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HUCKABUCK;

AN UPCOUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of

LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD,

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PART XVI.—LOVE AND LAW.—CONTINUED.

"There, you see," Mr. Banister led his imagination on, "you can have the advantage of the libraries, and the courts. You can be present at trials on almost every day in the year, if you choose. Nothing like it, for giving one facilities to prosecute his aims. And the society, too—what is their like it anywhere around here? Fol-de-rol! I think that if you can content yourself *here*, McBride, you possess more philosophy than I ever gave you credit for. More, at all events, than *I* can boast of; or should wish to boast of, either."

This man of the world had his own reasons for seeking to make Robert discontented with his present situation. He had learned how to be artful long ago. And a nature like that of the youthful law-student—so impulsive, and confiding, and thoroughly generous—was just the one for him to work upon with a prospect of success.

"Yes, but the world was n't built in a day, folks tell me," returned Robert. "I need n't try to get ahead any faster than I can. Boston is my heart's destination, if *any* place is. I shall bring round there in good time. And then I shall hope to have the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance in perhaps a little different form."

Mr. Banister eyed him closely. The remark about Boston's being the destination of his heart, had a great deal of significance for him.

"You'll find it a nice place," said he, as soon as he had measured the full meaning of his companion's expressions. "I've lived in New York, and since then I've tried Boston; and *I* say, give me the last place before any other. You get your comforts there. You get anything you want there. And then again, there isn't such an everlasting smash going on all the time. People seem to think there that life is n't worth so much, unless it can be had after the laws of order. I am of their opinion, that those laws are Heaven's first laws. If you want to live in a boiling pot, though, just stay in New York awhile. I declare, the rush is enough to make a man's head dizzy. It's one great vortex, that sucks up everything that comes within its reach. It is n't so in Boston, however; and all the pleasanter it is for it, too."

"Yes,"—acquiesced Robert, speaking as if just emerging from a reverie, "I shall bring up there finally. I hope so, at any rate."

And Mr. Byron Banister ventured on the study of his countenance a second time.

One day after another, as long as the latter contented himself with remaining in Huckabuck, he made it a point to favor the young student-at-law with his brief visits. He invariably carried his choice cigars, and they sat and smoked them at their leisure. But it was a long time before he confessed—if his inquiry was a confession—what constituted his special motive for those visits; the inquiry was respecting Mrs. Willows and her daughter. "She's a mighty pretty girl," said he, of course knowing nothing of the tender relation she bore to Robert. "I wish I could get acquainted with her."

Even then Robert was too generous to suspect anything; and his frank countenance betrayed none of the jealousy with which most young men, under like circumstances, would have been chargeable.

Finally Byron left Huckabuck, and went back to Boston. He had dropped several hints before leaving, to the effect, that he would be happy to carry with him a note of introduction to the family of Mrs. Willows; but Robert had too much at stake there to think of taking anything like a hint, and made no movement to correspond to his advances.

"I will see!" said Byron to himself, as he finished his very last call before leaving, and without meeting with any more encouragement. "Perhaps one day the tables may be turned! *Then*, we'll see who wins!"

And he actually went off in a huff, though it was no policy of his to make an exhibition of it.

You may count on it with a good deal of certainty, fair reader, that Robert soon learned the mysteries and graces of the epistolary art; and that the mail bags between Huckabuck and Boston began to assume a value for the Department such as, since the earliest settlement of old Huckabuck, they had never dared to claim for themselves before. Very few days passed without some sort of a missive's passing, too; now it was a magazine, perhaps; now a newspaper, illustrated profusely in one of the way corners with his own pocket-pencil; and then again it was a letter. And Anna wrote him back, too. Of course. For what would have been the fun, if only one party had engaged in the excitement? And such letters as *she* wrote! If a body could but have stood and looked over his shoulder while he was reading them, what a treat it would have been!

The Law got a sorry usage at his hands; it is easy to suppose; and yet he never thought of giving his studies over. Only he was not as diligent, and earnest, and plodding, and all that, as he ought to have been in order to come out a sound and respectable lawyer. But he cared not now a fig for that. If he could manage to keep his own end up, he would feel satisfied. As for his real energies, they were directed somewhere else.

All this his mother and sisters were not slow in finding out. The former he became induced to make his confidant; but his sisters were left to guess their way along as well as they could. As, for the Judge, he only supposed that in time something or another might possibly come of it; for the present, he did not dream of any such developments as were likely to interfere with the progress of his son's legal studies.

As his confidence in his mother increased, he consented to repeat to her such scraps of Anna's letters as he thought safe and proper. If anything ever brought him a thrill of happiness, it was to learn that this proposed alliance had long been one of the dearest objects of his mother's heart. Sometimes he read her a little—just a little—and then tried to smother it all up with his own commentaries. Again, he would ask her opinion upon some matter of the most trifling import in itself, but of vastly more importance just then than the rest of the world to him. Or he wanted her friendly advice; and the application became the means of consolidating a still more intimate confidence. No one could have been better pleased than his mother, to find how well her original plan was being worked out. This promised connection was of her own seeking; and therefore she was naturally anxious it should be consummated with as little delay as possible.

The Judge and his lady accordingly had but just retired for the night, somewhere about the time of mid-winter, when, as usual, she began the discussion of the matter that lay most heavily on her mind. It required all of a woman's tact to hit the heart of the subject exactly at the right moment, but she was determined at least to make a venture.

"How do you think Robert is getting along now, Mr. McBride?" said she, nervously brushing her hair a little farther under her nightcap.

"Robert?" answered the Judge, in his heavy and careless voice: "oh, *he's* doing well enough. Why?"

"Because I wanted to know; that was all. I am as eager as you are, I hope, to have him make progress. And I'm glad to hear it, if he does."

"Yes," said the young man's father, half yawning as he spoke, "Robert is doing very well. *Very* well. I think he'll make a smart lawyer. There's no reason under heaven why he should n't."

"Did you ever see anything in his conduct, Mr. McBride," she went on with him, "to make you think"——

And here she stopped short, as if she were just choking, and began to untie and tie over again the white strings to her nightcap.

"To make me think *what?*" asked the Judge, putting one of his arms under his head.

"Why, that —— that he had his mind on something else besides his books?"

"Me! No, indeed! What do you mean, Miss McBride? I don't understand you. What *could* he have to think of, unless it *was* his studies? Hey? What *could* he, I'd like to know?"

She saw that his curiosity was whetted, and there was nothing to do now but she must gratify it. Therefore she plumped out the truth; though not the whole of it at once, lest he could n't bear it.

"Well," she answered, "perhaps you never noticed how attentive he was to Anna, when she and her mother were here last summer?"

The Judge lifted his head straight off his pillow, bounced it down deeper into the feathers, and cried—"Fudge! Fiddle-faddle! Nonsense!"

"So *I* thought it was nonsense, for a while," said she.

"Well, do you pretend to say it's anything else *now?* Because if you do, I think I'd like to know it!"

"I can't say it *is n't* something more, I'm sure," responded Mrs. McBride. "If I could, I *would* say so. But it's my opinion—mind, I only say my *opinion*—that there's a different business going on between that boy and girl than you have any idea of."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the Judge, now thoroughly awake, and beginning to elbow the heavy bedclothes about him, like a man taking an involuntary sweat; "you don't mean to say that that foolish boy has gone and engaged himself!"

"I am afraid he *has*," said his wife, very calmly indeed.

"You think so? You so think so? Well, then, the business must be broken off at once!"

"But, Mr. McBride," she protested, "do pray consider! I'd have you *consider!* You can't tell what mischief you may be doing, if you set about *forcing* him out of a piece of business like this. Pray don't be rash, for you may say or do something you'll have reason to be sorry for!"

"I'm not going to be rash. "I'm going to be determined. If that boy has gone and"——

"Sh! sh! Do pray speak lower, Mr. McBride! I declare, I'm afraid he'll hear you himself!"

"I wish he would!" answered the Judge, in a still louder voice. "He'd better hear me, and then he'll understand! I say if he's gone and made any sort of engagements, matrimonial or any other, that'll be likely to interfere with his regular course of study—I'll go myself and put an end to those engagements! Every one of them!"

"No, husband," protested she gently, "you would n't do any such thing. You know you would n't."

"Would n't I? I know as well as I want to that I *would*, though! You just *see* if I would n't!"

"But, Mr. McBride"——

"But, Mrs. McBride, I tell you I *will!* Nothing under heaven shall stop me! Robert's studying *law;* and I don't mean he shall do anything else!"

"But you know, Mr. McBride"——

"No, I don't know, either! I don't want to know! If that boy undertakes now to fool me, he will find he'll get the worst of it. Marrying! What has *he* got to do with getting married, I'd like to know? How *old* is he, pray? What has he got to support a wife *with?* A pretty *husband* he'd make! And a pretty *father*, too! No, indeed, sir; you'll keep on with your law studies, or you'll go somewhere else."

"But I shouldn't think that would be the best way to talk with him about it, husband. He might take such an offence that your influence over him would cease forever."

"I care nothing about that. He'll follow up the business I've set him about, or he'll go and find some other. As for this courting, and love-making, and marrying business—I won't hear a word to it; not another word; and that's enough."

And matters went on, at least for as much as a week or two. But Mrs. McBride being herself as deeply interested in the match as Robert was, would be certain to find opportunities enough to poke in a friendly hint when it would serve her a good turn. Leave her alone for that. If the Judge happened to feel uncommonly good-natured on any night, it was a chance if he didn't get his head full before he went to sleep. If he dropped a careless syllable of praise about Robert in his wife's ear, she took up the subject from *her* point of view. Day or night, on that topic she was always ready for him. The interests of her son were watched as by the eyes of an Argus, that no single advantage might be lost to them.

The lover stuck as close to his studies as was just necessary to keep along, and no closer. If he followed any special occupation, however, that winter, it was letter-writing. That he attended to with constancy and despatch.

Now and then he strolled off into the woods, white with snow-drifts, and essayed to reduce one and another of his day-dreams to something like realization; repeating passages from the poets aloud, with no audience but the croaking old crows that were waiting impatiently for spring, or perhaps, on thawing afternoons, with a family of venturesome squirrels racing over the zig-zag rail-fences that marked the limits of ownership on one side and the other. He began to affect solitude to a wonderful degree. It was not so once. And assuredly it was no slight matter that could so suddenly have changed his bent.

But every serious subject is sure to have its humorous side. If his letters made Robert thoughtful, the way in which he got at them made him something else. For he received them, of course, through the Post Office. And that was the place where he found what fun there was in it.

The mail-coach usually came into Huckabuck about seven o'clock in the evening; which, in winter, is a good while after dark. As soon as the hour drew nigh, Robert was off for his mail. But there were others a great deal more anxious than himself there. One would have imagined they were all expecting love-letters. They crowded and wedged themselves into Mr. Pennybright's little store, as tight as figs in a drum. They squeezed, and jammed, and elbowed you as a crowd does in the vestibule of a cheap theatre. Their mingled exhalations, tempered by the heat that rose from the iron box-stove, fumigated the brain as corn-cobs and dirt chips fumigate hams in a smoke-house. Behind the snug box, in which were fixed perhaps eight or ten receptacles for letters and other mail documents, always stood Mr. Penny bright, the postmaster. His office was ordinarily worth some seventy dollars and a few odd cents, every year; but Mr. Pennybright knew how to extract something more than dollars and cents from it. He was a man to get dignity out of an official position. Even Deacon Soso could not beat him at that, though it is a fact in Huckabuck history that he had often tried it. With those great silver-bowed spectacles well down upon his nose—now looking over them, and now looking under them, but never looking through them—Mr. Pennybright solemnly called off the names of those who had letters in the mail, as the sergeant calls the roll at a military muster. Those who were present answered promptly to their names, and stepped up to receive what belonged to them. If they were not there when called, someone else kindly volunteered to be bearer of dispatches on their account. Which was, an exceedingly convenient arrangement, all considered, inasmuch as the range and character of almost every man's correspondence were thus easily understood, without putting his friends to the trouble of asking impertinent questions.

The arrival of the mail was the event of the day. Men and boys alike certified to their interest. Nay, it was thought that those who had the least business with the mail-bags, were invariably the most regular in their evening attendance. The scenes in the Post Office at these times were worthy of the attention of Billings, or Darley; and would have yielded staple enough to set up either of them with a reputation. From the men on the counter to the row squatted on the nail kegs and soap-boxes—from the Deacons to the humbler sort of the laity—from the Schoolmaster to the hunch-shouldered boys that shrank away from him into a corner to giggle—from Mr. Pennybright, *P. M.*, to the hobbling mail-carrier himself—it was a scene of infinite diversion and amusement.

XVII.

"SHA'N'T I SEE YOU HOME, MARM?"

Considering that he had succeeded in making such sorry work visiting at the Widow's of late, it occurred to General Tunbelly in season that he ought to try some new and original method, if he expected ever to accomplish anything. Thus far he had not been able to enjoy even a *tete-a-tete* with her ladyship. Up to this time he had not somehow been asked into her parlor. And although he understood very well to whom the fault belonged, he nevertheless knew his own ulterior interests too thoroughly to show signs of uneasiness or rebellion. Miss Lovitt might in time be made one of his most useful friends; and to offend her mortally at this early stage of the proceedings, would be as foolish a thing as he could think of doing. Miss Lovitt, therefore must be wheedled, and coaxed, and appeased; by hook or by crook—in one way or another, she must be "put up with."

Parson Elderberry usually held conference meetings in the little half basement of the meeting-house, on Thursday evenings, at which most of the village ladies attended. This the General knew. He had hung around there often enough to see for himself how matters went. Now and then, too, he had dropped in late, and taken a leisurely look at the attendants. He found that, among others, the Widow Banister went pretty regularly—that is, if the walking was proper—and often entirely unattended; for she could easily trot homewards again with Mrs. Shadblow as far as that lady went, and the rest of the way was just nothing to her. In a quiet place like Huckabuck, what had a lady to fear from being out alone in the evening?"

Mrs. Banister, as it happened, wore one of the prettiest hoods this winter that female fingers could put together. It was a little beauty. Had it been a bonnet outright, it would have ranked among those "loves of things" that trouble gentlemen's hearts and pockets about alike. But it was nothing but a hood; a careless, off-hand, extemporaneous affair, with pink and cherry enough about it to set off the plainest woman's face to advantage, and to warm up any shriveled old bachelor's heart to a pitch several degrees above moderation.

On a certain Thursday evening during the course of this eventful winter, the hood was out at the conference meeting as usual, though with a bit of a brown veil thrown over it, and carefully drawn across the upper corner. The wearer sat rather in the shadow of the wall that evening, nor deigned even once to turn her head about by way of a favor to the male sex on the opposite side. In truth, some would charge her with being altogether too stiff and sedate even for the occasion in hand; while others might, with a deeper insight, have made up their minds that she was very quietly playing the part of a coquette. But then, to think of such a possibility as that the Widow Banister would lend herself to these trifling arts, was going much too far. It outraged all sense of propriety.

Of those gentlemen who sat rather uneasily on the hard benches, and eyed the alluring hood and its wearer, General Tunbelly was without exception the most prominent and devoted. His heart went pit-a-pat a great many times during the continuance of Mr. Elderberry's extemporaneous discourse, and he sighed ever and anon, like the draught of a well under-way furnace. As for the text, he could not have told where it was, or what it was, to save his military title from disgrace. And the doctrine was like so much Greek to him. He sat absorbed in the mysterious folds of contemplation. Occasionally he caught himself starting forward a trifle, as if he thought the exercises might be over, and there was a chance of his losing his opportunities at the door; but he always managed to become aware of his misapprehensions in season to save himself from observation and ridicule.

When the meeting at length *was* out, the case put on a very different complexion. The rotund General threw a sharp and suggestive glance over at the pretty hood, half inclined his head that way, as if to drop a tender sort of a hint, picked up his hat, and crowded himself out as fast as he could go. By ones, and twos, and threes, the male part of the congregation straggled out after him, and took up their customary positions anywhere within from two feet, to twenty in the neighborhood of the door. They were all ready for such fortune as awaited them; and there was hardly one, whose waistcoat was not rising and falling on the left side with the tumultuous operations going on underneath.

As for the General, he established his post as near the entrance as he could get. His eye was as open as a hawk's. He drew heavy and irregular breaths, every one of them full charged with the volatile fragrance of his sentiments. The color came freshly into his face, till one might have thought, by a very moderate stretch of imagination, that the moon was rising; or without that moderate caoutchouc process, that a jack-o'-lantern was standing guard by the door.

Now the females began to pour out. At first, as if they felt a little afraid; for they came all in a knot, so tangled and tied up that no single gallant had the courage to try to undo them. Then, their timidity giving way, they were presumptuous enough to push forth alone: peeping and peering all about them before they ventured to put foot upon the door-stone. Until finally, they could see no ground, as they thought, for alarm of any sort; when they passed through the files of men as unconcernedly as if the other sex were of no account in the world, and deserved to be punished for their impertinence by being let most thoroughly alone. The ways of those Huckabuck females on Thursday evening, were a study by themselves. They let one sooner into the secrets of the social machinery of the village, than if he had ventured to climb over into the interdicted space by some other route, like a thief or a robber.

By-and-by, the pink-and-cherry hood came along; with the brown veil drawn closely down over the wearer's face. Its proprietor did not look around at all, but kept her head straight up, and pushed on. Just as free and careless, and independent, as ever. Of course no one offered to escort the owner of that hood home, for there was not a man in Huckabuck of just the right age and impudence. And as no person seemed to be near, like Mrs. Shadblow, in whose company she might find the walk less lonely and disagreeable, it only remained for her to go alone. And she set out to do it accordingly.

But there stood the General, as watchful as a cat, as anxious as his heart would allow him—stealing softly along behind, to overtake her with one of the pleasantest surprises it is possible for woman to enjoy. Ah, General Tunbelly! who would have supposed that, at your time of life, you still retained so much of that old craftiness that makes men rogues long before they get to be fools!

The General allowed her to walk on for a half-dozen paces or so, and then shot forward and came suddenly up with her. People saw it from behind, and said to one another—"Hurrah for General Tunbelly!" "The General seems to be driving a pretty big business, don't he?"

As soon he had overtaken her, which he duly signalized by an affectionate rub against her shoulder, said he in a pleasant whisper, for him—"*Sha'n't I see you home, marm?*" The lady glanced hastily around at his person to be satisfied of his identity—for which ever so quick a glance was always sufficient—and, dropping a meek courtesy there right on the snow, answered in a soft and very low voice—"Thank you, sir!"—and took his elbow.

Nothing could exceed the mixed emotions of pride, joy, love, vanity, courage, and the other what-nots that appertained to General Tunbelly's character. Had he been younger, he might have politely requested his fair companion to let go of him for a minute or so, while he danced a jolly jig all by himself beside her. To him, it did not seem possible. His fortune was a great deal too good for him. He was afraid, come to think it over again, lest he had not honestly deserved it. To know that up to this time he had never been able to make any sort of impression on her—that he had not been asked or even allowed, to walk into her parlor and sit down—that she had hitherto held out no encouragements of any nature, by which he might foot up some little calculations respecting his chances—and now to carry her off at the first onset, with all the pride and glory of a conqueror, she offering no resistance, but rather surrendering to his charms at discretion—it was something that even his sanguine nature was hardly prepared to anticipate or understand. If there was any special danger connected with his present joy, it was from apoplexy, for there was blood enough in his head already to supply the thinking machinery of at least four healthy men at once, with a trifle to spare for a small boy or two besides.

"It's a delightful night," remarked the General, picking his precarious way over the frozen crisp.

"Yes," whispered his companion, very softly.

"De-*light*-ful!" said he, again, looking up at the stars, and letting his heels trip a trifle on the snow. "Hi, there! I must take care, I guess, or I shall be down!"

The lady, who manifestly was little inclined to conversation, hugged his stout arm all the closer as he slipped, as if, in case he went down, she was determined to make the journey with him.

"I thort the minister did *better'n* common, to-night, did n't you?" said he, puffing and blowing with his exertions to keep his footing, and so that of his lady.

"Sometimes Mr. Elderberry's proper dull, and heavy like; but to-night he seemed to have got waked up a little. *Take* care, there! I declare, if either of us *should* happen to get a fall!"

The lady gave vent to an affected—or at least it sounded so—little titter, bowed down her head, and tugged hard at her protector's arm.

Following this hit-or-miss observation of the General respecting the performance of the minister was a few minutes' silence, disturbed only by the crunching of the brittle snow under their feet, and perhaps the high drum beat of the victorious hero's heart. He looked and saw people filing off ahead of him, and knew, likewise, that people were in his rear. Occasionally he threw up a glance at the stars, as if he was anxious to know under what particular constellation he had been visited with such wonderful

luck; but he was careful to keep a good lookout behind his heels. "If I *must* get a fall," thought he, "let me go it any time but now!"

"Pretty little property this of yours," he remarked, after the silence began to grow awkward. "I'm of opinion that the place at the Pine Tree 'll fetch more money than any other place in Huckabuck. Good land, let me tell you! *Proper* good land! And I'd keep a good many more *caows* 'n what *you* keep. Why in the world don't you try it marm?"

"Well," came up the half-whispered answer into his big ears, "I *have* thought of keeping a few more cows, but it's so much trouble, you know."

"Trouble? Bless me! no, it aint! Why, I'd almost promise to come over twice a day and help you myself. Taint no more work that 'tis to take care o' *one* caow; not a bit more. And there's that old maid of an Abig'il Lovitt, too, right to your hand; what more could you ask for? She's as good a critter among caows and cattle as you'll generally come across arter a long day's travel. In fact, I allers thort 't she and a caow was *made* for one another! You may consider it's strange that I should be the man to say so, but it's true, for all that. She's lived with me a great many years; and I think I'd orter know something about her by *this* time. But how does she suit *you*, I wonder? I've had a good mind to ask you that question this long while. Naow I've up an' askt it, haint I?"

"I like her very much indeed," was his companion's reply. "She is all I could expect of any one."

"Is, hey? Wal, I thort she'd be. I a'most *knew* she'd be. When she fust begun to talk so kinder one-sided about goin' away from my house, I felt a little bad about it; for she'd allus done well by me and mine, and I'd tried to do ekally well by her. But she *would* go, you see. She'd got it into her head, and there was no gittin' of it out, except by lettin' it work itself out. And there was another thing that I kinder consaited about her, too;"——

As he imagined he felt the hold on his arm strengthen, if anything, just at that moment, he instinctively crouched down a little on the side towards his fair friend, and made as if to impart his secret to her ear, with no trifling degree of confidence.

"I consaited," he went on to say, dropping his voice to correspond with the movement of his body, "that that cunnin' critter meant all the time *to ketch me!* Only think o' that, now! To ketch *me!* She was proud spirited, as you most likely know by this time; and she allus was a-keepin' her eyes open to the main chance; but she warnt quite cunnin' enough for *me*, I tell you; not with all her tricks, and a good many more hove in, too!"

His friend testified to her enjoyment of the joke, by a smothered little laugh, that, in fact, was very well done indeed.

The General laughed too. Finding his prospects widening so unexpectedly, he became exceedingly good-humored, quite confidential, and slightly inclined to uproariousness.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he crowed forth from his full-charged lungs. Abig'il Lovitt's a fair match for most men, I'm willin' t' acknowledge; but she don't carry quite guns enough for *me!* She's smart,—of course she is; but bein' smart don't include the whole story, not allus; there's generally suthin left behind to be told arterwards."

Then another pause of a few minutes, by which time they had arrived at a point just beyond Mr. Shadblow's house.

"You don't find any great trouble in takin' care o' your property, do you?" he pursued, after carefully cogitating what topic it was best to bring forward next.

"Not a bit," was the prompt answer.

"Because if you did," added he, "I was a-goin' to *say*" ——

And in his eagerness to commence a proper treatment of that subject, he carelessly relaxed his supporting arm, and suffered his fair companion to slip suddenly this way and that over the snow, and finally to go down with a floundering jerk to the ground!

He was after her, in no time; and put his brawny arm about her waist, in what he must have thought a very gentle way, and drew her up again, as a fisherman pulls up his luck from the water. So far, this was gallant enough in him. But when, in the unwonted excitement of a moment like that, he made an attempt to rob her ruby lips of a kiss, he was guilty of an offence which nobody will so readily excuse,—even if it was stolen through the thickness of a tantalizing brown veil. The General was like a man who had been taking laughing gas; he did not know what he was about.

"Why!" exclaimed his friend, adjusting her things as rapidly as possible. "Why, what *have* you done?"

"B' gracious, I dono *what* I've done, I'm sure! I'm so scaret! Did it hurt you any?"

He alluded to her fall, of course; but she thought he meant the kissing part, and made no answer. However, they soon effected a compromise, on some private basis, joined arms and fortunes once more, and went on.

When they arrived at the door, she politely asked the General if he would go in and sit awhile; but he said he thought he would n't—for that stolen kiss rather frightened him,—and took his leave.

"No, thank you," were his precise words; "but I'll tell you what,—I'll come over to-morrow night."

"Well," returned his friend, "so do; I shall be glad to see you, and as often as you'll come, after that, too!"

Straight back to the tavern went General Tunbelly from this place, and dragged his resolution up to John Kagg's bar, to refresh it with a glass of bitters. This time, old John was as much puzzled as when the General before swallowed his tumbler of brandy raw; for now he filled up his glass with water only, and drank it down without a word, duly depositing his fourpence on the bar afterwards. And then went out, and probably felt just as well for the rest of the evening.

As soon as the next morning dawned, that impatient feeling set in which made him so restless and uneasy until nightfall. He ate his usual breakfast, it is true; and foddered his cattle; and fed his sheep and hens; and watered his horses, according to custom; but still, he was not altogether himself. Sometimes considerably abstracted; standing and looking over the wall by the half hour; sitting about in his solitary living-room with his hat on; rubbing up his head briskly with his hand; and generally lost to the little household events that were transpiring in their regular order around him.

When it came evening at last, the General looked like a new man. It was wonderful how he had perked and prinked himself up. A body would hardly recognize him under such a transformation. With the stalk in his high collar, and the fine plaiting in his shirt frill. With his very newest and slenderest suit of black hitched up and buttoned about him. And his shiny hat; and his gloves; and his cane. To see him, as he took that final and farewell look into his mirror, was to catch a new air from rustic grace itself.

Arriving in due time at the Pine Tree Mansion, he pushed up boldly to the front door,—for he thought he had had enough of that side door,—and began a gentle tapping. Wakeful senses were on the alert for him, however; and he was not suffered to remain long in the cold outside, before one of the attentive inmates made her appearance. It was Miss Abigail. She always considered it her duty to wait on the door.

"Ah! Good evening!" said the General, putting his foot over the threshold.

"How do you do, General?" responded the old maid, opening the door wide enough to admit him. "Let me take your things," said she. "Lay your hat down on the table. Hang up your overcoat there, General!" All which directions he proceeded to obey without stopping to ask any needless questions.

Following her trusty guidance, he found himself—not in the private parlor of the Widow Banister, by any means, but—in the same sitting-room where he had before been shown by his present conductor. It did not jump with his ideas at all. He temporarily checked his rising dissatisfaction, however, and sat down to await the event. But as Miss Abigail took her seat likewise with as much contentedness as if she had nothing more in the world to hope for, he soon began to show signs of uneasiness; and hitched about, this way and that, in his chair. Seeing at length that nothing more promised to come of it, he concluded to plump the matter right out in her face and eyes.

"Is Miss Banister to-home, to-night?" said he.

"No, she is n't," answered Abigail.

"Hm!" returned the General, and began to drum on his chair. "Where *is* she?" he asked again.

"She's gone out to make a visit," answered Abigail.

The roots of General Tunbelly's hair all stood out the wrong way.

"Taint possible!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?" inquired the maiden. "She's as likely to go out a-visiting as anybody; and, certainly, nobody's got a better right."

"Yes, but she was to be to-home this evenin'!" said the General, rubbing his knees in alarm.

"Why, what made you think so?" and Abigail looked straight in his face.

"Because she told me so herself!" said he.

"She tell you so, did she? *When* did she tell you so, General?"

"Only last night. It was last night that I came over with her from Conf'rence; and she invited me very expressly to call and see her this evenin'; and now she aint here! What must I think of it?"

"I guess you're mistaken, General, aint you? Are you sure 'twas *her*, now?"

"Sure! Of course I am! I'm as certain of it as I am that your name is Abig'il Lovitt."

"Well, that's plain enough. But about the t'other matter, I can tell you you're a good deal mistaken. You never *came* home with Miss Banister last night!"

"Me! I didn't! What's that you pertend to say, Abig'il Lovitt? How do you know I didn't? What do you know about it, *anyhow?* What do you dare to tell me that for? Abig'il Lovitt, do you speak and answer me!"

In his excitement he had risen from his chair, and now stood in a highly menacing attitude almost over her.

"You didn't come home with her, General," she returned, "because you came home with *me!* That's the reason you're mistaken!"

The bewildered man gazed at her as if he was wild; with astonishment and mortification, as much as with wrath. Once or twice he essayed to turn around, but immediately turned back again. He was in a puzzle what to say, or what to do. At length he came sufficiently to himself again to speak.

"It *can't* be!" said he, in a groaning way. "It aint possible! I guess I know that hood o' hern!"

"Yes, but I happen to own it *myself*, now!" was her reply. "Miss Banister *gave* it to me."

"Oh, *thunder!*" he exclaimed, putting his hand upon his stomach, as if he were in pain there.

"What's a-comin' next?" And he darted out through the entry like an expressman on a sudden mission.

One thing was certain; Abigail did not hear any too much good of herself during that walk home the evening before! But then.—General Tunbelly had had a taste of her lips. And *that* was something; even if, in her case, it was not an all-sufficing consolation.

The General hurried home, and went off to bed; and for the next three days it was said he had his meals brought in and set beside him in a chair. He even entertained serious thoughts of suicide.

But Abigail fed herself on hope still; and even waxed fat on a diet, from which thousands are unable to extract sustenance enough to keep soul and body together.

XVIII.

ON THE RAIL.

When May came again, great changes came with it; at least, they came for Patty. She was prepared to act up to her resolution, and had packed her slender wardrobe for a final start.

Mrs. Banister and she had renewed their conversation during the winter on the subject of bird-stuffing and bird-mounting, and that kind lady had been at much pains to make all inquiries necessary to assist the young girl in her new project. She went over to Miss Tiptoe's several times to ask about the person of whom her brother bought his birds, and learn the locality of his little establishment in Boston. Then she wrote on to Byron, requesting him to hunt up the place; which he was successful in doing, as well as in negotiating for a chance for Patty to come and get instruction in the art to which she took such a fancy.

And to crown the kindness of Mrs. Banister in this business, she took money out of her own purse, put it in Patty's hand only a few days before the one fixed for her departure, and insisted that she should employ it in discharging needful expenses, leaving her to repay it whenever she felt inclined.

"But I've got what I saved from my last Summer's School," protested Patty; "and there is all I shall want now you have been so good as to get me a place."

"Oh, but you can't tell," said Mrs. Banister, "you may be sick, perhaps. Or lose your baggage. Or meet with an accident. And then, you'll find money is a very convenient article."

"May be it is, half of it, then?" she asked, embarrassed with the weight of such an unexpected kindness.

"No, all of it. I've enough left, I hope. And if I have not, I could take that, at any rate."

So the child was provided for.

Mrs. Banister and her apron up to her eyes when the stage-coach rattled over to their house, and "called for" the word. She had stuffed Patty's trunk with all the dainties she could either make up or procure hands on, and crowded cake and crackers into the little bag on her arm, to keep off faintness by the way.

"I shall write and let you know how I get along," said the child; but it was all she could do to say it.

Mrs. Shadblow's eyes rained fresh streams, and she nodded her head several times to express the joy an early letter would bring her.

Her husband was in the kitchen, sitting over the little fire that still burned in the cooking-stove.

"I'll just step out and say Good Bye," said Patty, after giving her trunk into the keeping of the driver.

"I'm all ready, Mr. Shadblow," she offered, going up to him and extending her hand. "Good bye! I hope you won't miss me any. But I shall write to mother, you know," meaning his wife. "I shall want to hear how *you* get along, too. Good bye!"

He did not presume to touch that hand, still extended to him, but carcened over to one side in his flag-bottomed chair, responded "Good bye" as short as he could, and began to spit carelessly into the open fire-place.

Patty would not seem to notice it, however.

"If you should be sick while I'm away," she persisted, just as affectionately as ever, "I hope you won't fail to send, and let me come and take care of you; for I never can pay you for doing so much for *me!*"

Even this did not soften him.

But time was precious, and she had to go. She turned her back on that dear old kitchen with a pang. As she passed through the miniature little keeping-room again, and found it empty, she felt as if she must sink to the floor. Those two chairs in the corners of the hearth—the little speckled sea-shells on the mantel—the tiny andirons—the dwarf mirror—all these familiar objects appealed like old friends—the friends of many a pleasant summer morning, and many a long and placid winter evening—to the subtlest and the deepest feelings of her nature. It was here that her lip for the first time began to quiver.

Mrs. Shadblow stood in the cramped box of an entry, alternately glancing out the door at the stage-coach, and in at the pet keeping-room to see if Patty was coming. The moment she did approach, the childless woman threw her arms about her neck, and burst into a loud fit of crying. She could restrain herself no longer.

"Oh, Patty—Patty—Patty!"

The words seemed to come from a heart that was really broken. Poor

The orphan kissed her over and over again.

"*Don't* cry, mother!" she was scarcely able to utter, in low and broken syllables. "I shall write you every day. And you'll promise to tell me if you are sick, or anything's the matter, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, Patty! But I never thought you'd go! I never thought you'd leave me!"

"It's all for the best, mother. You know I couldn't help it. Come, now; kiss me once more before I go."

She held the orphan to her breast, as if she would never let her go again.

"There!" said Patty, soothingly. "Good bye, now! I hope it won't be long before I shall see you again, mother. Good bye!"

And with these few last words, and another pressure of the lips, and still another embrace about her neck, the girl stepped sadly across the short walk to the gate, repenting with an inexpressible agony that she had ever thought of such a thing as going away at all. She had kept up a brave heart, for her, so far, but the sorrow that was in reserve she knew nothing of.

The driver helped her into the coach, and she took the back seat by the side of a lady whom she did not know. While she was arranging herself in her new situation, who should step up to the open window but old Malachi!

"Wal, Patty!" cried he; "goin', hey?

A nod was all the answer she made him.

"I vum! It's tew bad you're a-goin' away from Huckabuck, though!" He slipped both hands into his pockets, and began to look soberly around him, especially at the hind wheels of the coach. "Wal, I hope you'll hev good luck! I hope you won't fare no worse'n you hev here!" The driver had gathered up the reins. "Good bye to ye, then! Good luck to ye! Don't never forget *me*, Patty!"

And the whip cracked, and the horses started off.

The girl waved her handkerchief to Mrs. Shadblow, who stood before the little window in the keeping-room, wiping one eye with the corner of her apron, and trying to view her adopted child's departure with the other. The instant the coach passed out of sight, the poor woman sat down in a chair, and wept as if she never would, and never wished to stop.

Her sun had gone out, and the world was as black as night.

For some distance Patty rode along in silence, ever and anon fetching long breaths, and looking out upon the familiar objects that had stamped themselves indelibly upon her nature. The robins were at their morning chorals in the trees, and the pretty blue-birds were fluttering and singing in the meadows and orchards over the walls. She rode by old trees and rocks that had been the friends of her heart for many years; and she would have been glad to get out and speak a farewell word to each of them. She passed spots where on many a pleasant summer's day she had dreamed away the hours in peace, and secretly wished that she could go back, and the dear old times could come back, and she continue to be the child forever.

But then that great black shadow interposed, and she at once turned and looked her fortune in the face with composure.

Huckabuck was soon behind her. Not a vestige of it remained. She thought a moment of Mrs. Shadblow, wondering what she was doing at the moment, and it was all she could do to keep from bursting into tears. The lady at her side spoke a timely word about the pleasant morning, and her feelings passed into a new channel.

The [illegible] ran [illegible] hours. When they had [illegible] perhaps six miles, the driver pulled [illegible] horses [illegible] in a man who was travelling [illegible] with [illegible] coat over his arm. He helped himself in into the coach, shut the door, and cried out "All right!" when they went on again.

The stranger was of the coarsest sort of a make-up, and wore a heavy grizzly beard that would have frightened a child. The first thing he did when he turned to his [illegible] was to stare and stare. First at the lady, and then at Patty. He sat with his back to the horses, and had a good chance. When the lady caught his eye, instead of dropping it, he rolled it over to Patty, and when the other looked up and encountered his glare, he held it fixed a minute or so, and then changed back to the countenance of her companion.

At length it grew to be intolerable. The lady looked out of one window, and Patty turned to the other.

"How beautiful those apple-trees are!" said the former, for the sake of relieving the monotony.

Patty acquiesced with a smile.

The man crept forward on his seat, and looked out to see them too. Then he bestowed another stare on the lady, a second stare at the apple-trees, a third at the lady, crept back to his seat, and settled down on Patty's countenance again.

"I didn't expect to find the country so forward," the lady remarked. "It really is astonishing."

Patty replied that it was generally thought to be an early Spring.

All this while the man kept his stare unbroken. As the two chatted on, he grew more and more impatient and impertinent. Several times he drew the back of his monstrous hand across his mouth, and made as if to address one of them. But as they seemed to offer him no encouragement, he waited for a better chance. Seeing, however, that none offered, he at length wiped his mouth with his hand once more, extended it beckoningly and irresolutely towards Patty, and proceeded to remark:

"Le's see; be you Zery Hawkinses darter?"

She turned her face upon him, and told him she was; though not without turning pale, and betraying other signs of trepidation.

"Um! I thort so. You *look* enough like him!" With a glance at the lady, to summon her as a witness to the triumph of his perceptive faculties.

"Le's see; your father was *hung?*"

It was a strange expression then on Patty's face, appealing to his humanity to stop where he was. She did not answer him. The lady, however, caught the words, and gave a quick start in spite of herself. But the movement expressed sympathy as much as astonishment.

The ruffianly man threw her another glance, fuller of triumph than his other.

"Yis," said he, "I went to see him hung myself! and he died dredfle hard, I *tell* ye!"

Now Patty's eyes were swimming in tears. The lady perceived the cruelty of the infliction, and hastened to arrest it.

"Are you so unfeeling, sir," said she, "that you will call up such an event in the presence of this girl, and in a public place, too?" Her pity changed to anger almost in a breath. "For *my* part, as long as I have lived, I never witnessed such a thing! It's brutal, sir! It's altogether inhuman! And you should know it!"

"Ha!" he half laughed, though he was terribly disconcerted by the unexpected attack; "I dono as there's any great harm in it! P'raps *you* think the'is, though."

She did not heed his reply, but set immediately about soothing the feelings of her unhappy companion. Patty was grateful enough for her sympathy, and felt that she had found a friend.

The man rode along but a little way further, and called to the driver to let him get out. The coach stopped, he opened the door, and slid and rubbed himself off the iron step to the ground.

"I guess I won't go no further *now*," said he; "I shall want to ride back a piece with ye, when ye come along, though."

These were the last words they heard him speak. But what he had said, had done a fearful work already. Patty wondered if the great shadow would reach her wherever she might go.

They went on past brown farm-houses, with women at the open windows, and barefooted children standing in the doors. Now through a patch of woodland, with a little brook fuming and foaming because it could get along no faster over the rocks. Now up a steep and gravelly hill, with not a tree or shrub on either side, and nothing but corn fields, just planted, over the walls.

Then they came to a little village, where the driver stopped long enough to water his horses and change the mail. Then by more farm-houses, with more women at the windows, and more barefooted children at the doors. Then along the border of a winding little river, till they reached a factory or two; and finally past a row of factories, fed by canals that twisted about here and there like hose laid at a fire; each building four and five stories high, with a rattle, and a crash, and a clatter inside, enough to make one deaf in listening; and a puff of white steam rising above the roof, and melting in the air like mist.

In due time they drew up in the rear of the railroad station. The cars that were to go to Worcester, had not yet come. So they paid their fares, handed over their baggage to the care of the depot-master, and went into the Ladies' Room and sat down. Patty thought of what she carried for a faint stomach in her bag; and generously drew apart its puckered mouth, and offered her friend of such as she had. The latter could not refuse her; but as for Patty herself, she could have eaten anything rather than the cakes and what-nots Mrs. Shadblow had dropped in.

When the train came up, Patty thought it thundered; it rumbled so heavily over the ground, jarring them in their seats. Everybody rushed forward through the doors to the platform, and everybody rushed through the doors into the station-house. Passengers jammed into the long cars at each end, and passengers persisted in jamming out as the other party jammed in. Men threw trunks, and packages, and boxes, and mail-bags out upon the platform, and other men were determined to see how near they could go to these trunks, packages, boxes, and mail-bags, without getting their feet flattened or their legs broken.

In the confusion, and shouting, and laughing, and letting-off of steam, and crowding, and hustling, Patty and her friend got sucked into the general whirlpool, found themselves drifting everywhere but where they wanted to go, felt the bold gaze of every whiskered and tobacco-breathed man in their faces, [illegible] saved [illegible] garments, if not their lives, by [illegible] hold [illegible] on rail[illegible] and [illegible]lling themselves to the [illegible]. And [illegible] few more steps took them into a [illegible].

The lady [illegible] on Patty, sitting by the window, for she was really anxious that she should be diverted. In a few minutes the bell began to ring, the people at the windows on the outside talked faster to their friends on the inside, the stragglers came crowding back with junks of cake, oranges, and apples in their hands, and with a good jerking hitch they all started.

By houses, by fences, by more factories—larger and higher than before—by people standing in knots [illegible] gaining progress, by prancing horses, that would have liked nothing better than to try a race with them—then past more farm-houses again, past open fields where men were ploughing with slow oxen, past [illegible] roads, with the sign over them—"Look out for the engine, while the bell rings"—past farmers jogging to the nearest market town to swap cheese and eggs for a little cotton cloth—past more men ploughing, past more farm-houses, brown and red, and then to the next station.

So it was all the way to Worcester. Patty felt as if she had got into another world. This was no more like quiet old Huckabuck, with Mr. Shadblow and Deacon Soso and old Malachi round, than it was like anything else she could think of. She seemed to fly, to swim, to dance. Her brain was in a whirl. Her nerves felt the influence of a novel and indescribable exhilaration.

At Worcester, they sat and waited for the train that was to arrive at about three o'clock from New York and Albany. This would take them up and whirl them swiftly along to Boston.

All the time they sat in the capacious station-house, Patty's new friend was devoted in her attentions. Without seeming to put her any questions directly, she had won the girl's confidence, and drawn out her whole sad history. It made such an impression on her feelings, that she proposed to have her go home with her that night, and promised the next morning to start out seasonably and help find the bird-fancier's place of business. She said she was only going to Boston to visit a friend, but her friend would feel very happy to accommodate any one she might choose to bring there.

Patty was grateful, and still she hesitated. In her pocket she carried Byron Banister's street and number, as well as the names of the streets at whose corners stood the shop of the dealer in birds. Could she go to Boston, and not let Mr. Banister know she had come? Or ought she to try and find the ornithologist, without first going to him for advice and assistance? Would it be sure to please the young man's mother, who had already done so much for her?

Then it occurred to her that she was very slightly known to him, if he knew her at all. He had simply done his mother's errand, and probably cared to hear no more about it. She could not run over the city to find *him*. She would rather go with this lady to the house of her friend. And now it rejoiced her heart to think how providentially this friend had happened along. She even began to wonder what she should have done, but for so fortunate an interposition.

"Thank you," she finally answered the lady, "if it would not be any trouble at all. I *should* like to stay over night with you. To-morrow I will try and provide for myself. I'm a stranger in Boston, you see."

The lady, indeed, seemed as much gratified as Patty was. Thereupon she fell into a livelier strain of conversation, which ended at length with her carrying Patty up to the tables to take some cake and hot coffee.

By the time they were quite rested and refreshed, the expected train came up; the engine puffing its short breaths of smoke against the high rafters of the building, as if they would be down about their heads.

People ran, and blundered, and crowded, and fought, and kept on running, and blundering, and crowding, and fighting, just as they had done at the station on the other road; the only difference was, there were now more of them. They drove up to the coffee stands like persons just escaped from a famine. As often as an engine puffed once or twice outside, or whenever a baggage barrow rattled too loud across the broad platforms, one half of them started from their chairs, and the other half crammed twice as much food into their mouths as they had before.

Patty and her friend took their tickets and their baggage-checks, and found seats in season. Then others came pouring in after them. Then the bell rang. Then some one shouted—"All aboard!" And finally they were moving. In a minute they emerged from the dim twilight of the building into the open and bright light of the spring afternoon.

Between Worcester and Boston they stopped but once, for this was the Express train. They flew like the wind through deep cuts of rock and gravel, under bridges that spanned the road above them and threw a momentary darkness into the cars, over long reaches of open plain, and embankments a half mile and a mile long, and in about an hour and a half came to the modern causeway that stretches across the broad marsh meadows in the neighborhood of the famous old "Mill-dam."

Many of the passengers opened the windows when they reached the water; and as the train at that moment slackened in its speed, the air that drew in upon their faces was exhilarating. Patty opened her window, too, and looked out.

In a moment she felt refreshed. Her friend leaned over to her side, and began to point out the sights that were to be seen in the distance.

"That is Boston!" she exclaimed.

"Oh! So it is!" the girl responded, with a new glow in her cheeks.

"There," said the lady, pointing out the several objects with her hand, "that is the dome of the State House; and that there, over this way, is Bunker Hill monument; and that tall spire is the spire of Park Street church; and over there you can see the steeples of Cambridge, with all those beautiful elms that hide the buildings."

Patty looked, and looked, and looked. It would be hard to tell what her feelings were, or to follow out her thoughts. She leaned her arm against the window-sill, suffered the cool and invigorating air to fill across her cheeks and temples, and seemed to be absorbed in the new dream of the hour.

Then the engine blew a long and loud whistle, that echoed everywhere. They came to solid land again. Passing by rows of monotonous and dingy brick buildings, Patty read a sign of a cheap hotel here, of a fruit-and-beer-shop there, and again of a dealer in coal and lumber. She saw flocks of ragged children, with begrimmed faces, playing about on the dirty brick walks, and here and there a small party of ducks paddling and squabbling in the blacks pools

that stood in some back-yard. She looked in at open windows, and could see women at their afternoon work, some spreading their tables for an early supper, some tending restless babies that wanted to get at the cars through the open windows, and some standing with their bare arms a-kimbo, and scowling hard to see if they had friends among the passengers.

They went slower and slower, till at length they rolled quietly into the darkened depot and stopped. Then everybody hurried out to get at their baggage. Patty's friend counselled her to follow her, and said she would arrange everything without trouble. So they crowded up to a row of hackmen, selected a carriage, took their seats, and gave the driver their round metallic checks for their trunks. The moment Patty sat down in the carriage, she felt, as if her heart was quite at rest. It was not as if she had got home again, but as if she had got into still another world; not altogether quiet yet, but quieter than the one out of which she had just emerged.

By and by the driver came and lumbered up their trunks behind, took the ladies' order where to carry them, mounted to his box, and drove out of the crowd of vehicles that seemed to block them in.

The street in which he drew up was a narrow and still street, not much unlike one of those pretty "Places" for which Boston is so noted. The house before which he stopped was high and contracted, seeming to shrink into its place between houses exactly like it on either side. The lady's friends received her with a great deal of gladness, and welcomed Patty, too, as kindly as if they had been long acquaintances.

It was early when she went to her room that night; and she fell on her knees up in her high chamber, and thanked God from an overflowing heart for the providence that had attended her through the day. But if her heart went out in all its strength to any one human being, it was to dear Mrs. Shadblow. She recalled the scene of parting with her on that morning,—it seemed as if it must be several days ago, now,—with tears in her eyes, and lips tremulous with emotion.

She awoke in the night, and listened to the striking of the city clocks. She caught the sounds, too, of distant thunder; and wondered if the showers of this spring night were not falling freshly on the grass and leaves about Mrs. Shadblow's door.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AT MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Gay evening donned her robes of sombre gold,
And came from out the West, before the sun;
From off his brow his mighty crown unrolled,
Or night proclaimed his toil majestic done;
And all the heavens oped their ebon bars
Through which the angels flung the brilliant stars.

Alone I stood beside a tiny mound;
No sculptured stone arose to mark the spot,
And silence walked unseen the lonely ground,
And made impressive all the dreary plot.
A Brother's ashes mouldered in that grave,—
His spirit sought again its God who gave.

Long years ago, when but a prattling child,
I clung and played about my mother's knee;
They knew that boy was too divine and mild
To breast the world's cold lack of sympathy,
And wondered not when God pronounced his doom,
And took his spirit through the dusky tomb.

Above that grave the Pines their branches hung,
Through which the bird and squirrel mouthed their mirth,
And there the wind a requiem softly sung,
And gently bore the dropping leaves to earth;
Still came a tear from deeper feeling given;
I strangely mourned that angel child in heaven.

But ah! my vision brighter seemed, and through
The dusky night, and far beyond the stars,
I saw him stand surrounded by the few
Loved ones and gone, where sorrow never mars.
I turned away—an angel soothed my strife—
That child walks with me through this shadowy life.

Oh, Death! where will thy power and terror be,
Oh, Grave! thy victory in days of yore,
When man shall look into eternity
And know that separation is no more?
When man shall know the dead return again,
To lead us right and soothe our earthly pain.

FREMONT, Ohio.

GRACE WARDEN;

OR,

THE OLD MAN OF ST. CROSS.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

CHAPTER I.

In days long, long ago, many a sinner recommended himself to Heaven's grace by acts of great and enduring philanthropy. Others devoted to the service of God, accumulated wealth only to make a lasting endowment for the poor and miserable. This is especially true of the earlier Catholic prelates, for there is no denying that to their charitable feelings we owe all the most splendid philanthropical institutions, which for ages have come down to us. Among others is the Hospital of St. Cross, situated at Winchester, founded by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of that King Stephen whose unmentionables, according to the immortal Shakspeare, cost him a sum so trifling as a five-shilling piece, and which he yet thought so extravagantly dear that he not only knocked off a sixpence, but he called the tailor a hard name as well.

It is more than seven hundred years since Henry de Blois founded the hospital in a beautiful spot on the Valley of Itchen. It was erected for poor men only; but the good bishop determined that it should be in a pleasant place, and so it is. It seems to stand in a vast amphitheatre, in the centre of which flows the crystal river, with what seems to be, and are not, numberless tributaries. On the left bank of the ever-moving stream is St. Catherine's Hill, on the northern slope of which is College Hill, where the Winchester scholars play when released from school labors. And there are other hills and sweet green meadows, and hedgerows, and downs, and slopes—all things, in fact, which go to make up beautiful scenery.

It is not the purpose of our tale to produce with a serious history of the different endowments which the Hospital of St. Cross has received, or how the successive masters have feathered their nests instead of lining carefully those of the poor, for whom the funds were originally bestowed, down even to a recent master, who has been, at least, called upon to render an account of his stewardship. Our purpose is to confine ourselves to the events which many years ago had for their chief actor one of the inmates of this very hospital.

It was during the last year of the reign of Oliver Cromwell that one of the brethren of the "Alms Houses of Noble Poverty" was gathered to his fathers—was borne to that last resting-place where his dust would mingle with that of his ancestors; and thus a vacancy was created in the institution.

It was soon filled up.

One morning the old men, toddling to and fro, perceived a stranger among them, and yet one of their fraternity. He had upon his head their own peculiarly shaped hat, and over his dress was thrown the same description of black cloak as they wore, bearing on its left breast the large distinctive silver cross. There was an air of proud bearing about him, somewhat of a martial walk, and a manner which plainly enough said he had come down to this—that he truly was a proper recipient of the bounty of Cardinal Beaufort, the second founder of this charity, who appropriated large sums to make this place a home for those who had been gentlemen, but whom poverty had rendered destitute.

The stranger was greeted by his brethren as he marched through them, and he raised his hat with profound politeness to each member who addressed him; but he did not speak. He made his way into the town, and his manner, his gait, his stern pale face, attracted general attention among the tradespeople, and the old, independent, nothing-to-do, lounging residents. They knew that the vacancy at the hospital had been filled up, and in the person of a remarkable man too.

"Who is he?" went from mouth to mouth. Nobody could tell. He had arrived late at night—presented his credentials from the master—everything was in due form—but where he came from—what he had been—who were his friends—what had been his condition previous to his entry into the hospital, nobody knew.

The only person who could probably satisfy them was the master, and he was away in another part of the country.

His name was Master Hugh Warden; beyond that the most inquisitive could never get.

He spent a large portion of his time within the apartments of his small house; but he walked abroad in the early morning and in the cool evening. He met any remarks uttered with a view to draw him into conversation by those whom he occasionally met with a look of surprise, returned a monosyllabic answer, and hastily retreated.

For at least a year matters continued thus, so far as Master Hugh Warden was concerned. Nay, they did not continue thus, for those inquisitive want-to-know-everybody's-business-better-than-their-own persons, finding that every scheme and artifice, however cunningly conceived and skilfully executed, failed in eliciting more than a bow to their elaborate "Good morrow, Master Warden," accompanied by a decided movement to cut their company, gave up attempting to draw him out, or to unravel his mystery, and contented themselves with saying as he passed them, or if they saw him at a distance, "There goes the Old Man of St. Cross."

One thing about him, however, they found out, and that was, he painted pictures. The woman who cleaned the rooms he inhabited—almost as taciturn as he—let drop, however, on looking at some remarkable work of art, which had for its subject a horse and a dog, which would have done—save the horns—just as well for the representation of a cow and a pig, "That there was nothen so good as Master Warden drew'd. He wur a painter, he wur! His pickters, which he did hissen, was good enough to go into t' king's palace, or, better still, in cathedral."

To be sure this brought down a storm of inquiries which roused the old woman into a pitch of fury, and which she punished by resolutely declining to say another word about them.

For three weeks all Winchester rung with the information that Master Hugh Warden painted the most beautiful pictures in the world, and in three weeks more the story had died out.

The Old Man of St. Cross was even forgotten, when suddenly all Winchester was alive again—Master Hugh Warden had got in his house a beautiful young girl! The old woman still waited upon him as a servant, but nothing was to be got from her but spiteful remarks about impertinent curiosity which she did not intend to satify, or sharp snapping answers which nearly whipped off the noses of the inquisitive.

But the people of Winchester were gratified; for in the morning and in the evening, and sometimes in the daytime, Master Hugh Warden would appear abroad with a fair, young, beautiful girl upon his arm, who seemed to have no other thought but him, no other aim than to render him happy and contented.

Certain it is that after she had been with him some time, his eye was brighter and his cheek was not so pale as when first he came.

It became known that she was his daughter, too—Miss Grace Warden. It had been surmised, of course; but it was proved, and that in a strange manner.

There had been heavy rains during the sweet spring-time, and the Itchen was flooded. One bright sunny day, a little urchin, venturing too near the edge, tripped over, and was borne away on the flood. Grace Warden, walking with her father, was attracted by the cries of the child, and observed its perilous position. She seized hastily her father's hooked-handled stick, and rushing down to the water, tried to reach the child's clothes and draw it ashore; but, alas! her eagerness to save the child, coupled with her excitement, caused her to be too precipitate. She lost her footing and fell into the water, and in spite of her struggles, she glided out of her depth, and was borne away too.

Master Hugh Warden, at this sudden and unexpected catastrophe, shouted for help in agonized horror. He shrieked and tore his hair, and screamed for aid as he saw his beloved daughter sink into the deep water.

It came from an unexpected quarter.

A young man in his rear, intent upon an ancient author, heard the cries of Hugh Warden, and a glance told him what had occurred. Throwing his book aside, he set his teeth, bounded down the slope, plunged into the stream, and, as the body of Grace appeared on the surface of the water, he seized the yet gasping and struggling girl, and bore her to the shore. As he did so, he caught sight of the child drifting among a large body of weeds down the stream.

Laying the senseless form of Grace upon the sward, at the feet of her father, he quickly brought that of the child also on shore; for he was strong, and a master of the art of swimming.

By this time many persons had assembled at the scene of this adventure. Among them, the screaming mother of the child, who rushed off to her home with it to pop it into a hot bath; while the gentle Grace, by the united efforts of her father and her preserver, was restored to consciousness and conducted to her home.

On reaching there she was at once placed under the care of the old woman, and retired to bed to recover the effects of her sudden immersion and fright; while Hugh Warden, with a warmth no one in Winchester certainly had ever seen him display, wrung the hand of the young man who had saved the life of his daughter, and earnestly requested him to come frequently to see him.

"I have received no visitor since I have been an inmate of St. Cross," he said, with emphasis; "but you are entitled now to claim admission here whensoever you like."

"Not when my visit might be deemed an intrusion," exclaimed the young man, with a smile.

"It can never be that," exclaimed Hugh Warden; "for you have preserved to me the dearest treasure on earth."

"To my great satisfaction!" said the young man.

"To my happiness!" ejaculated Warden, fervently. Then he said to his youthful guest, "You are a resident in Winchester, I presume?"

"Well, yes, sir," returned the youth, a slight blush mantling his forehead. "The truth is," he added, "I am a tutor at the College. I was placed there by my worthy parents at the age of seven, and for some years they paid for my terms punctually, but at last they thought me dead, or forgot me, and sent no more money. In the spirit of true Christian charity, that human kindness for which there is no adequate earthly reward, those who took an interest in my forlorn condition got me on to the foundation, and since then I have sufficiently advanced to be capable of taking the part of a tutor. My name is Philip Temple, and there, sir, you have my history. If you receive me you will but welcome a humble guest, but at least you do so knowing the whole history of the man you welcome, and act accordingly. You will see thus that my visits may be made at moments when they would be deemed intrusive, at least, *mal apropos*, and I am the more particular, for I have bought that experience in Winchester at rather a sharp price."

"You will not find an illustration of that spirit here. I do not, at least, forget that I am myself the destitute member of a charity, and the old leaven of pride has long been trampled out of my heart. But go—you are wet to the bone—change your habiliments, or, instead of welcoming often the preserver of my daughter's life, I may have to follow to the grave a lost life destroyed by my child's precipitancy."

"A right noble impulse, far worthier of a higher service than I have rendered her," cried Philip Temple, warmly.

"We will argue the question when next we meet. Away with you, sir, and let me see you when you are dry."

It was perhaps a week before Philip Temple even ventured near the Hospital of St. Cross, and then it was because circumstances drove him that way, and only by accident was it that he encountered Hugh Warden.

The old man fastened upon his collar. "Aha!" said he, "I have caught you at last. I have been to the College several times for you, and you have been engaged, or out. I have missed you, or could not speak with you—but I have got you now!"

"And yet I am bound unto Winchester market place on urgent business," said Philip, with reddened features.

"Which business will wait until mine is over!" exclaimed Hugh, decisively.

"I pray you excuse me!"

"I might: but there is a damsel who will not. Come, my daughter longs to thank you herself for your gallant rescue of her from death. Alackaday! but for you, what a distracted, old, poor, miserable thing I should be. Come, I say!"

With that he dragged Philip beneath the gateway into the quadrangle, thence into his house. As he threw open the door, pulling the still reluctant Philip after him, he said:—

"Grace, here he is at last! This is the young fellow who jumped into the water and fished you out, just as you were on the verge of entering into heaven, and plunging me into the depths of despair."

Philip, bashful as he naturally was, could not resist the impulse to raise his eyes, and beheld a face, looking into his own, of such sweetness, that he could scarcely believe it mortal. In his day-dreams, in his visions of Paradise, in his elevated imaginings of unsullied purity allied to saintly divinity, he had conceived such a face. In mental fashioning and shaping out angelic beauty—such as alone could be met with in the gardens of Elysium—he had formed some such face as that half-shy, half-pleased, and wholly lovely face, now turned towards him. He was struck powerless. Such a vibrating thrill went through his whole frame as he had never before experienced, and when she had faltered out her warm thanks to him for having nobly hazarded his own life to save hers, he could have fallen down and worshipped her.

He stammered out some reply, made a few incoherent observations, and pleaded the necessity of his urgent business, to get away as quickly as possible out of that brilliant atmosphere, which seemed to him to illuminate the room in which he had seen her, into the darker daylight.

He hurried to his little lone room in the cottage, and there shut himself up, to raise up before him that lustrous face, and revel in the contemplation of its beauty.

Hugh Warden sought him again and again, and brought him to his dwelling in the hospital, to sit there in sweet converse with him and his daughter; and Hugh would draw him out by artfully contrived questions, to lay bare to them that rich store of learned lore of which he was master; so by degrees his shy reserve wore off, and he waited not for the personal visit of Master Hugh Warden to the College, to convey him to the Hospital of St. Cross—but he would, when released from his labors, go there of his own promptings, and sit in delighted pleasure to unfold his treasures of knowledge to his attentive auditors; or, greater joy to him, to listen to the music of the gentle voice of Grace Warden.

And for a year things went on thus. Master Hugh Warden had lost much of his taciturn reserve, in consequence of his intercourse with Philip Temple, and now spoke to many of the town people, of whom before he deigned to take no notice. After the advent of his daughter and of Philip he had devoted more of his time to the glorious labors of palette and pencil. He was a skilled artist, and he excited the admiration of Philip, whose refined education had made he meet judge of what constituted the higher principles of art. He could hardly fail to mention favorably the productions of Master Hugh to some of the heads of the College, and they did not fail to presume upon their position, and pay the dwelling of the member of St. Cross a visit.

Thus it fell out that their warm praises met the ears of the mayor, who prided himself upon being a connoisseur, and really had in his possession some very fine pictures, to which he gave Master Hugh ready access, in order that he might have a chance of seeing the poor gentleman's works, and possessing himself of some of the best of them, probably at a moderate figure.

His design succeeded. Master Hugh was drawn out of his retirement, and visited the mayor; and the mayor returned the compliment by visiting him, inspecting his pictures, and making himself master of some of them, at about four times Master Hugh's estimate of their value, and about ten times less than their real worth.

All this was very well, but the mayor had a son, a fine sprightly foolish young man, with a very handsome face. Although brought up in a Puritan family, and named Ramoth-Gilead Slinger, he partook more of the character of a Cavalier. His hair, fair and silken, was longer in its proportions that the Roundheads permitted it to grow, and the fashion of his garments had less of the civilian and more of the soldier than his position warranted. Half the girls of Winchester were in love with him, and he was not backward in persuading at least one-third of them that he reciprocated their affection, until he beheld Grace Warden; then all the girls in Winchester were nothing in his eyes in comparison with Grace. Her beauty at once carried his heart by storm, and though he knew that his sanctimonious but extremely worldly-minded parent would never consent to such a *mesalliance* as a marriage with a daughter of an inmate of the "Alms Houses of Noble Poverty," he did not see why that should prevent him trying to win the gentle heart and beautiful person of Grace, if he could. Because, although he himself considered such an union were madness, looking at the wide difference of their conditions in life, still, if he found he could not live happily without her, and she declined to be his on any other terms than wedlock, why, he would marry her, and his father must give way before that he could not alter. So, cautiously, and with more cunning than his general capacity would have received credit for, he commenced the prosecution of his suit.

The presence and the growing frequency of the visits of Ramoth Slinger, whose attire grew daily brighter, and whose manner to Grace became more deferential and attentive, though he still preserved his light foolish talk, caused Philip Temple one night, when he had observed Grace to be seemingly pleased with the attentions of Ramoth, and amused with his flimsy speech, to take himself carefully up to his small lonely chamber, and to ask himself a variety of questions.

He loved Grace Warden with passionate devotion; there was no occasion to ask himself that; but there was occasion to inquire into the prospects before him, and which he would have to lay at the feet of her whom he wished to make his wife.

He stared his position in the face. He was a poor tutor, with just enough income to find himself in clothes and books, while his meals were provided for him by the College, which they would not be if he were to be married. Was this all he had to offer to Grace beside the worship of a loving heart? It was. Had he any right therefore in the selfish spirit of his love to woo and win her heart, in order that he might doom her young life to the blighting, wearying, wasting trials of poverty. No, rather let his passion consume him, and gradually lay him down in his last earthly resting place, than he would requite the affections she might perhaps, if he wooed her, bestow upon him.

It was a sore affliction to master—a heavy trial to undergo; but he prayed for aid, to Heaven, and nerved himself to his bitter task. He slept not that night—nay, many a sleepless night resulted from his efforts to keep down the constant agony arising from the yearnings of a love which his noble soul told him could not, ought not, under present circumstances to seek for a return.

He worked hard to preserve to Grace the same demeanor he had hitherto shown to her; but he studiously avoided being alone with her. When their eyes met, as sometimes they did, he withdrew his instanter; and he rarely, if he could help it, took her hand, for oh! that touch caused him hours of silent misery, though the bliss he felt at the moment of contact was transcendant. In all ways he sought to show her that his feeling for her was one of respectful friendship, not love. Nay, to his own utter torture, he tried rather to advance the suit of Ramoth Slinger than retard it; and this the more, because he noted that when they were there together, Grace paid him the most attention: indeed, at times he fancied that there was something resentful in her manner towards him; and that so far from being likely to fall in love with him, if she at any time displayed pettishness, and this was very rare, it was towards him.

It was poor consolation to say it was better it should be thus, but with a breaking heart and bitter anguish of mind he assured himself that it was so.

He did not cease, when he thought he could do aught to please her unobserved, to perform any little act she was likely to enjoy, although she knew not the donor; and thus he placed at her window, ere she arose, boquets of the most beautiful and the choicest flowers then cultivated, because he knew her to be singularly fond of them. Yet, as if she knew from whose hand these flower-offerings came, she seemed to take little heed of them. It was true they were put into a vase filled with water, but there was a peculiarity in their disposal, as though the recipient of the gift cared not for it because she cared not for the giver.

One day this was particularly evidenced by a little incident. Ramoth Slinger came in with Philip to Hugh Warden's dwelling; Grace and her father were not in the way at the moment, and Ramoth, who had to go farther on, left for Grace a small bouquet of choice flowers upon the table. Philip was thus left alone. He took up the flowers and looked at them; they were certainly choice, yet not so rare and lovely as those which he placed ere the dawn at her window, and which it was plain she held in no high estimation.

At this moment Grace entered, followed by her father; and Philip, laying down the flowers, greeted them. He mentioned that Ramoth Slinger had just left, and Grace, smiling, said, "Yes, they had just met him."

Then he saw her take up the small bouquet of flowers, smell them—almost, as it seemed, kissed them—and then fastened them to her bodice close to her heart.

This act at least was decisive; he felt mortally faint, a cold sweat broke out over him, and a tremor seized all his frame. He could not master his emotion, and pleading a sudden illness, he turned from the dwelling.

The struggle which ensued between him and his love was a fierce one, but his honor prevailed, and he continued his visits, only at wider intervals, but with the same manner towards Grace which he had hitherto observed.

But he grew thin and wan in the features, and his strength began to fail him, so that to get abroad after he had performed his school duties was next to an impossibility; therefore his visits became fewer still.

CHAPTER II.

One evening when he came Grace was alone; he had observed, as he approached, Ramoth leave, and with a springy, dancing step hasten up the town. He thought that there was a slight flush upon the cheek of Grace as he entered, but he wondered not at that, and he tried to assure himself that it was nothing to him now.

"I thought you had deserted us entirely, Master Temple," she said, as he entered; but she did not hold out her hand to him, and he did not offer his.

"No," he said, quietly, "that is scarcely probable."

"Yet you come but seldom now," she responded. "You have probably finer friends than we, Master Temple?"

This was an acute wound. He could have fairly, in his broken spirit, groaned. He suppressed his pain however, and shook his head.

"That is not possible, Mistress Warden," he replied, in a feeble voice. "Truth to say, I have not been well; perhaps I ought not to be surprised at this, for I care but little for myself."

"Or others," murmured Grace, and turned from him.

He caught the words. It was another barb in his heart, which he knew he deserved not; but he said nothing, for he saw that she regarded him with one of those resentful, pettish humors which she had more frequently of late assumed towards him. At this juncture Master Hugh Warden entered, and Grace retired hastily. He challenged Philip Temple with his sad looks—he insisted he led too much the life of a book-worm; and as he found the young man in a feeble, fainting condition while making his remarks, he compelled him to return to the College, himself accompanying him thither, and calling the attention of the College physician to his state. Philip Temple, fearing that his secret might be thus extorted from him, exerted himself to restore the strength of his body, and so far succeeded as to be able to resume his visits to the Hospital of St Cross.

For a short time the routine of affairs at the dwelling of Master Hugh Warden was the same, save that the beauty of Grace Warden brought several young men, well to do, a wooing; and this caused Ramoth Slinger somewhat precipitately to declare himself, trusting in Providence for it not to reach his father's ears too soon. Grace Warden, for the present, however, declined to listen to the suit of any; but it was clear to all that Ramoth Slinger was the favorite.

And now it ran through the land that Charles II. had got "his own again," and that the nobles of his kingdom no longer need hide in fear, and their estates and wealth would be restored to them.

Before this had been circulated in Winchester three days, Master Hugh Warden assembled at his dwelling, in the Hospital of St. Cross, all his daughter's suitors, and also Philip Temple When they were all gathered around him and his daughter, who clung to his arm, he said, "I am the Earl of Ashford, an adherent of King Charles, who, for his sake, have suffered much. My title and my estates have been restored to me, and I return to them immediately. I will not, however, leave an asylum which has offered me safety in my distress, or those who would have made my daughter their wife when her condition was most humble, without showing the sense I entertain of the place which has given me shelter—of those who have acted so disinterestedly in respect to my child. I believe that she has bestowed her affection upon one of you, but she has so well kept her secret that I cannot pretend to guess who is the fortunate individual. I only here say that I will prove no impediment to any choice she may make, although I confess that I have a preference, and it would glad my heart were her selection to fall where I consider the claim is strongest. Now, each of you plead your cause. Nay, darling, shrink not so close to me because of the ordeal I wish you to pass through," he said to Grace, who was ready to faint at the position in which she was placed. "A gesture of dissent will suffice for him whose suit is rejected, and I trust each master will retire as soon as non-success is revealed to him, and pain not the woman they love by urgings which will avail nothing."

The counsel of the old man was followed: a few mumbled words expressive of love and desire to make her happy as their wife, fell respectively from the lips of each suitor, only to receive a negative from Grace.

Ramoth Slinger was left to the last, and he stepped forward with a flushed and smiling face; his calculations as to the result ran thus. He was the son of the mayor; his father would now be in raptures at the notion of his wedding the daughter of an earl. He had asked her to wed him when he thought her to be poor, and of inferior rank, and he believed she was really attached to him. In his belief, he had but to ask, for her to turn round, and with a sweet smile upon her lips, throw herself into his arms—the first embrace, however, which he could be able to count. He said, in a rather confident tone, "Sweet Mistress Grace, you know I have long loved you: will you not reward my disinterested affection with your fair hand?"

"No—oh, no!—indeed, in very truth, no!" cried Grace, with a species of shuddering energy, and clung to her father more closely than ever.

"No!" echoed Ramoth, electrified; and looking round at the suitors who yet remained, to see who was to be the fortunate possessor of such a lovely young wife, and who smiled at his discomfiture, for even they believed that he would be the man. "No!" he repeated: "why my sweetest Grace, really you"——

"Silence!" said the old man, sternly. "You remember our compact. You are rejected, and you are at liberty to retire." Then, turning his face to

Grace, he said, "Tell me, my child, have I deceived myself; you have given away your heart?"

She remained silent.

"I am right," he said, after a moment's silence—and then in impressive tones, he addressed her, saying, "Grace, my darling treasure, I have said that I had a preference in the selection of him to whom your hand and heart is to be given. It has not fallen on one of those whom you have rejected. I will, however, now say, since you have denied all who have sought your hand, I should have been happy indeed had your election fallen upon him who, the saviour of your life, ought to have the future of your life entrusted to his loving care and tenderness."

Philip Temple, upon whose heart every word had fallen like bolts of fire, felt the place swim round with him as the words fell from the lips of Grace's father; and, with intense breathlessness, he awaited her reply. It came in low, almost inaudible tones.

"He loves me not!" she said.

The barriers of human reason and wisdom, and even integrity of principle, gave way before human passion. The accumulations of long endurance all seemed to gather and rally strength, and rush over every effort to suppress their outbreak. With a wild cry of emotion, he flung himself at her feet.

"Not love you, Grace!" he cried. "Oh, I have loved, adored, worshipped you, from the hour I first beheld you!"

She turned to him like lightning, and, with tearful joy, gazed on his impassioned features, as he continued addressing her.

I have not loved you? Why this wasted, shrunken, form? why this pallid face? why the overpowering sadness—the secret grief—that made life joyless to me?"

"Yet you never, by word, or gesture, or look, conveyed this to me, Philip," she said.

"I loved you too well," he replied. "What, I!—a poor scholar and tutor, without a home to which to take you—woo you? No! I resolved to perish rather than try to win your young and gentle heart. For to have done so—to introduce it to dire poverty—would have proved my love base, selfish—unlike what I designed it should be—resembling in nothing that glorious worship and devotion of which alone you are worthy!"

Master Hugh Warden clapped his hands, and shouted "Hurrah!" lustily; and then, turning to his daughter, said, "What, my child, dost thou reject this suitor too?"

"No! oh, no, dear father! for I love him dearly and truly, ever since those happy, happy nights when he first came and revealed to us his treasures of learning. Ah! Philip," she added, as she leaned upon his breast, "you might not have intended to woo me, but you did so then, and won my heart, too."

The suitors found it unnecessary longer to remain, find they all went out, Ramoth Slinger leading the way with nimble foot.

Happy, happy Philip, to find himself beloved! Yet he could not help asking her about the little nosegay which Ramoth had brought for her.

"Short-sighted lover!" she said, merrily. "I saw it in your hands, and took it because I thought it yours, and placed it next my heart, where I hoped to wear the giver."

"My beloved!"

But then the flowers—the morning gifts—why were they so slighted? Oh! they, she thought, were placed where she found them by Ramoth-Gilead; for she did not suppose for a moment that he cared enough for her to get up so early, and bring her a nosegay. And she confessed, too, that she had smiled on Ramoth, and had been pettish to him, only to try to make him understand that she took more interest in him than he fancied.

It was—and it was not, considering the times—a strange coincidence that the parents of Philip Temple, who had been banished on account of their royalist principles, should turn up just at this time, and claim him. It was certainly, however, highly satisfactory to Philip that, when he married Grace, his rank, to which he was restored, was equal to her own. It was equally satisfactory to him to be able to make up as far as he could, after he was married, for all those little endearing love passages missed, because of his former humble condition, and for the misery it had occasioned him. It must not also be forgotten that, after this, one of the most liberal donors to the noble institution which had received him in his danger and destitution, was the OLD MAN OF ST. CROSS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN WAR.

The following incident, which comes to us from our foreign exchanges, is one of the most touching of the many of a similar character that have been brought to our mind since the rebellion in India began. Lucknow—as all our readers understand—has for sometime been invested, with its helpless little garrison, by the rebels outside. They had hedged and hemmed the sufferers in so closely, that starvation was plainly before them, or perhaps a speedier death by the cruelties of the barbarians themselves. An English lady, who by some means managed to make her escape from the place to Calcutta before the second and final siege, has written from Calcutta an account of the state of things within the garrison, that will start a thrill in every reader's heart.

She says that the officers and engineers had announced that no human skill could avert their fate for twenty-four hours longer, and they must all prepare to die together. The women were engaged in the light duties which had been assigned them of carrying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with food and coffee. Suddenly a young Scotch woman, wife of a corporal, who had been helpless from fear and excitement, and lay down on the ground exhausted, jumped up with a wild, unearthly scream, and a look of intense delight, exclaiming, "Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

All other ears in the garrison failed to hear anything but the roar of cannon and the rattling of musketry for some time, and gradually after listening awhile, gave way to a murmur of bitter disappointment among the men and wailing among the women. Presently the young woman sprang to her feet and cried in a voice, so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—"Will ye no believe it noo? D'ye hear, d'ye hear?" At that moment we seemed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipe, now shrill and harsh, as imparting vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard, but bursting sob and the murmured voice of prayer. Than all around, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great sound of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me.

Banner of Light.

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CINCINNATI.—S. W. PEASE & Co. are our authorized Agents in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

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.

THE PROMISE OF THE YEAR.

Without presuming on anything like the gift of prophesy, we nevertheless feel inclined to record our fixed opinion, that the year upon which we have just entered is going to be a year of remarkable changes and advancements. The work, we believe, is to be a general one; not confining itself to any particular matter, but embracing in its range nearly all the branches that make up the elementary forces of social life. The church will receive accessions of new strength and a truer spirituality. Old notions, clerical speculations, and theological dogmas, will all undergo the process of renovation and reformation. The axe will be laid at the root of the tree.

The political world will not escape the great influence, either. Already we see symptoms of it in the straining of party lines and the stretching of party limits. Men are impatient to break loose from old time restraints, and to actually feel some of that perfect freedom which is so often the subject of their laudations. Great questions, of vital importance to the destiny and existence of the republic, are looming up in the near horizyn; and while some are bewildered at the sight, hardly knowing whither to flee or what to do, more are taking calm and accurate surveys, entering into cool computations, and studying with the souls of prophets the future, and its relations to the present. Many think we may have an earthquake in the political world,—a hurricane, treading down everything in its gigantic march. At all events, the impression takes shape and gains ground daily, that in the womb of this present year lies secreted the seed of radical and lasting changes in the political world. They shall be heartily welcome, if they are but founded on truth and reason.

We have long preached about the dignity of labor; the time is at hand when labor is going to vindicate its own honor. It will not much longer be content to get on in the world in the jump-behind fashion with which it has been obliged to be contented; but out of its ranks will come, *are coming*, men who are to be the apostles and high-priests to redeem the people by the truth of their lives and examples. Providence appears to skeptics, and to timid minded people, to have turned the bottom side up, and strangely interfered with the standing arrangements; but it will be found that there is no danger to be apprehended;—everything will come out right in the end. These overturns are the only sure method of putting things "right side up" finally. Men fall into a way of thinking that they can get along without any more help from Heaven, and straightway forget all about their real resources; so Heaven takes an humble, but strong soul to help put their theories to rout, and bids them all start fair again. Nothing is greater than Nature, after all; she is the last dear old resort for us.

The surging of the great popular sea is, to many who take but surface views, the dangerous swell that preludes the destruction of all things heretofore considered fixed and stable. But there need be no fears entertained on this point. When there is the greatest commotion,—when the symptoms abound that the great deeps of old formularies and underlying superstitions are to be broken up, then is the time when men should have the most to hope for. Nothing can be changed by inaction; and sitting down contentedly over what we confess we are not, after all, satisfied with, will never assist advancement. Progress is the fruit of unrest; and this same spirit of unrest and activity is all that keeps the atmosphere of the world from stagnation.

Every sign of aspiration, of dissatisfaction, of uneasiness, convinces us of the nearness of the great mutations which we have set down with so much certainty. A vast amount of scum and floodwood will come to the surface in the upheaval of the vast ocean of popular thought; but that must be considered inevitable. Every clarifying process is carried forward by just such means,—the refuse of things comes to the surface first. But so much the purer becomes the body of the article afterwards.

We offer no predictions for the New Year, as we have already stated; yet it is conclusive to us that the time for great and radical changes in the management of things is at hand. We see politics, religion, and commercial enterprises, all penetrated by the new spirit. Men in each one of these kingdoms are asking themselves and one another, if they have really found the *true principle*. No one seems to covet change merely for its own sake, but people are the rather "impressed" with its overpowering necessity. Men have ceased to venerate the old, merely because it is old; they seek out foundations on which to rest their affections and their reverence. The disposition is, to get at the heart and soul of things. Established institutions and customs, ripened and established by time, to some or generations, are thought by many to have served their uses—their time—and to be now only in the way of the onward march of humanity. This is one safeguard we have. Another is, one spirit can read the character of another, and when a class of spirits are interested in an enterprize like this, they surely can see to it that, on their side of the river of death, nothing is done which will not end in good. We have tested these messages, and the mode adopted by the spirits in control, until we are satisfied of their ability to do their work, if our end of the telegraphic line is kept in order. One thing we do know, even the style and language used by spirits who have communicated through the Banner, has been recognized, and has furnished a good proof of their identity, as could be desired. Take the same quantity of correspondence between man and man, and select it from among as great a diversity of mind, compare it with that we have published from the spirits, and there will be fewer errors found in ours than in the former, and more true Christianity and pure holy sentiment.

The man who has nothing better to occupy his time than splitting hairs, *may possibly* detect some trivial error in some of our communications, or something which might be construed or distorted into one, as, in the case of the Bird message, where Bird stated he was a "music teacher." He had never advertised as one, but was studying music with a view to become a music teacher, and had supplied the place of a relation of his at a school on one occasion. Had a man used the same term, under the same circumstances, it would be thought nothing against him, but young Bird being a spirit, is under a charge of *falsehood* for it. All the other circumstances detailed in the Bird message, were undoubtedly correct to the letter, and we know that message was dictated by him—that the medium *never knew* such a party, or of him, and we had no knowledge of him.

The Thayer message is undeniably *true to the letter*; but because Mr. T. made a judicious use (according to Felton) of his property at his death, he argues that it cannot be true. It has been said of that message, of which there has been a great demand since Professor Felton called it up, that if Thayer did not give it somebody did that knew him well, which goes to prove that Mr. Thayer made a *true confession* when he spoke that message, and we penned it. We might say more, but it is not our province to cast obloquy, in our own name, or to relieve ourselves from any accusation of this nature, on the memory of those who have passed to a higher state of existence. We are justified in saying thus much to relieve the cause we advocate, of the charges made by Professor Felton.

We have given him an opportunity of witnessing our manifestations, but he seems to prefer standing at a distance and crying "wolf," to meeting the matter at issue as an investigator. We should be happy to have him *try* to account for them, and if he can satisfy us we are deluded before he finds himself deluded, we shall say so, regardless of consequences.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

A correspondent, after reading the letter to Prof. Felton, in last week's issue, asks, "Why may it not be that spirits of an evil character will sometimes obtain possession of the medium and give erroneous communications? Other mediums are subject to this objection, we are told—why is this, and why may one medium be subject to it and another not? *May* not the Bird and Thayer messages, for instance, be of this class, if they were untrue, which I do not assert?"

There is no doubt that errors do occur in many of the communications given through mediums. These errors are too often ascribed to evil spirits. They are frequently caused by ignorance of the mode of controlling the medium, when the spirit is desirous of giving truth. They are often attributable to the medium's anxiety, rendering her so positive that the communicator cannot convey all his thoughts. Oft times they may perhaps be attributable to the diversity of both earthly and spiritual influence to which a medium is susceptible—that of the embodied spirit, oft times being more difficult to sustain than the one of the disembodied. Mediums often feel obliged to sit at all times, and sometimes do sit when they are not in a condition for spirits to control perfectly. The state of mind of the person communicated to is often the cause of all the falsehoods given. All these are reasons for imperfect messages by the telegraph from heaven, now in active operation all over the world. When a good medium is not subjected to these influences, and sits only when conditions are proper, there is no reason why the communications may not be as truthful as any between mortals.

For the past six months no communications have been allowed to come through Mrs Conant at our sittings, when conditions of either a physical or mental character, were such as to affect the truth of her communications injuriously. The controlling spirit of these circles is Rufus Kittredge, who, when in form, lived in Portsmouth, N. H., and we can say that we *know* that so long as the harmony which exists between the medium and this spirit remains unbroken, he has full power to prevent any spirit from controlling her to give error. He will not allow any spirit to manifest, who, in his judgment, is not fully competent to use her organism in such a manner as to give through her what he wishes to. And when he has a doubt of the truth of the message given, he invariably expresses such doubt at the closing of the circle, which is always closed in form by him, or some spirit under his instruction.

If it were not for the order and regularity evinced by the guiding spirit of our circle, we should be obliged to test everything before we gave it to the world, which would involve an amount of labor we could not undertake. But knowing that everything is done with such exactness by our unseen guides, we can accept no such issue. Either man can rely upon communications from the spirit world, or he is in a worse sea of fog with them, than without them; and if we had a doubt of the identity of the spirits communing through Mrs. Conant, we should under no circumstances, be so bold in placing their messages before the public.

There are days when the physical health of the medium would operate as an impediment to many spirits in affecting such absolute control of her mind and body, as to enable them to give their ideas with exactitude, untinctured by those of the medium—then we do not attempt to get communications, or if she is influenced, it is generally by Dr. Kittredge, who is never at a loss for power to control her properly, unless she is *prostrated* by disease so that it will not do to place spirit power upon her.

We do not wish to convey the impression that spirits are infallible—that they may not make mistakes in time and such other matters, which belong more to earth life than spirit life, even to this world, than to those worlds which know no day, no night. We have taken especial pains to establish the fact that they are *fallible*—that they enter the spirit life in such condition of mind as they possessed when in the form—that death does not change the inclination to evil which may have grown with the spirit's growth on earth, and that those who go out of the world evil, will, for a time, come back evil. But experience will teach a medium, in time, to detect evil influences the moment they approach, which is one safeguard we have. Another is, one spirit can read the character of another, and when a class of spirits are interested in an enterprize like this, they surely can see to it that, on their side of the river of death, nothing is done which will not end in good. We have tested these messages, and the mode adopted by the spirits in control, until we are satisfied of their ability to do their work, if our end of the telegraphic line is kept in order. One thing we do know, even the style and language used by spirits who have communicated through the Banner, has been recognized, and has furnished a good proof of their identity, as could be desired. Take the same quantity of correspondence between man and man, and select it from among as great a diversity of mind, compare it with that we have published from the spirits, and there will be fewer errors found in ours than in the former, and more true Christianity and pure holy sentiment.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY J. P. M.

The Old Year is gone with its hopes and its fears,
Its joys and its sorrows, its laughter and tears;
Down the swift stream of ages its shadow hath flown.—
It is gone, it is gone, and will never return.

The New Year has come; let us welcome our guest,
Let the music of Love chaunt his praise at our feast;
Chase all trouble away, not a sigh, not a tear,
Shall mar the sweet joys of this Happy New Year.

Let our hearts on this day be united in love,
May the soul's purest wish be recorded above;
May the goodness of God, by whose mercy we live,
All our thoughts that were ill, all wrong actions forgive.

Let the past be forgot, if on evils it brood;
And hope that the future will be pregnant with good:
We have all in the days that are gone shed a tear,
But with eyes bright and smiling, let us hail the New Year.

CHARLESTOWN, Jan. 1, 1858.

THE DEAD OF 1857.

The list is long, and comprises many of the most distinguished men of the present generation. It will be well to go over it rapidly.

In Science, Hugh Miller, Andrew Ure, Redfield, Bailey, and Conybeare. In Exploration, Admiral Beechey, R. N., Dr. Kane, Dr. Wm. Scoresby, and Lieut. Strain. In Authorship, Dr. Eli Smith—one of the oldest American Missionaries at the Beirout station—Douglas Jerrold, Beranger, Eugene Sue, John Wilson Croker, Dr. Griswold, Dr. Thos. Dick, Gliddon, Van Raumer—the Oriental scholar, Sidney Willard, William Walton, and others.

Of Sculptors, Thomas Crawford, and Christian Rauch have gone. Of Statesmen, Marcy, Andrew Stevenson, Lewis McLane, Secretary Dobbin, Birney, Gen. Hamilten, Senator Butler and Senator Rusk. Of Military men, the loss has been very great, especially to England. The Indian war has told upon her fearfully. Besides the numbers that have fallen in battle, not less than 1500 have fallen victims to the barbarous passions of the Hindoos. Among her lost officers, England counts Gen. George Anson, Sir Henry Barnard, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Hugh Massey Wheeler, Gens. Neill and Nicholson, and Lieut. Selkeld.

In the Navy the English loss has hardly been as severe, yet many of her old officers have fallen. Gaselin, Fitzroy, Rogers, Brown,—all Admirals of the Royal Navy. Russia has lost Prince Woronzaff, a veteran General in the time of the campaign of Napoleon; France has given up General Cavaignac, one of her bravest heroes; while America, in her Navy, has only lost Commodore Newton.

Of the Clergy, the names of the dead are the Bishop of Aberdeen, Father Mathew, Rev. John F. Schroeder, of New York, the Archbishop of Paris, and others.

The ranks of the old and distinguished Physicians have been thinned out somewhat; they have lost Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Paris, both eminent English physicians, and others whose names are not as well known to the world. Of notabilities in other professions and callings, are to be mentioned Chief Justice Oakley, of New York; John Barney, of Baltimore, a son of Commodore Barney; John McGregor, formerly Governor of the Bank of England; William Ranney, an American artist, who died at Hoboken, and that well known, and universally pitied individual, the "Angel Gabriel," *alias* John S. Orr.

This list might be extended to many times its present limits, but enough has been given to refresh the reader's memory and awaken proper reflections. Who among us all will be left to greet the dawn of another New Year in the flesh, none can tell. Some will be, of a certainty, in the other spheres. So let us all live, therefore, that whether we are called away, or are still suffered to remain, ours shall be the reward that attends a clear conscience, a mind void of offence, and a heart at perfect peace with all the world.

LOWELL LECTURES.

The sixth Lecture of the Course at the Lowell Institute was delivered last week by Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Boston, on "English Literature." The particular subject treated under this head, was Milton and his Works.

The lecturer went on to describe and analyze the intellectual character of Milton at considerable length. It had been said at various times, that Milton's Abdiel was the type and symbol of Milton's soul. That spirit, is well known to all the great poet's readers; it is the conception of a heroic, invincible, devout, and angelic spirit. Even the devils of Milton have a grandeur in them. The heroic element so saturates his whole being, and moral beauty so attracts him within its sphere, whatever character he might conceive, whatever word he presumed to speak, or whatever thought he reflected from within—the Abdiel faithfulness was to be seen and felt in all.

The life of the epic poet was very briefly sketched. Milton was born Dec. 9th, 1608; his parents were spoken of; the years of his youth were described; the contests and excitements of party were pictured, which brought him back from ease and enjoyment in Italy to employ his pen in the cause of human freedom. The lecturer touched also upon the habits of retirement to which the poet was devoted, until in March, 1649, when he was summoned from his little house in Holborn to become the Secretary of Foreign Languages; and upon his political writings afterwards, especially his "Defence for the English People," written in 1652, which became so well known throughout the world, was translated into several languages, called forth many letters of congratulation from the learned and wise in every country, and was even honored so much as to be burned at the stake on the Continent. The part he bore in the settlement of the important question of the divine right of kings, was likewise treated upon; also his lamentable blindness, its effects upon him, and the many works he wrote during the two-and-twenty years subsequent.

The lecturer aptly styled Milton the type of the sublime, in poetry; but it was not a naked, bold sublimity. His very sublimity, said he, is but one attribute of a deeper and broader essence. The soul of his whole life and character, was his delight in the Beautiful—native, intense, irresistible delight. Beauty is only love embodied; love in repose; at least, in such form and action as to make it perceptible in its true nature; love rayed forth from its inner centre, out through the whole circle which it creates and fills; love, image of the one creative omnipresence.

This is true beauty—the infinite shining in the finite; the eternal resting in the temporary; the Sabbath rounding off and completing the six days of creation, its spirit brooding over them as they pass. This is the sole beauty; God himself informing, penetrating, shining through the perpetual issues of His all-powerful love. And delight in this, inspiring the soul, enfolding the soul in its mingled rapture and admiration, rousing its activities humbly to worship, nobly to dare and do, reveals itself alike in the secret studies, in the political labors, and in the powers of verse or prose which have set Milton so high among the stars.

The whole lecture was remarkably interesting, but the close was indeed eloquent. It was apparent that the speaker had been a life-long and admiring student of the great poet whose character and power he labored to set forth, and his effort afforded unbounded delight and satisfaction to the auditory that gave such close attention to the last. The poems of Milton are all worth studying over again, and still again, even by those who think themselves tolerably familiar with the lordly thoughts of so noble a poet and writer.

DEDICATION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

New Year's Day in Boston was a beautiful promise for the year, besides being the occasion of festival ceremonies that will be remembered by all who participated in them as long as they live. The Commissioners on the Public Library Building, who have for two years been the city's agents in carrying forward its erection, finally made over the property to the City authorities, and the Mayor received the keys of the building from Mr. Winthrop, the President of the Board, in proper form.

The Boston Light Infantry were out to do escort duty for the procession. This body assembled at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of New Year's day, at the City Hall, and marched to the Library Building, where the ceremonies were to take place. The galleries were full of ladies, and in a short time the body of the magnificent hall was crowded with men. A platform had been erected at the northern end of the building, on which sat the Mayor, the speakers, and sundry officials who were to take a prominent part in the ceremonies.

The exercises opened with a voluntary from the band, after which Mr. Winthrop made his address, on delivering the keys to the Mayor. He spoke for nearly an hour, giving a detailed history of the doings of the Commissioners on the Building, and offering the people of Boston a hearty welcome to its free privileges. The Mayor responded in an appropriate speech, receiving the trust back again on behalf of the city, and entering on some extended and well considered remarks concerning the cause of letters and books. His allusion to his being placed between the Alps and Andes of eloquence—Winthrop and Everett—drew down vociferous applause.

A hymn was then sung by a full choir of girls from the Girls' High and Normal School, after which came a prayer of dedication by Baron Stow, D. D., an anthem by the choir, and finally the Address by Hon. Edward Everett, on receiving, as President of the Board of Trustees, the keys of the building at the hands of the Mayor. Mr. Everett's speech was very happy, and of sensible length; at least, those who had been standing at City Hall and in the Library building for upwards of three hours together already, seemed to think so. The key-note of his remarks was the life of Franklin; he read passages from the sages' autobiography to show that he was a man of books, and "from his earliest infancy passionately fond of reading." Mr. Everett insisted that this free Public Library was but the proper crowning act of the City of Boston in giving all her children a good and thorough education. His address was much relished and loudly applauded.

The exercises closed with a hymn, in which the assembly joined, and a benediction by Rev. A. D. Fuller. The front of the building in the evening was handsomely decorated with transparencies and letters in fire. It was altogether the finest affair of the kind we have witnessed in Boston.

THE COTTON TRADE. The estimated stock of the year is now placed at 8,200,000 bales.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Miss Charlotte M. Beebe occupied the desk at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening last. In the afternoon, her subject was "Death is life." The meeting was opened and closed by singing from the Hall Sisters.

She said no earnest soul could approach the subject of death without awe; but awe is of a different nature to different minds. With some, awe is a feeling of admiration, and with others it is a feeling of terror—it admits of every shade of meaning. And so is death regarded differently by different organizations. To the philosopher, life is as full of mystery as death. Death is not the result of transgression, but the carrying out of a natural law. Millions of years before man was on the earth, death was abroad, and the natural laws of universe are such that man could not live on the earth while the elements were in such an unsettled state—when volcanic eruptions were frequent, and the earth was a sea of carbon.

Frequently now are shown the bones of myriad races of lower animals who occupied this earth before it was prepared for man's abode, and on the rocks—the lithographic page of God, untainted by mortal touch—are seen their foot-marks.

Tell us not that man's disobedience is the source of death in this world; tell us rather that man has given death its sting—that by man's transgression the grand lessons of earth are forgotten. God does not create, by natural law, an enduring misery.

Every particle lies mute and inert, till some life seizes it for a husk. When the forces of dissolution exceed the forces of life, death results. While there remains one pulse in the heart, the soul has sense and expression, if but in a sigh. Death, as viewed by many, is the last phenomenon of an unvarying system of change. Nothing in nature can die, but the vast whole is undergoing a transformation. It has been told us that there is no death—it is an operation of the springs of life, and without it, organic life would be insupportable. The soul has its immortal destiny; and mute nature pays her tribute to death. The gnarled oak, with its limbs like knees and timbers, told of navigation long before the hull was laid. The pine and hemlock speak of architecture; and the marble and granite prophesy of art. So the fact of death is a precursor of spirit intercourse. The rosy finger—no skeleton index to the bright future—pointed to the time when man's advancing soul should go on its mission.

Every age has its own idea of death. The primitive notion was terrible. Far back the skeleton arm is seen, as its emblem, the pale horse and its rider, and the fiery sword, terrible as fate. The Egyptians blunted the edge of mortal fear, by placing the grinning skeleton at the head of the festive board. This sensual custom was a move in the right direction. The old Norse savage tore down the terrors of death with a show of stern carelessness, and drowned his fears in the wassail bout. The old Greek idea was beautiful. If Spiritualism shall find birth in art, it must be through the Greek symbol. The genius of death was the same as of marriage, and hymen's torch was carried, though inverted; but still the flame from the torch leaped up, in token of the aspiration of the soul. The Christian idea takes a new stand-point. Death was the king of terrors, but by faith in Jesus, and a reliance upon his mercy, mankind has the assurance of triumph, and exclaims: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

Long after the souls of the dead have passed, the coward man trembles and shakes at death's dread image. The savage Scandinavians had few heroes who could face death with its traditional horrors, untrembling. Painful doubts must ever attend it, but, in its true light, death is rather a servant than an enemy to mankind.

Spiritualism is the first and only creed that asserts that man must look not back. His life is onward. Beastly natures may return to beastly wants. Spiritualism comes forth as the anointed prophet, to draw man from the secret places in which he has hidden from his fate, and relieve him from the fear his own transgression has built around him.

There is nothing in the body to attract friendship or admiration when the soul has left it. The soul is its only charm. The instincts that holds sacred the garments of the deceased, and "loves for his sake the spot where he has been," often degenerates into superstitious idolatry.

Even death is a sworn witness of our immortality. All flying shadows point their dim fingers to the everlasting. All men are more tender than just—more open to tender sympathy than prompt to condemn. Tenderly we drop the veil of Charity over the vices of the dead, and call up his virtues. This is often done to the detriment of the living. If to the great mass of mankind death is terrible, it is owing to the condition they occupy. The more solid the rock, the more polish it will bear; the harder the timber, the more enduring the temple.

That which is palpable and obvious can never enlarge the soul, nor strengthen the intellect. So prominent a mystery is death, that if one could fathom it, and it should no longer be an unknown thing, rueful would be the result. It is not the mission of Spiritualism to explain away this mystery. It comes but to cheer mortals over its portals to a brighter world higher and beyond. The deepest influence of death is felt only to the free soul looking up. The spirit gains wisdom from the wonders of the hereafter. For two thousand years since the appearance of Christ, the worship of God has not been fully developed. A new fountain is needed, and Spiritualism goes forward, conquering, and still to conquer, while the old stand by to curse it. The over-zealous assume too much, the timid are frightened, while the temperate embrace its truths, and profit from its teachings.

The mystery of death is too deep to be explained by any faith. For every secret we attempt to wrest from Nature, we get nothing but pain and anxiety. But when it is time for us to know, the secrets of dissolution, we shall go forth, leaning upon faith and doubt on the left, to protect and guide us. And the mercy and wisdom of our Heavenly Father shall in some far future be the burden of our song.

The evening discourse was preceded by a spiritual hymn from the quartette, entitled "Dream on."

Miss Beebe gave out her subject as "Social and General Miracles." She said that the controlling laws of our minds are perfect. It is a popular fallacy that some facts require less proof than others. It is true only so far as they are strange. Tell the American savage that iron can be made to swim on the water, and he will point to the ice, and give assent. Tell him that some trees bear bread, that milk will come from others, and he will laugh at you, and say, you know that is not true.

posed upon. But while the savage of Borneo will believe you when you speak of bread and milk from trees, he will be ready to murder you when you speak of frozen water. The facts are true in both cases, but the experience of the one is unfelt to the other. It is not wise to make marvel of simple facts. What is true, needs no evidence beyond the knowledge of its existence.

It is impossible to bring in new gospels, without bringing in something that is questioned or disbelieved by many, because it is not reached by their experience. As nothing which transcends divine order can be true, so nothing can be false in the system of nature. As man looks on the little universe he sees around him, all is wonderful, but true. Because some things are good, and some are bad, man became acquainted with the facts of life. The mystery of sunshine and sunset has never been analyzed by Copernicus or Newton; still, apparent to our senses and knowledge, and strengthened by our experience, no one dare question their existence.

Positive knowledge is not wholesome of itself. If man could grasp all, his soul would stagnate with inactivity. All language is limited as applied to man, because his knowledge is limited. No man with sane mind will ignore the testimony of his senses. No fact can be disproved by the witness. Whether we credit or deny a fact to the bar of final consciousness we must appear at last. If nothing is real, it makes no difference with real things. Those things which are evident to our senses are absolute and true; if they are at enmity with this law, let them retire, with "false" branded on their forehead. By this means, all things are arranged systematically.

To know these things our resource is to actual experiences. If they be questioned, seek more witnesses. A fact may rest obscure from lack of experience, and be in the category of myths and ideal things. It is natural, when the wise man asks you to believe any new thing, to ask him to show his passport. If it is true, you can better afford to wait than to be deceived again by those who seek to exalt their own ideas to the injury of others.

In a world where all is wonderful, every additional wonder makes no sensation. Every age has had its miracles, but it is an age of ignorance, when we have false miracles; and all will vanish before intelligence.

Many things in nature are a rebus to us, and the miracle has been among them. When science, for her own safety became a cloistered nun, men could not trust themselves, but could their masters.

The truths of science even in their infancy, were considered too deep for the common mind. In the curious wonders of the universe all else grew dull and commonplace. The earthquake and the lightning were instruments in God's hands of good or evil intent. The effect was often so different from the cause, that natural things were often alleged to be supernatural, and the breech between the two was often widened to give more plausibility to the assumption. Knowledge had been reserved to only a few, and they purchased admission to it with prayer and penance. In the miracles of ancient times, idle forms were often put in to perplex the mind and turn it from the scrutiny of the actual laws which governed the miracle performed.

Learning was rigidly guarded in her early temples. Cloistered science made religion subservient to its own aims, and fraud and chicanery put forth sham miracles and pious lies for God's sake.

Science at length broke from the cloister, and declared itself free. Priest and scholar have no longer a common function, and the miracle is restored to its true place in the natural law. Sham has long been worshipped as a God, but old faith comes back to where it belongs. The telegraph, the compass needle, the navigating power of steam, mesmerism, and many matter-of-fact things of to-day, but for the intelligence of the world, would be ranked among the most mysterious movements of special providence. But you will do wisely to take facts for facts, till you can do better, and accept the hypothesis that miracles are performed through natural law. The miracle of to-day is a simple illustration of its power to do. Miracles are the offspring of science; and the power of the Egyptian magii, Christ's transformation of wine into water, his walking on the sea, his transfiguration, are all explained by the same natural law, though as yet unknown to us. The fact that a spirit can enter into a mortal form, and thousands of other things are so strange, yet true, that we may cease to wonder. We seek not to deny a partial fact, but to elevate the universal.

After the lecture closed, it was announced that Miss Beebe would be ready to answer any questions in explanation of her position. The following is a summary of the questions from the audience, and answers from Miss Beebe.

Question.—Is your mind impressed with what you have before you, or have you studied it—as it may be seen that you are not confined to the notes?

Answer. I make a point of knowing what I am to say before I arise to say it. I do not always give the lecture word for word. Sometimes I am impressed to omit, and at other times to add.

Q.—Are you understood in your discourse to mean that a person may rely upon the evidence of his senses?

A.—Yes; I do, and others have no surer guide.

Q.—Then when a color is green to the senses of one man and blue to another, which is right?

A.—The faculties of one are impaired, and cannot be relied upon.

Q.—Do you read your discourses, as fast as you write them?

A.—I do not read them till they are finished. I am conscious of no action of my own mind.

Q.—Are they written at a single sitting?

A.—Generally—though sometimes they are written in pieces.

Q.—Do you believe in their spiritual origin?

A.—Most certainly I do.

Q.—Can you give the name of the spirit who wrote the discourse you have given us to-night?

A.—No name was given me.

A gentleman in the audience arose and said he had noticed that the lady's organ of language was very small, and that in her answers she chose the fewest possible words to express her meaning, while in the lecture she used many words to embellish the ideas she taught. This to him was evidence that she did not write these lectures through the exertion of her own mind.

The meeting closed with singing, as usual.

The man who grinds the face of the poor by refusing to pay them adequately for their labor, is as much a highway robber, and the dollars which he takes from their hard-earned pittance to put into his own pocket, will not count much in his favor in the sight of the Lord.

WALKING FOR PLEASURE.

Mr. Emerson, the Concord philosopher, has been reading his lecture on "Country Life" to the citizens of Newburyport, and the Herald of that city contains a full and most interesting report of it. Mr. Emerson dilates in the spirit of a true lover of the country, on the pleasures to be derived from frequent excursions by the people of the cities into the country solitudes, and asserts that no State in the Union unites such beautiful requisites for that purpose as Massachusetts. In the prairie States of the West, one can walk as well backwards as forwards within a rod or two, as over the entire State; he gets just as much scenery in the one case as in the other. But here in New England, and especially upon the hills and in the dales of old Massachusetts, he finds a variety and constant freshness of scenes that do not more surprise than revive him.

Walking in the open air is not practised enough by our people; in fact, very few pretend to practice it at all. There is many a physician who tells his weakly patients to stay out in the open air as much as they can, and the patients never fail to get the full benefit of so sensible a prescription. Nothing is better than the air for us. It sends life to the blood, and sets it agoing at a lively pace along the veins; it lends fire to the eye, and adds to it an eloquent and beautiful lustre; it invigorates the nerves—freshens the cheek—sets the animal spirits in a glow—and almost ushers us into a new world. There is no specific like it, that we have ever happened to hear or read of.

A walk of ten or a dozen miles over the country is by no means an unusual thing for the English people, who grow robust and healthy upon it. We, however, have hitherto thought it either too much for the delicate sensibilities of our people, or else we incline (the ladies) to believe it the means of making us gross and coarse. As if, forsooth, a person could not be in the highest sense refined, and yet in a perfect, and even a high state of health.

There is a vast field of pure enjoyment yet to be thrown open to our people, by this very simple prescription. They must go afoot, hunting up trifling adventures and exquisite bits of scenery, and the wealth is then their own. Aside from the health and spirits that are manifestly to be got by the means, it is one of the most innocent and economical methods of extracting solid happiness out of our surroundings. We become insensibly students and lovers of Nature—that kind and doting mother who offers us all things with her generous hand. We only wonder that people overlook such easy ways of securing health and pleasure together.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Thomas Mead, who has been on trial for manslaughter, for killing Jeremiah A. Agin in a saloon in Court street, by shooting him with a pistol, was found guilty by the jury on Saturday last, after having been ably and most eloquently defended by Mr. Choate. His sentence will probably be passed upon him shortly, unless his case is carried up to the higher court on exceptions; in which event, he will take another trial.

This is the case on which we commented at the time of the occurrence of the murder, taking the occasion to speak freely of the cowardly practice of carrying concealed weapons. It is a practice that directly tends to crime, holding out inducements in fits of passion, that no habits of self-control are able to withstand. Let a person of violent impulses be ever so well-guarded, as he thinks, the instant he exposes himself to temptation of this sort, risking all, as it were, on a single throw, that instant he is gone; he loses himself, too, before he knows what has been done.

It is a mark of barbarism to stuff one's pockets and sleeves with deadly weapons, and walk the streets like a full loaded battery. It implies complete distrust of everybody. He who is guilty of such a habit, should find no fault if he is set down by those around him as unfitted for them to associate with. He deliberately insults society, imputing to them the traits that belong only to Calmucks and Sepoys. Were such a theory to be generally adopted, it would land us a great ways on the yonder side of the limits of civilization.

However this individual case may terminate for the unhappy young man whose peace of mind has been put in jeopardy for his guilty connection with it, we sincerely trust it will be a lesson to others of similar tendencies of temper, and indeed to all who are liable to be led into the meshes of crime, or think but lightly of their obligations to society.

THE BEAUTIFUL WEATHER.

Everybody has remarked the fine weather that has ushered in the new year; and everybody hopes from his heart it is emblematic of the brighter times that are yet to dawn. New Year's day itself opened like a fresh poem: calm, mild, sunny, and beautiful. If we could but have seen the blue violets smiling at us under the fences, or heard the cheery chirp of the blue-bird over the wall, we could have believed Spring had come indeed. Such delicious days are not common in this rough sea-board climate of ours; and hence when they come, they are like sweet sounds of music in the intervals of a tempest. We had a "Happy New Year" in every sense. No fairer morning ever shone on the world than that of the 1st day of January. If the winter should but hold off as thus far it has promised to do, men will have to confess in the presence of one another that God *has* tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and forgotten none of his children in this hour of their need.

Dramatic.

Boston Theatre.—Miss Matilda Heron, who so charmed the people of Boston last spring, has returned to this popular theatre to fulfill a six nights engagement. "Camille," her master-piece, was brought out Tuesday night. She will be supported by H. F. Daly, who has just returned to this city.

Aside from these extra attractions, Messrs. Howe, Davidge, and the remainder of the talented company will appear.

Boston Museum.—Wm. H. Smith took his benefit here on Monday night, when Mrs. Ferguson made her first appearance, and a decided success. Mrs. Gladstein takes a benefit on Friday, and we hope she will have as good a house as did Smith.

Howard Athenæum.—McKean Buchanan, after an absence of several years in England, the Continent, and Australia, appears for this week at the Howard, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, and Miss Sallie St. Clair. Of the merits of these artists we need not speak—they are well known to the lovers of the drama. Buchanan took the part of Othello, Monday evening, and was received with great *eclat*.

Ordway Hall.—In spite of the recent loss this popular place has met with in the stampede of some of their best performers, the people still patronize it.

Benefit of Mr. C. J. Foster.—Mr. Foster, a favorite actor, who has a great reputation at the South and West, and who has made a favorite impression in this city, takes his first and only benefit at the National Theatre on Wednesday evening, January 5th. Mr. Foster presents a good bill, and we hope a crowded house will reward his efforts to please a Boston audience.

SPIRITUAL AGE.

The New England Spiritualist comes to us this week under a new title and in a new dress. Mr. Newton has united with Mr. S. B. Brittan, who for a while published the Spiritual Age, but who was obliged to suspend on account of the crisis, and the new sheet takes the neat and appropriate heading of the Age.

Mr. Brittan is too well known as a writer of unsurpassed ability to need a word from us, but we must say, that under the new regime, with the united efforts of Brittan and Newton, the Age cannot fail to give satisfaction to the community. It makes a very neat paper.

MRS. HAYDEN, TEST MEDIUM.

An impression having become prevalent that this estimable lady does not attend to other manifestations than those which relate to the examination and cure of diseases, we take the liberty of correcting it.

Mrs. Hayden is a rapping and writing medium, and sits for tests with those who desire to witness the phenomena. She needs no commendation at our hands, for she has been known for years as one of the most successful mediums and truthful women engaged in the good cause.

MR. MANSFIELD RECOVERED.

This gentleman has recovered from an attack of lung fever, and may be found at his rooms, as per advertisement.

Late European Items.

Arrival of the Niagara.—The steamer Niagara has arrived, having left Liverpool on the 19th. Her news is of not much importance.

The London Money Market was easier, and bullion at the bank had largely increased.

The Liverpool Cotton Market continued dull, but at the close there was an improved demand, though at a considerable decline from prices current at the sailing of the Persia.

Breadstuffs were very quiet, but without material change in prices. Provisions dull.

The Niagara brings 700*l.* in specie for Boston, and 20,000*l.* for Halifax.

There is no later intelligence from India.

Some additional failures are reported; among them Cheesebrough & Sons, one of the largest woolen firms in Yorkshire.

Financial affairs at Hamburg were improving.

The Bank of France has varied its rate of discount to the uniform basis of 6 per cent.

The Commercial crisis in the North of Europe continued with great severity.

Messrs. Powell & Son, London and Manchester warehousemen, have failed. Their liabilities are heavy.

The French government has imposed a duty on foreign brandies.

Further attempts to launch the steamer Leviathan has proved abortive.

The enterprise to raise the sunken ships at Sebastopol has been abandoned.

The Atlantic, from New York, arrived at 3.30 P.M. of the 16th.

Jan. 1, 6 P. M., the Niagara passed the steamship Canada, from Halifax for Liverpool.

London, Saturday.—(By telegraph.)—The Times' City Articles reports increased steadiness in the Funds, with a further advance of 1-4 per cent. The Bank returns are expected to be very favorable, and shows a further increase of 1,381,366*l.* in bullion. Both bullion and reserve, even supposing 2,000,000*l.* of over-issue to be deducted from the latter, are now higher than in April last, when the rate of discount was only 6 1-2 per cent.

The Times gives a list of the principal suspensions announced in London since the beginning of October. The number is 55, and the liabilities are estimated at 15,000,000*l.* or 16,000,000*l.* The liabilities of houses suspended in the Provinces, are computed at 35,000,000*l.*, at a very moderate calculated. This includes the debts of five Banks, amounting to 23,000,000*l.* The total is 50,000,000*l.*

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about.

Yes—we can see that in College oligarchs, medical professors, Greek tutors, and that sort of people not a thousand miles from Boston, says the Post. Rather a hard "rap" at the Cambridge Solons; don't you think so, Sir Oracle? Perhaps your "Lynn Spiritual correspondent" can answer.

Why was the prophet Nathan greater than the Mediterranean? Because the Mediterranean is a sea, but Nathan was *a seer* (sea-er.)

Col. Rice of Pennsylvania has been appointed by the postmaster general, printer for the post office department. This is a very lucrative position, worth $40,000 a year.

Park Benjamin has returned to New York with $1100, as the net profits of his western lecturing tour of three weeks and three days.

The Gazette has returned to the folio form, and the Olive Branch has adopted the quarto.

"A coffin," said an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in when he is dead."

Contempt blunts the edge of a keen lampoon better than reason.

The shipments of flour from Richmond, Va., to South America, during the month of December, amounted to 36,249 barrels, the value of which may be set down, in round numbers, at $250,000.

Increase of Specie in the Boston Banks.—The banks of Boston have five million ninety-one thousand and five hundred dollars in their vaults. This is the largest sum which they have held since 1840, when they had six million and five hundred thousand dollars. When the banks suspended in October, 1857, they had but $2,461,000 in specie, and when they resumed in December they had about $4,500,000.

The Philadelphia Gazette, speaking of a new prima donna, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

Consolation for the Stockholders of the Leviathan.—It should be an assurance to the owners of the Leviathan that she cannot be a failure, as in the midst of the panic she does not yield to the *pressure*.

The dog in his kennel barks at his fleas; the dog that hunts does not feel them.

Loss by Fire in Boston in 1857.—The loss by fire in this city in 1857, was about $169,400—less than half of the average for several years past.

During the session of a county court in the interior, a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amid the laughter of the court, "No, sir, I's not married."

A coroner's jury in New York State lately returned a verdict that a certain deceased man "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A revolutionary mob having got hold of the Abbe Maury resolved on putting him to death. "To the lantern with him!" was the universal cry. The Abbe, with much *sang froid*, said to those who were dragging him along, "Well! if you hang me to the lantern, will you see any clearer for it?" And the Abbe was spared.

Whatever may be the reputation of a man while alive, when dead he is generally allowed to be a *finished* gentleman.

Some modern writer has said that "*power* is but *half* power, unless intelligence guides it."

The Green Mountain State.—A Vermont paper speaks of its State as follows:—"There is but one city in this State, and not a soldier. We have no police; and no murder has been committed in the State within the last ten years. We have no museums or crystal palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, for which the father works, votes, and talks—where the mother controls, labors, and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots."

A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort constantly.

A female school-teacher in her advertisement, stated that she was competent mistress of her own tongue. "If that's the case," said a crusty old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

One of "Poor Richard's" Maxims.—"If a man empty his purse into his head nobody can take it from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest."

New Road from New Mexico to California.—The War Department has received advices to the 18th Oct., from Lieut. Beale, in charge of the military road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado river, in which he announces his arrival in California. The expedition has met with the most complete success, and a fine wagon road from New Mexico to California has been established.

Little minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minute's conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve.

True, says the Post—but no ark would be large enough to hold those same little people, if their size were equal to their own estimate of their proportions.

Squeezeville must be a lively place—nearly as gay as Princeton. A traveler says of it, in his journal: "Went there once—only rode through the town—came again eleven years after, and heard one chap say to another, "Look—he's got a new snapper to his whip-lash this time."

An anecdote is told of an English barber, who observed to his customer that there was "cholera in the *hair*." "Then I hope you are somewhat particular about the brushes you use." "Oh," said the barber, "I do not mean the 'air of the 'cad, but the *hair* of the *hat*mosphere."

It is said that Hon. Alexander C. Morton, of New York, is to be appointed Judge of the Supreme Court for the territory of New Mexico, in place of Judge Brocchus resigned.

Brigham Young has increased his harem of seventy-five white wives, by adding to it fifteen young and lovely Indian squaws.

Miss Leslie, the authoress, died at Gloucester, N. J., on Friday, from the effect of injuries received last summer.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium.

J. V. Mansfield, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

A. C. Stiles, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium. See advertisement.

Charles H. Crowell, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

H. N. Ballard, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. Coonley, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

Wm. B. Jocelyn, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. B. Storer, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

John H. Currier, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.

The following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light:—

Charles H. Crowell, Cambridgeport, Mass.
H. N. Ballard, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. Coonley, Trance Speaker.
Wm. B. Jocelyn, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. B. Storer. Address New Haven, Conn.
Mr. Amos Drake, Union, Me.
Bush Mitchell
H. F. Batty, Canton Mills, Me.
R. K. Troy, agent, Weymouth, Mass.
A. Limpsay, M. D., Laconia, N. H., is agent for the Banner.
John H. Currier, No. 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.
H. A. M. Bradbury, Norway, Maine.
Barnum Brittain, agent for Northern Vermont.
Angelian Taggart, part of Western New York State and vicinity.
Wm. K. Ripley, Paris Mo., for that part of the country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portland Mock.—We do not hold strictly to our terms for clubs. If you wish to add to your club, you can do so by single subscribers. We can supply missing numbers.

To W. F.—"The Sign of the Cross" will be printed in our next number.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ART'S MISSION.

BY R. GOING.

I walked in blooming gardens of delight,
And through the woodland's cloister'd arch of trees,
Bathed in the virgin morning's dewy light,
That woke the woodland's color'd harmonies.

My soul was cheerless in its dearth of love,
And imaged every rose a reeking thorn;
Nor saw its beauty in the hues above,
But fester'd with a young and sightless scorn.

And myriads in the soulless sleep of grief
Lay scatter'd 'mid the garden's living bloom;
Some sought in beastly joy a sick relief
And others died in passion's hot simoon.

Living, they loved not; dying, knew no hope:
Childhood was void of joy, and age of truth;
And woman, patient, toil'd beneath the rope
That long ago had scourg'd to death her youth.

Then lo! there came, in beauty beaming love,
An angel mission'd with the glad release—
She soothed the air that throbb'd with human moan,
And lull'd the heart that heard, to perfect peace.

There was a music in her garment's flow,
And light celestial clothed her azure wings;
An awful beauty in her eye did glow,
That palsied vice, and ceas'd man's murmurings.

She touch'd their eyelids with her wand of light—
The sleeping waken'd and the sightless saw;
And Hope bloom'd from the winter of its blight—
Man's open'd heart acknowledg'd Nature's law.

And Woman smil'd, and rose with life anew,
Man's steps, unerring, paths of beauty trod,
And raptured, saw great Nature's soul; did view
In every plant the hand of Living God.

Correspondence.

SINGULAR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

WOODSTOCK, Dec. 23, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—As one well-authenticated fact is worth a thousand mere theories, I am induced to forward for insertion in the "Banner of Light," (if deemed worthy,) the following singular circumstance, which occurred in September last, when myself and wife, accompanied by Mrs. Minerva Lull, of this place, was on a visit to your city of Boston, and which you will doubtless recollect, as I called at your office several times during my stay.

Here permit me to say, the relation I am about to give, I consider to be justly due, not only to the two young "Davenports," as "Mediums," through whom the most extraordinary class of "Spiritual Manifestations" are given; but also to the presiding spirit, "John King," by whom, through them, as media, such wonderful manifestations of spirit presence and power, have been, and are still being, given to the public; and presents a class of spiritual phenomena, both physical and mental, as truly astonishing as any we are called upon to witness, and which baffles all the combined wisdom of our proud savans of science, not even excepting that of the "Harvard Professors." But to my narrative:—

While in Boston, we went several times to witness the "Spiritual Manifestations," as given through the "Davenport Mediums," and were fully satisfied they were all they claimed to be.

Without, however, reiterating all the phenomena usually attending these seances, I shall simply confine myself to a relation of what induced our last visit to the Davenport rooms, and what occurred while there. On the Thursday afternoon, prior to our leaving the city for home on Saturday, we were introduced to that noble philanthropist and reformer, Jonathan Buffum, Esq., of Lynn, and to whom, till this moment, we were entire strangers; when he most cordially invited us to spend the next day with him at his house in Lynn. We accepted his polite invitation, and were graciously welcomed and hospitably entertained by his kind, amiable lady and family. It being suggested by Mr. B. that we might like to take a walk before dinner to see High Rock, we did so, and were much gratified. On our return, it was proposed by our kind host and his lady, that after dinner he should take us for a drive to "Dungeon Rock," the scene of some singular spiritual predictions in relation to hidden treasure supposed to have been buried there by the renowned pirate, Thomas Veal, the particulars of which have already been given to the public. Being, however, acquainted with a gentleman of our own town, of the name of Marble, and a nephew of Mr. Marble, the proprietor of Dungeon Rock, our interest in a visit thereto was much increased, and we had concluded to go, when Mrs. Minerva Lull, who is a medium, was taken possession of by the spirit of an Indian woman, whom we are wont to call Mary, and who has been for a long time professedly her guardian spirit, and whom she has never known to deceive her, when a sort of colloquy ensued between Mary and another spirit, calling himself John, who seemed to wish to gain possession, to this effect, "No, no, John, you shall not touch her," and then, as if in answer to a question put by John, said, "I'll tell them;" then was said, "You must go back to Boston, and be at the Davenport rooms by four o'clock, as I want this medium (Mrs. L.) and Mr. Middleton to get into the box with me, as I have something to say to them."

I replied, "we have engaged to go to Dungeon Rock with our friend, and cannot consistently comply with your request." But he still insisted, and we thought (as did Mrs. B.) that it would not be prudent any longer to resist, as something beneficial might result from our compliance. So we took the cars for Boston, and reached the Davenport rooms at four o'clock, but the seance had commenced, the door closed, and the music in full discourse. Mrs. Churchill, the lady of the house, being in the room, and hearing voices in the entry, opened the door, and, knowing us, beckoned us in. We entered, took our seats near the door, no one but her seeing who entered, as the room was in total darkness. I had been seated only a few minutes, when the music ceased, and John said, through the trumpet, "How do you do, Mr. Middleton? I am glad to see you here." I replied, "I am quite well, I thank you, John, but how did you know I was here?" He replied, "Didn't I send you? but you are too late, you must come this evening, at half past seven, without fail," and the seance was resumed. At the close of which, and when the people had mostly left the room, Mr. Dexter Dana and Mr. Davenport, Senr., who knew that we had gone to Mr. Buffum's, said, "Why, we supposed you were at Lynn; how came you here?" I replied, that we had intended visiting Dungeon Rock, as we wished to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Marble, but were disappointed, in consequence of John coming to Lynn, and through Mrs. Lull, insisting that we must be in Boston at four o'clock. That is the reason why we are here.

"Well," they both responded, "this is strange; Mrs. Marble and her daughter are in the room, and we will give you an introduction to them." Mrs. Marble then said, "It is fortunate you did not go to Dungeon Rock to-day, as Mr. Marble is from home. But this is very singular, as we have never all left home at the same time." I think she said for several years. Now, to be brief in relating what remains to be told, we went in the evening, as desired, and before the public seance, Mrs. Lull and myself were requested by the spirit John to get into the box; we did so; the two boys sitting at one end of the box, Mrs. Lull at the other, myself in the centre. The door was bolted by the spirit, and, after a few seconds of silence, John manifested his presence by passing his hand up the right side of my face, and then patted me on the forehead. I had extended my left leg across the box, so that it would have been impossible for any one to have passed by, if they had been so inclined. I then placed my left hand, palm up, on my knee, and mentally requested John to put his hand in mine, this was instantly complied with, and that hand was a large, soft, but cold one, and very different altogether from that of the boys', presuming it to have been one of them.

Mrs. Lull was now shaken violently, and one of her hands taken and placed in mine, then removed. Then I was struck with considerable force on my leg, just below the knee, with such force as to make me exclaim, "Not so hard, John." The tambourine was then jingled, and placed in Mrs. Lull's lap, then removed to mine. I now again mentally requested John to place his hand in mine, while sitting in the same position as before described, but this time with the determination to, immediately upon the touch, pass my right hand, extended horizontally, and making a semi-circular sweep, as far as I could, thus ensuring certain detection, had any corporeal body have been around me; but this I am sure could not have been, as the boys were sitting on the cross seat in the corner of the box on my left, quietly talking. I now asked John if he had anything to say to me, when he remarked, "I like you, Mr. Middleton, you are a good sort of fellow." Mrs. Lull then asked if he had anything to say to her; when he replied in the same way, through the trumpet, "the conditions are not exactly right for me to say to you what I could wish, but I shall come to you at your own home in Woodstock, and through you shall communicate with Mr. Middleton."

It remains only to be said, in concluding this narrative, that John has kept his promise, and has twice purported to have spoken to me through Mrs. Lull, but the communication being private, and of no great moment, I do not give it. Should anything transpire worthy of note, I may send it to you. Thus ends my narrative.

Now, Mr. Editor, a few questions, and I have done. Who, or what was it, that came to Lynn and held that conversation with the spirit then possessing Mrs. Lull's organism,—interrupted,—and set aside our proposed visit to Dungeon Rock, by insisting upon our return to the Davenport rooms, if it was not what we claim it to have been,—a spirit? and that spirit knowing what (to say the least of it,) was quite improbable that we, as entire strangers in Boston, and to all the parties, could have known, that Mr. Marble and his family were from home, and that, only by returning to Boston, could we have effected what we were most desirous of, an interview with them? And again, who, and what was it, if not a spirit, that almost instantly recognized and challenged us upon our entrance into those dark rooms in Boston, and claimed to have sent us there?

Now, as these things were not done in a corner, and can be proven by the various persons referred to above, and who are, for common sense and intelligence, and most unequivocally for honosty, equal to any of the Solons of Harvard, I simply ask that these astute and learned ones will give us the true solution to these things, if they can, upon any other hypothesis than the spiritual, and they will much oblige, I doubt not, many earnest and humble seekers after truth.

Yours, very truly,
THOMAS MIDDLETON.

"TRUTH" AND "PURITY."

As long ago as 29th June last, the public was favored with with a manifesto from a "Committee" of Cambridge Professors, who were considerate enough to "warn the community" against "any connection with spiritualistic circles." Though grossly and palpably ignorant of the facts, this self-wise "Committee" unscrupulously asserted that such connection "surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman." All those who are familiar with the tendency of communion with the spirit spheres, know that it is eminently purifying and elevating, and are therefore aware that this assumption of the said "delusion"-ists is false and libelous. This notorious Manifesto closes with these words: "The Committee will publish a report of their proceedings, together with the results of additional investigations and other evidence, independent of the special case submitted to them, but bearing upon the subject of this stupendous delusion." As nearly six months have elapsed since this pledge was given, and the long expected "report" has not yet been published, it is reasonable to infer that said "delusion" Committee *does not intend reporting at all*, maugre the voluntary *promise* to do so. Is it not, therefore, questionable whether "spiritualistic circles" or anything else *could* "lessen the truth" of its sapient members? Some have supposed that the *rigid morality and spotless purity of their own lives*, prompted these Professors of "delusion" to volunteer their caution against the "contaminating influences" of Spiritualism; but, being so remote from "the community" that enjoys the privilege of their vigilant, though *unsolicited*, guardianship, I am by no means certain that this opinion may not be "a stupendous delusion."

LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1857.

[We do not wonder at our correspondent's impatience. So remarkable a document as this must from necessity be, coming from such a committee of patient and careful investigators, is of course eagerly looked for. The gentlemen assure us that it is *coming*, however, and we must be as patient as they have been.]—EDITOR.

POKEEPSIE, N. H., Dec 21, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—Mrs. Townsend is here, and is doing a good work for the cause. Our Hall is crowded day and night, while we have lectures, with earnest, intelligent audiences, and the prospect is better than ever before. I hope that our meetings will not be allowed to go down again, and I think we are strong enough to sustain them.

Our meetings for the present are in Academy Hall, Sabbath afternoon and evening.

Yours for the cause,
LEWIS G. DAVIS.

THE "GIFT OF TONGUES."

DELANCO, N. J., Dec. 29, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—A few evenings ago my daughter suddenly took a notion to write, and seized a scrip of paper, and hastily wrote what you have here enclosed. No one in the house being able to read, write or speak any foreign language, we were all non-plussed as to what it could mean, or whether it meant anything at all or not, except the line at the bottom, which you perceive is in English, from which we judged it to be something about eating, but could not tell what. If you think proper, lay it before your readers, with the translation, and perhaps some of the learned Professors can explain how a girl of sixteen years, who never learned a word of any foreign language at school, nor anywhere else, that I know of, (at any rate, if she learned *one* word, it was the extent,) nor can she read the document, nor can she write it again in her natural state.

I send the original, as written, which, you perceive, is on a piece of paper, scribbled on parts, but you will make it out. I took it to a Professor in Philadelphia, who gave me the interpretation, which I also enclose. This is only one of scores of wonderful doings the last twelve months in my house. *Query*—Is it "Odylic," "Magnetic," "Electric," or was it the man that loved good eating?

I might mention that I do not believe she ever tasted a woodcock in her life, consequently it could not be her own taste she wrote of.

Yours, &c., JOHN CARRUTHERS.

La Perdrix tient le premier rang apres la Becasse, dans la cathegorie des gibiers a plumes. C'est lorsqu'elle est rouge, l'un des plus honorables et des meillems rotis qui puissent etre etales sur une table gourmande. Sa forme appetissante, sa tille elegante ut suelte, quoiqu' arrondie son embonpoint modere, ses jambes de'ecarlate; enfin son fumet divinet ses qualites restaurantes, tout concurt a la faire rechercher des vrais amateurs. D'autres gibiers sont plus rares, plus chers, mieux accreillis par la vanite, le prejuge, et la mode; la Perdrix rouge, belle de sa propre beaute, dont les qualites sont independantes de la fantaisie, qui reunit en sa personne tout ce qui peut charmer les yeux, delecter le palias, stimuler l'appetit, en ranimer les forces, plaira dans tous les temps, et concourra a l'honneur de tous les festins, sous quelque forme qu'elle y, parsisse.

MANUEL DES AMPHITRYONS.

After this, the following sentence in English was written:—

"One who thought more of eating than anything else. This was his favorite passage in reading."

TRANSLATION.

The partridge holds the first rank after the woodcock, in the category of feathery game. When it is red, it is one of the most honorable and best roasts that can be displayed upon a good eater's table. Its attractive form, its elegant and slim stature, though rounded, its moderate corpulence, its scarlet legs; in fine, its divine flavor, its restoring qualities, all concur to make it a dainty among true amateurs. Other game are rarer, dearer, sooner welcomed by vanity, prejudice and fashion; but the red partridge, beautiful per se, whose qualities are independent of fancy, which combines in his person all that can charm the eyes, delight the palate, stimulate the appetite, revive strength, please, at all times, and concur to the honor of all feasts under any form whatever.

MANUEL OF BANQUETERS.

A MYSTERY.

In the Banner of December 12, we published a letter which pretended to express the sentiments of the Spiritualists of Columbus, Pa., in reference to Joseph B. Lewis, a lecturer, who was then at that place. The following communication takes opposite grounds to this communication:—

COLUMBUS, Dec. 27, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—At a meeting of the Spiritualists of Columbus, November 20, the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, That the letter published in the Banner of Light, of December 12, headed "Joseph B. Lewis," and signed "D. W.," does not embody the sentiments of this meeting. And that a Committee be appointed to answer the same.

In accordance with the above, we, the undersigned Committee, would respectfully represent, that the article referred to is not an expression of the sentiments of the Spiritualists of Columbus. And, considering that silence might seem to indicate an endorsement of the same, we would therefore earnestly utter our solemn protest against its being so considered or understood. And further, we know of no Spiritualist in this vicinity whose initials correspond to those of the purported writer of the article.

And we would simply add, that Joseph B. Lewis has not manifested to us a character or spirit in this place, which entitles him either to our respect as a man, or recommendation as a lecturer.

Yours, for Justice,
MORTIMER SEARS,
J. V. MATHER,
D. W. ELDERKIN,
Committee.

NOTE.—As the initials subscribed to the article referred to are the same as the first two in my name, certain persons associated them so nearly and easily with the rest of my name, that they, in closing the reading of the article, wound up with D. W. Elderkin. For myself, I say I never saw the article before it was published, and do not endorse it as seen above.

D. W. ELDERKIN.

MISS HULETT, A YOUNG LADY MEDIUM OF 17 YEARS OF AGE, AT DUBUQUE.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, the readers who are pleased with the *Light* which your Banner unfurls, would like to hear that the angelic voice of our eternal life is speaking to the dwellers in and about Dubuque, by Miss Hulett, of Rockford, Ill., a young lady of seventeen years of age, but confessedly nonplussing that important personage, who is found in all places, "the oldest citizen."

Miss H. gave her first lecture here on Thursday evening, 10th Dec., and has continued since without intermission every evening and Sabbath afternoons, closing the 25th.—The audiences have been composed of the educated and civilized citizens of the place; and from the first no contumely nor opposition has been shown to those interested—as has been done in some other places—with the exception of a few scurrilous assertions found in the communications of the daily papers, soliciting the "gullable citizens" of Dubuque to give their attention to the "spiritual humbug" now lecturing at the stone church, and who will give "a peep into the kingdom of heaven for *ten cents*." But be it known that Miss H. receives no compensation for her labors, save the joy of a pure heart, and a sympathizing love with all of "the offspring of God."

I cannot think of censuring an unenlightened or barbarian mind for its vituperations, but to think that professed Christians, who believe in the assertions and promises of Scripture, and own the testimony of Jesus, that the angels are interested in man's redemption—I say to think that such should deny "the ministry of angels realized" in the manifestations, is to me a regret. Yet, they are owning, and will continue to own, the *true* propositions of spiritualists, viz., that the laws of nature are the expression of God's *perfect* wisdom, and therefore He will not change them to suit man's *imperfect* ideas—that *physical* blood cannot blot out the *error of spirit*-mind—that many being created by a *perfect* God, will, in the eternity of time, emerge from the antagonism of his ignorance and error, to partake of the divine *perfectness* of his Author.

I may have written sufficient for the present; but we rejoice in the truth that what nature demands nature will supply, and what the spirit nature of man requires the spirit of the eternal and unchangeable Deity will supply out of mere from His own infinite resources.

The Banner of Spirit Life is unfurled in Dubuque, and we believe its light will grow brighter and clearer unto that "perfect day," when "no man shall say unto his brother, Know thou the Lord, for all shall know Him," and "the angels of God shall ascend and descend upon man," and "the will of God be done on earth as in the spirit world."

Yours truly,
DUBUQUE. G. M. H.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Departed Year.

BY FLORIA.

The Old Year has passed to its grave in the past, with all its gathered experiences of joy and of sorrow, with all its heaped-up treasures, with its varying light and shade. It seems but a short time since, with hearts hopeful and rejoicing, we welcomed in the untried year. We gazed down the dim vista of the future, striving in vain to pierce the dark unknown, and beholding there only the sweet visions painted by smiling Hope. The New Year was then an unread volume, and as page after page brought to us its earnest teachings, how have our hearts alternately rejoiced and trembled. We hailed with joy the Year now gliding so swiftly into the past, and our hearts danced to the music of her footfall. We clasped her hand, fearing nought, for we knew she was a heavenly messenger, a true friend, whether she led us through scenes of brightness or of gloom.

And she has led us 'mid dancing sunbeams, and through scenes of beauty; and if some of us have groped through darkness and gloom, we have been guided safely on, and our hearts have been brave and hopeful.

From some of us she has led a dearly loved one far away to the Spirit Home, and we have missed the familiar form, the loving smile, the music tones of the dear departed,—but though we have lost the visible presence, we have gained thereby *another friend in heaven*.

These loved ones "gone before!" They bless us still, and we can sometimes hear their loving tones bidding us "Prepare to come up hither."

The Angel of Death, in passing over our homes, has here and there folded his wings, and his shadow has fallen coldly, silently, where erst smiled the joyous sunlight. From one and another happy home he has taken the loved parent, or sister, or brother, and led them to the portals of the Beautiful Land. From some homes he has taken the *precious little sunbeam*, and borne it to the world of light,—but oh! *not* dark and cruel is the smiling angel that takes the little ones to the arms of their Saviour,—*not* dark and dreadful is the bright messenger that calls the Christian to his home above.

And over some of our happy homes he has paused, as if awaiting the decree of Heaven—and then has passed on, leaving there grateful, rejoicing hearts, that the loved home-circle was still unbroken.

With swift but noiseless footstep the year has glided on, blessing us ever, twining for us wreaths of hope and joy, painting bright pictures for us to gaze upon in coming time, and filling our souls with gladness and gratitude.

She has woke upon our spirit-harps sweet, gushing strains of music, and anon some wild minor strain has crept in, in plaintive cadence. Sad, yet full of beauty, are these strains in the minor key, and they thrill the soul with a deep, mysterious power—and so the sadder lessons of life, if rightly received, are full of hidden beauty, and they awaken the spirit to a truer, holier life.

The beautiful "hectic of the dying year"—the bloom upon the maple trees—has long since faded; and, arrayed in her pure white shroud, she passes away. May she bear to heaven a record that shall be there written in undying characters of joy, and not of sorrow—a record of pure and grateful hearts, of true and earnest action.

Farewell, thou departing year! We shall love thee ever for the precious gifts thou hast brought to us, and most of all, that thou hast led us *up higher*, nearer to our Father in heaven.

Welcome, thou New Year, and bring to us thy earnest teachings, and lead us *onward, upward*.

EAST MEDWAY, Dec., 1857.

THE DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

Ten years after the Hegira, he made a pilgrimage to Mecca, with a splendid retinue of more than one hundred thousand followers. This was his last journey. The physical strength which had endured so much hardship, turmoil, and battle, had been failing for the last few years, in consequence of eating mutton, supposed to have been poisoned by a Jewish woman, in revenge for the injuries inflicted on her people.

Soon after his return from Mecca he was seized by fever, which at intervals deprived him of reason. He said to Ali—"Gabriel has every year recited the Koran to me once; but this year he has done it twice. I think this is a sign that my departure is near." He emancipated all his slaves, and gave directions concerning his funeral. He was so poor that he literally possessed but one camel; but he charged Ali to see that every debt was paid.

Until three days before his death, he continued his usual practice of public exhortation and prayer. Weakness then compelled him to ask his friend Abubeker to perform the duty for him. With a bandage bound tightly around his throbbing head, and leaning on the shoulder of Ali, he went to the mosque to bid his people farewell.

"Oh, my companions," said he, "what a prophet I have been unto you? Did not you break my front teeth, throw dust upon my forehead, and cause blood to flow from my face, till my beard was dyed with it? Have I not suffered distresses and calamities through the ignorance of my people? Did I not bind a stone on my stomach to allay the torment of hunger, while among my followers?"

They replied, "Yes, oh prophet of God. Verily you have endured much for God's sake, and you have prohibited what was wrong. May God reward you with the best of rewards on our account."

He answered, "May God grant you the same. The time is very near when I shall be concealed from you. Therefore, if any man has a claim on me, let him declare it now."

A voice from the crowd said—"You owe me three drachms."

He ordered them to be paid, and added—"If I have done injury to any one, I conjure him to rise and tell me."

A man stood up and said: "Your staff struck me one day; but whether it was done intentionally on your part, I do not know."

He replied: "God forbid that I should have done so intentionally;" and he offered the man his staff that he might return the blow, saying, "It is better to be in shame now than at the day of Judgment." But he kissed the Prophet's body, and forgave the accident.

Mahommed said to the people: "No one can hope for favor from God but by obedience. That alone can save us from the wrath of God. Oh Lord I have delivered thy message."

He descended from the pulpit, and after offering a brief prayer with the people, he returned to his house. During his illness he expressed undoubting confidence in the favor of God, and often repeated consoling messages brought by the angel Gabriel, who was said to visit him every day and night. The only child he had left was Fatima, who had married her cousin Ali. He manifested the strongest affection for them, fervently blessed them and their children, and charged Ali to be always kind to his family. He had previously declared that the Angel of Death would never be allowed to take his soul from the body until he received permission from himself. Gabriel informed him that the angel was now in attendance, and would either take him or go away, whichever he chose, adding:—"Verily, the Most High is desirious to meet you," whereupon Mohammed replied: "I have finished my mission, and am ready to join my fellow prophets in Paradise. Oh, Angel of Death, execute your orders!" He died with his head reclining in Ayesha's lap. His last broken words were:—"Oh, God—pardon my sins—yes, my companions—I come."

The announcement of his departure was met with an outburst of clamorous grief. His friends exclaimed, "How *can* he be dead? He who was witness and intercessor with God. By Allah, he *is* not dead! He is only wrapped in a trance, like Moses and Jesus; and he will speedily return to his faithful people." Omar, in his frenzy, unsheathed his scimitar, and he declared he would strike off the head of any infidel who said the Prophet was dead. But Abubeker rebuked him, saying: "Is it Mohammed you worship, or Him who created Mohammed? Verily, Allah liveth forever; but his apostle was a mortal, like ourselves; and he has experienced the common fate of mortality, according to his own prediction."

He died in the eleventh year of the Hegira, when he was sixty-three years old. People came from the surrounding country and pronounced blessings over his bier. This ceremony lasted from Monday till Tuesday night. He had instructed Ali to build a very simple tomb, and enclose it with a wall. The possession of it rendered Medina a sacred city, thenceforth resorted to by many pilgrims.—*Mrs. Child.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEAVEN NEAR.

BY B. TROTT.

As distant Lands beyond the sea,
When friends go there draws nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer day by day.

And as those Lands the nearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those that see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near and in the very hearts
Of those that see aright.

WEYMOUTH, Oct. 17, 1857.

From the Hingham Journal.

MISS AMEDY'S LECTURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As you are doubtless aware, our citizens had the privilege, last Sunday evening, of listening to an address through the mediumship of this gifted lady and trance speaker. She spoke in the Universalist Church, which, with true Christian liberality on the part of those having charge of it, was opened for her accommodation. At a very early hour the house was filled. Owing to controlling circumstances, only a very limited notice of the meeting could be given, and it occasioned some surprise to enter the house only a few moments after the appointed hour and find every seat occupied.

What had induced those that usually spend their Sabbath evenings in the quiet of their families at their own firesides, to come hither in such numbers? Was it merely a curiosity to hear a lady speak? It could not be. Was it that they might catch something out of her mouth—some inaccurate language or imperfect pronunciation, that they might accuse her of false pretension, and thus break the charm of this "stupendous delusion?" No, the respectful attention, the unbroken stillness, the satisfied look, and almost universal "well done," forbid such a thought. Did they go up there from a desire to learn something of this "new philosophy," to try the spirits whether they are of God, or to hear something from the spirit world that would encourage the heart, speak peace to the soul, and satisfy the longings of the spirit? We hope so; and trust all such left the house feeling a stronger love towards their brethren, a deeper interest in what is truth, and a profounder reverence for their Father in heaven, who is the Father of spirits and a God of truth; feeling that they had been instructed and elevated in spirit, made better, prepared to live the doctrines of Christ, and thus enter into eternal life even while here on the earth.

It is sometimes said the Spiritualist discards the Bible, but she proved the opposite of that to be true, and to one who devoutly and sincerely believes that spirits communicate with mortals, that was a beautiful picture which was presented to him on Sunday evening. A young lady standing before an audience of her fellow mortals, a medium of communication, through which celestial beings, though invisible, could pour into their souls the truths of immortality, and infuse into their souls something of the joys of celestial life; could, at the close of the beautiful Sabbath day, unroll to their minds the sacred teachings of the Bible, whose truths had been confirmed by their own experience, in the spirit life, riveting the attention of the hearers, and holding them in almost breathless silence for more than an hour, assuring them that the Bible teaches Spiritualism, and Spiritualism confirms the teachings of the Bible. Though a light, female voice, her pronunciation was so distinct she was heard without difficulty in the remotest parts of the house, and whatever might have been the motive that brought them there, they evidently listened with feelings akin to those ancient people in the Jewish synagogue, who, when listening to one of their own countrymen, ex-

claimed in their astonishment. "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" Did any doubt her sincerity and imagine she was about to palm off a production of her own for the thoughts of spirits? The solemn, earnest, feeling prayer with which she commenced at once drove such thought from the mind of him that ever prayed from the fullness of the heart in the fear of the Lord. May the spirit of truth be poured out upon them all, that they may rejoice in life, and depart feeling that it is good to commune with angels, that thereby we are better prepared to enter upon celestial life.

HINGHAM, Dec. 22, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PROGRESSION.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

The march of Mind is onward, as all the world may know,
Then wherefore cavil at the pace at which some choose to go?
There must be laggards in the troop, some halt, and lame, and blind,
And some from very willfulness prefer being left behind.

It matters little to the world just wakening from its sleep,
How fast its heresies are hurl'd into oblivion's deep;
We grant the letter of the law has been full widely spread,
But alas! the spirit of the same has slept among the dead.

We have trusted to Theology to guide our erring feet,
And to Nature's kindly influence to make the bitter sweet;
We have based our faith on others, seen only through their eyes,
Forgetting to beware of wolves dressed in sheep's disguise.

We have bowed to their superior faith in Truth's white vesture clad,
Unheeding that it may be true, "much learning makes them mad;"
Though eighteen hundred years, and more, wise men have holden forth,
The beauty of religion, is its purity and worth.

Did not Christ bid them "Heal the sick, the halt, the blind, and lame?"
And have not they insisted we ought to do the same?
Have they not blamed the lack of faith sufficient for the task
Of performing every duty, gaining every boon we ask?

Oh, the march of Mind is onward, light is breaking all around,
One by one our chains are parting, we stand on hallow'd ground;
Then raise on high the banner of sacred truth and light,
Progression be the motto, and God will guard the right.

HARRISON SQUARE.

[Communicated.]

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

NO. IV.

DEAR W.—May the blessing and peace of God our Father, descend upon us all, in this our attempt to know more of Him, of each other, and of our relative duties to the moral and spiritual world in which we are placed! May truth come to us with its own native energy, addressing itself to our reason and judgment, unbiassed by education or prejudice—that, like children in knowledge, we may receive its clear waters with the thirsting, confiding spirit of true and earnest disciples of Him who spake as never man spake." When our Saviour was on earth, in his hour of trial and temptation, Moses and Elias came to him with the strength and consolation which he needed. *They* were strong with the wisdom and experience of ages; *they* had basked long in the love of God; they knew its power to sustain and cheer. *They* were the favored of olden time, whose prophecies he had come to fulfill, and so were chosen to minister unto him—and he rose up strong to endure, mighty to execute his Father's will. Though Moses and Elias soon left the entranced vision of the worshippers, the principle they illustrated, the fact they established, was henceforth a law of existence. The spiritual and natural worlds vibrated the same chords of affection and sympathy. Man's spirit yearns for help—and its congenial affinity comes with food convenient for it. The same elements, then enkindled with the fire of devotion and sacrifice, ever dwell there, sooner or later to be awakened by the same almighty love, for its own regeneration and the glory of God. The mount of transfiguration must be ascended by every soul, into whom the Great Creator has breathed the divine essence of his spirit. It may slumber long, but is not His judgment and mercy from everlasting to everlasting? Some, by a fortunate combination of circumstances are early brought in this divine harmony—the errors of time and sense attain less hold upon their immortal nature—sin and virtue become so strongly marked, that a glance determines their characteristics. Others toil long through the deep entangled web of folly and vice—tears of anguish must wash in repenting sorrow, the aberrations of their guilty souls, before they can know peace—but to whom, said the Saviour, was the *most* love *given?* to him to whom *most* was *forgiven.* What a lesson here for the study of mind!—I say not of *mortal* or *spiritual* perception—for the mind of each can study with deep wisdom and improvement this question of moral reformation. What a revelating of the love of God!—how different from the contracted view of mortal justice!

Shall man ever be like God?—says the devout soul—like Him, unselfish and true? *We* say, as far as he cultivates the divinity of His spirit, implanted within him, to the subjection of his material demands—so far can we *know* God. Earthly life in its most favored aspects presents little of this divine harmony and unity,—where then is the glorified existence typified by our Saviour's life and example, but in our renewed birth of spiritual being? Earth is but the uprising of the seeds of futurity; the husk of materiality must fall, ere the flower can be clothed in spirituality and show the divinity of its heavenly origin. Has not Nature a beautiful order in all her changes? Every affection, motive, thought, has its own order of progression. If the little leaflet makes its impress on the face of nature, how much more every emotion is imprinted upon the spiritual atmosphere of our being. The seal of the future will unclose its living record, bearing its testimony of the struggle and victory of every subdued sin. The panorama of the *moral* world is not less distinct or unerring than the *natural.* The great wheel of destiny is ever revolving—enclosing the essence of purity or vice in its encircling folds. This record is our *history*—our *life*—our *believe.* We receive it from the recording angel, as our spirit first awakens our perceptions. We read and study.

Is not this a truth of sufficient importance for spirits of love to hail with delight—the privilege of communion with the earth-bound spirit? We know the true enduring objects of life—'tis not the accumulation of houses or lands—'tis not the professions of holiness we would embrace (though the truly pious soul must give utterance to its joys)—but humility, meekness, forgiveness and charity. We come in the light of the Saviour's teaching; we know not yourselves, but Christ teaches "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." How beautiful the essence ever arising from such a spirit! it clothes all Heaven in beauty, and thrills earth with its light! Man has not yet conceived the beauty of his moral being—deep streams of truth and love are flowing there, choked by the selfish barriers of time, which shall yet burst forth overflowing its barren wastes with the luxuriance of Heaven. He has been dazzled by the glare of *outward* life—its *inner* phases never, since Christ spake, have been unveiled to his vision. Here is the bliss of Heaven; the endowment, the heritage of God to man, is already entered upon, and the soul knows itself of God.

It was natural that the outward should first attack man's dawning reason and sense—it was tangible—it met its imperious desires with its own response, and its every form has been tested to give delight; but where is its rest or satisfaction? It satisfies not the whole being—it must pass with the using—giving place to higher and more enduring realities; its purpose is accomplished only when the inner life rises into its higher being.

All is beautiful in the order of God's Providence. Through all is written, "be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Is not here life, joy, *perfection,* enjoined on man? Is he not commanded to aspire after it? Earth enfolds it not—spirit life, spirit prayer, enfold it, each in its everlasting structure of love, waiting man's redemption—and then it shall come forth as the morning, and rejoice as the noon day in its sanctification, for has He not said it, and will He not perform?

We can come in the same spirit, by the same power, as Moses and Elias, to assist these divine properties of soul into action. We can trace its hidden wanderings, and throw around it the influence of inspired thought. We know the divine influx of spirit is ever upward and eternal. If we can save one pang to those we love, can turn aside a few brambles from their weary feet, their joy is our blessing. We can be again the consecrated pillar and cloud—but the active *principle* must be the individual *resolve*—the soul's own inherent desire after holiness; by its own activity it can alone acquire strength and purity.

Dear W., how much of affection wells up in my spirit as I thus commune. *I* come, and *you* receive me. Can I ask more of God's blessing? Can I not enfold all His universe in my affection? Is there one so sinful and degraded, whom I could not take by the hand, saying, "Be of good cheer, thy God liveth"? All Heaven echoes my happiness, and earth is the dear ark of covenant grace, in His own time to be raised out of the waters of sin and placed on the Mount of Deliverance. Do *you* not feel my peace, my joy? Its throbbing emotions I know echo your own. This is not the selfish joy of gratified pride or ambition—but the love and being of God in its holiness, diffused in our hearts. Let it, like his sun, shine on all—visit the evil and the good—and perchance it may leave a glimmer of light upon some darkened path. Those to whom much is given, must give forth much, for you cannot confine the rays of the sun of righteousness.

Let it then be our crown, our rejoicing to be as He was, who blessed the little child in its helplessness, and to the suffering sinner spoke words of cheering hope.

How much my heart goes forth to all the dear ones of earth through you. With you I again bless and caress them, and with each leave immortal flowers of hope; a glorious wreath shall they entwine for our future study. The earth was beautiful to me; many flowers bloomed there that yielded to me immortal fragrance—are they not now around my brow, still gladdening earth and cheering Heaven? I early learned to trace the laborious foot-prints, and they have led to beatitude and bliss here. I was happy when watching afar off the feet of those I fondly loved, for I trusted them with God. *Now* the portals of the grave are opened and we *pass* and *repass;* the ear of love vibrates to its own loved tones again; even the impatient heart of earthly love, must cease its throbbings and be still in the presence of its Maker. What more can it desire than to be worthy such great gifts? more wisdom and judgment to use them for their greatest good. How much the Prophets of old desired these days—their spirit natures were aroused to their capacities and wants; they thirsted after life beyond the grave, but, in the childhood of time, only by dim foreshadowing, could they know the pleasures of immortal life. Intellect has advanced, grown strong in its own motive powers, and now the *spiritual revelation* is pouring in its light, that man may still adore God, and not deify himself. "A little lower than the angels hast Thou created man, and ever watchful hast Thou been of him."

Could you trace with me the truth and beauty of this providential care, would your heart exult in its birthright privileges! But trust them in God's holy words—they are sacred in his promise; enjoy them by faith, and they are the earnest of future happiness. With watching vigilance guard the sanctuary of thy soul from evil; be ever true to God and to thyself, and thou shalt know of Heaven.

Dear W., what more shall I say now, to bear to you my blessedness and love. *Together* let us worship and adore, for His mercy is new every morning and fresh every evening. Benedictions of love to all, whether received in silence or accepted with grateful response. In God's own way, the deaf ears will be opened, and the blind receive their sight. 'Tis only the *mortal* vision thus obscured. Eternity's rushing waves are mighty to remove the dust of earth.

All peace and love rest with thee, dearest and best beloved. A.

DOING THEIR WORK.

About two months since we published, in our messenger department, a communication received through Mrs. Conant, from John Jacob Astor. It was a beautiful production of its kind, and was copied with some remarks in a New Orleans daily paper, under the head of "The Secular Press and Spiritualism."

The following from a correspondent, "F.," of the Spiritual Telegraph of New York, shows that the spirit is recognized by his style, even though the medium power he employed at the two sittings was distinct. Thus they do their work.

A COINCIDENCE.—In an article entitled "The Secular Press and Spiritualism," which we inserted last week, will be found a communication, copied from an exchange, and purporting to have been given by the spirit of John Jacob Astor. The perusal of that communication distinctly revives in our mind the memory of a similar one that was given by what purported to be the same spirit, at a circle with which we were connected in the autumn of 1851. It was given through the organism of Mr. T., of the Shaker community of Harvard, Mass., who happened to be present on the occasion, and who had never seen Mr. Astor during the life of the body, but who gave a general description of his features, which was recognized as correct by those present who had seen him. The communication given, as to its main features (which related to the influence of avarice in this world upon the spirit hereafter, as exemplified in his own case), was so *precisely similar,* even as respects its peculiar phraseology, to the one here presented, as to convince us that the two proceeded from the same intelligent source, whether that was really the spirit of Mr. Astor, as purported, or not. From motives of delicacy we abstained at the time from saying anything publicly of the communication that was given at our circle; but now that the matter has been placed before the public through *other* channels, and the coincidence appears to us so striking, we deem the fact which *we* witnessed due to the public. We leave our our readers to do their own moralizings on these communications.

The Messenger.

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

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but FINITE beings, liable to err like ourselves.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

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.

Daniel Rhodes, Boston.

Friends, I have been requested to come here and commune. I, as yet, scarcely realize my position. I know I've passed from earth, but I cannot tell you what degree of happiness I enjoy in spirit life, nor can I tell you to what I am destined. I was an old man, past the meridian of earth life, and have been away from earth but a short time, only about three weeks. Some few days since I was present, and wished to communicate, but could not. A spirit stood near me whom I did not know, and offered to communicate what I wished in writing. At the commencement he gave a wrong name, which I wish to correct. There were many spirits near who seemed to me to be of a low grade, that day, and *the one who seemed to have control had as much as he could do to preserve order, and he told me that as soon as I could come, I must, and rectify that mistake.* I have a dear friend in this city who often spoke to me of Spiritualism, but I could not understand him, or bring myself to believe in his theory. But a short time before I died he called on me, came to the bed-side, and spoke very kindly to me, but said nothing of Spiritualism, which I thought very strange, for I learned since, he knew I could not live, that he had been informed of that fact some way. Now I know why he did not speak to me of it. His guardian spirit did not think it best, for he knew I could not be made to believe at that late hour, and I might as well wait until I realized my situation. I have many kind words for him, and more especially for a favor he conferred upon me and mine a few days ago. He requested his guardian spirit to bring me here, and teach me how to commune. That request has been complied with, and I am here. I should like to have my wife believe in these things—she is favorably inclined towards them; I should like to give her comfort through this channel. I feel more true affection for her now, than I ever did, or could, on earth, though we spent many happy years together. Don't understand me to say I had not affection for her on earth, oh, no—but that I had is purified and made stronger. Owing to conditions I cannot be so free as I would like. My name was Daniel Rhoades. I lived and died at 15 Carver street. If you wish to prove me, go there. If I cannot refer to my home I have so lately left, where shall I go? My wife's name is Nancy. God bless her. I wish I could talk to her, but I will be satisfied. I lived a long while on earth, and ought to be able to be satisfied, but man is not, especially when he knows not that he can return to his own. Dec. 16.

[illegible] show how careful the guardian spirit of our circles is that truth shall be stamped upon all that is given forth. The afternoon in question there were but two reliable communications came through. There seemed to be gathered at the circle a number of spirits who were determined to control, but who were unable to do so properly, hence nothing was given that we could publish, notice of which was given us in a message given by Dr. J. D. Fisher, who at that time had been left in charge of the circle by Dr. Kittredge. The name of Charles Rhoades was given instead of Daniel. Fisher's message is below.

J. D. Fisher.

You in mortal form cannot fully realize what may be transpiring so near you, and yet outside the veil. The power here to-day has been mighty. We do not wish you to understand that the evil has been stronger than the good, for we had power to disperse those evil ones at any moment; but we permitted them to come. Now they must come at some time, and if ours is the channel, let us so impress them, that the second time they may come in different manner. Those spirits were not decidedly bad, but the solemnity of this place did not impress them, and they came back in the same way they lived on earth, and were doubtless happy to come in any way.

It is said in the Bible, that at one time, when the sons of God were assembled, Satan came also among them. Our medium is a channel through which all influences can come, and thus she is open to good and bad. She should ever keep the soul above such manifestations, so that when such disembodied ones do come to her, she may minister to them, although unconsciously. Our duty is plain, our power is sufficient, and our God overruleth all things. If we in spirit, and you spirit and mortal, do rely upon Him under all circumstances, you shall never fail. Be not afraid of those who draw nigh unto you manifesting evil. If you are right, no harm shall come unto you, and they shall see your light and rejoice thereby.

Your mission here once in so many hours is a holy mission, the importance of which you may never realize in your earth life. Could you be permitted to range through the spheres, you would see that this little circle is felt in Heaven, earth, and hell.

Here all spirits find a magnet—as man naturally turns to the place that was once his home, so all spirits, at some time, feel an overruling desire to return to earth, and as mediums are not numerous, and as they are not all fitted for all grades of spirits to control, such an one is a mighty magnet to which they are drawn.

You should not wonder at such manifestations. We who come to you are endowed with power to shake this material habitation to its foundation, but we are not disposed to display our power unless in glory to our great commander, God. We are often called upon to give manifestations which, in the opinion of mortals, are needed, but which superior wisdom tells us are not for His honor.

Keep yourselves pure as possible. Keep the heart within free from all evil thoughts, be ever on the watch—see that the sentinel sleeps not, day or night. Remember, the servant who is caught napping seldom gets his reward, but he that watches is sure to receive his due.

Ezekiel Hobbs, to William Hobbs.

Around, above, beneath, Thy guiding finger, Lord, I see,
Traced in the midnight star, and written in man's destiny.

Aye, whithersoever we roam, there we find God—in the heavens, the earth, and in hell. We, subjects of that God, do return to earth to find our God in a form best suited to our capacities. We might seek and find Him in heaven, and yet not be able to comprehend Him. We might seek Him in hell, and find Him there, and yet not be able to comprehend Him. And we return to the faces that once knew us, to the forms that were once familiar to us, to find there our God, to recognise Him, and by Him be recognised.

Let us wander among the unlettered tribes that help to fill your sphere, and there we find our God. Let us travel among your halls of justice, and there we find Him. Let us his to the couch of the sick man, and there we find Him. Let us wander to the birthplace of Jesus, and there we find Him. Let us come again to modern times, and whatever we look upon, wherever we roam, we find God.

Ah, how solemn the thought! surrounded by Deity, filled with the same, and bound to Deity, beyond time. We do indeed find the God we love here, and He has taught us to seek Him wheresoever we will, and we shall not seek in vain. Full twenty years have I been an inhabitant of spirit life. Fifty-four years, eight months and a few hours I passed in an earthly existence. Many, no doubt, will wonder that I came; my earthly kindred will marvel at the strange manifestation, yet when they shall become as little children, sitting at the feet of Jesus, they shall understand, and the humble shall be clothed in Wisdom. Now they have exalted themselves, and are looking down at this, like the mighty man to his victim. When they shall come down, then shall cooling water fall upon their parched brows, then, and not till then, shall they recognise God in the voice from the spirit land.

In my earthly life, I dwelt in a small town called Kensington. There, in the old grave-yard, all that is earthly of the spirit that now addresses you, reposes. I have learned much since I left earth. I have welcomed nearly all my kindred, and even now, at this moment, nearly the last of my race is lying upon a sick bed, waiting for the command of God to come hither. Soon that destroyer of many of your children, consumption, will have obtained victory over earth life; God will have called the spirit home, and the casket will have gone to its mother earth.

I come to-day that I may prepare that child, that I may bring peace to that troubled soul, for he cannot understand spiritual things; he has no hope of an hereafter—the grave is all he views, with its gloom and terrors. Unhappy child! he knows not that many angels are hovering around him, administering to his necessities. Friends, loving friends, a few hours ago spoke to him of spirit communion—"Ah! let one of my own come, then I shall believe," said he, "and that hope will carry me beyond the grave; now I am looking, I know not where." And to-day I come to answer that call, to give that hope. May peace be with the child, may they who have charge over him, so enlighten his coming, that he may sit not long in the valley of death.

The name of your speaker, when on earth, was Ezekiel Hobbs. The name of the one now lying sick is William Hobbs, who is almost ready to go down to the grave. Dec. 15.

William Ridgely, Fitchburg, Mass.

Four years ago I paid the debt of Nature, and since that time I have often returned to my earthly home, but this is the first time I have manifested. I was born in Washington, Vt. Died in Fitchburg, Mass., at the age of 37. My disease was fever, I suppose. I have been told so since coming here. I was a carver by trade—carved in wood. I might be called a pattern maker. My name was Wm. Ridgely. I lived in the former place about fifteen years. I then left and went to Fitchburg—there I stayed awhile, and came from there to Boston, where I stopped till I learned my trade and became matured in earth life. I then returned to Fitchburg and remained there till I left for another and better land.

I have friends on earth, but few near relations. My father and mother died while I was young. My sister died about four years before I did. My brother follows the sea, and is at sea now, or in a foreign country. He is traveling from port to port constantly. His name is George. Now times are changed, things are changed, names are changed, and bodies are changed; all that remains of me being my spirit, and it will probably retain its identity to all eternity. Names are things of earth—given us by our parents to serve in earth life—in spirit life they are of no use. I find all very much different from what I expected. In early life I was a member of the [illegible] Baptist Church, but at the latter part of the time I was ranked among the backsliders, which was a source of great annoyance to me before I left. But I at last found that God was just as ready to hear my prayers at the eleventh hour as years before I left the form.

My education was limited; my parents being poor, left me nothing of the world's wealth, therefore I was obliged to labor to take care of my earthly body, from my earliest recollection. All I learned, or most of all, I gained from the Book of Nature, when I was walking or riding. I always found something to study upon. Human faces were a great volume to me, and I learned much from them. Nature at the spring time was a great book for me, and I learned much there, and I found when I came to the place where I now dwell, that Nature had not been a bad teacher. Although I was enslaved by my earthly body, I gained sufficient knowledge to fit me for my spirit home. I find here that all creeds are of no avail; that God, in His wisdom, looks at all His children as His children, and all the various modes of worship are the invention of man, not God; and are therefore left on earth, and do not enter spirit life.

My dear friends who took so good care of me when sick, are not possessed of this new light. If no one offers it to them they may remain in darkness. They are kind and good, and the Father loves them well. If they receive me kindly it is well, if not I do not blame them, for I do not expect of them more than they can comprehend.

I was told if I came here to-day, whatever I gave should reach my friends. I did not ask how, for they who promised me are sure to perform, and I rely upon their promise.

I find some inconvenience controlling this body, for I do not understand how to. I feel also some of the ill feelings I had on earth. Probably they are so impressed upon the spirit they remain upon it when it comes in contact with physical forms.

If my friends wish for proof that it is myself and no one else, I can only give them my last words, "I hope to see you all at some time." These were my last words, and no doubt they will recognize them and be led to believe something, if not all.

Dec. 14.

Joseph Robinson.

I suppose I have friends on earth as well as others. I have a brother close by here, a flour-dealer. If you have no objection, I will manifest to him. I don't like all I see going on in earth life. I did not do right myself, and I suppose that serves as a good pair of glasses to see others through. But I am a little ahead of my time, and will go back and tell you how I came here. I have been here something like ten years, and came by accident. My horse threw me out of a carriage, and the result of the fall was death. I had no recollection of anything since the fall, till I found myself in spirit life. I found myself curiously situated; my belief vanished like a bubble, and I did not know whether I was going to heaven or hell, until my grandfather came to me and told me what to do to better my situation. For a time I refused all help; but growing very weary of my situation, at last I called for help, and got it—that is, I gained advice, and I thought it would be as well for me to heed the advice of those who had been here longer than I had.

I have been trying to come to earth ever since; but now I'm here, I am here to tell the truth. I cannot keep back anything, but must speak plain.

I was an old man, something over sixty years of age. How I want to give a word of advice to my friends, and then leave—which is this: they had better attend to their souls' welfare, and stop dealing out vengeance to their fellow men. They had better be more charitable. They are dear to me, and that is the reason I come. I tell their faults, not their virtues, though they have many. I want them to understand that they are not placed here to see which of their family can make the most money. They are here to educate their souls; but I have been for ten years digging among the rubbish of their materialism to get at their souls. I do not want you to understand that I was any better than they are when I was on earth—oh, no, for I was on the same errand as they are; but I want to give them advice which will lead them in the right path for happiness hereafter.

I have a good many acquaintances to whom I should like to commune, but cannot. I do not see anything any more beautiful here than I saw around me on earth. They tell me it is my condition which makes me so—that if I were better, things would look more beautiful.

My name was Joseph Robinson. I wish to send much love to my children. Dec. 15.

Sarah Louisa Mason.

Oh, dear, I'm so unhappy! I wish I had not come here, for I do not know anybody here. I wanted to see mother and to tell her how sorry I am and how I wish I had never done so. She is deceived—she thinks I took it by mistake, but I didn't. I poisoned myself, that's why I am here. I was a wicked, ungrateful child; everybody said so, but mother could not think so, and then when I poisoned myself she did not think I meant to. I want to tell her how sorry I am, and that if she will let me, I can come to her. I told her to go away from me when I was dying, because I did not want to see her. She thought I was crazy. My father died when I was about six years old. He was a Christian—everybody said so. His name was Joseph Mason, mine Sarah Louisa; I belonged in New York. I have got something to tell my mother—very much. I want her to go to Jane Barton and get my chain and watch, for she is poor and she needs it. She can know the watch, for Louisa is scratched on the inside of the case with a pin. I scratched it there myself. And she has some clothes of mine, too, which somebody else might need. It is most two years since I died. Tell mother to take my things; Jane will not want to let them go, but she has them, for she is afraid to let them go to anybody. Mother knows where I was when I died—she came to see me—I shan't tell you where I was. I wish I was dead. I went to school till I was fourteen, then ran away. I used to be a medium and make raps, and she thought the devil came to me, I was so wicked. I used to hear a good deal about Spiritualism. There was a man by name of Daniel, who heard I was a medium, and he came to see me once; but I was so saucy, he never came again. He prayed for me, and said my father sent him to me, and he wanted me to go to a medium by name of Wilds, or something like that, and I got a communication from my father. He talked to me, and I felt bad for a while; I know it was my father now, though I did not know it then. Dec. 16.

Fisher Hewins.

It's a great thing to die, but it's a greater thing to come back again. Now who would have supposed, twenty years ago, that spirits would have been in the habit of coming back to earth to their friends? If I were on earth, I should suppose this to be something like Salem Witchcraft, but as I happen to be in a place where we have plenty of proof, I cannot look at it in any but the true light.

If you will permit me to communicate to my friends, I'll do so, then I'll tell you who I am. I have a good many relations on earth, and as a very natural consequence, I am interested in this. I don't want to see them in darkness, and I do not want to manifest to them in any but the right way. I have manifested to some of my friends who are Spiritualists, but not to my near relations, because conditions have not been suitable. I do not come here to-day to argue of the truth of Spiritualism, for I know it; I have gained my knowledge by hard labor, and I prefer my friends should get theirs the same way, for that knowledge is not of much avail which is not earned.

My friends have called for me, but they called for me in their way, and they have got to call in my own way, or I cannot come. I can go to them, but they have not knowledge enough to know that I cannot manifest there without a medium. I should like to do it, but I cannot. I have learned many new and beautiful truths since I have been in the spirit life, and have become familiar with Spiritualism. [illegible] at this time are unbelievers, and if they will form a circle, once or twice a week, I will endeavor to give them some light, and shall expect to gain some myself, after some of them are developed as mediums. I lived some time on earth—though not to be an old man—and I have been here in the spirit life a little while, but I should not be happy here, if I did not know I could return to earth. God don't permit me to return to earth for nothing; He has a work for me to do, and as I failed to fulfill my mission on earth, I shall labor hard to do so now. I have no wish to return to earth to live, although I was situated happily there, having a great many things around me that I could call my own. My name was Fisher Hewins.

William Fowler.

I am a spirit, but I can't be a saint no way you can fix it. I can't talk sanctified, so if you don't like me, I'll go away.

I was eighteen years of age; my name was William Fowler; I used to live in Boston. People don't know what I died with, so I'll tell them. I got into a little muss one night; I was not killed, but was so confoundedly whipped, that I never went out afterwards. I begged my mother not to tell of it, and she never did. Now she has come here, and there is nobody I care for left, so I'll tell of it. Do you know Bill Allen? Now it was not in his place, but outside of it. It will be two years in the spring since I have been dead. Those fellows know I died on account of that pounding, and they are not happy about it. But they needn't feel so, for I was to blame. We were all drunk, and I challenged some one to fight, and I was so saucy that they all pounded me.

I am on earth, have a good many what you would call upper crust come to me, and tell me what to do, but I was taught that when I left earth there was no doing any better.

There is one thing certain here, you have a home, food, and everything you want, without work—somebody provides them; I suppose it is God, and I thank Him for it. I was taught to believe in a God, for my mother taught me that. I met an old fellow here a while ago, and he said to me, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Because I have nothing to do," said I. "Well," said he, "go back to earth and work, and you may be happier." I came here and saw another man, and he told me there was just a chance open, and I am here, and am going now. Good day. Dec. 14.

William Robinson.

I have been requested to come here to-day, not because I expect to receive benefit myself, but because I hope to benefit another. I have been in spirit life near six years, as nigh as I can reckon time. There is one William Robinson living in the city of Boston, who requested me to come through your medium, and tell him where he can find certain papers, for which he has been looking for some time. This is a strange requirement, and may seem out of place to some people, but if the strange requirement brings with it the light to make a soul happy, it is all I want. I have been promised, if I would come and give that information, they would believe, and I come to plant a belief in their souls.

Now, when I was on earth, I had a bible which had been in the family some years, and which was covered with green baize. Beneath that covering those papers are to be found. I have no more to say. My name is William Robinson. Dec. 17.

Sarah Cushman.

Like sunshine amid shadow, come messages from the spirit life to your sorrowing spirit, say you, my dear, dear child.

Well, I rejoice to know you receive them kindly, and are profiting thereby. Oh, my dear child, you are never alone, and your soul may constantly drink at the fountain of living waters if you will.

Your mother, Sarah Cushman. Dec. 7.

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

Pearls.

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

Oh, flowers of home! the bright, the ever vernal!
The waning summer robs not your domain;
Where'er ye dwell, the sunshine is eternal,
And, when ye perish, welcome winter's reign!
Dark is that hall, though wealth and pride surround it,
Where your young, glowing faces enter not,
And cold the heart, when ties like these have bound it,
That turns, unpitying, from the orphan's lot.

Timid natures are ever in danger of being driven into dissimulation, when too severely taxed about their actions, or visited for their errors.

In the "Loves of the Angels," 'tis sung that they fled
From the skies, happy mortals to love and to wed;
If angels wooed mortals and thought it no sin,
A mortal forgive, who an angel would win.

A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

The pleasant, pleasant spring-time,
The summer's gorgeous dyes;
The bright and solemn autumn,
Have faded from all eyes;
We looked upon thy features,
The furrowed and the scar;
There lingers now no beauty,
Away with thee, Old Year.

There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and which lives over at the same instant, every moment of its past existence.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Estella, or the Contrast;

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Beneath the glorious effulgence of the tropic night, a merry company was assembled, and a feast was spread. The golden moonbeams fell upon the marbled floor of hall and vestibule, upon the scattered rose leaves there; the fragrant orange blossoms, and the dainty jasmine, with a brilliancy all unknown to our colder clime. The stars twinkled with a joyous consciousness in the deep azure vault, and the calm sea flowed with a soothing melody, that told of welcome and of peace.

There were fruit and flowers, and many delicacies, piled with artistic arrangement upon the hospitable board, and festoons, not of wintry evergreens, but of living roses, and breathing lilies, of crimson pomegranate flowers, of freshly culled myrtle, and fragrant migniotte and jasmine adorned the walls, and drooped from ceiling and curtained door. Wreaths of summer blossoms twined lovingly around the gilded frames of costly pictures; mirrors were draped with flowers of gorgeous hue and fragrant beauty; and the very harps, which, touched by skillful fingers, gave forth such merry, leaping music, were garlanded with roses and aromatic leaves.

It seemed a "feast of flowers;" for Nature's sweetest influences cast their poetic charm around. The roses blooming on the maiden's brow seemed beneath the spiritual lights of heaven to have been nursed in paradisaic fields, and endowed with imperishable beauty. Beneath that glorious sky, all things seemed touched with a beautifying spell, and the graceful, waving forms of the dark-eyed maidens, to the enraptured eye, were visions of fairy-land, where youth is eternal, and beauty sits enthroned in power.

It was New Year's Eve; and in that lordly mansion many friends assembled, to laugh, and dance, and feast; to hail with glee and merriment the first footsteps of the year. They were there, the young, the rich, the gay and the happy, of one accord assembled, to shower congratulations, and pour forth wishes, beside the household altar, on which no shadow rested. There, happy unbroken families smiled; and if a few were there on whose brows the shadows crept, on whose hearts the bygone memories lingered, they veiled their grief, and laughed and feasted merrily with the rest.

Many eyes rested admiring upon the silken curtains, the costly furniture, the gleaming gold and silver adorning that festal hall, but the lord of all this wealth heeded it not; for fondly and admiringly his eye rested upon his daughter's face, and his heart called her his loveliest treasure. The young Estella was very beautiful, and with her radiant and majestic loveliness, with her regal brow, and eye of wondrous power, she was indeed his star of promise, as she was his pride and joy; his cherished and only one! And her mother silently regarded her with all a mother's inexpressible love; and her betrothed gazed upon her with love-illumined eyes; her young companions placed the emblematic lily and the blushing rose within her hair, and kissed her fondly, and called her beautiful! Old men and women blessed her, while her own heart sang deep strains of joy.

Dear child of Nature! world-untried, thoughtless and happy one! nursling of a luxurious home! the smile that answered to congratulation and blessing, was one of unmixed joy; a sweet, delusive spirit was whispering of impossible things, and was telling of perfect happiness on earth; of love, to which time brings no change; of home-links unsevered; of the light heart to pass unscathed amid life, unknowing care and suffering, unto the realms beyond.

The golden moonbeams showered upon the scene their divine, poetic influence, and lent to thought and music a subduing charm, in which there was a quiet and a holy joy; the wild mirth was sobered, and the dancing footsteps rested; while low, liquid strains of tenderness and devotion were drawn from the responsive strings. The father laid his hand in blessing on the raven locks of his beautiful child, and the mother folded her in a tearful and a close embrace; her young lover kissed her hand, and his whispered words brought the rich blood to her olive cheek, and a yet brighter light to her glorious eyes; and as the distant bells rang out the welcome chime of the New Year's advent, again her young companions surrounded her with congratulations, and showered kisses upon her, and, as she lifted her flushed and happy face unto the illumined skies, her full heart whispered: "I am happy."

And the blue sea sang its welcoming hymn, and the clear stars shone reflected on its bosom; the foliage bent obeisingly above the wave, and the flower incense of earth ascended to heaven, while the merry bells rang out, and with joyful accord that happy company bade welcome to the new-born year.

The snow lies deep upon the ground; the clear stars twinkle with the peculiar brightness of the frosty night, and the cold moon's light is showered over leafless tree and whitened roof, and the pendling icicles glitter like giant tear-drops beath its ray. The flickering lamp-lights cast a feeble gleam athwart the deserted streets; now and then a solitary footstep sounds, a voice is heard amid the midnight stillness.

By the red fire's gleam, watching the fantastic shadows it casts upon the wall, sits the once bright and beautiful, now the sorrowing Estella, the queen of many fetes, the empress of many hearts—is now alone with memory, enrapt in gloom! She has extinguished the light, and by the cold gleam of the Northern moon, and the far-off stars, she awaits the coming year, that once she watched for in her native halls with joy and revelry. Now, she weeps, for the home lights are gone, the glory past; the desecrated altar has been o'erthrown by an impious hand; she weeps in bitterness of heart and solitude for the dear heads laid low, the living hearts estranged; for her own fleeting youth and buried hopes, for the changes and the fiery ordeal of life.

Beneath the velvet sward, where wild flowers bloom luxuriantly, and gaily colored songsters flit in view of the calm blue sea, have they made her mother's grave, and the cross and the inscription marks a loved one's resting-place.

For a distant forest, where yet the wild beast roams, and the home of man is not; where gorgeous foliage wildly blends with unknown flowers, forming fantastic bowers, and impenetrable arcades; where the cedar tamers beside the darkly flowing unnamed river, and strange birds pass, her father's mangled form was laid by his cruel murderers, and the strange, wandering, flitting songsters paused and there sang his requiem.

The being who had plighted to her his troth, vowed to her unalterable love, where now was he? In the distant tropic land, he sits beside a wealthier bride, one on whose haughty brow no touch of sorrow lingers, whose undimmed smile is for the world, as her heart is dedicated to its pleasures. And Estella, the forsaken, weeps, sheds tears of bitter agony for the rudely broken dream, the faith misplaced!

Hark! she is listening intently, he hand is upraised in rapt, earnest attention; she holds her breath; low, distant raps meet her ear; they are upon the very table before her; now she feels them beneath her hand, above, around her!

"It is true, then!" she exclaims; "the spirits of the loved return. Oh! if by heaven not all forsaken, answer me, my heart's dear angels! tell me that you love me still!" They responded, the invoked ones! and as the midnight bells rang out a joyful peal at the New Year's advent, the soul of Estella cast off the fetters of sorrow, and arose bright and beautiful in faith and hope. She knew that a father's benediction was upon her head, a mother's hand upon her brow, and with grateful tears, she hailed the new-born year of hope and peace. In dreams that morn she beheld the glorified maternal face, and the father's radiant vision, and both whispered in her ear: "Every year of thy earth life we shall come nearer unto thee, until thou shalt dwell with us eternally." And Estella fulfilled her woman's mission of love and charity, and became on earth an angel. And nearer and nearer came the glorified faces of her loved ones; and nigher seemed the spirit home, until one New Year's Eve, as she watched the passing hours, the spirits whispered, "Come!" and the heavenly attraction grew all too strong; and from its earthly fetters forever loosened, her spirit fled to the Land of Peace.

PHILADELPHIA, December 28, 1857.

Children's Department.

THE BOLD ROBIN.

BY MARY BENNETT.

A cottager's children—(they lived in a pretty cot that stood alone)—were the particular friends of a certain Robin Redbreast, who visited them very often. He was a large, handsome bird. His forehead and breast were of a deep orange-red, which contrasted well with the beautiful bright gray tint of the sides of his neck and breast. His wings and tail were dark brown, margined with olive-green. These pretty colors, and his lively and familiar manners, pleased the children so much, that they watched for him often, and fed him with thier little hands, when he came bowing near. At these times he appeared really to be trying to converse with them, for he listened attentively to everything they said, and did his best to make suitable answers. In November, when a great many robins gather together, to visit warmer countries, this fine bird disdained to quit the neighborhood of his attached little friends, and remained through the winter. When the first great snow-storm came, in December, the cottager's children were greatly concerned about the fate of their favorite, and most joyfully they greeted his reappearance. Jane, the eldest, was much struck with the brave qualities of the bird, and took pains to point them out to her sisters and brothers for their example and instruction.

And they learned courage from Bold Robin, and had great need of it, for sickness and want came to that pretty cottage, and the children suffered much; but Jane, the eldest, gathered them about her, and talked to them of the brave robin, and persuaded them to be patient and courageous. They bore up well through *their* sad winter, and hoped on in the midst of hardship. But it was Jane, the brave Jane, who encouraged them, and comforted them, telling them father would have work again soon, and mother would get well with the warmer weather, and they soon should have more food and better and warmer clothing, and a brighter fire.

Jane was a very young girl, but thoughtful, and devoted to her parents and family. In their distress she became for their sakes firm and brave. When her mother lay helpless on a sick bed, and her father's employment failed, she sought and found work for herself at a neighboring farm, and brought home her few pence daily, and a jug of milk, with a heart full of unselfish, earnest love. The good spirit of God was with her, raising her thoughts above her poor and hard lot, and giving her true courage, and a loving heart.

So she worked and endured until March, when the robin came to tell the cottagers that he had built a nice nest under the roots of the old elm tree at the top of the lane. He and his mate had made of pretty moss, and lined it with grass and feathers. Jane fed him, and the children listened to his sweet, wild song. There was now plenty of bread in the cupboard, and a good fire in the grate, and the children played about as merry as ever, for their father had work, and their mother sat up by the fire, and Jane sang out a glad and thankful melody. She felt that she had been *useful* to those she loved,—and that, my dears, is a most delightful feeling,—do but try it!

Well, the robin came and sang to the children, and they fed the robin, very often that summer; but he began to want a change, and when his little birds had all grown up and flown away, and he was alone again, and sharp winds blustered about the old elm tree, under whose roots he had hidden his nest, he listened to the persuasion of his numerous kindred, and resolved to emigrate with them; but before he set off, he must needs look in at the cottage again, to say good-bye. Ah! what did he see? Good, brave-hearted Jane, dying of decline, in the midst of her weeping family. He tapped loudly with his beak at the window, and when it was opened flew right in.

"Ah! my dear robin," cried Jane, holding out her hand, on which he perched, "here you are once more, to teach me hope and courage."

"Yes," replied the robin, by his chirp, and bright glances, and speaking notions, "for that I am sent to you."

"Whenever you see the robin," said Jane to her sisters and brothers, "remember to keep up a brave heart under sorrow and difficulty. After winter comes spring and summer. Every trial, however severe, will end in joy for the good and patient."

They remembered her words. They kept the robin for her sake. She passed away to heaven, but she left her noble example behind, and those who had lived with her were ashamed to give way to despair. They tried to be brave like her, trusting in God.

The robin is very contented now. He has a cage, to be sure, but he spends most of his time flying about the cottage, hopping hither and thither, and eating and playing with the children, who call him "Jane's Bold Robin." When summer comes again, they intend to set him free, but they are certain he will not forget them, but come back with the cold weather, to share their home, their food, and fire.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ENIGMA—NO. 1.

I am a sentence composed of 4 words, 12 letters.
My 11, 8, 10, 3, 5, 7, 1, 12, has just commenced.
My 8, 7, 10, 4, is to lament.
My 2, 11, 12, 4, is a musical instrument.
My 8, 12, 7, 6, is a bird.
My 8, 1, 12, is a war.
My 4, 10, 1, 12, is a kind of fruit.
My 10, 3, 12, is a part of the body.
My 2, 7, 8, is a bird.
My 4, 7, 6, is a writing material.
My 4, 3, 6, is a naval vessel.
My 6, 10, 11, 12, is to be close to.
My whole is what we most cordially wish you. AMY LEE.

Amy has sent the answer, which we will give in our next. We are too modest, Amy, to print the other two, but hope to hear from you every week, with Enigmas on general subjects.

CINDERILLA, one of a series of Paper Dolls published by J. L. Tilton, of Salem. The little folks, particularly misses, are in ecstacies just now with these amusing contrivances. This is one of the prettiest we have seen, and when the furniture comes which will fit the little house which Miss —— has, will let Cinderilla shine among it. Girls take to dolls as natural as women to babies.

SUSPENSION OF LABOR.

The Providence Journal of a late date contains some important statistics respecting the suspension of labor in the manufacturing region of which Providence is the centre. The number of cotton spindles stopped is five hundred and two thousand two hundred and ninety-one; number of cotton hands thrown out of employ, nine thousand six hundred and sixty-one. Fifty-seven woolen mills are named, most of which have stopped, and the rest are running short time. The weekly production of these mills, running at full time, would be $237,000. Eleven woolen mills and two cotton mills are running full time, and twenty-two cotton mills are running short time. The Journal says:—"From the tables, we estimate that the reduced production of cotton goods is equal to 77,000 pieces, and 2,644,000 yards per week, of the value of $150,400; and that the reduced production of woolen goods is equal to $127,915 per week; making a total reduction in these two departments of our industry of $278,315 per week. Similar investigations into the jewelry business, the iron business in its various branches, and in other kinds of mechanical and manufacturing business, would add immensely to this frightful deficit.

MEXICO.—The New Orleans papers of the 25th ult. give the details of the successful coup d'etat of President Comonfort, in dispersing the national Congress and assuming the Dictatorship. The movement, for the present, seems to be thorough, and complete, and acquiesced in by the people. Comonfort and his Cabinet have evinced more vigor than was expected of them. The movement was well concerted, and probably was co-extensive with the republic, as at Vera Cruz and Puebla the garrisons simultaneously transferred their allegiance very quietly from the Congress of the nation to the President. The revolution took place on the 17th Dec., and was executed at the capital in behalf of President Comonfort, by ex-Governor Baz. The work was done by the most trusty brigade of soldiers. No resistance whatever seems to have been made; indeed, there was no time for action on the part of the opposition. On the contrary, the bells of the city rung out, rockets were sent up, and everything evinced the joy of the people.

GOOD HIT.—The following stanzas were suggested to a New York editor, on reading an account of the rejection of the Andover graduate on account of his disbelief in "infant damnation."

Some priests I have heard, when discoursing on evil,
Say infants, when dead, go direct to the devil;
That, instead of his streets being paved with stones,
He uses what's better—these infants' skull bones.

This in part may be true, what they say of these elves,
Allowing those priests are the babies themselves;
We'd not wonder if THEIR skulls were used for paving,
Since, being harder and cheaper than brick, they're a saving.

But we would suggest to Old Nick as a hint,
Something ten times as hard—even harder than flint:
Instead of their skulls, which too often are soft,
Use their hearts, and your streets won't need paving so oft.

GOOD TEST.—Newspaper subscriptions are infallible indications of man's moral honesty, says the Southern Baptist. They will sooner or later discover the man. If he be dishonest, he will cheat the printer in some way; say he has paid when he has not; declare he has a receipt somewhere or sent the money, and it was lost in the mail—or will take the paper for years without paying, and then move off and leave it coming, no one knows whither. Thousands of professed Christians are dishonest, and the printer's books will tell fearful tales in the final judgment.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MRS. HENDERSON will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening, December 10, and every Thursday evening during the winter. The public are invited to attend.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR—entitled the "Harmonial Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

Miss ROSE T. AMEDY, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Washington Hall every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking, by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquette, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1-2 performances commence at 7 o'clock.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. EWER, Lessee and Acting manager. Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock; to commence at 7; Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2 1-2 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Lessee and Manager, H. ASHLEY. Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock; the performance will commence at 7 o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Gallery, 25 cents.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 6 3-4; commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Advertisements.