set around the table. I didn't think we should have much of any doin's, for Sally had been kind of pindling all day, but I dosed her with some home made bitters, and I think she felt better, come 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 trance. She is very imposing when she is in a trance. She is awfully intellectual in her natural state, but when she is tranced there's no spirit too large to speak through her. This time, says I, who is it? O, her voice was the solemnest that ever I heard as she says, "George Washington." It drew tears to my eyes to think that he should have left the seventh heaven and come to us. But imagine our surprise, when he said, "I never came to earth before, but finding it was possible to speak through this medium I came to give the world a great truth." Says he, "Spirits cannot come back to earth to communicate; it is impossible."

Says I, "Then mediums are all lying and deceiving creatures." Says he, "God forbid! The poor creatures are not to blame." And then he went on to explain how by self-magnetism their back brains was all drawn into their front brains, thereby confusing and crazing them, until they imagine that they are kings and queens. I don't understand scientific very well, but this seems very plausible and clear to me. But Ezra, he's mighty slow at understandin'. You oughter see how he picked George Washington up on every pint, until he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of his theory, and then he said, we must have done with this trickery,—that Sally's brains should not be so unnaturally drawn out. And, says he, the next thing she'll be lopped off like a flower in the spring,—he always was postical—George Washington here made a beautiful prayer, in which he besought us to wrestle 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 earth." I made inquiries 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 won't more than pay for the ink and paper besides the postage.

Yours, JULANY BUZZARD.

Oak Swamp, Bristol Co., Mass.

## MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE INDIANS.

All primitive nations, during their simplicity and while uncorrupted by the sensualisms of artificial life, have believed in, and professed to enjoy intercourse with supreme-mundane intelligences. We find an example of this fact as occurring among the Indians at the Sault of St. Mary, in the year 1776, as related by a Mr. Henry, who, we believe, was a eye-witness of the facts. The Indians of the tribe assembled and erected a strongly-built wigwam, as placed the priest's tent in the middle of it. A considerable quantity of tobacco was then brought, as the priest offered it up in sacrifice to the spirits or divinities of the tribe, confused prayers or voices were heard, and the whole wigwam commenced shaking. The priest then claimed receive revelations from the spirits respecting the English enemies. Many passages might be quoted from Cotton Mather and other writers concerning the customs and beliefs of the North American Indians, to prove that they had, as they claimed, intercourse with spirits.

## SPIRIT PORTRAIT.

During a lecture recently delivered in Cleveale O., by a spirit through the medium, powers, &c. of a spirit, the portrait of the Spirit, painted in oil colors by Mr. Rodgers in twenty-five minutes, was presented, and was suspended in view of the audience.



to impart love and light to those yet to come. I  
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 leans  
back and 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 loud  
medium.) 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 on  
earth. Given from the spirit of Danforth Newcomb  
to his earth friends.



## Pearls.

And quoted also, and from the writings,  
That the banner of light is the banner of truth.

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 TIME!  
Toll on!

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

Morn on the meadow, and blossom and spray  
Glimmer like gems in the dewlight of day,  
Grasses of emerald, tufted with gold;  
Lilies, 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,  
Flower and butterfly wake as new born,  
For 'tis 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  
Tune the sweetest ever 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!

Every 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 servants,  
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 birds,  
Ye open 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 honestly a man has, the less he affects the airs 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 velvet—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, and ought to hate 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 seen 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 not 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 isn'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.

Fahaw! 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?

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 myself 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? Why, we have but one life to live, and what is the use of squandering a fortune now for somebody to squander away after you and I have gone? Is it neither you nor any one else was ever any poorer for spending a few dollars now and then at the Opera or the Theatre, or any place of entertainment. Why! don't you know that you patronize others they will patronize you?" (Mr.—is a merchant.) "But don't you 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 be just as happy at home. Do just as you like, dear, of course."

Now, don't you know that after such an interview as this your husband would think an interview with his wife was a waste of time and a waste of his money? He would go to the Opera with you or any other place of amusement that you wished to go to.

tend even, if he had to dispense with the use of cigars for a month to replace the price of the expenses.

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 husbands, aren't in any better business than you are."

No, don't mention anything 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 prepared—for 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 himself 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—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, dear—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 advice 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 husband 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 uncomfortable. 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?

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 indifference because you intend to do so. No, you do him now just as much if not more than you did the day he first called you wife, but by degrees you have acquired this manner and when so disagreeable a habit is once formed it becomes very hard to throw it off. Now the best way is never to indulge in anything of this kind. Always remember the pleasant smile that caused your husband to prefer you above all others in your girlhood days, and now that you have placed all your hopes of happiness in this world in his keeping strive to remain the same towards him as you were long ago: you will surely lose nothing by such a course, while the probability is you will gain a great deal; at any rate you will retain your husband'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 afford to visit the Opera or indulge their wives in silks, and now I want to have a little chat with the 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 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-cent. 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 enters, try to convince him that your ears are stunned with such noises all the time during 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 a 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 increase your husband's income, nor make any member 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 himself. Both of you are right, but you are not the only ones in this busy world who think that working every day, from sunrise to sunset, or a little later, just to keep equal with butchers and grocers don't pay, and yet I never heard of an individual increasing his income a shilling by repining. My advice is, do not deprive yourself from enjoying what you have by complaining and

coveting what you have not, and under all circumstances, treat your husband as if he were the very best friend you have this side of heaven.

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 aerial. 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-begone 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 matter what may be your situation in life, act well your part in the sphere in which circumstances have placed you, always remembering that if you do not, for every violation of right, God has instituted a 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't thrown away my pen—I have only laid it by till next week.

EMMA CARRA.

## Poetry.

For the Banner of Light.  
MY SPIRIT HOME.

BY OORA WILBURN.

My Spirit Home! my cottage in the wood,  
Encircled by its wilderness of flowers—  
My paradisaic vale with daisies imbued,  
Of overblowing bloom. Sweet angel bowers,  
Twined by the hand of long expectant love—  
Such pure delights await my soul above.

My Spirit Home! thy flowery portals 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 into 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' allied, with triumph's welcome song.

My Spirit Home! thy hallowed halls 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 hoarded gems of tenderness and worth.

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

My Spirit Home! Hope's radiant wings unfurled,  
No more gleam shadowy; joy no more is hurled  
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 abundant, 'neath the smile of God.

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

## Scientific and Mechanical.

A STEAM STAGE WAGON has been constructed, to run on common roads by a company formed of citizens of Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, which was recently tested, and is said to give complete satisfaction.

ANTIDOTE TO POISON.—Dr. Max Langenschnitz has published an article to show that good coffee is a powerful antidote to poison. He says that if a person swallows at seven o'clock a spoonful of iodine preparation, and then takes, ten minutes after, only one spoonful of good coffee, he will at half past seven have no more iodine in force in his system than he has whalebone force in his hairs. Dr. L. discards Liebig's theory, that the chemical basis of food and tea is one and the same thing.

WATER IN FOOD.—The sources of water in our food are numerous, but not all equally obvious. Thus, by careful drying, arrowroot is found to contain, in its ordinary state, .18 of water; wheat, .14; maize, .18; beans, .14; potatoes, .75; turnips, .92; cabbage, .92. In articles that are mixed with water, as bread, the proportion is much greater. According to Johnston, wheaten bread contains not less than 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 RUSSIA.—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 inconceivably 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 to transmit.

Ten Russian Governmenters, has determined to send an expedition to make surveys of the country near the range of the Rocky Mountains, within the British dominions in North America. The survey is intended to continue for three years, and the expedition will be attended by several scientific men and naturalists.

## Agriculture.

BEANS. 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 than 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-garden, 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 eatable 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 for cabbages.

CARROTS.—This is a valuable vegetable, either for summer or winter, as it keeps well. Early Horn is the best for the first crop, and may be sown as early in spring as the ground can be worked. It is also best for a very late crop, and will succeed if sown as late as the second of March and in July. The Altringham and the Long Orange are the best for a principal crop, which for that purpose should be sown from middle of May to June. Early crops may be thinned to four or six inches apart in the rows, but those to stand for winter use eight to twelve inches. Carrots should be grown on ground that was manured for the previous crop produced by it, such as Cabbage, Peas, Onions, &c. Carrots may be grown as edgings to the garden-walks, as we have remarked in a former number. They look 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. Fizzlelop, referring to one of her neighbors.

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

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 flocked 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 if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, massa," said the boy, "I nebber lied or stold' anything 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 up.

"Massa," said he, "let dis nigger try, dat massaheen is well enough to soccer 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; derees many a soul gets to be dammed by knowing too much, an' it's my pinion dat de debil made dat massaheen 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."

A HANDFUL 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 handful to my name."

"Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have—well, Broomhand, how are you?"

A BULL.—An Irish paper, concludes a biography of Robespierre with the following sentence:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

WOMAN!—If you have her for a least, we won't ask for any but her.

A MAN OF COUNTRY has been so frightened by a mad dog that he is afraid to go to the back of a tree.

## THE SOUL.

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

Thou hast a crystal Fount—oh, keep it pure!  
Forth from a higher, holier clime, it sprang  
At the Creator's word. O, mingle not  
With its pure 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 naught shall enter there, save what is true.  
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;  
So 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 woe and 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  
Of sweetest melody sweep o'er its strings—  
A seraph 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 Harp attuned to strains divine,  
That shall accord with Heaven's own minstrelsy.

That Gem, that Fount, that Temple, and that Harp—  
Oh, what a gift! thine own immortal Soul!  
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!  
E. Medway, April, 1857.

FLORENCE

## THE HOLY LAND.

In reference to the presentation to the Emperor Louis Napoleon of the ancient palace at Jerusalem, the former residence of the Knights of St. John, some particulars relative to the order may not be without interest. The military order of the Knights Hospitallers was founded by Gerard Tour, who was born at Martigues, in Provence. After the capture of Jerusalem, he established in that city, in the year 1099, a house of refuge, for the purpose of giving an asylum to the pilgrims who were in the habit of coming from all parts of the Christian world to visit the Holy Places. Raymond Dupuy succeeded Gerard as Grand Master of the order. He decided that the order should in future become military as well as hospitalier, and that it should defend by arms the Christians against the infidels. The order, therefore, assumed the title of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. When Saladin obtained possession of Palestine, in the year 1188, the Knights quitted Jerusalem to establish themselves at Acre, subsequently at Rhodes, 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 crusades 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 steadfast supporter of Catholic interests.

## A WHITE CRAVAT.

Good Looking Swell: I declare I never will wear a white cravat again!

His Favourite 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 paragon! I suspected, every minute, that she would be asking me to send her my measurement for a pair of embroidered braces!

## 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.

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