

BANNER LIGHT.



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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD,
AUTHOR OF "DOVECOTE," "GABRIEL VANE," &c.

PART XIII.—BACHELOR OF ARTS—CONTINUED.
He began; and with the effort gained courage and strength enough to carry him forward with a great deal of credit. I dare not try to tell with what an anxious tremor his watchful mother regarded him at the commencement, nor how relieved she felt when he had finally made his bow and gone back down the stairs. Nor should I be willing to mention the occasional interest with which the beautiful eyes of Anna Willows rested on him, or the decided feeling of pride that lit up the countenance of her mother at being thus certainly assured of his triumph. Mrs. Willows whispered her hearty congratulations across Anna's lap to the young man's mother, and said she was glad she had come so far out of her way to witness the performances of one, in whom of late years his mother had succeeded so deeply interesting her.

Judge McBride was satisfied. He said he was, and that settled it. He insisted next that Mrs. Willows and her daughter should accompany them home to Huckabuck, and Robert was to become, by special arrangement, the escort of the latter. It was a happy idea, and well carried out besides.

Early the next morning, therefore, the gay party embarked upon a little steamboat across the Sound, intending to drop in at a pretty inland town a dozen miles or so up the Thames, and from thence to resume their journey overland to quiet old Huckabuck. At which place they arrived after a good deal of dust and fatigue, prepared to enjoy the cool country scenes all the more for the sweltering process to which, for the last few days, they had been subjected. The lady and her daughter became the guests of the Judge's family, and felt that beneath the shadows of his stately eucalyptus they could be perfectly at home and at their ease.

Robert was now a man. He had almost arrived at the limit of twenty-one years. From the day he reached home again and felt the inquisitive eyes of the Huckabuckers upon him, his heart told him that delightful boyhood had passed with him forever. There were no more Colleges for him to go to; no more schools in which he might be shut away from the transient pleasures of early youth. His father's roof was still his own, to be sure, but how long could he hope now to claim a refuge there? Manhood gives one a very early glimpse of its duties, as it never fails likewise to hint freely of its responsibilities.

Mrs. Willows, as has been observed, was an old friend and schoolmate of Robert's mother, whose former intimacy they had but of late years begun to renew. Perhaps it was nothing but pure friendship on Mrs. McBride's part now, or it might have been something different. At all events, she appeared to feel no regret at seeing the turn matters were taking. Indeed, both mothers soon found reason to exchange mutual congratulations on the subject, and to signify their satisfaction by divers nods, smiles, and winks, whose meaning to themselves at least was perfectly obvious.

Huckabuck was a hum of life and animation. Whether John Kagg had slyly gone and inserted an account of what he could do for the public in the newspapers or not, I have no means of knowing; but having seen his advertisement myself, of course I am not personally competent to say. But it is a notorious fact that that summer was a wonderfully gay season for the town, and especially for the old tavern that stood in the hot sun on the corner. Monsieur and Madame Kagg were deeply in it for him, he never pretended to find time to put on ever so thin a coat; and for her part, she could not stop long enough even to pull down her rolled-up sleeves. Company came in to them from all about; especially from the cities. The old barracks was running over. The little low parlor was filled all day with ladies and gentlemen, talking and laughing as easily as they could; while a row of drooping Huckabuckers sat propped up against the house on the low lazy-bench outside, squinted tobacco juice at the patches of sunlight beneath the big elm tree, listened in their sneaking fashion to what was going on through the windows, and proceeded to laugh and comment upon the same at their earliest leisure. I always wondered why John Kagg did not make so great a nuisance as that bench away from a window; but it is not such a subject for wonder, when you come to recollect that he, and all the rest of them for that, honestly considered it one of the most attractive and free-and-easy features about his establishment.

About this time Byron Banister began to betray a partiality for dropping in at the tavern parlor, and to find relief from his usual ennui in the gay conversation and agreeable flirtations that helped wear away those long and hot summer days. The evenings, too, were very beautiful, just at the time of

Robert's arrival home, the full moon investing the landscape with all the charms of a fairy world. At such parts of the day it was the habit of the young people to go sauntering up and down the village street, revelling in the soft romance of the moonlight, admiring the thousand illusions to the right and left of them, and chattering to one another upon such pleasant trifles as from one moment to the next accidentally rose to their thoughts. The example set by the young ladies at the tavern acted like a contagion; for there was not an evening, before long—that is, when the moon shone—that failed to find a row of girls promenading the street beneath the branches of the great elms, with not unfrequently a knot of young fellows strutting along bashfully behind them.

The Judge's house was an Elysium. His son had just left College, blushing with his well-earned honor—for Robert in truth had made good use of his advantages in New Haven—and was ready to think of going about the study of his profession. Mrs. McBride was equally happy in her son, and in the prospects she was engaged in arranging for him with the generous assistance of her friend, Mrs. Willows. The three girls found a world of enjoyment in each other's society, and daily compared their private experiences till it would seem as if their several histories had been read through aloud from title-page to colophon. They sat in the spacious entry, on these warm evenings, and talked themselves drowsy in the stillness of approaching night; or listened in thoughtful silence to the chirping of the myriad crickets in the grass. Or they set forth on a stroll to the upper part of the street, where they were quite free from the natural inquisitiveness of the villagers. Almost always, as it happened, Robert walked by the side of Anna. The sisters appeared to recognize the propriety of such a companionship at once. And as Robert and Anna went on before, they would whisper their opinions to one another very ely in the rear, and now and then exchange glances that meant a great deal more than they cared otherwise to express.

I ought to observe here that Mrs. Willows was a lady of very extensive wealth, and enjoyed a delightful suburban residence in the near neighborhood of Boston. She owned as pretty a rustic cottage as could be found in a drive of ten miles anywhere around her. And with this single child Anna, with her heart busied, too, about her education, her social advancement, and her happiness at all times—the mother passed an existence by no means destitute of its delightful compensations.

Robert proposed, one morning, to go over to the pond—which was at some distance up the river—and get an armful of pond lilies. He had planned his expedition for a pretty early hour in the morning, too, when the flowers would be in the freshness of their beauty. As it happened, something occurred about the house to keep both his sisters at home, and he saw that he might thus be doomed to an unexpected disappointment. But Anna had acquired a wonderful degree of physical courage since her arrival in the country, and promptly answered that she was ready to go, even if the rest refused; and she announced herself so archly, with such a captivating smile playing over her face, that Robert looked at her charming countenance and inwardly thanked Fate that his sisters were to be kept at home. So equipping herself for the walk, and looking more attractive in the far-off recesses of that buff linen sun-bonnet than any modiste of Boston could have the art to make her appear in a hat of knotted ribbons and laces, Anna slung a willow basket over her arm, and stood on the threshold of the door only long enough to ask the rest if they did not envy her.

The walk was rather long, and a little fatiguing. They stopped here and there by the way to rest themselves, for the sun was getting up pretty well in the sky, and sent its rays on a search for shelter wherever there was even a leaf to offer it. From the winding road on the bank, the little Huckabuck stream looked like a great serpent asleep in the hollow of the hills, with his head run somewhere under the abiding shore. On little sand-flats in the river's bed grew coarse rushes and reeds, over which blue-winged insects—monsters, too, in their way—were skimming and dancing, and among whose stems great sedate frogs, with yellow throats, were sitting complacently on their broad haunches, and contemplating the many wonders of their existence. Birds went twittering and skipping in and out the dense thickets of alder bushes, where they had managed to find snug and secret places to hide away their young. The slender-bodied insects known to boys as "Devil's needles" were steering their courses up and down the bosom of the sluggish stream, now just dipping their glazed gossamer wings in the water, and now glancing away like an arrow of living light.

I know not how it is. Nobody knows how it is. It stands out forever in this world of business and forms—a great mystery. When every one of the secret mazes of the heart shall have been explored—

All the various sights and sounds of true country life were remarked and enjoyed by Anna, who had the advantage of being assisted by the enthusiastic spirit at her elbow. They walked on until the road plunged into a patch of woodland, and then Robert conducted her by a cut "across lots" straight down to the river's edge. There had once been an old fulling-mill close by, and the pond alone remained to speak of its pre-Adamic existence; but it was a very small affair of a pond at best, and considered dangerous in the way of drowning nothing of more consequence than frogs, speckled turtle, and a coil of striped water-snakes. On either bank it was hedged in with high rows of black alders and dense patches of coarse brake, and in the morning sun lay like a pretty mirror framed with leafy bushes.

They stopped a few minutes to admire the picture which this sleepy little pond offered them. Some people think there is no lake but the lake at Saratoga; but Anna thought she had found one that was nothing but beauty, the whole length and breadth of its surface. The world had never heard of this inland mill-pond. No dainty letters had been written to the metropolitan press, describing its many-hued aspects in the changed altitudes of the sun. Anna felt almost entitled to possession, on the ground of being the first discoverer. The farmer of course knew there was such a sheet of water thereabouts, and spoke of it as Goggin Pond—so called, perhaps, from the euphonious surname of some early proprietor; but who had ever thought enough of its beauty to visit it of a summer morning, or just as the sun got down behind the belt of wood to the west of it? Who ever launched a boat on its sleepy tide, and pushed off from the shore under the illusive enchantment of the moonlight? How many gay plonies were ever celebrated on its bank, whence the laughing voices might dance over its liquid floor across to the hills on the opposite side?

On this particular morning the bosom of the pond was a mosaic of little water pictures. Its smooth face was pied and mottled with all the gaudy colors the sun was ever known to illustrate. At every variety of will-flower was to be found a spot in its vicinity, the contrast of whose hues added strikingly to the brilliant cabinet picture it offered. But the glory of the little pond was its water-lilies; not the coarse yellow ones, that seem durable only at a distance, but those snow-white blossoms that burst out like stars of purity all over the water's surface, or sit moored like palaces of ivory, wave-washed, as in proud old Venice, along the line of their lowest stair. From point to point the sparkling eyes of the delighted girl ran, and saw nothing but these luxuriant beds of lilies. Their roots were in the mud, but what could be whiter—what could be purer—what could more thoroughly satisfy every unspoken aspiration of the innocent heart, than the unstained interior of their ivory walls?

Robert proceeded to find her a seat on a fallen tree close by, and immediately hurried off to cut a pole and wade into the mud after these bright jewels of the morning. She sat and contemplated the scene in silence. Its beauty made her dumb. Its freshness came over her soul like a fragrance. The birds and the frogs furnished fit music for an entertainment so new and peculiar. Her spirits fell into a dreamy mood. Her eyes, from their former brilliancy, relapsed into an expression of thoughtfulness and repose.

Out of this quiet reverie Robert at length awakened her by making his appearance on the bank close by with his arms full of the much-desired flowers. He came and laid them on the log beside her. "They are all yours," said he; and sat down with her, taking off his hat to cool his forehead. It seemed as if there would be no end to her admiration. As she began to assort their long and leathery stems from the tangled heap, she offered him her thanks many and many times, declaring that to him she owed a delight so sincere and lasting.

They chatted of the beautiful flower, its habits, and its purity. About the birds, the water, and the rushes. Of the sky, and the hills, and the little pond. Of the stillness of the morning, the repose of the woods, and the beauty of the country in summer. And then of College—of the present time—of themselves. Anna, all the while engaged in arranging the lily-blossoms, and her face flushing more or less with the changing play of her feelings.

Robert often glanced around to behold the features of the person whose voice was thus charming him, and dropped his eyes to the ground each time with a sigh. Some of those sighs Anna could not very well help catching a hint of. And she blushed still the more with her discoveries, and wished in her heart that the top of human happiness was that day hers. He grew bolder presently, and even ventured to praise her skill in arranging the flowers. A fine fellow was a swift traveler; and so a whisper, or a soft, low tone between young persons inclined to love, in its way is a messenger quite as rapid. Before many minutes the two friends had become very confidential.

Neither could have told how it was. Neither might really have known it. But their voices grew more and more low. Their hands occasionally came in gentle contact, as he explained to her how much fairer and fresher this blossom was than that. Anna almost felt his breath upon her cheek; and his heart went faster than a trip-hammer in a hurry, to know that now and then her flowing curls touched even so lightly the back of his hand.

I know not how it is. Nobody knows how it is. It stands out forever in this world of business and forms—a great mystery. When every one of the secret mazes of the heart shall have been explored—

when the sharp eye of analysis shall have threaded its way through all the winding passages that open from one changing sentiment into another—when the cold skill of a bloodless science shall have weighed every part, and priced every part, and adjusted every part, telling us how this is, and how that is, and explaining why it is that we find the other and better half of ourselves here, and do not find it there—then let us acknowledge that this mystery is no longer a mystery, and that all the crooked and entangled paths have been made plain!

They were in love, before they knew it. He found a nature in her, even by the glimpse of that brief moment, which in reality she did not possess; and she suffered herself to be deceived no less in him. It is the fate of all impulsive lovers, let their age or experience, foot up what it may. As he sat and regarded her sweet face, he felt sure it bespoke, and could only bespeak, the inward possession of those ideal qualities for which his heart secretly yearned. And while she sat there on the log, and twisted the lily stems, and thought of the youth at her side, she knew that his form, his voice, his gesture, his look, expressed all those manly and noble traits, which with her were already a subject of such undying admiration.

"Dear Anna!" It was nothing but a soft breath, on that still summer morning. But its significance, like a swift thought, comprehended the desires, the aims, the hopes, the aspirations of a lifetime. He held her hand in his own. The sweet lilies lay in her lap, breathing out a fragrant blessing. Such a dreamy spot it was to grow confidential in. So silent, save the gentle rippling of the river that echoed its murmuring cadences in their hearts.

They finally arose and set out on their return. Neither knew a thought but of placid delight. Their twin-souls could have embraced the very trees, with all the exuberance of their foliage; could have surrounded the hills, the rocks, the river, the clouds,—nay, all nature itself, with the encircling arms of their newly awakened love. By the side of that, all other things looked diminutive indeed. In its bright light, the world, hardly durable before in many points, suddenly took on shapes of speechless beauty.

Oh, the glory of the First Love! Oh, the majesty, the beauty, the purity of Love! Oh, the ineffable joy that steals like a perfumed breath over the tumultuous soul, and stills it to a peace that promises to be everlasting! Why are these moments—so rare, too, in human life,—only such tantalizing illusions? Why do they mock us so at every turn of memory, and chide us for letting go the golden chain that once linked us so closely with Heaven?

When they came to the little brick school-house, Robert playfully proposed to go in for a few minutes, and see how the schoolmistress managed with her young brood. They caught the drawing notes of the Abecedarians long before they reached the door. If anything, the sound helped make the air of the village in that quarter seem more drowsy than ever.

Patty came to the door, blushing to think she was going to have visitors. Robert made her acquainted with his friend, and both were politely shown in. At first, it was all they could do to keep from laughing. As it was, they compromised with the temptation by taking up with a permanent smile. Robert thought for himself that he was certainly guilty of a grin.

Patty went round the realms of her empire, and asserted herself supreme. When the little ones found that "company" had come, how straight they all sat up,—and how fast the sleepy ones righted themselves from horizontal to perpendicular,—and what a strange look, something betwixt bewilderment and wisdom, they put on! There were all shapes and sizes. All hues of hair,—all varieties of dress. A room full of children; that is, full of youth, and innocence, and joyousness, and truth. The two lovers saw it so, and felt that they had but entered a temple whither their own hearts would naturally have led them.

But the little schoolmistress had impressed Anna deeply. That cheerful face had a great many charms for every one. Even Mr. Ellery Zigzag would not have dared to deny it. It haunted her after she went home again, and formed the topic of a good deal of the afternoon's conversation in the cool parlor. Mrs. McBride, however, must needs be at the pains to recount all that was unhappy in the poor girl's history, lest the latter might succeed in making a white mark for herself somewhere in the world. Was that just the kindest thing you could do, Mrs. McBride? especially when the Judge was secretly connected with the dark tragedy that must cloud her life to its close? Was there no generous word you could have dropped for her just at the right time? not even a silent look of sympathy, that you might have spared from the large storehouse of your private family affections? Must the world always make itself an accuser? And will the time never come, when people may think it as charitable to forget, as it now seems spiteful and rancorous to remember?

XIV.
MILITARY AND OTHERWISE.

General Tunbelly thought it all over to himself, and came to the conclusion that it would do. He had a little money, and that was something; but if he feared for his deficiency in anything, it was in the article of courage.

"Still, what was there to be afraid of, after all? There was Miss Abigail in the house with her, all as nice as a bird in a pie. He knew Abigail well, for she had been his housekeeper; and he thought he had good reason to know, too, that the black wench

he was now forced to employ was never going to make her place good. But he was not in quest of a housekeeper, exactly; what he wanted was a wife. And people had said, long and long before,—for people will talk, and nobody can stop them,—that he ought never to have let Miss Abigail go from under his roof as long as it was in his power to make her a good husband. But in an evil hour for himself he did, and now he was promised a restless and uneasy life to make up for it. It was good enough for him.

Having formed his purpose to honor the rich Widow Banister with an evening call, along in the season of early Autumn, he spruced up in his lofliest dickey and squeaking Sunday boots, and pushed out to sea. It was a bold push for the General, though he really did a great many bold things, now and then, without being aware of it. He went off, therefore, in one of his impulses; it would be wonderful if he did not come back thoroughly cowed, broken, and disheartened. Such had been his experience before. Indeed, he had many a time given his own honest word for it, that as soon as it was found he was paying his addresses to a lady, some one else crowded in where he had no business, and took the treasure right out of his hands. And it was even so.

When the General got to the door of the Pine Tree Mansion, he stopped a minute to let his noisy heart get quiet a little under his ruffled shirt-bloom, and then tapped ever so gently (for him) with his knuckles. It was a side-door that he had seen fit to address, although he knew as well as any one that the house had an ample entrance in front. Miss Lovitt heard the knock, for she was not far off, and came to see what was the matter; but when she found only General Tunbelly there, she observed—"Bless me! Why, it's nobody but you, General! How you did scare me!—Come in!"

And he walked, taking off his hat as he put foot over the threshold, and holding it playfully in both hands after he sat down. For a minute he thought he could not say anything. He kept crowding one hand into his left breast, as if he were eager to stow his heart into quieter quarters. It went bump—bump—bump! all the time. He was sure Miss Lovitt must have heard it, which he would not have had her do for any consideration worth naming. Finally he plucked up and told her what was evading it was. "Beautiful," said she; and observed that she had been thinking of going out for a bit of a walk herself. "How lucky it would have been!" she thought. "I wish from my soul you would go now!" thought he.

"Is Mrs. Banister at home?" he inquired, giving his hat an idle sort of a swing between his hands, and not seeming to care a fig whether she was or not. "Oh, yes," said Miss Lovitt, "she's to home. She's most allers it. She don't manage to git out, somehow, but dredge little."

The General sat and tried to find the true heart of his puzzle. He had his objections to letting Abigail think he came over expressly to see the widow, lest, perhaps, when he did see her, she might give his address but poor encouragement. And if, on the other hand, he should fall in with the widow somewhere about the house by accident, as it were, it was the easiest thing imaginable to make or think—in case she seemed to care nothing about him—that he only dropped in to see how his old housekeeper liked her new situation. Thus was his heart divided against itself. He really itched to see the Widow Banister, and her alone; but he would never have consented to it, at the expense of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of Miss Lovitt. Therefore he did nothing but sit still and watch the turn of his luck. Therefore, too, as Miss Lovitt showed no impatience to go and summon her, he gradually relaxed from his jubilant mood into one of positive sullenness and displeasure. And the prospect was, that whichever had the General's company that evening—maid or widow—she would find, before it was over with, she had been entertaining a most restless and uncomfortable customer.

Miss Lovitt proceeded to draw up her chair, as near to the General's as the state of the weather permitted, and to get out her knitting. She was knitting forever—knit, knit, knitting. But, as it happened, she never knit mittens. Nothing but men's and boys' woolen socks; for which she was in the habit of receiving twenty cents apiece of Mr. Pennybright, store pay.

"How do you like your new woman, General?" she ventured, drawing out her needles and bestowing on her old friend a sidelong glance.

"Oh, pretty well," said he. "She aint what you was to me, Abigail." The susceptible maiden sighed. "But what," said he, "can you expect of a nigger? Nothing at all!" And looked as sour as a boy who has been told to go to bed without his supper.

Little was to be heard for some time but the click of her busy needles. You would have expected to see stockings drop off the ends of them, at the rate of at least a pair a minute. The play of a Jacquard Loom was no quicker than that of her nimble and maidenny fingers.

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Miss Lovitt coughed up one of the spittiest coughs that ever stuck in a human throat. She knew what he meant well enough.

"I meant," he continued, "that I sh'd think the widder'd want some sort of a man round. I'm sure I should, Abig'il." He called her Abigail then, thinking that her heart shared the momentary glow of his own. But it was a mistake.

"Wal," said she, in less than a second, "I'm sure I shouldn't!"

"What's the reason, Abig'il?" and he looked round very seriously in her face.

"Because I shouldn't!" she answered him again. "That's reason enough for anybody!"

The General dropped his eyes to the floor, and began to swing his hat by the edges of its brim. He was thoughtful. At last he came out with something further: "Wal, I don't know how 'tis with her, I'm sure; but that was only my conjectur. I consulted so much; and I don't guess I'm so very fur out of the way, after all!"

Abigail was not particular about resuming the subject, however, since it could not be supposed to bring her a great deal of satisfaction. But seeing that the General was wholly inclined that way, and not knowing what it might lead to if he was allowed his head, she exercised her art to farry his skiff over into another channel. Anything, she thought, rather than that he should insist on seeing the widow.

"Do you think we're goin' to have early frosts, this Fall, General?"

"I done, I'm sure," said he, very quick; though he was gazing at the floor as if he didn't much care, either one way or the other.

"I hope not," she followed up; "for we've got lots o' squashes in the field already, and not half on 'em ripe yet; and if a good smart frost sh'd come, I don't know what we sh'll do for pie next winter!"

"I guess I could fetch the Widder over a mess o' mine, couldn't I?" he inquired.

"Oh, but you didn't plant our kind, General! We had a pertikler sort o' seed, you know. I don't believe Miss Banister'd be able to eat your kind. You raise 'em for the cattle, don't you?"

"No, I don't"—responded the hurt General—"raise 'em for my cattle; they're good enough for the Queen to eat, if she loves squash pie! You've eat 'em, many a time, Miss Lovitt; you know you have!"

"Well, I guess I'd forgot," said she. "But I sh'd be rather loth to make a lady a present of such things, when I knew she'd always been in the habit of eatin' better. Lost any calves, this summer, General?"

"Calves?" he asked, lifting his face enough to bring his eyes to bear upon hers.

"Yes, calves; you hav' had bad luck at times, you know."

"I done as I've had bad luck this season, though. Got more stock now'n I know what to do with. How many cows does the Widder keep?"

"Only two. I milk them. Taint quite as much work to do the dairy business here as 'twas over 't your house. Great diff'rence, I find."

The General fell into another musing fit.

"How'll your 'taters turn out this Fall, Gen'r'l?" pursued the old maid. "Well's common?"

"For't know, they will." And subsided into his silence and abstraction.

But Abigail was not willing to let him alone yet. "Get about the same price for pork, I spose?" But he made her no answer. "Pork'll be full's high's common, this season, wot it?" she repeated, raising her voice.

"I guess so," he answered, seeming momentarily to wake up from a fit of drowsiness.

The unusual energy she had infused into her speech, however, had the effect to startle Mrs. Banister from her quiet in the farther front room; and out she came to see what might be going on. The moment she opened the door, the General half rose from his chair, assuming an extremely ludicrous posture, and wished her Good Evening. She merely bowed, not having the pleasure of that gentleman's personal acquaintance, and supposing he had dropped in to see Abigail Lovitt. "I couldn't think what the noise was," said she to Abigail, turning immediately to go back again. The General's heart bumped against his ribs with more violence than ever. He began to frown and scowl at Abigail, by way of hinting that he wished an introduction. Then he thrust out his foot in the old maid's direction, and would even have kicked her if he could. Next he began to "hem," and to cough. And finally to make up faces. Abigail saw it all out of the corner of one of her eyes, and knew just what it meant; but she was not the woman to throw away her own opportunities, by any manner of means. Accordingly the Widow was permitted to retreat to her solitude without any further interruption. Abigail felt like a general after victory. Her companion grew red in the face with rage. A turkey cock would have fought him without ceremony, for daring thus to usurp his own scarlet colors.

He got up to go. "But you aint in such a great hurry, be you?" submitted the artful, old maid.

"Yes," said the General, "I'm goin'!"—and as crusty as pie-crust itself. Abigail essayed to stop him; but that she couldn't do. So she followed him outside the door, and on to the gate; and bade him Good Night with as much feeling as if they had just concluded the best of bargains with one another.

As soon as the General got out into the road, he began to grit his teeth. "I'm cussed," said he,—for he would sometimes use strong language after dark,—"if I aint headed off wherever I go! But never mind; I'll try that thing over agin, some time! See if I don't, now!"

Stopping in at John Kagg's, he went to the little bar and called for his bitters. Those were not the piping times of tee-totalism at the tavern that are known there in these more modern days, and it was no particular scandal for a man like General Tunbelly to drop in once or twice a day and take a drop. Still, the General ought to have known what he was about better than to pour out half a tumbler of raw brandy, and drink it off without even a dash of water in it. John Kagg put back the stopper in the decanter as quick as he could, and felt bewildered. He did not seem quite certain that the General had not lost his wits.

At that moment a voice, shrill and clear, saluted the discomfited man: "Never give it up so, Mr. Brown! Never give it up so! Try again! Try again! Go it, Boots! Whee-w! Polly, Polly, Polly—polly Go Polly!"

The General started; but it was nothing but the noisy old parrot. He pushed out through the door

as fast as he could, however, resolved that he would try it again, and before a great while, too.

Which he did. Not once only, but twice; three, four, five, six times. Each time giving his old housekeeper more and more significant hints. Finally calling at the front door, but even there fairly headed off by the wary Abigail. Then he tried to find out when Abigail was likely to be absent; but she never was absent. She guarded that house like an eagle. Man could not come nigh it, unless she knew his business, age, wealth, and name. It was not to be entered; except over the threshold of her vigilance. A watch dog never guarded a poor man's coat and dinner more faithfully than she guarded the Pine Tree Mansion. But—it ought to be said to the dog's credit—she was not always unselfish in her devotion. That fact would put such a comparison to death very soon.

And speaking of dogs, it leads quite naturally to the subject of rats. What there is to be said about rats is, that Miss Sally Tiptoe thought she certainly smelt one. It had got into the Widow Banister's meal, it seems, and was making havoc there at a rate that ought to be put a stop to.

Accordingly Miss Sally, unable to endure the annoyance any longer, put on her things and walked away there.

"How do you do, Mrs. Banister?" said she; "I've come all the way here to bring you a present!"

"A present!" exclaimed the delighted lady; "how glad I shall be to receive one, I am sure!"

"Oh, well," returned Miss Sally, "it isn't of such great value, for that matter; and yet, I didn't know but it might please you."

Mr. Banister went on chatting with her about the plumage, the character, and the habits of the various birds that inhabited the bough. Patty stood silent, and kept her eyes fixed on them for some time in thought. "I wonder if it's such hard work to stuff birds?" said she at length.

Her friend assured her she knew it was not; that it could be done with a very little labor; and that the most there was needed about it was taste, and a good degree of skill, which latter would come sooner or later with practice.

"But don't you think I could learn to do it myself, Mrs. Banister?" she inquired, betraying a great deal of eagerness in putting the question.

"Certainly I do. What's to hinder, pray?"

"Perhaps a good many things," suggested Patty, with her usual timidity.

"And perhaps nothing," answered Mrs. B. "At any rate, I think you might try."

"I want to do something," observed Patty.

Mrs. Banister looked at her, to understand what she meant. "You are not unoccupied, are you?" she asked the child.

"No; but what I do at home don't seem to help much. I want to do different. I think I'd like to learn to stuff birds. I know I've got a taste for it. I wonder who would teach me, Mrs. Banister?"

"I can find out where these were made," answered the latter, "if that would help you any."

"Oh, I wish you would! I wish you would!" was Patty's eager exclamation.

"But then," said her friend, "perhaps that would n't be of any service to you, either; for these were stuffed in Boston, as I happen to know."

The girl's countenance fell. She thought that was a great way off.

"You need to find somebody about here to teach you this art. It's not so easy for you to get to Boston for an instructor, I suppose?"

Patty was plunged in thought. For the first time the possibility of leaving Huckabuck altogether shot across her mind. Perhaps—said she to herself—I may go where this person is, and learn of him. In that instant her whole soul was in a tumult. The old scenes began to recede already, and new ones to open rapidly before her.

"I don't know," at length she ventured; but I think I should like to go to Boston."

Again Mrs. Banister was astonished. "You are not discontented, I hope?" she asked.

"No; but I wish I could earn my own living."

She had tasted the first sweets of that labor during the past summer, while engaged in her little school.

"Mrs. Shadblow is too good to me now, and always has been; but I don't like to think I'm depending on her when I might just as well be doing something for myself. Now if I could get in the way of work like this"—and she paused while she pointed at the thicket of birds, not daring to say what she would do.

"Oh, well," answered Mrs. Banister; "I can find out the man's name for you, I suppose?"

"I wish you would!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm sure I should have a great deal to thank you for!"

"And then," added her admiring friend, "if you needed any assistance, you know—"

She did not finish her sentence, but its meaning went straight to Patty's heart. She was thrilled with a sudden feeling of gratitude. By an accident like this, she seemed to behold the great world opened broadly to her, and welcoming her among its stout-hearted laborers. The sudden emotion of joy mastered her. She trembled in every joint. The blood mounted to her forehead, and shot back again across her cheeks and neck. She would have given expression to her thanks, but could not find the words.

"But I should suppose you would dislike leaving your good friend Mrs. Shadblow, too much to go away so far from her," said Mrs. Banister. "Boston would be a new place for you. You would hardly think yourself in the same world that you inhabit here. Do you imagine you would not be too homesick to stay?"

"Perhaps I should be homesick at first," she returned; "but I should hope soon to get over that.

I feel that I must go somewhere; for there is very little for me to do here at home, it seems. If I could only go away now, Mrs. Banister, and send something back to Mrs. Shadblow!" That appeared to be the height of her desire; a very generous and proper desire, too.

"Yes, but you hardly know yet, my dear, what it is to be alone in the world; without acquaintances, or friends. Do you think you could endure it?"

Patty reflected. It did not escape her, either, that she had already had a bitter experience in life, and that severer trials could scarcely encompass her.

"I might, perhaps," she answered, "soon find friends I wanted, for I should not need many. And if I could n't—why, I should try and do without. I suppose I must learn patience, as well as other folks. At least, Mrs. Shadblow tells me I must."

"Well," continued the sympathizing widow, "I will say this to you; suppose you think your resolution all over again; be careful not to be in haste, or to feel impatient; once establish in your mind what course you think you are qualified to pursue, and then prepare to follow it out. As for myself, since

you have spoken so frankly and trustfully to me on the subject, I will stand ready to offer you all the assistance in my power."

"Oh, I thank you, Mrs. Banister!" broke in the grateful girl. "How can I thank you enough!"

"And to begin with, I will ascertain the name of the person from whom these birds came, and put you in the way of getting a little instruction from him in his art. You think you have a taste for it above such work as sewing, or teaching, or any occupation of that kind?"

"I have, most certainly," she answered with much emphasis.

"Then I would advise you to make some sort of a beginning at it. But you shall think more about the matter. I will talk with you again upon it. We can arrange upon something, I think. But do not get disheartened. Do what there is at hand to do, and hope for better things."

Over and over again did Patty attempt to express her gratitude; but words failed her entirely. The moisture of her speaking eyes conveyed more meaning than any ordinary language was capable of.

And with a heart beating high for joy at the encouragement thus unexpectedly found, her eyes sparkling as they never seemed to sparkle before, her face suffused with a beautiful color that was eloquence itself, and her breath heaving with the triumphant emotions that sought in vain to control it altogether, she took her leave of Mrs. Banister at the door, and promised to come in often and make her presence as welcome as it seemed to be on that day.

Patty's way of life with Mrs. Shadblow was as even as circumstances allowed. Of course I mean only family circumstances; for to those huge historic events that now and then swayed Huckabuck as a mighty wind sways a gigantic forest tree, it is not to be supposed that, as an humble and entirely unpretending individual, she bore any perceptible relation.

Mrs. Shadblow continued all she ever had been to Patty. Nay, if it was fairly possible to believe such a thing, she was every day, and every month, an improvement on the days and months that had preceded it. In her heart the girl found the love almost of a mother. She looked up with respect and affection to her protector, and the latter confided without limit in her.

But with the passing years, Mr. Shadblow could not be said to have made any very commendable advance upon it. He became crusty, irritable, complaining, and cross, as fast as he could; till now at the present period of Patty's life, just as she was attaining strength, and judgment to enable her to help herself, he was confirmed in habits that no one expected him ever to break through, and rendered him nothing but a trial to those who were obliged to come in his way.

Latterly, too, he had kept the house pretty closely, and hugged the fire like a cat. Day in and day out, morning, noon, and night,—he sat dozing or brooding over the little bed of coals,—for he had grown exceedingly stingy of his wood,—venting his spleen on the weather, the sun, the house, or his neighbors, and uttering complaints that would have justified any wife, however patient and loving, in stuffing her ears with cotton, or running off out of his hearing. Having thus shaped his internal life by the power of his long-continued habits of peevishness, his face naturally took on the livery of the master whose emotions it was formed to serve. Hence it looked sometimes like an apple, overbaked and dreadfully puckered. As for the ugly wrinkles, you need not have tried to count them. Nor, indeed, were his eyes scarcely visible amongst such a confusion of plaiting and cross plaiting of the skin; and even if they had been ten times more so, they would not have been able to command, as they should, the expression of his features.

Mr. Shadblow was a thoroughly miserable man. He could do nothing, and he could bear nothing. He fretted, and grunted, and found fault, and snarled all the time. If the bright morning or afternoon sun shone ever so pleasantly into his snug little box of a keeping-room, all its golden hues vanished the instant he turned about, and seemed to be transmuted in a minute into the saddest dun color in the world.

His domestic sky was everlasting overcast. He neither enjoyed himself, nor would he permit his family to enjoy themselves. Now it was the fuel that was coming short, and now the provisions. At one time he was deserted of all his friends, and at another he was alarmed lest they should conspire together and glutonously eat him out of house and home.

But if there was any particular nightmare that beset him, in this morbid state of mind, it was the appalling fear that he was surely coming to want. This had troubled him for a great many years, and engrossed him with those minute cares for his possessions that were fast shrinking the dimensions of his soul into those of a miser; but at the present time it had finally got the full control of him. Every day he talked, by his unhappy fireside, about coming to want. He even stinted himself of food, when his cellar, his granary, and his barns, were all bursting. He sometimes took back part of the meagre fork-fulls of hay that he threw into his cattle mangers, and thought the dumb creatures ought to do with a little less than they used to. He daily brought into the house every bit of rusty old iron, every scrap of leather, every pin and broken-eyed needle that he picked up while grubbing about the door yard, and insisted in a whining and pitiable tone that none of these things ought to be wasted, and that, unless they could be more saving, they would very soon come to the poor house.

It was hard getting along with him. It was a serious winter indeed for Patty, who would have been but too glad of an opportunity to earn her own subsistence, but who nevertheless disliked the necessity that would drive her into exile from her best and kindest friend—Mrs. Shadblow. Still, she was so severely tried before it was over, that she fully resolved to embark in some independent undertaking by the Spring, and felt obliged to tell Mrs. Shadblow so without concealment or reserve. Her good friend was made not a little sad at hearing of her determination, but on further reflection it became apparent enough to her that her house was no longer a place for a person like Patty Hawkins. Besides, their old relation to one another was in a degree changed. Her protege was no longer the mere child she had been. She was right upon the threshold of womanly life now, and her young mind was more or less occupied. It was to be expected, with its own hopes and prospects of the future! Mrs. Shadblow endeavored to strengthen her heart for the trial, whether it was to come sooner or later.

It was hard getting along with him. It was a serious winter indeed for Patty, who would have been but too glad of an opportunity to earn her own subsistence, but who nevertheless disliked the necessity that would drive her into exile from her best and kindest friend—Mrs. Shadblow. Still, she was so severely tried before it was over, that she fully resolved to embark in some independent undertaking by the Spring, and felt obliged to tell Mrs. Shadblow so without concealment or reserve. Her good friend was made not a little sad at hearing of her determination, but on further reflection it became apparent enough to her that her house was no longer a place for a person like Patty Hawkins. Besides, their old relation to one another was in a degree changed. Her protege was no longer the mere child she had been. She was right upon the threshold of womanly life now, and her young mind was more or less occupied. It was to be expected, with its own hopes and prospects of the future!

"Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing."

From the ranks of industry have come the world's greatest men taken. Rome was more

than once saved by a man who was sent from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel.

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Poetry.

[From the New York Leader]
A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY MELISSA HAYNES.

I dreamed by the bending willows,
By the restless murmuring willows,
Of a land in a climate fair;
Where the light-toned voice of gladness
Dispelled every cloud of sadness,
From the brows of the dwellers there.

I thought in that mystic vision,
That I roamed through that clime o'erflowing,
And paused by a crystal stream
That sprang in a pebbly fountain,
From the heart of a sapphire mountain,
That glowed 'neath the mild moon's beam.

I passed by a crystal grotto,
And saw there a golden motto
Of Friendship, Love, Virtue and Truth;
And saw through the amaranth portals,
The forms of the blest immortals,
Enjoying perpetual youth.

In the heart of that happy number
Wake the harp from its earthly slumber—

Touched by a Father's hand;

And sounds of low music quiver,

Over the waves of a sweet-voiced river,

That flows o'er a diamond strand.

The wind that sighed through the palm trees,

Was but richly laden balm-breeze,

From vales of perpetual flowers:

Gay birds with their gorgeous plumes,

Rejoice in those bright dominions,—

Rejoice in their sylvan bower.

But I was alone by the fountain,

Alone by the sapphire mountain,

A prey to dull, harassing care;

In that sylvan clime did I languish,—

My heart was the throne of anguish,—

THE LOVE OF MY SOUL WAS NOT THERE!

I drank at the well-spring of gladness,

But it eased not the rankling sadness

That fed on my heart and brain—

No wall of my desolate sorrow,

From realms of elysium could borrow

One joy as a solace from pain.

I awoke with a groan and a shiver,

And saw but the peaceful river,

And the boughs of the bending tree.

I rejoice that the sinful-hearted.

In that land, from the pure are parted,

In that land o'er the hidden sea.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY AUNT'S STORY;

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

It was the eve before New Year's; and Aunt Hannah and myself were sitting together in the cozy little parlor belonging to the former, quietly enjoying the cheerful wood fire that blazed upon the hearth, and revolving in our minds the various events of the swiftly passing year.

Hannah Austin (for such was my loved Aunt's name,) was what the world termed "an old maid," an appellation which, if her age merited, I could never ascribe to her, from the fact that she was so entirely unlike the greater portion of that class of unmarried females usually known to us as spinsters.

To me, my Aunt had fully supplied the place of a mother; for being deprived of both parents in early infancy, I had fallen to the care of my only remaining relative, my father's sister. Being the possessor of a snug little farm, in a town not many miles distant from the city of my birth, thither I had been removed by my Aunt, on the death of my father.

The education bestowed upon the orphan child, was as liberal a one as that lady's limited means would allow; and what information the village Academy could not furnish me with, my insatiable thirst for knowledge led me to search for in the goodly number of valuable books that my Aunt's library contained; for Hannah Austin was a woman of no slight refinement and taste.

At the age of eighteen years, I suppose I might have been called "a finely educated and tolerably accomplished young lady," considering my somewhat moderate advantages. At the time of which I write, I had been released from school-thralldom about two years, and being left mainly to the society of myself and favorite books, my life had glided by as happily as a summer's day.

Accident had thrown in my path a young and talented lawyer, the son of an old friend of my father's, while living.

During the period of his summer vacation, a love of quietude and repose had tempted Charles Winters to turn his steps towards our little village; and, learning from the landlord of the hotel that my Aunt and her niece were residents of the same town, he had sought out and made our acquaintance.

What Charles Winters saw in my unassuming and childish nature to love and admire, was more than I could tell; but one thing I was certain of, when at the end of two months we parted—which was that we were acknowledged lovers, with the entire consent and approval of my Aunt.

But I have been digressing from my story. As I have before said, it was New Year's Eve, and a crowd of thoughts, half sad, half gay, filled my brain; for the succeeding night was to witness my marriage with the young and rising barrister, Charles Winters.

My Aunt had drawn her favorite arm-chair near to the fire, and now sat apparently absorbed in her knitting; but as I glanced occasionally towards her, my girlish eye did not fail to perceive the convulsive workings of her countenance, and the sad tears which slowly coursed down her slightly wrinkled cheeks.

For some moments the silence remained unbroken; until, moved by the emotion of my Aunt, I rose and threw myself into her loved arms, where I wept long and unrestrainedly. Tears afforded my overburdened heart a slight relief, and drying my face, I turned to her, and said, actuated by the impulse of the moment, "Dear Aunt Hannah, how much I wish that you, too, were to be made as happy on New Year's night, as I trust your loved Fanny will be!"

But as I finished speaking, I beheld the color gradually leaving the usually ruddy cheek of my Aunt. At first I attributed her sudden emotion to the thought of a formal separation for life from one who had so long been endeared to her society and affection; for the morning following my marriage I was to remove to the city of B—, a place which I was henceforth to regard as my future home. Although Charles Winters and myself had earnestly urged my Aunt's taking up her residence with us during the winter season, she had kindly but firmly denied accepting our proposal.

The agony that was visible upon the half-averted face of my Aunt, was but of short duration; for with that wonderful self-control which was ever so strong a characteristic of her nature, she dashed aside the single tear which had fallen from her eyes, and, smiling tenderly, drew me closer to her breast.

As I gazed upon the calm and motionless face before me, which but a moment since had been so deeply agitated and disturbed, I wondered within myself what could have been the nature of a grief so strong and powerful, that thus my simple words had power to stir and move the depths of her immost soul. Oh! how my heart yearned to learn from her lips the secret of her life's sorrow, for I doubted not that the great composure and fortitude of mind evinced by my Aunt in her daily life, was but the result of a complete mastery over the struggles and trials of her inward nature. But much as I desired to know more of the early life of my kind protectress, delicacy, and a proper regard for that lady's feelings, forbade me questioning her upon such a subject.

As if anticipating my very desires, my Aunt said, in a low, sweet voice, whose tones now more than ever thrilled my heart: "I trust, dear child, that you will pardon the momentary weakness of an old woman, (for such she always denominated herself) when I shall have revealed to you an incident of my early life, the memory of which has so long lain buried in the caverns of my heart."

I made no answer to her remark, but the earnest eyes which I turned upon her, must have told her how eager my curiosity was to hear her story, for bidding me to draw more tightly the curtain, and close firmly the heavy wooden shutters, as if to shut out from our senses the fierce storm that was raging wildly outside, she motioned me to a seat on a low stool at her feet, and, having resumed her knitting, she prepared to relate her story.

"It was many years ago, Fanny," said my Aunt, looking sadly into the large brown eyes anxiously upraised to her, "that I knew and loved a noble youth, whose name was Henry Stevens, and whose chosen profession was that of a sailor.

Residents of the same town, and companions of the little district school, we early learned to regard one another with feelings of deep respect and friendship, which, in later years, ripened into love and affection.

Left, like yourself, an orphan child, while yet in extreme youth, Henry Stevens found himself dependent upon the bounty of strangers. The kind old pastor, realizing the lonely and unprotected situation of the penniless boy, and being without children of his own, at once formed the plan of adopting the little Henry as his own child.

God granted that the seeds of wisdom early sown in that young heart were not sown in vain! With more than parental solicitude the faithful disciple of Christ watched over the welfare and happiness of his protege, until Henry arrived at the age of sixteen, when, contrary to the expectations of the good old pastor, who had intended him for the ministry, he evinced a strong desire to follow the sea.

Not even the earnest endeavors of the old pastor and myself (for I flattered myself that I possessed no slight influence over him,) could dissuade the determined and strong-minded boy from his purpose. The passion which Henry Stevens manifested for the sea was inherited mainly from his father, who had been for many years a distinguished seacaptain.

After a short delay, occasioned by the necessary preparations for his departure, Henry Stevens embarked on board a ship, bound for the East Indies.

The night before my young friend left for Boston, the port from which the "Ocean Wave" was to sail from, he came to bid me a parting farewell. And although he manifested no slight regret at leaving all that was dear to him upon earth behind, still I could see that his breast was fired with a noble ambition and enthusiasm for the profession of his choice; so I sadly bade him good bye, and prayed God to speed him on his journey. Some three or four voyages were successively made by Henry, during which time he won the esteem and favor of all who knew him. Through his own noble efforts and perseverance, he rose from the rank of a common sailor to that of captain's first mate.

While Henry was absent, I never failed to receive the most affectionate remembrance from him, in the shape of letters, and many valuable gifts. Time passed happily on, until the period of Henry Stevens' minority had expired. Ah! that was a joyous morn which dawned upon the twenty-first birth day of my lover. Young as he was, he had already gained a degree of skill and tact, in the management of a ship, far beyond one of his years.

The owners, in whose employ he had been for some three or four years, responding to the utmost confidence in the youthful sailor, furnished him with a new vessel, bound for the Sandwich Islands, and of which he was, for the first time in his life, to assume the great responsibility of Captain.

What a grand situation for one so young to fill, said I, not a little interested in the fate of the young sailor!

"Yes, my child," said aunt Hannah, gently stroking my curls, "it is indeed a noble post, if honorably filled; but without a true knowledge of his art, united to a sound judgment and untiring energy, even the marinier must lack success."

A captain's first voyage is always an eventful one.

Upon the success of that depends his future reputation.

It was just twenty-four years ago this very day, that the youthful Captain set forth upon his first voyage. The brig "Ariadne" was as fine a craft as you would wish to see, heavily freighted, and furnished with an efficient crew.

With a brave heart, Henry Stevens bade the object of his heart's choice adieu, promising at the end of a year, should Providence permit him, to return to his native village, and make his bride.

"Alas, Fanny!" said my Aunt, tears filling her eyes, "that parting was doomed to be the last!"

Weeks and months rolled on, and still there came no intelligence from the wanderer to gladden my lonely heart.

Eagerly I scanned the daily papers, vainly seeking to gather information of the missing ship.

Two years swept by, and yet no tidings had been received of the unfortunate brig." Meantime, I had called often upon the owners of the vessel, and although they had begun to have strong fears in regard to her safety, they kindly promised to forward to me the earliest information they received of her.

But though many years have passed since Henry Stevens waved an adieu with his hat, as he stood upon the deck of the noble brig, and my eyes followed her until she seemed but a speck upon the surface of the horizon, yet nothing has ever been known of the sad fate of the "Ariadne."

As my Aunt ceased speaking, she instinctively raised her handkerchief to her eyes and wept aloud.

"Dear Aunt, do not weep," said I, stealing into her lap, and drawing her loved head upon my breast, "God may yet restore the lost one to your arms!"

"Fanny," said Aunt Hannah, lifting her head and looking me sorrowfully in the face, "my woman's faith was not quick to wane; but for twenty-five long years I have waited patiently for my Henry's return; but I am blessed with the happy assurance that in heaven we shall at last be re-united."

"But was it not a terrible disappointment to you, Aunt, thus to have your glorious dream of happiness so suddenly dissipated?"

"It was, my child; for I had all things ready for my anticipated marriage. Even my bridal dress and veil, the gift of my lover when he returned from India, were made and carefully laid away in my trunk, against the time when occasion should require them. Have you not seen that large old trunk, Fanny?" she asked, "that occupies so large a space in the corner of the closet, in the upper hall?"

"Yes, Aunt, and oftentimes I have been tempted to ask you what it contained. There is an air of antiquity about it which always makes me regard it with the greatest veneration. Pray tell me, Aunt Hannah, if it be some moulder heirloom, once the property of your distinguished ancestors," said I, in a tone slightly ironical!

"No, child!" said my Aunt, her deep blue eyes gazing upon me half-reproachfully; "that old cedar chest was also the gift of Henry Stevens, and contains, though long since disordered by time, the articles belonging to my marriage wardrobe."

"Indeed! But have you no miniature or likeness of the lost one?" asked I of my Aunt.

"Yes, I have a small locket, containing an exact resemblance of Henry, as he looked when he returned from his first voyage."

"And you have never shown it to Fanny," said I, half pouting.

"Nor to any living person, since the death of my brother," said Aunt Hannah; but she added, "I will do so, when we retire, if you would like to see it."

"Certainly, Aunt, I would like much to see the locket, and the contents of the old chest, too!" But as I spoke, the village clock tolled out the hour of twelve, denoting the birth of the New Year, and the decay of the Old.

"Goodness!" exclaimed my Aunt, jumping up and rubbing her hands together; "we have been so busy talking, that I have scarce heeded the lateness of the hour. Bless me! twelve o'clock, and the storm still continues unabated," said Aunt Hannah, opening the shutters and drawing aside the curtain, to take a peep at the dismal scene without. But the darkness was impenetrable, and so readjusting the shutters, she proceeded to light her night-lamp, preparatory to retiring. "A happy New Year, Aunt!" exclaimed I, smiling complacently at my success in having thus early got the start of my worthy relative. "Ah, you little rogue, you have indeed got the start of your old and stupid Aunt, this time. But God bless you, child! and grant you many happy New Years," she said, stooping down and imprinting a sacred kiss upon my forehead.

"Heigh-ho!" said I, as taking the lamp, I preceded my aunt up the broad stairway leading to our chamber. "Who would think, to see me now, that before this time to-morrow night I shall be no longer simple Fanny Austin, but Mrs. Charles Winters, wife of the Hon. Charles Winters, of B—, and I turned around to my aunt, and put on such an air of mock dignity, that she could not help smiling at the ridiculousness of the thing, notwithstanding the truth of my words.

"But the chest, dear aunt! You see my curiosity would not allow me to forget that interesting article—and the miniature, too," I exclaimed, all in one breath, as my Aunt was about locking the door of our chamber previous to retiring.

"Ah, yes, child! but for you I should have forgotten it; for it is but seldom that I open it now, since it revives so many old remembrances." And with a heavy sigh Aunt Hannah took from a small casket a curious and rusty key, and slowly wound her way towards the hall closet. After a slight effort the lock yielded to the pressure of her hand, and sprang open, disclosing a dress of rich and heavy brocade, which might have been once white, but from long laying, had turned extremely yellow. There was also the thin and delicate veil, the long kid gloves, and the dainty little slippers, with their large rosettes and silver buckles.

All the while I was examining the antique bridal trapping of my Aunt, she said but little; and perceiving that the sight of them was too painful for her to dwell upon, I expressed myself satisfied with the contents of the old chest, and carefully relocking it, my Aunt and self slowly returned to our chamber.

As she passed me with the light in her hand, I noticed that her face was very pale; even as it had been before, at the time when my unintentional remark so affected her in the first part of the evening. Out of regard for her feelings, I would have refrained from expressing a desire to see the miniature of Henry Stevens; but my Aunt proceeded at once to her bureau, and touching a spring, a secret drawer flew open, from which she took a small but richly chased locket.

Without uttering a word, Aunt Hannah unclasped the miniature, and handed it to me for my inspection. It was the picture of a young man in the first glow of health and beauty. The hazel eyes were large and expressive, and beamed with manly enthusiasm and energy. The brow was high and expansive, around which clustered short curly hair of a rich brown color. As I gazed upon that beauteous face, so radiant with joy and health, I did not wonder that Henry Stevens had won the love of my noble and constant Aunt. It was for him, then, that she had remained single all these years! Truly, woman's faith is more greatly to be prized than the wealth which this vast world affords!

As I stood entranced and spell-bound by the wondrous beauty of the picture that I held in my hand, my Aunt leaned over my shoulder and said, "What do you think of it, Fanny?" "It is singularly beautiful!" I exclaimed, warming with admiration, "and looks as if it were about to speak, so life-like it seems!"

"Alas! the lips of the original must have been long since hushed in death," said my Aunt sadly.

"Nay, do not say so! There is still chance for hope yet," said I, cheeringly.

"No, my dear child. It is only in Heaven that my dimmed eyes will behold again the face of my beloved Henry!"

Overcome by her feelings, Aunt Hannah bowed her head upon my shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"I feel that words could offer her but slight consolation,

and silently I stood contemplating her deep grief.

"As my Aunt ceased speaking, she instinctively raised

influential sepoys to step into the shoes of their European officers. They liked our system altogether, but they preferred being colonels and adjutants to being hawdiers and naiks; and, with the usual self-sufficiency of natives, they imagined that they would make very good colonels and adjutants, and jumped at the opportunity of effecting that object and more besides, by transferring their allegiance and the whole army, with its old organization, to a native sovereign, the first who came to hand. Though the Mahomedan element did not prevail in Delhi, and there was for a long time no extensive rise *en masse* of the Mahomedan population, Mahomedan administrations have sprung up in some of the provinces abandoned by the sepoys; but I do not know that they have generally got the better of the Hindus and obtained possession of anything like whole districts. On the contrary, they are almost everywhere opposed.

Banner of Light.

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Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

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TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE WEST.

Our associates, Mr. T. Gales Forster and J. Rollin M. Squire, are now on a tour in the Western States, for the purpose of giving Lectures, and presenting the claims of the BANNER OF LIGHT to their citizens.

We trust the friends will prepare themselves for a visit from one or the other of these gentlemen, and give the Banner a helping hand.

PROGRESS IN THE FUTURE LIFE.

A few months ago, the Rev. Henry Elkins, a clergyman of the Universalist persuasion, published a communication in the columns of the New England Spiritualist, entitled, "Spiritualism and Universalism;" a very just and sensible thing of its kind, and pregnant with valuable suggestions to the members of the religious denomination with which he happens to be connected. That communication falling under the notice of Mr. Virgil A. Wright, a Universalist of the old school, he was much disturbed at the stand taken by Rev. Mr. Elkins, which was of course at variance with the old Universalist doctrine of immediate purity and ecstatic pleasure at death, and he penned an answer to the article, and sent it to the New England Spiritualist. Being too lengthy for that paper, the editor declined to publish it, but noticed its leading points, and returned it.

Displaying an earnest desire for truth, and being disturbed at the idea which had for the first time been presented to him, that there are two classes of Universalists, and that Universalism is not the same as it was, he enclosed the various articles to Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of the Trumpet, accompanied by a letter in which he remarks:—

"Mr. Newton says my ideas are of the old school, or of that section who hold that the spirit of man, without exception, when freed from this mortal body, enters a state of perfect bliss beyond the grave. Well this is my idea of Universalism."

And further on, in the same letter, Mr. Wright says:—

"I have written to you (Mr. Whittemore) believing that you are not a Spiritualist but a Universalist of the old school; and that if Universalism were ever true, it is the same to-day as yesterday."

Mr. Wright closes his letter with an appeal to Br. Whittemore for advice and aid in this first battle of his mind with the error which has been grafted upon it. He has made Universalism his God—the Alpha and Omega of his Hope, the sheet anchor of his soul, never for one moment thinking that God was beyond Universalism, and higher than its doctrines, or that He could speak in a higher voice to man. His God being attacked, his soul fears—he already feels that his anchor may not be sure and steadfast. He learns that there is a different Universalism from what he imbibed and on which his hope of future bliss is grounded. "If it ever was true, it is the same to-day as yesterday," he says; "ergo, if it is not the same now as it was when I became happy in its belief, it may not be true, and I am afloat upon the sea of uncertainty, instead of being at anchor in the peaceful harbor of Faith." Now if brother Wright will only look upon this perplexity into which he is thus summarily thrown, as a call from a Higher Source than Universalism, to step forth on a more rational platform, which many a Universalist of the old school has done, this turn will, this shaking of his repose, which gives him pain, will give birth to a far higher pleasure than he has ever enjoyed.

But "Brother Whittemore" does not choose to defend "old Universalism," and returns the documents with an answer that he has not investigated Spiritualism, and therefore knows nothing about it, and does not wish to discuss it in the Trumpet. Now Brother Whittemore is well known as a very sharp controversialist; it has been his pleasure heretofore to cut and dissect those who differed from him, and Universalism, with a caustic pen, and right good battle has been done in the cause of Freedom and Truth. No doubt Brother Wright thought this would be just the spot where the editor of the Trumpet would like to stand. But no—silence is the watchword of the brave old soldier. And why this silence? because if he spoke at all, he must give Mr. Wright to understand that Universalism has changed—that like every other religion it was but a stepping stone on which the spirit of man could mount to grasp a firmer faith, a more rational hope. This very silence, is the most striking answer that Brother Wright could have received as to whether Universalism has progressed, or is the same to day as years before it was. If we are to take the present indifference of the Trumpet to the fate of one of its cardinal doctrines as a symptom, it strikes us that Universalists, like others, are slowly but surely going through the process of a thorough modification in their religious sentiments. We trust, from our hearts, it is so.

It would be quite impossible for us to give room in the Banner to the communication of Mr. Wright in reference to Mr. Elkins' position; yet we are will-

ing to state the gist of the matter in controversy, for the sake of the opportunity of appending some few remarks of our own, if for nothing more. Mr. Elkins, it appears, holds that at death all men do not become suddenly happy and perfect, but that the life in the next world is simply a continuation of the life in this, begun at the very point at which it is lost off here at death. In other words, it is his rational belief that progress is to be the law of eternity; and that happiness itself is nothing more than perpetual advancement. On the other hand, Mr. Wright, in reply to his position, maintains that such are not the views of the old Universalists, in which he and the Editor of the Trumpet were educated. He insists that "the spirit of man, when freed from this mortal body, enters a state of perfect bliss beyond the grave;" that the Bible nowhere hints at the idea of advancement in another state; and he adds, that it is "no pleasant thought, that we are to be launched into a state of future progression, where there must necessarily be a desire of the spirit for 'higher sphere.'" Hence, Spiritualism and he are at variance first, last, and always; he can accept nothing it may have to offer.

In the course of his commentary occurs the following passage:—"They (the spiritualists) allego that we are not changed by death mentally, but are ushered into heaven with the same inclinations for good or evil as in this life. O, what a heaven! Sin and misery running riot in heaven, as here on earth! The picture is too revolting. It is worse than heathenism." Many will smile at the unreflecting earnestness with which the writer expresses his feelings on this point, and wonder how a person can contentedly remain in the cloud of such a superstitious error, when the first glimpse of reason would be sufficient to pierce its folds, and let in the light of truer views and a more satisfying belief. But Mr. Wright is mistaken in his premises. He errs on the threshold of the matter. The spiritualists do not hold to any such idle doctrine, as he avers, as that man is ushered into heaven with all his inclinations for sin upon him; or that "sin and misery are running riot in heaven as here on earth." The "heaven" he speaks of, is only a barren spot in the shapeless speculations of those old theologians after whom he fashions his nominal belief. It is not a locality at all; nothing more than a condition, at most. And to suppose that the presence of sin, and the inclination to evil, that so destroy the harmony of life here, are capable of entering into that happy condition which we consent to call heaven, is contradiction too palpable to require any further setting forth.

The great central idea which all enlightened and spiritualized minds entertain respecting the next life, is that it is to be a state of advancement forever. We shall begin just where death finds us. After our birth into the new existence, we shall find ourselves in a much more suitable condition for progress than we are in here; all these gross temptations will have been removed; the influences that at present tend to disturb the true harmony of our existence, will have been dissipated entirely; we shall see clearly, understand readily, and, as soon as we realize the whole truth before us, aspire without end. That happiness consists in spiritual activity, in constant development, in continued efforts upward, we, in common with thousands of others, most certainly believe. Anything less than this, would be the very monotony of despair.

To be sure, we know that the creeds, which are but barnacles on the bottom of the ship, instead of being a part of the great ship itself, have taught for a longer time than we care to reckon, that heaven is nothing but a place of rest; that we do nothing, and are to do nothing but work, in this life, and afterwards we are to sit down and fold our hands. Thousands of people have had their minds insensibly warped to the shape of this dogma from their early youth, and find it a very difficult matter now to eradicate the influence from their thoughts; it has been so intertwined with their life, that to attempt to tear it out would be hardly less violent than to take away that life itself. The old-time notion was, that we all—that is, those who ever "got to heaven"—passed their time in singing psalms and sitting on the clouds; or something to the same effect. We can conceive of nothing more ridiculous or melancholy. The thought of having "nothing to do" through all eternity, is much too appalling to contemplate without a life-long shudder.

"Rest absolute is death; rest relative alone
To Nature must belong; the soul must on and on.
What akseth thou of Death, but that the sensus' door
It shall unlock and let the spirit upward soar?
Soar on and up, its God projecting as it goes,
Expanding into love, and joy, and peace—but not remorse.
In utter rest, the soul could never fitly dwell,
Debarred from upward growth—on Paradise were hell."
W. W. BROOK.

In support of his theory that man is perfect in godliness, and as a consequence enjoys perfect bliss at death, Mr. Wright quotes a part of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, as follows:—"It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption," &c. In the 12th verse of this chapter, we find Paul gives the reason why this epistle was written, thus:—"How say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?" He then tells them that if there is no resurrection of the dead, then Christ did not rise, and his preaching is in vain, and those who died having followed Christ's teachings are perished, and that if this is the case, then his followers were the most miserable of men, for they were subjecting themselves to a great amount of deprivation and suffering, for a hope in Christ, which, in the event of there being no resurrection, would be worthless. "Let us eat and drink," in that case, "for to-morrow we die," he says.

After this, he remarks—"Some will say, How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" And he then goes on to answer this question, and teaches that whereas man on earth has a corruptible body, subject to decay, his spiritual body is incorruptible. In beautiful and grand language, he pictures the delight of his soul in the knowledge that death, which some had thought an enemy which must conquer man, was by Christ's resurrection robbed of the victor's crown, and was rather a helpmeet to man, as it gave him a body no longer subject to decay. In the 24th to the 27th verses, he gives it as his opinion, that there will be a time when all shall have ended, when man shall be perfect, when death itself shall be the last enemy, and when it shall be destroyed. This chapter does not at all touch the subject of man's state of happiness, unless the hint that the sting of death is sin, is intended to show that a sinful man would suffer after death, because of his sin. But in his Second Epistle to the same people, he distinctly writes them on the subject of keeping a good conscience, and gives a reason for exercising care so to do, in chapter 5, verse 10. "For

we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

If this means anything at all, it distinctly points to different degrees of happiness in the spirit world, which are the results or reward of good and bad lives on earth. If it does mean this, then the quotation from the first epistle relates, as we have said, to the manner of body the spirit takes, and not to his happiness or unhappiness. The former relates to the form, the latter to the state of the spirit. If Paul is good authority in the one case, he is in the other, and what he says in the two chapters is reconcilable on no other ground.

In rejecting the doctrine of future rewards and punishment altogether, the first Universalists, horrified at the damnable character of a God who could inflict *eternal* punishment on an erring man, took the other extreme, to our mind full as pernicious and equally absurd, that of making death, instead of a virtuous life, the agent in bringing us happiness. "In so doing they rendered of no account many of the parables of Christ which distinctly and undeniably teach us that there are different degrees of happiness in the spirit world. In the 16th chapter of Matthew, from the 19th verse to the end of the chapter, is one of the strongest of these parables—that of Lazarus and the rich man. There can be no mistake about this—the earthly condition of both the figures is drawn, and in verse 22 it is distinctly stated that both of them died. Then comes the statement that the rich man "in hell lifted up his eyes in torment, and saw Abraham (of course Abraham was in heaven) afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." He was reminded that he lived for earth, and received the good things of earth, while the beggar received evil, and that as a consequence of this, he was tormented, while Lazarus was comforted. The rich man moreover had a fear for his brethren, lest they should come to the heaven (?) he was in. Now the old Universalist tells you that this was a joke on the part of Christ—he did not mean that he only wanted to frighten the poor Jews; while the fossil theologians tell you it is literally true, fire and all, and that this difference in condition must last to all eternity.

There is no mention, in the Bible, of progression after death, says Mr. Wright—"it does not so much as hint at the idea." Let him give a little attention to the passage which declares that the three days which elapsed between the death and resurrection of Christ, were passed by him in preaching to the spirits which were in prison since the days of Noah. (1 Peter, chapter 3d, verses 18, 19 and 20.) Perhaps this is another fable, but our friend believes in the divine inspiration of the Bible too fully to use this argument. If there was no chance for those unhappy spirits to advance from their state of misery, then why the preaching? Would it have been altogether consistent with the character of that Christ whom such Universalists as Mr. Wright, among others, worship, to have gone among them only to tantalize them with hopes of happiness which they were never destined to realize, and which they need never think to aspire to? If all men are happy at death, why were these poor spirits in prison, or mental darkness, for having disregarded God's laws so far back as the days of Noah?

Mr. Wright takes exception to Rev. Mr. Elkins' reasoning, that physical bodies have no power, passion, nor reason, but that all sensation, all motion, all action, of every kind belongs to the spirit, and says this is "contrary to reason." Mr. W. believes that animal life gives strength and action to our physical bodies, and says if Mr. Elkins' reasoning be true, then the brute is immortal, as well as man. We believe that brutes, as well as man, have an existence hereafter—that they are necessary for man's happiness; up to a certain point of his progression, as they are here, that the spirit world would be incomplete without them, but have not space to discuss this point further. We will end our remarks upon this point, with the following quotation from Mr. Wright's own letter, from the next page, on which he denies the immortality of the animal. He says—"I believe there is a law of nature that pervades all things, and this power to be God himself, and that He does and will, continually and eternally, exist all in all." Thus God is in the tree, the flower, the horse, as well as man, according to your own hand writing, yet the tree, the flower, the horse is annihilated, while man alone lives on—a part of God is not immortal.

Mr. Wright swallows the doctrine of the direct inspiration of the Bible, as fought for by all classes of Theologians. We advise him to pay more attention to the facts of Spiritualism, and if his reason tells him they are facts—that is, if it allows him to accept them as such, to remember that all theories or creeds must be subservient thereto. Nay, further, the Bible must succumb to facts, if those facts are established and happen to go contrary to it. That book is inspired, no doubt, and so are men and women, now-a-days, and so have they been ever since its books were selected by the famous Council of Priests. No doubt God gave all of His Word that He could through the writers of the Bible; but to hold up the Bible against Reason and Science—nay, common sense, and ignore facts, because they detract from the blind credence given to that book,—will not do in this age. We might as well pattern after David, Solomon, and other men who were divinely inspired, and after God's own heart, so far as they could be in the age in which they lived. In this case we should not be sending troops to Utah, but should turn every city, town and hamlet into a Salt Lake city.

To accept the account Moses gives (if he indeed did give it,) of the Creation, as a literal account of God's work, is against reason and science, and Mr. Wright must learn that God speaks to man through man, in all ages of the world, and suits his word to the development of the age in which it is given, God is speaking to-day, and giving man more of His word. He will speak through men in all ages to come, and give each age more of His word, as man shall be capable of receiving it. We venerate the Bible—not because we believe it a perfect revelation of God's word, and that there will be none other, but because it tells us of the past—it records His manifestations in former times, and illumines the truth of revelations which he is now making, while they, in turn, shed more light upon the Bible than man has ever yet had to read it to.

DR. DAVIS EXPOSED.

The celebrated Dr. Addison Davis, of Lynn, who boasts that he has exposed Spiritualism, and proved it to be all fraud, is shown up in truthful style by our correspondent from Salem, whose letter appears on the sixth page.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

One need but read Burns' "Colter's Saturday Night" to see the actual picture of this peculiar time before him. Well has it been asked—What would the world do without Saturday nights? They are to the laborer what Saturday afternoons are to the schoolboys—a piece of white paper, a fly leaf at the end of the book of the week. Then the weary workman comes home, having shaken off the dust of the world, and gives his soul up to the influences of the time. The children cluster affectionately about him, glad to see him once more in his sitting chair by the family hearth. Even the cat in the corner seems to know that it is Saturday night, and comes rubbing her fur against the master's leg, and purring her gratification all the while.

A writer whom we cannot but wish we knew personally, calls these resting spots fit the week "the breathing moments in the march of life, those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterday looked beautiful through the shadows and faces, changed long ago, smiling sweetly—again in the dusk, when one remembers the "old folks at home," and the old arm chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was translated."

Truly enough, as the writer continues, "Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into wax drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a clash; the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week, gently closes behind him—the world is shut out! Shut in, rather. Here are the treasures, after all, and not in the vault, nor in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the Bank. May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday nights are nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anything. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but, above all, a true-eyed one—get a home, no matter how little—and a little sofa, just large enough to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two or two and a half in it on a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take care.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up, the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step homeward bound.

"Saturday night" faintly murmurs the languishing, as she turns wearily on her couch; "and there is another to come?"

"Saturday night at last!" whispers the weeper above the dying; "and it is Sunday to-morrow and to-morrow."

Blessed Saturday night! It has grown into our very being. Its holy influence sheds a placid calm over our disturbed souls. We sit quietly at the heart, looking backward and looking forward. We see the world as it is, not as it has been presented to us by colored circumstances during the week. This breathing spell, it is one of those happy compensations that are to be found all along the thoroughfare of life, and for which, with other gifts, we try to be thankful.

THE SOUL DISCIPLINED.

Bold is the life, and deep and vast in man—
A flood of being poured unchecked from Thee!
To Thee returned by Thy unfailing plan.
When tried and tried Thee will unveil to see.
The spirit leaves the body's wondrous frame,
That frame itself a world of strength and skill;
The nobler inmate now abodes will claim,
In every change to Thee aspiring still.
Although from darkness born to darkness fled,
We know that light beyond surrounds the whole;
The man survives, though the weird-corpses dead,
And he who dooms the flesh redeems the soul.

JOHN BRAMBLE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Banner of Light to its friends everywhere, sends greeting; may the New Year bring nothing but prosperity and happiness to you all; may your hearts be filled with love and joy from the beginning to the end of the year; may Heaven be at all times within and around you; and may your kind words and charitable deeds truly set forth the spirit of that religion which has become a part of your lives!

There are at least three hard months of Winter, and in that short time—long enough to many—it is possible for us all to do much positive good for those who are less favored than we. Let us forget none of the claims of our brothers and sisters upon us everywhere. Let us break from the bondage of selfishness, even as we profess to have become released from the servitude of the creeds.

The Banner of Light will aim to make itself a welcome visitor at every household during the coming year, and its proprietors sincerely hope that the friends of Truth will lend a helping hand towards extending its influence. If they will exert themselves to do this, it will be a "Happy New Year" to us all indeed.

SUGGESTIVE, ON THE SUBJECT OF INSANITY.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the December number of the "Atlantic Monthly," one of a series of smart papers from the pen of the witty Oliver Wendell Holmes, has some remarks to make on the matter of Insanity that may strike not a few people as quite new. The author argues that insanity, instead of being such an out-of-the-way and little-to-be-expected visitation, ought rather to be considered a common thing; at all events, if we really believed what they profess to believe, the Dr.'s logic makes

Strike those manifestations out of existence, as though they had never been, and Spiritualism is not harmed. It is not their office to convince—simply to attract attention. They have attracted attention, and their function is done—their office ceases, and whatever else they perform is incidental only to the office they fulfill. For a time, they were the main features of Spiritualism,—but the mind soon tires of them, and asks for something more. We have now no manifestations of that nature to compare with those of six years ago, and soon they will be entirely withdrawn, to make place for a higher grade of development.

The Harvard Committee were three days investigating the subject. They examined twelve mediums, and thus it ended. He who is expected to believe on so trivial an investigation as that, must know nothing of the human mind, or of his own mind. I devoted four years to the investigation of this strange phenomenon, ere I was convinced of the truth of spirit intercourse, and I had hundreds of opportunities of thoroughly sifting the matter. Up to that time, doubts and difficulties had been constantly in my way. Since those four years have passed, and up to the present time, I have continued my investigations.

Whose testimony on this point is most valuable, he who spent years in a thorough investigation, or they who were three days at it? I present to you a single issue; compare my case with theirs.

But there are thousands of intelligent persons, after giving the subject thorough attention, who are witnesses of its truth, and four college Professors, who gave the matter three days attention on the other side. Which is wrong, and which is right?

If they are right, we must no longer trust our senses—we must not keep away from the fire for fear of being burned, and we may be run over by the next omnibus we meet in the street. According to their example, a man who knows nothing of matter can give a better explanation than those who have for years made it a study. The savage on the Rocky Mountains is a better judge of the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, or a passage in Greek, than any Professor Cambridge can turn out. No man ever went into an investigation with preconceived ideas against it, without prejudice. The frame of mind is a very important matter. Again, there are certain rules governing spiritual communion, to which they paid no regard in their investigation, and the result was their own. They hold up their bottle of liquid phosphorus, in broad day-light, and marvel why it is not luminous, as it is under its natural laws—in its proper time. They try to make a horse-shoe of cold iron, and they are surprised that the horse-shoe doesn't come just as though the iron was hot. The frame of mind can be such that the medium is rendered powerless, and it is not wonderful that the Davenport boys and Fox girls were deprived of their power, when under the scrutiny of the Cambridge Professors, who were bound to take advantage of every flaw. How this is, we cannot tell. Spiritualists often build up theories to explain this, but they merely make themselves ridiculous, and had better confess the truth, and own that it is unexplainable.

The mental condition of that committee was calculated to defeat their own efforts. It was limited in its efforts, and the world knows it. Spiritualism has not lost a single believer by it. Physical manifestations have time and again precluded all idea of collusion, deception or demonology.

To enter into a special detail of such cases, would be useless and tiresome, though there are numberless instances on record. We know from the teachings of Spiritualism, that it is not injurious to man's honesty and woman's purity. They cheer the human heart, and lift it from degradation. Can such teachings be hurtful, and, if so, what can be good? Spiritualism teaches two things. The first is self-control; this restrains men from the exercise of all evil passions, and is a matter of absolute necessity with those who would become truly spiritual; the second is, love God and your fellow. On these hang all the law and morals of Spiritualism. Complaint has been made that many churches in New England have suffered loss of numbers. Some allege it to the Western tendency of our population; but within the last ten years the population of New England has increased five hundred thousand, so that cannot be the real cause. Its cause is rather the growing infidelity of the people. Not more than five millions of the inhabitants of the United States are Christian church members, and the mass of the remainder are infidels.

It is with this latter class that Spiritualism is to work, and already thousands have been convinced of the existence of God and of the soul's immortality of his influence. Robert Owen is one example of this kind.

Can it taint the honor of man or the purity of woman to be taught that there is a God, and that their soul is immortal?

Man has lived for centuries in the age of effects. May he never live in the age of causes? What are the railroad, the telegraph, and such like improvements, but heralds of the advent of an age of causes? Can we be told that we have come to the end of knowledge, and that there is no more to learn? Can it be that we are so much behind the ancient philosophers? (The Judge here read quotations from Socrates and Cicero, giving their cohesion to a belief in spirit impressions, warning, &c.) He also instanced Dr. Samuel Johnson as a believer in the same thing.)

Now, after referring to the luminaries of the world, see what the wise men of Harvard ask us to believe. Their request is modest, to say nothing more. Records of manifestations of spirit-presence are frequent in the Bible. Angels appeared severally to Hagar, Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Moses, Balaam, Gideon, Elijah, Zachariah, the two Marys at the sepulchre, the Virgin Mary, the Shepherds, Peter, James, Paul, John, and others; and profane history is full of such records. To assure us that these manifestations are by spirits of men who once walked the earth, John was assured that the spirit who spoke to him was one of the prophets. Some would make electricity the cause of these manifestations. Electricity, though it may rend an oak or pick up a needle, cannot lift a table, or create intelligence. The only true hypothesis is the communion with mortals of those who have gone before. We will not believe that we are at the end of knowledge, and can go no further. Choose ye what service ye will render to this new phenomena. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

The prefatory exercises in the evening were similar to those in the afternoon. The Judge commenced his discourse by repeating some of the leading points of his afternoon discourse. The necessity of self-control; the difficulty of imparting to others an idea of that sensation which is perfectly evident to the

person influenced; the imperfect channels of spirit communication. We are admonished that we can not expect the world to believe that which conflicts with all their pre-established ideas of religion and a future life.

In this discourse he should labor to prove that even if so much of Spiritualism as the Harvard Committee did investigate was a collusion and imposition, the greater part of Spiritualism, its mighty truths and revelations—were left untouched. He purposed briefly to show what are these truths. Conceding that all the rappings and table-tippings can be made by mortal power, there would have arisen before them a phenomenon wonderful and beautiful. If the raps and table-tippings were all of Spiritualism—if there was nothing in it but what they investigated—he would have renounced his belief years and years ago. But there was an intelligence manifested through these simple raps, and it was this intelligence which arrested his attention. This could not be mortal, for it had read his secret thoughts, and it was that which followed him wherever he went. It cannot be electricity, for it will hold a conversation with you; it knows its A B C's, and how to spell; it speaks many languages; it publishes your secret thoughts; it speaks through the mediums, of which which they never knew; it can prophesy; it tells truths and untruths; it has a will of its own. The Judge was a few days since waited on by two gentlemen from Cadiz, Spain, who spoke to him of manifestations which occurred there six years ago, similar to those in Western New York with the Fox girls; so it has individuality. It cannot be the snapping of toe joints, for raps have occurred in various parts of the room, and too high on the wall to admit of any such theory. The raps cannot be produced by machinery, for they have occurred in railroad cars, where concealed machinery would be out of the question. It has shown the feature of inanimate bodies moving without contact, and communicating intelligence. Spiritualism has resisted many such exposures as that at Cambridge, and it has conquered in every case. There are impostors, and always are we must expect fabricated manifestations, and none are more anxious for their exposure than we. But there are other classes of spiritual manifestations—some mediums hear music and voices, and he himself had heard imitations of the jack-plane, saw, and the breaking of a ship's timbers; the moving of heavy bodies; playing on musical instruments; lifting up of the human form; walking on the water (two instances of which he cited); creating perfume of flowers; men have been restrained from the evil exercise of power. Is one of these phenomena explained by the Harvard Committee? As a proof of their spiritual source, they have told secrets known only to the dead, or between one living and one dead; have given matter foreign to that in the minds of any one present; have set mortal power at naught. These manifestations have come when no mortal power could stop them, and have been withheld when all mortal wishes were for their appearance. They have come with all the infinite variety of human character; and it would be impossible for mortal man to invent such an endless variety of manifestations.

None of these last named manifestations were investigated by the committee. The Judge himself has seen and conversed with spirits, and gave examples to that effect, though he asked no one to believe him—as a man's word is by no means satisfactory evidence. The healing medium, through whom diseases are detected and remedies prescribed, and through whom cures are effected by laying on of hands, was a phenomenon beyond their comprehension. He gave examples of such power, which had come under his particular notice. How can the power of the speaking medium be accounted for by any mortal hypothesis. They often speak in foreign languages, and everything is perfectly rendered.

Mrs. Hatch is a wonderful example of this power. The writing medium who writes mechanically, upside-down, and often in a strange tongue, is a subject worthy of their investigation. Then there is the impressible medium, of which the judge is an example. All ideas which cannot be traced back to a material object, and which are called "innate," are the impression of spirits. The inspirational medium, of which the poet, the orator, the painter, and the sculptor are types. Flowers are painted without any study in the art, so perfect that when examined through a microscope, the leaves have the same appearance as the natural model.

It has been urged as an objection to Spiritualism that it is full of incongruities. Spiritualism is a new thing, as yet undeveloped, and cannot be expected to be free from them, but Christianity has lived for eighteen hundred years, and its incongruities have always been evident and are not settled yet. Spiritualism comes giving us examples of the love of God, and to enforce upon us the love of our fellows and to satisfy us of a future existence. Profane and sacred history prove the existence of spirit-warnings and instructions at early ages of the world, and it cannot be that we are at the end of knowledge now, and can go no further.

The exercise concluded with singing. Miss Bebe will lecture next Sunday, and Mrs. Henderson will occupy the desk the remainder of the month of January.

TO PROF. FELTON.—THE COMMUNICATIONS IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

It has been charged by you that some of the communications published in this paper, were evidently fabricated by the medium or some spirit in the body. And the impression, I suppose, was intended to be made upon the mind of the reader, that if some, then all of these communications were thus fabricated. The cases of young Bird, of Watertown, and John E. Thayer, have been singled out by you as being clearly and beyond dispute, of this class. Now I myself know nothing respecting the life of these individuals, which would enable me to determine whether the communications purporting to come from them are true or false. But of one thing I am perfectly satisfied, that they did not proceed from the medium, Mrs. Conant. There was no possible motive to induce her to fabricate them, and she was probably entirely ignorant respecting them and their lives.

Col. Anderson was still at Castillo. He had three months provisions, six pieces of artillery, which he captured from the Costa Ricans, with an abundance of ammunition.

Gen. Walker was sent to New York on parole, a passenger in the Northern Light.

Captain Engle of the Wabash also comes as bearer of despatches.

The slope-of-war Decatur was at Panama.

Gen. Martinez had been elected President of Nicaragua, and was inaugurated Nov. 15.

Active preparations have been made for an en-

counter war on Costa Rica, which power has manifested a desire to arrange matters.

Costa Rica had sent 400 men against Anderson.

CALIFORNIA.

The news from California is unimportant, except to the mining interest. Heavy rains had fallen in the interior, reviving trade, and imparting new vigor to mining operations.

At San Francisco business was generally very quiet. The money market is active. Merchandise loans are made at 2 a 1-2 per cent. per month. Whalers' bills have sold as low as 10 per cent. discount on Boston and New York.

The receipt of gold from the mines was steadily on the increase, though there was some scarcity of water. Mexican dollars commanded 16 per cent. premium.

The United States Branch Mint was re-opened on the 23d of November, and was doing a heavy business. Sight drafts on New York 3 percent. premium.

The financial condition of California was improving. There was over \$100,000 in the State Treasury. Two respectable citizens of Stanislaus county, Andrew Bird and Mr. Robinson, had been mysteriously murdered.

The ship Aurora had cleared for China with 600 Chinese passengers.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From South America the dates are: Callao, Nov. 26, and Valparaiso 16th.

A clerk in a business house in Santiago, Chili, had committed frauds to the amount of \$100,000.

In Valparaiso, Mr. Bernal, a retailer, had forged bills, to meet his liabilities, to the amount of \$100,000, and committed suicide.

The Chilean Congress had passed a law authorizing a loan of \$7,000,000, for the completion of the Valparaiso and Southern Railroads.

The Chilean war steamer Esmaralda had sailed under secret orders, for Cobija, for the purpose, it was surmised, of claiming an American vessel seized by the Brazilian authorities, in the port of Santa Maria, the right of sovereignty over which is disputed between Bolivia and Chili.

MEETINGS LAST SUNDAY, AT 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

In the afternoon Dr. Child gave a lecture, in which he stated that in all the teachings of the New Testament could not be found any passage or passages to justify us in holding in our possession any earthly goods defined and bounded by the right of self-possession, but many passages were therein recorded, which forbid our so doing. In the evening Mr. Duncey, Mr. Edson, Mr. Newcomb, Mr. Cash, and Dr. Child, spoke upon the same subject.

MATERIAL OR IMMATERIAL.

In our report of Miss Beebe's answers to questions asked of her on Sunday evening, December 20, the word immaterial was used in reference to the nature of the soul; it should have been material.

Dramatic.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—The Equestrian Drama of "Mazepa" was put upon the stage on Monday evening, in fine style. Mr. Charles J. Foster, equestrian from New York and Western States, is the "star," and bears a good reputation in his line of business. Of course the patrons of the National will see that he is greeted by full audiences during his brief engagement.

BOSTON THEATRE.—By reference to his notice in another column, it will be perceived that Mr. H. W. Fenn takes a benefit on Wednesday evening next. Mr. Fenn is entitled to, and enjoys, the esteem of the theatre-going public, and will doubtless receive a tangible evidence of the fact.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE MAILS.—Out of joint is no phrase to apply to these contrivances. We do not know that the Banner is so entertaining as to be a temptation to P. M.'s and clerks to break the 8th commandment, but there is certainly much more complaint that there should be, of the insufficiency of the arrangement to secure punctual delivery. We take especial pains to send our mail papers off in season, and to all subscribers, checking each after they are written, so that we are not to blame. We hope this will end the matter, that there will be no more cause of complaint. Subscribers will always be supplied by writing us.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans Dec. 25, with dates from the City of Mexico to the 17th. Another revolution broke out on the 10th. The garrison at Tacubaya pronounced against the dissolving of the Congress, the overthrowing of the Constitution, and the declaring of Commonfront Dictator. Vera Cruz follows the example, and it was expected the rest of the States would also do so. Later accounts from Yucatan state that the reactionists had captured Elsal, which again was retaken by the government troops.

OUR first snow storm of the season occurred on Dec. 26th.

VERY LIKELY.—It was once said by a man that there was not a bank bill which, if it had a voice, could honestly exclaim—"I know that my redeemer liveth."

W. D. & A. Brown, 14 Hanover street, are capital dentists, deserving, (as they no doubt receive,) liberal patronage.

THE ROCHESTER MURDER.—The inquest into the death of Mr. Little resulted in the holding of Mrs. Littles and her brother for trial for murder.

A SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A doctor in Nashville gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since:—"A new bohnet, a cashmere shawl, a pair of gaither boots!" The lady recovered immediately.

SACRAMENT.—How a man or woman with refinement enough to love a flower, can be devilish enough to steal it from a grave, with the tears of love fresh upon it, passes our comprehension.—[Springfield Republican.]

ARETTE, FOR POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—Two young men named George A. Monroe and Phillips E. Mason, have been arrested in Taunton on suspicion of being concerned in the recent Post Office robberies in Dighton, Mass., and Moosup, Connecticut.

TURNED UP AGAIN.—George Latimer, the hero of the first fugitive slave case in Boston, and who sub-

ssequently served two years in the State Prison for stealing \$700 from Thomas Townsend, has been arrested in this city for breaking into the store of William H. Low, and stealing a quantity of dry goods. The property was found under the roof of Latimer's house. Held in \$500 for trial.

KANSAS.—The Legislature has passed an act submitting the Calhoun Constitution to the vote of the Territory on the 5th inst., in three forms: First, Constitution with slavery; second, Constitution without slavery; and third, against the Constitution. Stringent measures had been adopted for watching the polls on the 21st; commissioners were appointed in each precinct, to take the names of all voters, so as to detect false returns.

LATER.—From letters received at the State Department, from Chief Justice Williams of Kansas Territory, giving a detailed account of disturbances which have taken place in the vicinity of Fort Scott, we learn that a body of one hundred Free State men, armed with rifles and revolvers, under command of one Montgomery, had been committing outrages in the above named locality, and when a Marshal proceeded to arrest them under a law process, they resisted his authority, stating that they had advices from Gen. Lane that all the Territorial laws had been repealed by the Legislature. At the last accounts they were besieging Fort Scott, and threatening to burn it.

A wealthy printer has been discovered in India. The British Zoological Society are making preparations to catch him.

Pretty Good.—Under the marriage head of one of our city papers a record of the marriage of Mr. Benjamin S. Joy (of the firm of Tower & Joy in this city) to Miss Francis D. Bates, eldest daughter of Hon. Amos Bates of Hingham. It is accompanied with the following clever epigram:

"No more debauch (D. late); dissolved in Joy,
The bride has found a home,
With present bliss without alloy,
And many joys to come."

FLOUR VIA GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—Since the 1st of November about twenty-five thousand barrels of flour have reached Boston market by the way of the Portland steamboats, having been sent from Chicago, Detroit, Kalamazoo, and other Western entrepôts, by the Grand Trunk Railway. At least an equal quantity by the same route has found a market in Maine, or been shipped to Europe from Portland.

A Dutchman, in Fleming, N. Y., whose wife had been for some days lying at the point of death, was filling the air with his grief, when he happened to look up and behold the balloon of Professor Steinbeck coming down from the clouds. He was so frightened at the apparition that he was barely able to stagger into the house and exclaim:—"Mein Gott! ter tuellish coming after mein wife!"

**One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.**

Tufts College in Somerville has been presented with a set of New Jerusalem Church publications by the General Convention of that church. All the writings of Swedenborg are included in the donation.

THREE PLACES.—Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz., the bench, the pulpit, and the gallows.

A LIBERAL DONATION.—The receipts from the sale of tickets to Mr. Everett's oration for the benefit of the poor under the auspices of the Boston Provident Association, will exceed fourteen hundred dollars, it is said.

SAVED BY HER HOOPS.—A young Miss of fourteen summers was indulging in the delightful sport of skating, on a small water privilege about a mile out of Manchester, N. H., one day last week, and the ice gave way where the water was twelve feet deep, and in she went, but being surrounded by a most fashionable array of hoops, which made a wide ring around her on the neighboring ice, she was saved from sinking below her waist. Another girl came to her rescue, and she was saved. Had it not been for the hoops, her chances would have been very slim.

The Secretary of War has received a telegram from Lieut. Gen. Scott, from New York, in which he says he has good news from the Utah expedition. Col. Johnston and Smith, and their trains, were up with Col. Alexander, who was marching upon Fort Bridger, which was only sixteen miles off, on Nov. 7th. The troops were in high spirits. Just enough snow had fallen to protect the grass from fire.

The calcium light

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO H—.

BY MADON CARRAL.

The angels have woven a garland of light
And crowned thy dear brow with the flowers,
Whose beauty the fruits of the earth cannot blight,
Nor ever be crushed by earth showers.
And freely, and purely, they strew o'er thy way
The glory they caught from the heavenly day.
They gladden thy soul with the melody pure
That floats through their beautiful home;
And thy spirit to holier pleasures allure,
By painting the glory to come.
And softly, and sweetly, they whisper to thee,
Of the shadowless beauty that spirit shall see.
Through them they have lightened the wearying heart,
And spoke the sweet words of cheer,
And caused the soft radiance of heaven to dart
O'er many a dark pathway here.
And brightly, and purely, will sparkle the crown
Thou'lt win, when thy burdens have all been laid down.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CHRISTMAS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

There are many gathered around the social board, with smiling faces and glad hearts, welcoming the return of Christmas. There are happy family reunions, where no vacant places renew the heart's great sorrow, telling of the loved departed, of the wept-for absent and estranged. And oh, world of contrasts! there are fireless hearths, beside whose ashes cower bent forms of suffering; to whom a loaf of bread would be a sumptuous feast. There, on velvet couch, declines the indolent, unthinking votary of fashion and frivolity; but a wall divides her from the emaciated group that shivering sit around the embers of a poverty-stricken hearth. The ringing laughter of little children rises on the air; the patter of little feet sounds musically—their eager voices shout with glee; and care-worn, worldly men and women listen, and awhile grow young and happy, participating in that innocent merriment, that unfeigned, uncheked joy.

But there are little children, beautiful and frail as these, with no covering upon their sunny locks, no shoes upon their feet, with rags upon their shivering limbs! Little blue-eyed, angel-featured children! upon whose hands the hand of care so soon has traced its mark of suffering; upon whose hearts most heavily weighs the burden of premature sorrows and experiences.

Merry Christmas! Smiling faces greet us; beaming smiles, heart warm embraces; youthful voices sing of expectant joy and hope; the high heart of youth ever sings its exultant melody; and memory brings her magic pictures wherewith to delight or sadden. Outwardly, the world is fair, so full of sunshine, and the eager, bustling crowd appears so happy; but to thee, oh, disenchanted dreamer! the shadows come at thy call, and the very sunshine leads thee to the haunts of wretchedness, where starvation broods beside the broken home altar, and phantom forms of despair whisper of powerful temptations, abroad, in the fair sunny world. And in halls of luxury, where the breaking heart puts on a mask of smiles, the shadows glide, and the sunshine falls unheeded; the shrine of wealth gleams there, a wondrous and a dazzling sight; but the glittering gems there piled, the costly pearls there strewn, bring not one ray of joy to the desolate possessor, give not peace unto her soul.

To how many sadly beating hearts Christmas comes, not with the festal wreath, but with the cypress crown; not with its hopeful evergreens, but with the withered tokens, the mourning veil, the shrouded form. But this need not be; for the cypress now is cast aside, and on the brows of the departed gleam undying roses, and lilies culled in bowers of immortality. The veil and garb of mourning has been cast aside, and our household angels welcome us with the smiles and words of yore. We clasp their hands, we feel their breath upon our cheeks, and the song of bereavement is hushed, the repining murmur stilled, and we know that our beloved ones "are found, and not lost," to us, even here.

Amid the convivial meeting, seated at the ample board, as in the crowded hall; amid the mazes of the dance, and the pauses of the delicious music, comes the memory—the blissful or regretful memory of the departed. In the crowded mart, or in the retirement of the closet, amid fashion's whirl, and the silence of solitude, come whispers o'er the soul; yearning fondness o'er the heart. But no longer with tears need we hail those recollections, or if tears attend them, they should be tears of joy; for no longer the ice barriers of fear and superstition uprear between our world and the illimitable realms of spirit; and at all hours and seasons we hold communion with "the beloved, the true-hearted," dwelling in the beautiful lands we have hitherto vaguely dreamed of and yearned for.

Merry Christmas truly to the sincere believers in spirit-intercourse, upon whose soul is showered gift upon gift of power and beauty; upon whose spiritual perceptions dawns the better era; who feels the haven that angels dwell in struggling into life within himself.

Those who scoff at spiritual intercourse, and deny the elevating and refining influence of spiritual circles, know not of true enjoyment, and the most rational employment of leisure hours. Look upon a well developed, harmonious circle; look upon their happy faces; behold the inward joy irradiating their features with a light divine, the smiles of recognition that sit upon their lips; participate in the beautiful security of their faith, and tell me where in gayest worldly haunts can so true an enjoyment, so unalloyed a pleasure be found? Where among the creed-wranglers and formal worshippers can so guiding and saving a faith be found?

The curtains are drawn; the fire burns brightly, the shaded lamp casts a sober gleam around; a little band have met to hold communion with their spirit friends. As they cease singing their welcome hymn, on one and all the spirit influence descends, and they realize the great truth of Immortality, the nearness of their loved ones, the guardian care of angelic friends.

An old man smiles a smile of unspeakable joy; whisperings from spirit land fill his soul with the spirit's youth and lightness; upon his brow he feels the inspiring touch of an angel's hand; his lips move not, but soul communes with soul, and he knows that, radiant with truth and beauty, a loved companion awaits his coming, and a daughter calls for him the flowers of Immortality. The faith that guides and illumines, which creed-worship could never give, uplifts his being into an atmosphere of love and prayer; he knows now that heaven is a reality, that a loving Father rules.

"Tears tremble in the dark eyes of yonder matron,

but they are the tears of a grateful joy. To her seeking heart's fervent invocation the beloved one has responded; for the medium's hand has written: "I am here, beloved wife!" and a prayer too deep for words, a deep and voiceless rapture fills her soul. The golden ringlets shade the sweet contemplative brow of a young girl, on whose cheek the rose-tint dwells in all its early freshness. She bends eagerly forward; a flush of joy mounts to her very temples, and, with caressing melody, her spirit's utterance is framed; "Dear mother, are you here to-night?" as low rappings sound upon the table on which her hand is resting.

A solitary man sits beside her; care and sorrow, many bitter trials have furrowed his brow and creased his cheek, and woven silvery threads amid his raven hair; now, admitted to the communion that soothes the heart, and elevates and inspires the soul, his brow unbends from the troublous business cares, the stern lines around his mouth relax, and calm falls on his spirit, and peace broods lovingly around and within. For loved ones are telling him of the beautiful worlds beyond, where they have found peace and joy, which he, the unforgotten and fondly loved one, shall share with them.

The childless mother feels the presence of her heaven-transplanted flower; her eyelids droop, and a sweet smile plays around her lips; she beholds, in trance, the well-remembered form, that, ever advancing in knowledge and love, and maturing to the angel's stature, smiles upon her with the baby smile she loved so well. And, returning to the outer world, that mother feels a deeper aspiration kindling the depths within; a calm and lofty dignity invests her with power. Mother of an angel! she feels she must be pure and true to clasp that sinless one to her bosom, when the life of earth is past. The widow and the orphan, the sorrowing and the oppressed, the erring and the earnest seeker, the scoffer and the denier of God, all have been favored with evidences of the life beyond, with proofs of spirit intercourse, with lofty and consoling communications, which have made them better and happier. At this moment thousands of hearts are beating with rapturous thankfulness, and many households are gladdened by the visits of the angel band. Then, while the Christmas fire burns brightly, and the crimson berries gleam from the encircling evergreens, while the curtains are cosily drawn, and the cold winds blow, let us draw around our tables, and, with pure and lofty thought and loving invocation, recall our loved ones, and receive from them the truths we seek; and from their spirit presence let us go, strong in faith and holy motive, into the battle of life, to meet with antagonism, discord, and wrong. In love let us strive to overcome evil within ourselves, and in the world without; and giving here a smile, and there a blessing, awarding aid to some, and sympathy to all, let us pass a merry Christmas.

Correspondence.

SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED IN SALEM.

The following letter arrived too late for insertion in our last number. It is a capital opening of the New Year, however, and we always like to commence it well.

SALEM, December 19, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—I propose giving you a brief account of a recent attempt made here to expose Spiritualism. Our citizens were duly notified last week, by the city papers and posters, that Dr. Addison Davis, a person who has acquired some notoriety in Lynn, where he resides, for his violent denunciation of mediums as cheats and impostors, and of Spiritualists as fools and dupes, would, on the next Sunday evening, give an exposition of Spiritualism, and from his own experience, and by an exposé of many of the prominent mediums, prove it to be only humbug and imposture.

In this part of the country, where there are hundreds of mediums, more or less, developed, in every walk of life, and every grade of society, from the tiny infant to the gray-haired adult, it is something of a rarity to find a man sufficiently presumptuous, to declare the whole thing a deception, entirely destitute of truthful phenomena, and the mediums all cheats and liars; and at the risk of being humbugged, I went to Lyceum Hall to hear the "Exposition." He commenced by giving what he called a history of the Rappings, in which he informed us that the Fox girls invented the trick of Rapping for the purpose of fooling their neighbors on the first of April—All-Fools' Day—and finding the trick to work so well, they continued to practise it for money-making purposes. The trick was exposed at the time by Professor Page—to whom Salem had the honor of giving birth—and also by other learned and scientific men. He did not allude to the knee-joint Professors of Buffalo, or to the toe-joint theory of Rev. Dr. Potts, but probably included them in the remark. This is a fair specimen of the truthfulness of his history.

He then gave us some of the results of his experience with different mediums, for the last seven years, beginning with Mrs. Cooper, and ending with Mrs. Hatch. Many of them had been very successful in imposing upon the credulity of people all over the country, and many of the first minds had, in consequence, become believers in the pretended phenomena. But they never could stand the ordeal in Lynn, and ever quailed before the scrutiny of Dr. Addison Davis, who proved them, to his own satisfaction at least, to be arrant humbugs. It was reserved for Lynn and Dr. Davis, to interpose the first effective barrier to the "stupendous delusion." After he had gone on for about an hour in charging the mediums with practising trick and deception, he was reminded by some of the audience that he had advertised to make an exposé of the mediums, and as he had professed to be acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the "physical manifestations," it was expected of him that he would put his assertions to the proof by actually producing the manifestations. This he declined doing, but pledged himself ready to perform any manifestation that he could see produced by any medium. As there was no medium present who was known to be reliable before a public audience, I asked him if he would fulfil his pledge at a subsequent time, and meet a medium here for that purpose. He replied that he would. To prevent all possibility of mistake or misunderstanding, I repeated the pledge to him just before the close of the meeting, and he again assented to it. On the next day, I obtained the consent of Mr. Charles H. Foster, of this town, who is one of the best test mediums in the country, to meet Dr. Davis here, and go through with the proposed trial, either in public or private. I immediately wrote to Dr. Davis, informing him that he had now

an opportunity to fulfil his pledge to the people of Salem, by meeting with Mr. Foster—that the conditions of the meeting could be arranged by a committee, mutually agreed upon, and wishing him to name as early, a day as convenient for the trial. He replied to me this morning, that as Mr. Foster was a stranger to him, he had made inquiry of those acquainted with his reputation, and had received such assurances as made it proper for him to finally decline meeting him. Knowing that there was no foundation in truth for this imputation on the character of Mr. F., I went over to Lynn with him and another gentleman, to ascertain what was meant by the insinuation. In this we could obtain no satisfaction. We expressed our surprise that he should refuse to test this important matter on account of any such objection, for he had classed all mediums with charlatans, cheats, impostors, liars, &c., and yet he had agreed to meet one of these disreputable characters, and prove him to be what he represented.

We further told him that the people in Salem would regard it as hacking out of his agreement, if he failed to meet Mr. Foster, for the insinuation against Mr. F. would be refuted by all who knew him. Finding this subterfuge would not avail him, he said he could not afford the expense of going to Salem for this purpose, but he would have a trial in Lynn with Mr. Foster, after a preliminary seance with him.

We replied that we would pay his expenses if he would meet Mr. F. in Salem. He had declared to a Salem audience that the so-called Spiritual manifestations were tricks of impostors, and that he would prove his assertion by performing manifestations similar to any that may be produced by any medium. He had now the opportunity to do so, and he was honorably bound to that audience to make good his pledge. This he absolutely refused to do, and we left him, perfectly satisfied that he dared not meet Mr. F., or any other medium, and honestly and fairly put to the test his extravagant declarations. In short, it was proved conclusive to our minds, that the charge of "humbug" was never more applicable than to Dr. Addison Davis. And yet this same individual is engaged in "Exposing Spiritualism" in public lectures and through the columns of the Boston Courier. Comment is unnecessary.

N. O. ARCHER.

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Yours truly,

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

MISS AMEDY.

EAST BOSTON, Dec. 15, 1857.

MR. EDITOR.—Several years ago I was acquainted with that worthy young lady, Miss Rosa T. Amedy, now of Roxbury.

I also saw her in what I suppose to have been her first trance. In that, she became very ecstatic, and seemed likely to be a wonderful medium of the pictorial class.

A year or more after that, I heard her speak at a picnic. And there ended all the personal knowledge which I have had of her mediumship, previous to the present month.

And here is the place to say I have latterly heard her lecture spoken of as being almost incomparably beautiful. And of this I should have had no manner of doubt, were it not for the fact, that I have found her but slightly noticed by the press.

So much for hearsay. But being now on a visit to the metropolis, I have been favored with some opportunity to solve this doubt; and, last Sunday afternoon, repaired to Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, to hear and see for myself. I found the hall well filled with an intelligent looking congregation.

The medium commenced and closed with the utterance of solemn and highly appropriate prayers.

The lecture, in its thoughts, and its expressions, was really too good to be praised or described by an ordinary critic. Nevertheless, I may be permitted to suggest an impression—that it was admirably adapted to a popular audience, in which piety, philanthropy and ideality should not be lacking.

Her text was—"I saw a new heaven, and a new earth." (Rev. 21.) And the general idea, or subject of the discourse, (though not expressly pronounced,) was Reform and Progress—or, I might say, Reform and Progress of the Spiritual Man, as the means of inaugurating a New Heaven. And that necessarily preceded by Reform of the Physical or Earthly Man.

Miss Amedy is extensively engaged as a speaking medium in crowded houses in several large towns in this vicinity. And I confidently hope that much good may be done, as she seems well qualified to recommend a new heaven and a new earth, to those who are, in any measure, prepared to assist in the great and glorious work of building up the same.

W. F.

OUR BABE.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, of Roxbury.]

How doth the gift of a child, fresh from the garden of Paradise like a bouquet of budding roses, make fragrant and beautify our fireside! We set it high up on the mantel of our affections, and gaze upon it as we would upon a star, wondering, loving, yet feeling unworthy to touch—and well may we feel thus, when every word we utter, every movement we make is mirrored upon its little soul, nay to be lost or effaced. We cannot be too cautious in handling this precious gift of flesh and blood, which like wax is to be moulded in our hands for good or for evil. We cannot speak too softly, fearing to shock its tender nerves, cannot love too fondly what God has given us of himself. We feel nearer unto Him, than ever before; we feel that we have found Him at last; we forget self, in contemplation of the babe; we see heaven in the clear blue eyes, the angel smile; we feel it in its sweet balmy breath. The soft pat of its hand, is like angel fingers resting in blessing upon our head. We are made better—so we feel holy—pure, and gazing, we see nothing. Our eyes are suffused with tears—excess of happiness has overflowed, our heart. We were happy before; happy in conjugal relation, happy in our friends, in our worldly pursuits; but this last gift we have not deserved. We feel humble at contemplating the goodness of God—in this bud of promise, taken from his bosom and given to us, we see a new life; all former plans of usefulness, of pleasure, of self, of others, are forgotten. We are born again. A new existence, full of joy, has opened upon us; and baby is at the head, his every wish is our law; by a wave of his little hand we understand his wants; and like willing slaves obey, never tiring, or wishing for a moment that babe had not come; sleepless nights, when he has cried from pain, have called forth no murmur of dissatisfaction from us—we brought him to repay him for the love he has brought us. And yet, as he advances from babyhood to childhood, and wishes for what is not good for him, how careful must we be to deny him with firmness and love, to use no harshness in controlling his little spirit.

He was happy before; happy in conjugal relation, happy in our friends, in our worldly pursuits; but this last gift we have not deserved. We feel humble at contemplating the goodness of God—in this bud of promise, taken from his bosom and given to us, we see a new life; all former plans of usefulness, of pleasure, of self, of others, are forgotten. We are born again. A new existence, full of joy, has opened upon us; and baby is at the head, his every wish is our law; by a wave of his little hand we understand his wants; and like willing slaves obey, never tiring, or wishing for a moment that babe had not come; sleepless nights, when he has cried from pain, have called forth no murmur of dissatisfaction from us—we brought him to repay him for the love he has brought us. And yet, as he advances from babyhood to childhood, and wishes for what is not good for him, how careful must we be to deny him with firmness and love, to use no harshness in controlling his little spirit.

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baby watches us closely and learns us. Oh, ye who are parents, consider your position in regard to this matter; let not your love bring indulgence to your child, for it will surely end in disgust. Look ever to the future, and act accordingly, and the world will in time be filled with men wise and just, and women loving and pure. Then will Spiritualism have attained its object, and peace and harmony reign forever.

The spirit of EMELINE B. TAGGART.

Trance Speaking.

MRS. HATCH'S LECTURE.

Her last lecture for the present in Boston, was given by Mrs. Hatch at the Meionon, on Tuesday evening last, on "The Moral and Religious Nature of Man."

She prefaced her discourse with a prayer of thanks for the divine blessings; and asked that war, strife, and bloodshed, might cease, and give way to love, peace, and harmony.

She announced that, contrary to her custom, on this evening the audience should not be permitted to select the subject for her lecture, as the spirits had before announced that they wished to select the subject themselves; and the leniency of the critic was asked, if any such were there, on account of the recent sickness and present physical weakness of the medium. She said that religion and morality, though nearly allied, differed widely. They were distinct in action and effort, yet blended. Man's moral nature is simply a cultivated nature, while the religious nature is inborn, and is not dependent upon institutions or nations. The moral and religious tone of every nation is different. The savages who preceded our fathers in the heirship of the western continent, had their ideas of a God, and whom they worshipped in their own natural way.

The heathen worship idols—their highest conception of a Divinity; and the majestic sun and ever-rolling stars, because man has no control over them, became endowed with godliness. The naturalness of religion goes to prove the existence of God, which the sublime economy of the universe, the springing of vegetation, and the ethereal system, of themselves cannot do. The religion of ancient times was barbarous inhumanity; it was religion, destitute of morality, and compelled the offering of sacrifices to appease the wrath of Deity. As intellect sprang up, religion was made subservient to humanity. Morality and humanity have given tone to everything. Religion never gave birth to intellect.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Idea that religion is a dead, cold sepulchre. Though you give them a liberal education, they prefer other professions to that of theology. Again, theology has taught that God was a monster of evil, an irreconcilable tyrant. How different from a pure, holy belief in His love and mercy. It has been often remarked that the children of ministers are most always unmanageable. They see the difference between religion and morality, and the gross inconsistency of their parents' lives. Children are not naturally immoral or irreligious, but are driven to it. If you wish to have them honored and respected, you must not teach them religion, but truth and goodness for their own sakes. With such tutorage, they will become better types of practical Christianity, than hundreds of years have produced.

Our study should be a pure life, not death; not hereafter, but now, should be our care. The present is the only time to live up to our highest convictions of truth and humanity. There is no time for repentance just before death. To-day's standard of morality may give place to a higher one to-morrow. Be careful! it is not a lower one.

After the above, Mrs. Hatch gave any one who desired, the privilege of asking questions, or replying to any of her points.

Z. K. Pangborn, Esq., asked if Christ taught nothing new in his mission to earth.

Mrs. Hatch answered that he taught nothing new religiously, but practically, many things. Confucius and Plutarch taught those things which Christ, in his mission, made practical.

After further uninteresting catechization, she chanted the Lord's prayer, and retired.

Mrs. Hatch then made a statement concerning her recent sickness, which in substance is stated in the following extract from a letter from the Dr., which was received too late for insertion last week:

"In reply to the numerous inquiries of the nature of Mrs. Hatch's recent illness, I will say that it was the result of a successful effort on the part of her spirit friends to erase or throw off from her system, the re-accumulated tuberculous matter which her scrofulous diathesis generates, and which was liable, at any time, to set up a rapid decay of the lungs by ulceration. Every secretion and the outaneous surface was brought into the most profuse activity, until the system was most thoroughly renovated. This is not the proper place to give the particulars of the diagnosis of disease, and I will only say that, to me, it was the most practical and convincing physical manifestation of superior, or intelligent control, I have ever witnessed. In a darker age of the world it would have been regarded as a miracle of the first magnitude, and heralded to all coming ages as an incontestable evidence of God's interfering with His established laws, in order to protect the lives of those who are proclaiming his truth. But to me it is, in connection with many other events connected with her, an evidence amounting to a demonstration, that her spiritual guardians have control of her physical organism as well as her mental powers."

Mrs. H. started Wednesday evening for New York, where she is engaged to speak every Sunday for the next three months.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SIGNS.

BY CORA WILSON.

Tears they fall like mist and rain,
O'er life's wide and checkered plain;
Human hearts its fountainain.

When the eyes of childhood beam
With reflected sorrow's gleam,
Doom like life's heavy dream?

When the maiden's cheek is pale,
From her soul a deep-toned wail,
Answers to the winter's gale—

Know that misery and blight,
There have dimmed an angel's light;
There have steeped a soul in night.

When the finger-marks of care
Lie the forehead, once so fair,
And dark shadows linger there—

Know that untold woe and pain
In that struggling bosom reign,
Ever calling hope in vain.

But the soul's deep doubts are stirred,
Listening angels there have heard
One imploring, holy word.

The brow and on the cheek,
Beams a lustre pure and meek;
And the heart turns, God to seek.

It may be, the golden hair
Of a spirit, gleameth there,
Mid the chill and murky air.

And the tempter sits apart,
Bids the demon shapes depart,
Folds the angel to her heart.

And the beautiful and pure,
Did the lone still endure,
And shuns from earthly lore

With a strong and earnest soul;
Through the waters o'er her roll,
Homo the watchful! Heaven the goal.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5, 1857.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Comant, 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.

A. S. Doane, New York.

Eighteen hundred years ago there came a man among the children of earth, calling himself Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Now this person took up his abode with publicans and sinners. He chose his followers from among the lowly; he called around him the multitude, and he spake to them as never man spake. He performed miracles even unto raising the dead, to prove to the inhabitants of earth that he had power beyond earth. We find him at one time contending with the Rulers, and always in the ascendancy. We find him at another time eating meat with those who were eschewed by the Pharisees, Chief Priests, and Scribes.

We follow him to the Judgment, and there we find the same law manifest as we saw in his early life. Let us follow him to Calvary, and behold him hung upon the cross—the Lord your God stretched upon the cross between two thieves. One of them said: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus said: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Ah, what better proof can mortals have of forgiveness at the eleventh hour. "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" not a hundred years hence. And if He your masters, who was the only perfect child of the Father, if he could outstretch his arms and receive the thief, why should not you mortals at this day? Why should they call that common or unclean that God hath touched? Why should they, with their little power, sit upon the Throne of Justice? They worship Jehovah at the shrine of Mammon; they fail to encircle the whole human race with their love.

And are they followers of the meek, and lowly Jesus? Are they following in his footsteps? If so, listen to his words. What shall be done unto us?

They that meek long prayers, and give alms, to be seen of men—is the God pleased with them?

We think not. Our God delighteth to dwell in the humble soul. He cometh to the lowly in heart, and taketh up his seat there.

Was Jesus ever found among the Scribes and Pharisees, except the Lord God sent him there?

No, but he came to lift the downtrodden, to heal the sick, to speak peace to the sorrowing ones of earth, and he said, "If I go away, I will come again to receive you to myself."

How boundless is love! He, the chosen one, would not select from the human family, here one, and there one, to smile upon; but he called for all, and when they who had gone against him to the extent of their power persecuted him, he cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Even so do we forgive him, who, out of the body, or in it, crieth out against his brother, calling him common and unclean. They must all learn to call the children of the Great Father one by one, and blessed them. Every one must reach out the hand of love to all, ere he can be in a position to receive the blessing of the Father.

You who are basking in the sunshine of spiritual light, let your light shine, that they who are in darkness may see the light.

Mortals live here too much for self—they build a wall about the spirit, and they let too few within those walls. If one comes to them stained in sin, they say, get thee hence, we know you not. Do they not know that by so doing they drive away the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords?

To-day, says the minister, is the day of salvation. To-day, say we, lengthen out your arm, that every child of God shall be within your embrace—then ye be true children of God.

We are often pained when we return to earth, to see the coldness that exists among its children. We are often lead to offer prayers to the great throne of Deity, in their behalf. We know sin unwittingly—they have made the casket a shield against Truth. They have covered this gem with what is not Truth, and are plodding in the ways of error. So long as there is one child that cannot be recognised as a brother, so long they will be unhappy, and when they shall pass away from earth, and their eyes shall be opened to spirit existence, they will have to strive very hard to overcome that they nurtured on earth.

Here let me relate a little circumstance that transpired when I lived on earth. In my younger days I formed the acquaintance of a lad I shall call Mr. Barton; I have not given his right name, but perhaps he will understand me if no one else does.

He and I were educated together, but by reason of temperament, he was drawn away from me at the age of nineteen or twenty. I used often to hear from him, and heard he was pursuing a downward course. One day I found, on glancing at the papers, that my friend was convicted of forgery, and was sentenced to prison. I knew he was good, and that had temptation passed from him, he might have been saved. Five years passed, and I met my friend in New York. He avoided me, and crossed over. After walking a short distance, I followed him, determined to seek him out. I met him, and said, do you not know me? He said yes, but I did not know as you wished to see me. I said, you are mistaken; I do want to see you. I asked him to my hotel, and he accepted my invitation. He came, and we soon talked over past scenes. He told me many things which pained me, and at last I asked him why he did not reform now, and retrieve the error of the past.

He told me that when he came forth into the world, after imprisonment, he determined to lead an honest life, but that those he knew before his sin were detected, turned from him and shunned him. "This coolness killed me," said he, "and I believe I had as lief be a murderer and thief as an honest man." I talked to him as best I knew how, and we separated to meet again the next day. Then I proposed to him to go South and enter into business. I told him I had a friend in business in Savannah, to whom I would recommend him, and of my scanty means I would give him wherewith to take him there. Such a look of gratitude I never beheld before or since, and now that man stands in a very high political position, respected by all who know him. He changed his name, and to-day is living on earth, an honest man. I have watched him with great anxiety since I left earth, and have not been made sad on his account. He is married, has children, and lives in one of your Southern cities at this time.

I only relate this to show that a kind word and a helping hand will save many a child of God. There are too many willing to pass by on the other side; they forget that the God within will judge them, and report to the God beyond, if they do not recognise each and every child of the Father.

I should not have come here this afternoon, had I not been requested to come. I have dear friends on earth, near by you, whom I should like to communicate with, but their time has not yet come, therefore I must content myself with coming to those who bear no relation to me. I like all children of the Father, have my faults, but I am determined that my life shall henceforth be devoted to humanity. I am devoted to that at present, and shall be to all eternity. My way seems to be easiest among all classes of society, and I thank God I am permitted to come to earth, not because I expect a reward, but because I am anxious to do my duty.

A. S. DOANE, NEW YORK.

there what is on the tablet of the soul—none, I say, except those who are not subject to the flesh; they frequently see things there, which it would not do to proclaim upon the house-tops. But the time is near at hand, when all these deeds shall be manifested.

Who then shall take his neighbor's coat? who then shall take his brother's purse? who then shall bow and cry, "Abba Father," and the world be ignorant of hypocrisy? Who then shall take bread from the hungry children of earth, and stand in high places? Who then shall walk in your temple of justice, and trample on mercy and righteousness?

Ah, the time draweth nigh when every man shall stand upon his own feet, shall live by his own exertions; when every man shall return to God that which belongs to Him, and to his brother his own. The time is even now—the doors are unbarred, and the voice of God is only wanting, and those massive doors shall then swing open. He rideth in heaven, He reigneth in hell; He sitteth in the temple of every heart. He hath made, and He will come forth from the hungry children of earth, and stand in high places? Who then shall walk in your temple of justice, and trample on mercy and righteousness?

Years have rolled on since I left earth; yes, they seem long, because many of them divided me from my friends on earth, but when the glorious morning of the new dispensation dawned upon the children of earth, my soul awoke to new life, and I labored hard to come here. I have succeeded in part, for which I thank Him who sitteth in heaven.

A few words of love to one who shared my earthly joys and sorrows; she who has prayed that I may often be near to her and watch over her; she has so unconsciously sown the seed of hope in her soul, that I might at some future time reap the harvest.

To her I come. Over one year ago, I did manifest to her. I now come to water that seed, that God may give her a plentiful harvest.

Oh, I do pray God, so to scatter the seed in that dark spot where she dwells, that error may flee away, and the sun of righteousness may shine in full glory there.

She is one blessed by many, cursed by very few, Oh, that I might speak to her! but the Father has ordered it otherwise, and I am content. Yet I lived, my companion and my child, to realize spiritual existence years before this new light dawned upon earth.

Here let me relate a little circumstance that transpired when I lived on earth. In my younger days I formed the acquaintance of a lad I shall call Mr. Barton; I have not given his right name, but perhaps he will understand me if no one else does.

there is much that is good within him, and if he only had this light he would not do so unworthy an act.

I tried to make some manifestations to this man, but I failed, and as I am told he sometimes reads the spirit's paper, I thought I would just drop in here, and perchance he may read this. My name when I was on earth was Lorenzo Dow. Good day.

John Tirrell.

Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Now we of spirit life who profess to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, the Divine, if we return to earth at all, if we commune with its inhabitants, surely we shall strive to aid the fallen.

Something like twenty years ago I left my earthly home. I, in earth life, was surrounded by many near and dear to me. But of all those dear ones, I can see but one that I am drawn to, and I, no doubt, am drawn to him that I may benefit him. I love him; my soul still clings to him, and if God in His wisdom sees fit to send holier than I, to water the seed I am about to sow, I and others will behold the harvest.

To whom I wish to commune is doubtless known to you. Temptation has made him what he is; sin is marked upon his exterior, and darkness reigns within his soul. But is not God sufficient to dispel the darkness, and obliterate the stain of sin? Surely He is sufficient unto this.

With this brief introduction to you, I will proceed to my duty.

Ho to whom I come, you in earth life know by the name of A. J. Tirrell. My name, when in an earthly sphere, was John Tirrell.

Whether I was related to him in little consequence. He has an untiring soul, bound to the same Father, will pass through the same gate to Heaven you will enter.

You are sitting in the sunshine of God's love; he is sitting in darkness, and I would have him stop and consider, ere he traces upon the path of his earthly existence, those evil figures. I beg of him to turn his thoughts to God, for His seeth in secret, and if they be turned to Him when all is darkness in Nature, God is there, and He will reward openly.

Conditions have made me his guardian spirit—they have bound me to him, and if he would not

come to me, I would have him stop and consider,

ere he traces upon the path of his earthly existence,

those evil figures. I beg of him to turn his thoughts to God, for His seeth in secret, and if they be turned to Him when all is darkness in Nature, God is there, and He will reward openly.

God limits his mercy, his forgiveness to earth; as though he would not extend it to all time!

I have sinned, and yet I look for forgiveness. I look not to mortals, but to him I sinned against; not to a God in some locality afar off, but to God in all things, to the Great Principle of right, wherever it may be found.

I was told that as I committed my first and last offence on earth, thither must I return to seek

forgiveness; not to you, mortals, but to that all-pervading principle which pervades your sphere, mine, and all the universe.

I have influenced but one medium since I left earth, and that one I found in Montgomery street, New York—a lady about forty years old, rather tall, slim, light complexion, and rather out of health; no public medium, but one in private life.

The lady's name is Berry. Now she is not willing I should come to her, or that any spirit should influence her, but I wish to tell her I will do her no harm, and may, perhaps, some good.

It is not well for mediums to oppose those who come to them, if their exterior were only willing.

I have been in spirit life something like nine and one-half years; during that time I have been striving to wash my garments, that they may come decent in the sight of all men.

I have influenced but one medium since I left earth,

and that one I found in South America, on the banks of the river Amazon.

After I was seventeen years of age, I left my home.

I spent some few years in America. I traveled through

your New England States, seeking pleasure, and finding

but little, as is generally the way with most

pleasure-seekers on earth.

For reasons best known to myself, I left my home thus early in life; I resolved to wander—perhaps I was an outcast from my native land.

Be that as it may, I resolved to wander all over earth, until I could find some place

where I could enjoy myself. I found a beautiful spot

in Rio, and there I located, and from thence I passed

to the spirit life. I have an aged parent living at

home. For her sake I am here to-day. I wish her

to know that I am not in hell. I wish her to know

that I required nothing from the church on earth.

My salvation must be obtained by my own exertions,

not by those of others, individually, or in the church,

as a body. I ask mercy from none

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Deals.

— elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched fore finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

For many a year I dwelt with thee below,
My heart's dear lord, in love and calm delight;
Death closed, at length, mine eyes in endless night,
And bore me from this scene of earthly woe;

And now I rest in joy, where glories glow
— rich effulgence of celestial light;

Death had no startling terrors to affright,

Rare thoughts of thee and of thy sorrow's flow.

A ray of mercy lingers from above

To guide thee to the end of mortal life;

Nor yet so fearful will that passage prove—

I will be there—then dry thy weeping eyes;

Think of the glorious home enwrapt with love,

Where we shall reign, enthroned in the skies.

The sun which ripens the corn, and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The temper and the tried;
The joys, the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;

The gorgous thronged—the desolate,

The seal of love—the fair of hate—

Self-strong and self-fallen!

Yet do we bleed thee as thou art,

Thou restless thing, the human heart.

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence, for want of an inclination to search for them.

How dreamless swells the dark seas' breast
Of all her dazzling gems!

Her ocean-stars in radiant rest,

And mermaid diadems.

So sleeps the soul with genius fraught,

In shadowy, dim unconsciousness,

While diamond dream and starry thought

Are sparkling in its deep recesses.

Time loves the mountain, and so it lingers. The seasons are all there; storms and winter around its summit; the flowers of spring fringing the eternal robe of snow; summer glowing like a golden zone, midway upon its side; and autumn rustling at its base.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NEVA ATWOOD:

on,

THE YOUNG CLERK.

BY EMMA CARRA.

The beautiful and costly surroundings in that darkened chamber told plainly that wealth abounded in the house of Neva Atwood. A pale, anxious mother bent over the form of the delicate girl, and listened to her soft breathing, while the respiration, rachitic-like, moved the finely wrought lace that fringed the wristband to her snowy robe.

"Are you better this morning, daughter?" inquired the mother, touching her lips to the smooth, sunken cheek of her child.

"When you are near me, mother, I always think I am better."

"Then I will never leave you, Neva, but will watch beside you till I once more see the rosy hue of health bloom on your cheek, for life would be a blank without you."

The invalid raised her thin white arms, and clasped them gently around the neck of her parent, and tried to speak again, but the words died in whispers so low, that Mrs. Atwood did not gain their import. Again did the mother bend over her child, till her lips came near the soft curls that clustered around her polished brow.

"I can guess what you would say, darling, but do not let that trouble you now; think how dear you are to us all, and strive to get well and be the happy girl again that you were once."

"I can never be happy if—if—" The sentence again died in whispers, while the mother once more touched her lips to her child's forehead, and then turned gently from her, and brushed away a tear that quivered on her own dark lashes. A moment later a light rap was given on the chamber door, and the family physician entered. A smile lit up the mother's face as she extended her hand, and a pleased expression sat on the face of the invalid.

"And how do you find yourself to-day, my little patient?" exclaimed the Doctor, pleasantly, as he placed his finger on her wrist, and seated himself in the damask cushioned chair beside the bed.

"Better, Doctor."

"Pleasant news, Miss Neva." Didn't I tell you we should have you well so as to partake of the Christmas turkey? Besides, you know that persons say that old Doctor Hartwell is something of a prophet, when speaking on affairs connected with medicine. Forty years of experience has made him so, Miss Neva; I knew I should find you better to-day."

Mrs. Atwood was about to make some remarks, but a glance from the kind-hearted old man kept her silent. The physician ordered no change in the invalid's treatment, but continued to talk cheerfully in a low tone, until a half an hour or more had passed; then rising, he gave a few directions in regard to her diet, and, with a pleasant good morning, left the room.

"How is Neva to-day, Doctor?" asked a young man, a half an hour after the physician had entered his office in Blenden street. For a few moments the old man was silent,—then bending on the interrogator a glance that bespoke the deepest scorn, he answered:

"Charles Granger, she is as well as she ever can be, and look on you as one who is to be her future husband. Her disease is not of the flesh, or she would have been restored to health long ago."

"Would you have me resign the only one I ever loved, Doctor?" answered the young man weekly, with his eyes resting on the carpet.

"Yes, if that love was not returned, and well you know it is not."

"True, she may not love me now, but when we are married, my deep devotion shall gain that love for which I have labored so long."

"Charles Granger, would you marry Neva Atwood if she were penniless?"

A crimson flush spread over the young man's temples, and for a moment he was silent, but it was for a moment only, when he answered in the same bland tone:

"I never gave her wealth a thought. Have I not a fortune of my own, a fortune that is ample for us both?"

A cold, scornful smile passed over the face of the doctor, but the gaze of the young man was averted; he did not see the expression resting there, nor did he make further inquiry concerning the invalid, but in a few moments he bade the Doctor good morning, and left the office.

"Resign her! ha, ha! resign her! I flatter myself that the old Doctor tells me this tale about her severe sickness, just to frighten me out of holding the little

coquette to her bargain. What business is it to him whether I like the girl or money better. The fact is, I shall marry Neva, if she lives to recover from this illness, for I could not afford to lose her, and that little private fortune she will bring me."

As Charles Granger was mentally repeating the remarks I have written, he passed up a broad and fashionable avenue in his native city. Stopping in front of a tall block of beautiful architecture, he walked up the granite steps, and entered the dwelling with the air of one who was familiar with the spot.

"Have you seen her, Charles?" was asked by a woman dressed in the most fashionable manner, and with almost a queenly deportment, as she came into the large hall to meet her son.

"No, I have called there twice to-day, and both times I was refused admittance. The first time the servant delivered a message that the daughter was sleeping, and the mother was engaged, and the second time I called, I was told that the physician was in attendance, and I could not be admitted."

A frown passed over the woman's face while she continued, excitedly: "Do not annoy me by making use of unnecessary words, but tell me at once if you know whether she is better?"

"I do not know, mother, for after I called at Mr. Atwood's the second time, I went to the Doctor's office, and waited for his return; then, after asking him in regard to Neva's health, I received the insulting answer that she was as well as she ever would be while she looked on me as her future husband."

"Did Doctor Hartwell make such a remark to you, Charles?"

"He did."

"I trust you bore it meekly," replied Mrs. Granger, with a flushed brow, "for we have too much at stake to run the risk of losing, by making any impatient remark."

"With the meekness of a saint, mother," replied the son, with a reckless air, "for I knew that our dilapidated fortune would not allow of my showing a just resentment. But don't question me any more. I have told you if the girl lives I will marry her for the sake of her fortune; and if she dies, why, I will count the circumstance among the rest of my bad luck, and try to look up another heiress for your sake, as well as my own."

During this conversation, the mother and son entered their gorgeously furnished parlor, and seating themselves side by side on a luxurious lounge, they conversed in an undertone. At times the face of the mother would flush with anger, and then the cloud would pass away from her handsome brow, and her features would wear a sunny hue. At length, rising, she remarked, while her dark flushing eyes scanned the apartment as if to make sure they were still alone:

"Charles, you need not so much fear the influence of the old physician, for I know that concerning his history, which were I to disclose, it would so condemn him in the eyes of the world, that hereafter he would be compelled to shrink from the gaze of those whose respect he now enjoys. Believe me, I will purchase his silence at my own price ere the sun rises to-morrow."

There was a lowly home in Silvan Court, where a widow and her son resided. All night had the mother tossed from side to side on her bed, eagerly waiting for the dawn, that she might rise and resume her labor. At length the soul-cheering sun threw the first of his warm rays in the low casement, and Mrs. Milton prepared to rise. At this moment a cautious step was heard on the narrow flight of stairs that led to the small chamber above, and a kind, manly voice, remarked: "Stay where you are a little longer, mother, for the frost is thick on the window panes, and the morning is piercing cold. I will build a fire and make our little sitting-room, at least, more congenial."

"You should not have risen so early, Owen," answered Mrs. Milton from her small bedroom adjoining, "pray return to your bed, for you are ill, and should not be exposed to the cold."

"I am better now; my illness was but a slight headache, and sleep has made my brain clear again."

A little later, a cheerful fire was glowing in the small cook stove in Mrs. Milton's plain but neatly furnished sitting-room. The widow soon joined her son, and in a short time a plain breakfast was prepared by the mother, and ere the thick frost was melted on the panes, both were seated at the table. Owen ate but sparingly of the tempting toast placed before him, then leaning backward, he remarked, as he drew a letter from his pocket, "Mother, I met with a surprise yesterday. I received a letter by the way of the Post Office, which contained fifty dollars."

"A letter to you, containing fifty dollars!" exclaimed the mother, returning to the saucer the cup of coffee she was about lifting to her lips; "from whom did it come?"

"I know not; there is a mystery about the chirurgery I cannot decipher. It is too large and masculine to have been penned by a lady, and yet it does not seem to have been written by one of my own sex."

The mother took the letter and examined it closely; it contained but a few words: "Owen, please accept this trifling, and do not despair because you cannot get employment, for neither you nor your industrious mother shall lack while I have the means to make you comfortable. When you need more, do not let a feeling of delicacy prevent you from dropping a line in the Post Office, addressed to E. C."

As Mrs. Milton returned the letter, a tear of gratitude moistened the envelope, for she felt that never did she and her noble son stand more in need of help than at the present moment; but far different would have been their circumstances, for Owen had ever been industrious, had not the savings of years of toil been swallowed up among the losses of his employer, who held as a loan the back salaries of his clerks.

"Let us never despair, my dear boy," remarked the mother, when she spoke again; "but let us remember that God will not let those suffer who strive to take care of themselves."

For a little while Owen was silent, then tossing the letter and the money it contained when he first received it, into her lap, he answered:

"All day yesterday did I go from place to place, and offer my services for almost the price of a song, but a despairing No was answered in every instance, while I met scores of others as sadly destitute as myself. Night came. I turned homeward with an aching heart and a burning brain. When I saw the contents of that letter, for your sake I was glad, but for my own—God forbid that I should have to exist on charity."

"This will not be on charity, Owen, for you have the initials of our benefactor, and when you obtain employment again, you can return the sum you have received."

A crimson flush spread over the face of the doctor, but the gaze of the young man was averted; he did not see the expression resting there, nor did he make further inquiry concerning the invalid, but in a few moments he bade the Doctor good morning, and left the office.

"Resign her! ha, ha! resign her! I flatter myself that the old Doctor tells me this tale about her severe sickness, just to frighten me out of holding the little

The words of Mrs. Milton seemed to soothe the despondent feelings of the young man, who soon arose from the table and began to prepare himself to go out.

"I wish you would take this little bundle and leave it at No. 28 16th Avenue," remarked Mrs. Milton to her son, as he took his hat from the table, and then drew on his gloves. The young man quickly averted his face, while his features flushed to a dark crimson; and once or twice he attempted to speak, but the sounds died on his lips. Then grasping the small bundle, with a hurried good bye he left the spot.

"Have you seen her, Charles?" was asked by a woman dressed in the most fashionable manner, and with almost a queenly deportment, as she came into the large hall to meet her son.

"No, I have called there twice to-day, and both times I was refused admittance. The first time the servant delivered a message that the daughter was sleeping, and the mother was engaged, and the second time I called, I was told that the physician was in attendance, and I could not be admitted."

"Poor child!" sighed the widow; "it comes very hard on him to be idle, and the loss of the hard earnings of the past, too, makes him feel very sad. I wish I had not troubled him to take the bundle to Mrs. Atwood."

"Believe me, Mrs. Milton, he has done no wrong; I know all that has passed, for from one who was present I learned the particulars of the assault for which he was complained of, and now all that money can do, shall be done to prove that the chastisement given Charles Granger was merited."

Neva then related the particulars of the affair at the saloon, as given her by a friend, and then added:

as she dropped a purse into the widow's lap, "Take that, Mrs. Milton, and provide your son with a good counsellor, and here is a list of some of those who were present, and who, I think, will give evidence in his favor. I cannot be present at his trial, but believe me I shall not be the less interested."

"God bless you, Miss Neva!" said the widow, as she lifted the purse, "but I will not impose on your generosity by keeping this, for I have a sufficient sum by me for present wants, as some unknown friend has sent to my son the sum of fifty dollars, which he would not make use of, but bestowed it on me, which I will take to defray the expenses of which you have spoken."

"I shall, not allow you to return it," remarked Neva, pleasantly, as she lifted her head and arose to go. In a few moments the young heiress had entered her carriage, and was on her way to her home of luxury.

"It is strange, very strange," murmured Mrs. Milton to herself, when she was again alone, "that Neva always takes so much interest in my poor boy, yet he never likes to hear her name mentioned. The other day, when I told him that I heard that she would, in a few weeks, be married to Charles Granger, he made me no answer, but was as deeply buried in his book as though she were a stranger. But this last kind act I think will arouse him, so that when he meets her again he will not remain so silent and reserved in her presence. It was not so always, for when they were younger, and went to the same school, I have often seen them walking up the street, hand in hand, though he was but a poor boy, and she the heir to a fortune. Well, time changes us all; and then the widow sank into a deep reverie, while ever and anon the expression of her features changed from deep sadness to one of happier thought. Starting at length from her chair, she exclaimed: "Hal! it may be so, but if he loves Neva Atwood with other feelings than those of a friend, it were impudent to indulge in them, for she will soon be the bride of another, and now only thinks of him as the poor school-boy who has struggled nobly to obtain an education, and who is the son of one who has long been known to her father's family."

When Neva entered her mother's chamber, after her return from Mrs. Milton's, she found her parent seated on the lounge alone. Going to her side, she caressingly wound her arms around her neck, and resting her cheek on her shoulder, said, in a choked voice:

"Mother, you have often told me that the greatest wish of your heart is to see me happy; but I never can tell I tell you of one great secret, known only to myself and Him who knows all things."

Mrs. Atwood closed the book she was reading, and, looking anxiously into her daughter's face, bade her speak freely. For a few moments all was silent in the chamber, and then Neva laid her head on her mother's bosom, as she said, "I told you a few months back that I had rather die than marry the one that father had chosen for me to wed, thinking that he was honorable, and that his position and fortune was equal to my own. You did indeed then think only of making me happy, and prevailed on my father to relinquish all thoughts of receiving Charles Granger as a son. I told you he was unworthy; time and the research of our kind family physician have proved my words true, and convinced my father that I was the better judge where my happiness was at stake."

"I know it all, daughter; this is no secret now."

"True, but—but—mother, I love one who, though he is penniless as regards gold, possesses that which wealth cannot buy."

"His name, daughter?"

"Owen Milton."

Mrs. Atwood's cheek turned to an ashen hue, while she repeated the name, Owen Milton, like one bewildered.

"And has he ever talked to you of love, Neva?"

"Not in words, mother; but there is a language, when two hearts beat in unison, that cannot be misunderstood by those whose souls are united."

Reader, the secret is told, and now, in our own language, we will let you know the result. Had Neva not been an only child, and the joy of the household, she might have been less indulged, but her constitution was too frail to allow her to be thwarted in anything on which her happiness depended. Then marvel not that, after a few months, Neva Atwood, the heiress