

BANNER LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DUEL.

BY CYRUS COBB.

CHAPTER I.

On a bright day, during the reign of James the Second, the inhabitants of a small village in the north of England, met on the green to witness the holiday sports. All the most active young men of the village were there, to try their agility and strength in the various games, which were so popular at that time. In wrestling, throwing the bar, and leaping, great skill and strength were necessary in order to excel. To bear off the wreath or crown was the height of ambition to the young men. As is well known, the maiden, who was acknowledged the fairest and best in the village, was chosen to award the prize; and it was one of the happiest days of the victor's life, when he knelt before the Queen to be crowned King of the games.

At nine o'clock, the trials commenced. They began with leaping. One after another came forward and took the leap. Many fine springs were made, and as one more successful than any before, was accomplished, a shout from those who looked on, told of their deep interest in the result of the games.

There was one, however, who far out-leaped the rest. He was one of those withy, agile persons, whose wiry forms appear as though they could assume any shape whatever. His face was dark and rather handsome; although the suspicious sneer which pervaded its expression, was repelling. He leaped with remarkable ease and agility, placing the length of his spring far beyond that of the best before him.

His success in throwing the bar, was the same. The wiry nerves of his fingers closed upon it, and it flew into the air, hurried, by a lightning like motion of his arm, falling many feet beyond the best of his competitors. The quiet expression of sneering satisfaction, which followed his own efforts, as well as those of the others, did not tend to soothe the disappointed and ruffled feelings of the vanquished.

The result of the wrestling was the same, as every one had expected. English threw all who matched themselves against him, with the same apparent ease, which attended his former victories. The last opponent was hurled to the ground, and Jem English stood on the green, the victor of the day. The continued efforts and successes had excited him. He now burst forth with utterances of defiance. He defied any person in the throng to come forward and throw him. No one answered the taunting invitation. He moved toward the Queen. At this moment, the form of a stranger appeared on the green, and confronted the boaster.

"Jem English—I suppose that is your name?" said the stranger—"I have heard your taunts and defiance, and I have come out to teach you better manners."

"My name is Jem English," replied the other, hoarse with ill concealed rage, "and pray my very gentle friend, what may your name be?"

"My name is of no importance, I have come to throw you."

The confident and almost indifferent tones of the stranger struck Jem English aback. The form before him was athletic, and one glance was sufficient to assure him that a hard task was in waiting. But he was excited with rage and a now doubtful triumph, and he "closed" with his adversary.

The first grasp sent a despairing chill through his already depressed feelings. But he was one who struggles to the last. He clasped those wiry fingers deep into the arms of his antagonist—set his feet with nervous determination, and then willy nilly waited for the stranger to move first.

But he did not move. He grasped Jem English with much strength, though not with all his power. English soon perceived his mistake. He had, from the very first, used all his strength of grasp, and nervously too. He slightly relaxed his hold, and at the same time felt the grasp on his own arms lighten with painful vigor.

For a few moments they stood fixed, without the least motion. Not a tremble could the gazers-on perceive, as those two forms confronted each other; suddenly that of the stranger bent, and Jem English was hurled, with terrible force to the earth. A loud shout went forth from the throng. Jem rose from the ground, half stunned, his face livid with rage, amid huzzahs for the "King of the Games."

"You lie!" he fairly shrieked in his rage. "He's not 'King of the Games!' He has neither leaped nor thrown the bar!"

"He shall try it! he shall try it!" was shouted by both spectators and judges.

The stranger picked up the "bar" with a smile, and, with little perceptible effort, plowed up the ground, several feet beyond Jem's throw. A loud shout of applause answered the result.

"The leap! the leap!" was cried by the excited spectators.

Six or seven steps only, were run, and the stranger stood far beyond Jem's mark.

The beholders were astonished by this feat. For a long leap, the impetus of the leaper obliges him to move forward after landing, in order to preserve his balance. But here was a man who could stand in his place, after reaching far beyond all others. The shouts which rent the air then, could not be heard for miles. The judges rushed forward in their excitement of delight, and grasping by his hands and arms, they bore him toward the crown.

to the crowning stand. The people joined with the judges in a simultaneous cry of—

"Crown him! crown him!"

He could not refuse now, so he suffered himself to be led to the stand. His appearance was prepossessing. His countenance was open and handsome; his form, tall, and finely proportioned. The strength of that form had been well proved to those whose eyes were now upon him. All gazed with admiration—all, with the exception of Jem English, were heartily pleased to see him approach the queen.

He stood before her—their eyes met. A warm blush suffused her face, and his own glowed with the mounting blood. He knelt, and her trembling hands placed the crown upon his bare head.

"Long live the King of the Games!" was shouted by the people. "Long live the King of the Games! Long live the Crowned Queen!" and the plaudits echoed from the surrounding hills.

The blush grew deeper on the face of the crowning queen, suffusing itself over her entire countenance. The stranger arose—their eyes once more met, and that mutual, lingering gaze thrilled each with tremulous sensation.

Jem English fastened his eyes upon them with bitter jealousy. He loved Helen Irving with a passion all-absorbing. She had never encouraged his advances, which had been lately made with extreme pertinacity. She disliked him. He was doggedly persevering; he exerted all his powers to accomplish his wishes. He had long looked forward to this day, when he should be crowned as King of the Games, by Helen Irving. He knew his powers, and looked upon the thing as certain. How he was disappointed in his calculations, the reader already knows.

As he stood watching the progress of the crowning, his eyes scintillated with hate. His nostrils expanded and quivered in their very fixedness; the sneer-lines issuing from those fixed nostrils were deep and dark. His thin mouth was tightly and nervously compressed, while the veins in his forehead swelled almost to bursting. Hate, rage and revenge burned hot in his soul.

"Curse him! I will be revenged—the vagabond! He's dangerous! Ha! they are making love already, are they? He never shall do it! I swear he never shall do it! She must be mine! He shall die before I see her last!"

Thus he muttered forth the fiendish thoughts of his soul.

CHAPTER II.

The villagers returned to their homes. The stranger walked by Helen's side. Jem English looked after them with his jealous gaze.

"He is accomplishing what I have been working years for. It shall never be!" he hissed.

The stranger's famous exploits were the chief theme of conversation in the village for days afterwards. His name proved to be Claud Herbert. He came from a distant town to dwell with an aunt, whose home was in the village. He had just arrived at the outskirts, when he perceived the throng of villagers, who were witnessing the progress of the games. He joined them out of curiosity, and the incidents which I have related followed.

Claud and Helen were "in love" before they left the "green." Three weeks from that time they were plighted lovers. The whole village was delighted. They affirmed that there was never a better match. Helen was a great favorite, and as regarded Claud, he was a favorite five minutes after he was first seen. The shrewdest of the spectators predicted the results of that day's crowning. They protested that, when the King of the Games was crowned by the Queen, they looked very much like "friends."

Jem English brooded over his villainous plans. Claud Herbert was his rival—his successful rival, and "revenge" burned deep in his heart. He had been insulted—deeply insulted, and humbled before the whole village by a detested rival. He longed for revenge. Nothing less than the very death of the man would satisfy him. He could not hope to get him out of the way, by any other means. For the ranking of his heart at the "green," he might have forgotten him. But for winning the heart of Helen Irving—never!

He brooded long over his plans. He was too much of a coward at heart, to attempt the life of his rival by his own individual powers. He dared not venture it. At length he formed a plan, which he thought would be successful.

There were two or three depraved wretches in the village—who he knew would do anything for gold—even murder. He was fully able to pay for any work done for him, his father having left him, by will, considerable property. The instant his plans were completed, he sought out the worst two wretches, he could find, and cautiously made known his errand. The ruffians were startled at the idea of murdering a man in cold blood, although they had practised in nearly all other kinds of wickedness. But the temptation of gold was too strong to allow any "qualms" of conscience to interfere. The offer of a large sum of money, to kill their man, and then leave the country, was accepted, and the plans were matured.

A few nights after Jem's bargain with his tools, Claud was approaching the village by the main road. He had been to a neighboring village on business; and being detained, did not commence his journey homeward until the night had quite well advanced. He had just passed a dark spot on the road, when his downcast eyes caught the movement of a shadow in front of him. He sprang like lightning to one side, and the next instant, a club grazed his shoulder, and struck the ground with a dull, heavy sound.

Claud's presence of mind came like a flash of light. By one blow of his powerful arm, the assassin fell like a log to the earth.

A blow from another club came down upon Claud's left arm, and it was a broken, useless limb. Stung into pain; and agony, he poured all his strength into his right arm, and his double fist crashed into the temple of the second ruffian with terrible force, laying him at his feet, a lifeless mass.

Claud, fearing that there might be more of the assassins about the spot, made his way to the village with all possible speed. He there aroused some of the inhabitants, who with the constable, proceeded quickly to the scene, and secured the ruffians, one of whom was just recovering from the effects of Claud's powerful arm. It was the first one he knocked down. The other did not open his eyes, until they had returned to the village, and used means to bring him too.

Bitter was the rage and disappointment of Jem English, when he learned the failure of his plans, for the reader will readily comprehend, who the intended assassins were. He was filled with the most intense fear. He well knew the character of the ruffians. He knew that they would not hesitate to tell the whole secret, if by that means they could make the matter easier for themselves. This he determined to prevent.

He immediately contrived to see them in their prison. He promised to use every means to aid in their escape, besides paying them the price agreed upon, if they would keep perfectly silent in regard to him. He promised to pay the ruffians after they had escaped; for he well knew the treachery of the men. They swore to keep his part in the affair secret, and he left them. He kept his word. One morning, the cell of the jail was found empty. The assassins had flown—they were never seen in the village afterward.

Finding his murderous plans defeated, Jem English set to work with the pertinacious energy of hate, jealousy, and revenge, to discover a new method of operations. His hated rival must die. This was now the all absorbing thought of his life. If one plan had failed, then another more sure must be discovered. Long he brooded over the matter. He was despairing of finding a means of accomplishing his hellish end, unless he should attempt it himself, when circumstances threw in his way the very tool.

An itinerant teacher of fencing happened into the village. The instant Jem heard of him, an idea shot through his brain like a flash of fire.

"Herbert shall fight a duel! he shall fight the professor."

Curse him!—I'll see that a bit of cold steel is put through his heart!—Ha—ha! a brilliant thought!—It shall succeed!

The character of an itinerant fencing master, in those days, was generally of this kind. Jem well knew. He thought that he could depend upon the co-operation of the one who had come into the village, in the attempt to rid himself of Claud; he was not mistaken.

The professor entered quickly into his plans. The offer of a large sum of money was not lost on a man of his stamp. He was one of the very lowest of the profession. Cold, heartless, and debased, he exulted in the thought of killing a man in cold blood, when he could do it through his darling art, without danger to himself.

"Well," continued Jem, after he had made known his business, "I depend upon you. Mind you, if you prove treacherous, I'll—"

"Oh, never fear me!" interrupted the fencer, smiling grimly—"I'm your man. But has he grit enough to stand up before cold steel?"

"Never fear that—I've been baffled once, by his grit." Jem here related the circumstances of his former attempt on his rival's life.

"Well, well," exclaimed the fencer, "he has got the grit; there is no mistake about it. But if he is such a fellow as that, we have got to be cautious; for I am sensitive about having my head broken, before I can have a chance to run him through after the approved style."

"That's very true, we must work cautiously. It's this very high blood that I intend to operate upon. You must insult him and make him fight."

"What kind of a swordsman is he, do you know?"

"Not remarkably expert, I suspect. His father was a soldier, and he picked up some hints in the fencing line; but you can fix him to a charm."

The professor chuckled, and rubbed his hands together with a slow, sleeky motion.

"When shall we commence operations?"

"As soon as possible. The sooner the better. Curse him! he must be put out of the way as quick as you can do it."

"You'll help me of course?"

"Yes; but I must work in the dark. Helen Irving must never know that I had a hand in his death; for I am determined that she shall be mine. I have sworn it."

"Well, well, the girl you can see to afterwards. I'll fix the young chap in double quick time."

Thus the villains conferred together. We will leave them.

CHAPTER III.

There was great bustle in the adjoining village. The yearly fair was held in that place, and people from all the surrounding villages flocked in, at an early hour, on the opening day. It was a happy time for the country people. Old friends met, and new friends were made. The young, those in the prime of life, and the aged, all enjoyed the ever welcome fair. Games and sports were carried on with great relish.

"Claud, are you not going to throw the bar?" inquired a friend, as Claud stood watching the progress of the games.

"Not to-day."

"You are generous, Claud."

"How?"

"Seek not to conceal it. You leave it to others because you would not rob them of the prize—Jem English never forgave you."

Claud's countenance overshadowed.

"Mr. Claud Herbert, I believe."

Claud turned, and confronted the fencing master; he did not like the looks of the man.

"I am Claud Herbert."

"Ah, yes. You do not enter the lists to-day, Mr. Herbert?"

"I do not, sir."

"Ah! probably from a good motive, sir. Would you consent to pitch the bar, sir?"

"With you?"

"With me, sir."

"Do you desire it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will."

They entered the lists. A shout went up from Claud's friends, when he appeared on the ground.

The fencing master threw first. He did well, pitching the bar beyond any former efforts.

Claud followed. As the iron plowed up the ground far outside of the fencing master's throw, a loud shout from the interested throng expressed the general satisfaction.

A group of persons have pretty correct intuitive perceptions of character. The people who surrounded the lists, liked Claude at the first glance. The fencing master, on the contrary, was disliked. The whole appearance of the man was repelling. The cold, stony eye, and almost expressionless face, were by no means attractive. The only expression, perceptible, was supercilious and coldly malignant. The sword by his side, indicating his profession, added to the disagreeable effect of the man's appearance.

"Your manner of throwing the bar was unusual Mr. Herbert. I think I never saw it thrown in exactly that manner. Is it customary?"

Claud reddened at the wily insinuation of unfairness.

"Do you mean, sir, that I was unfair?"

"O, no, sir! no, sir! I only mean that it was a very strange way of throwing; that is all."

Claud did not like the tones of the man's voice; he grew angry.

"What do you mean to insinuate by that, sir?"

"Nothing."

"You know better, sir!" exclaimed Claude, growing more angry, "you are insinuating before these people, that I was unfair!"

"O, no."

"You lie!"

Claud was startled by his own impetuosity. The malicious expression of the man before him, together with the cold and passionless, yet subtly insinuating tones of his voice, worked him up to anger. The instant the lie escaped his lips, he was sorry.

Jem English started; a grim smile broke through that everlasting sneer.

The fencing master laid his hand on his sword; but before he could draw it, Claude's friends were between them.

"Let me to him—let me to him!" cried the former, his face livid with well-assumed rage, "Satisfaction!—he has called me a liar."

"I readily ask your pardon, sir," returned Claude, forcing his way to the foaming man.

"Your blood I want," he hoarsely whispered, "nothing but your blood!"—he tapped his sword handle with his snakey, quivering finger—this is the only apology!

"Do you mean, sir, that you wish me to fight?"

"Aye sir! to fight!"

"Never!"

"Ha! a coward!"—hissed the livid fencer.

"Beware, sir," cried Claude, quivering with smothered indignation, "I have publicly asked your pardon!—be satisfied!"

And he strode from the scene, fearful to trust himself longer in the presence of the wily man.

His friends followed, and entreated him to fight. They urged upon him the circumstances, if he did not; he would be branded as a coward!

Claud smiled. "Do you think me a coward?"

"By no means," was the answer, "but others will—think of the disgrace."

"My friends, the disgrace of being called a coward would not compare with my disgrace in the sight of God and my own conscience, if I should kill a man in cold blood."

"You object to duelling then?"

"I do. I believe it to be a cruel, cold-hearted practice, and never will I encourage it."

His friends left him, hopeless of accomplishing their wishes. They were deeply disappointed by the behavior of Claude; they were much attached to him, and were far more sensitive than he, to the idea of his being branded a coward.

Their fears were not vain. The words—"Herbert is a coward—he dare not fight"—circulated throughout the village.

Claud could not avoid hearing these reports. His warm and sensitive spirit was galled, but he relied on the strength of his principles to bear him through the trial. For it was a trial, a great trial, to a young man, possessing a warm, generous, impulsive nature; to be thus misunderstood, and branded as a coward; for doing that which he considered his duty. Even some of his best friends doubted his courage, and glanced at him with suspicion. He struggled manfully with his feelings, knowing that right was with him.

Jem English strove, with all the bitterness of his hate, to circulate the reports of Claud's cowardice, embellishing them with coloring of his own. He succeeded well in his malicious designs.

Before the afternoon had passed, Herbert was generally shunned. Suspicious glances, and significant shakes of the head, indicated the sentiment of the greater portion of the people. A few—a very few—appreciated his motive for not fighting, and he felt grateful to them for their sympathy.

All this could Claud have borne without much bitterness of feeling; but, an incident occurred, that cut him to the heart.

He was walking alone through the village—having left Helen with her female companions, in order to spare her the mortification of seeing him shunned, when he met her brother, William. Happy to meet one, whom he could rely upon as a steadfast friend, he approached him, with the warm smile of a relieved heart. But how keenly was that heart chilled, when William turned aside with a glance of contempt, and passed on without deigning to utter a word.

This stroke cut him to the very soul. The sneers of all the rest, he could have borne; but to be treated in this manner by the brother of Helen was too much. In the bitterness of his heart, he strode on, he hardly knew where—until a short street led him suddenly, into an open green, where a number of persons were collected. He turned hastily to retreat, when those snakey fingers were laid on his shoulder, and the next instant the fencing master

stood before him, smiling grimly. That smile drove to desperation his tortured soul.

"Begone vile wretch—away from my sight!"

"The fencing master again smiled with that grim expression, and then reaching forward his head, spit full into Claud's face."

"Like lightning moved that corded hand—and the throat of the fencer was compressed in its deadly gripe. His eyes met those of the insulted man, wild with aroused fury. His face blanched with mortal fear;—and then grew black.—He was choking—that death-like, almost insane clutch on his throat was tightening—tightening. His breath stopped below the throat, and his eyes protruded from their sockets. Not two minutes longer could he live, under that dreadful, vibrating clutch. He was moved slowly, as by vibration, while those burning eyes were fixed on his, gleaming with insane passion.

With great difficulty, Claud was taken from his victim.

"Fight him with the sword!" was shouted by the throng.—"Give him a fair chance for his life!"

"A sword!—a sword!" shrieked Claude—raving with fury.

A cat-like hand reached forth from the crowd—and Claud stood with a rapier in his grasp.

The effect of the clutch on the fencing master's throat was still plainly visible. On seeing his antagonist armed with his own favorite weapon, he recovered courage and stood on his guard.

He fancied that his foe would approach him with the impetuosity of rage and inexperience. He was mistaken. The fires of intense fury still raged in Claud's veins; but it was with that subtle intensity, which belongs to the mad-man.

He approached cautiously, and immediately both stood on guard,—their swords crossed. The fencing-master now felt secure; he had his antagonist at his rapier's point. How he had longed all this day for this moment. He could now kill his first man, and claim the reward, promised by Jem English. His eyes sparkled with ill-concealed delight. He did not intend to run him through at once; he now had an opportunity to exhibit his skill as a professor of his art, which he determined to use.

He made a skillful feint. The answering parade was executed by his opponent, like lightning—while those eyes never for a moment withdrew their fiery gaze from his. Once more did he make a feint; it was one of his favorites. With the same lightning-like motion, it was answered by parade.

The fencing-master, grew pale. "My God!" issued from his brain, in unspoken words—"I have been deceived!"

He brought all his energies to the work. It was no longer play. He gazed long and fixedly into the eyes of his antagonist.—Not a motion could be perceived by the surrounding group.

Stillness—oppressive and deathlike,—pervaded that intensely excited throng. The dropping of a pin could have been heard. The only sound, was the throbbing of their own hearts. The only motion—the slight quivering of those cold—shining blades.

The fencing-master drew all his energies up into his right arm—and made his last feint. The same almost invisible motion met in parade. He was in despair.—His eyes—for a second—wandered to that point of the quivering rapier—he fell, run through and through.

"My God! I've killed him!"—shrieked the recovered Claud.—and fell fainting to the earth.

"The spell was broken. Filled with alarm the by-standers rushed to the prostrate bodies, and every possible means were used to bring them to life, if a spark remained. The fencing master was not killed. The rapier had passed through the right lung, wounding him dangerously, but not mortally. He revived first.

"I'm a dead man," he uttered—"Oh, curse you, Jem English! this is your doings!"

The startled group looked hastily around—Jem English had disappeared.

"What mean you by that?"—they exclaimed in a breath.

"Curse you—Curse you!"—raved the wounded man—"where are you, Jem English?"

"He's gone!" answered his inquirers—"but what has he to do with this affair?"

"Everything—Oh! my breast!—curse him!—the treacherous wretch! He gave me to understand that he could not fence!"

The truth flashed through the minds of the throng in an instant. Jem English had set the fencing master to pick a quarrel with Claud, and then take his life in a duel.

They questioned the wounded man, and found out through him, the villainous attempt, which had been made on Claud's life.

And nearly had he succeeded. Claud was delirious in fever for many days. He continually raved about the duel. "I've killed him—I've killed him"—he would shriek—"Oh God forgive me! I knew not what I was doing! Oh I've killed him! wretch that I am!"

Thus he raved, until all expected he would die. Oh, how bitterly did those men, who scoffed him, and called him a coward on that day, repent of their share, in causing this dreadful misfortune. They were well satisfied now, that he was not a coward—but it was too late. More bitter than all, was the self-accusing conscience of Helen's brother. Claud often referred in his ravings to that meeting, which occurred but a few moments before the duel. He could not bear to witness the agony of his sister, as she bent over the writhing form of her lover. His conscience told him, that he was one great cause of all this suffering and anguish.

At length the fever turned, and Claud was saved. Helen was constantly by his side, until he had entirely recovered.

One year from that time, they were married. So date the chronicles of the village.

Jem English was seen leaving the village the morning after the duel; he never returned. He sent a man to dispose of his property; but his own whereabouts were not known. The fencing-master was kindly tended until he recovered, and then dismissed from the village leaving the villagers in utter abhorrence of his profession. From that time they detested duels, and never again did they question Claud's courage.

ANNIE WARREN; THE POOR SEWING GIRL.

BY EFFIE MARTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Good morning," said a gay lady of fortune as she tripped lightly into the sitting room of her neighbor, Mrs. Doles, one bright morning of Spring. "How do you do? I declare, I have not seen you for an age. We are almost in despair of seeing you at our house again. But what have you for news? What is the latest style of bonnets? I have been trying for the last three weeks to make up my mind what to get. 'Tis the only subject on which we talk at home. Morning, noon and night we discuss the fashions. I have almost decided to get blue, but then you know every one wears that; as to pink 'tis too common; now, what shall I get? Do tell me, for actually, I cannot sleep for the absorbing idea."

"My dear Mrs. Tiles," said Mrs. Doles, "I have been similarly perplexed and engaged of late. We cannot for the life of us decide what color of dress will be best for Amelia. You know she is now leaving school having completely finished her education, and going into good company, therefore I mean she shall devote all her time to dress and manners, and bid farewell to books and study. Music, however, she shall pay some attention to, for her father is anxious that she should excel in that divine art in order to win applause and excite the envy of her old associates. Now, there are the Perkins over the way, they profess to be such performers, and every one knows that they are not wealthy. What is the use of their trying to excel in this sublime art, as Amelia's teacher calls it, when they are only working men's daughters and cannot attain to any fine position in society?"

"I am exactly of your mind," chimed in Mrs. Tiles, who had been listening with much interest and nodding assent to every sentence that had fallen from the lips of the loquacious Mrs. D. and who by the way had daughters who, at least, professed to be excellent pianists. "I do dislike to see people of humble means pretending to an equality with our class. 'Tis really provoking, isn't it? Now, one word in your ear, good Mrs. Doles—music alone will never elevate them to our position in society."

Mrs. D. responded with an emphatic "yes." "But to change the subject," said she, "where do you suppose Mrs. Dwight purchased that elegant mantle she wore last Sabbath? I could not keep my eyes from it during the whole sermon. I noticed that she rose at prayer, I suppose to display it, don't you?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. T., "she always sits at other times, for I was looking a few weeks ago to see of what material her dress was made of, but she did not rise during the whole service. As we sit directly behind her I have an advantage over you for observation. We purchased our slips on account of its being so surrounded by the wealthy and fashionable of our city. I do not care to be located with the middle class in church as it only excites in them a foolish envy for our position and style of dress. When they only get a glance of us as we pass, the desire in them is but momentary and the remembrance of us soon passes from the mind."

Yes, fair lady, you are right, it is only for the moment, and scarce that, that the shadow of folly lingers in the minds of the true worshippers in God's temple. The gay apparel floats past them like a child's bubble and like that soon vanishes leaving no trace of its gorgeousness.

"Well," responded Mrs. Tiles, "suppose we call on Mrs. Dwight and try to ascertain the price of the mantle. I should like to purchase one, that is if I can get a seamstress to work for low wages. As I have a great quantity of work, I think one dollar a week and board would be a liberal price, yet we should endeavor to assist the poor, so I'll give that. I can scarcely afford it however as I put my name to the subscription paper of the 'Foreign Mission Society' for a large amount—the poor heathen—you know one cannot couple her name with trifles. I do think I have the good cause at heart—the poor heathen, sitting down in darkness, they never heard of the gospel. I have often wept for hours when hearing of their ignorance."

Good Mrs. T. could say no more, but overcome with her awakened sympathy for the heathen—poor heathen—she raised to her eyes a richly embroidered muslin, exquisitely wrought.

Better were it that thy tears should flow for the wrongs at home, for the "poor heathen" at your own door. The fount of sympathy had better gush forth for the lone orphan that toils unceasingly within your own dwelling. She has never heard of God's love—though she feels it in her own soul. Her lone spirit sighs for companionship. Go, waken in that sad one the soul that has its abiding place therein, and that act will, indeed, "send the gospel to the heathen."

O, woman, woman, you may not do this, yet there is a voice that whispers at midnight to the orphans heard sweet peace and comfort, when, slumber droops the eyelids, and the soul is passive, gentle footsteps linger near her couch, tears of pity fall on the sleeper's brow, and the soft breath of affection seals a mother's love with an angel kiss. Sleep on, fair one, for holy angels guard thee and the true gospel of peace, the message of glad tidings rests on thy spirit.

"Really," said Mrs. Tiles "tis past my dinner hour, I must leave you now. We have spent a very interesting, and I trust, a very profitable morning together. Now such social conversations strengthen us for the stern duties and responsibilities of life. I do hope that you will favor me with a similar visit. Take your work and come and sit with me, I am always alone mornings as my daughters are engaged with their music and drawing." "By the way, I wish you would engage that seamstress; you can get her for little or nothing, as my daughters have a perfect horror of all kinds of sewing, and all needle work in fact except fine embroidering which they execute with exceeding taste. They are now engaged on some work for the society the avails of which will purchase a new chandelier for our house of Zion—they are always engaged in some benevolent occupation. Dear Green says they will make model wives—like their mother before them, and as the Deacon never deals in flattery, but is a plain, honest, outspoken man I am obliged to believe what he says."

Well, how I am wasting my precious moments, I declare. Come and see me soon. Good Morning." "Good morning," said Mrs. Doles. "I'll send Amelia directly for the seamstress, as she is going down town for some new music which her teacher has ordered her to get."

CHAPTER II.

"A bright spring morning, what a lovely day," whispered a young lady of seventeen, and a shade of sadness passed over her features as she mentally exclaimed, "Would that I could freely enjoy the sun's bright rays."

Gentle one, cease thy repinings, God's luminary sheds its brightness on thy abode as well as on the palace of the opulent. Through thy open window shaded by the rose, simple music, its gracious rays flow as freely and pleasantly as mid the

close folds of damask and the drapery of stately mansions. Musing on the strange reverses of life, at the busy sewing girl diligently plying the needle. She had known better days,—days when plenty crowned her—home embraced her: when friends gathered round and called her "dear," and "love" and obsequious admirers most fastidiously proffered her their aid when the least shadow for its want was visible. Why was she so lonely now? Why a "poor sewing girl," lonely, forsaken? Alas, it is too true, the path of poverty is narrow, it has no room for companionship.

Without sparing the time to raise her eyes she inquired of her mother when she supposed her brother would come home, and then sighed at his long absence. At this point of our writing let us give the history of our fair one. 'Tis short, true, and has its like in very many communities.

A few years previous to the time of which we write wealth and the distinguished position it brings was theirs, and home and happiness. Fond friends gathered near, aye, such as the world calls "friends" but they proved rainbow tints that pass away when the night comes on. Mr. Warren was a merchant of high repute. Hazardous enterprise in an evil hour crippled him, and he for a long time was tossed on an angry sea of trouble. The storm at length came. His weak and disabled craft fell beneath its fury, and he became a bankrupt. Disheartened and exhausted by his almost superhuman efforts to ward off the calamity, now that it had fallen upon him, he sickened and died.

Edward the only son was at this time travelling in Europe. Annie, the daughter, was at home. Both had been educated for high fashionable life and had received every indulgence which wealth and parental love could bestow.

Now, alone, the stricken mother and child were left dependent on the charity of those who once received charity from them. They had written to Edward, but before the letter reached Europe, he had sailed for home with bright expectations of happy scenes in reserve for him at the ever hospitable mansion of his father. Alas! the sun of to-day may be clouded on the morrow, and hopes that are fresh and green at dawn, may lie withered at evening. It was so with Edward.

Buoyant with the glad thought of being again at home, he privately entered his native place, and learning that a grand assembly of wealth and fashion was to take place that very evening, and thinking it possible that he might meet his sister among the throng of youth and beauty, he determined to assume a fictitious name, and surprise her by revealing himself to her at some happy moment. With one who had travelled with him to Europe, and who for the purpose of seeing American life, had accompanied him to this country, Edward took apartments at a hotel.

A single glance around impressed him deeply with a realization of the changes that had taken place since a youth, he left his home. Yet little dreamed he that that change had torn down his own home altar, and written the terrible word "Desolation," on the hearthstone of his boyhood's days. He left, a youth. He was now a man with a dignity of look and bearing deserving the name. He was furthermore a "gentleman" in the true sense of the word.

Even had he given out his real name, his own companions would scarce have recognized him, so changed had become his personal appearance. He had become transformed during his absence from the shy youth to the dignified man. The slight and fragile form had become full and robust. His every movement was graceful, and betrayed a familiarity with good society. In a word, his whole appearance and manners were of the sensational order, and destined to captivate in a circle of beauty, wit and fashion. Yet he was no profligate, no mere fashion worshipper—no gilded sepulchre. He had a heart that throbbled in sympathy for the woes and grievances of the oppressed and afflicted, and could recognize true merit, though others might pass it by unheeded. He did not worship at the altar of Mammon. Like him, was his friend—a counterpart of himself.

As the two were arranging their toilet at the hotel, for the assembly, the sister, the idol of his affections, was sitting in a small room in the mansion of Mrs. Doles, finishing a costly dress for the fair Amelia.

When the last stitch had been taken, it was sent to the room of the fashionable girl, who speedily arranged herself in the gaudy material, accompanying the effort with the remark—

"Well, if I meet any strangers to-night, I am sure of making a conquest, for none there will look so beautiful as I. Dear me, Miss Warren! how badly you have finished my frock—it is unusually ill-fitting. Mamma will surely discharge you if you do not pay more attention to my dresses."

Vain one! while slumber, was resting on thee, the poor, toiling one you thus upbraided was laboring that you might shine. The hour of midnight found her at the task, because the elegant attire must be done at a fixed time, or poor Annie would lose her situation. How closely she kept at the work, though famishing for the fresh air and the open field.

CHAPTER III.

"Ned, don't give yourself such fascinating airs—I declare, some fair one will lose a heart to-night."

"Why not, Charley; you have equal right, and were it not for your inveterate bachelor notions you might gain for yourself that best of heaven's gifts, a wife."

"When I meet with my standard of perfection, Ned, you'll find that Charley Stanwood can love, and that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so easily taken by a pretty face. I look deeper—but here we are going on our old way, sermonizing on matrimony. Come, Ned, not a bit more of vanity. 'Tis now past nine, and as I am not very expert at love-making, I fear the morrow's sun may break upon my devotions."

"As for me," said Ned, "I shall be engaged before that time! That is, if I find a handsome face, and form to match."

In the brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Doles, were gathered a happy throng. Two strangers were announced. They became at once the observed of all. Amelia Doles had, at the moment of his entrance, finished a song, and cast a look, somewhat admiringly upon Edward, who unconsciously returned it. There might have been a cause for the favorable response, for Amelia was by nature good looking, though art and fashion almost usurped the throne of beauty, which should be and could be more fitly held by nature.

Amelia well knew how to use her power of fascination, and she employed it now. The consequence was that Edward became enraptured with her charms. During all the evening he had sought for his sister, but without success—he found no trace of his idolized one. He left the company, and repairing to his hotel, retired, but not to sleep. Where had his father gone? Why did he not see his sister? It was usual for her to attend such entertainments—but here, not even her name was mentioned. He was not merely surprised, he was bewildered. But he thought across that his father had been said, when prospered, he should purchase a quiet home in the

country; it might be, success had crowned his efforts, and he had accomplished his long-cherished purpose.

Amid questionings and surmises he fell into a doze. A dream came over him. He beheld his mother bending over his couch. There was sorrow in her features, sadness hung heavily upon her brow. Her dress was not as rich and gay as it once was, and looking closer he saw her clothed in the garb of widowhood. His sister stood beside him with a face as sad as her mother's, but yet a heavenly calm encircled it, as she welcomed him to her home, not of splendor as he had expected but one in which want dwelt.

Edward aroused himself from his state of Semi-Sleep. Was it a dream? And was that all? It was. It was nothing but an idle vision thought he, and he knew that the sunlight would dissipate it.

When morning dawned, the vision rested immovable before his mind. At breakfast he tried to be cheerful and to thrust the sad memory from him, but yet it stood out in all its gloomy outline, a real, tangible cloud upon his sky.

Remembering that he had not questioned his newly formed acquaintance about his sisters, he proceeded to the home of Amelia.

Miss Doles was not in the best of humor when her visitor was announced, but seeing the card she assumed a very amiable disposition. She had sent for her seamstress wishing to give her some directions in regard to a new dress, but left her room before she came in.

Amelia soon met Edward in the parlor, welcoming him with one of her sweetest smiles. The previous order to Annie was promptly obeyed, and she not finding her mistress in her chamber, and being told by a servant that she was disengaged in the parlor and probably waiting for her, hastened to her and abruptly entered as Edward seated himself.

"Observing a stranger she withdrew, when Amelia remonstrated with her for her intrusion, and in her passion, forgetting the moment, her visitor exclaimed, "Miss Anna Warren, retire to my dressing room and hereafter attend to my orders at a proper time."

That voice Edward knew though the face was concealed. The name! Yes, the name confirmed his suspicions. Forgetting form and fashion, he exclaimed, in the full joy of his soul.

"Good heavens! Miss Doles is that my sister? Will you repeat the name that I may not be mistaken."

Surprised and agitated, Amelia answered, "I cannot interpret the meaning of this. Mr. Mayville, that girl that so ill-mannerly came in and caused you such alarm is my sewing maid Miss Annie Warren. I have no further information, sir."

"My God!" exclaimed Edward, "then I am her brother, Miss Doles, my real name is Warren and I must see that lady at once. I command her presence."

At this Miss Amelia retired saying her maid was at his service, accompanying the remark with an insinuating smile such a one as he thought her incapable of presenting.

Annie, tremulous with excitement entered the room, and at once recognizing her brother fell fainting with emotion into his arms. No time must be lost and as soon as she had partially recovered, a carriage bore her to a room at the hotel. There Edward sat by her side and watched returning consciousness till joy supplanted grief and sister and brother held sweet converse together.

It was not long before he met his mother and purchased and furnished a home to which she was removed. But the mother's scarcely noque was soon to be exchanged for one in other conditions of existence. She had for some time been walking the upward path of life at the end of which stood a mansion in the skies. Now she felt willing to go, to be at rest, since the happy re-union had withdrawn all the shadows from her path.

The friend of Edward could not pass through such scenes unmoved. He was intensely interested in the home enjoyments of his companion—and what is not very strange, equally so in the new-found sister. The result was that on a bright clear autumn evening the sound of music was heard in a new and beautiful mansion and the town was congratulating Annie and Mr. Stanwood on their happy union.

There might have been some envy, and there doubtless was, among a certain class who thought the poor sewing girl unworthy—but there was joy in two hearts, and who should say, nay?

There is a little mound in the church yard, and a little stone, white and pure beside it, with the simple inscription, "Mother," and thither Edward and Annie and Charley often are found training with loving hands the bright flowers and looking up with loving hearts to the parent who has passed on.

The trio fashionably religious and religiously fashionable ladies, Mrs. Doles and Mrs. Tiles still moan over the sad fate of the "poor heathen" and still forget the heathen at their very doors. Still phariseal-like, thank God they are not left to perish, and still keep aching hands and weary forms bending at midnight that they may walk in fashion's ranks. Amelia yet remains unhusbanded, the spoilt child of a foolish mother who turns up her aristocratic nose at "poor sewing girls," and pratingly talks of "God's mysterious ways."

The home of Mrs. Stanwood is the mission house of true, unostentatious charity. She distributes her gifts liberally and yet justly—gives to all a fair remuneration for their services without regard to the conventionalities of society, and blesses all with the love of a "poor sewing girl."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HEART'S SECRET.

BY AGLARE RITCHIE.

"Every heart hath its secret sorrow, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

I read these beautiful lines over again and again, they seem so soul-felt and so true. "Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not," and many are the tears shed inwardly that God alone can see. Well, we all go through the world making our faces with smiles, when the heart within is growing old with sorrow, and beautiful eyes give forth glances of light unto the friends around, though the soul is crushed and bleeding. In southern lands, far away from me, roams a fair young girl with whom my early days were passed, who goes out into the world, with a sunny smile upon her face, a kind, pleasant word for all, but the iron entered her soul long ago, and the scar is there, yet. The world says, "what a sunny life is hers," and passes along, never thinking that the tempest-shock is greater for the sunshine that has been. I said, "a fair young girl,"—no, she has grown older now, but she was very fair then, and that image is ever with me.

We have both seen sorrow since then, and we have both learned to distrust the friendships of those around us, yet, hers was the bitter lesson, after all. It is a long story—that of happy days when we were young together, when the confidence of our hearts was pure and trusting, and of that hour, so dark in her life, his, and of the

tempter came! In her sweet innocence, was it strange that when Frank Alden, with his bold, singular beauty, so dark and yet so glorious, came into our village, her pure heart should learn the lesson of love? Or was it inconsistent with the heart's feelings, that when the legends of foreign lands were breathed into her willing ear, she should long to look upon scenes like those?

Agnes was very proud—not haughty of self, but longing for applause from the lips of the million. So when Frank "wood and won" her, and the vows were exchanged, and he left for his home in the distant city, the proud spirit chafed and murmured at the "humdrum life" at home. Then there were years in which there were no tidings from Frank, till at last he came through our little village, on his way north, with his bride!

It would take me many hours to tell you of the trials that came to Agnes after that, how the wealth of years vanished away, and left poverty staring them in the face; how the father grew discouraged at his repeated losses, and gave himself up to despair, then died; and the mother soon followed, and Agnes was left to struggle on alone. Out into the world, to battle for fame, the young girl went, and the heart-ropes were laid aside with the buried love.

"My heart is a sepulchre," she said to me, "and therein lies all the fond hopes, cherished dreams, and fanciful imageries, I have formed of my future life. I shall never come back here again, Agnes, but I shall never forget you. You are the only being I have faith in, and now that all else has failed me, I shall look to you for the sympathy I shall never seek elsewhere. So, fare thee well!"

And we parted! I have never gazed, on her since, but the fame she sought has been hers. They tell me she has not the young girlish beauty, as in days past, but is very haughty and dignified. I can hardly fancy, as I sit here gazing down into the liquid depths of these eyes pictured forth in the miniature before me, that they have grown cold-looking, or that a stern expression has gradually taken the place of this winning smile. But it is so! Alas, that pride should have caused this!

I meet Frank Alden in my everyday walks, but Agnes is not the only sufferer. Oh, no; Frank has grown old in his youth. I cannot say what caused the estrangement, but she came between them, with her "sweet eyes" and "low replies," and her dazzling beauty, and he could not withstand the temptation. But he has grown weary of that beautiful face, now that years have passed away, and he longs for the soul-sympathy which she cannot give. Ah, Agnes, the boy was truer than the man ever will be. And yet, spite of all this, have we not been true to the old love Agnes? I know that you will read this, dear girl, by a lonely hearth; that when the flattering crowd has left your side, and darkness has glided into the festive hall, where you have danced and sung so gaily, to-night, you will glance over this, and recall the days of our childhood, when we were so happy together, and "Clara" will not be forgotten.

I have not called this up, Agnes, to add another drop to the cup of bitterness, which has been placed to your lips, fill and overflowing. God forbid! Into my heart the dark arrow has been sent, and it has rankled there, but I've not passed you by, in your great soul-weariness. 'Tis the darkest hour just before day. If we meet not here on earth, proud, peerless Agnes, in the Heavenly Father's presence, there is joy for us. But my spirit—it will go out to you, full of hope and faith, while on the earth-journey below. Only look upward, for the quickening power. God's messengers will bear it unto you! As in the days of parting, when you wrung my hand in your heart-anguish, "so fare thee well!"

HOPE'S GARLAND.

Ere those remote and dreamy days When Greece lay in a golden haze, When poets, seers, and sages wrought, And gave a nobler phase to thought—Ere Athens shone in festal prime, 'Twas said, "mid ignorance and crime Unhappy man is doomed to grope, With nought to cheer his soul but hope." A cherub left his native skies, And wings of light and pitying eyes, And wandered through this world of ours, Where bloom'd few amaranthine flowers; Look'd o'er the earth in verdure clad, And sought to soothe man's spirit and; Then sought a bowler whose zephyrs played With blossoms twinkling in the shade, Where sat a maiden fair as morn When dew-drops deck'd the flowering thorn, When seraph music wakes the grove To sunshine, harmony, and love; The blue of heaven shone in her eyes Of chaste hue, such as far outlives The honey-blooms the brown bee seeks, And health's bliss mantled on her cheeks! Her arbut a hand with lingering flow Weat o'er a neck as white as snow, The rose and eglantine entwined With green leaves quivering in the wind, Which softly breathed o'er that sweet face, Which Pindarus would have loved to trace. She and I met near the cherry-cane, And knidled in her breast a flame, And round her graceful I for-iffid wove Hope's sacred garland—Woman's Love!

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PIONEERS OF BOSTON.

BY EMMA CARRA.

There is no denying the fact that the pioneers of our tri-mountain city were a very close, calculating set of individuals. If any one wants evidence of this let him look at the Indian trail-like streets of puritanical old Boston, and I think after that he and I will be of one opinion.

Jogging along over the neck in the horse cars I look out on the open space each side of me where vehicles can pass each other without jostling and I exclaim mentally, How nice it is that such a multitude of human beings can move along in Washington street and all have room enough to inflate their lungs with fresh air or give free action to their limbs! But when I get to Dover street and there leave the comfortable conveyance and pursue my way along the sidewalk towards the Old South, a change comes o'er the spirit of my thoughts, for as I try to elbow my way through the crowd of passers-by I am jostled hither and thither like a mutilated ship left at the mercy of the waves.

First comes a boy—not a young America, at least I think not, and I will tell you why I think so. He doesn't walk at a 240 pace with his hands vibrating there and there as if they were moved by steam power, and the fate of the nation depended on his arriving at a given point within five minutes; he hasn't that don't care consequential sort of a look that seems to say, I was born in old Boston and so was my father before me, and I have an inherent right here and shall appropriate as much of this little string of a sidewalk as I please, —so stand aside, plebeians, and make room for one of the direct descendants of a hero of '76.

No, he hadn't any such expression or manner as that—hadn't any cigar in his mouth, nor the appearance of having just disposed of a Sherry cobbler, but it was very evident he wore an imported suit, and one reason why he still clung to it with such tenacity was that a little way back in the track of time it had protected his little limbs from winter's cold and summer's heat, while pressing with his half-crimson feet the plant green sods of old Erin.

When at home he had often listened to gossiping tales as he sat in his father's dark cabin by the fire of turf. He had heard them tell that America was a land of freedom; he didn't inquire

how free, for the word free embraced all that he thought, it was necessary for him to know, and from this time there was no peace in old Barney O'Brien's cabin, till he consented that his son should go to the great country of forests and lakes. Barney Junior felt sure when he gathered his fragmentary wardrobe into his linen bandanna and shipped on board the emigrant vessel, that when his barefeet touched terra firma again, he would be in a land where gold was plenty and could be had for the asking.

Poor little Barney! you had still a lesson to learn, but you know it now, and you begin to think that the cabin, with its comfortable turf-fire, and smoking pot of mealy potatoes, and brimming pan of milk was not such a good exchange after all, and you weep sometimes as you reflect and turn away from your cross old uncle who dispenses pipe's and adulterated whiskey from the cellar behind his little seven-by-nine window in an alley deserted by all you save and those who patronized him. Well, never mind, Barney, if you were disappointed when you first set your plump feet on our shores, there is hope for you yet, for you are young, and there is a great country out west, all ready to welcome you, no matter how tattered your clothes, or how broad your brogue; only give to her service your wealth of fast developing muscles, and she will yield you a rich return by-and-by.

Barney's occupation at present is to supply his uncle's family with fuel, the relative never asking where he gets it,—press of business preventing him I suppose. The industrious youth has just received a donation from the master workman who is demolishing yonder venerable old pile to make room for a Jacob's ladder sort of house to be filled by the highest bidder on rents. The benevolent mechanic has told the lad he will give him all the fuel he can carry in his arms this once, so Barney is bound to try his strength, not seeming to mind about the length of the boards which vary all the way from one foot to six, and not for one moment taking into consideration that in no part of Washington Street north of Dover Street are the flags wide enough for more than two to walk abreast comfortably, especially if they are ladies and patronize the fashions. On comes Barney boards and all, and each one bustling with the strong old nails driven long ago by the muscular power of our fathers. There! the upper end of that longest board has sent one of Genin's best hats into the gutter. Barney receives an impetus on his back from the bare headed dandy that makes him quicken his pace in the direction where I shrink away to the window.

Another moment, and one of the pointed nails sends the coat of a benevolent old gentleman who smoothes his grief at the accident giving only a little wholesome advice in return, and which I am sorry to say is wholly lost upon our hero, owing I suppose to the stranger's polite manner of speaking.

The next sufferer is a Washington Street belle who seems to have no visible purpose in clogging up this narrow footpath but to lask in the April sunshine and to show the pedestrians how much of lace and flowers, and gutta percha cord and flounces she can propel by female muscle alone.

Ha, ha, ha! I suppose a true philanthropist wouldn't compliment me for indulging in this soul-cheering laugh at Barney's last mishap; but I couldn't help it to see that honest little sprig of Erin get the projecting end of a board all snarled up in Miss Araminta's flounces, and after trying in vain for a moment to disentangle his gift hug his fuel tighter, and streak it down Washington Street with the speed of one striving to reach the cars in season after the last bell has rung. The badly ripped flounces of the perfumed belle still cling to the nails, and she also hurries in close proximity to the affrighted Barney. There! they have disappeared around the corner followed by a troop of juveniles and one policeman.

Poor Barney! you have no friends nor money to save you, so you will sleep on an iron bedstead in the station house tonight where you can dream of old Ireland at your leisure, and when you awake to-morrow sigh for the little cabin you left near the bog.

It is bright and beautiful to-day, and it seems as if all Boston have come out to sun themselves. And oh! what a variety of faces there are!—grave and gay, benevolent and vinegar-like.

What a rush there among the men. I should think every one would have five mile rides, with a heavy purse at stake, so much for habit.

O, my! what a handsome man that is across the way. I know he is handsome, though I haven't seen his face yet. What a beautiful figure he has! straight as an arrow—tall, commanding—wears a handsome and well-polished boot. I wonder if he is married. Well, if ever I get married, I mean to have a man that looks just like— Oh, my gracious! he has just turned round, and as true as I live, his face and boots are both of a color.

There are two men who have just run against each other, and scattered some fifty pamphlets on the sidewalk; no one responsible for it but the first settler of Boston, who were too stingy in laying out the streets of the old colonial city, to give us room enough for comfort. I, for one, will never forgive them till I forget how many times I have had to step off the edge-stones to let ladies in crinoline and flounces pass, or what risks I have run of life and limb in seeking the pavements and mixing in with moving omnibuses and drays, to avoid having my poor brains scattered by dandies' revolving canes.

Now I should like to know the reason why the good old conscientious pioneers of the tri-mountain city could not have been a little more liberal in marking out the thoroughfares, when Washington Street was bounded on each side by cornfields. But after all, I suppose we ought to be charitable towards our forefathers while discussing this matter, for it is very evident that in after years they saw the wrong they had committed, and to make amends, they left the glorious old Common as a legacy. Oh, how I wish we could clip off a narrow strip from that spacious field, and widen Washington Street with it, so a body wouldn't feel all the time while passing up or down with the great rushing throng ever there, except at midnight, that if any of those Jacob's ladder buildings should tumble to the earth, he wouldn't be buried beneath the ruins.

Well, I have pushed, and crowded and edged my way along till I have reached State Street. Oh! you venerable old building that stands sentinel over the entrance! I wish your timbers of oak would never decay and that you would rest forever. Palsied be the hand that would ever disturb you! Let one old landmark remain as our fathers left it,—never disturb it only to preserve it from decay. Let the generations that are to come after us not blush that this fast age was totally void of veneration.

Ah! here is a fruit seller's stand. Ought this to be to crowd us still more in this narrow thoroughfare? What do you ask a piece for your apples, sir?

"Six cents, ma'am."

Go to! Do you think I have money to throw to the winds? Before I will give that price for an apple I will wait for one till apples grow again, and then I will go where I can get them fresh from the mossy old trees.

Out upon speculators! they should not be encouraged, nor allowed to tempt little barefoot children with the sight of sherry fruit that none but a millionaire could purchase.

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IONE,

HERE AND HEREAFTER! BY W. R. HAYDEN.

Author of Clara Walton; The Mad Lover, etc., etc. In our issue of the 23rd of May we shall commence the publication of a thrilling novel, with the above title.

ABUSES OF POWER.

The most intense longing of the human heart is for power and dominion. In the race for them millions of lives have been sacrificed, and millions of tender hearts have been crushed under the tread of the reckless and the unscrupulous votaries of ambition.

Wars have blazed forth their deadly fires, quiet homes have been ravaged and desecrated, and all for the worthless bauble fame. To achieve great military renown and live upon the pages of history as a hero, has certainly a fascination about it difficult for the mind to resist.

We need not stray far from our own doors to see these assertions realized. At every corner of our streets we can behold men wearing the insignia of office lounging away their time, or strolling up the street with a kindred spirit upon either side, making offensive remarks, and crowding citizens in the pursuit of their various avocations from the footway.

A known villain walks the streets, and traffics in the bodies and souls of men with impunity, the valiant guardians of the public safety, never interfere with him, oh, no! "He is an ugly customer," they say, and it is far easier for them to arrest the little bare-foot boy who is striving to earn a few pennies by the sale of a newspaper, than to venture upon the hazardous experiment of suppressing the primary schools and universities of crime.

There are many honorable exceptions to be noticed among the officers. Here and there we can point out one who is vigilant and faithful to his duty, but, like a single light, in an atmosphere darker than that of Egypt, the rays only serve to deepen the blackness which surrounds it.

THE PRAIRIE.

This is the prairie broad, and wild, and free, O'er a sea of emerald hue and moving light. When the track grass with its green finger points To him who feeds it, and the myriad flowers Of many hues—grass nestling flowers! strange buds!

MAY. May morning dawned, with a balmy softness in the atmosphere rarely known in this cold climate. The children were stirring with the lark, and the Common was radiant with their bright happy faces.

Oh toll-worn man! Oh crime-stained wanderer! How does the future loom up to your spirits' vision now? Are there shadows, doubts and uncertainties obscuring the landscape? Does the way seem long, and the task seem burdensome? Look back! In that cloud which casts its dull, heavy shadow over your forward pathway, can you see no traces of your own work?

We have said it is all sunshine and mists and laughter without—let us walk onward and behold another picture. See this dull, gloomy pile of stones. Look at the iron bits, whose shadows are reflected back upon the stony pavements within, and the still more stony faces of those who keep watch and ward over their fellows.

Look at this young man who presses his white forehead against the bars and looks out into the pure atmosphere. See, a tear starts up to his eyelids. What are his thoughts? Ah! who can tell. It may be that as a rosy child trips gladly along the street his mind strays back to the time, when his mother brushed the silken hair from his fair brow and taught him in accents which no after years of guilt could eradicate from his memory.

NAPIER AND THE YANKEES.

The valiant Sir Charles, who boasted so loudly at the commencement of the Russian war, and sailed out of an English port with his courage at fever heat but which courage had, like Bob Acres' oozed out at his fingers ends before his eyes looked upon the eagles of the Czar floating in defiance; it seems don't like the Yankee method of fighting.

"Seven thousand men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force; still my opinion is, that if we tuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back we might thrash them: that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment, nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels, everything that will do mischief. On board a twenty-gun ship that we took, I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the laws of nations; and nothing so pleasant or correct; but to be done against all rules is quite offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24lb shot in the stomach is fine; we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungentle and with the sholic."

We think Sir Charles also objected to the manner of defence made by the Russian Admirals in the Baltic. He evidently thinks that his opponents should act as the "coons" did with a certain great hunter; "he knew the coon" and "drop down, the moment the magic rifle appeared in sight. Alas,

for the obstinacy of human nature, his opponents seemed to disagree with him, and so Sir Charles instead of looming up before the world a great hero must be content to plod on in obscurity or waken momentary echoes with the blast of his own trumpet.

METROPOLITAN RAILROAD.

Early on May morning a line of forty-two cars extending over a mile in length preceded by an omnibus drawn by four horses decorated with red plumes tipped with black, and supposed to contain all the opponents of horse railroads, arrived from Roxbury. The cars were immediately filled with an army of children to whom the Company extended the privilege of a free ride, and preceded by the Germania Military Band were soon upon their way back.

Another of the events styled "interesting" by the papers which breathe the Court atmosphere of London has occurred. We quote: "The interesting event to which the nation has been anxiously looking forward, occurred on Tuesday last, on which day, at a quarter before two o'clock, the Queen was happily delivered of a Princess." After a pompous array of the names of those present in her Majesty's rooms and the adjoining apartments, including Princes, Dukes, Chancellors, Bishops, Ambassadors, etc., follow these important bulletins:—

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 14, 1857.—3 P. M. The Queen was safely delivered of a Princess this afternoon at forty-five minutes past one o'clock. Her Majesty and the Princess are well. JAMES CLARK, M. D. CHARLES LOCKOCK, M. D. ROBERT FERGUSON, M. D.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 15, 1857.—9 A. M. The Queen passed an excellent night. Her Majesty and the infant Princess are going on favorably. JAMES CLARK, M. D. CHARLES LOCKOCK, M. D. ROBERT FERGUSON, M. D.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 16.—9 A. M. The Queen has slept well. Her Majesty and the Princess are going on quite comfortably. JAMES CLARK, M. D. CHARLES LOCKOCK, M. D. ROBERT FERGUSON, M. D.

We wonder if the "Princess" looks anything like a baby—babies we are fond of—we can't say as much of royalty.

NATIVE CAMELS.

We have some camels in Texas to whom the naturalization law would not apply. Three having been born under the stars and stripes. The Washington Star says they are thriving, and five or six more births are expected. From the reports of the condition of the animals at present, and through the eleven months that the first importations have been on the continent, we may regard all doubts as to their acclimation dissipated, and that so much of the experiment is a *fact*. The only remaining indeterminate point is the character of the stock that may be produced. For this time will be required.

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

The Grand Duke Constantine has consented at Louis Napoleon's request, to prolong his stay in Paris from a week to a fortnight. The Grand Duke will visit London in the latter part of May.

The Emperor reviewed several regiments about to quit Paris. After the firing past, the Imperial Prince was taken in front of the troops in a carriage, and held up to the soldiers by his nurse.

The foundation-stone of the new building in Shaw's-bow, opposite St. George's-hall, intended for a Public Library, has been laid by the founder, Mr. William Brown, M. P.; who, after defraying the entire cost of its construction, estimated at about 30,000*l.*, will present it as a free gift to the people of Liverpool.

Of the 651 members who will form the new House of Commons, 630 have been already returned, leaving 12 Irish counties to select the remaining 24 representatives. The English and Welsh boroughs, including the Universities, return 335 members, and have exercised their privileges by selecting 223 Liberals and 113 Conservatives. The English and Welsh counties have returned 56 Liberals and 103 Conservatives, there being a double return for Huntingdonshire; while Scotland has contributed 39 Liberal members to the new House of Commons and only 14 Conservatives. In Ireland parties have been more evenly balanced—39 Liberals having been elected and 42 Conservatives. The relative gains and losses by each party stand as under:—

Table with 2 columns: Liberal gains, Conservative gains. Rows include English and Welsh boroughs, English and Welsh counties, Scotland, Ireland at present, and Total.

Leaving a total gain of 42 seats, equal to 27 votes, in favor of the Liberal party. The new Parliament will comprise 171 gentlemen who had no seats in the last House of Commons. Of the displaced members 103 voted or paired upon Mr. Cobden's motion, which produced the dissolution. Of that number 63 voted in the majority and 43 with the Government.

It is not at all improbable that the French Republicans will ascertain their real strength at the approaching elections in France, by putting up M. Carnot as a candidate for the Legislative Chamber. According to report, they intend proposing him in Paris and in the departments. Some of the candidates are disposed to take the oath of allegiance to the Imperial Government, others refuse. The committee of that party will probably be allowed to act in Paris, but the prefects will not permit them to act in the departments.

Familiar Letters.

THE SABBATH.

Truly a holy and a blessed institution of Supreme love and goodness is the Sabbath. Rightly appreciated and enjoyed, it attunes the heart to go forth to its never-ending tasks with fresher confidence and with purer faith in an immortality of light and beauty.

Such a morning is this—upon which we write. The awakening day was overshadowed with clouds, but long before the denizens of the city were stirring, brightly as yonder the ark broke the rainbow of promise, out from the gray masses came the life-giving sun. With a glance from his fiery eye, he dispelled the gloomy shadows, and down, down, sunk the clouds below the horizon, like the earth-robbers of sin and sorrow falling from the ransomed spirit.

From the wild bee's humbling, From the choral throng, Know we thou art coming, Bringing life and song; Oh! thou golden Morning, Brightest dawn of earth; Mead and mount adorning, Blessed be thy birth!

As we walked musingly up the street, we met the worshippers returning from early Mass at the Cathedral. Each clasped a missal, as it were a jewel of immense price. There was no look upwards to the pure fount of all goodness; no, for man had said that the great Father could not be approached by the humble and the unlettered, and that to allow the thoughts to flow forth in free and unobscured converse with nature was to incur the wrath of a revengeful and angry Deity.

But we walked on, up Franklin and through Bromfield street, and paused to look at the monumental stones of the burying-ground. We were lost in a reverie. Suddenly, one of the saucy squirrels sprang on to a tomb close beside us, and looking roughly into our eyes seemed to say, "Wouldn't you like to know?" We walked on, and the little bees, as they dived into the honey-cells of the flowers, springing around the "great elm," seemed asking the same question, "And the tiny fly buzzed it in our ears as he flitted by."

Yes, yes, we should like to know why, in this glorious world, where the most insignificant blade of grass, and the tiniest particle of insect life are marvels of perfection, superstition, bigotry and crime ever cast their gloomy reflections over the bright and the beautiful? We should like to know why the earnest struggler after the right, his heart warm and glowing with the love breathed into it from the lips of God, his soul expanding in the clear, brilliant atmosphere of truth, should meet no reward from his fellows but sneers and contumely; until the delicate organization of his mind—a harp formed and tuned to echo celestial melodies—is jarred and broken so that it emits only sounds of bitterness and sorrow?

We should like to know why the simple, trusting girl, whose only fault was overmuch love, is cast forth to die in a den of pollution and infamy, while the wretch who betrayed her, is courted, flattered and caressed by society, and dignified with the title of "Honorable!" We should like to know why the judge sits upon the bench and sentences to the dismal cells of a prison those who have committed no greater crime than those which he daily commits. Yes, yes, we should like to solve all the marvels and mysteries which surround us, and learn why, where all else seems so harmonious, man, alone, hates, revenges and dies? But such knowledge is beyond our scope, and so we can only walk our destined path in wondering, trusting hope.

The Sabbath! The day when toil ceases, when the knotted muscles relax, when the ledger is closed and the hammer is idle. There is music in the sound of its name.

"To him, who for six days a week Can rarely call an hour his own, How sweet to watch the Sabbath break, And bless the light that Heaven hath thrown. Oh! welcome, more than tongue can name, The dearest morn that greets our soul, Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim, Which shouts the busy world of toil, From morn to eve—from morn to eve— Still waking but for work alone; Oh! heaven, it is a blissful reprieve To have one day to call our own;— One day to breathe a wider span, Unfettered by the bonds of trade, To leave the plodding world of man, And view the world which God hath made."

CURIOUS MEDLEY.

The Traveller contains a funny letter from a correspondent in Dover, N. H., under date of April 27th from which we clip the opening paragraph. He says: "I rejoice as a religious man, that you combine the progressive spirit of the N. Y. Tribune with the sound Biblical basis of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce. An Oriental panorama and a woman from the Turkish harem have just visited us for our diversion."

Here is, Religion, Fourierism, Bible, Panoramas and I harems mixed together in beautiful confusion. We should like to know, which was of the greatest interest to that "religious man," the "progressive spirit" or the "Biblical basis," the "Oriental Panorama" or the "woman from the Turkish Harem." We pause for a reply."

MARY.

Fair blue-bells droop for gentle Mary, Pride of the asterhood of flowers; With footfall light as steps of fairy, On the warm earth in twilight hours! The distant stars at evening weep, Now that the dim-veiled eyelids throw A shadow o'er each azure deep. The stars are dim, and tranquilly sleep! Death's sleep lay in the arms of sleep, And gently rest her golden breast; So gently, that she forgot to weep, And unperceived passed from death!

Editor's Cable.

Two Years Ago. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLY, Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1857.

The imprint of Ticknor & Fields is a sufficient guarantee of a good book, and when on the same page appear their names and that of Charles Kingsley, we only desire to sit down in some quiet corner and read. Such a pleasure we anticipate with the volume now before us, on our first leisure afternoon; from hasty glances through it, it is easy to perceive that once embarked in its perusal it would be very difficult to leave off. The author excels in his pictures of home-life. As an example of his style we make a short extract from the opening chapter.

"A beautiful October morning it was; one of those in which Dame Nature, healthily tired with the revelry of summer, is composing herself, with a quiet, satisfied smile, for her winter's sleep. Sheets of dappled cloud were sliding slowly from the west; long bars of hazy blue hung over the southern chalk-downs, which gleamed pearly gray beneath the low south-eastern sun. In the vale below, soft white flakes of mist still hung over the water-meadows, and barred the dark trunks of the huge elms and poplars, whose fast-yellowing leaves came showering down at every rustle of the western breeze, spotting the grass below. The river swirled along, glassy no more, but dinky gray with autumn rains and rotting leaves. All beyond the garden told of autumn; bright and peaceful, even in decay; but up the sunny slope of the garden itself, and to the very window-sill summer still lingered. The beds of red verbena and geranium were still brilliant, though choked with fallen leaves of acacia and plane; the canary plant, still untouched by frost, twined its delicate green leaves, and more delicate yellow blossoms, through the crimson lace-work of the Virginia creeper; and the great yellow noisette swung its long canes across the window, filling all the air with fruity fragrance.

And the good doctor, lifting his eyes from his microscope, looked out upon it all with a quiet satisfaction, and though his lips did not move, his eyes seemed to be thanking God for it all, and thanking Him too, perhaps, that he was still permitted to gaze upon that fair world outside. For as he gazed, he started, as if with sudden pain, and passed his hand across his eyes, with something like a sigh, and then looked at the microscope no more, but sat, seemingly absorbed in thought, while upon his delicate, toll-worn features, and high, bland, unwrinkled forehead, and the few soft gray locks which not time—for he was scarcely fifty-five—but long labor of brain, had spared to him, there lay a hopeful calm, as of a man who had nigh done his work, and felt that he had not altogether done it ill—an autumnal calm, resigned, yet full of cheerfulness, which harmonized fitly with the quiet beauty of the decaying landscape before him.

THE FAMILY GLEE BOOK. Glee Book: Containing about two hundred songs, glees, choruses, &c., including many of the most popular pieces of the day; arranged and harmonized for four voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano, Seraphine and Melodion. For the use of Glee Clubs, Singing Classes, and the Home Circle. Boston: Russell & Richardson. New York: Mason Brothers. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

To all who look upon music as an accomplishment, this volume must commend itself, as furnishing in compact space, the most favorite glees and choruses extant. It must meet with an extended and rapid sale.

THE HARMONIAL AND SACRED MELODIES. By Asa Pitt. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh.

This is a good collection of popular songs and hymns, adapted to social and religious meetings. RUSSELL & CO., have Harper's, Putnam's, Knickerbocker and other principal American, English and American Monthlies upon their counters, as also the Illustrated and other weeklies. Their supply is always full and their treatment of visitors courteous and obliging.

We found upon our table this morning a bijou volume entitled "THE GOLDEN PARAZET," with a mark at the following stanzas; they seem so descriptive of this particular time, that we copy them.

MAY MORNING.

BY MRS. J. TRAYNER.

The bright May-morning's come again, With balmy air and showers, And through the wood and in the glen Is born the breath of flowers. And music floats upon the air, And the birds sing the strain, The feathered songsters everywhere Four forth their gladsome strain. Maidens and youths come hail the morn! The birth of winsome May, Come, twins ye garlands to adorn Your brows this bright spring day. Blue violets are over all the plain And cowslips by the brook— Come, gather for love's fairy chain, From every dell and nook. And as ye twine your fragrant wreath, And sing your merry lay, Let each young, thrilling bosom breathe A welcome to sweet May.

MONUMENT TO A. J. DOWNING.

The monument erected to the memory of the late Andrew J. Downing in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington bears the following appropriate principal inscription.

THIS VASE Was erected by his friends IN MEMORY OF ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING, Who died July 24, 1852, aged 37 years.

He was born, and lived, And died upon the Hudson river. His life was devoted to the improvement of the national taste in rural art, an office for which his genius and the natural beauty which he lived had fully endowed him. His success was as great as his genius, and for the death of a few public men, was public grief, error more sincere. When those grounds were proposed, he was at once called to design them; but before they were completed he perished in the wreck of the steamer Henry Clay. His mind was singularly just, penetrating, and original. His manners were calm, reserved, and courteous. His personal memory belongs to the friends who loved him; his fame to the country which honors and laments him. Upon the Southern Front appears the following extract from his "Rural Essays":

The taste of an individual, as well as that of a nation, will be in direct proportion to the profuse use of the garden. Open wide, therefore the doors of your libraries and picture galleries, all you true Republicans! Build halls where knowledge shall be freely diffused among men, and not shut within the narrow walls of narrower institutions. Plant spacious parks in your cities, and unclose their gates as wide as the gates of morning to the whole people.

A CHARACTER.

A vain old man, grasping at worldly goods, On the dim verge of three score years and ten, Still musing in the lurid strife of men, Still struggling for its title and its mean reward, Mammon and Omphale, his soul's sovereign Lord, He worships on the grave of health and youth, His dial eared closed against the voice of truth, And warning wisdom's sweet and mild words, Grows in his hearing, generous in great words, But deaf as the stone to the trumpet's cry, High in the Paradise of fools he sits, And self-sufficient joys, and world pains, And self-enclosed within that narrow room, The spirit's nobler faith disdains.

EVENING LECTURE AT THE MELODEON. Mrs. R. M. Henderson lectured in a trance state at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening.

She said, that Christ, in this chapter, (which is the 24th of Matthew) was foretelling the destruction of the temple, and the second advent in which he should give a new inspiration to the earth, it was necessary to ask first, would Christ come again bodily, and second, who are the elect?

Thus Christ returns again, and the thoughts he gives forth are adapted to man's needs, in this age. Man will no longer be fed with that which is mysterious and strange, but with the candid, open truths of God.

The church that is the most fashionable will draw the largest audience, and men drink in the words of the preacher, forgetting that they are individually responsible beings, and so hanging their faith upon another's opinions, they know not when they start nor where they stop.

It was announced that a public circle would be held in the Melodeon, on Wednesday evening to which the clergy and the Faculty of Harvard were especially invited, and that answers to any theological questions would be given through Mrs. Henderson.

N. P. WILLIS ON SPIRITUALISM.

While the scientific gentlemen attached to Harvard are sneering at Spiritualism, it is gratifying to see some of the really fine minds in the country speaking openly, boldly and fairly of the heralds of the new doctrine.

We are not disposed to quarrel with the men of Harvard, though we do love to laugh at their stupidity. They have done, and are now doing good service to the cause of truth.

As an offset to the sneers and scoffs of Harvard's wise men, we clip from the Home Journal, the accomplished editor's remark upon Mrs. Hatch, and a lecture delivered through her organism, at the Tabernacle.

Mrs. Hatch was introduced to the audience a few minutes after we took our seats in a pew of the Tabernacle—a delicate featured blonde, of seventeen or eighteen, with flaxen ringlets falling over her shoulders, movements deliberate and self-possessed, voice calm and deep, and eyes and fingers no way nervous.

Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak. And they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is shame for a woman to speak in the church.

objection to the propriety of the performance. The tone and manner were of an absolute sincerity of devoutness which compelled respect; and, before she closed, I was prepared to believe her an exception—either that a male spirit was speaking through her lips, or that the relative position of the sexes is not the same as in the days of St. Paul.

Upon the platform in the rear of the pulpit, sat three reporters; and the daily papers have given outlines of the argument between the fair "medium" and an antagonistic clergyman who was present. No report can give any fair idea of the "spirit presence," however—I mean, of the self-possessed dignity, clearness, promptness, and undeniable superiority of the female reasoner.

The argument was long, and, on the clergyman's part, a warm and sarcastic one. The reverend gentleman, (what is commonly described as a "smart man," with high health, a remarkably large and high forehead, and a lawyer's subtlety of logic), alternated speeches with the "medium," for an hour and a half—leaving the audience, I thought, unanimously on the lady's side.

If you recollect our conversations on this subject, my experience in spiritualism has been always unsatisfactory. The "Fox girls" and others have tried their spells upon me in vain. It has seemed to me that I was one of those to whom was not "given," (as the Bible says) "the discerning of spirits." But it would be very bigoted and blind not to see and acknowledge the wonderful INTELLECTUAL DEMONSTRATION made by Mrs. Hatch; and how to explain it, with her age, habits and education, is the true point at issue.

MEETINGS AND SPIRIT DISCOURSES AT THE MELODEON. Yesterday forenoon (Sabbath) a free social conference was attended at the Melodeon on the principles and uses of Spiritualism.

In the afternoon, through the excellent mediumship of Mrs. Henderson we listened to a discourse, by the "ministration of angels," on the Origin and Creation of Man. We may call it a spontaneous outburst of the spiritual sense of Genesis, such as one would adopt who had for years been a student of the wonderful revelations of the "Arcana Celestia" of E. Swedenborg.

The six days' creation with relation to the earth were long and to us indefinite periods of geological formations and relating to man, successive states and conditions of progress from the germs of infancy through the developments of the childhood of the human race.

Man's physical organization was computed of all the final elements of the different kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal, beneath him. His spiritual was a seminal and human soul from the purest divinity of the Most High. That soul possessing all the Divine elements lodged in the proper material conditions, appropriated to itself all the ingredients essential to form a corresponding external human body.

At the close of the lecture and at the instance of the spirits various questions, put by different individuals, were answered, almost as if by omniscient readiness and adaptation—substantially as follows: Ques. After the given formation of the male how was the female created?

Ans. Deity in nature is dual. Hence the plural number, "Let us make man in our image." The literal sense of woman's being formed from the rib (extra) of man conveyed nothing intelligible. It was certain that one was made in the image of God as truly as the other.

Q. What is meant by the fall of man? A. Man, as a child, at first was aspiring, but ignorant of his own laws and destiny of being. Though his eventual destiny and victory was upward, his first natural desire of knowledge was downward, and outward, by following which he heeded not the interior, spiritual nature and command, and perverted his own organism.

Q. Who was the serpent? A. It was the Spirit of Evil, the sensual principle in man, properly typified by the lowest of the animal creation.

Q. What kind of death was signified by the language, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die?" A. The connection from the Scripture was at once cited, and the word of the serpent, "thou shalt surely die" was stated to be fulfilled according to the natural appearance of the letter, for he did not physically die on the day thereof, but by the spiritual sense he did die morally.

Q. If the devil is only the evil affections of man, how could it be that the devils were sent into the swine by Christ, and the swine ran down into the sea? A. The spirits of men who had lived evil lives on earth entered the spiritual world evil, and returning to the earth sphere, take possession of men and make them commit acts of crime and madness. Those spirits, or evil affections, could easily be sent into the swine, as the angel of the Lord could speak through Balaam's beast.

Q. Has there been any real fall of the human race and not rather actual progression? A. Surely there has been a progress. But as

the fall of man it is progressing in knowledge without progressing in wisdom. Whenever man is not wise as well as knowing, he may be said to fall, lacking the conscientious and benevolent control of his knowledge. Knowledge is of intellectual education, wisdom, the result of good will united with a good understanding, or true education.

Other questions were ready to be offered when the spirits signified by the waving of the medium's hand and saying, "Though we would longer remain to answer any questions, yet the time has been long and we must pass on. We must withdraw, asking for you the guidance of heaven that you may be enabled to investigate these things and learn their truth."

Dr. Gardner, who presided at the meeting, then alluded to the new phase of manifestation of spirit-drawing. There were two mediums in the State of Ohio, one at Columbus and the other at Cleveland, who upon retiring to a dark room, could see spirits and draw their portraits. He showed to the audience a pencil portrait drawn in seven minutes. The form of the spirit, as given in the portrait, had been recognized and identified by three spiritual mediums, as being that of the same person. It was the portrait of some Indian living in the state of N. York prior to the discovery of the Continent by Columbus, and said to be an Aztec. It resembled the outlines of the Indian organism.

Dr. G. stated that if any had deceased friends whose portraits they wanted, they could signify to spirits coming through ordinary mediums, requesting them to visit those painting mediums, at a particular time, and accordingly send a letter stating the fact and time of appointment, and were required to enclose one dollar. The address of one of the mediums is Geo. E. Wolcott, Columbus, Ohio.

Boston, May 4th, 1857. W. H. Porter.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

TRANCE SPEAKING AT THE MELODEON.—Mrs. Henderson, the Trance Speaking Medium, will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon, (May 10th,) at 3, and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Subjects selected by the audience on each occasion. Those who are desirous of investigating the new phenomena should not fail to be present.

A Spiritual Conference Meeting, free to all, will be held on Sunday forenoon at the above place, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock. Clergymen are particularly invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL, School St.—On Sunday afternoons, Conference Meetings, relating strictly to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism. In the evening, Discussions of Philosophical and Reform questions. Circles for development in the morning at 10 o'clock. Admittance to all meetings, 5 cents.

IN CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings will be held regularly at Washington Hall, every Sabbath afternoon. Speaking by entranced mediums.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at FREMONT HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

Meetings also at Wait's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire streets, at the same hours as above.

IN SALEM.—Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening.

AT LYCUM HALL, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOOMEY.

NOTICE.—Mr. Charles H. Crowell, the trance medium, will speak in Quincy on Sunday, 17th inst.

AGENCY IN NEW YORK.

MR. S. T. MUNSON, Secretary of the "New York Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," and late editor of the Christian Spiritualist, has opened a store at No. 5 Great Jones St., New York, for the sale of books and papers on Spiritualism and reform. Such a place has long been needed in that city, and no one engaged in the cause is better adapted for the work than Mr. M. We congratulate our New York friends on the prospect of a depot for the sale of works for which the demand, already great, is daily on the increase, as such a place will be a public advantage.

Mr. Munson has assumed the agency of this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and supply present or back numbers. He will always have a full stock on hand, and furnish dealers with the Banner at publisher's prices.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

S. B. Brittan, recently of the Spiritual Telegraph, has issued the initial number of a paper bearing the above name. Mr. Brittan has been long and favorably known among Spiritualists, having from the earliest manifestations of spirit presence been engaged in an able and influential advocacy of the cause. It is needless for us to say that he presents a good paper, his long experience renders him eminently fitted for the enterprise he has commenced. Success to the "Age."

THE HERALD OF LIGHT, A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH. This new publication edited by the Rev. T. L. Harris author of The Agricola of the Morning Land, etc., is one of the ablest journals yet published, devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. Its salutary is powerfully written, bearing the impress of the enlarged mind of the Editor. The magazine contains a continuation of that most noble poem, Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and its general contents are highly interesting.

The officer of the dock on board a man-of-war asked the man at the wheel one day— "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale o' wind.

"South-ast," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add sir, to his answer.

"You'd better put a few more S's in your answer when you speak to me," said the huffy lieutenant.

"Aye, aye, sir-r-r," returned the witty Irishman. A day or two after, the officer called out again.

"How does she head now?"

"South-ast and be south, half south and a little southerly, sir-ree, your honor, sir," screamed Pat.

Dramatic and Musical.

EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.—After a series of unprecedentedly brilliant successes, Mr. Booth attracted a large and critical audience to witness his performance of Shakespeare's most abused character. So few actors are there who have any idea of the part, and of those few, hardly one, possessing the requisite youth, face and form, to give effect to it, that we had almost despaired of seeing any approach to its delineation. The event of Monday night convinced us that the character so long misunderstood and barbarously treated by actors for the most part incapable of anything save inexplicable dumb shows and noise, had at last found a fitting exponent. When Mr. Booth came upon the stage, the Hamlet of our imagination stood before us, and as the play progressed, it was evident that we were by no means alone in our opinion that the Hamlet of Edwin Booth was beyond comparison the best personation of the character ever witnessed upon the Boston Stage. Those who missed the old machine "points" would occasionally object to this and that, but when brought down to an examination of the performance as a whole, few were willing to say that they could recollect its superior. So much has been written and spoken concerning Hamlet's peculiarities, that we should only be wasting words by entering into any analysis of the part.

Suffice it, that we could find no "loop to hang a doubt on," that the Danish Prince, banished from the stage, (at least since the days of John Philip Kemble,) had once more resumed his place in the front rank of Shakespeare's giant creations as enacted upon the stage. The more quiet passages were surpassingly beautiful, for example, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow," and "for the soul, what can it do to that, being a thing immortal as itself." The clear modulation of the tones have hardly yet passed from our hearing.

KING LEAR, on Tuesday evening, and BRUTUS, on Wednesday, made stronger links in the chain connecting this now-risen genius to the enthusiastic approbation of the most experienced play-goers in the world.

RICHARD THE THIRD, repeated by request on Thursday evening, drew another brilliant audience, and when we say that the portrayal of the character, exceeded that of the preceding week, we have said enough to class it with those rare pieces of acting to which the word "great" can with propriety be applied. In the first performance of RICHARD, Mr. Booth seemed nervous in view of the much that was expected of him from what we have before called an exaggerated idea of the "immensity" of his father but on this evening no trace of nervousness appeared, and consequently the greater triumph.

THE FAREWELL BENEFIT on Friday evening was the crowning point of this brilliant engagement. The seats were full, the aisles were full, and the lobbies were thronged with persons eagerly but vainly endeavoring to obtain a view of the stage. The plays were THE IRON CHEST, and KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

At the close of his performance of Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Booth was called before the curtain and amid a floral shower, delivered a few words of thanks to the audience, the press and the management.

The entire audience remained through the Comedy, and left the Theatre with words of regret that Mr. Booth's engagement should close so soon. A warm welcome awaits him whenever he reappears in Boston.

THE NATIONAL, still keeps successfully upon its way, with little change in style of entertainments or audiences.

At the MUSEUM, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr. has succeeded Miss Logan. We shall speak of him in our next.

METILDA HEBON and CAMILLE, are the new, town excitement. Our appreciation of Mr. Booth having drawn us to the Theatre nightly during his engagement, we shall rest awhile and speak of Camille in our next.

Mrs. BARROW.—There are few ladies in the theatrical profession so universally admired and esteemed as Mrs. Barrow. Evidence has been given during Mr. Booth's engagement, that she has lost none of her popularity. Of her Juliet de Mortimer and Katherine, it is only necessary to say that they have not been surpassed. We consider Mrs. Barrow the brightest light of the Boston Theatre, to remove which would be to lessen our enjoyments of the play beyond measure.

Mr. JOSEPH PROCTOR, after a brilliant series of engagements at the West, has returned to his charming Somerville residence to repose under his own vine and fig tree.

CHILDREN IN RUSSIA.

In the life of a Russian peasant there is a period anterior to all tunics, mantles, and even sheepskins, during which they live a kind of mummy life, only, unlike the Egyptian, it is the first instead of the last stage of their existence. For the youngest children are always swaddled, and rolled up tight in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their houses, an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some pagan tribes, having their idols and penates with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid up on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third swung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot. "Why, that is a child!" cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learnt so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat damped by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it was washed. "Washed!" shrieks the horrified mother, "washed! what, wash a child? You would kill it!"

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The carriage road up to the summit of Mt. Washington is in a fair state of progress, and it is hoped will be completed the present season. The carriage to be used on the road will be of peculiar construction, so that the body of the vehicle will be level when ascending or descending the mountain.

THE MORMONS WILL FIGHT.—The Desert News, Brigham Young's organ, assumes a defiant and warlike tone, declares that the principle of squatter sovereignty shall be vindicated by the Mormons, and that under it the people of Utah have a right to choose their own institutions, without regard to the general government.

ARMY OPERATIONS.—Instructions have been issued from the War Department, ordering General Harney and troops immediately from Florida to Fort Leavenworth. Col. Sumner, with a force of about 1,000 men, has also been ordered against the Iowa and Cheyenne Indians. On the restoration of peace in those quarters, he will proceed with his troops to Utah. It is estimated that early in June there will be at least 3,000 United States troops in Kansas under the command of Maj. Gens. Harney and Persifer F. Smith.

The Busy World.

Iron sells at Honolulu at forty cents per pound. Cairo, Illinois by the census just taken has a population of 1766.

THE QUAKERS, have 715 churches in the United States with 283,000 attendants.

MAINE, has 503 miles of rail road, costing 17,500,000 dollars.

PUBLIC LANDS.—There are nearly six millions of acres of unsold land in Michigan.

A BEEHIVE SUGAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY has been organized at San Jose, California with a capital of \$50,000.

THE INCOME of the Marquis of Westminster, it is said is 400,000L per annum equal to \$5000 per day.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAIL ROAD STOCK, rates at \$187 per share being the highest railroad stock in the country.

A LONG RANGE.—It is calculated that the guns cast at West Point for the new steam frigate Niagara will throw a 130 pound shell four miles.

HENRY ADAMS, the Free State Mayor elect of Lawrence, K. T., is a brother-in-law of Powers, the sculptor.

LIBERAL.—The infant Prince of Naples has been christened with fifty names, amongst the first being Genaro Maria Immaculate.

CHARLES BECHER, of Galeburg, Illinois, is preparing a biography of his father, Rev. Lyman Becher.

PEARLS are now found in fresh water clams! One worth \$1,000, and others of less value, have been found in New Jersey.

PEACE.—The Chippewas and Sioux, who have been for years at war, have buried the hatchet, and smoked the pipe of peace together.

FARREL, the witness in the Burdell case, has been tried at Albany for illegal voting, and discharged.

MR. DAVID HUNT, of Mississippi, has given a donation of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Colonization Society.

STEAMBOATS.—The aggregate number of steamboats and barges built, along the Ohio river since 1849, is 662; there are now plying on the river 900 boats of all kinds.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC has a cattle herd that yields him half a million a year. There are three hundred thousand cattle.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS OF NEW YORK, comprising less than a dozen papers, pay \$3,000 per week for telegraphic despatches.

JOHN A. CHENOWETH, convicted of stealing a \$100 bill from a letter in the Columbia, Georgia, post office, was sentenced at Savannah to ten years in the penitentiary.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Several large vessels are now on their way from Africa to Cuba, with full cargoes of slaves—some with as many as seven hundred on board.

THE COST.—It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States \$12,000,000 annually; the criminals \$40,000,000; the lawyers \$70,000,000, and run \$200,000,000.

A LARGE DIFFERENCE.—Gas costs but 88 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; and in the United States the average price is \$2 50 per thousand.

A SOLID CABINET.—Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet is "solid" in one respect—all men of fortune. Cass is worth two millions; Cobb and Floyd half a million each; Thompson a million.

WASHINGTON IRVING, with his accustomed liberality to his family connections, has made over the copyright of the "Life of Washington" to one of his nephews.

CAUTION TO SNUFF-TAKERS.—Died, in Prattville, Ala., Mrs. Mary S. Glenn, wife of William Glenn. The cause of the decease of Mrs. Glenn in the prime of early womanhood, was the intemperate use of snuff.

NICARAGUA.—Advices from San Salvador state that the partition of Nicaragua among the allies has been finally settled. The native Nicaraguans are represented as consenting parties to the division.—Walker yet lives however.

STATE EXPENDITURES.—The current state expenditures of Massachusetts in 1841 were, \$103,000, in 1851 \$642,000, and in 1856 they had grown to \$1,335,000, a sum greater than the aggregate expenses of all the other New England states.

CHEAP.—The Montreal Miner (Roman Catholic organ) has an article entreating subscriptions to the funds of a society for the salvation of infidel infants. It states that the agents of the society have baptized 329,338 infants, of whom 217,104 are already dead and gone to heaven. For 20 sous, according to the report of the missionaries, four children can be saved; for 1,000 francs, 4,000 children.

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DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1857.

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

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

N. G. Bristol, R. I.—Capt. Wm. Miller is in the spirit world, and is very anxious to manifest, but cannot under present conditions. He has been here but a short time. Given by Olive Geyer.

JAMES L. Baltimore.—The works of A. J. Davis can be obtained in your city, and by so doing you will avoid the expense of postage. Mr. Davis has a new volume in preparation, which will be ready in a short time.

W. R. New York.—We shall be pleased to render you such assistance as we are able. We cannot advise you what course to pursue further than to say, follow your highest conception of right.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

Quite a marked change has become apparent in the tone of the public press in its remarks upon the subject of Spiritualism. This is to be expected in the natural course of events. It were impossible that so many thousands of believers in the existence of a means of communication between this and the spirit world should exist, without their influence being felt and made manifest. And its earliest prominent effect is seen in "the papers." For the press, after all its boasted independence and individuality, is much like the clergy who profess to be the teachers of the people, to show them the way to life and light, yet, in reality, follow rather than lead. The editor generally asks himself, will this suit my readers? and the minister inquires, whether this or that point may not possibly offend the musty dignity of some Judas, who holds the bag.

We have said the tens of thousands of Spiritualists have moved the press. Let us look at it a moment; let us see how this great power looks in the path of truth.

The Boston Traveller quotes the lines of Milton, "Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth, unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

And on this as a text makes the following remarks: "The doctrine of Milton is as old as the race. All religions are full of it, and in great measure grow out of it. Nor are Judaism and Christianity exceptions to the universal fact. In all the primeval records of whatever race, we find direct and open intercourse with the immortals. The ancient patriarchs talked face to face with visible angels, who, in the forms of men, became favored guests at their hospitable tables, and left their benediction with lessons of heavenly wisdom behind. It is neither easy nor necessary to discriminate between myth and fact in these ancient traditions. The veriest Gradgrind can hardly doubt that a belief, universal among all races and religions, has a solid basis of fact somewhere."

It then introduces modern Spiritualism to its readers, forming, however, in saying that we are having "a new form of intercourse" with the spirit world. It is but a resurrection of an apostolic faith and practice, bringing mankind back to a natural life on earth, opening to every man the doors of the temple of truth, removing the priests who have stood at the portals denying out God's free gifts at a salary of from two to ten thousand dollars a year, and saying, take these blessings directly from the Giver of all Good.

In alluding to the leading facts of Spiritualism, the Traveller says they are pretty generally admitted, and adds:

"The charge of deception and humbug has become absurd. The great majority of the people have witnessed its strange and unaccountable phenomena, under circumstances and in the presence of persons where fraud or charlatanism were out of the question. Inanimate bodies have been moved, by unseen agency, and ideas communicated from unknown sources. And these things have occurred, and still occur, in innumerable instances, and before witnesses of undoubted veracity. These are facts, as well established as any facts can be by human testimony, and the scrutiny of them is constantly within the reach of all."

This is an admission we have always demanded, but one which even at this late day, after ten years of facts, few comparatively are willing to grant. The testimony of two or three, and that somewhat questionable, is received in regard to the events of near two thousand years ago; but the facts of today, occurring at our own firesides, sworn to by three millions of our fellow men, is thrown to the winds, or attributed to jugglery.

At length the question assumes an importance that cannot be set aside, and those who once laughed at it, thought it weak and puny, an infant that would die in its cradle, are astonished to witness its growth, and ask, "How shall we treat it?"

To this the Traveller replies, giving at the same time a sharp home thrust at our learned neighbors at Cambridge:

"It is easy to cry deception and fraud; college professors can do that with as little effort as the variegated boor in the streets, and with as little credit to themselves. But these facts deserve better treatment from reflecting men. They open a new field of investigation. There are laurels to be gained by the philosopher who will evolve the law and reveal the essence of these phenomena. If they are 'spiritual,' in the sense of the sect receiving them as such, let it be demonstrated; if natural and legitimate products of strictly human faculties, let us understand the methods by which they are produced."

That the Spiritualists are not all "fools," "weak-brained creatures," "broken down men," and "disipated women," all of which wholesome epithets have been generously applied to them, is evidenced by this writer when he says,

"It is noticeable of the spiritual movement, that it is attended by low fanaticism and excitement of the coarsest religious elements, than has attended the birth of the sect generally, and is consequently less adapted to produce any general movement of the human mind. Its converts are mainly sedate and reasonable persons; and, although naturally skeptical, they are not much given to fanaticism. Its progress is attended by a moderate enthusiasm, nothing like the excessive fanaticism of human institutions, called religions. Yet, in the last few years, grown to a large number, it has attracted considerable attention by its numerous manifestations and influences."

In concluding the article, the Traveller considers the amount of reality from which it grows. From a studied, it may lead to new discoveries in the laws

of mind and of animal life, that may prove of incalculable advantage to the race. And here lies the obvious duty of men of thought and science, with leisure and every facility for the fullest investigation—of the students and teachers of theology, into whose domain the new faith will intrude, though they hedge themselves about with triple walls of scorn."

The Journal, also speaks a word in favor of giving the subject a fair treatment. It is not so decided in its tone as the Traveller, yet exhibits signs of repentance for its many sins against it in days that are past, and gives promise of being able to defend the truth in the face of "a frowning world," if indeed, the world should continue to frown as it has done, which we very much doubt.

The Journal says, "We do not know that Spiritualism may not be all that is claimed for it." This differs a little from the opinion of the press for the past five years and its opinion to a great extent now. The popular opinion has all along known that Spiritualism was "a humbug," a mere scaffolding of trickery; but this great god of the world, "Popular opinion," begins to cogitate over what it sees and hears, and actually confesses it does not know but that it may be mistaken. The Journal further says:

"The phenomena of so called 'spiritualism' require the thorough investigation of men of science, but instead of receiving this, demonstrations which have been witnessed by thousands of shrewd, intelligent men are pronounced fraudulent, and evidence which would be considered overwhelming in any other case is scornfully set aside as worthless, while the host of witnesses arrogantly set down as fools, dupes or lunatics."

Unluckily for those who determinedly oppose Spiritualism, they find that when they call its believers "fools," "dupes," and "lunatics," they are conferring these dignified titles upon their own fathers, mothers, and nearest friends; even the very children of their own household, for so prevalent has the belief become that scarce a dozen families exist in any community that have not in their circle one who is, publicly or privately, a Spiritualist.

The "thorough investigation of men of science," is no more nor less than what the firmest believer has always asked for. It is, in fact, what has earnestly been sought from the time first "mysterious noise" was heard, ten years ago, to the present, and just what, from fear of the consequence, these "men of science" have most pertinaciously refused to give it. They have willingly looked into everything but this, analyzed east winds, solidified coal gas, put a pendulum to the earth, and discussed in the capital of this "great, grand, and glorious" republic, the all-absorbing problem, "why do roosters crow at midnight?" But a question involving the immortality of man, a theory that tells us where and how all that made that mouldering form we once loved so dearly, lovable, now exists, is thrown under the table as of too trivial a nature to be thought of, and the venerable scholar that suggests its consideration is laughed at and reported upon by committees that are mere farthing tapers to a rush-light.

Let the Journal itself speak: "Here are a great mass of facts, standing out in the broad light of day, which requires scientific explanation, and most likely will admit of it, and upon natural principles. But scientific men, with but a very few exceptions, have met them by wholesale denials of the facts, and gross abuse of the witnesses."

And wisely concludes that, "If this is the only mode which can be discovered of putting down the delusion, it will be very likely to grow and flourish beyond all precedent."

The paper from which we first quoted also takes this common-sense view of it, supposing it to be an error. It says,

"No error was ever killed by trampling upon it or despising it. Error must be dug up by the roots and its true character exhibited. If spiritualism will not stand scrutiny, it is high time that its pretensions were exposed. If it will, then let it be used like any other fact, and its laws and methods be clearly defined. In this way, whatever may be the result, error and fanaticism will be dipped in the bud, and their mischievous results averted from the community."

We would call the attention of the Boston Courier, New York Courier, Harper's Weekly, and the opposition generally, to this only just view of the subject, even admitting it to be an error. The wholesale denunciation which has been directed against it has made converts to its faith. It has induced men to examine and to know personally whether it is indeed such a monstrosity of deceit, in order, that, if convinced that it is, they might be prepared to take a firm position against its advances. Nearly all the believers in spirit communion, have begun their inquiries respecting it with the belief that they could prove it a delusion, with their prejudices all against it as a reality. Such having been the result with hundreds of thousands, we have no fear of what it may be with those who follow after. Therefore we ask, we demand a hearing before we are condemned. We do not wish our kind friends in New York to put us in jail before we make a defence. And this defence shall be, not in words and endless argument; but in facts. We are willing to be proved deceivers, we are willing to have our religion proved a cheat—if it can be done; but we are weary of mere talk, and slander, and groundless charges. We are weary of seeing one incident which by some circuloation of words and occurrences, appears to the disadvantage of our belief, paraded with great show in the papers, while ten thousand facts remain in the columns of the journals of spiritualism unnoticed.

But from the first we have felt that we stand on sure ground, and that time would accumulate such an abundance of testimony to the truth that it would overwhelm all opposition. The two papers from which extracts have been made are taking the lead, and others will surely follow. We remember, and it is but a short time since, when these papers were among our staunchest opponents. But times change and men change with them, and so do editors. Thank God that it so, and take courage.

"If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but truth, what an abridgment it would make of speech! And what an unravelling there would be of the invisible webs which men, like so many spiders, now weave about each other! But the contest between Truth and Falshood is now pretty well balanced. Were it not so, and had the latter the mastery, even language would soon become extinct, from its very uselessness. The present superfluity of words is the result of the warfare."

MR. WILLIS AND HARVARD COLLEGE.

The party action of the Faculty of Harvard College continues to be the topic of conversation, and is effecting the object that was intended, in a very rapid manner. After all, we don't know but that we must thank Prof. Eustis for his obstinate refusal to accept as a truth what all his friends believe to be a truth, and what he, were he to throw aside his prejudice, and sit down honestly to give the subject a fair investigation, must in his soul feel to be one, for he, by what he has done and is doing, is drawing the attention of the whole civilized world to the question. Is spiritualism false, or is it true?

Mr. Willis has offered to have a sitting in the presence of all his enemies, or any committee that may be appointed, and be bound hand and foot, and subject himself to every guard against the possibility of deception, that all the Faculty of Cambridge and all the committees that may be appointed can devise. After one of these offers, the medical gentleman who appeared as counsellor for Prof. Eustis, said to Mr. Willis,

"You don't suppose anything would take place, do you, under such circumstances?"

"I know there would," replied Mr. Willis.

"How do you know it?" again asked Dr. —

"By my faith," replied Mr. Willis, "and also because I have been thus bound before, and the manifestations have been produced as well as ever."

And yet in the face of all this, the Courier publishes the following:—

"The friends of Mr. Willis are not only ungrateful, but unwise, not to let the matter rest where the Theological Faculty left it. Mr. Willis himself will not thank them for what they are doing. We have little doubt that he finds the officiousness of his friends and advocates very inconvenient. He will be the last man to ask for an examination into his spiritualistic pretensions by a committee of competent and conscientious observers."

Now this writer knew very well that Mr. Willis instead of avoiding an investigation, has made every possible effort to obtain one. As long ago as April 15th, Mr. Willis, in a letter to a friend, said, "I want nothing done without the utmost calmness and deliberation. I have no vindictive feelings, and not for the world would I countenance for one moment any action that can carry with it the least appearance of revenge on my part towards anybody. I am very weak yet in body. It is purely mental energy that is now keeping me from my bed. Mr. — communicated to me your proposition to himself a test sitting. I cordially acquiesce in it, and all its conditions. I am strong in mind now, and very strong in my faith, and trust in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice." Does this look much like an unwillingness to meet an examination?

We have reason to suppose that the Courier writer is very nearly allied to Prof. Eustis and his counsel, and, like a lawyer with a bad case, employs groundless assertion in place of sound argument, for the plain reason that he has no basis on which to build the latter. All the facts are against him. The testimony of a thousand witnesses is ready to sustain Mr. Willis. Are all these thousand deceived? They have seen a piano weighing nine hundred pounds lifted entirely from the floor and moved in the air. Was that done with Mr. Willis's foot? That foot which the Cambridge University so affectionately grasped! They have seen a guitar rise from the floor without a hand near it, and heard it played upon with all the skill of an experienced player. Was that done with Mr. Willis's foot?

Surely, when this matter comes to trial, and the evidence is all footed up, it will take something more than the science and learning of Harvard College to demonstrate it all as a humbug or to make it anything else than what the Spiritualist declares it to be.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

Sometime since a gentleman of this city prostrated by disease called a friend to his side and made some inquiry respecting Spiritualism, and promised his friend that if it was possible for him to communicate to him after his decease he would do so.

The promise was made without much thought of being able to fulfill it; but when the friend left, the sick man revolved the subject in his mind and gradually became convinced of the possibility of a return after it had been said of him that he had "departed this life." A short time subsequent to this, as he became conscious of the near approach of his hour of change, he said, alluding to this friend, "Tell Henry —" and would have said more, but he grew weak, and expired with the unspoken message in his soul.

A few days ago a friend of ours called upon Mr. Mansfield, of this city. Mr. M. felt inclined to write; and taking a pencil, a long communication was written, signed and handed to this person with a request that he deliver it to Henry Clayton. Mr. Mansfield was unacquainted with all the parties.

From this communication we are permitted to make a few extracts:—

FIRST HENRY—I am happy to avail myself of the opportunity which presents itself through this medium at this time of making good that I promised you only a few days prior to my exit 'o this my spirit home.

Just prior to my departure, you, my friend Clayton, called on me, and the subject of Spiritualism was by you introduced—hence, the request you made of me, viz., that if I could communicate to you I would; and the more I thought on that I had promised you the stronger my belief, was that I should be able to talk with you again.

I lingered for a short time after you left me; but as the fatal hour drew near that was to launch me into the dark and mystical future, God did, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, show me the step that I was next to take—and, oh, my dear friend, then it was I requested them, to say to Henry — but my strength failed me, and I passed from earth to the spheres.

Henry, say to all my once earth-mates, forgive me for the past. I am now trying to make amends for the past, and through the kind assistance of God and my precious spirit friends, I trust yet to make my mark among the inhabitants of earth. Could I have known, only one short year prior to my coming here, what I now know, how much more exalted a position could I have now occupied. Henry, tell my dear wife and children, Richard, the husband and father that was, is not far from them, but about them, even in their midst. Say to them, be patient, by striving to be good and wise in all things, and I'll visit a wise reference to the future. They may meet with crosses, and I dare say, afflictions, while they remain in the form, yet, count it, all for good. But at the last, they will be called to come up higher. And to you, my friend Henry—I thank you many times

for the attention you gave me during my last moments on earth; and, as you have not me, to lavish your kindness on, please extend it to my dear family. What you do for them, by way of alleviating their many wants, will, I trust, be placed to your credit in the great book of life; and when you are called to leave the mortal part as I have, I hope to be able to meet you on the banks of the river which now separates us, and with a noble band of spirits escort you to the celestial realms.

RICHARD TOMAS.

INEVITABLE PROGRESSION.

Our readers will doubtless remember the interesting incident related by Lord Lindsay, who, in the course of his wanderings amid the Pyramids of Egypt, found in the hand of a mummy, proved to be two thousand years of age, a bulbous root, and being interested in the question, how long vegetable life could last, took the root, planted it, and in a few weeks was astonished by the appearance of a beautiful dahlia.

We mention the fact as a good illustration of the truth, that all things contain within a germ of beauty and life immortal.

The germ of Soul within man is perfect goodness, for it is of God, and therefore how can it be otherwise? Circumstances may hold that goodness captive for a time, may fold around it the black and unsightly mummy cloth of Egyptian darkness, but as sure as there is a God, it is subject to his omnipotent will, made manifest in the laws of universal and eternal progression, and shall be at some future time loosed from the grasp of what to our finite vision may appear to be an inexorable fate.

As spiritualists, particularly those who have by instructions from higher spheres been led to renounce dogmas and creeds, and feel our souls exulting in the realization of the actual fulfillment of a promise made centuries ago, "The truth shall make you free," this incident comes home with a double power and meaning. Our souls have long been bound in dusty parchments and the mouldy decrees of antiquated councils, and since our release we have felt how dark and hopeless was our situation, closed fast in the hand of the great theological mummy. An unseen hand has been extended from a higher state of existence, and we have been taken out of that dark and cheerless prison. We have been warmed by the sun, and cheered by the light of truth; and our angel friends are waiting and watching to see our souls bud and blossom with higher thoughts, and holier deeds, and loftier purposes. Shall they wait and watch in vain?

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

The friends of spiritualism who have been in the habit of assembling weekly at Dodworth's Academy, have adopted an organization, in which they desire the active co-operation of others.

It is called the New York Spiritual Association, and comprises all those who are willing publicly to avow their co-operation. Its purpose is the development and propagation of a scientific, philosophical and reformatory spiritualism.

The management of its affairs is entrusted to an Executive Committee, to be chosen every year, and to consist of not less than twelve persons. Monthly meetings of the Association are to be held for the purpose of consulting as to the measures best calculated to advance its objects.

Its purposes are to be carried out by means of Lectures, Conferences, Conventions, Libraries, Reading Rooms, Publications, and such other instrumentalities as may from time to time be deemed advisable.

Membership consisting of those who are willing, by enrolling their names, publicly to avow their co-operation, all are invited to hand in their names and address to some one of the Executive Committee, and become thereby full members, without other test or condition, and without the imposition of any tax or burden, except what may be voluntarily assumed.

The Executive Committee are anxious to have this invitation as generally accepted as possible, for they attach much importance to a general participation and interest in the affairs of the Association, and they believe that much of its usefulness will depend on that. The Committee is composed of the following individuals:—

Ab. D. Wilson, M. D., Mrs. Mary F. Davis, A. J. Davis, L. T. Warner, M. D., Mrs. Mary B. Hawley, Ira B. Davis, R. T. Hallock, M. D., Mrs. R. Hallock, George H. Jones, J. W. Edmonds, W. S. Courtney, Frederick G. Carnes. The Committee will desire to carry out the other objects of the Association—such as a School, Relief Society, Library, Reading-Room and Publications—as rapidly as the means can be procured.

INQUIRIES OF T. P.—MIDDLEBURY VT.

FIRST QUESTION. Are all mankind the offspring of the same parents?

ANSWER. In the beginning, God, or the Superior Intelligence, created all things, ponderable and ethereal; visible and invisible, vegetable and animal. Man, the superior animal, created he also; but the animal man passed through many inferior degrees of progression ere he was fashioned in the image of the Superior Intelligence, God, or he became cognizant of his own superior power. Adam was doubtless the first man who received knowledge of his God, and of his near alliance to that God, hence he was the first fashioned in the image of the Superior Wisdom, and from him all the nations of the earth generated.

SECOND QUESTION. Was Christ the Son of Joseph the carpenter?

ANSWER. No, Christ was not the son of Joseph. He was the legitimate son of the high priest, who was privately married to Mary, in the hill country. His [the priest's] own personal safety, and that of Mary and the unborn child, demanded secrecy therefore no record was made of the facts we now give you.

THIRD QUESTION. What was his mission to earth?

ANSWER. His mission was to do away with the old Mosaic law, and to establish a new commandment or law, for he said, "a new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." FOURTH QUESTION. Was his sufferings and death a sacrifice or an atonement, to appease an offended Deity?

ANSWER. No. His earthly temple fell a sacrifice to the darkness of the ages. The light shown in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. Therefore the darkness destroyed the earthly temple, but failed to destroy the light; for the light was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Hence it was not subject to destruction. His soul was not bound to the earth. Moral, these several questions propounded to us, we have answered as completely as possible, and in strict accordance with the facts in the spiritual land. A. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Recent Events in Spiritualism.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ASTONISHING SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN CLEVELAND—REPORT OF A COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

We the undersigned having visited the rooms of Mr. Davenport during his visit here for the past six weeks, feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to give to the public a true and faithful statement of the phenomena we then witnessed and which we believe were no other than what they claimed to be, namely: spiritual manifestations, for reasons hereafter mentioned.

At the first circle held after the arrival of Mr. Davenport and his two sons, Ira and William Henry, we were advised by the controlling spirit to form a select circle, and meet at least once a week without any change of members, for the purpose of harmonizing the minds of those who attended and thereby render conditions favorable for extraordinary physical manifestations.

An attempt was made to form such a circle, but our endeavors to comply with the rules by which the members would derive any advantage over the public circle, was found to be somewhat difficult.

Saturday, the 28th ult., we were informed by "King" the presiding spirit, speaking in an audible voice without the assistance of the trumpet, that if we strictly observed the required conditions, he would be able to produce manifestations.

For the benefit of the distant reader it is perhaps proper to give a brief description of the hall in which we assembled for witnessing these phenomena.

It is about 30 by 50 feet, on the third floor from the street. On one side of this room, elevated on a table, is placed a box large enough to hold five or six persons comfortably. At each end of this box is a seat formed by a board extending across from side to side, and made fast at each end.

The object of this box, when closed, being perfectly dark, was to enable the spirits to manifest themselves by music and other demonstrations, while the room was lighted and the mediums tied, their hands behind them, and the cords passed through holes in the seat, and made secure on the under side, thus depriving them of any chance whatever to use their hands or move from their position where seated.

While the mediums were in this condition, the door of the box being closed and a light in the room, on several occasions a hand and arm was presented through the door where an opening had been made, protected with a slide, which was not only seen distinctly by all in the room, but by many of us, touched and grasped very sensibly, and on one occasion, the door being partly open, two hands—and a face were seen distinctly above it. At other times three instruments were played on at once, and a variety of tunes produced, some of which would compare favorably with those performed by our best musicians. The doings of Friday evening being of the most extraordinary character, we shall be obliged to confine our report briefly to a description of them.

Friday evening, April 3d. We assembled at the room and took our seats according to instructions, not in a circle as on other occasions, but in straight lines across each end of the room, the company being about equally divided in two sections facing each other, the box before spoken of in the centre, on one side, leaving the opposite side, and all the main part of the room clear space.

The mediums took their accustomed positions in the box, and were in a few moments securely and firmly bound down to the seats by the spirits. The light was then brought in and a critical examination made by several gentlemen—from the circle—in the manner in which the mediums were tied, who pronounced it to be well done, as good or better, than they could do it themselves.

The mediums in this condition, even if they had any desire to practice deception, could by no means whatever obtain the use of their hands without assistance from a third person. To guard against this seemed to be the next object of the controlling spirit. Though all the company as one were honestly investigating, and from a thorough acquaintance of all the members with each other, not the slightest vestige of suspicion could for a moment have place in their minds, that any one of their number was capable of practicing duplicity, or deception on this occasion, yet the most rigid precaution was observed by the spirits to prevent any one from leaving their seats while demonstrations were being made. We were required to set alternately a gentleman and lady, then by passing a cord through the button-hole of each gentleman's coat, and bringing the two ends to the centre, where they were held by persons selected for that purpose in each section of the company. Besides this, a silk ribbon was passed along through the hands of all the company, to equalize the magnetic currents.

All the company were then requested to join hands, still holding on to the ribbon, except a man who was reserved for the purpose of using the violin. With these conditions it was impossible for any one to leave their place without detection. All things being arranged satisfactory to the presiding spirit, the light was extinguished, and immediately the manifestations commenced. Mr. D. was asked by the spirits to play. He asked what shall I play. Answer—"Play for a cotillon." Mr. D. lay off with a lively air, and immediately the violin, banjo and guitar started from the box, all keeping exact time, though on a lower key, so that Mr. D.'s violin could be distinctly heard above the other instruments. While the instruments were thus keeping time with the violin in the hands of Mr. D., they were at the same time floating through the air in all directions, sometimes with the velocity of lightning up to the ceiling over head; then gently before and close to our faces, sometimes stopping for a minute or two in the lap of a lady or gentleman—then passing on to the next and the next, giving all an opportunity to satisfy themselves that they were not deceived as to the locality of the music or the instruments.

While all these manifestations were going on others were being produced of a still more incomprehensible nature. "King" the presiding spirit, seemed to be passing with the velocity of lightning from one section of the company to the other, (a distance of 50 feet) talking and shaking hands with the gentlemen, and making himself very agreeable with the ladies. All his attendant spirits, not engaged with the instruments, were apparently enjoying themselves, dancing a cotillon. "True," we could not see the evolutions; but, one thing we certain, they kept perfect time to the various changes, and gave remarkable evidence of their presence, as we could distinctly hear their footsteps to the music, causing the floor to vibrate and vibrate equal to a company of 20 or 30 persons all in motion at once.

This part of the exhibition, which lasted about fifteen minutes closed with a display of light passing from the trumpet at an elevation of ten feet at least from the floor, zig-zag from one side of the room to the other, and with the velocity of lightning, and a sound very much resembling the exhaust of a high pressure steamboat.

Here the manifestations ceased, light was still for the mediums and circle examined immediately and all were found secured in their respective seats precisely as when the light was extinguished.

A dark lantern which had been brought by request of the controlling spirit, was then ordered to be lighted and placed in the hands of one of the company, which was done. The judges or inspectors removed their places; order was restored with a few remarks from King were made, in substance as follows:

He said to perform what he next proposed to do would seem to those unacquainted with the laws which spirits produce physical manifestations, very easy and trifling affair; whereas, it is

The Messenger.

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

A Vision.

Spirits frequently prefer to present themselves before the medium in such manner that they are distinctly seen and easily described. At such times they converse with her, and she reports their thoughts or conversation. In the sitting of which this is a report, such was the case. The first presented was

ANTONIO NOWELL.

I see the queerest looking old man here you ever saw. He says he has just come to the spirit land, and wants me to ask you if you suppose his friends know he can come back. He is short, rather thick set, and stoops a great deal; says he was born in Portugal, and died of old age in New Hampshire. He says his name is Antonio Nowell. He has a son living near you, by the same name.

He has many friends on earth. He has lived in this country many years; represents himself to me as he was in his earthly form. He is stooping over, and has a cane—leaning on it; he is very rough looking. A great many little children are gathered around him. They seem to be glad he has come. He says he has dear little grand children on earth. Here is a beautiful little child, who calls herself his child. She says he will communicate something soon of value.

THOMAS AKERMAN.

Here's a child who has been trying to talk to me the last five minutes. He says he has been in the spirit land about seventeen years; that he was run over when about seven years old by a horse-car about seven in the evening. His name is Thomas Akerman; he says he has got brothers and sisters, father and mother on earth, as he supposes.

He sees some of his friends near you sometimes, and they will know who he is. He is very beautiful and very bright. He speaks of a brother William. Says he is W's guardian spirit, but cannot approach very near him yet.

ALFRED HUNTING.

Oh, where have I seen that face before? It is a young man with a fur cap, fur cuffs and collar to his coat. He says he presents himself to me in the dress he once wore when on earth—Now I see the coat plain, and a vest, fancy buttons, green, with some design on them; there are four of them. He has a breastpin, surrounded with seven brilliants, and a heavy gold chain. He's got brown hair—not light nor very dark; blue eyes, round face, laughing expression, little whiskers, small nose and mouth, with something in it representing a cigar. Why does he come to me so? He says—"Because I want you to see me as I was on earth." He is short, thick-set, and good-looking. Oh, now I know who he is. He has taken off that awful looking fur cap, and now I know him. His name is Alfred Hunting. He wants to send much love to his friends on earth, and wishes to know if his friends ever received his watch. It's a large gold watch, and he shows me one like it. I guess he loved fun better than he did work. He says that's true. He wants me to ask you what part you're bound for, and where you expect to tie up? He has three here with him, both taller than he is; but I cannot see them so clear as I can him. He wants to ask his brother if he remembers the time he got his ears and hands froze going over to East Cambridge? Also, if he recollects getting his check buried with a cigar? Then he says, "Good-bye—tell him I'll call again."

Oh dear, how he has changed. He says, "You now see my spirit form; before, I drew material about it in order to be recognized. He is now all white. Oh, how strange!

Here is an old man who desires to talk with me. He says his name is Kidder, and he lived in Woodstock, Vermont. He has been in the spirit land a few years, and wishes his friends to know he can communicate. I cannot understand him well, and he says he will come again.

CHARLES JOHNSON.

I see Charley Johnson here. He wants to send a word to Isaac B. Kitch. He wants to tell him to watch well the tender blossoms which have just come up—he knows where. He wants to say that he is often with him, and hopes some time to find a medium there that he can manifest through. Tell his father, mother and friends, that if he does not manifest to them, it is not because he does not desire to. Leaves his respects for you.

James Hanson to his son, J. H., of Haverhill, Mass.

I can't do much; I thought I could when I first came, but it's no use. I have been here three years coming July, as nigh as I can reckon time. I died in Lawrence of what I called pleurisy, though I hardly knew what they called it. I died very suddenly among strangers; without one near friend to say farewell.

Everything looks so strange here and incomprehensible that I cannot control either myself or what you term the medium. I lived in many places—in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine and in Rhode Island, but now I live in heaven. Not in a supreme heaven, but in one fitted for me and such as me.

I wish to thank the doctor who attended me; he was very kind, and promised to send my message to my friends, which I have learned he did as agreed, for since that time my companion has come to me. He lives in Lawrence, but I do not know his name; they called him to me. Oh, how I wish I could talk to my children—my children! I was a boot maker by trade. I have eight children on earth. My name was James Hanson, and my bones lie in Haverhill, Mass., where I have a son, James Hanson.

Ellen Wilkins, Boston.

I wish to communicate with my dear mother and was told if I came here I could. Oh, my dear mother, I'm unhappy, and I cannot rest. A short time since I was with her, and when sorrow came I would wind my arms about her neck, and kiss away her tears. Now she seems alone to me. Oh, if mother would only be happy, if I could only speak with her, and comfort her weary soul, how happy I should be! She often thinks of me, and when she fancies herself alone I am with her, and she says, "Oh, if Ellen were here, I could bear all this." I have a father also in the earth life. I would like to speak with him; for he needs counsel from the angels who so often visit him. But I cannot commune with my dear, dear mother; I have no means of doing it, and this is the first time I ever spoke. But oh, I'll send her a message, and I know she will receive it with joy, and it will do her good. Oh, my mother, my mother, how I wish I could talk to you! I cannot rest for heaven just as I was, but I passed from earth to heaven just as I was, being some time in womanhood. Oh, could I have remained to cheer the lonely path of my mother! Yet I am not unhappy—only when I return to earth, and see my mother, sorrowing, I can but sympathize with her. If I could speak to her, I know she would cease to weep.

Oh, Ellen! the tears course down your cheeks, proving to us that angels' hearts respond to human hearts, and can drop a tear over the sufferings of those who are dear to them.

Oh, how I wish I could talk to you! I cannot rest for heaven just as I was, but I passed from earth to heaven just as I was, being some time in womanhood. Oh, could I have remained to cheer the lonely path of my mother! Yet I am not unhappy—only when I return to earth, and see my mother, sorrowing, I can but sympathize with her. If I could speak to her, I know she would cease to weep.

her child. It is not for myself I weep, but for one who is dearer to me than self—my mother. Oh, think it not strange that I come to you as I do. If I were permitted to tell you all, you would not wonder. What I should give her would not be well for public ears. Well, well, good air, I have already trespassed too long; I only wish to make my dear mother happy. It is for that I return. I come to you because I cannot commune with her. My name is Ellen Wilkins. My mother and father live in Boston, on Tremont street. I used to know the number; I think it is 284; it is near that, if not that number. Go see the plate upon the door. Then you will prove me true.

Wallace Hurlburt, formerly clerk in the Boston Post-Office.

My God! I am so glad to get here. I want to tell you all about myself and I want to commune with you, and I will do it. I am glad to see you because you will do me good. My name was Walter Hurlburt, and I died in Indiana street, Boston, a little over three years ago, and was buried on Forest Hill. I left a wife and one child, a little girl named Mary Walter H. My wife's name was Nancy. Oh, I have so long tried to communicate! I was clerk in the Post-office. I was in that office, I am pretty sure, in '52.

I have friends in the East, in New Hampshire and Vermont. My wife's sister has lately come to me. She died of disease of the heart, and her name was Jane. Ask them if they don't remember me at the office. I was out of work sometime, expecting to get well, but got worse.

Tell my people I am happy—that I have no desire to return. How I happened to blunder in here this morning is more than I can tell. I have been trying to communicate for two years.

My child has since my death come to me, and oh, we are indeed happy.

This is all I have to say to-day, and glad enough I am to say this. It seems like a volume to me, though only a few words.

The above was communicated to us April 20th. Four days after we received the following explanation:—

Soon after I left you an old man came and asked me if I had given you everything true. To-day I met him again, and he wanted me to return and see if everything was right. Now I mean to give you what is straight and right, but I am confused. They thought I was out of my head before I passed off, but I am more disposed to think myself so now. What did I tell you was my child's name? Mary Walter? So I did. Well I will see whether that is correct. That child was born only a few weeks before I died. They say I am wrong in my first name, Jane says my child was named by herself, and she named it Mary Wallace. I remember all my friends. You can't bring one that I loved on earth but I shall remember him.

They don't have any coffee here, nor any cigars. When I get back I remember these things. As for drinking, that never hurt me, for I never drank enough for that. I think everything else I gave you is true. I do not know why I made those mistakes; but the truth is, I have been in a dark place; that is, everything round me has been in confusion. Since I was here, I have often thought myself on earth, and then I have found out that I was dead; then everything was doubtful, dark and confused to me.

Charles Clark, Boston.

You don't know me, do you? Well, I don't know you. I came to see you because I wanted to, and because I want to talk to my father, too. Do you know my father? His name is Clark. My mother won't let me talk to her, but I can talk to you. You guess my father's other name. No, that's not it. Guess again. No, no, that's not it. Well, I'll tell you. It is Atkins. I want to come to him, and tell him how I feel, and all about it. I want to see my mother and talk to her. I want to see her the other day, and she was well. Oh, how I wanted to let her know Charley was there. I want to tell her father he must not be unhappy so much. He sells things close by you; but he lives a long way off, as many as five miles. It's the plains. He sells trunks and bags. Don't you know where it is? Well, it's close by, but he has moved. He used to be in a little place; now he is in a big place, and I see him sometimes in a little room where there is a big book and a high stool, where he writes. I see him Sundays, too. I know when Sundays come. Do you know why I see him? Well, I'll tell you. I see him in a little room—where there are lots of books, sitting in one big chair, with his feet in another. Then I see him where there are a good many lights and music, and where people all laugh, but sometimes they cry—it's where people come out to make folks laugh, and I see him laugh, too, but he can't see me. I have got an Aunt Caroline, too, here on earth, and she's so good! Why don't you go see her? She's my father's sister, and she's got a daughter, and her name is Carrie. I go to see her lots. Aunt don't know much about me; she's got her own set of pretty things and a dog. My mother don't know I come; my father does, though. Somebody they used to call Sophia, helps me come—she used to be at my father's house. She and I live together, now. She's good. She says you like to have children come. You go see my father. Don't you know the place they call Elm street? I don't know the figures now, because they have fixed it all over. It used to be 5. Was you ever blind? Somebody I know was. I want you to tell my father how much I love him, and that the vision he had is coming true, but not as he thinks. I was there, tell him; I know all about it. Tell him not to worry about it. He isn't happy all the time. That don't make me unhappy; but I don't like to see him so. He hasn't got any Charley, now. He loves me dearly, and I do him, too.

Caroline Plummer, Portsmouth, N. H.

Caroline Plummer wishes to communicate to her husband and friends. Have been in the spirit land about five years—near that. I died at sea of fever. My companion is on the water; he is a sea captain. He has two companions here in the spirit land. My maiden name was Gookin. I refer to my brother, who lives in Portsmouth, N. H. His name is William P. Gookin. Tell him Hannah is here and is happy. O. P.

James Messo, Newburyport.

Who will hear me? I wish to speak to my friends, but they are not here. My name was James Messo. I used to live in Newburyport. I passed to the spirit life nearly seventeen years ago. I think it was in 1840, because they were looking for the end of the earth in three years. I am not sure in regard to date, but give it to you as nigh as I can. Now I wish to say to my friends, that during my long apparent absence, I have been ever near them, and wish to manifest to them. I was a confecturer by trade. A great many know me well, but I cannot tell you much about them. Carter, who was a stage-driver, used to know me. I think he is on a railroad now.

Henry Foye, Boston.

How do you do, Mr. Editor? Old Henry Foye is not dead yet—no. After a man's body has been under ground between three or four years, he ought to be dead. I did not do right on earth, consequently I am not as happy as I should have been had I done as well as I knew how. I have been to you before—some six months ago; but did not do much. I died here in Boston, over at the Mansion House, in Hanover street. Yes, I am sure—I know where it was.

I swore too much on earth. I drank too much to be happy into so soon. I communicated through this medium last night, and they told me to come to you; you is an old man, small in stature, and not very big in wisdom, in my own estimation.

How I wish all of my friends would get out of the rum business. It's no use—the drunkard has got to stop drinking, unless he wishes to be miserable. We spirits are doing our best to root the devil out of the land, and he takes his quarters in the rum bottle.

Now there's G—and his boys, who are just as good people as ever lived; but they have got into the rum business, and it's hard to get out. The old man used to live with me when he was a boy; I kind of brought him up. The youngest one, S—d, is a medium, and has got some good ideas about spiritualism, which I wish he would put in practice. A mighty good-hearted boy, he is.

Then there's friend S—ll. He has mixed many a glass of death for me. He was not wholly to blame, for I was old and ought to have been wise enough not to have drunk it. He is too good and smart a man to be in the rum business. I must tell him so, and if he don't believe it, let him use his own reason. Rum is a good servant but a hard master.

I have a son who is in a music store up town. He, too, has a pretty good idea of spiritualism, and had a long time ago. I want him to look out well for his mother, who is an old lady.

It seems rather strange to be talking to you, but so it is. Well, I have given you about all I can, so I'll travel.

John Alton.

I am all unused to controlling the earth mediums. In 1721 I sailed from England in the brig Helen, bound for this country. I was wrecked off the banks opposite where the Esquimaux Indians reside or dwell. All on board perished with the exception of myself and a lad, a nephew of mine. We were saved, and saved by the old chief who has spoken to you.

When we first came among them we were worshipped as coming from the Great Spirit; but after we learned a portion of their language we taught them different, and were kindly treated by the chief and all his subjects. I lived with them, near ten years—it may be over, it may be less. Then I passed on. My disease was what I suppose would be called consumption in these days. My name was John Alton. It was I who brought the old chief hither at his request. It was I who poorly interpreted what he gave you. I am striving to pay the debt I owe him, and beg the assistance of those who are more fortunate than I was when I lived on earth.

Margaret W. Clements.

We who chanted praises around earthly altars, now chant praises around a heavenly altar.

A few years ago, and I dwelt on earth; a few years ago, and I wept over a father's grave; a few years ago, and loving ones wept over my grave.

How sweet, how solemn, and how impressive the chant that raises my spirit from its earthly tabernacle to its celestial home! And now I return that I may bless, that I may counsel, that I may draw some wanderer to the path of right.

The company that attend you at this hour, all come bearing anxiety upon their brows; they all have loving friends, who once wept over the form of clay which held the loving spirit that hovers so near them. Receive these anxious ones and scatter the pearls they lay at your feet.

When I dwell on earth, my mission was cast among the lowly, and I sought to fulfil that mission by wandering among the dark planes of earth life, seeking the unfortunate to raise them to my own plane of thought.

My name was Margaret Wilhelme Clements, and I passed away in Liverpool, England.

Sophonra S. Butler.

Many anxious faces gather around you; and although peace is written on each brow, yet I see anxiety there also. A thousand gems sparkle in the future for you. Oh, child of earth, practice long-suffering, forbearance, patience, and you shall reap the reward at the end of your earthly pilgrimage.

Remember that love's labors will not always go unrewarded. When I lived on earth I sought to accomplish a work of love, but ere my wish was half finished, a bad came and the blossom faded. Oh, I have dear ones in the earth life, and I daily seek to add some tiny joy to them. I daily seek to wipe away some tear of sorrow. Sometimes I am known and recognized at the home. Oh, how sweet are those moments, when they cluster around the little altar and call for the dear ones who have gone before.

I have a word of comfort to offer to my dear father. I would have him rejoice in the light, and persevere on through the thorny path of earth life, for beauty and joy awaits him in the life beyond.

I do not approach you because I cannot approach my own in nearer communion; but because I wish to add my note to the ten thousand that have been thrown in the great scale of love. And to a companion say an angel's blessing ever attends him. Joys innumerable will be scattered through his earthly life by an unseen hand, and when the due of change comes, may it be like one laying down to pleasant repose. Peace and happiness are my portion in the land where now I dwell.

I have been but a short time away from a form of earth. During that life I was called Sophronia, you may call me Sophronia S. Butler.

For reference J. Spear, Melrose; or John M. Spear, my father.

Seth Gay of Cambridgeport, to Charles Bruce.

[Written.] I can't speak, though I want to. I have been here one year—died in Cambridgeport of inflammation of bowels. Left a wife and children, and I promised to come if I could. Tell them I am happy and wish all my friends to be so too. Tell Charles Bruce I thank him for all his acts of love. Tell him his Julia helps me much. I will do better soon.

Bridget Mungan, to her Catholic Friends, and Maria L. Favor, both of Lowell.

It is much easier to come than it is to do well after we do come. I have friends here with me, and they urged me to come; I hardly know why. I have been in the spirit land about eight years. I came here not by disease, but accident. I was killed by a runaway horse. I was a Catholic, and belonged to the choir of the Gorham street church in Lowell. I have many friends in the place where we now are, and I have many in Lowell, where I left parents. When on earth I believed the Catholic religion to be the only true one; but I find that all religions avail but little here; that now I am told the only religion that will procure us pleasure in the spirit life is to do unto others as you would they should do to you, and I know this to be the only true religion.

I would say one word to my dear Catholic friends. If they have an enemy, they should be at peace with him; and if they think we come from the devil, or the evil one, they should be at peace with him. They should not be cowardly, and refuse to investigate this new light. If it be true, let them adopt it in the church; if it be false, they should seek to expose it. Now, they should say nothing about it, because they know nothing of it.

My name was Bridget Mungan. Ask any of the Catholics here, or in Lowell. They will know me.

The following communication has positive reference to that of Miss M., and we give it in connection:

Good morning, sir. I sent the above spirit to communicate with you, and I will give you the proof of her truth. Do you recollect Johnny Foye? Well, he was my brother. I used to know this medium well. I know what this spirit has given you is true, because I saw her killed myself.

I have a mother and two sisters with you. My mother is obliged to work very hard to maintain

herself and the children. I worked in the mill at Lowell. My disease they would call consumption, I suppose. Poor Fanny! She came all the way from Boston to see me, and I could not speak. But I am quite happy now.

I was just coming out of the mill, and I, with all the crowd, saw the horse running away. My name was Maria. I was not Irish, neither was I Catholic. This girl was very handsome, and a great many people thought much of her, for she was a very fine girl. Oh, how my mother would love to hear from me, if she could only believe; but she don't know much about it.

How I wish I could talk to Dr. Burnham, and tell him he has many dear friends around him who wish to manifest. I mean the young doctor. He used to tend me when I was sick. Good bye—give my love to Fanny. You must print my name. I am Maria L. Favor.

Anna Maria Groton, formerly of New Hampshire.

I have been in the spirit life near two years, and I am very happy. My name was Anna Maria Groton. I passed from earth after a short illness of a few hours. Sixty-one souls on board that vessel passed to eternity—nearly all at the same time. My companion was master of the ship, and he said to himself when I passed on, "I care not now if every one on board perishes—all is nothing to me." I stood beside him and heard him utter these words. I did not suffer much pain, but gradually fell away and sunk asleep, waking in the spirit life.

Five months after my spirit left its mortal tenement, that tenement was assigned to the tomb. No, he would not bury me beneath the blue waves; he knew my wish was to repose beneath the green sod. Oh, I wish him to know how often I am with him. Yes, he brought my body home to New Hampshire, and just five months from the day I passed to the spirit life, I beheld my body consigned to the tomb.

But you are a stranger to me, and so are all these spirits here. My husband's home is on the ocean. Tell him I am satisfied with that which has so lately taken place. My father for a long time held an office under government; but for reasons just and good I withheld his name. My companion has a friend in your city, although she knows me not, yet she will know him. Her name is Parker. I cannot tell you where she lives. I have many relations and friends. I shall be recognized, and perhaps it will reach my own dear, dear father. Yes, they say it will.

From a Father whose child on earth is wronged. To Asa Fitz.

My friend, I am not as happy as I could wish. I once lived on earth. My home was in England. I came to this country with my wife and one child. My wife soon passed on, leaving me with the child. I stopped a few years. I think not more than two, and then I left, leaving this child, about four years of age, an orphan. She is now near 25. I left her an ample fortune, but she cannot get it, and she is unhappy; I might say she is in poverty, and I wish to expose those who are unjust to her for their good, and for her good. But I will not expose them if they will only do right. This child has one true friend here in your city. He has advised—he has sought to be counsellor and protector to my child. She does not listen to him as I wish she would—she fears him. I would not have it so. I would have her place perfect confidence in him, for I am sure he is worthy of her confidence. Tell her her friends in New York are deceiving her; tell her her friends in Brooklyn are deceiving her to a certain extent. Tell her she must be wise herself, and live up to her highest conception of good.

I would beg of this dear friend to continue in his labors of love, and seek to restore my child to her former self—now she is not herself; tell him I am with him, although he cannot see me. A father's blessing will be upon him. Inquire of one Asa Fitz, of Boston. Call my daughter Ada—that will do. E. is on Washington street. I cannot tell you the exact location. He will know me. Call me William—my sir name I cannot now give.

To Dr. Pike, of Boston, from his Mother.

My dear son, I am very happy, and would not return to earth to dwell. I did not find the spirit life as I had thought—all was different. Oh, if I could have had the light you have, I should have seen and understood. I was told of this by one of my children—cannot now tell which—but I could not believe it. My dear son, investigate and you will find it no humbug, but living truth, which cannot and will not die out. Oh, tell all my dear ones how happy I am.

The good friend who helps me to write is the husband of Olive Sawyer—they used to live a short distance from me. She had a cancer taken out of her shoulder a short time ago. He is here—she is on earth.

Oh, how beautiful all is around me. I will often come to you in the night, and when you least think of me I will stand by your side. Oh, how I longed to see you when you were away; but that grief is all over now.

They tell me you are going to practice again—it is well. You have a dear companion—give her blessings from your mother in heaven.

HANNAH PIKE.

Albion Kidder.

I wish to send a word to my friends. I have been in the spirit life a little over two years, as nigh as I can recollect. I have often communed with my friends; not so well as I could wish; however. My mother is a Spiritualist and a medium, thank God. I have many friends in Boston; and wish to let them know I can communicate, and shall be happy to do it if they will only give me an opportunity.

My mother lives in Malden. Her name is Cutler. Seven years ago I kept what was called a piece shop in Court street, under the arm of Pike & Kidder. I have sisters, or half sisters, who are mediums. The companion I left on earth is also a medium. Poor child! she has seen much trouble since I left. My disease was consumption. I was sick only a short time.

I am very anxious to communicate to all my friends, and, knowing no better way, I come to you to knock at their doors, hoping to gain admittance sometime or other to their souls. I presume you understand my desire.

My name was Albion Kidder. For reference, you may write to Dr. Cutler of Woburn. You will be likely to receive a direct answer. Or go to the man who let the upper apartment, of building corner of Court and Sudbury streets, to Pike & Kidder; he will recollect it.

J. Blanchard of Boston, to his Wife and Sons.

I have been in the spirit life a little over three years. I died of consumption, and since my death, there has been much trouble in regard to property I left. I am anxious that that estate should be settled, for my companion should be at rest, and my sons also. I would have my sons deal justly with their mother, and I would also have that mother deal justly with the sons.

Unhappiness dwells within the household; and she fears I did not do by her as I wish I had done. Tell her to be at rest; she has enough, and to crave no more. I rejoice that I have left the struggle I passed through on earth. I rejoice that I am free. My God, witness that I am happy in my spirit home; but I cannot rest without returning with a bit of advice to those unhappy ones.

I come to a stranger, and through a stranger, that I may carry conviction to those who will not hear me. Be happy, oh, my friends, and seek no longer for unhappiness. Mr. Editor, you have been conversing with J. Blanchard, late of Garden Court St., Boston. Go there, and find me true.

only be done under favorable conditions, with much exertion and difficulty. From a knowledge of chemistry and the laws that govern and control electricity and magnetic fluids, which he had acquired during a residence of nearly two hundred years in the spirit realms—could by drawing largely upon the vital emanations from the mediums, clothe himself with a material form, and allow the light for a moment to be turned upon him. Then came a sharp imperative order, "All join hands." The next we heard was a sound resembling the leap of a man from the box to the floor, then three raps on a post in the centre of the room, and immediately "Light" was spoken with a sharp quick voice through the trumpet. In an instant the light was turned on, and there in the center of the room covered with several thicknesses of sheets, stood what purported to be a human form about three and a half feet in height, in a bending posture, a hat on its head and holding the trumpet apparently to its mouth. Upon this figure we gazed intently for about four seconds, when a voice from the trumpet which was seen to raise by the hand that held it, and which we believe under all the circumstances, could have been no other than a spirit, clothed with a material form, spoke distinctly, "put out the light." As the light was gradually turned off the covering was seen to fall from the spirit, but there was not sufficient light to discern its features distinctly. The door of the box closed with considerable force, and the next moment a voice through the trumpet called out, "are ye all satisfied that you have seen a ghost?" This Report is signed by thirty-five well-known residents of Cleveland.

Record of Facts.

JOSEPHUS A SPIRITUALIST.

It appears that Josephus, the Jewish historian, was not unacquainted with Spiritual phenomena, such as are exemplified in some of their main features at the present day. Speaking of the wisdom of Solomon, he says, "God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons. . . . And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return. And this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal in the presence of Vespasian, and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring, that had a root of one of those herbs mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through the nostrils (a magnetic process). And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such a power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had gone out of the man; and when this was done the skill and wisdom of Solomon was showed very manifestly." (See Jos. Ant. B. viii. chap. ii. §6.) We find in this latter sentence another parallelism to the movement of physical objects by Spirits at this day.

STONES MOVED BY SPIRITS.

Dr. G. F. Moulton, of New York, writes to the Spiritual Telegraph, that while traveling with a friend between Utica and Morrisania, it occurred to them to inquire whether there were any Spirits in the solitudes of nature which surround them; and for the purpose of deciding this point, they got a large flat stone, weighing some 150 or 200 pounds, and laid it across another in a tipping position, as a substitute for a table. They seated themselves by the side of it, when, Mr. M. being a medium, the stone began to tip freely, and without any jar, seeming as light as a cork; and by the use of the alphabet it was immediately spelled out, "Let the beauties of nature inspire your love for God." The Spirits said they could move stones more easily than wood, because of their peculiar electric and magnetic properties. The Spirits communicating also stated that there were many strange Spirits present, who had never witnessed the operation of moving ponderable bodies in that way before, and were much amused and interested in what they saw.

THE SPIRITS IN SYRIA.

The Sheikh Boohir is a personage of acquirements; he has a good deal of history and literature; his conversation is superior to that of his countrymen, and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a wonder-worker, and the advantage of interview with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders! A stick, at his bidding, will move unaided, from one end of a room to the other! A New Testament suspended from a key by a string, will turn violently round of itself! An egg boiling in the saucepan will be made to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance! A double-locked door will unlock itself! But the following trick seems to us the strangest of all. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room—the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place whence it came!—Churchill's "Mount Lebanon."

TRANSPORTING PHYSICAL OBJECTS.

Mr. L. C. Barnes, of Fairhaven, writes concerning some convincing manifestations which he witnessed at the house of Chauncy Barnes, in that place. One of the three mediums who were present, on becoming entranced, elevated his eyes and said there was something in the air. Others looked, but could see nothing; but presently a large gunlet fell at their feet, which was known to have been in an upper room, in a closet, a few minutes before. The same medium soon after became again entranced, and said he saw a Spirit descending the stairs with something in his hand. They again looked, but saw nothing; but presently a piece of soap fell on the floor, which was also known to belong to a room up stairs! This same article was subsequently conveyed to another room by the Spirits, and placed under the carpet. On afterward passing through the hall to another room, our correspondent heard a rattling on the floor, around him as if made by falling bullets; but on getting a light he found that a large number of cigars had been scattered at his feet. The cigars had likewise been brought from the room above. Many other remarkable demonstrations occurred on the same evening; and Mr. B. was forced by these means to give up his previous skepticism in respect to the interference of Spirits in the affairs of men.

STRONG INCIDENTAL PROOF.

Mr. Robert Briggs, of South Adams, Mass., states among other remarkable facts of his experience with the spirits, that being once in the presence of Miss Sarah Mason, a speaking medium, he

Parls.

And great and small...

Softly! She is lying With her lips apart...

Whisper! To her final rest...

Gently! She is sleeping...

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape...

They are the rich whose treasures lie In hearts not hands...

They are the poor who rich in gold, Confiding in that faithless store...

Wholesome sentiment is rain which makes the folds of daily life fresh and odorless.

Our lives like passing streams must be, That into one engulfing sea...

Courtesy is the only true mark of nobility.

What is beauty? Not the show Of shapely limbs and features...

It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulate the most.

The weeping sea, like one Whose milder temper doth lament the death...

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his foot...

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN AND HUSBANDS.

Gentlemen; In a Banner of earlier date I said a few words to wives...

We will commence away back with courting days. Don't now as soon as you have left the school-room...

When you are older don't make it a rule to fall in love with every pretty girl you meet...

To get an imperial, have the barber curl your hair fancifully, smoke aromatic cigars...

Don't always dress up in your holiday suit to go courting, not unless you intend to always dress nice after marriage...

Don't take but five minutes in the morning to perform your entire toilette when it used to take you two hours...

of a customer, (that is good advice and comes cheap so don't refuse it.)

Girls are not fools, though some men seem to act as if they thought they were. I have seen men of sense on every other subject...

Why, Miss Anna, you look charming to-night, and your dancing was absolutely divine!

Oh, spirit of my grandmothers! to think that our good old veraculous should ever be tortured into such sounding words as these!

Yes, it is a lamentable fact that every one's experience can testify to, that it is no matter with what care you have prepared a dinner to-day...

Well, young man, after you have come to years of discretion and bought you a house and have the price of the first year's expenses of married life laid by...

Allow me to tell you that it is my honest opinion that if we could read the secrets of all the unhappy wives in our land we should find that in a far greater majority of cases the cause was that the parties entered into matrimonial expenses and duties too soon...

They are right there—she ought not to have left him. He didn't deceive her, she knew he was poor with nothing in reserve...

I guess I must say a few words in particular here to wives though they won't read it, but their husbands can tell them what I say.

Well Mr. —, if I will club all husbands as one man, we will suppose you own a house and have a few hundreds or thousands as the case may be...

Don't take but five minutes in the morning to perform your entire toilette when it used to take you two hours to accomplish the same task...

would pass the same way five minutes later. Don't drink your coffee so hot that every swallow you take will bring tears to your eyes...

Why, just look at Washington Street at noon, ten minutes after the Old South has struck twelve. Wouldn't one unacquainted with the facts think that all the inhabitants of Boston had gone...

First in order comes soup, that disappears so soon that the wife very frequently makes a mistake and thinks perhaps her husband has not been speaking of a plate of it.

O good old man! may I ever venerate his memory and remember that he lived on this earth almost a hundred years and that his principal diet was the wholesome vegetables he both sowed and reaped on his own farm...

Now, Mr. —, if you will reflect a moment I think that you will be convinced that after ananda could like filling your stomach to repletion you cannot sit quietly back in your chair and appreciate a home, a wife, no more than a gorged serpent...

Be moderate in all things ever treating your wife with the same respect and kindness that you would wish her to treat you; let her arrange every thing inside of the house according to her own taste...

Don't be always pleading poverty to your wife. If you are really poor she will find it out quick enough without your saying a word about it...

And now a word about the girls. Don't you after you are married be inviting Miss Jane or Miss Susan or Miss Anybody-else on the sly to go to the theatre or opera with you...

Don't laugh and talk and walk and put your arm around every pretty girl's waist you can get a chance and then question your wife about where she has been every time you come into the house...

Why shouldn't she? you—you—can't think of an epithet strong enough to apply to such apologues for men. Don't almost every woman have care and misery enough the first year of her married life to crush an elephant?

A word to good men and true. Get married every one of you but not too early. Don't devote all your time to business after you are married. If you want pleasant home always happy girls...

who are pleasant to their mothers and industrious at home. Don't turn your house into a domestic restaurant; love your wife just as well when the rose disappears from the cheek...

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

For ages on our river borders These tassels, in their tawny bloom, And willow stands of downy silver...

For ages have the unbound waters Embraced them from their pebbly hem; And the clear rind of downy silver...

But never yet from smiling river, Or song of early bird, have come Ben greeted with glad welcome...

They break the spell of cold and darkness, The weary wail of sleepless pain; And from my heart, as from the river, The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wind token Of Frey's footstep drawing near; Aim at, as in the rune of the robin, The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me From cold-room and silent books, To see the dance of woodcock shadows, And hear the song of April brook.

As, in the old Tontono ballad - Of Odonwald, live bird and tree, Forever live in song and beauty, So link my thought these flowers and thee.

The small bird's track, the tiny rain-drop, Forever mark the primal rock; Who knows but that these idle verses May leave some trace by Ardicoke?

And maidens in the far-off twilight Repeat my words to broods and stream, And were real, or the singer's dream.

Agriculture.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Now is the time to prepare the soil, procure seeds and plants, such as will in due time, furnish your table with delicious vegetables.

GRAPE CULTURE.—A hill-side, sloping toward the south, south-east, or east, is deemed the most favorable position for planting grapes.

In planting hill-sides, 8 feet by 5 is deemed near enough, while on level ground, 4 by 7.

After planting keep the ground clear of weeds, stirring the dirt occasionally under the plants to promote their growth.

In stirring the ground use the cultivator or small plough, working in fertilizers. Well decomposed stable manure may be used to advantage.

THE BLACKBERRY.—A New Variety.—The variety is known at home by the name of Newman's Thornless Blackberry, and is as free from thorns as the common blackberry...

The "thornless" vines require staking, similar to the Antwerp raspberry to sustain the fruit, and the plucking extends from four to six weeks, according to the season.

of the other kinds of blackberries, and will become a favorite as soon as the fruit is known.

How WATER YOUR HOUSE PLANTS. A writer in the Boston Cultivator says:—

"The way to have healthy plants, is to shorten in all straggling growth, and remove every leaf and flower, as soon as the least symptom of decay is perceivable, washing them occasionally with warm water from the fine nose of a watering-pot, held high above them, thus giving them the benefit of a warm shower at any time or place."

"But the thing of all others important, is to water them with warm water at all times; yes, hot to the touch, even beyond what is supposed to be prudent—and its only necessary to watch the result on the health and vigor of the plants, especially when in bloom; to be convinced of the virtue of this 'grand specific.'"

The writer says he has fuchsias now in bloom, mere cuttings about six inches in height, not one falling out of over six inches cuttings, planted in a single pot and watered with hot water.

Flashes of Fun.

A FAIR HIT.—The following amusing account of the "man who didn't want an office," is taken from one of the good papers published in the city of "brotherly love." It is an evidence that pride is the last element which forsakes a man.

"A thing of shreds and patches," about as much like a man as a camel is like a whale, was hauled out from under a pile of lumber, near a new building in Eighth street, and conveyed to the station house under the imputation of vagrancy.

Deputy. Come, sir, give us your name. Prisoner. John Covington Smith. Deputy. How came you to be skulking under the lumber pile last night?

Prisoner. I'm obliged to hide myself, day and night. Deputy. Hide yourself? Pray, what for? Prisoner. I'm accused of being made an alderman, or one of the "detectives."

Deputy. Who wishes to make you anything of the kind? Prisoner. Why you see, old gentleman, I've been kicked out of the alms house twice, and been tuck up for small priggish three or four times, so my acquaintances talk about running me for some sort of office. But I don't care about serving the public in that capacity, and so I tries to keep out of the scope of public observation.

Deputy. By hiding yourself under lumber piles? Prisoner. Exactly so. I stows myself away anywhere to avoid such testimonials of public gratitude. If I've done anything for the good or glory of my country, I don't ax no reward. I don't want to be made an alderman, a policeman, a city councilman, or anything of the kind.

Prisoner. Why you see, old gentleman, I've been kicked out of the alms house twice, and been tuck up for small priggish three or four times, so my acquaintances talk about running me for some sort of office. But I don't care about serving the public in that capacity, and so I tries to keep out of the scope of public observation.

The Deputy Mayor, with a faint smile, ordered Mr. John Covington Smith to be set at liberty.

DON'T BE CAUTIOUS.—My wife tells the truth three times a day, remarked a jocos-old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. Before rising in the morning she says—"O dear, I must get up, but I don't want to." After breakfast, she adds—"Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;" and she goes to bed saying—"I There, I've been fussing all day, and haven't done anything."

EXPRESSIVE.—A lecturer thus describes his apparatus:—"Now, gentlemen, this ere vessel is full of air, and that 'ere vessel is full of wadum."

THE GENTLEMAN who "fired at random," has lent his rifle to a youth who is determined to "aim at immortality."

A YOUNG MAN who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he had to get furniture.

THE SPEAKER who "took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber.

Advertisements.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPPING, WRITING, TRAIT, INVENTING, (Letters on the Arm) and CLAIR, STREPTAZIO MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place, Boston. May 14.

MISS M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT, 5 Hayward Place. May 14.

MRS. R. H. BURT, WRITING, SPEAKING, TRANCE and PERSONATING MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place. May 14.

DR. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MESMERIST, 5 Hayward Place. May 14.

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, Bridgeport, Conn. Trance Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$2.00. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent symptoms is given, \$2. If not given, \$3. Answering printed letters, \$1.00. No attention, the fee must in all cases be advanced.

J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM, FOR THE ANTI-PSYCHIC OF SEALED LETTERS, No. 59 Exchange Street Boston. As Mr. Mansfield writes to this, it is absolutely necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be accompanied with the usual fee in charges. No letters will be answered for over six months, unless accompanied with \$1.00 (DOLLAR) and three postage letter stamps. April 25.

T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1 E. Ave. Place, Boston. Trance Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$2.00. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent symptoms is given, \$2. If not given, \$3. Answering printed letters, \$1.00. No attention, the fee must in all cases be advanced.

MRS. J. H. HAYDON, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 1 E. Ave. Place, Boston. Trance Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$2.00. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent symptoms is given, \$2. If not given, \$3. Answering printed letters, \$1.00. No attention, the fee must in all cases be advanced.

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 1 E. Ave. Place, Boston. April 11.