

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE MOTHER'S STRATESEM; OR LOVE'S CROWN.

BY ARDENNE ALVA.

PROLOGUE.

It was a glorious Indian summer eve. The sun was just sinking behind the distant mountains mid seas of crimson glory, building a bridge of gold across the bright waters that rose and fell beneath the radiant sky. Standing beside a richly-curtained window, within a stately mansion, were two beings gazing in rapt silence upon this magnificent picture of dreamy softness limned by the hand of the Divine Artist. Both were young and pre-eminently beautiful.

Roll back thou tide of Time, that from among the visions of the crowded past, I may draw forth and portray truthfully the face and figure of Edgar Langley. A fine, commanding form, surrounded by a noble presence and graceful manners, gave dignity and manliness to a face of almost feminine loveliness. A high white brow, around which clustered rich waves of auburn hair, fair complexion, through which the eloquent blood revealed every sudden change of thought and feeling; lips, about which could be traced lines of unmistakable character—firmness of will and power of purpose; but when he smiled, they vanished and left only an expression of fascinating sweetness. Eyes, the color of the bending heavens, through which an eloquent soul spoke its noblest thoughts—a volume in a single moment—one glance, containing sunshine enough to gild with beams of light and glory the shadowed life of the gentle lady at his side.

"I must leave you, Mrs. Clifton." And Edgar Langley bent his fine head until his bright locks mingled with the raven curls that fell in massive luxuriance from brow and neck, while he gazed with sorrowful tenderness upon a face grown suddenly pale from surprise and grief.

"Leave me, Edgar! Unsay those cruel words. I cannot—will not part with you!"

And sinking upon a sofa, she covered her face with her hands and wept in passionate agony.

"A tablet of unutterable thoughts" swept over the eloquent face of the young man, as he paced slowly to and fro across the rich carpet of rose leaves, whose yielding softness echoed back no answering footfall. Pausing before the portrait of a noble-looking face in the prime of manhood, whose lifelike eyes seemed looking down upon him from the pictured walls with an expression of mournful reproach, he clasped his hands over his beating heart, and repressed the sighs that were surging up from its aching depths.

"My generous friend! God forbid that I should remain here, and change this Eden-blooming home into a burning hell of hatred and revenge! Nay—I will fly to save you, my friend, and her, my—No, no! God forgive the unhallowed thought!"

"Edgar!"

It was breathed in the lowest, softest tone, sweet as music, and thrilled his soul with dreams of the golden days when she was the star of his hopes.

"Mabel!"

One year—a year of mingled pain and joy had fled since he addressed her by that old familiar name. The storm of grief and passion that had bowed Mabel Clifton's head beneath its blast was overpast, and she sat still and calm, her dark, radiant beauty enhanced by the look of sublime, trusting faith that lit up her countenance. Edgar was standing before her with averted eyes—he could not meet that soul-full gaze. Lifting her hand respectfully to his lips, he said, with a voice in which love and duty strove for the mastery:

"Mabel, in leaving you I sacrifice the dearest joy of my life. I banish myself from home—a wanderer in a distant land—where its rays of sunshine and glory will greet me never more; but stern duty—a true sense of honor—urges me onward in the path I have chosen. Wilt bid me? God speed, dear one? I cannot go without thy blessing, thy approval. In this hour of bitter temptation, I yield myself into thy hands. Bid me go, and I leave you, with a breaking heart, but an approving conscience. Bid me stay and I am powerless to resist my fate!"

"Listen, Edgar; it shall never be said of Mabel Clifton that she tempted your feet from the paths of righteousness and peace. Go, and may our Father, whose merciful eye beholds the unutterable agony of this hour, bless and preserve you, and grant us a meeting in that world of never-ending bliss, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but all are as the angels of God in heaven!"

There were burning tears, agonizing sighs, one clasping embrace, one parting kiss—the soul's farewell glance, and Mabel Clifton, the honored wife of an eminent judge, the wealthy, peerless lady was alone in her splendid parlors—poor in the midst of her regal magnificence—a despairing victim upon the shrine of Mammon!

CHAPTER I.

THE ORGAN-PLAYER.—DANCING GIRL.—FATAL MESS-SENGER.

It was nightfall in a narrow, gloomy street in our own city. There were dilapidated wooden buildings, crowded to overflowing with the lowest grade of human life. There were reeking fumes and maulin laughter issuing from the doors and windows of these dens of ignorance, sin and misery.

A wandering Italian, accompanied by a little girl, some eight years of age, halted at the entrance of the street. Lifting the heavy organ rearily from his shoulders, he commenced grinding out a lively air, to which the child danced a gay fantasia measure. A crowd soon gathered around

the straggling pair, and when the quick tune was changed to a plaintive melody, the little dancer tossed the tamborine from her curly head, catching it with both hands and bending gracefully upon one knee, presented it to each of the bystanders in a peculiarly winning manner, saying, in a sweet voice,

"A penny, please, sir, for the love of Heaven."

She was rewarded by a shower of coppers, which she quickly transferred to the pocket of her companion. The poor mendicant ceased turning the key of his ponderous organ, and the persons who had stopped a moment to listen to its singularly melodious strains, moved onward.

A black cloud swept across the blue sky that shone out in heaven above this polluted spot like God's mercy in a guilty world, and nearly quenched the last flicker of the dying day, yet the organ-player stirred not from the brick wall against which he leaned.

"Father, come, let us go," cried the child, in beseeching tones, as she saw an imbruted wretch reeling towards them, followed by a crowd of profane boys, one of whom called out,

"Why don't you wind up your music-box, old hoss? We want to see the young 'un make them ere walking sticks of hern fly."

In broken English, the poor wanderer begged them to excuse him: "Very faint—some water, please—will go soon."

To these faltering entreaties, joined by the little girl's passionate appeals, "Please, sirs, for the love of heaven, don't make my father play! He is sick, give him some drink," they only replied by hurling bits of decayed vegetables and fruit into his face, evidently contracted by pain and suffering.

The windows of the house just opposite revealed some dozen drunken sailors, and as many lost women sitting about a table playing with a pack of greasy cards.

"Come up here old chap," cried out a beastly looking fellow hanging half way out of the open space, and play us a tune and we'll show you some dancing that'll beat yourn all holler, wont we Nance?" and he placed his coarse hand upon the bare neck of a young girl who would have been called beautiful were it not for the unmistakable marks of ruin upon her reckless face.

The idea was received with great apparent favor by the boys for they seized the organ and frightened Italian in a twinkling, and were in triumph as far as the threshold of the dwelling.

"Stop boys," exclaimed a sailor just emerging from the house, I believe the old fool is going to the next world on purpose to cheat us out of the entertainment. Look at him!"

A prophetic damp stood upon the dust stained brow, and the drooping form sank from the rough arms that encircled it, and rested upon the broken steps. There was a look upon the pallid face that awed his heartless persecutors and they hastened to procure the water so earnestly craved. They held the tin cup containing the sparkling liquid to his lips, but alas they were sealed in the unanswerable silence of death! Forever past were those weary wanderings—gone that worn spirit from the scenes of cold and hunger—toll and pain!

A shriek so wild and unearthly that it pierced every ear in this narrow street—sending a thrill of horror to every mother's heart burst from the lips of the little girl as she stood and gazed upon the outstretched form and glazed eye of her only friend. Falling upon her knees beside him, she folded her soft arms about the pale brow pillowing her head upon the pulseless heart, whispering tender caressing words in an ear that could never more be gladdened or grieved by sounds of earthly weal or woe.

Some of the mothers in the soul-sickening group that gathered about the solemn death scene, came forward and attempted to take the child away, telling her that her father was dead, but she turned upon them with the fury of a "tigress bereft of her young," screaming frantically, "Don't touch me you wicked folks—my father shan't be dead, he'll wake soon, and speak to me, wont you father dear, and her shrill tones melted to the softest cadence as she once more approached the stiffening corpse.

"Come father let me help you," and she strove to lift the head that reeled upon the broken step—its coldness startled her, and it rolled from her grasp and fell like lead upon the damp ground. She sprang to her feet and gazed long upon the marble face, while a sudden light gleamed in her flashing eyes—she could no longer doubt that Death was there! She burst into a fearful paroxysm of weeping, tearing the tangles of her raven hair and beating her tiny hands upon the cold pavement.

Standing beside a woman dressed in deep mourning, with a dark, handsome countenance and noble figure, who had stopped on her way, attracted by that thrilling cry, was a boy about ten years of age, of mild intelligent demeanor, whose dress displayed a taste and neatness the more striking from its contrast with the ragged and dirty appearance of the noisy urchins that clung screaming to their mother's tattered garments, or ran whooping and quarrelling through the street. The quiet little fellow looked thoughtfully and pityingly upon the scene before him for a few moments, then lifted his calm blue eyes to the lady's face and said

"Mother may I go and speak to the little girl I don't think she will strike me."

"Yes my dear boy go and try to comfort her—she may listen to you because you are a child like herself."

Walking quickly forward, the gentle lad stood silently by her cowering form.

Conscious of the immediate presence of some one, the vagrant girl, looked up—the gesture was repellent, but when she met that clear, unclouded gaze, the fierce defiant expression vanished from her countenance and bending her head again upon her hands, she still wept, though the wild and passionate expressions were hushed in silence.

When the low spoken words "I am sorry for you poor girl" fell upon her ear, her confidence

was fully won, and impulsively flinging her arms about the noble boy's neck she whispered,

"Then you do not hate poor Mabel because she is a beggar?"

"No indeed" replied the generous lad, and a warm flush overspread his fair cheek.

"Mabel" he repeated "what a pretty name, mine is Edgar, go with me to my mother," and he led her unresistingly from the cold clay that was about to be conveyed to the dead house.

"Mother," he cried in a joyful voice, "see she has come with me, wont you take her home with us and let her be my sister and your little girl? Look at her curls! wouldn't they be beautiful if they were combed smooth, and her eyes—why mother, they are almost as handsome as yours, and the same color only yours never flash so, do they mother? Oh say that you will," and the little fellow put his arms affectionately around her waist and looked up so pleadingly with those heavenly eyes that the lady could not utter the cold word, "No" that rose to her lips.

"She may go with us to-night Edgar, and then you must not tease me, but abide by my judgment in reference to the future."

"Thank you, dearest mother," and the happy boy hastened away with his protegee in the direction of their home.

Addressing a few words to the officials who had been summoned on the occasion the lady hurried after the children. A short walk brought her into a respectable locality. Entering a small brick building she ascended one flight of stairs and opened the door of a front chamber. It was warm and cosy, and the light from the street lamp, streaming in through the large windows, produced an effect that would almost cheat one into the belief that it was a glorious moonlight evening, though not a star shone out in heaven, and a frozen sleet was slowly encrusting the sidewalks, making it perilous to venture forth.

Edgar had seated the forlorn little girl in his own chair by the bright coal fire, and was untying the water soaked leathern shoes that encased her travel-worn feet. The sight of Edgar's mother seemed to recall the child's bereavement, for she suddenly started from her seat clasping her hands in anguish and cried,

"Oh, my poor father! Let me go to him he will freeze in the cold storm!"

Rushing wildly towards the entrance she would have fled had not the lady closed the door and locked it.

Putting the key into her pocket, she calmly seated herself by the fire saying:

"Edgar, bring your little guest to me, I want to talk with her, and then if she wishes to leave us, I will open the door and set her free."

She had witnessed with pride and pleasure, the superior control manifested by her son over the stormy nature of the impetuous but interesting child and she was not unwilling to test it still farther.

When Mabel found herself a prisoner, she glared upon the woman with eyes of flame, and clenching the iron latch of the door, shook it until the blood flowed from her torn fingers.

"Mabel don't act so come and listen to my mother—she will comfort you, and you will soon love her dearly."

The look that stole over the tear-stained face of the strange child was one of supplication as she sobbed out:

"Forgive me—I know I'm wicked, but tell me what they have done with my poor father!"

Passively she suffered Edgar to lead her to his mother, who drew her upon her lap and brushed the tangled curls from the soiled brow, while she whispered words of gentleness and hope.

"Mabel, the clay just removed from yonder pavement is not your father—the spirit inhabiting it loving you and calling forth your affection has gone to the God who gave it. "Dust must return to dust," therefore it is proper that the lifeless body should rest in the bosom of its mother earth. Grieve no more, my child, be good and obedient to the friends who may take pity upon your sad condition, and you may be happy in this world and perhaps rejoin your loved father in another and better."

A deep sigh arose from the breast of the lady as she ceased speaking. Throwing herself back in her chair, bidding Edgar remove the child's wet shoes, she fell into a painful reverie. Words had fallen unconsciously from her lips—the long unheeded teachings of her own sinless childhood, and memory carried her back through years of sin and sorrow to those stainless hours when her mother taught her infant lips to say, "Our Father which art in heaven."

"Mother! Mother! are you asleep?" and a pair of gentle hands were pressed to the flushed cheeks, and Edgar's living face of beauty called back the spirit from its wanderings down the corridors of the dead past. The light came back to the dreamy eye, and the lips smiled at the change in the little stranger's appearance. Mabel's face was nicely washed and the glossy curls clustered in loving beauty about the clear brow.

"There mother don't she look pretty now?—if she only had some nice clothes"—and Edgar's eye wandered doubtfully towards a certain drawer in the old fashioned bureau. One day, long ago, on returning from school he found his mother weeping silently over some nicely embroidered garments that he fancied must have belonged to some little girl, but in answer to his enquiries she had hastily closed the drawer and retired to her own room.

The observant mother understood that look and dared not give her son, whom she wished to make a model of noble generosity an example of selfishness—so crushing back with a mighty effort the painful memories that rushed unbidden to her heart, she rose and unlocked the mysterious drawer and selecting several articles of clothing, took the wondering child by the hand and led her into her sleeping room, bidding Edgar spread the table for supper.

An half hour afterwards, when Edgar's mother returned with Mabel arrayed in a crimson merino frock richly embroidered, and her graceful feet covered with fine lamb's wool socks and tiny velvet

slippers, those speaking azure eyes danced with delight, though with a new felt sense of delicacy, he refrained from making any remark. A snowy cloth was upon the table, and a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread, constituted the healthful repast. When it was over, Edgar showed Mabel his books and pictures, and his mother related some fairy tales, each seeking to direct her mind from the late fearful scene, but weariness and sorrow soon overcame the little one's curiosity, and her head sank upon her shoulder. The lady kindly suggested that she had better retire to rest, and taking her to a little room adjoining, tenderly undressed her and affectionately bidding her good night, left her to the sweet repose of childhood. It was a welcome sound when the clock told the hour of Edgar's retiring, for his mother longed to lay aside the false face worn in the light of day before the clear eyes of her noble boy, and indulge in the thoughts, that were burning in her soul.

A sudden thought seemed to flit over the lady's mind, for she quickly sought her reticule, and drew forth a small package. It had been placed in her hands by one of the Police Officers when she announced her intention of taking the child home. It was found upon the breast of the dead foreigner, and the kind official remarked that it should be preserved for the little girl—it might possibly be the means of restoring her to her friends, if she had any. It was sealed and enclosed in a wrapper of oiled silk, and she proceeded at once to examine the contents. It contained the miniature of a lady, whose matchless beauty enchanted the gazer's soul. The brow was clear and transparent—the eyes large dark and swimmingly tender, and the lips half unclosed, seemed to breathe the very passion of love. A note lay beneath the elaborate case of gold and pearl. It was written in the soft Italian language; translated, it read as follows:

"Antonio—To-night I shall be another. Seek me no more. Let the barrier I now place between us be impassable and eternal! I could not help it! God forgive me! Adieu!"

ARIADNE.

Edgar's mother lingered long over the bewitching picture—she thought that she could faintly trace the outlines of Mabel's striking countenance in that glowing combination of woman's charms. It might be her mother or sister—perhaps neither. It must at present rest in silence; so she again sealed it, and deposited it in her own treasure in the deep cushions of a chair in a corner, away from the soft light that threw a mellow radiance over the polished furniture in the tasteful room. Unheeded flew the hours of night as the strange woman sat in deep meditation living over the past and striving to trace out the threads of the unwoven future.

A deep mystery enveloped the lady into whose home I have introduced you kind reader mine.

Six years had rolled away since she came to this house and introduced herself as a widow—by name Mrs. Langley. She was in quest of a small tenement, and quickly secured these quiet rooms by paying a quarter's rent in advance. In a few days she came with her little son and took possession of the apartments where she has remained since without a days absence, and yet none, not even the most curious in the little neighborhood, has learned a word of her former history—that with her hopes and plans in the coming time, were buried deep in her heart, and no sign of their existence lay upon her smooth unfurrowed brow. That a mighty purpose dwelt in her soul and was inwrought with her life was evident from the constant fire burning in her fathomless eyes—the unflinching earnestness with which she devoted herself to the education and training of her intellectual boy. The son of a prince could not have been more tenderly reared nor more assiduously served, and yet the proud mother maintained over her son the most perfect control enchainning his sweet will with a power few are able to resist—the power of love!

She daily attended him to the school where he pursued his studies and as faithfully watched the hour of discharge, occupying herself during his absence in arranging her household affairs with a nicety of taste and refinement of style that threw a bewildering charm over Edgar's home. It was all for him that the pictures and mirrors hung low against the spotless walls, that the secretary was crowded with its choice child's library, indeed, every article in the room was arranged with a direct object to suit the fancies and convenience of a boy. Even the sweet-toned seraphine upon which Mrs. Langley played simple melodies for Edgar's ear, was close in the favorite corner where he always found his soft and embroidered slippers on his return from school.

Mrs. Langley had sought no society—nor seemed to repel advances, yet there was an air in her high bred politeness, in her stately carriage, that made those who ventured into her presence feel like intruders. And so the little girl insensibly won by Edgar's kindness from the dead body of her fellow wanderer, and the toilsome march of her vagrant life, was the first visitor who had crossed their threshold for years.

Morning shone lovely over the waking city, filling Mrs. Langley's pretty rooms with a flood of golden splendor. A bright ray streamed across the white robed bed where the little wanderer slept, and woke her to life—and grief. Sobs, long and violent issued from the snowy folds that lay piled above her, and Mrs. Langley hastened to her side.

Gone from that serene brow, was all trace of the struggle borne alone in the wilderness of night! Brightly gleamed the shadow of the promised land in the warm radiant glow of the fervid eye, as she assured the moaning child that she was no longer without friends and homeless—that after a night's reflection she had promised Edgar, who was to be her brother, that she should never leave them more, but be her own little girl, sharing her son's studies and sports.

An expression of reverence and gratitude came to the bright thoughtful face of Mabel, as she looked up through her tears, and gently clasped the

neck bending over her with her little arms, whispering "Mother and brother! I will be so good!"

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTRY HOME.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—MOTHER'S ARTIFICE.

On went the sweeping years leaving in their shadowy trail a manly form in which was shrouded a glorious mind, rich in the wisdom and love of other days, where once smiled our loving quiet Edgar, and Mabel—the little dancing girl had lain aside the last trace of her vagrant existence, her ungovernable temper, and now stood upon the radiant threshold of Life's morning, a being of passion, poetry and rare fascination. The impress of the powerful mind, that was able to draw out a plan for a series of years, and carry it into effect, without a shadow of wavering, was stamped upon each transparent character. It was beautiful to witness the calm repose resting upon those youthful brows; fixed there by the habit of perfect self-control taught by the remarkable woman who found in her heart a place beside her idolized son, for the child wanderer. Enjoying the advantages of a superior home cultivation the brother and sister,—so they called themselves—outstripped their fellows and took a high position in the Halls of Science. Edgar was now prepared to enter upon his collegiate course, but his mother, ever watchful, saw in the waning color upon his youthful cheek the slight languor, that crept over the heaven of his glorious eye. Nature's demand for rest, exercise and pure air.

Action was Mrs. Langley's watchword, and without delay a cottage was obtained in a lovely valley on the Connecticut shore, and the happy family soon established therein. Books and tasks were now for hidden things. Music, lively conversation, and out-of-door sports, was the ruling order of the beautiful spring-time that woke the Earth from her slumber, dressed her in her robes of emerald and filled her bosom with fragrant flowers. Hunting, fishing, rambling across the fields, and through the deep forests, where glancing leaves and waving branches let down a shower of gold and pearls to light up the gloomy depths, now filled to the brim the rosy hours of this "ne'er to be forgotten summer," when the young hearts of Edgar and Mabel awoke to the glorious passion of love.

It was a singular blindness in one so far-seeing and provident, as Mrs. Langley, to permit the unconscious in their natures, so beautifully adapted to each other's tastes and idealities, unless her own wishes were in keeping with what must have been the grand result. Edgar was calm, disinterested, proud and self-reliant, and a very prince in generosity and nobility of character, while Mabel was warm, passionate, confiding and withal so self-sacrificing in her nature, that she would have counted her own life gloriously ended, if laid down for a friend.

Unconscious to themselves, an affection sprung up between them, which was destined to be as lasting as their lives, and imperishable as the glories of immortality. And when the eloquence of that pleading glance, the downcast look, the blissful sigh, the electric thrill awakened by the lightest touch of the trembling hand and the thousand nameless charms that attend this revelation of glory, this poem of Humanity, could no longer deceive the "two hearts that beat as one," no word announced it in the broad beams of the garish day—no whisper breathed it in the faintest tone, beneath the moonlit sky. Lost in this sweetest dream to mortals given—overshadowed by the new and enrapturing joy of each other's presence—the brightest flowers of summer faded and fell into the brown lap Autumn unheeded and unregretted. Within their own souls they had found a garden of ever blooming flowers, where sunshine eternally reigned.

The sweet influences of Nature in this lovely spot seemed to have annihilated Mrs. Langley's chilling hauteur of manner, and during the summer she made an extensive acquaintance among the neighboring families, many of whom were educated and wealthy people. Edgar and Mabel were greatly surprised, though not displeased, to hear her express herself so delighted with her new home, that she would remain during the winter.

Upon the broad hill that overlooked the pleasant valley was a grand old mansion surrounded, by extensive grounds, laid out and cultivated with great taste and care. It was the homestead of Judge Clifton, the owner also of this pretty cottage, occupied by our citizens in their search for health and repose. During the summer, the modest table was often adorned by a bouquet of rich and rare flowers that blossomed in the beautiful conservatory that crowned the sunny slope of the heaven kissing hill. And when the fierce winds and wailing storms added new attractions to the glowing grate—the carpeted floors and curtained windows, the noble master of these wide domains, the generous and talented Judge was often found by the quiet fire-side, where elegance, youth and beauty formed an attractive centre. He was handsome, accomplished, and unmarried, though the frosts of forty winters had striven in vain to silver one thread in the curling locks of his dark hair.

At his first appearance Edgar glanced mischievously at his mother, and Mabel smothered a little laugh, but they soon came to regard him as a dear friend, and often during that winter, the splendid rooms of the elegant mansion were crowded with a gay and festive company, among whom our Mabel moved a very queen of grace and loveliness. Mrs. Langley found herself perfectly at home in circles of fashion, and Edgar delighted to sit apart from the glittering throng and watch the beautiful being who awakened so much pride and joy in his heart. Often when her voice in which the very "soul of music dwelt," rose clear and birdlike above the murmuring crowd, filling those spacious rooms with a melody that hushed every other sound, and lifted the spirits of the listeners into voiceless communion with angels—the scene of their first meeting would come back to his memory. Again those clinging arms encircled his neck—again that musical voice whispered in his ear words

of confiding trust, and when thoughts of the mystery that overhung his life, which no entreaties could win from his mother—a wild fear would rush over his soul that some one more favored by fortune than himself, would obtain the glorious prize.

It was upon one of these occasions, that Mrs. Langley's eye rested upon her son, as he leaned with saddened brow against the marble mantle that rose above the burnished grate. A new and painful light broke into his mind, that so moved her, that she pleaded feelings of indisposition and retired from the gay scene.

Sleep came not to the mother's pillow that weary night. Her long cherished scheme was endangered by the startling truth that was revealed in that unguarded moment. Her piercing eye had taken in at a glance the deep devotion of the proud soul and she knew its resistless power over woman's will. With bitter tears she reproached herself for her unpardonable blindness.

"It must proceed no farther!" she exclaimed in decisive tones as she paused in her hurried walk across her chamber floor before the dawn illumined window. The crimson and purple tints that herald the new day were painted in the eastern skies, and as she gazed upon the splendor of the scene, she felt how cruel and heartless was the task before her; but she must nerve her soul to a strength equal to her singular destiny, or bury her only child's sunlike intellect and glorious beauty in ignoble obscurity. The plan of years—the cherished dream of her life could not be thus sacrificed.

"Mabel, my love, I would see you alone in my room," said Mrs. Langley, as she rose from the breakfast table and advanced towards the window, where Mabel was waving a silent adieu to Judge Clifton's extensive library.

Cheerfully Mabel took a low seat beside the favorite arm-chair, folding her hands upon her lap and looking up trustfully into a countenance that had always beamed lovingly upon her; but now it was clouded with the deepest anxiety.

"Mabel, my child," and a tender arm was thrown about the reclining form, "tell me, since that gloomy night, when I took you a homeless wanderer to my dearth and heart, if your young life has been peaceful and happy—if an unkind word or cruel act has ever reminded you of your orphaned state—severed from the clinging ties of consanguinity?"

A clasping hand stole around the proud arching neck—a wet cheek was pressed to the burning brow, and a low voice whispered in earnest moving cadence.

"Mother mine, you have taught me to call you by this sacred name, and you have been all to me that it signifies in its noblest and truest acceptance! My life, since that terrible hour that I cannot now recall without shuddering, has been one of unbroken happiness, of sweetest bliss. Oh, that I could do something to repay the priceless debt!"

Enough, my child—I knew your heart was grateful. Let me see if your soul is strong—hear me—it is in your power and yours alone to crown my life with the glorious success for which I have striven through toil and pain—through poverty and exile—or to blast them forever, and doom me to an everlasting regret."

"Dearest mother, do you think me a viper—a monster of ingratitude to hesitate a moment between these fearful chances? Speak but the word—my life—my all, I owe to you!"

"Listen, Mabel, you know not what you promise or what is required of you—it can only be accomplished by an act of most exalted self-sacrifice—the most trying that ever falls to the destiny of woman, and what will be doubly painful, it must be performed in that child-like trust in my wisdom, that we are taught by inspiration to yield to the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. I will not receive your love as a mere offering, and then retire to your chamber and think it over dispassionately. To-morrow at this hour I will listen to your decision. You have been a witness to the untiring perseverance with which I have labored to advance the education of my son, on whom all my future hopes are based. Our stay here is merely a ruse to conceal from Edgar my true and painful position. He should be this moment within the walls of a college, pursuing those studies which would bring him wealth and honor, but alas! I am fettered—chained by poverty's relentless hand, I have by the strictest frugality—been enabled to make my slender means hold out until now—and now Mabel—I am without that Open Sesame to the rich privileges and honors of earth—money!"

Your eyes, dear one, are drowned in tears—not for yourself but Edgar—I know your love for him is sweeter than life—stronger than death—and I need not say that it is repaid a thousand fold—your heart was but now reveling in the blissful dream! Will you not hate me when I tell you, that it is this precious treasure that I would wrest from you?"

Judge Clifton has asked me for your hand in marriage, he loves you—would gladly sacrifice the half of his fortune to know that you cherish one kindly thought of him, Mabel, do not look so pale and wild! I have taught you by precept and example, the value of self-command—do not shame your teacher by frightening the firmness from her mind! You can readily see without minute detail, the advantages that would result to us as a family, from a connection with so wealthy and influential a man. On the other hand, picture me, a weak, yielding woman, suffering a marriage to take place between you my children—Edgar's unfinished education, raising him above the lower, and leaving him beneath the higher ranks of society, while you totally unfitted by Nature and breeding for servile labor, are incapable of rendering assistance in so perplexing a situation. Both after a protracted struggle sinking into poverty and oblivion—Stop, one thing more my child; I am a mother and must not lose the love of my son, my all on earth! He must not know the hand that strikes the blow, to his present happiness—in the future he will bless me—but I could not survive a single cold look from the eye that holds all the light this world contains for me! Go, now, and remember that it is for Edgar's sake, that you are called upon to make this fearful sacrifice! The terms are hard my poor girl, but God will bless you!"

Rivers of burning tears had overflowed their pearly banks, washing the roses from those lovely cheeks, during this painful recital; but Mabel now rose with a strange composure of manner, but with a face blanched to the whiteness of snow, and slowly left the room. Closing the blinds to shut out the golden sunshine, whose brightness mocked the gloom of her smitten soul, she crouched upon a low ottoman in the dimmest corner of her silent apartment.

Hour after hour fled away unmarked—thought was not—nor reason, only crushing consuming sorrow. The voice of Edgar aroused her from her trance like stupor. He was at her door.

"Mabel are you sick—will you not walk out—it is a lovely day?"

With a calm voice she replied, "I am not sick—I will not walk to-day—I will see you to-morrow my brother."

Mabel appeared at the breakfast table next morning with a quiet undisturbed countenance, and conversed in a gay and lively manner. Mrs. Langley looked extremely pale, though her lips were wreathed in smiles. Edgar was affected by the new atmosphere of his home, but ascribed it to the want of

repose, and suggested that no more invitations to parties be accepted, to which the ladies smilingly assented.

The instant the door closed upon Edgar's retreating form, Mabel took Mrs. Langley's arm and led her into her own room, she felt that she could speak more firmly there, the scene of her agony and triumph. Seating her respectfully in a chair Mabel threw herself beside her.

"My mother still—I am prepared to make the sacrifice. It is a debt I owe you and the thought that it will bring one joy to my Edgar's noble heart—one smile to his heavenly eye shall pluck the sharpest thorn from the crown that shall henceforth rest upon my weary brow."

But I cannot—will not deceive the generous man, who would make me his bride! Think you, that he would take me, with Edgar's name upon my lips—his image in my heart, and the glorious vision of my worship standing by my side? I would not be parted from him or you. Should he whom you have chosen for my master, dare to sever us, who have grown up in the sunshine of each other's smiles I would myself unbar the door, and set the aggrieved and insulted spirit free from this house of clay!

Mabel had arisen from the recumbent position, and drawn herself up to her queenliest height, while the olden untamed flashing splendor, that awed the vulgar crowd on the well remembered night as she stood defiantly above the cold core of the organ-grinder, came back to her resplendent eyes.

"Mabel," exclaimed Mrs. Langley in a tender reproachful tone, "is it for this display, more befitting the boards of a theatre than our humble home, that you have brought me here? Tears, those rare visitants upon that firm face, were trembling upon the uplifted eyes—they touched the impassible heart beating so tumultuously. Falling upon her knees, Mabel hid her brow in that bosom, that had received her into its embrace, when she was a poor soiled and homeless wanderer!"

"Pardon me I forgot your presence—I will no longer yield to this wild passion—this cruel temper. I will do all you ask, without complaining—you do not wish me to deceive him?"

No my child I have already acquainted Judge Clifton with the regard that exists between you and Edgar, but I also told him that I should never consent to a union between you."

Shall I tell him my child, that you will listen to his proposals?"

Clasping hands pressed down a rebel heart, and there was an immeasurable depth of anguish in those drowning eyes, but the firmly compressed lips calmly pronounced the word, which she well knew would banish her young soul to that dreariest wild of a barren wilderness—a life without love!

CHAPTER III.

THE ELDERLY SUITOR—EDGAR'S COLLEGE LIFE—STANTLING REVELATIONS.

Judge Clifton was indeed a noble man. He had lived in watchful obedience to the laws of his being, and was now reaping his rich award in the full maturity and strength of his powers.

His early life had been wholly devoted to his profession, and when fame and wealth twined a wreath for his brow, he purchased back the broad lands and stately mansions squandered away by a profligate father, and installed his wronged mother mistress of her former splendid home. It was not alone a palace of luxury and magnificence—but it was a retreat for the oppressed, where they were sure to find their wrongs righted, their necessities supplied, and their worn hearts healed by the matchless power of human sympathy.

The honored mother had gone from this scene of earthly grandeur to the glorious mansions of her high, "rocked the cradle of her declining age," alone, though surrounded by the numberless friends that ever flutter in the sunlight of prosperity. A strange yearning had awoke in his breast for a tender companion—a gentle confiding creature, who should be a "bird of beauty" in his paradisaical home. He gazed around upon the circles that magically opened to receive him, and turned away in disgust. There was too much conventionalism—too much of the superficial and frivolous, and too little nature and soul!

When the fascinating loveliness of our Mabel burst upon him, in one of his morning walks, his whole soul went out to greet her, and ere long, that wealth of love hoarded in his breast for years, was all her own. Though he scarcely hoped for a full return of his passion, he longed to raise the idol of his worship to that elevated position, she seemed so perfectly fitted by nature and education to adorn.

"I cannot say that I love you as you deserve, Judge Clifton, but I will be to you a true and faithful wife, as far as it is in my power. I confess that I am influenced to accept your generous offer by the friends whom I prize dearer than life, and to whom I owe all that awakens your admiration. They were poor, but I knew it not until yesterday—they took me in a beggar from a foreign clime, and lavished upon me all the rich advantages of this favored land, and what I value above every thing else—their priceless love! I joy in whatever sacrifice I may make in their behalf, and I will strive to make you happy, to whose generosity and devotion, I am not insensible."

These words, falling from Mabel's lips in the hushed stillness of that gilded library, with its glorious pictures, and statues of angelic purity, did not cool the wild fever in the proud owner's soul; but as he gazed upon that swelling form, with the rounded arms crossed submissively, standing in the softened radiance of the shaded astral lamp, and marked

"The light of love—the purity of grace—The soul, the music breathing from her face. The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole, And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!"

it burned with a deeper intensity, and caught a holier inspiration.

And thus the faith of these two were plighted for weal and woe, for time but not eternity! No! by the outflashing glory beneath that uplifted brow, by the smouldering fire of that passionate heart, held down so fiercely by the arms, that rivalled in beauty those of "the statue that enchants the world" beside which Mabel stood, that betrothal was not destined to be eternal.

It was speedily arranged between Mrs. Langley and the Judge, that Edgar should not be apprised of the engagement, as the marriage would be deferred to some indefinite period in the future; nor by his mother's embarrassed circumstances. That he should enter upon his collegiate course at once, his mother and Mabel accepting an invitation from Judge Clifton to remain his guests during the coming spring, had sterner.

It was with a heart beating high with rainbow hopes and brilliant visions, that Edgar Langley bounded over the spacious grounds upon which stands in imposing grandeur, the tasteful college buildings, that grace the rich and beautiful city of Hartford. He entered upon his studies with renewed ardor, making warm friends among his classmates and winning universal favor among the distinguished professors in this noble institution. No riot, drinking party or other disgraceful scene was ever honored by his presence; he cherished a high aim and every step in those halls of learning was taken by him in direct reference to the honorable position among his fellow men to which he

aspired. A frequent correspondence with the beloved ones of his manly heart consoled him in his long absence. The letters of his mother were filled with noble incentives to untiring perseverance, and inspiring thoughts, calculated to beguile study of its tediousness. Mabel's were tender, affectionate and sisterly—sometimes more so than he could have wished; but then could not he who had shared her every thought for years, read beneath this fraternal exterior, a heart struggling to repress its secret passion? Ah yes! and the consciousness of its existence threw a sunny halo about his path, inciting him to greater exertions and nobler achievements.

Two years had fled away and Edgar was spending a few weeks with his friends for the first time since he left them, choosing to spend the vacations in close study, instead of pleasant recreation. They were still beneath the hospitable roof of Judge Clifton. It was a proud moment for Mrs. Langley, when the wondrous improvement in mind and person of her darling son dawned upon her—it was a foretaste of the glory of her reward and she looked with rapture upon the glowing future. There was a vision before her that no other earthly eye beheld! Patience! The golden cherished dream was merging into the long reality!

Mabel was brave and strong, and now that the sacrifice was made, she could not falter. She received him in a manner well calculated to deceive others, but when his eye, beaming with the devotion of his soul, was met by an averted look—a pallid face, he knew quickly that there was a secret grief within that breast, to him "more than heaven dear."

Judge Clifton was cordial, entertaining and in excellent spirits. Mabel's peculiar manner passed away and she seemed more gay than Edgar had ever deemed her. Rides, parties, excursions to places of interest, and a continual round of engagements enabled Mabel to avoid a private interview with him. It wanted but a few days of his return to College, when one day in a protracted ramble Edgar suddenly surprised her standing alone in a dreamy attitude by the side of the smoothly flowing Connecticut River.

"Now Mabel," he cried catching her hand, and imprisoning it within his own, "you shall hear me, I can endure this suspense no longer. For God's sake Mabel, tell me, what has come between us two, who have been all the world to each other?"

"Edgar, let me go I pray you."

"Never, until you answer me one question! My peace demands it!"

"Well be it so—I had hoped to be spared this."

Edgar led her to a moss-grown rock, and threw himself upon the grass at her feet, and commenced pouring out the story of his love in words of thrilling eloquence, but Mabel hastily withdrew her hand, while her pale face grew flushed with the crimson tide that rushed wildly through her heart. "Edgar cease in Heaven's name—I am the affianced wife of Judge Clifton!"

The stars swept from the evening sky, the moon disclosed and hurled from her queenly bower—the headlong torrent, transfixed in its onward dash, are fit emblems to illustrate the effect of this startling revelation upon the soul of Edgar! But he was outwardly calm, and his voice did not tremble as he rose and replied:

"Mabel, I could not believe what I now hear, but your face, your bearing towards me since my return, are truthful attest to what you say—I ask no explanation. It is enough that you are lost to me—God grant that you be not lost to yourself! Farewell!"

They did not meet again. Edgar departed next morning. Though the brightest ray of life's sunshine for him was quenched, though the sweetest music of his life was hushed, he had resolved to curb his grief, and with "vicarious wreaths," and he could not "beat a retreat" because a woman—a silly girl forsooth, had, Cleopatra-like, hoisted her "fearful sails" and left him alone in the battle strife! Ye Gods! had Mark Antony one spark of my hero's firmness, Egypt with all her charms could ne'er have "towed him after!"

But Mabel—for her no

"Court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart, Sword, gown, glory, or glory."

Held forth a shining equivalent for the loss of that which is "woman's whole existence"—Love. Like those deluded victims of a faith that teaches that pangs inflicted upon the physical frame purify the immortal soul, press the thousand sharp points of the hidden breastplate into the quivering flesh, lifting the eyes heavenward, so Mabel found strength to glory in the martyr-like crown that pierced her brow, believing that it was working out an unspeakable though unknown good for him, whom she would gladly have sacrificed her life.

The bridal hour—the immolation of the victim came at last, and Edgar was summoned home to witness the gorgeous pageant! He had just graduated and came wearing his gilded honors in their "newest gloss." The mother's ambition was fully sated, and she appeared at the garlanded festival—the priestess of the unholy rites that united the earthly destinies of two, whom God had not joined! By the urgent solicitation of Judge Clifton and his youthful bride, Edgar and his mother were induced to accompany them upon their wedding tour. It was a gay and seemingly happy party. The excitement of travel—the panoramic scenes before them, the interest awakened by new acquaintances soon overcome the painful embarrassment existing between Edgar and Mabel. They insensibly came to resume their olden relations of brother and sister and found an unalloyed source of pleasure in conversing and gazing upon the stupendous works of nature that are revealed in our vast country. Many months elapsed—the folder of which found them in the sunny clime of Florida—ere our travellers began to sigh for the quiet and repose of home.

When they were again established permanently in the old mansion, and life once more resumed its undisturbed ebb and flow, it was clear beyond doubt that they were a harmonious and contented family. Mrs. Langley and the Judge congratulated each other upon the fortunate turn the affairs of the former lovers had taken.

"I told you that it was nothing but a childish attachment, and would pass away as soon as the children should see something of society and the world."

"True," replied the Judge, "and I must again thank you for your influence in securing to my heart and home this 'gem of purest ray,' this angel of beauty and goodness."

Thus time stole noiselessly away, until, during a protracted absence of Judge Clifton in his professional duties, the young wife was seized with sudden and alarming illness. Upon a consultation of physicians, it was pronounced brain fever. Mrs. Langley allowed no one save the medical attendants to enter the sick chamber. She hung over the suffering one, watching every change with the faithfulness and anxiety of a mother, while Edgar, deeply afflicted, paced his room, despatching a servant every five minutes for news from his beloved sister. He had long since forgiven her untruth to him, though no word had fallen from each other's lips in regard to the past.

The family physician suggested that Judge Clifton had better be summoned, as he could not answer

for the result of the dangerous, and often fatal disease, but the artful mother, the plotting woman, dared not bring that husband to the bedside of his wife—raving in the delirium of fever, calling incessantly upon Edgar to save her, and frantically upbraiding her, who had sold her, and another!

One night Mrs. Langley's firm heart forsook her; she thought that Mabel was dying, and could no longer refuse the pleading entreaties that she might rest her burning head upon the breast of him she so wildly loved.

Edgar stood before her! With one frantic bound she sprung into his arms, folded her white hands about his neck, and reclined her fevered brow upon his bosom.

"My own Edgar! you have come to save me! They were just arraying me for the sacrifice! A moment more and my freed spirit would have floated away upon the wings of the morning, leaving you to travel the scorched sands of this burning desert alone!"

The last words died into a whisper, and the soft lids with their shadowy lashes fell over the luminous eyes, while the quick, labored breathing, gradually became gentle and regular. She slept! The mother and son exchanged one glance—it was enough! The cruel artifice—the unrighteous success—the submissive martyr dying at the burning stake, all was revealed in the silence of that midnight hour. Neither spoke, scarcely respired! It was the crisis of the fever. Two hearts went up to God's throne and begged for the wronged life of the beloved sleeper! It was given, and in the flood of joy that broke over those agonized watchers, the tears of repentance and pardon were freely mingled.

Mabel Clifton was saved! but the hour in which she hovered between life and death upon Edgar's breast, was fatal to his peace! The love which by his stern will he had nearly succeeded in banishing from his heart, assisted by the supposition that it was unrequited, now came back with sweeping, resistless power! And she, the wife of another—his kindest friend! Every thought of her was a double sin!

"God help me!" he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his anguish, as he rushed from the solitude of his chamber, the following morning. He was met by a servant, who presented him a package directed to him in his mother's hand.

Edgar quickly re-entered his room, and sat down to examine it. He broke the seal, and was soon lost in the perusal of his mother's story—it was as follows:

"Written hastily and briefly for my only son:—I was the child of poor and unknown parents, residing in the west of England. At an early age, I attracted the attention of the sole heir of the house of Granville. The youthful nobleman, wearied in the chase, and separated from his companions, halted upon his richly carpeted steed, at our humble door, and craved a glass of water. It was my hand that lifted it to his lips, and my heart that was won by the open admiration expressed in his ingenuous face. This 'love at first sight,' between a prince and peasant, resulted at last in a private marriage. Our home was in an old mansion, about sixty miles from London; a somewhat neglected residence of the noble family, where we lived in the utmost privacy and seclusion. It was there, my son, that your infant eyes first beheld the light—it was there that your high-born father spent the greater portion of his time, after our marriage, devoting himself to the cultivation of my mind and manners, fully expecting at some future period to call me his wife, in the 'face of earth and heaven,' but alas! that hour so longed for never came! One day, some three years after our secret bridal, Lord Granville unfolded to his son the cherished wish of his heart—to see him united to his noble rank and fortune. He begged permission to present to his father his beloved wife and infant son. With fiendish rage, and howling curses, he was driven from his presence. William's pride was so deeply wounded that he never would have passed those doors again, but three days after, a swift courier arrived at the mansion, bearing a hasty dispatch from the old noble, commanding his son to repair immediately to the castle.

"My husband regarded the message as a token of peace, and in the joy of the moment, announced his intention of taking you with him. He said he was confident that your winning ways and striking resemblance to his father's proud race, would plead more eloquently for the innocent, though hated plebeian wife, than any words that could be uttered. He folded me tenderly in his arms, pressed a kiss upon my pet sister's cheek—whom I had brought with me from my humble home—bidding me prepare for a welcome summons to rejoin him. His father, he said, laughing, would surely forgive a woman for presenting such an heir as this to the noble house of Granville—clapping his arm in his arms, he sprang into the carriage, and was driven rapidly away.

"Oh, my son, drop a tear for your mother's woe, when I tell you that this hasty parting was our last! I never saw him, whom I regarded with nothing less than idolatry, again! A prevailing epidemic seized upon him, and in one short week he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors! I knew it not, until I read the fatal intelligence in the public prints! I wrote a letter after letter to his father, but only received a few brief lines, informing me that William had bequeathed his son to his care, and a request that I would not annoy him more with my petitions or prayers. It would be useless. There was no sympathy between the noble and plebeian.

"I will not dwell upon my despair—no words can paint it—I leave it for your imagination to picture! Not until the death of my little sister, which occurred some months afterwards, did I awaken from the benumbing stupor that paralyzed every exertion. The ceaseless yearnings for my child at last grew into a mighty resolution to possess him. I repaired to London, obtained lodgings, converted my jewels and costly clothing into money, and waited patiently an opportunity which I had full faith would come—to take you clandestinely from the proud old noble, who would teach the sole scion of his lofty race to look with contempt upon the mother who bore him. I did not have long to wait; long enough however, to mature my plans. The injustice and cruelty I had received, engendered in my soul a fierce hatred for tyranny and power. I read with enthusiastic joy every paper and book I could find, which treated of the glowing land of equal rights, across the broad Atlantic; and I thought how beautiful it would be to fly with my noble, titled child, to that country where seats of honor were attainable by the lowly born, as well as the children of rank, and rear him beneath the shadow of her free institutions.

"It was with solemnity and awe that I learned, one month after my arrival in the great city, that Lord Granville was dead—smitten by a sudden stroke, of apoplexy; he had been called without a moment's warning into the presence of his Maker! I bowed my head in the dust, and prayed that God would show that mercy to the father of my William that was denied to me. It was a singular will, drawn up by Lord Granville's dictation, immediately after your father's death, and I am happy to believe that it will win my pardon for interposing a barrier between you and Mabel. Among its provisions, was a clause in which your inheritance was to revert to another branch of the family, if at any

time you should follow the footsteps of his deluded parent, and contract a marriage with one of low origin!"

"He who made this heartless will was gone! My child was left to the care of lords and ladies, who were proud to become his guardians and teachers, but I was his mother, and felt that I had a right to him, superior to that of all others—the right of Nature's law. I stole you from the careless servants, and fled to this home of the oppressed. Great was the search for the missing heir, but to this day he is undiscovered!"

"My beloved son, the hour is at hand when you may claim your inheritance, and take your place among the nobility of England. You are a peer of that proud realm, but thank God, you are so permeated with the spirit of this glorious republic, that I do not fear that a feeling of mortification will fill your breast to know that your mother was poor and unknown. No, I would blush for shame that I had so signally failed in my highest duty to you and myself, if your heart does not bound with pride, that she, who gave you birth, was able to break the fetters that bound her in ignorance and oppression, firmly asserting and proving her claim to that truest patent of nobility—a useful life, wrought out and forged in the furnace of poverty."

It was a soulful meeting between Edgar and his mother. He gazed upon her elevated face with a feeling of reverence. Her superiority over those beings reared in the enervating lap of luxury and rank, impressed him with the deepest admiration. He could deplore no less, however, the fate that had severed him from the only woman that he felt he could ever love, but in his generous heart he could not blame his ambitious mother, who must have been something more than human, to have given over the struggle when the glittering goal was just heaving into view!

It wanted some time of the period when Edgar's presence would be wanted in England, to substantiate his claims, but he urgently solicited his mother to unfold the surprising revelation to Judge Clifton and Mabel, and make arrangements for their immediate departure. His soul was the home of honor and truth, and he could not—he dared not remain in the mansion of the friend who had so generously opened his house and coffers in the hour of their greatest need, while his heart was full of its mad worship for the pure and honored wife. A few weeks later, the scene described in my Prologue transpired, and Edgar and his mother embarked in a steamship for England.

CHAPTER IV.

GRANVILLE CASTLE—VISIT TO VENICE—PARIS—ENCHANTING SINGER.

It was a gorgeous pile of architectural magnificence—that ancient castle of the Granvilles with its stately towers—its baronial halls—its wide gravelled avenues, lined with majestic oaks whose lofty branches seemed aspiring to lift themselves to the embrace of the gold and purple sky. It was a day of rejoicing and festivity throughout the vast domains of the time honored race. Bright flags beamed out from the dim lattice, and tall fens strode proudly across the mosaic floor, beneath the richly fretted roof. The Gothic windows were crowded with the beauty and chivalry of the surrounding country. A princely feast was spread upon the groaning boards—gay banners floated out upon the massive walls, and the voices of an hundred vassals welcomed the return of the noble heir "who was lost and was found, who was dead and is alive again."

Unheeded or forgotten was the olden story of the mother's low birth, and without question or doubt she took her place in her son's proud halls among the noblest of the land.

One here and his mother, though English in birth, were Americans in soul and education, and when the congratulations, festivals and illuminations were over, they engaged heartily in the work of improving and elevating the numerous retainers that gathered around the hearth and were scattered about in the hamlets—the humble but faithful followers of the lordly house of Granville.

Schools were founded, cottages built, and the galling burdens of oppression lifted from many a weary heart. The respect and honor of the high, and the blessings of the lowly were showered upon the heads of Lord Edgar and his proud mother, who was now at the height of her glory and ambition.

And how felt he—my hero? Was he able to forget in his lofty eyrie the crushed life and wounded heart of that one, pining in the western world for the light of his love—the sunshine of his smile?

Nay—though he could engage ardently in the duties and pleasures of life, when the hour of repose and reflection came, his true soul returned at once to the shrine of his worship. It was only by filling every moment with scenes of interest and deeds of benevolence that he could banish a vision that forever strove to haunt him! That midnight hour those enfolding arms, the soft pressure of that dear head upon his beating heart that wildly murmuring voice of love!

As a last resort Lord Granville resolved to make a tour of the Continent, accompanied by his mother, and a small party of talented and valued friends. He was confident that in the contemplation of the scenes of historic and classic fame, he should succeed in crowding from his mind her, whom his conscience admonished him, it was wrong to cherish.

Like his energetic mother, with Lord Edgar, decision was but another name for action, and in a few brief weeks we find him loitering and sketching upon the banks of the magnificent rivers—the Rhone and Saone—gazing with enraptured eyes upon the broad and fertile valleys that lay stretched out beneath the snow capped brow of Mt. Blanc—the monarch of the Alps. They spent much time in visiting galleries of art, libraries and public gardens in the several great cities of the continent which they visited. During the heat of summer they passed among the mountains of Switzerland. To Lord Edgar there was an irresistible charm in the wild grandeur of these rugged fastnesses, and he would spend day after day in climbing almost inaccessible heights, and when night drew her mantle about the sublime scene and he retired to his hotel, he would sit for hours at his chamber window gazing upon the pale light of the moon beaming over the mountains, giving to the glaciers a delicate brilliancy, and to the mist in the valley a grey and softened tone, as it subsided into depth and darkness.

The autumn was spent by our noble party in travelling through the countries of Lombardy and Modena lingering with a melancholy pleasure among the ruins of Ancient Rome. They he from the first projection of their tour intended to remain several months in the wave-washed city, Venice, and when the rose in her sylvan like beauty upon their bewildered sight, they greeted her with expressions of rapturous delight. This city of sea with its musical waters—its floating life in gaily painted gondolas—its marble walls mirrored in the transparent streets, was to be their home during a sweet repose from the dust and weariness of travel. It was the season of a grand festival of our travellers had an immediate opportunity of witnessing boat-races, masked balls and many of the varied entertainments of this gay and pleasure-loving people.

One of the company, who had spent a winter

Venice some time before, was recognized and welcomed with much warmth by one of the patrician nobles.

The Palazzo of Signor Bertram Lioni was built of white marble encircled by broad balconies, and wide steps descending to the edge of the flashing water. Within it was enchanting as a fairy's bower, perfumed by flowers of eastern magnificence, while the air, was rendered cool and delightful by the mimic fountains that gushed up in various forms of sparkling beauty.

The signor was high minded and noble, with much of the fire of the Venetians of other days burning in his soul. The grief with which he looked upon the blindfold bondage and willing servitude of the descendants of glorious ancestors; and it was rumored an unspoken domestic sorrow, lent a peculiar melancholy sweetness to his proud dignified manner.

Lord Edgar and his mother were frequent guests at the seagirt palace, passing the day in dreamy quiet among "the garlands, the rose odor, and the flowers" and when the King of Day yielded his sceptre to his soft Queen they would commit themselves to the fair bosom of the Rialto, listening in rapt silence to the boatman's echoing song, the musical dip of the oar, and the low hum of the thousand voices breathing the strains of love, while the soft moonlight lay like a flood of silver over the gleaming towers and glittering spires of this "ocean born city."

The climate proved so genial to Lord Edgar's mother whose health had been somewhat declining that they were induced to remain much longer than they at first intended. Their party grew weary of waiting and departed without them.

One year stole imperceptibly away ere they bade a reluctant adieu to the glorious sky that multiplied itself in the lucid mirror flashing below. Signor Lioni accompanied them—and to declare the truth it must be said that he had become strangely attached to Lord Edgar, and would have had no objection to the adoption of him as a son, could he but gain the consent of the still beautiful and attractive mother.

As the weary traveller becomes impatient of delay, as the spires of his native home rise upon his sight I find myself unwilling, to linger when the final of my stay is beaming out before my vision. With your permission gentle reader I will pass over five years in which time Lord Edgar's mother became lost in the brilliant Signora Bertram Lioni—the united pair spending their time alternately at the Granville mansion in London, and the marble Palazzo in the bride of the Adriatic.

Of Mabel the wanderer child—the martyr girl sacrificed upon the altar of ambition, nothing had been heard for three years. A few letters had reached them occasionally in answer to their repeated entreaties after they left the shores of America—then all was silence.

Our hero had roamed over the world—sated his eyes with scenes of grandeur and loveliness, gazed upon the glorious forms of female beauty in every clime, had been flattered carressed and loved by languishing bosoms beaming below radiant eyes of every variety of shade from the heaven tinted melting blue of northern lands to the fished resplendent black of the climes of the "burnished sun" and yet his heart true to its allegiance ever returned to the bride of his soul severed from him by a restless fate.

Our noble family were passing apart of a gay season in the city of Paris. Brilliant festivals, gorgeous illuminations, grand balls and concerts were in the ascendant—Signor and Signora Lioni, and Lord Granville were seated in a private box at the Theatre Royal, on the third evening of their arrival on their return from Venice, where they had spent the winter.

It was near the close of the entertainment when a celebrated singer—a meteor that had suddenly flashed upon the world whose name was announced for the first time in Paris—made her appearance upon the boards.

She was dressed in a magnificent robe of crimson, flounced with rich black lace—her hair dark as the raven's plumage fell in massive beauty over her exquisitely moulded neck and bosom, and clustered in shining curls about her radiant brow.

Her rounded voluptuous arms were crossed meekly upon her breast. Her face was resplendent with the glory of intellect, and when her voice broke forth—low at first as summer's softest sigh, then rising in its matchless power until the spacious walls of the theatre were filled with its wild unearthly harmony—the silence of the tomb fell upon that vast assembly, and not until she bowed low and was vanishing from the stage, did the storm of applause burst forth. It rose with a deafening shout then died away, but to be renewed again with redoubled vigor. Not all their repeated efforts could win her back. The manager at last came forward and announced that the fair debutante had adopted a resolution never to appear a second time during an evening before an audience. She had commissioned him to present her grateful thanks for the abundant testimonial of their favor.

There were pale faces, straining eyes and wildly beating hearts in one box in that enthusiastic assemblage but no words came to explain the sudden shock. In silence our party entered their carriage in waiting and returned to their hotel.

Late that night there was an unexpected and joyous meeting between two long separated friends in a private apartment in the house that received the enchanted singer and her attendants. Later still there came a gentle knock at the door of the room where Signora Lioni sat alone communing with her own painful thoughts.

She instantly arose and admitted her son. His face was flushed with excitement and glad light shone in those eyes so eloquent in interpreting the language of his soul.

"Mother! I have seen her—our Mabel! Three years ago Judge Clifton fell asleep and was buried upon the sunny slope that rose above our humble home, by the Connecticut shores. His relatives and friends manifested a disposition so mercenary and looked upon the possessions so generously secured to her by her noble husband with an air so grudging that Mabel's proud spirit was chafed beyond endurance. She made over to them the wealth that had finished its mission for her when her mother and brother were no longer by, to be the recipients of its blessings—secretly forsaking those who so misjudged her unselfish heart, she applied herself to the cultivation of her wonderful voice—you my mother have witnessed her triumphant debut. It is her first appearance on this side of the Atlantic and it shall be her last—I have sworn it!"

"Listen to me, mother mine. In all my life I have obeyed you in everything. I have submitted without a murmur to the deathlike blow given to my young heart. I have tried to satisfy its wants and cravings with the gilded pleasures of the rich and great. I confess to you as I have this night to her, that it has been a vain endeavor. I am prepared by the misery of my glittering but aimless life, to relinquish with joy the empty title, the broad possessions and rising gold so worshipped by my long line of ancestry, for the sake of being united to her who, to my soul, is the only true embodiment of beauty—the only being who can bring to my lips the sweet waters of that love which is the choicest dainty in life's feast, like to noble and peasant."

The signora here made an attempt to speak, but Lord Edgar interrupted her by a resolute gesture.

"Do not seek to change my resolution. I have no longer the fear to daunt me, that I shall drag my honored mother down to obscurity with me. I have fixed upon my course. No persuasion can affect me. If you wish that harmony to exist between us which has been the joy of our lives, give your sanction and blessing to my righteous enterprise. Mother, will you listen?"

The face of the signora had passed through many changes during this startling speech, but she now bowed her assent. The proud woman, with many virtues and few faults, though wise, might be glaring, and the result of the singular circumstances that were woven into her destiny, felt for the first time the power of her son's controlling influence—the force of the "triple armor of one who knows his quarrel just." Her voice was low and tender as she bade him proceed. There was thanksgiving and love in those glorious eyes, as Edgar went on to love his plan.

"I will take Mabel with us to England, and in the proud mansion of my fathers, I will espouse her with becoming magnificence. Then I will embark for that free land—the country of my soul, where my talents, education and perseverance shall win for me wealth and fame."

It was long ere the mother spoke, and then her voice was broken by contending emotions.

"I feel, my son, that it is a great sacrifice that you have resolved to make, but I have wept hours of agony over the cruelty of the sacrifice that I, in my overweening ambition forced that friendless child to make for you. I have looked in vain to find the peace and happiness shining out upon your loved face which I fondly believed station and wealth would bring. I will not oppose you. I will bestow upon you and my still dear Mabel, my heartfelt blessing, and may God forgive me for the wrongs I have done you both!"

TABLEAU.

The bridal hour of the Lord of Granville! A magnificent apartment, ornamented by costly hangings of crimson and gold. A thronging crowd in which moved nobles and princesses, resplendent with radiant eyes and flashing diamonds. A snowy altar temporarily erected in the centre of the room, by which was standing a stately divine of the Church of England, awaiting the brilliant party emerging from beneath an artificial rainbow, composed of gorgeous flowers.

The young nobleman never looked more imposing in his glorious beauty, and the peerless bride beamed out through her veil of pearly mist like a vision from fairy land. Grooms and bridesmaids followed in the glittering train. Signor Bertram Lioni occupied the place of him who in the impressive service gives away the bride. They awaited a motion from the minister to kneel before the altar, when the noble signor, waving his hand, broke the hushed silence.

"Reverend prelate, lords and ladies, I crave your listening ears a moment, ere these two are united in the sacred ties of marriage. These two years ago, when I was young and hopeful as the noble lord before you, there lived in my sea-girt home a beautiful senora. From her infancy she was betrothed to a proud signor some years beyond her own age. She had been taught to regard him as her future husband, and she was a dutiful child, but her heart had never been responsive to the voice of passion.

"A short time before the nuptial rites were to be solemnized she met a stranger youth whom she learned to love with a tenderness unknown to her before. She feared her father's anger and clandestinely fled with the object of her choice, despatching a hasty note to him who had long looked upon her as his bride. The father loved the child of his age, and freely forgave her and him who had won her passionate heart; but the disappointed lover was implacable, and vowed in his fury that he would have an injured Italian's revenge.

"Years passed away, and all parties met on the same amicable footing as of old, and the wild threat was forgotten. The fair dame gave birth to a daughter, whose rare loveliness, ere she attained the age of two years, was the theme of every tongue. Suddenly the child was missing. Search was made in vain. It would have been decided beyond a doubt that the little one had found a grave in the Rialto, but, strange to relate, the discarded lover disappeared at the same time. He had been convicted of a crime for which he was sentenced to banishment, and his large estates confiscated.

"Suspicion fell upon the banished noble. His former angry threats were recalled, and secret spies despatched to every country upon the Continent. Princely rewards were placarded upon every corner throughout Venice, and the most persevering efforts continued for months. It was all in vain. No tidings of the lost darling came to cheer the mother's drooping heart, and ere the weary months lengthened into years, she faded away in her angel like beauty to bloom again on that summer shore where partings and tears are known no more forever.

"The lone husband and disappointed father lived on in his sadness, for grief does not always kill," until long years had rolled away. Then some new and precious friend won him from the scene of his desolated affections. With them he left his native land and traveled in other climes. On a certain occasion he was startled by a vision of beauty so like the living picture in his heart that he sought her presence and pleadingly solicited her name and the land of her birth.

With a smile of angelic sweetness she took a miniature and a folded note from her escritoire, and laying them in his hand said "These are the only heralds to proclaim, the mystery of my birth."

The rapture that filled the wanderer's soul must be imagined, when in the picture he recognized the perfect representation of his buried wife and in the note the delicate chirography and maiden name of the lovely Ariadne taking her final farewell of her affianced Antonio for his own dear sake!

It needed but few words to convince the yearning heart of the lonely but admired woman that her father was waiting to embrace her, and a tearful face was soon pressed to loving lips, and a fond bosom warmly beating against his own.

A thrilling silence reigned through the spacious apartment every ear was inclined with the utmost attention, every eye, was fixed upon the noble speaker.

The overpowering interest awakened in each of the eager and flushed listeners was painted upon their earnest faces as he resumed:

"My Lords and Ladies—the secret that I am about to unfold is known only to one present, save myself and the Eternal!"

Behold in me that, desolate, grief worn but rejoicing father! Behold in this veiled bride my long-lost, restored daughter! Stolen in her infancy from her princely home in sunny Venice, and borne across the bounding ocean to a strange chilly clime where her tender feet were trained to a life of street vagrancy exposed to all the corruption of the lowest phase of humanity until the revengeful villain was suddenly summoned to his last dread account at the bar of God!

Cold, hungry, and wild with grief and despair, at the death of one she deemed her father, my poor child was received in the spirit of the purest benevolence into the bosom of the family of the Gran-

villes—then self exiles from home, and educated in the noble institutions of that glorious land where Freedom rears her crest unconquered, and sublimity. The reward of their unselfish philanthropy is in heaven—it cannot be meted out on earth!

After making the wondrous discovery, I pledged my sweet child to profound secrecy. I wished to reserve this revelation for this auspicious hour.

"Take her my Lord of Granville, and the noble Venetian placed the hand of his tearful daughter in that of the happy bridegroom.

"You have proved yourself worthy of my choicest gift. I congratulate you my lord, that your beautiful bride is not the unknown and friendless being for whom you so generously resolved to sacrifice titles and wealth, but the sole legal descendant of a race proud and untitled as your own.

May heaven afflict his holy soul to this union of the houses of Granville and Lioni!"

The joyous pair approached the altar-stone and bowed low to receive from anointed hands "Love's radiant Crown."

B.A.N.

We knew it would rain, by all the morn.
A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,
Was lowering its golden jacket down
Into the vapory amethyst.

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the towers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sun,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers!

We knew it would rain, if the poplars showed
The white of their leaves—the amber glow
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning gale
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

For the Banner of Light.

The Evidences of Immortality.

BY CORA WILBUR.

There are hours in life when the convictions of immortality thrill the spirit with irresistible power! when the awakened intuition loudly asserts its claims; when the full od of joy, or the heaving waves of sorrow upraise the heart unto the portals of Heaven itself. It needs no written revelation, no traditional record, to convince our souls of the future destiny; they may aid and confirm the overwhelming evidences of the present, the inner consciousness, the heavenly aspiration that is untaught—that comes unsummoned to the pure and earnest spirit, seeking for truth, struggling through the mists of error up the light. Youth, with its love-glowing hopes and rosy promises gives forth shadowed glimpses of a blessed reality, and exalts the earth-born affections into everlasting joys. In the sweet outpourings of a truthful friendship, there is the promise of a perpetuated confidence and happy loving intercourse. Every thought, every fervent aspiration, every noble, although unaccomplished effort gives of itself the assurance of ultimate fulfillment. Love, being in itself of heavenly origin, blossoms in immortal fragrance and undying faith, with the true heart's sanctuary. Friendship, though oftentimes deserted by worldly touch, and blighted by the worldling's breath, arises fresh and pure and fragrant, from the earthly ordeal an evergreen of immortal hope.

The poet's dreams, his fair ideal scenes of happiness and Elysian luxury, that come to him amid the busy stir of life, and its weary commonplace surroundings, vision of loveliness that lure his soul from the dust sined turmoil of the mammon mart, the uninspired prospect of "bricks and mortar," leading him amid Paradisean scenes, forget not alone with of nature's luxuriant bounty, but bathed in the glimmer light of a heavenly radiance where music spins, in which earth's wailing notes of sorrow here, are borne upon the balmy breezes, that here, in that ideal region, whisper intelligible messages unto the listening ear of faith and hope. Whence these imaginings? From what source derived these ideal portraiture? Whence come those aerial strains of joyful melody? Why thrills the soul with thoughts, with longings, with foreboding glimpses of a diviner life? They are no glittering dreamy phantasms, by a fertile brain invoked; they are part of the spirit's power, these parting fleeting views of better worlds and angel life. They are blessed realities, else could no human mind conceive them, nor dream of glories beyond man's beauty; nor feel that ever ceaseless yearning for perfected love and exalted joys, for fadeless beauty and for those heavenly music utterances from which prophetic hope proclaims, the wail of sadness shall be taken, that mars its triumph here. No human heart could thrill with its own lonely and loving thoughts, did not fulfillment await the longing consciousness. The beautiful concepts of the artist save their idealizing power to the inner vision that beholds with spiritual rapture the theories of the bright beyond. The eloquence of the advocates for freedom, virtue and progress arises from the true soul's depths, foretelling the portents to come, the holy states of liberty, purity and peace, existent though unseen, once to be earth's portion of blessedness.

Whence noble deed calls forth the world's applause touching appeal to the heart is made, some spring speech arouses the dormant faculties, are wof not often powerless, language found inadequate to express the listener's deep emotion, and the eloquence of silence the heart's response? The most fervent prayer is wordless; the highest joy cannot, no fitting expression in mortal tongue. Gratitude speaks in the tear filled eye, though the quivering lips emit no sound; love dwells upon the mately coloring cheek; hope, in the heavenly light radiating the mortal visage. There is then a language of the soul's affection, that needs not words, on earth it is imperfect, and but little understood, for there would be less of suffering, misanthropy, and more sincerity in speech. In better times this untaught and untaught eloquence must be perfected and full appreciation. Thought, all present and all powerful, must become action, and aspiration meet reality.

Where are derived life's holiest and most soothing consolations? Not from the hackneyed worldly phrases, and set consoling speeches that greet us in bereavement's hour; for they fall powerless upon the heart by sorrow crushed; but from our own soul's depths arising, amid the surrounding stillness of solitude and reflection, the convictions of immortality strong upon us; with a mighty power of consoling truth. Amid bereavement's heart-wail is heard the singing voice of angelic hopes, and the glories of the promised reunion, lull the heart into resignation. Blessed reunion on the eternal shores! not repudiated, because revealed religion gives its sanction, but in the intensity of fervent longing for so great a boon, in the souls anguished yearning and blissful response giving full assurance of its diving realization, the heavenly answer unto earth's holiest prayer! The very smile upon the face of the departed is an angel signet, the impress of immortality achieved!

There is not a pure and beautiful object in Nature's wide domain, but serves as evidence of the unending life; promising perpetuation and unfoldment! Flowers, with their varied beauty and lovely fragrance, the fresh and waving grass, the waiting sunshine, the silvery moonbeams, the calm flowing rivulet, the foam-tossed waves of ocean, the whispering leaves, the golden sunset clouds, the morning's rosy beauty, the evening's holy stillness, the midnight's solemn call, the melodies of food and grove—all tell of future continuance, of

THE CHINESE.

In a letter to the Registrar-General, published in the *Journal of the Statistical Society*, Sir John Bowring has given us a brief knowledge of the Chinese in a very graphic summary of some of the traits of that immense empire with its three or four hundred millions of human beings. There appears to be no portion of the globe which so teems with life, or teems with death. Order is the first law of the lawgiver Confucius; yet there is systematic disorder, introducing death into every family, chronic rebellion into many provinces, and avowed incapacity for carrying out Government decrees in the Two Quangs. The Chinese reverence vitality in old age and condemn it in infancy. There is no country in which marriage is so constantly, so early, and so conspicuously an object of solicitude—none in which there is a more conclusive evidence of redundant population. The land is so crowded that the people are literally pressed out of it. They dwell in boats which cover the inland waters; there are 800,000 persons at Canton alone who reside on the surface of the river.

Their tortuous nature in the effort to get food; every kind of substance that is edible is eaten. They fish with all sorts of decoys—nets from seines a mile long to lines in the hand of the child; they fish by night, by day, by moonlight, torchlight, and in darkness; and they carry the fish to market alive in buckets of water. They live on roots and seeds, arums, and water-chestnuts. Their butchers are so fond of their ideas: dogs are habitually sold for food, especially puppies: the animals may be seen hanging in the butcher's shop by the side of goats and pigs. The Chinese also feast upon sea-slugs, birds' nests, monkeys, snakes, rats, mice, and rotten eggs. They are a temperate race, avoiding alcohol: sometimes abstaining from tea because it is dear at threepence a pound; using opium when they can get it; doing with two meals a day; and for all their omnivorousness, eschewing one article of diet with obstinate refusal. The Chinaman will not take milk in any form—neither as butter, cheese, cream, nor whey. What is it that thus restricts the dietary? Probably hatred of the Mantchou Tartars, the cattle-driving and China-driving race. Submitting to the tyranny from Peking, the Chinaman sympathizes with the cow, and vents his political acrimony in declining milk or butter.

They emigrate to Siam, where there are 1,500,000; to Java, Ceylon, China, Singapore, British India, Australia, the Philippines, the Sandwich Islands, California, Central and South America, the West Indies; they also emigrate across the land border into Manchouria and Tibet. The males emigrate; with the females another course is taken.

The commonest mode for keeping under the daughters of a family is to throw the infant females into towers of brick or stone built for the purpose. Although ruled upon principles of "order," the Chinese have so little antipathy to a dead body, that a visitor to a house will sometimes have to step over a rotten corpse at the door. There are reformers, however, in China, since the days of Kung-tse; and one of the most excellent Chinese writers, Kwei-chung-fu, suggests a practical course to supersede the necessity of drowning female children. With the unfeeling rationality of the Chinese he gives a reason to show the necessity for relinquishing the advantage of daughter-drowning: to destroy daughters, he says, "is to make war upon heaven's harmony," by disturbing the equality of the sexes. And as a practical course, he suggests, that instead of drowning the children, the daughters should be abandoned to their fate on the wayside. So bold is reform in China! And he clenches his persuasion with an irresistible argument: "Where should we have been," he asks, "if our grandmothers and mothers had been destroyed in their infancy?"

THE HANDSOME SOUL.

One day last winter, a little boy from the south, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress.

Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang—

his sled, and cap in hand commenced an earnest apology:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined; I thought that you would be very angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh no," replied the lady; "better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who? that lady?" returned his comrade; "if you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked:

"Oh, mother that lady did me good; I shall never forget it, and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said—"

"Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

THE REAL VALUE OF ACTIONS.

How ephemeral are the labors of a man of business! He may perform many good and valuable acts outside of his prescribed vocation, but his business, after all, engrosses most of his thoughts and efforts, and his work of life must therefore be estimated chiefly by the daily drudgery of his calling. To what does this all amount, reckoning up the sum in figures of value, intellectual, moral, or any other that can be called permanent? The wealth accumulated is transmissible, and may possibly last a generation—but what then?

We cannot think of comparing the results of the anxious and wearing labors of the man of business to anything better than his account books, his journals, his ledgers, and the rest. And what is a whole library of these records of his transactions worth, in twenty or ten years after they are written? Just as much as they will fetch at the paper mill, no more. And are then the authors of those great and innumerable folios of all little worth beyond their day and generation, as these poor memorials of all they have been doing all their days? This is a melancholy reflection, is it correct? If so, it is time for some of us to see to it, that these worthless daybooks and ledgers shall not comprise everything we have done in life. It is time for us to take care that another record shall be made in another book, the writings in which shall be more enduring, whose accounts will meet us when the present transitory objects of eager pursuit shall vanish, and delight and deceive us no more.

A POSEUR.

Squire J—recently aspired to represent his town in the next Legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seized all favorable opportunities to address the million. A few nights since, there was a caucus at the school-house, when J—delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows:—

"I say, fellow-citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who cannot put his hand on his heart, and say there is nothing rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—"

"With cracker crumbs in it!" shouted the shrill voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous, and it is doubtful if the Squire gets the nomination. It is supposed that the cracker crumb man is the father of a small family, and has experienced the delights of such a bed."

immortal and perfected beauty. But, all this may be, in a great measure, lost to the soul entranced by materialisms, by that intense mammon worship that excludes from its votaries' vision, heaven's brightness and Nature's beauty. To the heart enthralled by earth's baser allurements, the voices of Nature speak not intelligibly; and her melodious utterances change, to discordant tones. Such souls admit not the evidences of the higher-life, as they also deny the existence of earth's best influences, love and friendship, home, joy, and social harmony.

But the wronged and long suffering, though all of earth forsake, will yet fondly, with constancy and faith unshaken, cling to their bright ideals of Goodness and purity, love and truth, conscious of their existence, though by the yearning spirit unmet on earth. Immortality promises the full reward of the earthly waiting, and the voice of intuition calls exultingly, though all of earth prove vain and false, that Love and Faith and Beauty live, and blossom into diviner life, perpetually unfolding in glorious revelation beneath the approving smile of God! In some hearts Youth dwells perennially, heavening there a glorious spring-tide; and the spirit's heavenward aspirations form an earthly paradise of abiding love and joy! Some yearning souls while they acknowledge the beauty of earth, gratefully inhale its fragrant breezes, bask in its sunlight's warmth, and glory in its music strains; yet feel a consciousness of imperfection, dwelling in all things; as if the sunshine could become more vividly golden; the flow-ers assume a richer dye; and a diviner odour, the breeze deeper toned significance, and the warblers' strains be freighted with tones of blessedness unalloyed. There is a want; a glory-crowning need, the artistic touch of the same "hand Divine," upon this darkened earth, a beautifying, elevating, spiritualizing touch; waking all future into harmonious beauty; realizing the heart's poetical dreams.

Sweet, soul-born intuition speaks; not blindfolded faith; listen, prayerful, aspiring, longing spirit; listen to thine own soul's revelations: "There are worlds beyond, where all things shall be made perfect, for I yearn for the Beautiful, the Unveiled Glory; and it must be mine, for this capacity within me; this love and worship of my inner depths before the unseen, but gloriously foreshadowed spiritual shrine. There are realms where the poverty of language shall not contain the spirit's utterances, where desire shall attain fulfillment, and the treasures of the loving heart, be not poured forth in vain. There is a life unending, and we, the inheritors of its glory, guided here, by unseen influences through "darkness to the light."

We aspire towards a life of happiness, it is the universal object, the life study of earth's children; yet that object is never fully attained, and the soul murmurs at the limits by mortality's surroundings imposed upon its boundless aspirations; binding within a narrow circle its noble, daring aims! Can that soul, imbued with the essence of enduring love, with all its hoarded tenderness and uncommunicated dreams of beauty, forego its claims upon fruition, extinguish in the dust its glowing hopes, or roam with unfulfilled longing, with void and lonely spirit, throughout the countless ages of eternity? Can the loving mother banish from her soul the belief, that on the eternal shores, her angel child shall greet her, with extended arms and sweet familiar welcome? Intuition, aside from all early teachings and doctrinal promises, gives the conviction to her mind. Can all the dictates of materialism cause the heart to exclude the intruding visions of that blessed reunion; father with child, sister with brother, friend with long severed friend? It needs no record, no revelation handed down from age to age, they may but strengthen the soul's inborn evidence, which of itself is revelation, evidence, and most exalted conviction, intuition, pure and unperverted pronounces for its truth, heralds its reality, proclaims its glorious triumphs. And, as life advances, with its varied and mingling joys and sorrows, the convictions deepen, and the angel form of faith guides onward, with brow serene, and with unflinching step the earnest seeker; and when the calm hour of the transition comes, leads the willing, hopeful spirit, to the Home, its yearning heart has framed, to the friends, that soul communed with in thought and deed long years before, to the Home where among other blessings,

"Peace the woman's heart shall find
And joy the poet's life."

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1857.

OLD LETTERS.

He opened it, and face to face arose
The dead old years he thought to have escaped
All changed into letters, there he saw
Answers to some of his containing doubts
Long since become negations; some again
Encouraging resolves of his long broke,
And, as he thought, forgotten—not a leaf
But marked some downward step. Oh! in our life
There are no hours so full of speechless woes
As those in which we read through misty eyes,
Letters from those we loved us once; of whom
Some have long ceased to love at all—We had
That traced the fond warm records still and cold—
The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all
That moves, and mourns, and aches upon the earth;
And some, still loved, but live for us no more.

SUN FLOWERS.

Lieutenant Maury, in an article communicated to the *Rural New Yorker*, maintains that the growing of sunflowers around a dwelling located near a fever and ague region, neutralizes the miasma in which that disease originates. He was led to experiment on the subject in consequence of the dwelling of the Superintendent of the Observatory at Washington having been rendered uninhabitable five months in the year by the miasma that arises from the marshes which nearly surround it. The rank grass and weeds which cover these marshes, begin to decay early in August, and by them the miasma is evolved. Mr. Maury's theory was that the poisonous matter which was evolved must have been elaborated during the growth of the weeds, and set free in their decay. On this supposition, by planting other vegetables matter between the house and the marshes, and bringing it into vigorous growth about the time that that of the marshes began to decay, the poisonous matter might be absorbed and again elaborated into vegetable tissue, and so purify the air.

In the spring of 1856, a belt about forty-five feet broad, between the observatory and the marshes, was prepared and planted with sun flowers, which Lieut. Maury recollected having seen growing about the cabins in the West, where it was said to be "healthy" to have them. The flowers grew finely, and the result was a complete success, although the obliques appeared at the White House and other places, the watchmen at the Observatory, who were most exposed to the night air, weathered the summer clear of chills and fever. Previously, two or three relays of these men would be attacked during the season.

Lieut. Maury says that an acre of sun flowers will absorb during their growth many thousand gallons of water more than are supplied by the rains. They are of easy cultivation, and the seeds, which are very valuable, find a ready market at the drug stores. Mr. Maury suggests that water lilies planted in marshes would produce the same effect as sun flowers.

A "QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE." The Ohio State Journal cites an instance of parliamentary "privilege," which is not laid down in any of the manuals. A member of the House of Representatives of that State, rose and said—

"Mr. Speaker—I rise to a question of privilege. I have been abused by the Ohio Statesman. I consider it a great privilege to be abused by that paper."

Banner of Light.

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For Terms see 6th page.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. M. FLORIDA. Your metaphysical disquisition is entirely out of the range of our comprehension. We get lost in its tangled heap of unpronounceable names. We are not inclined towards theological discussions. They serve but to sustain the "Conflict of Ages," and as our object is to assist in bringing that conflict to a close we respectfully decline the contribution sent to us. We send you, as you request, our paper, and shall be pleased to receive from you, short comprehensive statements of any events that occur in your vicinity, evincing the presence and power of spirit friends.

EMMA ALLAN. Your sketch is acceptable. We hope to hear from you often.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We shall commence the publication of a charming story in our next number, entitled

DORA MOORE.

It is a tale of Irish life, and full of thrilling scenes, not overwrought, but truthful to life. It cannot but be read with pleasure and profit by all. Its purity of tone, and its true Christian breathing is quite charming in these days, when the press is surfeited with horrible tales of crime, not calculated to lead the mind to a better life or to the practice of ennobling virtues.

It is from the pen of

MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

a highly popular authoress, and this announcement is sufficient to vouch for the truthfulness of our statement.

The publication of *LORE*, has been unavoidably delayed, on account of an unforeseen accident, and will follow *Dora Moore*, instead of preceding it, as we contemplated. In place of it we call attention to the *NARRATIVE* we have commenced, on the 6th page of this number, entitled

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE

OLD AND NEW WORLD.

Being a narrative of the visit of

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN.

to England, France and Ireland, with a brief account of her early experience as a Medium for spirit intercourse in America.

BY W. R. HAYDEN.

This narrative will be continued from week to week and the history of the Rise and Progress of Modern Spiritualism in Europe, will be faithfully portrayed by the author who has been familiar with it.

With these attractions we hope to convince the public that we are determined to give them a paper which shall not be excelled by any in this country, and which shall merit the appellation of

THE BEST PAPER IN AMERICA.

Recent events of the past few months indicate a more than ordinary need of carefully watching and criticizing the course of those who are allowed and considered to have the position of guardians of the people's rights.

Too much power is self-destroying. Human nature cannot resist its influence. Humanity is not equal to the task. And hence, when we see indications that too much power is being centered anywhere in human hands, or sway, we must counteract that tendency, or harm will result—harm which would, on a large scale, undermine our liberties, and our position in and before the world. The most apparent indications that too much power is being centered in any interest or institution is the misuse of it. The sign is a simple one, unfailing, and generally soon apparent.

The acknowledged guardians of the people's rights are the *Press* and the *Judiciary*. We grieve to say that both these institutions, so valuable and so sacred even, to every true American, have recently given the most unmistakable evidence through separate prominent representatives, that too much power has been centered and reposed in them. Both have given evidence of a vain and unwarrantable self-reliance in their power to wield an influence to the disadvantage of right, truth and equity. Such evidence of a bitter fact deserves a stern reproof. It betokens danger to our dearest and most highly prized public rights to justice. It is too glaring to be mistaken—too gross to be passed unnoted—too important to be lightly noticed.

It has been a long time since justice has been much depended upon in ordinary cases of law, but it has not been very long in our community, that a judge—a court by courtesy—has dared to become in his courtly capacity, a special pleader for either party whose case was brought before him for trial by jury. It has not been very long, either, that a judge has dared to manifest to all the world his decided leaning in favor of either party seeking justice before him. It has not been very long, either, that a judge has dared to invoke the reproof of public opinion, and the surprise of the bar, by ruling persistently and repeatedly, grossly and even suspiciously, in favor of the party to the suit before him best supported by materialities of wealth, and consequent worldly influence. It is a sad picture, truly. A sad picture; but we cannot avoid dwelling upon it. There is danger in passing it by too easily.

It is a citizen's right to seek justice in courts of law. It is quite impudent enough to meet all the consequent lawyers, and overcome by aid of their fellows, if possible, the obstruction they so well love to place in the way, without being also obliged to contend against a judge's most strenuous efforts to let guilt escape unshown, and if not shown, yet given them unpunished by legal authority.

Such inroads are dangerous to the rights of honest people, but we trust they will work their own defeat, as they surely will if manifested in sufficient strength to be noticed by the "invidious gradual en-

croachment that is most to be feared and pointed out to view.

And in this connection it may be well to remark upon that custom, which has gradually grown up in our courts, of so brow beating and abusing a witness upon the stand, that no sensitive man will appear there if he can well avoid it, and which makes a resort to the Law, for justice, a very painful process—and one often avoided in consequence, by those who are themselves just, because they do not feel willing to inflict upon friends the penalty of going upon the witness stand to be placed at the poverty-measured mercy and sense of justice and decorum, possessed by some harsh lawyer—himself perhaps of illegal origin, but by his position empowered to throw upon more honest men, an odium of unpardonable suspicion and a cloud of confusion and disgust of that Law that should be justice.

This custom is one of those that have crept gradually and insidiously upon us, till it is a terror to the honest just man, and a cloak and screen to many a hardened reprobate; who, hence does wrong with impunity knowing that no man of mere ordinary hardihood and experience dare use the law to obtain redress.

And as this abuse has been more gradual in its growth than some others, it will rise to a greater prominence before it will be sufficiently galling to work its own cure in the face of long established precedents. Yet it is a point of vital importance to the real rights of those who are not sufficiently versed in the crooked ways of Law, to positively know in all instances, whether they are imposed upon by these legal proceedings or not.

So much for one branch of our subject. The other, deserves more attention than can be given it this issue. The power of the Press has justly become enormous. And in some instances it has become arrogant, and thus it is approaching jeopardy.

Look at the many evidences of sale of that power to the highest bidder—not at the sale of advertising columns or space, but at the sale of Editorial influence and pen, to support corruption, gloss over crime, and prejudice difficult cases before their trial. Look at the evidences—look at them well, closely, thinking. Ask yourself what they mean—what they tend toward—what they plainly and unmistakably indicate. It is no trifling matter, but one of deep importance.

And another ruinous element becoming prominent, is the arbitrary, dogmatic and blind assertion—and persistence of assertion—that editorial position or comment must be sound, because it was expressed in a *leader*, and by a learned man, however unacquainted he may be with the subject he stupidly comments upon, confessing the while his ignorance of any practical knowledge of the matter, and entire freedom also from any personal investigation. Such men attempt to refute well known facts with doubtful theories and dogmatical assertions. They strive to crowd down absolute existence of proven facts by force of editorial assertion of their impossibility because, to a bigoted mind, they do not seem probable.

Such a stretch of power brings its own defeat.

IMPOSITION.

This cry is being sounded loudly at the present time in the ears of a few defenceless women and men, who happen to be instruments in the hands of that power which is all in all, which pervades all space, and is of course within them as in any other creature or part of its upward manifestations. They are the martyrs of truth, which is just unfolding a new principle, or bringing an old principle to view. They are battling against old theories and bringing to naught the wisdom of the great men of this age. They are weak in themselves the Almighty having now as in days of yore, chosen the "foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

Their means of operation are simple; and to the worldly man, him who is wrapt in the wisdom of the past, ridiculous. But with all their wisdom they cannot account for the wonders they produce nor prevent them accomplishing their purposes, for simple as is the truth it is mighty, and is going forth conquering and to conquer.

It is however a little singular that public mediums are aimed at so strongly by the gallant professor of Harvard, and those editors who are striving to raise a sinking ship by abuse, falsehood and misrepresentation; for these are their weapons and no others do they wield.

Do these gentlemen for a moment imagine that spiritualism is indebted to public mediums for its living principle, its manifestations? do they really imagine there are no mediums but those who like ministers, sell the bread of life (granting that the latter deal in the article, for charity sake) to the hungry multitude?

It seems as though in their limited range of thought, they did think so, and in this respect as in all others they show their ignorance.

They have one *got* to learn which is this. Were all the mediums who sit for communication with spirits and charge therefor, as our ministers charge, because the "labourer is worthy of his hire," consigned to the prisons as some aver they should be, the wings of the fair bird which bears the olive branch of peace to many a weary traveller on earth's plane would not be clipped, but spiritualism would still live, for it is born of heaven.

There are many people who believe in spirit manifestations who never saw a public medium. It was three months after we became convinced of the truth of spiritualism, before we saw any of the manifestations through one of these laborers in Christ's vineyard; who are fast digging the grave of the successors of the chief priests, scribes and Pharisees of the church which flourished before Jesus.

We had table tipplings, rappings, and writing and entranced mediums in our own family, where we knew deception was not practised, long before we knew the name of a public medium. And the phenomena, we first saw, was the same as that we now see every day, though not so fully developed.

In our own family we sometimes test the power of our spirit friends, by standing around a large ten foot cherry extension dining table, and letting spirit power move it about the floor; sometimes we put three or four persons upon it, and still it rolls about; and sometimes we find it tipping and often raised from the floor; we have raps too, no thanks to public mediums who sit "for gain."

We only thank God for this, and those spirit friends

who see fit to display their power; and were the whole army of public "servants of the most high," to borrow a title willingly bestowed upon less deserving persons, to be swept from the earth, we could still have angel's visits, not far nor far between.

And we are not alone; there is many a fireside around which a happy family gathers, and the treasures of heaven are found amidst them, where never a foot of public medium tread.

And the time will come when ministers shall no longer preach for hire, denouncing error at salaries which number in the thousands, while many a member of their churches labors hard for a scanty subsistence. And later still (for that reform will first take place), will the gospel be preached free to all men; and public mediums who sit for pay and rightly too, at this time, will follow the minister. Then every household will have its table and its medium; the former a far more acceptable altar to God than those now covered with high towering domes, mocking heaven as did the tower of Babel; the latter its ministers, in whom the spirit of knowledge will be poured and through whom truth shall flow freely from truth's fountain.

It is time good men and true stood up manfully and battled strongly for these poor mediums, who do not enrich themselves to such an extent as to be able to do it themselves. It is time these libellers upon good and true men and women, were confined within the sphere of truth, instead of being allowed to run riot in the sea of falsehood.

Will not the many friends of mediums see that something is done to confine the epithets they deal out to honest men and defenceless women, to their own shoulders, and let the public know certainly whether it be professors, or the mediums who are humbugs, impostors and cheats.

It is time the public should know on which side the truth stands; it is time they should see on which side all that is evil in the universe, is battling.

Spiritualists have the power to do this in this city if they will but unite, and stand forth in defence of the Truth. They have wealth, character, intelligence, shrewdness, honor, dignity in their ranks; they but lack the courage to come boldly out, and say to the public. We are *oppressed in spirit intercourse*. This done the church, bar, and the press will no longer use spiritualism and mediums as footballs to be kicked at their pleasure for they will see the strength of the force they are battling against, and the latter will be as originating and servile as it was but a few weeks since when the former exerted its influence to protect one of its ministers.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG CATHOLICS.

Though the Pope's bull is "ping about like a roaring lion," with its anathema against "table tipplings" in its mouth, and with a sparkle akin to jealousy in its eye, in fear that its new power may supplant the old, yet among humanists a deep interest is aroused, and some even are becoming quite bold in the avowal of their new faith.

An incident that recently transpired in this city will show this. A lady, a member of the Catholic Church, received by the hand of a friend a communication from a near relative whose body lies in consecrated ground, and spirit dolls—she knows not where. With that devotion to a religious belief, which is nobly characteristic of the Catholic, this lady carefully folded her message and directed her steps to the home of her priest.

She narrated the circumstances.

"And is it all true?" asked the priest, "are the facts as there stated?"

"Every word is true; every line speaks his presence."

Now, what should this priest do? Which should the lady obey? The priest as his course lay prescribed by those in authority among men, or God as he revealed himself in the fact?

"My good woman," said the priest, a little sternly, "Throw it aside, have nothing to do with it. It's all from the devil—it's all from the evil."

We do not know whether the reverend gentleman saw the position he took or not; but it strikes us as a very uncomplimentary remark to the lady, when she had assured him she knew the message was from her husband, to say in reply that he knew it was from the devil. It was putting her friend in company that would not be considered agreeable to some.

Obedient to the "holy command" of the "holy man," this lady lay aside the communication. She lay aside the writing; but, ah, she could not lay aside the thoughts it embodied. They were in her soul; and though trustfully reposing in the faith of her church, she felt it her duty to close her ears to the words of a beloved one gone hence, and tried to do so; yet, despite all, the words would and in her ear like the sweet and gentle ripple of a stream,—"I am with you, Emma; am and to guide and guard you, and would daily tell you how happy I am."

Those words will follow her until her spirit receives strength that will enable it to defy its independence, and, throwing aside the fetters of ecclesiastical rule, accept and acknowledge the truth.

During the visit of a lady of this city at Paris a year or two since, a circle had convened for the purpose of hearing "the rappings." A large number of Catholics were present, and among them a distinguished dignitary of the church, who, jabbering over any amount of his lingo, which the medium could not understand, at length managed to get in few intelligible sentences, to the effect that he would exorcise the spirits, and then a total cessation of the rappings would ensue.

So, on he came with a great flourish, and all the faithful stood about to behold the wonderful power of the fat priest. The raps were being made when he approached. He issued his command, and true enough, not a rap was to be heard. Off went the priest highly elated at his success and caused his friends and glorified himself for an hour's time with a recital of what he had done.

The medium was very unpleasantly situated, for innumerable questions as to the how, the why, and the wherefore, greeted her from all sides.

Presently a loud rap drew the attention of all to the table. The lady felt somewhat relieved of her embarrassment. Another rap, half a dozen more; and the alphabet being demanded, the unseen presence called for the priest.

When the servant informed him that he was again wanted, he rubbed the palms of his hands

and, clucking over his good look, hurried in to put out the non-stay-out-able spirits.

Over again went the form of words, but without effect. Rap, rap, rap, went the spirits, and with double emphasis when the most direct commands were made for them to depart.

The result was that this time the priest went first. The manifestations continued, and do to this hour.

This incident may apply illustrate the position of spiritualism throughout the world. It is a very difficult thing to change the course of nature. Selfishness may endeavor to do so, but though all the powers of church and state combined strive against the light, the sun will rise in the east and go up to its meridian.

What there may be in any church suited to man's condition on earth, to-day will live and do its work, and all else will perish. Gradually the leaven of a spiritual faith is working in the great mass. Soon the effect will be seen in a purer, a holier and a more truthful code and practice than has yet been known among men.

HENRY WILLARD.

Rarely has such a sad sound fallen upon our ears as that when we were told that Henry Willard was dead. Only had a few hours elapsed since, (with a cordiality we rarely feel), his warm hand had been clasped in ours.) He was a true artist, with the yearning love for the beautiful everywhere. To some, he might have seemed cold and unimpassioned, but his heart was rich in all kindly feelings. There was a stream of flashing crystal purity ever welling up from its depths. No trace of selfishness could exist in his nature.

We cannot calmly write of him. His mind was of that class, which shines out amid the gross darkness of the mass, an unmistakable evidence of immortality. He has passed away from the weary heart-anguish and ceaseless longing for a purer and higher existence, but in that upper scale of life, the soul exists and progresses onward to the great centre of perfection, purity and love. Dreamers, whose minds are aspiring after fame, read the following notice, and then look back at an obituary of some self-made man, great in no element of character save selfishness—then ponder.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.—We learn that the gentleman killed on the Boston and Maine Railroad last evening was Mr. Henry Willard, a portrait painter of some distinction in this city, and not Brown, (as we erroneously stated in our morning edition,) of Malden. His remains will be taken to Charlton, Worcester county, his native place for interment.

TEMPLE ON BUNKER HILL.

The Bunker Hill Monument Association have it in contemplation to erect an edifice on Bunker Hill, of some material corresponding with the purity of its intended contents, in which to place the statue of General Warren, which is soon to be inaugurated with becoming ceremonies. The building will be raised over the supposed spot where the martyr fell in that sanguinary conflict.

This locality is at north-west corner of the Monument ground. A civil engineer has already been employed to make a survey of the place, and to furnish plans, &c., for the contemplated work.

The temple will probably be built of marble, and when completed, will be made the receptacle of such relics of the battle as can be obtained. There are now in the possession of the Superintendent of the Monument, a great variety of these mementos of the eventful day.

It is probable that a small admission fee will be charged to those who visit this museum of revolutionary antiquity, the proceeds to be applied to paying the cost of its erection.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE MELODEON.

In the forenoon of last Sabbath, free Conference was held, at which Dr. Gardner, according to promise, related his own experience and testimony relating to Spiritualism. He began, in his investigation, with the Fox family, soon after the first announcement of the raps, and has been quite a logical and close observer of the great variety of phenomena ever since, has seen and felt the spirit-hand, as materialized to outward sense, and commits himself as a full believer in the facts of spiritualism.

A lady present (Mrs. Lewis) related something of her own experience, in the most glowing words of inspiration, giving account especially of a spirit-visit recently presented to her of a residence and family scene of a brother's in the far west, where she had never visited, and a letter subsequently proved it all to be true, and not as the mere action of "mind upon mind," but of spirit conveyance and power.

Others also spoke, and various points were kindly discussed.

In the afternoon, through Mrs. Henderson; the leading subject was *Special Providence*. The object was to show how far we are under the immediate Providence of God. It had been customary under the old dispensation, in the so-called law of friends, to exclaim, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," &c. But dying prematurely is not of God. It is of great extent the fault of parents. Often their children are crammed with unfit food. It was a mistaken kindness of humanity—not a Providence of God. In this way millions are swept from the earth life prematurely, and hence without the benefits, designed of the rudimentary sphere.

But changes for the better are at hand. The reality of true religion slumbers even with the most scornful, not excepting those who hurl their shafts of hostility against spiritualism. Every form of suffering and affliction was now teaching by its experience. Man is his worst enemy.

At the close a few questions were put and answered, with great readiness and usual point, showing among other things,—1st, that our "new birth" was according to a principle of the law of nature by means of that *Holy Ghost*, which means the *Good Spirit*.

2d. That the return of spirits to this world and their universal future progress was never contradicted by Christ.

3d. That the teachings and character of our guardian spirits in their manifestations, correspond with our states, conditions and planes of life.

4th. That there are different spheres or altitudes in the spiritual world, as here in the natural. These spheres are in general seven in number. When

the spirits come to teach us, they are drawn back from the universal love to bless.

The meeting was well attended, the audience deeply interested, and the divinely appointed instrumentality, seems well deserving the name of *New Evangel*.

W. H. P.

Boston, May 11th, 1857.

MRS. HENDERSON AND MEETING AT THE MELODEON.

The meeting on Wednesday evening last at the Melodeon was well attended and with increasing interest. At the opening Dr. Gardner stated the present object of the spirits, which was to answer any questions offered by the clergy or others relating to the interpretation of the Scriptures or of modern spiritualism. He then read by request of a clergyman from the 22d Chap. of Kings, 12th to 28th verses, and through Mrs. Henderson, then entranced, we obtained the explanation in reply to two questions.

1st. What part the Lord had in the prophecies given?

2d. How are we to distinguish between what was from the Lord and what was not?

Ans. No part did the Lord have in the word of those lying spirits. It was rather the part of "old theology" to prophecy smoothly of their own success. 2d;—If lying spirits did communicate, it proves that spirits can communicate.

If God is truth he cannot lie. But mediums do not claim infallibility. In ancient times especially, many through ignorance, ascribed all spirit communications to the Lord.

Among other things, it was stated that the self-same spirit which left the world returns to earth with added inspirations, good or bad? False revelations are the false prophets. Thus saith the Lord was often false and imperfect receptivity. Imperfect revelations must yield to the inspirations of Nature.

In answer to the question, How are we to distinguish the spirits? it was replied, "By their fruits" according to our best judgments. We are *unwashed spirits*. The evil spirits do not tell us to go out in the highways, to comfort, heal and bless. Spiritualism as the reality of the Christian mission, heals the broken-hearted, shows mercy to the prisoner, and sets the captive free. By it a new form of society is rising up. The old is fast disappearing.

Ques. Does spiritualism recognize the laws of hereditary descent, as to the face lines?

Ans. It does. But surrounding circumstances modify. Disease like other evils may be removed.

Q. Were miracles wrought by God or man?

A. Both. Science may work the same that Christ wrought.

Q. In what do miracles consist?

A. Philosophically there is no miracle. It is Nature's operation.

Q. What is meant by Christ's "walking on the water?"

A. It was no miracle, except as an appearance of deviation from the ordinary operation of laws. Christ was a great medium.

Q. Was the resurrection of Christ a miracle?

A. No, all men rise—all have spiritual bodies—all live as immortal.

Q. Was the rising of Lazarus according to natural law?

A. Yes. He only *sleeps*. Decomposition or death had not occurred. His magnetic will could bring him forth.

Q. What evidence have we that spiritualism is a revelation from God?

A. The same that we have in relation to the Scriptures. If inspiration was given then so also now. All communications of truth are from God. If they commend themselves as greater truths than formerly given, so receive them.

Q. If evil is it Revelation?

A. Not Revelation from God.

Q. Explain the miracle of the "five loaves and two fishes?"

A. Addition was wrought by spirit conveyance. There was no psychological necessity. It was done by the same power which we witness to-day.

Q. Was it by supernatural law?

A. No. What law is above natural laws? There is none. All God's laws are natural, though we may call them spiritual.

Q. What are we to understand by "Jonas being three days in the whale's belly?"

A. It is not a literal fact. It is significant, as a correspondence.

Q. If water was turned into wine, why not the reverse?

A. If necessary, this reverse can be. The same qualities can be introduced and also extracted which are ultimate in nature by spirit power. It is all the same. If there be error in our statement and it can be exposed, do it.

Q. Which is the highest authority, spiritualism or revelation?

A. There is an analogy. If past revelations were given, so now God gives the same. The authority is alike. God is unchangeable. Men write inspired books now. We are to be guided by that which gives us the most truth. Reason is the God-given receptivity.

Q. What are the limitations of man's free will?

A. There is in the highest sense no free agency. Certainty of power is everlasting truth.—In the lower sense rudimentary sphere we are free in a measure, but in all the higher spheres we are more and more happily subject to the will of God. Here amid material surroundings we are more self-willed, yield to temptations. Yet this is the law of appearance. In all reality we are governed by the Divine power.

Q. What particular limitation is there?

A. So far as men are subject to human law.

Q. How is free will consistent with God's foreknowledge?

A. He seems to foresee in man an exercise of the will which he does not prefer. God's will governs us in proportion to our purity of will. Man occasions the inharmonious.

Q. Has not every man the power of choice?

A. Yes. But not sufficiently strong. According to Paul, "When I would do good evil is present with me."

Q. Is the Deity the author of evil in man?

A. No. Everything which God made is "very good." Man has wrought out many inventions. He submits to the lower influences, the grosser nature.

Q. How is evil confined to the material nature?

A. I did not say to material but to the surroundings (human or evil inventions). It is the spirit that errs. It is like the influence of a bad dream. The effect is left, as if a day reality. So is life.

Q. What is the difference between the good and the evil after leaving this life?

A. Just the difference there is now. The example goes forth. We suffer all the penalty of violating both spiritual and material laws. We must become our own Saviour. Could we describe the blessedness or the remorse in heaven or on the earth, how impressive, what emphasis! The world is before you. Do you require the evidence of a God? The manifestations of Nature were original. God does not come directly. God is the fountain—men the streams. Spirits are not the only sources. There is a voice to prove the existence of a God. It reveals to us as to spirits.

The medium having been entranced an hour and a quarter, promise of further replies would be fulfilled the next evening. The answers were invariably prompt, and gave very general satisfaction, as denoted both by the silence and the other alternative; each in

ROYAL CHILDREN.

Can any one say how many children Queen Victoria has? Just before her marriage, according to a rather coarse joke in an English paper, she told Albert the names she had selected for her first fifteen children, and on proceeding to name the sixteenth, Albert fainted—as well he might. She has about a dozen, we think, but we are not sure the number isn't larger, and we give her the benefit of the doubt. She is the mother of her people—at least of no small number of them—and the end is not yet. She is some years short of forty, and may contribute a full score of suckers to the public treasury. John Bull is supposed to love fertile sovereigns. Victoria ought, therefore, to be called the Well-Beloved, but in a somewhat different sense than the same title was bestowed upon the fifteenth Louis of France.

As a general rule English monarchs have not had very large families, though there have been distinguished exceptions to the assertion. William the Conqueror began the work well, as he was the father of four sons and six daughters, most of whom were born before he was King of England. Their mother was Matilda, daughter of the Duke of Flanders, whom the Conqueror had wooed rather roughly, if he did live in the age of chivalry, or near to it. William Rufus left no children, and was succeeded by his brother, Henry I., who was twice married. His first wife was Matilda of Scotland, daughter of that Malcolm who figures in "Macbeth," and who, on her mother's side, belonged to the Saxon blood royal. She was the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters. Her eldest son was that William whose early death, by shipwreck, caused his father so much grief that it was said he never smiled again. His second wife was Adelicia of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Brabant. They had no children.

King Stephen, whose economy in the item of breeches is world-famous, was married to Matilda, daughter of the Count of Boulogne, and niece to Godfrey, the hero of the First Crusade. They had three sons and two daughters. Henry II., first of the Plantagenet kings, was married to Eleanor of Aquitaine, by whom he had three daughters and five sons. Richard I. and Berengaria of Navarre had one son and three daughters. Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence were the parents of three daughters and six sons. Edward I. had sixteen children by his two wives, Eleanor of Castile and Marguerite of France, thirteen by the former lady. Edward II. and Isabella of France had two sons and two daughters. Edward III. was married to Philippa of Hainault, and they had twelve children, five of the weaker but better sex.

Richard II. was twice married, but had no children. Henry IV. had no offspring after he ascended his usurped throne, but some before that time. Henry V. and Katharine of Valois had but one child. Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou had one child, a son, the last of the Lancastrians, who was killed at Tewkesbury. Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville had seven daughters and three sons. Edward V. died a child. Richard III. and Anne of Warwick had but one child, who died young. Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, whose marriage was the union of Red and the White Roses, saw seven children born of their marriage. If Henry VIII. had been a father in the same proportion that he was a husband, he would have had an immense progeny. He had six wives, and eight children were born unto him by Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, and Jane Seymour, but only three grew up, and one of those died in boyhood, Edward VI., and left no offspring.

Mary Tudor was the wife of Philip of Spain, and their marriage was unproductive. Elizabeth was a maiden queen, but grumbled because she was "a barren stock." She might have married twenty times, if she had so wished. James I. and Anne of Denmark had seven children, five of whom died young. Charles I. and Henrietta Maria had five daughters and three sons. Charles II. had no legitimate children. James II. had several children, by Anne Hyde and Mary of Modena, some of whom died young—and one was the Pretender. William and Mary had no children. Anne had several children, her husband, Prince George of Denmark, occupying just such a position as that held by Prince Albert in our time; but all these children died young, and Anne is said to have thought that she was thus punished for her un-filial conduct.

George I. and his wife did not agree, and he shut her up in prison. She was Sophia of Zell. They had but one child, afterwards George II., who was married to Caroline of Anspach, a very superior woman. This last marriage produced four sons and five daughters. In 1761 George III. was married to Sophia Charlotte, a princess of the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who for more than fifty years was Queen Consort, and who is known to history as Queen Charlotte, the "bad, ugly woman" of Byron's savage satire. They were miracles of constancy, and had a very large family, most of whom grew up, and became more or less notorious. The number of sons was nine; of daughters six. One of these daughters is still alive, we believe, or was recently—the Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, taking the latter title from her marriage, at the ripe age of forty, with her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester. Born in 1776, the year from which the American nation dates its birth, and a girl of thirteen when the French States General met in 1789, she had an interview with Napoleon, when, as Emperor of the French, he visited England in 1805. What a crowd of memories must have been hers on that occasion!

Notwithstanding the large number of children born to George III. and Charlotte, their descendants were few until Victoria and Albert began to populate the conduct of the former's grandmother. George IV. survived his only child. The Duke of York and William IV. left no legitimate children. As was the only child of the Duke of Kent, George III.'s fourth son, that Victoria came to the throne in 1837, her father having died before she completed her first year. The King of Hanover, (better known in one sense as the Duke of Cumberland, but not very advantageously known that title,) fifth son of George III., left but one child, the present King of Hanover, and whose children will stand next in the order of succession above of Victoria to the throne of England.

should the latter not have children of their own. The Duke of Cambridge, sixth son of George and Charlotte, left a son and two daughters. None of the daughters of that model couple left children, so that their fifteen children are now represented by only five persons. When we see how a large family can thus die out, it is not unreasonable to suppose that even Queen Victoria's progeny may pass away, numerous as it now is.

Had George III. been a wise man, perhaps one of his sons would have been made King of America. The mass of the people of the colonies were much attached to the new king, when they heard of his accession to the throne, at the close of 1760. They were "loyal," and looked upon England as their home. Some few far-sighted men saw that the time must come when separation would be unavoidable, but even they did not necessarily hold that it would be of a violent and bloody character. It might be peacefully effected, and an English prince might head the government of the new nation. Something like this would probably have happened had it not been for the unparalleled wrong-headedness of that tyrannical idiot, the third king of the Brunswick line. Heaven often works with strange instruments, and George the Third, the most arbitrary monarch in spirit that ever clutched a sceptre, was the chief instrument that was employed to establish political republicanism in America. Had he been a man of sense and humanity he might not have accomplished any good for the world; but, being a fool and a tyrant, he did an immense work for the benefit of mankind.

PRINTING IN AMERICA.

The first printing press in North America was established at the city of Mexico about the year 1600; and the first press "worked" in the American Colonies, was "set up" at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1629. Rev. Jesse Glover procured this press by "contributions of friends of learning and religion in Amsterdam and England," but died on his passage to the new world. Stephen Day was the first printer. In honor of his pioneer position Government gave him a grant of three hundred acres of land.

Pennsylvania was the second colony to encourage printing. William Bradford came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, in 1686, and established a printing press in Philadelphia. In 1692, Mr. Bradford was induced to establish a printing press in New York. He received 40% per annum and the privilege of printing on his own account. Previous to this time there had been no printing done in the Province of New York. His first issue in New York was a proclamation bearing the date of 1690.

It was nearly a century after a printing press had been set up in New England before one could be tolerated in Virginia.

The Southern colonists had no printing done among them until 1727.

There was a printing press at New London, in Connecticut, 1709. Annapolis, in Maryland, 1720. Williamsburg, in Virginia, 1729. Charleston, in South Carolina, 1730. Newport, in Rhode Island, 1732. Woodbridge, in New Jersey, 1732. Newbern, in North Carolina, 1735. Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, 1750. Savannah, in Georgia, 1752.

The first printing press established in the Northwest Territory was worked by William Maxwell, at Cincinnati, in 1793. The first printing executed west of the Mississippi, was done at St. Louis, in 1803, by Jacob Hinkle.

There had been a printing press in Kentucky in 1786, and there was one in Tennessee in 1793—in Michigan in 1809—in Mississippi in 1810. Louisiana had a press immediately after her possession by the United States.

Printing was done in Canada before the separation of the American Colonies from the mother country. Halifax had a press in 1751, and Quebec boasted of a printing office in 1764.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The last ship of the British fleet, which has been cruising in the vicinity of Constantinople, has passed out through the Hellespont, and has arrived at Smyrna. As soon as the Turkish government received the intelligence, it issued a circular to announce that the Dardanelles are henceforth closed to ships of war of all nations that are not provided with a special firman for going through, thus re-establishing the rule in existence before the war.

There has been great moving about of the cavalry stationed in Ireland, for the purpose of affording aid to the civil power in quelling the numerous riots which have occurred in connection with the elections.

It is said that Louis Napoleon designs to visit Algeria as soon as the Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia leaves France for England, in the course of this month.

THAT QUADRANT.

Capt. Ayling is to have an opportunity to show the scientific committee of Harvard their error in condemning his quadrant.

Our Collector, Mr. Austin, with a liberality which does credit to a lover of truth and a friend to the present as well as the past, has given him an opportunity to cruise in the Revenue Cutter Morris for one week, and has invited several Boston gentlemen interested in navigation to attend him for the purpose of proving his invention.

If they should prove by actual test the accuracy of the quadrant, and sustain the claims of Capt. Ayling, would it not be doing the cause of science a great good to place the committee of Harvard under his tuition for a while, if they do not have leave to withdraw their stupidity to other localities. We think the laugh will be on the other side next week.

Boston Daily Ledger.—We are pleased to learn the constantly increasing success of the Ledger. It is edited with much ability, and its proprietor is determined to make it a model paper. It is shortly to be enlarged, and still further improved.

The Buffalo Republic is one of the best if not the best of our exchanges. Its editor is "Jock full" of wit and wisdom. Here's his last jeu d'esprit:—Says Betty to Billy, "Is a lover well?" Then Billy replied, "He is quick at retort." "Why don't you get married and leave off your spree?" "My wages are too much—I don't want two to support me," says Billy. "Is a lover well?" "You should think of a single word whole life through." "Not at all," replies Betty, "of no life I'm afraid. For while I live single my fortune is made."

The Busy World.

OHIO. Gov. Chase of Ohio, has consented to be a candidate for re-election.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON will run as Know-Nothing candidate for Governor of Texas.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, of Kentucky, has just buried a promising son, bearing his own name.

BARNUM IN A NEW FLAVOR.—Mr. Barnum is lecturing in England in favor of the Maine liquor law.

SUICIDES. There are said to have been fifty-two suicides in Philadelphia, the past month—17 women and 35 men.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON is announced as chairman of the next annual meeting (dinner) of the London Printers' Pension Society.

NIAGARA.—Preparations are already making, at Niagara, for the summer travel; and the Clifton house was opened on Wednesday.

LIGHT AGAINST DARKNESS.—The jail of Jackson County, N. C., is without a prisoner, and the second story has been rented by a daguerreotypist.

AUTOGRAPHS.—At the late sale of autographs, in Paris, a letter from Napoleon, then only a General, to his brother Joseph, was sold for two hundred dollars.

LUCKY EDITORS.—The London Times has two part editors and owners, the new Parliament, Mr. Walter, its chief, and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, of the Board of Trade.

THE REASON WHY the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown has abandoned the pastoral charge of her church in South Butler, N. Y., is said to be owing, not to the diminution but to the increase of her flock.

J. WILSON BROWN, a citizen of Woodville, Miss., recently deceased, in his will bequeathed some \$17,000 to the corporation of Woodville, for the benefit of female education.

HON. WM. L. YANCEY, of Alabama, in imitation of Mr. Everett's example, is about to devote his oratorical powers to the cause of Washington and Mount Vernon.

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.—A company of eighty emigrants, with over four hundred head of horses, passed through St. Louis last Saturday, from Minnesota, en route for the Sacramento Valley.

EAST BOSTON TREE ASSOCIATION.—This association has the past four years expended \$6,035 in ornamenting the streets of East Boston, and have put out about 1600 trees, which constitute one of the pleasant features of the island.

WHEAT IN IOWA.—The Davenport, Iowa, Gazette, of the 20th ult., says, the farmers are now exceedingly busy; and but few are able to get to town. They are now engaged in seeding a second time.

FRANKS OF THE TYPES.—The Lewiston (Me.) Journal, while speaking of a person deceased, lately, said he was a leading member of the society of Shakers. In the hand of the compositor, it was changed into "a leading member of the society of Soakers."

A GERMAN UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA.—It is designed to erect and endow a German University in Cincinnati. The funds are to be raised by subscription, and the chairs to be filled by importations from Gottengen and Halle.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In Andover, last year, \$5 premium were offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of caterpillars' nests. The consequence was, 20,000 nests were destroyed. This year \$15 are offered as similar premiums.

NOVEL EXPRESS.—A novel mode of expressing election returns was adopted at the Ayrshire (Eng.) elections. The distance to be travelled was eleven miles, and a number of swift footed boys were placed at short distances on the road, who made the trip in thirty-five minutes.

A COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE has been established in Michigan on a handsome farm of seven hundred acres. It has an endowment of \$56,000, and in each of the last two years the Legislature has given it \$20,000. Students are admitted without fee, but are obliged to labor three hours each day.

WAGES OF ENGLISH FARM LABORERS.—The latest English papers state that the farmers in some of the agricultural districts, have reduced the wages of their laborers from 16s a week to 12s 6d. This is equivalent to a reduction from 60 cents a day to 54 cents.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, has within the last two years had two new professorships endowed and organized, and is soon to have another, and at a recent meeting of the trustees, it was resolved to raise by subscriptions, among the Episcopalians in New England, \$75,000, to enable them to carry out their plans for the improvement of the institution.

CASTLE GARDEN.—It is understood that measures are about to be taken by the state authorities to test the validity of the title of the city of New York to Castle Garden, and the land on which it stands; the object being to secure Castle Garden to the Emigrant Commissioners as a permanent landing depot.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.—The new American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company of New York has received subscriptions to its stock to the amount of \$200,000, of which Eli Thayer subscribed 25,000. He is to be its chief agent, and Virginia is selected as its chief field of operations at present.

A MAN.—Harry Turner, the circus proprietor, died some time ago, leaving \$100,000 to Levi J. North, and did not leave any to his own sisters and brother. They attempted to contest the will but gave it up. Since then Mr. North has given to each of the sisters, a check of \$5000, to Aaron Turner \$10,000 and the half interest in his circus which Harry Turner formerly held, and to Gen. Sanford, counsel for the brother and sisters, \$3000. Mr. North is every inch a man.

THE OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY intend to present to Gen. Quitman a service of silver plate, for his efforts in securing the passage through Congress of the bill, making an addition to their salaries. Gen. Quitman was the chairman of the house military committee. Gen. Scott has written to him a handsome letter, announcing that as the senior officer, he has consented to act as the organ of his brother officers of the army, in procuring the proposed testimonial.

THE BOSTON THEATRE AND ITS "STAR COMPANY."

The theatre-going public are deeply interested in knowing what changes are to be made in the stock company at the Boston Theatre next season. For our own part we would like to see the original idea of that establishment carried out. A great reform is needed there, and we trust that the directors will permit or direct Mr. Barry to effect it in the coming season. A majority of the patrons would like to see a much better troupe of actors there. The present company is strong enough in some of its parts, but there is a woful need of strengthening it in some of its principal features. Can't we have a leading man of first-rate abilities, and a light comedian like unto him? Can't we have a company of uniform strength, or one in which all the true proportions shall be preserved? Can't we abolish the rivalry of cliques which makes one or two actresses the prominent features of the establishment, and crush out everything else? We hope so.

The prices of admission to the various parts of the theatre should be regulated. When the Boston was projected it was proposed to build a theatre large enough to give all the respective classes of theatre-goers an opportunity to enjoy first-class performances for a fee corresponding to their stations and means. If the management should reduce the price of admission to the second circle to twenty-five cents, and the amphitheatre to ninepence, they would find it much to their advantage, and give to a large class of people the benefit of the civilizing, refining and humanizing influences of well conducted dramatic entertainments, which are beginning to be acknowledged by even the clergy.

We are much pleased with the above article, which we have extracted from the Herald, for in the main, it expresses our own views on the subject; and we are glad they have taken the initiatory steps in calling attention to a subject which has been so much demanded. We have long entertained a high respect for Thos. Barry, as a gentleman, and as one of the oldest and best of managers. We remember him in the palmy days of the old Tremont. We can now see as we write, passing before the glass of our memory, as it were, the crowd of talent which adorned its legitimate boards.

Like the ghosts in Macbeth, they come and go. W. H. Smith, John Gilbert, Thomas Barry, James Murdock, W. F. Johnson, E. L. Davenport, Greene, Powell, H. J. Finn, Andrews, Muzzy, Cowell, Fenno, Mesdames Gilbert, Barrett, Field, Smith, Rock, Mo Bride, and a long line of like artists, the most of whom were engaged at the same time, all as stock actors. But where are they now?—echo answers where? Gone, gone to the four winds of earth, and to heaven.

Such a company might well have been advertised in Big Cape, as the "Star company at home," but to put out such a placard at the Boston Theatre now, is to insult the good taste of a Boston audience, generally considered to be judges of acting. We have visited the principal Theatres in England, Ireland, and France, and we have seen no theatre, as a whole, that could compare with the Boston; it is in every respect, so far as the house goes, worthy of the city to which it is an ornament.

It reflects the highest credit on the very liberal and enterprising stockholders, and its boards should be graced by a more talented company of artists. "Star company," forsooth! We would most respectfully ask in what it consists? Three women and one man, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Barrows, and Mrs. Wood, neither of whom, although very clever, are entitled to the appellation of Star, in the common acceptance of the term. By this I do not mean to say they are not vastly superior to one half of the self-elected luminaries, many of which belong to the Milky Way. I have not counted Mr. Barry, as he seldom appears, or but irregularly. We wish it to be clearly understood, that we are not reflecting upon them as ladies and gentlemen, for we very much doubt if the same number of persons so highly respectable and blameless, in their daily lives, can be found within the walls of any Theatre in the Union, and to them be all honor for their bright examples; but we have, in this case, only to do with them as public artists, whose professional efforts are subject to criticism. To Mr. Stoddard, a very amiable young man, is assigned the part of principal walking gentleman, or light comedian to the establishment, and though he is always "up in his parts," he is woefully deficient in the most important requisites of an actor—expression, face, form, action, conception and voice; and if he is not over vain, must feel mortified at being compelled to enact parts so much above his reach. Mr. Wood, the principal comedian, is not adapted to a Boston audience, and would be far better appreciated on the boards of the Olympic, or the Strand Theatre. We think if he were to study Hamlet's advice to the players, it would be greatly to his advantage, provided he followed it, and did not speak any more than was sat "down for him to speak." Mr. Belton, who at present is the utility man, introduces too much mannerism into his acting, and over does his parts. Nature has not endowed him to fill the role which is assigned to him. Mrs. Hudson Kirby, if we recollect, never created a furor in her own country, nor was she ever considered a first-class artist by any means; and she will never be, in our estimation, a favorite on the Boston boards. What is required at the Boston, is a good stock company—not amateurs and fifth-rate actors. Such a man to lead as E. L. Davenport, who is a very correct and judicious actor, and one we think who can never succeed, but to very limited extent as a star. We want a sterling actress to take the place which Mrs. Kirby, to our mind, and that of very many others, cannot fill acceptably.

We want a low comedian, not a buffoon, for we have enough of those already; and lastly, we want a good stock company, from the highest to the lowest walk. To our minds there should be a combined effort on the part of the managers of this city, and all other cities, to put down this pseudo stalling system, which is pernicious to the best interests of the drama, to protect themselves against its encroachments. It robs the manager, and leaves his treasury bankrupt by its greedy demands. This abuse has now existed so long that it is difficult to find talented persons who are willing to enter the profession; and until there is a check put upon the appetites of these ambitious gormands of dollars, it will continue to be even more difficult than at present. A first-class house with a talented company, will always find support without the aid of stars. Every stock-actor should set his face against these unfledged stars, who strut their brief hour upon the stage, and then disappear, with one-half or two-thirds of the net receipts, and leave the more meritorious stock actors to toil to empty benches, empty pockets, and on empty stomachs.

We have not been led to make these remarks from any ill feeling to the actors named, for we have not the honor of their acquaintance; nor are we actuated by any other motive than what we honestly believe to be for the best interest of the actors, the stage and the drama. As we shall have more to say on this subject, we will dismiss it for this week, with the hope that our managers will reform the present abuses, and light their rooms with other luminaries than amateur stars, and an inferior stock company.

NOTICE! FREE PAPERS. We have mailed a large lot of our 6th and 7th number to spiritualists throughout the country, free. If, as the "Christian Spiritualist" has ceased to be issued, those who receive our paper see fit to aid us in publishing the very best paper in this country, which we are determined to do, we shall be pleased to receive their subscriptions. Those who subscribe at once, can secure the first numbers.

EMMA JAY.

Mrs. Emma Frances Bullene, (formerly Miss Jay,) the widely known and justly celebrated trance speaking and singing medium, will lecture in the Melodeon on Thursday evening, May 14th., at 8 o'clock. Admittance fifteen cents. At the close of the lecture an opportunity will be given to propose questions to be answered through the medium. This is the last opportunity the friends of Mrs. B. will have of listening to her inspired eloquence, as she is about retiring from the lecturing field, and her engagements are such, that she cannot remain longer in Boston. She is to speak in Hartford next Sunday May 17th., and then leaves for her home in the West, via N. York City.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. HENDERSON, will speak in the Melodeon on Sunday, 17th, inst., at 3 and 8 o'clock P. M. Subject in the afternoon (by request) the following questions:—A spirit in the spirit world recognized by sight, as they are here, and have they the same features they had on earth? Will a deformed man retain the deformities of his earthly body in the spirit world? If not what are the means of recognition in the next world? Do spirits in the spirit world meet those who lived on earth in the olden or Bible times? Do they in the language of scripture sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven. Admittance to each lecture 10 cts.

MALDEN.—Mrs. J. H. CONANT, trance medium, will speak in Eaton Hall, Malden, on Sunday evening, 17th inst.

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FARMER 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 street, at the same hours as above.

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

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

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The new machine to work the Hoosac Tunnel, costing \$25,000, is on the ground and being put together. It is expected to cut through 25 feet of solid rock in a day. At the eastern end of the tunnel 491 feet is completed; at the western end the whole length of roadway is 1200 feet.

VERMONT.—Lewis S. Partridge has been appointed United States Marshal for Vermont.

TRUTH SPREADING.—The Spiritualists of Sacramento, Cal., hold regular Sunday meetings.

"VICTIMS OF SPIRITUALISM."

We occasionally see going the rounds of the newspaper press paragraphs with the caption, "Another Victim of Spiritualism." We have just laid aside a paper in which such a line attracted our attention, and seat ourself, this bright spring morning, for the purpose of doing our part towards keeping the public informed of the events of the age in which we live. We have very many names and facts to add to the list of "Victims."

Will you have them now? But we cannot give them all in a single number of the Banner. There are thousands in number—a long, long list is this we have of the "Victims of Spiritualism."

But we will give you those we can, at present, and others at a future time. Will it not be well for those who think the cause we advocate to be one of delusion, and productive of insanity and crime, to read our list? You do not see these very often in the paper you open at your breakfast-table, or in the evening at your fireside. May it not be then that that paper is false to its trust—is not a fair record of events—is one-sided, prejudiced, opinionated?

But to our list.

It is New York—a city of extremes—extreme wealth, extreme poverty—puritanical sanctimoniousness, and Parisian gayety. The time of which we write is a year ago. See you that old man whose sad face and tottering form draw a tear of pity from you, despite the presence of the gay and laughing throng around? That is — For seventy years that man has planned and labored to accumulate a fortune. His object gained, he bought an elegant mansion among the palaces of Fifth Avenue. He thought he would settle down and be happy. Mistaken man! Little knew he what constituted the true basis of earthly happiness; little thought he that his foundation was poorly suited to the structure he would build.

In one year his wife and daughter died. Yes, "died," really to him became "dead and buried," for, accustomed to the mathematical precisions of mercantile life, educated in the calculating school of business, he had given but little thought to the fact of "death," and that little he had given only served to prove the wisdom of the old adage, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," for he became confirmed in the belief that man has no life beyond this.

And now his wife and daughter had gone. Out, yes, out of the universe of God—outside of God—and to where? Let the sceptic answer.

Sad days and sadder nights were now the lot of the retired merchant. Pitying his condition, knowing the cause, and conscious of an existing relief, a friend came to him one day and proposed that he walk out with him, the air and the busy scenes of

life might cheer him. Consenting, he took the arm of this friend. They had gone a few blocks, when it was proposed to call upon a lady of their acquaintance.

"Some one rapped, madam, at your door," said Mr. —, after a short conversation with the lady. Another rap, and another; then several in succession. We need not lengthen this article with further items. The fact was, his friend had purposely led him to a medium, and in half an hour after the suggestion that some one was rapping at her door, the lady was entranced, and so forcibly personated the wife and daughter, that he buried his face in his hands, wept like a child, saying,

"It is they—it is they—they live—they live!"

That man is happy to-day. The buoyancy and elasticity of youth have returned. The consciousness of the presence of those who, though unseen, are present, has renewed his life. His home, graced with the holy and soothing influence of spirit life, is one of happiness, real and lasting; a happiness that daily increases. The sad, desponding, doubting nihilist has become the happy, hopeful, and believing man. He is a "Victim of Spiritualism."

A young man, as the saying of the world and of the church is, "lost his mother." She blessed him as she passed on and promised to meet him again. But where?

As years passed, he became thoughtless of early teachings, and careless in the adoption of city habits. Accustomed to the quiet of country life, the charms of the city fascinated and allured him with false lights of pleasure. Step by step, the path of dissipation was followed. One day with his companions, he proposed having some fun with the "rappers."

"Oh, ho!" said one, "it's all a humbug; we shall be tricked, for the mediums are shrewd managers."

"No matter," was the reply, "we'll go."

And they went. The entranced took him by the hand, and the startling words, "My son" came from her lips, in the tone and manner of the mother, "My son, we have met again."

The young man's face turned pale. His companions tried to laugh it off—but no; they too, began to realize that they had met a reality. It might be, after all, that it was not all a delusion. Those were the same words that that mother uttered five years ago, and for many years had been absent from the mind of the son.

From that moment he was a changed man. He and his companions relinquished their evil ways, and have been, and yet continue to be, the means by which many others find the truth and learn to follow it. He and they, and those whom they have induced to reform, are all "Victims of Spiritualism."

Says a correspondent, in a letter, a year since, "I know you will be pleased to learn that the subject I laughed so heartily at you for speaking of, has of late interested me very much. I had imbibed the faith that there is no life beyond this; but my investigations of late have convinced me to the contrary, and now, and through eternity, will I bless the evidence that the spiritual phenomena have afforded me."

Another, who was once profane, and was fast going the down-hill of life, has become a better man. Another was wholly absorbed in money making. Gold was his god, and he worshipped at the shrine of Mammon, with the devotion of a saint. To get, and to hold, were his only aims of life. He gave, only when an equivalent was returned, and received, returning as small an equivalent as possible. An angel-presence approached. His hard, groveling nature became softened. He became a different man.

Another, a young lady of pleasant address, gifted, brilliant, an adornment to every circle, once betrayed, despairing of ever regaining position in society, gave herself up to its lowest pleasures. She was scorned by those who called themselves "Christians," and pious mothers warned their daughters against ever looking at her, as she passed. Those who once made professions of love, now avoided her. There was no hand held out to raise that falling child—no eye that looked in love and pity upon her. Indeed, an outcast, she sought the glare and gaieties of fashion, and amid its transient joys forgot, for the moment, all her sorrows—forgot that she was an outcast—that she was scorned by those who were not as she was, only because they had not been subjected to a like temptation.

But there were angel forms above her—about this sorrowing one, even in her wretchedness, and when her cup had been filled, and she had drained its bitter contents, a voice was heard sounding in her ears, "Thy sins are forgiven thee—go, sin no more." She became almost frantic with joy. Was there one that really loved her? One that could hold enough of God in his soul to forgive her? There was. She listened to the voice of angels. She told her companions in woe, and they became sharers of her joy. And they led others on, till now, not only in this city, but in other cities, thousands of these sinning ones, sinning no more, are rejoicing in the love of angels, and the purity of a holy life.

This is no fiction that we are writing, it is truth! and these all are "Victims of Spiritualism."

We need not continue this list to-day. We think we have given unbelievers sufficient to cause them to pause in their judgement on spiritualism, and ask themselves whether these fruits prove the tree to be good or bad.

But the world is slow to believe. Eighteen centuries ago, one came with the early evidences of a spiritual life beyond this, and sought to bestow its gifts on man. He was laughed at, ridiculed, despised, crucified. So comes this great truth to-day—an angel of light to those who walk in darkness—of hope to the despairing, of comfort to the sorrowing, of rest to the weary, of joy to the sad, of love to all. And it is received in like manner.

It will not always be thus—and we have written this that those who have thought the subject unworthy of attention, may obtain a faint conception of the work that is being accomplished by its teachers. It is doing what all else cannot, at least, does not. It is gathering thousands from unbelief and error, from sin and darkness, to faith and peace, from the realm of the dead, to the realm of the living, and they bear witness to the truth of what is written in the "Banner of Light." *—Victims of Spiritualism.*

ONE MORE AT CAMBRIDGE.

As illustrative of the interest in the subject of spiritualism and its phenomena created by the action of Harvard University, we state a fact occurring within the circle of our acquaintance.

A gentleman well known among the scholars of this city, and connected somewhat with the college at Cambridge, had his curiosity aroused by the strange and contradictory reports coming to him from within and without the university,—so much so, in fact that he resolved upon examining for himself the events said to transpire around him. He consulted a friend as to the best course for him to pursue. The friend advised him to see a medium, and, by personal observation, become satisfied. The gentleman agreed to do so, but expressed a doubt as to the possibility of finding a medium on whom he could rely. His friend mentioned one.

"Why, sir, is she a medium? She is my niece—a person in whom I have the utmost confidence."

He visited her, and within an hour received evidence that nearly if not quite convinced him, that Spiritualism is, indeed, no delusion, but a great truth. At least, we can say that his interest received no abatement and that Prof. Euclid, if he carries out his plan of suspension, will soon find himself alone within the college walls, the great unopened.

MARYSVILLE SPIRITUALIST.

Our neighbors of the *Weekly Spiritualist*, published in Marysville, Cal., have given their scissors a free pass through the columns of the *Banner*, judging from their paper of March 28, which contains no less than seven articles from them. We thank our friends down by the Golden Gate for their appreciation of our labors, but think we are deserving of our name. Of the seven articles, some are credited, "Boston Ex," others, "Boston Exchange" and others, "a Boston paper."

We cannot understand why we are not called by our proper name. Mr. L. W. Ransom, stand up and answer for your sins.

SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

Recent letters from Paris announce that an intense interest in the subject of "table-turning" exists in that country. Many well known and influential persons have acknowledged their belief in its spiritual origin. In London, also, the cause is progressing rapidly. Mediums are being developed, and sceptics converted to a faith in immortality.

BOOKS FOR CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Chas. Partridge, of New York, has forwarded to the Librarian of Harvard University upwards of thirty volumes on Spiritualism, with a request that they be placed on the shelves of the college library.

We publish the following as indicative of the general expression of the public mind, in respect to the course we adopt in the publication of tests. We are in daily receipt of letters confirmatory of the truth of these messages from the world of spirits. The interest increases and extends:—

BALTIMORE, 21 April, 1857.
L. Colby & Co.:—I cannot refrain from expressing the high gratification which the "Banner of Light" has afforded me, and particularly that part of it which you call "The Messenger," and as you say that you have hundreds of such cases, that you would give another page of them. Nothing can be better suited to spread this glorious cause—such messages of love must find a response in the hearts of those to whom they are addressed, and also bring conviction of the truth of spirit intercourse to others not interested in the subject. Your last copy contained a communication from my maternal uncle, which I immediately recognized as true to the life; indeed, it contained the very words uttered by his son in a conversation I held with him at Barnum's a few months ago on the subject of Spiritualism, when I told him that his father had communed with me. The spirit told me a few days after that he was present during the conversation.
I get the paper regularly, and shall use my influence to extend its sale.
F. W. SMITH.

Recent Events in Spiritualism.

MANIFESTATIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A correspondent of the *Telegraph*, writing from Smithville, N. C. states that having parted with a daughter, she found a source of consolation in reading the "Healing of the Nations," and was gradually led to believe in spiritual communion. She became a medium for physical manifestations, and amidst her own doubts and those of her friends, she continued to have demonstrations strange and convincing. She says: "We have had the dining-table walk all over the room, and one night it was broken by a gentleman who tried to hold it down. I saw my friend carried around the table seemingly as light as a feather, then carried back and seated on the lounge." Then again, "my hands were influenced to take the accordion, and I was taken up, chair and all, and whirled around, presenting the accordion to every one in the room." And thus she writes, showing clearly in her letter, that by the manifestations given to her without previous knowledge, she has been convinced, her stricken heart has been relieved, and she has been greatly benefited.

CHILD FOUND BY SPIRIT DIRECTION.

In the month of November last, Mr. J. B. Conklin received at his rooms, 477 Broadway, the visit of an Irish woman who was in much distress at having lost her little boy, who had strayed away in the street and could not be found. The Spirits, through Mr. Conklin, requested her to describe the child to the medium, accurately, mentioning where she had last seen him, and they promised to endeavor to trace him and give her an answer on a subsequent day. At the time appointed the woman again came, but the Spirits were not yet able to report, and requested her to come at a certain hour on the next day. At the hour specified the woman arrived, and the Spirits wrote by Mr. C's hand, instructing her to go quickly to the foot of a certain street on the North River, and search aboard a certain vessel, promising that she should there find her child. The woman hastily departed, and shortly returned with her boy, whom she had found precisely as the Spirits had indicated, she having arrived just in time to receive him before the vessel, on which he had taken refuge, sailed from the wharf. *Spiritual Age.*

MUSICAL.

A Testimonial Concert was given in New York, recently by the Spiritualists of that city to Miss Emma Hardinge. The chief feature of the evening's performance was a spiritual cantata, announced as being composed under inspiration. The words, consisting of ten pieces of music, some of them highly elaborated, were written in one hour. The whole score, arranged with songs and choruses for fifty voices, was completed from the Monday evening when Miss Hardinge was solicited to undertake the work, until the following Saturday, when it was presented.

ed to the Committee. If this wonderful celerity be not the work of inspiration, it is one at least the secret of which would be invaluable to our modern composers, few of whom could accomplish such a feat in one or even two months; while there are others who would take a good year even to think about such a work.

APPARITION OF A SPIRIT CHILD.

We have the following from an ear witness of what is said to have taken place: one Sunday morning, some three or four weeks ago, Rev. T. L. Harris, before commencing his sermon at Academy Hall, Broadway, stated that he had, while the choir was singing, distinctly seen and recognized the Spirit form of a little girl, aged seven or eight years, whose funeral he had attended in a southern city a little over a year ago. The little Spirit stood upon the platform at his right hand, surrounded with the radiance of Heaven, clothed in paradisaical garments, and breathing a sweet celestial influence. Mr. H. states that it was seldom permitted him to behold such Spirit appearances during his public ministrations, and that he could not account for the vision except on the supposition that, unknown to himself, some earthly friend of the child might then be in the audience, in whose sphere the Spirit had come. After the close of the services, the father of the child, who had, unknown to Mr. H. arrived in the city the day before, actually came forward and spoke to Mr. H., and from him the present writer received the confirmation of this account, and the assurance that the test was to him absolutely satisfactory, and highly consoling. *Spiritual Age.*

Record of Facts.

REMARKABLE DREAM AND FULFILLMENT.

Mr. Zadock Hubbell, of Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y., writes to the *Phrenological Journal*, that when a boy, some fifteen or twenty years ago, he dreamed of being in a strange city, and in considerable trouble, having spent all his money. What added to his distress was, that his last and only pair of boots had ripped from the sole. As he was walking along the street, however, he felt that something had collected between the sole of his boot and the bottom of his foot, and which on examination he found to be a quantity of money in small coin. "Nothing," says he, "can be more vivid to my mind than the appearance of the money—two shilling pieces, shillings, ten cents, six cents, five cents; but the greater part of it was in pieces about half as large as six-cent pieces, with three straight marks on one side and a star on the other." What their value was he did not know, as he had never seen anything of the kind before. Now for the fulfillment: Last fall, while Mr. Hubbell was on a tour as a temperance lecturer, he came to Newark, N. J., where he had never been before, and while there spent his last shilling. As he was walking along the street, in a troubled state of mind, his perplexity was increased by finding that the sole of his boot had ripped from the sole. He finally concluded to lay his necessities before the audience which he expected to address on that evening. He did so, and a collection was taken up and presented to him, on receiving which he recognized the identical coin which he had dreamed of collecting between his boot-soles, and the whole scene of the vision instantly burst upon his mind, and he saw its fulfillment in all important circumstances of his situation, even to the appearance of the strange city. Query: By what psychological law was the vision of those three cent pieces impressed upon the dreamer's mind some ten or fifteen years before the coinage had been thought of by mortal man?

AN IRRESISTIBLE PROOF.

A couple of ladies, sisters, in this city, were inveterate skeptics in respect to spiritual manifestations, ridiculing the very idea as unworthy of being entertained by a sensible mind. A gentleman of our acquaintance recently met, at our office, an excellent trance medium, who was on a visit to this city from Springfield, Mass. Observing the medium's qualifications, the gentleman, without knowing him, or even ascertaining his name, said to him: "Come, go with me," and took him to the residence of the two unbelieving ladies above referred to. He said to them, "Sit down and take this man's hand, and you will see some proof of spiritual intercourse."

With some difficulty one of the ladies was induced to comply with the request, the other refusing to move in the matter entirely. Being seated, the medium soon went into the trance state, and saw and described a spirit whom the two ladies at once recognized as their deceased mother. He correctly told how long she had been in the spirit world, with other matters tending to identify her as their deceased parent. After furnishing this description, he apparently became possessed by the spirit described, who, using his organs, assumed the attitude and motion of sewing, and said:—

"You remember, my children, that when I was alive I used to wet my thread just in this way"—accompanied the words with an appropriate action. So overpowering was this proof of the mother's identity, that the two ladies burst in tears, but still being opposed to any intercourse with spirits, though no longer able to resist the proof of its reality, they fell to upbraiding our friend for disturbing the repose of the dead! *N. Y. Spiritual Telegraph.*

GRAVITATION OVERCOME BY SPIRITS.

We have the following from an authentic source but are not authorized to mention names: A table was set for an oyster supper, with lamps, dishes, and all the necessary paraphernalia upon it, and the company was assembled in the room, and about to be seated to the repast. Among the rest there were two or three mediums for Spiritual Manifestations. While no one was within three or four feet of the table, the latter commenced slowly tilting, and bowed until its edge touched the floor, when it, slowly turned back again to its right position without spilling a particle of fluid or deranging a lamp or a dish, or altering the position of anything upon it. *Spiritual Telegraph*, Nov. 1853.

SIGNIFICANT TOKEN OF RECOGNITION.

A lady, whose word may be relied on, has just related to us the following incident: She was some time since in consultation with a seer medium. After the latter had described several spirits, who presented themselves before her, the lady requested that some one of her spirit-friends would come and make himself or herself known by some characteristic token which she had not been previously thinking of. The medium presently described the spirit of a man, and said that he came whistling. The description was recognized as that of her husband, who had passed into the spirit-world several years before, whom the medium had never seen or heard of; and the whistling reminded the lady of the fact that some years before her husband's death, he had lost his voice, and could orally communicate only by whistling, which was his usual method.

CASE OF WARNING.

Grotius relates, that when M. de Saumaise was councillor of the parliament at Dijon, a person, who knew not a word of Greek brought him a paper on which was written some words in that language, but not in the character. He said, that a voice had uttered them to him in the night, and he had written them down, imitating the sound as well as he could. Mons. de Saumaise made out that the significance of the words was, "Beware! do you not see that death impends?" Without comprehending what danger was indicated, the person obeyed and departed. On that night the house that he had been lodging in fell to the ground.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE

OLD AND NEW WORLD:

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND, WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

"We have promised. We will perform."
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

PREFACE.

DEAR READER.—This little narrative is not sent forth into the stormy world to fill any void in the long list of spiritual literature that already floods the market of letters, much of which we are sorry to say, in our opinion, casts much more darkness than light on the deeply interesting subject; nor is it published by direction of Emanuel Swedenborg, Daniel Webster, Thomas Paine, John Smith, or any other illustrious personage now in the spirit land. It has been written, simply because we wanted to write it. It has been printed at the request of numerous kind friends who have expressed a wish to possess a record or history of the introduction, rise, and progress of spiritualism in the Old World—to know the perplexities and obstacles which we had to encounter and overcome in the rugged path which we were called to pursue; sometimes illuminated by a transient gleam of sunshine, but oftener overcast by dark clouds of adversity, storms of persecution, and floods of opposition.

For the above reasons have we sent this little offering, to you and the world without; with the continued assurance that we more and more deeply feel the glorious truth, that spirits of those dear ones that we once cherished and loved as our own hearts, do come to us in the stillly eve, in the ruddy glow of the dewy morn, and at the noonday's brightest hour, manifesting their celestial presence in words of love both tender and true.

Yours in the good faith and work,

WM. R. HAYDEN,
MARIA B. HAYDEN.

Boston, May, 1857.

CHAPTER I.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

First Experience.—Spirit Visitors.—Who is the Medium?—Progress of Spiritualism.—Excursion to the White Mountains.—The Apparition.—Superiority of the Spiritual over the Material Telegraph.

On the morning of April 10th, 1851, the day appointed by the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, for the annual fast, I was sitting alone in my room, in the City of Boston, writing for a journal with which I was then connected, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a gentle knocking at my door.

"Only this, and nothing more."

Supposing that it was an intimate friend, who was in the habit of calling for me on his way "down town," I simply said, "Come in," but no one obeying the summons, and the knocking still continuing, I arose and opened the door, but to my no little surprise there was no one there.

"Only vacancy, nothing more."

The house faced into a large yard, so that it would have been quite impossible for any one, had they been so inclined, to have left the premises and passed out of sight in so short a space of time, without being observed. Unable to explain the mystery to my own satisfaction, I returned to my seat at the table; but before resuming my writing the sounds recommenced and I renewed the invitation to my invisible visitors (as such they afterwards proved to be) to "Come in," which invitation they accepted, and a moment after, the knockings or silvery patterings were heard simultaneously in different parts of the room—on the wall, the chairs, the floor and the stove.

At once the thought of the "Mysterious Knockings," as they were then more familiarly known, flashed across my mind, and I asked audibly if spirits were making the sounds, to which inquiry I received a quick response, by repeated rappings on the table at which I was then seated. This naturally awakened my curiosity, and I was determined, if possible, to solve the mystery. I accordingly set to work and interrogated my invisible guests still farther, who were pleased to gratify my numerous questions with prompt and intelligent answers, so far as could be done with the means then employed; which was by rapping at an affirmative and remaining silent to a negative.

It may be well to state, that previous to that period, I had never but on one occasion, and then at a gentleman's house, in Charlestown, Mass., witnessed any of the extraordinary phenomena which have since, and are now, attracting the serious attention of a large portion of the enlightened and progressive world on both sides of the Atlantic. I did not then ask any questions of receive any communications; neither was my mind occupied with any thought of the "Spirit Rappings" at the time they first manifested in my presence. For three evenings after the mysterious sounds were first heard in our house, we formed circles, to ascertain what communications and demonstrations if any, we might be able to obtain.

Our circle consisted of three ladies and the same number of gentlemen—all novices in the matter, and so little did any of us know of the *modus operandi*, and what was required to obtain the phenomena, that it did not occur to any of us to ask who was the medium until the third sitting. When at length the question was asked, it was very amusing to observe the intense anxiety on the part of the most of the circle to ascertain (who was the favored individual that was in rapport with the bright beings of the celestial world, each one hoping that they were the chosen instrument)—all doubting, and singularly enough no one more than myself; entirely forgetful for the time of the important fact, that the strange sounds were first and only heard in my presence. I felt almost certain that it was one of the ladies, as up to that time I had never heard of one of the opposite sex being a medium.

An almost breathless silence pervaded the apartment as we proceeded to decide the important question of "who is the medium?" A gentleman at my right hand being the first to ask the question, to which inquiry

"Not a sound was heard."

A long drawn breath escaped his lips, the muscles of his face relaxed; a shade of silent sadness fell upon his countenance, as he quietly reclined back in his chair, showing that he had lost more than half of his anxiety in the result. At which point, smile lit up the faces of the rest of the party, for a moment, but as quickly disappeared as the next in

order proceeded to solve the problem of how much they had to do with the production of the sounds. And so it went on from one to another, the chances of those whose fates had not already been decided by the ominous silence of the invisible rappers, becoming more and more valuable. At last the die of four had been cast, and there remained but two to make the trial; a lady and myself were to ask the all absorbing question, and the circle would be complete. The lady appeared to be considerably agitated, hesitating to ask, as though it was a matter of life and death. She was well aware that there remained but two chances, and one of them would be a blank. One word, and the case would be decided. Yet in that moment's delay and suspense, there was hope! the brightest word in our language; but alas! it is said that all things human must have an end—which fact she seemed to fully comprehend—and accordingly braced herself for the worst.

Her lips quivered, and her voice trembled, as with a convulsive effort she desired to know if she was the medium; to which she received—silence only, "nothing more." So deeply had they become interested in the result of what some would not have given hardly a thought to have known, that it was actually painful to the rest, and they all felt relieved, as from a heavy load, when it came my turn to ask the oft-repeated question, which I did, and was rewarded by a perfect shower of raps on the table around which we were seated.

Some persons doubtless will think that the above account is too highly colored; but that is not the case; and had they been present at the circle, they would have acknowledged its truthfulness. So then I was a medium for the "Mysterious Rappings," and we all sat back in our chairs, inhaled a long breath, and for the first time the light seemed to burst upon them suddenly, that they ought to have known that I was the medium, from the very fact that they were not present when the sounds were first heard. A very sage conclusion truly, but one, nevertheless, that had not until that moment forced itself upon my own mind.

As soon as it became known among my friends that I had been selected by the spirits as a channel of communication with the inhabitants of the invisible world, I was importuned morning, noon and night, to sit for them; and I soon found that I had become a centre of attraction that I never was before. This, as a matter of course, greatly interfered with my business arrangements, and to rid myself in part from the annoyance, I was compelled to move a short distance out of the city, to the beautiful town of Waltham.

While residing at that place, I made the acquaintance of a young man, possessing superior natural acquirements, and soon after made an engagement with him to assist me in conducting my paper, which he did, for little more than a year; and during that time our acquaintance ripened in to a warm friendship, and he became much interested in the subject of spirit manifestations, and a firm believer in the phenomena which he had superior facilities to investigate. I simply make mention of this circumstance at this time, for the remarkable relation which he afterwards held to the extraordinary manifestations which occurred to me, and which will be narrated in succeeding chapters of this work.

We had been at Waltham but a few months when we received a communication from the spirits requesting that we should return to the city, and that I should give public sittings. This I was not willing to do without good and sufficient reasons; I had never taken a fee for my sittings, and I had some scruples as to doing so in any case, and so stated my objections, and further that I was not able to devote my time to my calling without compensation. To this I was met by the following quotation from Scripture "The laborer is worthy of his hire" "and it is not expected that you can live without bread or by that alone."

Nevertheless, I dallied away time in giving my decision until, one fine morning they (the spirits) informed me that my services as a medium were no longer required. This was anything but pleasing intelligence to me, and on again attempting to obtain the sounds, I found the truth of what they had told me in their continued silence; and from that time up to the present they have given no communication through me, as a reward perhaps for my procrastination.

They also informed me at the same time that they had selected Mrs. Hayden to fill my place, and desired to know if I was willing to return to Boston, and have her do what they had previously desired of me. To this proposition I assented, having already received sufficient proof that "delays are dangerous." Soon after we returned to the city and commenced receiving the public at 50 Lowell street. The sittings were very successful, the spirits manifesting their approbation at the course which we had pursued by always responding when called upon to do so.

Many beautiful and extraordinary manifestations of spirit presence and power were received during the year in which we remained there, but it is not my intention to narrate but two or three at present. Thus the great work went on spreading through the Union. In vain were the fierce denunciations of the clergy from their pulpits—the paper bullets and outrageous slanders of the "lying press," poured out in torrents upon the devoted heads of all who had anything to do with what they were pleased to stigmatize as HUMBUG! IMPOSTURE! DELUSION! and BLASPHEMY!

The loving members of the church looked upon the believers as so many people possessed with devils, and avoided them as they would a pestilence. Sage professors and would-be saviors were daily making their feeble brains to find some new explanation; but most unfortunately for them no two could agree in their scientific (?) conclusions. At first trick and toe joints were deemed quite sufficient by a certain class of minds to account for the whole phenomena, vide Rev. C. C. Burr; but the learned explorers like the manifestations kept on progressing, and the next explanation was "detached vitalized electricity," given by Dr. Taylor of Peterham, in the Boston Med. and Sur. Journal. Automaton man asserted Dr. Rogers; and more recently Professor Page has immortalized himself by writing a book in which he has acknowledged his adeptness at deception and told us the sounds are produced by human ingenuity and depravity. And that most Reverend Professor Dr. Mattias asserts that the so called phenomena are the result of machinery and devilry, while Dr. Rogers brought forth "Odio Force," and was stigmatized by Ashburner as an ass for so doing. And so on until they have exhausted their whole store of explanations, their labor resulting in building up what they have been vainly endeavoring to demolish.

On the 20th of July, Mrs. Hayden and myself made preparations for a short excursion to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, a celebrated place of resort for tourists and others during the warm season of the year. Previous to doing so, we made arrangements with Mr. Somerset, the gentleman before alluded to, to take charge of our paper during my temporary absence. He still residing at Waltham and came into the city the day before our departure to fulfill his duty. Early on the morning of the 21st we were met by railroad to Portland, Maine, where we remained over night and continued our journey the next day to Conway, N. H., the grand entrance to the White Mountains, where we again stopped overnight. Fatigued with our long day's travel

tired early to rest and soon fell into a profound sleep and thus remained as near as I can remember until eleven o'clock, when I was made aware of the presence of a person in our room, and by the imperfect light, I saw distinctly my friend Mr. Somerset. His face was very pale. I looked at him for a few moments, when he entirely faded from my sight. I arose early in the morning and the first word I said to Mrs. Hayden was that "Carroll was dead" calling him by his middle name as I was in the habit of doing. At that place there is no railroad or line of telegraph and it is two days journey from Boston. I immediately sat down and wrote a letter home, in which I stated that I was already aware of the departure of my friend, which letter reached its destination at the very hour in which they were preparing to send the news of his death to me. I also made mention of the extraordinary circumstance to some travelling companions, who only laughed at us for our credulity, saying that it was all a dream; but on our returning home we learned that he died at eleven o'clock on the same night, during which he appeared to me. He came once after this, but he looked much happier and better than on the first occasion. I have since received several communications which purported to come from him.

The above is a proof of the superiority of the Spiritual over the Material Telegraph, and is a beautiful assurance of the power of our spirit friends, under certain conditions, to visit us and make known their presence to the loved ones of earth. Mr. Somerset and myself had conversed together much on this delightful theme; and it is not reasonable to entertain the consoling belief that he felt a strong desire to inform me that he had fully realized the glorious truth of spirit manifestations—that he had passed from a world of darkness to one of eternal light, love and liberty.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough how them as we will."

The Mission.—Doubts and Fears.—Sacrifices to be Made.—The Decision.—Departure for New York.—Railway Accident.—Disappointment and Return.—Flight of a Little One to the Spirit Land.—The Prediction Fulfilled.—A Singular Communication.—Spiritual Meeting.—Robert G. Shaw.

During the Spring of 1852 we were frequently advised by our spirit friends to visit England for the purpose of affording the people of that country an opportunity to investigate the startling phenomena of Spirit Manifestations, which had already begun to attract a large share of public attention on this side of the Atlantic.

At first we very naturally had our misgivings as to the propriety of taking so important and extraordinary a step—one which could not but be attended with great uncertainty and perplexity. This caused us to stop and think before we leaped into the dark; for should our undertaking prove a failure, it could not be otherwise than most disastrous to us in a pecuniary point of view; which those in this age of dollars and cents who have a family dependent upon them for their daily bread must not lose sight of, or pass lightly by.

At that time I was connected as editor and part proprietor of the largest weekly folio journal in the United States, which by a great outlay and much mental labor on my own part, I had built up to a large circulation and some considerable value. My partner and myself had embarked our all in that enterprise, and it behoved me to come to no sudden or rash conclusion, but to weigh well the probable consequences of such a proceeding. If we acted as directed by the Spirits and went to England, I must do so at the entire sacrifice of my whole personal interest in the paper and all my past labor without so much as a penny's reward.

These considerations weighed heavily upon our minds and required our "wisest councils," before being abandoned for an uncertainty. Thus rocked to and fro amid a sea of doubts and fears, we decided to do as we had been desired; to break up our pleasant home and its many attractions—to leave our friends behind and go to a strange land, without the least prospect that we should be the gainers in this world's goods; at the same time we were strongly advised to the contrary by warm personal friends and staunch supporters of the cause, who feared that the English mind was not as yet prepared to receive the truth of the manifestations, or that a different state of the atmosphere or some other cause of which we possessed no knowledge, might so operate against us, that we might not succeed in obtaining the sounds. Nevertheless we fully made up our minds to run the risk, being continually assured by our invisible guardians that they would not only be able to respond to us in England, but would do so when required.

Accordingly I left Boston in May for New York in advance of Mrs. Hayden, to secure our passage for Liverpool in the packet ship New World, Capt. Russell, going by the land route, via New Haven. All went on well and pleasantly until we approached the station at Meriden, Conn., when by the breaking of a flange of one of the wheels, the train ran off the track, causing considerable damage to the engine and cars; but most fortunately no serious injury to life or limb although there were several very narrow escapes.

After two hours delay, we procured another locomotive and proceeded on our journey, arriving at New York without further mishap. Here, however, I was doomed to meet with another disappointment, for the ship in which we desired to take passage had sailed some days previous and I also received intelligence that would prevent us from leaving for a month or two. Under this state of things I reluctantly returned to Boston, with some doubts in my mind if we should finally go to England.

Subsequent events which transpired after my return only convinced me the more how limited is human vision, and the wisdom of a superior and guardian power. Indeed how little do we know that is for our good in this life at present. I had not been at home but a few days, when a little infant daughter of ours was taken seriously ill, and on the morning of the 17th of June took its upward flight to a fairer clime, where care, sickness and sorrow are unknown. I say upward, for every thought and noble aspiration of man is upward, rising the last two hours of the earthly life of a little one, as she lay gasping for breath in her mother's arms, a series of most extraordinary phenomena were occurring. Mrs. Hayden, her sister myself were constantly made aware that a number of spirits were present, by different signs, such as the rustling of silk dresses, or the walking up and down stairs, and in the dining room, where we were then seated. Yet there were no other persons up in the house at that time, although it was clearly daylight. Subsequently Mrs. Hayden's brother who had been in the spirit world about two years appeared to her while she was alone.

Several members of the family were made sense that they were followed about the house by visible beings. At times their dresses were pulled sufficiently to make them aware that it was no vision. The day and hour of the departure of a member of our family was predicted by the spirits, the presence of six persons, five months before took place, when we were all in good health. The

one was not designated at the time and it is not usual that such predictions are made, as the spirits very justly argue that it is very seldom that it would be for our good to know. And they themselves do not often know long in advance when a person is to be borne into the spirit world; but being freed from gross matter, they can more clearly see tendencies and their final results;—sometimes with actual certainty the very hour of the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle. In the case just alluded to, they saw clearly the time of the separation of the spirit from the body, and gave us the warning as a stronger proof of the truth of spiritualism.

They afterwards assured us that many spirits were present, and as soon as the little one was borne into the spirit sphere, they bore it away to its new home, where its appointed guardians were to take charge of it. There is something truly affecting and deeply interesting in the illness and departure of little children, who, as they lie in the agony of pain, have no power to express their feelings, or to speak their wants, and who cannot understand why or wherefore they are afflicted. How few parents for a moment think they are the original cause of more than three-fourths of the deaths that separate them from their little treasures! Yet such is the startling and overwhelming truth, and we have got to become duly alive to this monstrous fact, for such it really is and can be demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt or controversy. But it is not my intention at this time to write a treatise on the cause and cure of disease.

The funeral services over the remains of our child was at that time of a novel and singular character, being the first of the kind ever known. It was called the spiritualists' funeral, and as an account of the same may prove interesting to the readers of this narrative, I will briefly allude to them in this connection, as they are not foreign to the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Messenger.

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

Leander Earle, Boston.

Let me write to the people I used to know while I was in the earth life. I have been in my present home a short time, and find myself very happy, although I did not do as I wish I had when I was with you. I can now look back and see much that causes remorse, yet I am trying to cast off all evil, and live in the fashion of goodness.

My earth life was a pleasant one. I was sometimes unhappy, but generally quite happy. I lived in Boston, at the North End, and have many friends there at the present time; and should any of them chance to look upon these simple ideas, I hope they will not cry out "humbug!" until they are quite sure it is so; for all new light is called humbug, until it proves itself true. Therefore, stand back, and give us room to prove ourselves, and time also, for we are taught that God took time to create your beautiful earth.

Now if He, the Infinite, rested upon the wing of time, we, the finite, cannot be expected to do more. And now a word in particular to those young men I have passed so many pleasant hours with. Dear friends, you are yet in the earth life; I am in the spirit land, and I return to point out to you a straight avenue to happiness. Do unto others as ye would they should do to you, and you are sure of the highest sphere in the celestial world. Church creed will never save you. Let your church be within the soul, and your ministers God's angels, for is it not written that God sends his ministering angels to those who have need of them? Jesus, your brother, saith to his persecutors, "Know ye not I can pray to my Father, and He will send me twelve legions of angels." And again he saith, "Whoever I do may ye do, and greater things than these." Then, if his words be true, you may call upon the Father, and receive the same answer. Dear friends, I suppose you will say this does not talk like Leander, for he was rather fast when on earth. I agree with you there; but remember I have laid off the old body and have now nothing to encumber my spirit; therefore I am free, and my spirit is soaring where it could not while on earth. I must now close my epistle from the spirit land, hoping you will ever obey the golden rule, and be happy. Ere I close, permit me to add one line to those still dearer to me. Ye who have known me in infancy, oh, receive me in spirit, for I often stand by your side, and ask forgiveness for all earth's sins, and pray that you may one day see the glories my eyes have been permitted to gaze upon. I am yours, in the love of earth and the spirit land.

LEANDER EARLE.

Mrs. Charles Chase, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Return to earth! Come to my friends! Will they receive me? My earth life was one of pleasantness, filled with sunshine and joy. Oh, how sweet to be permitted to return and manifest to the inhabitants of earth! And yet how sad it is that we cannot manifest to our own dear friends.

This is my first trial; I do not understand how to well control the form I now have possession of, but I shall strive to do the best I can, that I may do good to those I so dearly love. I have two children and a companion in the earth sphere. Near five years ago I passed away from earth.

My companion was a sea captain, and I visited many beautiful lands with him; but none so beautiful as the one I am now an inhabitant of. I do not expect to give you wisdom, but I do expect to prove myself to friends who knew me better than you; for, sir, you and I are strangers.

I am happy, very happy, and have no wish to return to earth to live. My father is with me, and sends blessings to his friends in the earth life.

He wishes them to know he lives—that he is not dead to them; but looks upon their joys and would fain assuage their sorrows;—that he is often with them. Oh, that the few remaining friends I have on earth would receive me as I come to them. The present companion of who was once my companion, is a medium. I could in time commune through her, if she understood these things. Her name is Mary Jane.

They tell me I must give you something whereby you may know me. My maiden name was Neal; the name I passed away under was Chase, wife of Capt. Charles Chase. I died in Portsmouth, N. H. Inquire of Thos. Tellock, of Portsmouth. He is a member of the family.

Charles Cooper, Printer, of Andover, and B. Shattuck of Morton Place.

My name is Charles Cooper. I was a printer, and died of consumption about two years ago. Do you not recollect me? I passed a great deal of my time in Andover, Mass., and a good deal in Boston. I knew the Platts in Andover. I lived in the south part of A., and was sick there at my mother's house.

Ask some of the boys at the Herald office about me. I knew some of them, also some of the Times' printers. I was sick a long time. Lydia Platts of Andover, knew me well, and will tell you about me. I should like to say much; but it is my first attempt, and I find it difficult. I have a great many friends, and in time I shall approach them all.

There is an old gentleman here whose name is Shattuck. He says he used to live in Morton Place; and is anxious to communicate to his friends, who now live there. He says he lived on the same side as the Ben Franklin.

Frances Adams, Portsmouth, N. H.

Good morning, Fanny. I am so glad to meet you. Don't you remember me? I used to know you about twelve years ago, on earth. I have been in the spirit world about seven years. I died of consumption. What makes you say you do not know me? Cannot you see me? I can see you. Don't you know you told me once I was as empty as an egg shell, and I laughed at you for expressing yourself in that manner?

Don't you know the girl who used to wear the red dress? Well, I will tell you my name, then perhaps you will remember me. It is Frances Adams.

There, I knew you would remember me. You see I am not dead, and have not forgotten you either. Please tell my father and brothers and sisters how happy I am, and how I would not return to earth again to live. My mother's hero with me, Good bye—I will meet you again.

John, to Joseph A. Gillespie.

I see a pair of scales, and you, mortal, are weighing the mites as the multitude throw them into the balance. Will you also weigh the mite I shall throw in?

This is my first trial. You know me, neither do I know you. The instrument through which I commune is a stranger, and I am all unused to control these organs; but anxiety turns the wheel, and I must and will commune.

I have friends on earth, and these friends are dearer to me than the happiness I hope to gain hereafter. My anxiety is great for them. I wish them to know that I live. I wish them to be acquainted with the hereafter. I have a brother near you; that brother has a companion in the spirit life; that companion assists me to manifest. Although she never manifested, yet she has long been a resident in the realms of light.

When my friends gazed upon all that was left of me, I stood by them, and it was I that dictated the lines written by my brother on my departure. I wish him to know this—to fully understand it.

I left my mortal temple some four years ago, in Quincy, Mass. I have many friends there now, and I would beseech of them, in the name of the Father, to seek and find; to make themselves acquainted with their future residence—heaven, or the spirit life.

My disease was consumption. One word and I leave. Say to my brother I sue for forgiveness at his hand, as all is forgiven at mine. My name was John Gillespie. His is Joseph Alonzo Gillespie. May I meet him where sorrow is not known—where anger never comes, and where spirits are winding their way toward the great Temple of Light.

Asa Dearborn to Moses Howe, New Bedford, Mass.

My friend, the time seems long, excessively long since I left earth. I lived to a good old age in the earth life, and I passed on in consequence of a difficulty of long standing. This is the first time I ever sought to commune with mortals. I have three children in the earth sphere, and I gladly would unseal their eyes that they may see the beauties of spirit life and light.

The spirit land was far different from what I expected. All my conceptions of death and spirit life failed into nothing before the beauty of heaven. I came here to-day, not for a vain or idle purpose, but that I may, if possible, awake the slumberers of earth life, that I may arouse them to action, that I may give them spiritual food. My companion is now with me, and joins in what I am now giving you.

I am not well acquainted with controlling mediums to communicate my ideas to those I have on earth. But if I can gain access to those I know better, I shall be rewarded for coming. Many knew me in the earth life. I sue for pardon from all for any errors I may have committed, and assure my friends I am happy, and would not return to earth if I could.

The spirit lost control of the medium's vocal organs, and did not require them; but he wrote the name of Asa Dearborn, Portsmouth, N. H., and added—"The wife of Moses Howe, of New Bedford, is my daughter. I had a large family."

Timothy Dexter, Newburyport.

Happy to meet you, sir. Not a great many years ago I was on earth; but there's many changes come about since I was here. I was rather a very eccentric man—a strange individual. Well, I did not understand myself any more than did others; but had I lived in your time I should, for I was a medium. I had a daughter who was a medium also. We called her half fool, and were not disposed to look upon her peculiarities in the right light. Now I was no fool, although many people considered me one. I lived to satisfy self, and whatever I wanted I always got; if I could; and if I could not, I went to work to devise some means whereby I could.

Now I suppose you consider yourself happy, but let me tell you one thing—by or she who follows the bubble fashion is not happy, because it will often lead you where you will not like to call. Gods of Creation! what a wonder I would make if I was on earth now!

It's a good thing to be independent, and to follow self, so you are happy. A quiet individual indeed was I; but never mind, as long as I was happy. I formed very limited ideas as to the spirit life and I found myself all in the dark when I arrived here; nevertheless I am happy now.

Ministers talk about spiritualism being untrue, I'd like to tell them what we spirits think of them. They are like a ship at sea without a rudder—don't know where they are going. They think they are either going to heaven or hell.

I'm Timothy Dexter, sir. I often go to the old house where I used to live, and I see they have got it all fixed over to suit their own fancy—a parcel of butterflies there now, or something near it.

Now you see I know what I was up to when I sent those warning pangs to the West India. I was not fool enough to think the people there wanted warning; but I had my own opinion of everything—didn't ask the public what I should do. Folks called me a fool, till they saw they were just the things to dip the sweet stuff with, and then they thought me wise.

Ah, it is all strange! The multitude are following after folly—going the wrong way; a few are going after wisdom, but the mass are wrong. Now I must wish you a very good-day, as I have other duties to attend to, and no doubt you have.

Indian chief Scio, to John Prince, of Boston.

Good moon to you, pale face. The Indian Scio wishes to send message to the pale face brave, John. He wishes to tell him many Scio come, but the Great Spirit send me, and me only, to guide him through the little hunting ground. He wishes to tell him to bow low before the Great Spirit when the sun sink low and the moon rise high, and Scio, the Indian, will kneel also; and together we will pray to the Great Spirit, and together we will receive blessings from Him. The Indian wishes the pale face brave, John, to walk in wisdom's ways; and he also wishes that the calmest of peace be ever well smoked, while he walks here beneath the home of the Great Spirit. And the Indian wishes to tell the pale face brave that he knows his sorrow, and that he pities him also; and that he will assist him, and guide him to the land of the Great Spirit. As he walks beneath the sun, the Indian walks also; as he sleeps beneath the blanket, the Indian watches over him, and prays the Great Spirit to wake him to new life. The Indian speaks from the big hunting ground of the Great Manitou through the trumpet, the medium, down to the little hunting ground of the Great Manitou, and he wishes the arrow of words to lodge within the soul of the pale face brave called John Prince.

George Smith's Temperance Lecture.

The following is a warning from one who passed on to the life beyond the grave before his time, in consequence of intemperance.

We have had many such communications, which are better than all the temperance lectures which could be delivered, provided one will take the trouble to know for himself whether their origin is as it purports to be or not. The means of this are within reach of almost all who dwell on earth now; and when the day arrives when the question is no longer asked, "Do spirits communicate?" such tests and warnings will have a great effect on individuals, which is the best manner in which a reformation of society, corrupt as it is, can be effected.

I want to tell you about myself. I died in New York, on the 23d day of last June. I have been in hell ever since, and I think it is time to get out. What I mean by hell, is, I have been in doubt what was to become of me—whether I was to be sent to hell the next moment, to be judged the next moment, or what was to become of me. I have just found out that there is no hell of fire and brimstone, and I have learned that if we do right, we have the same chance to be happy here as we had on earth—it matters not where we live—it is never too late to do right, and enjoy happiness by it.

I did not die a natural death. I was what you call a teetotaler; and I got a little tight, fell off my team, and one of the wheels passed over me. I was sober as ever! Was just as soon as that was done. It did not kill me right off, for I lived till seven in the evening. That is the last I remember. I'll tell you how I know it was the 23d of June. That was my birthday, and I had been treating my friends. I didn't make a practice of drinking much; but my birthday I celebrated.

Do you know what I came back for? Well, it was to tell people to keep sober; never to get into the same scrape I did. I was thirty-seven years old—nothing over, nothing less. My name is George Smith. I don't suppose anybody wants to hear from me, but perhaps I can do good. Many a poor fellow hangs on a precipice, just as I did. I would give worlds if I had never drank a glass of liquor. It is a wonder to me that all the drunkards that have gone don't cry out against rum-sucking. One after another goes to a drunkard's grave, and yet it is sold. Well, after all, the only way to stop it is for every individual to stop drinking. Here I am pretty low I assure you, all on account of rum. I am considered just the same as a self-murderer here. If I had committed suicide, I should be placed just where I am now; so they tell me. Yes, they say I did just the same as to kill myself, and I know it's true, for if I had not drank that liquor I should have been on earth now. God had nothing to do with my death—he did not desire it.

Daniel Loud.

There must always be a first time for everything, and this is the first time I have communicated to mortals in this way. I have been in the spirit land not many years. My disease was brain fever, and I was sick only a short time.

My parents are with me in the spirit life. I have sisters on earth, and I have children there. One sister is a cripple, and has been so for over twenty years. Now I am anxious about that sister. When I was on earth I tried to do what was right for her. She is a widow, and over sixty years of age. I intended to do much for her; provided I should leave the earth life first, but the peculiar disease I died of prevented me. It is all right however. My children will not see her suffer. If they do, a father's curse will light upon them. But they were good boys to me, and I have no reason to think they will desert those I loved.

I was a mason by trade, and worked at the business many long years. I acquired a small property, but left it just as I supposed I was going to do good; but it is right, all right.

I want my boys to know I can return and commune. I do not know you, but I know you receive any and every spirit that comes to you with truth, and therefore I have come. I lost my companion, or rather she passed on nearly twenty years before me. She is very high in the spheres. I have seen her—she welcomed me, but we do not yet dwell together, because I am not pure enough to dwell in the high sphere she dwells in.

I have many things I might tell you, but time is passing, and my only wish is to open the eyes of my sons. My sisters have seen and may see more if they will believe. I love them now—yes, better than when I lived on earth.

I was not bound by theological creeds when on earth. I thought what I pleased and did not believe what my minister said because he said it. I may say I was a free thinker, and I am better off for it.

I want my children, when they look at this little black door of the tomb not to think of me as there; for though I recognize that form as once a part of me, yet I am no part of that form now, for I am alive to new works and new faith.

I am not unhappy, neither am I as happy as I could wish, but I am safe in saying one thing—that I have no desire to return to earth. I have friends here in your city. My name was Daniel Loud. I did not live in your city. If you wish to learn more of me write to William B. Loud, bookseller, of Portsmouth, N. H. I have been kindly assisted by Dr. Kittredge. I have one nephew in your city that I should like to communicate with, but I suppose I must wait.

Betsy Jewell, Salisbury.

I lived to be over eighty years of age, and I died a few years ago in Salisbury. My name was Betsy Jewell.

They tell me I can communicate to my children. Two sons I had living in Amesbury, at the mill; but whether they are there now, or not, I can't tell. They are twins—Joseph and Benjamin. I used to live on the plains in the little new house. I was paralyzed before I died, and I don't know how to use your medium as I should, so I can't stay long. People will think it strange, but I cannot help it. Ask the boys if they would not like to hear from Henry, who died at the South. I cannot talk longer, though I hoped to have given you much more.

Good bye, Mr. Printer.

Sarah Hanscom to her sister, Mrs. Dixon.

I wish to communicate, but I hardly know how to. I have been in the spirit land a few years, and I am very happy; but I have a sister in the earth life, a dear child, and she is sick. I am very anxious about her. She is a medium, but I cannot communicate to her, nor through her. Oh, how I wish I could.

She lays down to rest most every afternoon, and asks us to come to her. We are there, but we can't manifest. Our mother is here; we have a father on earth. Oh, how I wish I could manifest to my sister. My name was Sarah Hanscom. My father lives in Ellington, Maine. My sister, the one I speak of, lives in a place they call Cambridge. My sister's name now is Dixon. She lives on a hill. Oh, I wish you would go to see her. I have been there with friend Main, a doctor. The companion she has has one in the spirit life, and we love her so well. All that is done for her is in vain. Is it well to tell her of this? She does not fear death, and she often says, "Oh, if it were not for the dear ones on earth, I should long to go to my spirit home."

Harriet Chickering to Jacob Dennett.

Can I commune? Well, I have been in the spirit land, it seems to me, about nine years. My name was Harriet Chickering, and I lived in Newburyport. When I died I left a husband, and an infant only a few days old. Now I wish to speak to my friends, and especially to one brother, who was young and wild when I left, but yet was not so dark as he now is. I am very anxious about him; there are so many evil spirits trying to send him where light is not found. He is now in the State Prison. Oh, so many evil ones are round him striving to make him do wrong, and his whole soul seems prone to do evil! Can't I reach him? His name is Jacob Dennett—Dennett was once my name.

Oh, how I would like to commune with my husband, William Chickering. He lived in Newburyport when I died. I do not know where he is now, as I have not been able to go to him. I have got a brother, too, who feels very bad about all these things; he tries to help them, but he cannot. His name is William, and he is close by Newburyport. He keeps a stable. I can't now remember the name of the place, but it is in New Hampshire. Oh, yes, it's Portsmouth. Jacob is his youngest brother. If I could only make Jacob know what I want, I should be much happier, for now he causes much misery and disgrace.

Stephen Thompson.

Strange, strange indeed is the light that seems flooding earth and the spirit land; but a certain glory is mixed with the mystery which will in time illumine and beautify the whole. The expounders of theology are forming themselves in battle array against the mighty armies of heaven, but the tongue of discord will soon be lost in the harmonious yet thundering tones of God's angels. Therefore, ye teachers of the people, ground your arms and fight no longer against the Lord your God. He who ruleth the elements, shall He not also rule you? Oh, ye weak ones of earth? Ask of the angry winds, and receive your answer. To many of earth life from STEPHEN THOMPSON.

Banks.

On May first, a spirit entranced the medium, but could not control her vocal organs to speak. He endeavored to write, but was not much more successful. We were only able to read this:—

"Banks, of Waltham. I want to speak to my son."

Pizarro, a native of Genoa.

I have people that know me on earth. They don't live near you, except one I speak to sometimes, an old man who talks to me—tells me what to do, and I talk to him and tell him about his affairs. He lives where there are high steps to go up, at the west part of the city. His name is Williams. I lived in Genoa, and was a baker's boy. He told me I could come here too. My name is Pizarro in my country. My friend calls me Thomas. I came to learn—not to teach. I used to sell cakes. When the sun went down the people wanted them, and I used to carry them round on my head. When I go to Genoa now I make a noise, but they do not know about this. I should like to have you take a medium and go there. I speak good there.

Samuel Adams, Boston.

I'm going to talk. I have got a friend who gives me light. He reads the bible to me every morning, but he fails to give an explanation of it, and I want one of everything he reads. He is very kind to read to me at all, but it's little use to read unless he can explain. I go to his house every morning, where he has family service. I see boys there, but no girls, so I suppose he has not got any.

He used to be up to the State House when I was on earth, and he drew up a paper for me to get signatures to, to get my pension. I want to tell him I am getting along pretty well; I can see a little better than I did. My name is Adams, old Samuel Adams. This friend's name is David Wilbur, or something dreadful near it.

I've got another one besides, and he does a great deal for me. His name is Stone. I can see much through him, and he shows me how to live. I see him at a medium's sometimes; but I can't talk to him as I want to. I have just begun to see well, so I can get along now. I have found out that I am not dead, and am satisfied there is a God somewhere, though I have not found him yet.

I see Stone at Mrs. Dean's (the medium). These men are both good, and I wish I could talk to them every day as I do here.

Tolo, an Alabama Slave.

As we allow all grades of spirits to commune through our medium, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to peruse the following from a spirit who, when in the earth form, was an Alabama slave:—

I want to talk to you, and 'bout my massa, and 'bout times long 'go. Massa live, massa good. Ise got heaps ob tings to send down souf. Ise been here in dis place good long time. Missen and young missen teach me much since Ise been here. White massa talk 'bout brack skinn. Dey tell me how Ies den white massa eber answer for. What's I do if I had no Massa Sheldon down souf? I come here—nobody takes care ob me—na nigger. Dere's bad massa, but you white folks what got no slaves, you say all bad massa. It's large, confounded lie, and I come to tell you so too. I live long ob Massa Sheldon long time, an' he treats me well. Who takes care niggas when dey sick? Nobody takes care ob dem. Who buys niggas ole's? Hum! nobody do dat. Good massa down souf do dat. Niggas hab no care.

Massa Sheldon speak cross sometime, cause nigger bad sometime. Ha! you free? I think Ise much free as you be when Ise here. I work for one massa—you got heaps on 'em. One say do so—nudder say do so. Now one say "do so" to me, an' nobody else right how to say. So you see niggas down souf not so bad off after all.

Massa no make nigger work hard; niggas all happy; massa go way—niggas all happy when he come home. When dis nigger come ole, tink dis nigger hab good time; massa feel bad too; massa cry when dis nigger die.

Allessa, who you got to call you massa! No niggas you not so well off as you might be? You got plenty of money? Well, dat do, so you your own massa. Who do niggas here call massa? Demselfes? Why, who do highest massa? White massa, or black massa?

Why don't you go down souf to live, massa? Plenty ob niggas to keep you cool dere.

Well, I only come to tell you how niggas be here an' down souf. I know how dey be down souf, and how they be here. When Ise 'bout here, I live in Alabama. Massa and missen all call me Tolo. Massa, you ketch me dere? I no spell it. Got a chew, massa?

Massa and missen down souf take chew. Nigger go cut a twig ob orange or odder tree—anything pleasant to taste—den nigger split 'em up little way, den tie up in bunch and give to missen. She pass 'em round to company, and dip in snuff, and den chew it. Massa, grand folks do dat; it's what you call custom. You ought to see missen spit—sitten yard. Massa, you no smoke? Well, some massa do dat. Dat's do fashion in Alabama. Praps it be no fashion here.

Massa teach me nuff—read bible—no [write]; sing—count—do all that. Much as nigger want to know, know too much nigger run 'way. White folk teach too much, and den tell nigger better off now, and get nigger off. Now, nigger not better off an' get no good—so it don't do for nigger to know too much larnin. I go spell much, but dat no use to nigger.

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Pearls.

And thus we parted—each came
To weep o'er the dear drowsy tears;
And Venus, with the heart of flame,
Looked on that hour of hopes and fears:
While through the willow's trembling shade,
The fragrant airs of Summer strayed.

We parted—what though years have flown
And life with me hath reached its noon—
I yet may wander back—alone—
And breathe again those airs of June.
Still o'er the wild unpeopled sea
My gentle memories fly to thee!

Melancholy falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink
on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it
tries no meaning.

Here, too, the goddess loves in stone and fills
The air around with beauty:

Within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idealists of old
Envy the innate glories such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fullness; there—forever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.

Eat, digest; read, remember; earn, save; love, and be
loved. If these four rules be strictly followed, health, wealth,
intelligence and true happiness will be the result.

A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguished here, in order view:
Earth's crown, thus at my feet I can disdain,
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet:
Sharp is the glory that I ponder as sweet.
The crown of glory that I ponder as sweet
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

One of the greatest constituents of virtue is never to do
anything when alone that we should be unwilling to do
when in company.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FANNIE NELSON;

OR, AMIABILITY IN WOMAN.

BY EFFIE MARTON.

"Did you ever see a more amiable woman, than
Mrs. Winde?" said Mr. Nelson to his better half,
as they were quietly seated by their parlor fire one
winter evening. "I met her, the other day, in that
terrible storm, and she was as pleasant, as though it
was a June morning. I think her, a remarkable
lady. What do you say?"

"I think her very pleasant truly, but how are we
to know if she at all times preserves her equanimi-
ty?"

"To know! why I judge by the woman's ap-
pearance; what other criterion should I have, or
what more could any one wish?"

Mrs. Nelson was in no wise a jealous woman, or
she might, perhaps have been a little excited, at
the warm advocacy, of her husband. She quietly
replied, "Why we can not tell who is, and who is
not amiable in this life, till all have passed one
deal which I think, is the just-test. Mrs. Winde,
may not have the cares that her neighbor has.
She may never have known what economy is in its
fullest extent. I know her to be a person of means
with but one child, and servants at her command.
And servants, though they do not always lessen
one's cares, bear the tolls of home duties; and the
wife whose labors are not lessened by them when
the strength of the body is exhausted upon the
numerous duties of the day, can find but little op-
portunity for walks and smiles."

"Yes, yes, your arguments of defence are good;
however we shall have opportunities for further ob-
servation, as they are permanently located, in our
vicinity."

If I have ample opportunities, and just ones
Mr. Nelson I shall, I fear, render my verdict "not
amiable" according to my standard—

"Which is very high, my dear, quite above
yourself is it not?" said he ironically.

I confess it is, but we will be so careful observers
and at the end of a month or so compare notes."

A week after the above conversation, Mr. Nel-
son came home, a trifle gayer than usual and tossed
a note into his wife's lap, which she opened ex-
claiming, "An invitation to Mrs. Winde's! Are we
to accept?"

Of course we shall. And I wish you to appear
very agreeable on that evening my dear.

But Charley, you know my silk is so old fashion-
ed, and—

Then you must have a new one.

"But can we afford it and ten more if my wife
wants them?" said he, a sudden fit of generosity
coming over him. His wife did not remind him
that he had the day before, told her, that they
must be very prudent the remainder of the season,
and spend no money unless positively necessary.

Ladies are pleased with new dresses, and so
is, Dame Nature; she loves to deck herself in
beauty, and will spring at the thought of a new
dress or mantle for summer.

So Mrs. Nelson, qualified, his over-abundant
remark, and concluded that one dress would come
freely where it was offered.

"Now my little wife here the money for you,"
said he, transferring the requisite amount from his
wallet, to her hand—"Go to the best dressmaker's
to have it fitted, for I am quite anxious about your
appearance before Mrs. Winde." Another point,
where the green-eyed monster might have peeped
in, but as jealousy is not our theme, we will take no
notice of his glances.

On the following morning Mrs. Nelson had her
work done an hour earlier than usual and was
out shopping, at an almost unfashionable hour.
But as she had better opportunities for her selec-
tions she did not regret it.

Many stores were visited, ere she could make a
choice; some silks were too light, others too grave
looking for the youthful face, and form of Fannie
Nelson.

At last, she decided upon a blue and brown, not
over expensive, and proceeded to the dressmaker
Miss Baily's. As she stepped into the front shop,
the girl in attendance, informed her that she
would be engaged to wait a few moments; as Miss
Baily was occupied with a customer. As she was
somewhat fatigued, the information was not un-
pleasant; besides it would give her time to decide
how she would have her dress made.

The purchasing of articles for a ladies' wardrobe
is of minor importance and second, to the all-ab-
sorbing thought, "How shall we have it made?"
Oh, that some happy invention could usurp the
place of "making" and "fitting."

But as we belong, to the age of progress we may
not be change in every department of life are
long.

She had not remained seated long, before her at-
tention was turned to the conversation in the adjoin-
ing room.

"Can't you have this dress done in two days
Miss Baily?"

"I fear not, Mrs. Winde"—now it was perfectly
natural for Mrs. Nelson to be a little more atten-
tive to the conversation, at the mention of that
name.

"But I must have it done. We are to have a
large party next week, and I always want my
dresses early, that I may select suitable ornaments
for them."

"Mrs. Winde" interposed the dressmaker, "I
will do every thing in my power to have the dress
done, but—"

"If I had known that you were not prompt in
your attention to customers, I should have given my
work elsewhere. I think, your advertisement
reads, 'in a prompt and faithful manner' does it
not?"

There was bitterness in her tone. And Miss
Baily felt the hot tears coming fast.

Truly, thought Mrs. Winde, this is not amabili-
ty, with a particle of triumph in her heart, for she
was human too.

"We will make every effort," resumed the dress-
maker "to have your dress at the time required.
I will take some of my girls from those ball-dresses
and keep them an hour or two, extra, at night,
though my soul goes against it."

"Well any way" chimed Mrs. Winde, "only
don't disappoint me." I shall hold you to your
engagement, and send for my dress in two days,
"good morning."

And she passed out, while Mrs. Nelson's atten-
tion was suddenly directed to a lithograph that
hung upon the wall, a somewhat timely aid, for she
would not for the world, have Mrs. Winde know,
that she had heard the conversation. She was
quite absorbed, when Miss Baily came to attend to
her wants.

"I have a silk dress, that I want fitted, I shall
do the making myself, when can you have it ready
for me?"

I fear not for a long time, we have so much work
on hand.

"But really," said Mrs. Nelson, I want the dress
so much. I will give you all the time I can to do
it in, and will take the least possible time to do the
sewing."

Her kindness worked itself into the really de-
serving nature of Miss Baily, and she consented to
cut the dress immediately. "But we shall have to
make up for that by extra exertion," she added
and cast an inquiring glance at the girls, as though
she could test their willingness.

There was one form that bent more closely
over her work, at these words to hide the falling
tears.

How could she toil so closely and so late at
night, that a few fleeting moments of pleasure,
might be secured to many? But there was no al-
ternative. The history of thousands was hers. A
feeble parent, whose life pulse was fast ebbing,
would not be cheered that night with her daugh-
ter's loving voice.

The one great cause is somewhere on the face of
society, but the path is too intricate to be readily
traced, from cause to effect. We did not intend
a very shadowy picture; therefore with none the
less of pity, we leave them to pursue the story.

"How is your dress to be made, Mrs. Nel-
son?"

"I have decided, on plain waist, and cape."

"Flounces?"

"No my husband does not like them. I will se-
lect some fringe, in the front shop, as I pass out.
You can make the charge on your bill. Can you
send the dress to-morrow?"

"Sometime, during the day," answered the dress-
maker.

"I am greatly obliged to you," resumed Mrs.
Nelson for accommodating me at this time; the
dress was an unexpected purchase, and I so much
want it done to attend a party next week. Good
morning."

She left a glow of sunshine in the hearts of all,
so great in contrast was her conduct with her pre-
decessors.

We will not, however, go into the analysis of
motives and judge that her smiles were more freely
bestowed by the incident of the morning. Oh no,
rather let the mantle of charity fall—there is little
danger of using it too often.

Mrs. Nelson, tripped home, with a rapid heart,
and found the time had passed very lightly. It
was already twelve o'clock, and they dined at one.
Yet she had little to do, and as every one knows,
when the heart is happy, the feet dance merrily to
its music. The snowy dolly was laid in their
scrupulously clean room, all done by her own hands
for she kept no servants. All was ready when Charley
arrived, who was well qualified to do ample justice
to the bill of fare.

"Well dear," he exclaimed, "have you made a
choice?"

"Yes, and a discovery too."

"Indeed! what is it?"

"The dress of the discovery?" said she smiling
archly at him.

"Why, the dis— oh the dress of course or
both."

"Well as the dress was purchased first, that
has prior claims to your inspection and she dis-
played it, to his gaze the material, asking "Is it not
very pretty?"

"Yes very, Fannie."

"I shall be very busy making it."

"Too much so, for observations?" inquired her
husband.

"No, dear, I find they come unsought." She
related to him, her morning's adventure, and con-
cluded by saying a little triumphantly, "What have
you to say, Mr. Devotion?"

"Say! why that, that was only one instance and
a very trying one too, I must add. Mrs. Winde,
of course, would want her dress, for such an oc-
casion. Reverse the case my little wife, and see
how you would feel."

"But Charley, 'tis not my amiability that is un-
der discussion you know it is not."

"Isn't this sort of beam catching work, Fannie?
rather poor business for people that have 'motives'
in their own eyes?"

"I should say, Charley, that your knowledge of
Scripture was deficient, you don't quote correctly."

"Why, I said 'beams,' didn't I?"

"Yes you did, but I read it, 'Cast the beam from
thine own eye.' But we are wandering from our
original plan, the object of which was to compare
notes, after taking observations, when we cast our
accounts, Charley, shall this be one point on the
inadequacy of judging who is amiable?"

"If you get those points by actual observation,
you shall be victorious over my opposition of the
lady in question. I think, however, you will be a
long time finding grievance number two."

Two days had passed, and Mrs. Nelson found no
accusations of accusations against her neighbor.
She was seated one morning very busy at her sewing,
when a loud rap was heard at the kitchen
door. She laid aside her work to answer the some-
what intrusive call. But the appearance of a
little beggar precluded its wants upon her heart.

"Please marm, give me a piece of bread!" said
the little voice from the bundle of rags that en-
veloped her. "I have been all the morning, trying to
get some to carry home."

The object seemed truly deserving; and as Mrs.
Nelson was one who obeyed her impulses, often-
times the more calculative portions of her nature,
she told the child to wait a few moments and she
would have something, to fill her basket.

Touched by such kindness the child could not
refrain her tears; and they flowed down her pale
cheeks.

"Have you been to any other places this morn-
ing?" inquired Mrs. Nelson.

"Yes, beyond, to the big house."

"Mrs. Winde?" unconsciously exclaimed Mrs.
Nelson.

"I don't know marm, but the girl called a nice
looking lady and asked her could she give me a
piece of bread. But she only looked real hard at
me, and told me to be going that she didn't look
after children like me."

Did the little beggar get more for this disclosure?
We can't tell thinking she did, for she went away
with a lighter heart and a heavier load upon her
arm than she had known for many months. And
we doubt not that the "God bless you," that went
from her heart was registered above. But should
we search the region of causes, we might thank the
seemingly unphilanthropic Mrs. Winde, for the
happy effect.

How connected and intricate are the threads of
life, that bind us together! Of ourselves, we can
do but little. The human mind, presents one
grandly beautiful tapestry as a whole; but the indi-
vidual threads are often unprepossessing to
the eye. The solitary shade of one mind, possesses
its own intrinsic value; but when blended
with happy effect with neighboring hues. We dis-
cern the laws of combination, and trace the glorious
design of Him who weaves the flowerets of love.

The day for the party arrived, Mrs. Nelson had
completed her dress; and at an early hour, Char-
ley came home to tea. But their minds were too
active for much attention to be paid to that depart-
ment in their animated conversation of the even-
ing's pleasure.

Fannie wisely determined to keep the morning's
adventure a secret, till she should obtain a third
witness for her trial.

She looked very pretty in the nicely fitting
dress, and a more amiable couple were not
ushered into the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Winde,
than Charley Nelson and his wife.

The prospect for the evening's pleasure, was very
promising. A collection of happy hearts, under
happy auspices is at all times a security of plea-
sure.

All would have been beautiful, but for the untimely
arrival of an elderly maiden aunt of Mrs. Winde's.
She had not made her yearly visit and like all
troubles, had chosen an unfavorable time to appear.
Mrs. Winde, was vexed, beyond measure. In vain
she assured aunt Lydia that she must be very
weary after travelling so far.

"Oh, no," said she, "I am a bit tired, but as I
have drunk a cup of tea, I shall be fresh as roses.
How lucky—that I came just at this time, Anna,
so I can help you talk to your folks."

Mrs. Winde, was of a different opinion, and
wished the old lady anywhere but in her house.
She was preparing to go to the drawing-rooms,
when her guest exclaimed,—"Ain't it very expen-
sive keeping so many lights a-burning. I'll blow
out two or three on 'em when I come down, shan't
I?"

Mrs. Winde tried to, but could not be happy
with such discomfitures. Amiability was out of the
question. It's very easy to be pleasant when all
things move harmoniously; but how can we smile
through vexation any more than sunshine can come
through the storm.

"Well, aunt," said Mrs. Winde, "I must go
down to my company now. When you are ready,
if you wish, you can come."

"Certainly, I shall come. May-be there's some
one down there that I know. How do you blow
this light out?"

"We do not blow gas, aunt. We do not wish to
have them extinguished this evening." And Mrs.
Winde descended to the parlor to endure, not to
enjoy the evening's amusements.

"Will Mrs. Winde favor us with music?" said a
lover of the art, a few moments after she had en-
tered. She readily consented, and he conducted
her to the piano. She possessed fine abilities,
and finished execution. All were entertained, with
the sweet melody, that came from her soul; for, like
a true musician, she gave lips to the artist's con-
ception in the rendering. She was about finishing
a beautiful variation, when Aunt Lydia entered.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "what kind of a fid-
dling tune is that? Can't anybody here play
"Duke Street," or "Hebron?"

"I have no talent for ancient melodies," said
Mrs. Winde. "If any one here has the taste for
that style of music, they can have an opportunity
to display it." And she stole a glance at a lady,
whose musical abilities were second to her own.

Without a moment's hesitation she seated herself
at the piano; played both airs and accompanied
them with her sweet voice, and was well repaid by
the manifest satisfaction of the maiden aunt, as she
expressed it by saying—

"That's what I call music—real music."

Now palm tunes were not among the expected
entertainments of that gay assembly, and a large
number gathered around her to see if there was a
prayer-meeting in perspective. The performer bore
her part with such good grace and humor, that
consequently she attracted a crowd of admirer to
her, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Winde, who
could not brook rivalry in any one, much less in
Mrs. Dayton, who was every way her inferior.
And not unlike "angels' visits" were the side
glances she bestowed upon her guest, which were
duly gathered by Mrs. Nelson, who, we are sorry
to say, was losing much of her enjoyment in con-
stant watching for delinquencies of character in her
neighbor.

Supper was announced. As Mrs. Winde and
husband were proximately to her, the old lady (who
kept in close proximity to her niece), accidentally
tripped upon her dress, giving the delicate gathers
the aspect of a dissolving view, to the eyes of the fol-
lowers.

It's of no consequence" said she, in silvery tones,
in reply to sundry exhibitions of condolence, at the
same time whispering to her husband, "The old
torment, I'm vexed to death with her."

"With who?" inquired a friend who had heard
the last portion of the remark. "Oh with my ser-
vant she has not arranged my fruit as I ordered.
The dissecting eye, of Mrs. Nelson had seen all, and
she considered her cause triumphant."

As all events have an end, the party had one;
and Charley and wife were soon on their way home,
and seated by the cosy fire-side, discussing the
events of the evening.

"Charley" said his wife, have you any establish-
ment by which you measure amiability?"

"No, why do you ask me?"

"Because I have several incidents which go to
prove that your ideal angel must fall—in other
words, that Mrs. Winde is human, and not above
the ordinary vexations of life."

"How ignorant! you of course remember, our
contract, concerning the amiability of Mrs. Winde.
I have watched carefully and under my decision,
not amiable. You know and understand my mo-
tives for so doing. They are not that I think we
are justified in dissecting the character of our

neighbors, but to establishing this principle of jus-
tice to our minds. That each have their share of
good and evil. And that when all are tried by one
fire; we shall know who contains the purest met-
al. Not until one ordeal has been passed can we
pronounce one more beautiful in spirit than an-
other."

Charley confessed, that he was convinced of the
injustice of an impartial judgment upon any one,
and resolved, that he would in future measure to
each his just reward, by not comparing one with
another.

Translated from the German, for the Banner of Light.

HOPE, LOVE, FAITH.

BY ROSETTA KLEIN.

When the creation of the earth was completed,
and man in a deep sleep, and in blissful dreams,
first became conscious of his existence, three lovely
angels who had followed the Creator to behold this
work of his omnipotence stood before the couch, of
the slumberer, greeting with love and delight the
master of the earth. Upon a closer examination
they were astonished at his beauty and perfect
formation, and exclaimed: "man is truly little in-
ferior to the angels, if his spirit but possess the
purity and loftiness which his features portray.
But, said one who had a more dignified and serious
air than the others; "one decoration of the heavenly
inhabitants, seems to be denied to the son of
earth, see the bright wings of freedom are want-
ing." Sadly did the angels perceive the truth of
their serious brother's discovery, and they whis-
pered softly: "Did our Heavenly Father mean by this
to intimate, that the child of dust is not yet worthy
to soar in freedom, and partake of the blissful rap-
tures of the regions of light? At that moment
an eagle arose from the neighboring shrubbery, and
soaring aloft, darted through the atmosphere, until
it disappeared in the sunny height. The angels
watching it, exclaimed: "Behold the bird of the
mountains, is it not freer, and more favored than
the lord of the earth! Will he be able without
envy, to watch the happy bird in his flight to the
sunny regions? "Let us, said one of them, whose
mild celestial countenance beamed, beautiful as Au-
rora," let us to Jehovah, and pray that man, like
ourselves may receive the gift of freedom, and not
be chained to earth like the beasts of the field, and
the creeping worms. "Yes, cried the third, raising
his trustful eyes, "we will go to our great master,
he will assuredly hear us. And they ascended to
the Father. On hearing the intercession of these
angels of light, whose hearts glowed with loving
care for the newly created being, Jehovah regarded
them with much satisfaction replied: "You request
for the son of earth, the bliss of the inhabitants of
light, but perfect freedom lies not yet within his
grasp. The object of his existence on earth is to
prepare himself for heaven, and heavenly enjoy-
ments, and the earnest desire for that perfect bliss
which is denied him on earth, is the chain which
connects him with the spirit world; but, as you
feel such tender care for this newly created mortal,
you may, when his strength fails him, lend him
your wings,—the power to relieve his lot shall hence-
forth be yours;—approach him, become his guides
through the path of life, and by your presence im-
part to him a foretaste of his future bliss." The
angels rejoicing descended again to earth, and with
tears of joy glistening in their eyes, they stood once
more at the couch of the sleeper.

"Oh, thou whose senses are still buried in for-
getfulness, said the youngest of the angels, "when
in thy path through life, trouble or adversity, o'er-
take thee, raise thy wings in confidence to me, and
I will lend thee my wings, for easily can the wings of
hope bear thee above the thorns of the moment, and
lead thee to brighter scenes." And, said the
second, with benevolent countenance, "shouldst
thou ever be borne down by the weight of thy
earthly cares, come to me, I will lighten thy
burden; the powerful and courageous wings of love
shall impart to thee wonderful strength; indefatig-
ably will thou toil, and progress, and accomplish
much more than weak mortality unaided, is capable of."

"And, began the third angel, of lofty aspect,
"if ever earthly sorrows or misfortunes, even if
brought about by thy own misconduct, disturb thy
peace, and threaten to destroy thy happiness, if
thou findest thyself bound by fetters from which
thou canst not free thyself, or when deeply entangled
in the labyrinths of life, thou requirest help and
rescue, then on mortal confidently take up, thy
refuge with me. The holy wings of faith overcome
every power of earth, and will bear thee up out of
night and darkness, into the celestial regions of
light and happiness; my heaven shall at such mo-
ments become thine, my strength will I impart to
thee, and thou wilt return home to earth, purified
and comforted. Thus spoke the three angels,
Hope, Love, and Faith, and joined hands in eternal
union.

Jehovah looking down lovingly upon them, con-
secrated them, the guardian spirits of mankind.

Curious BAROMETER.—The Mobile Register says:
—"On board the Mexican steamer is a barometer
of the most simple construction but the greatest
accuracy. It consists only of a long strip of cedar;
very thin, about two and a half feet in length,
about an inch wide, cut with the grain, and set in
block or foot. This cedar strip is backed or lined
with one of white pine, cut across the grain, and
the two are tightly glued together. To bend these
when dry is to snap them, but on the approach of
bad weather the cedar curls over until the top at
times touches the ground. This simple instrument
is the invention of a Mexican guide-maker, and
such is its accuracy that it will indicate the com-
ing of a "norther" full twenty-four hours before
any other kind of barometer known on the coast.
Had this been the production of Yankee ingenuity
it had been patented long ago, and a fortune made
by the inventor."

New Plow. Mr. A. Churchhill has invented a dou-
ble plow intended to enable the plowman to work
on one side of the field, turning the furrows all the
same way, thus obviating the necessity of "dead
furrows." It may be used as a side hill plow. The
novelty consists in the revolving beam. It is so ar-
ranged that by a spring, under the control of the
plowman, the beam of the plow turns around with
the team, the standard being its upright axle.

while the plow remains stationary in the furrow
If you place the irons of two plows together, the
points in opposite directions, you have an idea of its
shape.

PRESTAGE'S IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE.—The in-
vention for saving steam and fuel known as
"Prestage's Improved Locomotive," is attracting
much attention in England, this invention, which
is not unlike the one used on the steamer Arcti-
c at the time of her loss, is thus described by
a contemporary:—"The cylinders and working
parts of the machine are placed above the boiler,
instead of underneath it, as is usual, and the
boiler is in consequence lowered, thus giving more
stability to the engine, and bringing its centre of
gravity more directly to the line of traction."

Under the boiler is placed a water tank, and
which surrounds it in such a manner as to main-
tain against the boiler a sheet of feed water,
which is there heated by the radiating heat pre-
paratory to being fed in. "The cylinders are en-
cased by jackets, and are placed in the smoke-box.
The steam, in its passage from the boiler to the
cylinders, is led into these jackets, where it is super-
heated. This expectation is by no means unrea-
sonable, when we remember that a locomotive
uses about three times as much fuel per horse
power as the most expansive stationary engine.
As steam is used instead of steam, a large boiler
is not required, and the room thus gained allows
an increase of the furnace sufficient for the use of
coal, which is a cheaper combustible than wood
or coke." The great aim of the inventor is econo-
my by the expenditure of super-heated steam.

FRENCH PATRONAGE OF SCIENCE.—On the invita-
tion, and under the auspices of the Emperor of the
French, Mr. Thomas Allan, of London, has come
over here to exhibit to a scientific commission, ap-
pointed by the Emperor, an electro-magnetic engine
of Mr. Allan's invention, which solves, I am assured,
the difficult problem of the application of electricity
to the movement of machinery. Mr. Allan has re-
ceived every encouragement from his Majesty, and every
facility from the Government officials. His en-
gines are now at work at the engine manufac-
tory of M. Cail, whither scientific men, anxious to
test this new motive power, are flocking to wit-
ness the experiments. Napoleon I. was greatly in-
terested in this less so, and is, I hear, about
to order a practical application, as an experiment,
to a locomotive engine.—Paris Correspondent of the
London Morning Post.

BANNER OF LIGHT.