

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. IV.

(COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,
No. 31-33 Brattle Street)

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.}

NO. 23.

Original Poetry.

SPRING.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIER.

Once more, oh Spring, from Winter's icy regions,
We welcome thee, as gaily stepping forth
Thou wavest thy wand to those mysterious legions,
Who wait on thee to beautify the earth.
Rare flowers of every hue are on thy bosom,
Which thou wilt scatter over earth afar,
On hill, in dell, to bud, and burst, and blossom,
And glow, as glows in heaven the evening star.
Thou left us when the Summer sweetly singing,
With Nature's distillation in her hand,
Came from the skies; with rosy censers swinging,
Pouring its contents over all the land.
Gaily she went, where'er the flowers were blooming,
On o'er hill and o'er dale with fleetness,
And in her joyous mission of perfuming,
She poured them from the censers, full of sweetness.
And Autumn came and in the distance thundered,
And spread his golden banner to the breeze—
The link 'twixt earth and Summer being sundered,
She passed away in low, rich melodies.
And sadly through the dim old forest swelling,
The requiem of the Summer died in song,
With sterner breezes in each blast foretelling
That Autumn's reign of glory was not long.
Proud Autumn died, and in the light of morning,
When sunbeams crept far o'er earth's dim zone,
In all the splendor of their light adorning,
The leafless Winter took dead Autumn's throne.
Loud came the blast from the north-west roaring,
And hurrying down the fleecy snow-flakes fly,
Until they smelt, oh Spring, and sweet imploring,
Won thee a place as 'twixt the winter and the sky.
And now we welcome thee again, thus drifted
Upon the wings of seasons and of time;
Where thou dost come, what seem? How wilt thou lift
Revealed a realm, than this, is more sublime?
The snows have melted on the fields and mountains,
A tinge of green is in the valley wide,
The torrents thunder from the bursting fountains,
And dawns and leap down the mountain's side.
The flowers that Autumn kissed while they were sleeping,
That winter held in icy chains of gloom,
Won by the wags that down the glen are sweeping,
Burst slowly forth, and bud to beautiful bloom.
Our sacred burst knew, as do the flowers
From earth's cold form, when Spring-time bath control,
And we behold how outward things and powers
Brighten, and have an influence o'er the soul.
The flowers retreat, when Winter's blasts are sweeping
Across the earth, escape the war of storms,
Hid from the skies, alone in patience keeping
Watch, till Spring calls them back in newer forms.
So in our life are days of pain and sorrow,
So in our life are winters, too, and Springs;
'Tis ours to live, 'tis ours to escape sorrow
From the great lessons of these senseless things.
So in our life are Summer months of growing—
Moral fields swept by action's genial breath,
And Autumn, too, that bring the harvests glowing,
That tribute pay when we are housed by death.
Sweet Spring, thou dost with all thy powers fashion
Structure on structure, ere thy race is run;
So we, in spite of our own selfish passion,
May leave, by action, much which, though undone,
Will stand as types of what we were while living—
Foot-prints left in the sands where we have trod;
Actions which show our fallings worth forgiving,
And make our souls acceptable to God.
New York, Feb. 28, 1859.

Flashes of Fun.

WRITING AND PRINTING.—A modern wit says of young writers.—"It may be that, like John on the Isle of Patmos, they hear a voice saying unto them, 'write!' but when they hear any such command as 'print!' they had better inquire whether it is an angel that gives the order."
Very right; but the only true test in that case, we think, would be, if the angel gave them strict injunctions to "pay the printer." Then they might go ahead without fail.—*Investigator.*

REPAIRS.—A glass of water obtained from the spring of the year.

A wag says that the Cataract of the Ganges, which had a successful run at the Boston Theatre, was put upon the stage under favorable horse pieces, (auspices).

Why is the mind of the drunkard similar to that of the Hindoo? Because it is always *jug* or *not* (Jugger-naut) with both.

STOMACH ON HEAD.—There is a man in this city whom polly autates to talk temperance, but who drinks daily—"for the stomach's sake!"—several glasses of Scheideam Schnapps. His head snaps continually.

One of the hardest sort of people was asked to subscribe to some worthy object. "I can't," he replied; "I must be just before I am generous."
"Well," said the other, "let me know just before you are generous, and I'll try you again."

At a printer's festival, the following toast was offered:—*Woman*—Heaven reward her: she is always in favor of a well-conducted press.

A rustic friend suggests that type-setting must be a sedentary occupation. A great many stand it, though, however.

The man who stood up on Ceremony, has been bent on mischief ever since.

A good story is told of Mrs. Douglas, when asked a goodly regarding her politics. Her reply was—"I am an Old-line Whig, with pretty strong Douglas proclivities."

BANQUET ON BONAS.—A lady, when told that Mr. Beecher was about to deliver a lecture on scolds, suggested the equal necessity of a lecture on scolds.

LOVE AND SACRIFICE; A STORY OF HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

CHAPTER V.

"I declare! Carrie, one would think you perfectly heartless, gay as you are only the evening before Charles's departure. I think it must have hurt brother's feelings, to see your trifling this evening before our guests. Of course we can understand you. We know you are affectionate and feeling, but strangers and acquaintances, Carrie, mother has often told you are very incompetent to judge, occupying the position they do of occasional visitors."

"I am truly grateful to you for your sisterly sentiments," rejoined Carrie, archly, "and I cannot be too humble in the presence of so sage a councillor two years my senior. What a period, you had to gather wisdom before I came to conscious existence!" and she cast a mischievous glance at her sister Julia.

"Don't trifle forever! Carrie, I am heart-sick of it," and her truly wounded feelings gave vent in tears.

"There! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, sister, I was only in fun."

"But your fun is out of season; you should study the law of appropriateness; I cannot feel light-hearted like you. Only think, to-morrow he leaves us to be absent three years. We may never see him again."

"But we must not drape our souls in clouds; better for him to appear hopeful, at least."

"We can be that without being trifling, Carrie."

"Opinions differ, sister. What appears gayety in me is only the dancing lightning before the storm-cloud."

"You always did have odd comparisons, Carrie; you are not at all like mother and myself."

"No! I am not like the Baileys; I am a Somers. I think of changing the orthography. Yes, I should always be summer."

"Not if you change your name."

"Yes! because it is my nature, and that will never change."

"I fear it never will; but come, it's time for us to retire. Hark! what is that?"

Nervous footsteps in the adjoining room told too plainly that sorrow was treading the secret chambers of the soul.

"Poor brother! how I pity him," exclaimed Carrie.

"How cruel in that heartless girl to refuse him," chimed in Julia.

"But I don't believe it was she, do you?"

"She? Why, who else could?"

"Parents, guardians, often control; and they say her father is very proud, though I have never seen him."

"I never should wish to," said Julia.

"I should!"

"What possible good could come from it? Nothing beyond curiosity, surely, could induce you to think so?"

"I will see him forthwith, Julia, and tell him he is very cruel."

"But we have no evidence that he controlled her decision."

"I feel that he has. I can't blame her; she is a woman, and I pity her."

"We must not remain any longer now," said Julia.

"Remember we must arise early to-morrow. Oh, how I dread the day that takes him from us; do n't you, sister?"

"We must not dread anything; must we?"

"We must not only dread but shun all evil, dear."

"Not if that which we call evil makes us better?"

"There! not another word to-night; we must go to rest."

"If we are not weary?"

"Yes, of course. Good night."

Carrie retreated to her room, which opened from Julia's, and sat down in the pale moonlight. The footsteps of her brother had ceased, but not the wild throbbings of his heart. Softly she stepped to the bedside of her sister. Morpheus had folded her in his arms, but an oft-repeated sigh told that the morrow lay like a shadow on her heart. Noiselessly as she had entered she departed to her room, but not to sleep. Night was in her soul, but day in her eyes, as she sat at the open window to gaze upon the stars, and the flowers below. Forthwith she prayed, in that still hour, that her brother might be spared from deeper sorrow, if it was the will of her heavenly Father. Then, noiselessly gliding to his door, she asked, "May I come in?"

"Carrie, is it you?"

"Yes; please open the door; I could not sleep, and I have come to see you, dear Charles," she added, as he admitted her.

"Tell me, else what troubles you?" said he, with an attempt at gaiety.

"Your sorrows, Charles?"

"What have they to do with my light-hearted sister?"

"Much, very much, dear brother. I would be your confidant, your support, for I am very strong."

"Why! You are only a fairy," said he, glancing at her delicate form and heaven-blue eyes.

"What can you do for me?" Besides, Carrie, it is very late; you must retire, or you will be ill to-morrow."

"It's never late in my room, brother. Oh, I do want some one to know me; no one does, not even you, my brother, who have so many years taken me

upon your knee and called me pet names. You think I am only a child. "You don't know how my heart aches to know all about this sorrow that weighs upon you."

"I have told enough already," said he, drawing strength and confidence from her.

"Did she refuse you?"

"Who?" inquired Charles.

"Grace Weston."

"Yes?"

"How? through a third person?"

"No! with her own lips," gasped he, turning doubly pale, as the remembrance of that hour came before him.

"These are painful recollections, Carrie," said he. "I had resolved they should never be brought up from my own soul." He forgot that he was talking to a child, as he deemed her.

"Yes! there this secret must lie; this heart must go on wildly throbbing out its great pulsations of hope; this hope, mountain-grown within my soul, cannot be torn away in a moment; years must do the work."

"Charles, I have prayed for you, and shall forever pray: My life shall be one holy orison upraised for thee, and though one of my sex refuse thee, yet shall my love cling around thy heart so close that should another ever turn to thee, it must twine its tendrils through my heart to thine."

"Carrie, my child," exclaimed her brother, "have you grown in one moment to a woman? Who gave you those thoughts?"

"The God within me."

"Sister, I have never known you," and he clasped her to his heart. "No, never! Twelve long years we have lived beneath the same roof. Each morn and night I pressed you to my heart and thought you but a sunbeam in my pathway, but I did not expect that sunbeam to shine amid the storm. My Father in heaven, I thank thee that thou choosest this background of sorrow whereon to place this light of my sister's love and strength; that I may see how beautiful it is."

"I love the storms, brother; they make us feel so humble and yet so strong; you will let me be your dearest love now?"

He answered with a kiss and said: "Good night."

Ere he laid his head upon the pillow to rest, he thanked the giver of all good for this light in his hour of darkness. Sorrow and storm wash the jewels from the heart's depths of those around us, proving them blessings in our pathway, and at our fireside. Childs not the light-hearted and seemingly gay too often, for they need only great conflicts to bring out the woman from the girl—the God-power from feeble manhood, which cannot emanate from an uneventful life of life.

CHAPTER VI.

Grace was now convalescent, and able to sit most of each day with her father. Charles had never heard of her illness, but lingered beyond his appointed time of departure, in hopes that some word of repentance or reconciliation might come. The first week he had written the letter before mentioned, and sent it to her. It was his intention to depart immediately, but he was obliged to attend to some business which unexpectedly arose.

Little did he know of the wound he inflicted upon her in his epistle. The lines which he quoted at its close, never, for a moment, left her thoughts.

"Vanished like dewdrops from the spray,
Are moments which in beauty flow—
I cast life's brightest pearl away,
And, alas one, breathe my last adieu."

"And, oh!" she thought, as she daily read it o'er and o'er, "must it be that of all others he should misunderstand me? And he will leave with the thought that I love another! Oh, Charles! how has our bright dream faded!—if I could only have read that before—but now, he is far, far away. Heaven! Father! protect this poor, aching, misguided heart—guide me into light and truth, even though its vale be darkness—let me see but wisdom at the end. He writes, I said, 'I love another.' Could I have said it?"

"Ah, well, I now remember," she said to herself, as new light came upon her dimmed vision. "I was going to say, 'I love you—but another duty calls me.' I only gasped, 'I love—another.'"

"What! in tears, Grace? Have you no smiles for your father? You were much absorbed, I should say, not to notice my entrance. You should not concentrate your thoughts too much. Dr. Warden has repeatedly warned me of that tendency. But I have news for you, darling. In two weeks, or as soon as you are able, we are going to the springs. I found you so much better this morning, I invited Mr. Dayton to take tea with us, and we can talk over the arrangements, as he is to be one of the party. I think your nerves must, by this time, be strong enough to meet him, as he is so anxious to have an interview. Come, you are unusually unobtrusive for one of your sex. I should say, apart from interest, curiosity would add you to meet one who is to be your husband."

"Excuse me, father, but my recent illness—"

"A lady is below, waiting, sir, to see you. Here is her card. Are you at home?" inquired the servant.

"How? No! That is—yes. I'll come down soon."

The girl departed with her message, leaving the judge with his eyes still fixed upon that name.

"You must find something unusual in that card, father," said Grace.

"Oh, nothing. I could not make out the name at first; that's all."

"Who is it, father?"

"I dare say, some of my poor tenants."

"Is it customary for that class of people to call upon you in private, and would they be likely to leave their card?"

"He felt the awkwardness of his position, but made no reply; which made his daughter still more curious. She was about to question him deeper, when he suddenly remembered his engagement, and descended to the drawing-room to encounter a pair of the sweetest eyes that ever met his gaze, not excepting his daughter's."

"Judge Weston, I believe," said the visitor, politely rising.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance; but be seated, madam. You have business with me, I presume," said the judge, feeling it was his place to speak. "Are you a resident of the city?"

"No, sir; we live a few miles out. I am the sister of Charles Somers, and have important business," said Carrie, with as much dignity as her child-nature could command.

"Please state the nature of it?" said Mr. Weston, coolly.

"I have come in behalf of my brother, to tell you his heart is breaking for the love of your daughter, now so cruelly denied him."

"He sinks lower in my estimation than ever, to commission you with his grievances to me; and more, to overstep the bounds of propriety, in thus intruding his importunities upon me."

"But he does not know of my being here, neither of my intention to come."

"I should say, then, you were a very presuming young lady, voluntarily offering your opinion upon a stranger."

"I know I have no claim upon you as an auditor to my complaints, and it was not without a conflict of feelings that I sought this interview, which, in doing, I do not feel I sacrifice the modesty and retirement which belong to a lady. I come in behalf of my brother. I feel that he is wronged, and that your daughter does not act independently in the matter."

"Miss Somers!"—the voice of Mr. Weston was far from harmonious—when a lady so far forgets good breeding and the rules of society as to touch upon themes of so delicate and private a nature, I feel it my duty to advise them, and unpleasant as the task may be, I now inform you that your brother, with unwarrantable conceit, imagined himself the accepted lover of my daughter. I heard her refusal. I heard it from her own lips, and we both look upon the, to him, unfortunate avowal as a one that should be looked in the secrets of the family—out of respect to your family, and according to the rules of society. Had he the delicacy upon those matters, which I supposed existed in all well-bred people, he would not importune for love, where only friendship existed. As it is, I cannot be too thankful that my daughter refused the claim his egotism so unjustifiably assumed."

Here Mr. Weston cast an impatient glance at the door and the vexed, but undaunted Carrie who arose to depart, thinking argument to be useless. But she could not avoid saying, as she was going out—

"I am not convinced, and I still believe that your daughter is innocent of this change."

It was well for her that this was her valedictory, for the anger of Mr. Weston was fast gaining the ascendancy over his politeness. He bade her an icy good morning from the winter of his soul, and her blue eyes looked a "Somer" good day.

It was a question, as he sat in his library the remainder of that morning communing with his own thoughts, whether angels could mirror their forms in the disturbed waters of conscience.

The morning's adventures had so excited Carrie, that when she came to external consciousness, she found herself walking at a rapid pace in the direction of home, and a mile beyond the station where she intended to have taken the cars. The day was very warm. She was not only vexed that she must walk the remaining distance under the scorching heat of the sun, but because she had forgotten sundry commissions given her by her mother and sister. At length she discovered a large tree near the roadside, within the shade of which she might rest, and meditate in what way she could excuse herself in their sight, and yet be truthful. She missed the trains—that would do—how dispose of the errands? In vain she searched her brain for a reason; none would come. Fatigued and anxious, she really felt that it was wrong for her to have undertaken this business without the knowledge of her parent. She rapidly concluded that her present ill-luck was the consequence of disobedience, for she well knew that her mother would never have consented to such a step. At this juncture of affairs she arose to go on, when she espied one of those traveling merchants, with needles, trimmings, embroideries, and other knickknacks too numerous to mention. She halted him without delay, and found to her surprise, all the articles enumerated in her list, which was not brief. As this, her only difficulty, was surmounted, she tripped along with a light heart, and joyous as the birds that sang around her, unconsciously joining them in their merriment, when suddenly a voice called her to turn quickly around, and she met the gaze of the owner of a pair of charming black eyes fixed upon her. He was riding in an open buggy, and endeavoring to control a beautiful, spirited horse, while he inquired the way to—

when suddenly a dog leaped from the bushes by the roadside, which so frightened the animal that he reared and with one bound cleared himself from the buggy. Here, surely, was a dilemma. To pursue,

in hopes of speedily securing him, he knew was useless, and, as he gazed upon the blue eyes and beautiful face of Carrie, who was trembling with fright, he felt that his misfortune was most opportune. It really was a question with him whether he had met with any loss, to find himself in the society of so lovely a creature. Carrie wonderfully gazed at him, to witness such calm demeanor amid what seemed to her a very serious and vexing loss. Then suddenly recollecting the long walk, she hastened on her way, hoping no more adventures might come under her notice. The footsteps of the stranger now followed close behind her, and she trembled a little as he approached her side, but the pleasant tones of his voice reassured her, and she found the weariness of her walk relieved by conversation.

"Do you expect to find him?" inquired Carrie of the stranger.

"If I knew anything of his habits, I should not be surprised to find him quietly feeding by the roadside, after a little run—but he is a new horse, and was a present to me only yesterday from a friend. I valued him much; but if he proves himself so treacherous as this, I shall not dare to trust myself with him very soon again. I should rather be a little more definite in my plans when I start for a drive out of town; but I feel indebted to circumstances which bring me so agreeable a companion this morning, otherwise I should be considerably out of humor."

Carrie did not answer. He felt he might have said too much, and remarked, "I hope, Miss, I have not intruded upon your solitude by my conversation." She was forced to reply that he had not, and that her walk was far from intentional, she having missed the train, and the tediousness of the walk had been relieved by their adventure, although she did not like to have another's misfortune administer to her recreation. He insisted that he had enjoyed it much, and that it was necessary for him to learn the habits of his horse, and his fallings could not have been exhibited at a more favorable time. They had now come in sight of her home.

"Can you tell me," said he, as she pointed to the cottage, "how far the road extends before a turn? I shall be a little puzzled in that case, which one to take."

Just beyond our house there is another road that winds to the right; upon the bend is the residence of our friend, Dr. Ashley. His men are constantly at work upon the place, and they probably saw your horse as he ran by."

"May I have the pleasure of your name?" said her companion, as they came in full view of her home, and as she was about to turn into the shady path that led to it.

"Miss Somers, sir."

He handed her his card, and bade her "good morning."

"Carrie! Why, Carrie, where have you been? Ma has been so anxious about you. The train passed two hours ago. Why were you not here? How weary you look! What has detained you?"

"One interrogatory at a time, sister, if you please. In the first place, bring me a glass of ice-water, as my answers may be rather dry."

Julia ran and brought it; its draught was truly refreshing to her parched throat, and she laid aside her bonnet and mantle, preparatory to a long explanation.

"There! that's right! Give me the rocking-chair and a fan. But where's mother?"

"She has gone into the garden. I will call her; she has been quite anxious for you; but she concluded that you had met with acquaintances, that induced you to drive with them. We had just made up our minds that you would come in the afternoon train. I expected cousin Bell with you. Have you seen her?"

"No!"

"Why did n't you come earlier?"

"I missed the train."

"Oh, there's mother. Carrie has come."

"Why, my daughter, how very weary you look! You have not walked from the city?"

"Yes, I have, and had an adventure, too."

"And we have had a long call from Dr. Ashley, this morning," said Julia. "He gave me much advice about music; and, only think, he is going to Italy in one year. Mother and I have been talking it over, and perhaps I shall go with him to see dear Charles."

"Did he ask for me?" inquired Carrie, carelessly, as she threw back the curls from her brow.

"Yeth, he did," said a little voice at the open window.

"Why, cousin Freddy! where did you come from?" said Carrie, bounding from her seat, and almost annihilating the little fellow with kisses.

"Why, papa's bring me out here, and I'm going to stay 'till September."

"You will make us a long visit, won't you, Fred?"

"Yeth; and will you run over the fields with me, Carrie, like you did last summer?"

"I hope you will not destroy so many dresses," said Julia. "We almost forgot to tell you that uncle has been here; he was much disappointed in not seeing you; he is going to leave Freddy with us the remainder of this month, as aunt is not well."

And oh! we have such good news. You know how generous uncle is; he gave us an hundred dollars apiece, to spend just as we need. He thought we should need it, now that brother is gone."

"Your dinner is ready, Carrie," said Mrs. Somers; "and if you are not too weary, we will have your morning's adventure."

She sat down to her meal with a good appetite, and related her morning's encounter with the stranger.

er, omitting the item of the interview with Mr. Weston, and the purchases.

"Here is a card, Carrie! Carrie!" cried Freddy, "me pick it up in the yard."

"Oh, yes! I suppose I dropped it in my hurry to get in! Its the name of the stranger, William Stanley! No one that I know."

"Nor I," echoed Julia.

"Do you suppose he'll find his horse? There is the bell. Has Mary come to the door?"

"She always does," said Mrs. Somers.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to Miss Somers," said the maid; "he's standing at the door."

"That's definite as there are two of us," said Carrie; but suddenly remembering it might be the stranger, she stepped to the door, and found her thought verified.

"I merely called to tell you that I found my horse near the house of Dr. Ashley, and that he had done considerable damage to his oats, which I remunerated as far as money could. Thinking you would like to know of the result, I took the liberty to call."

Carrie thanked him, and was really pleased to know that he had recovered so valuable a gift, and expressed her desire that he might be equally successful in finding his vehicle, which he left at the honesty of travelers by the road-side. He gazed upon her beautiful eyes, and bade her good morning—perhaps forever.

CHAPTER VII.

The village of B— was a quiet spot, far removed from the noise of the city. The only important item of occurrence during the day was the arrival of the stage from town at twilight. The inhabitants were strictly religious; four towering church spires told the traveler that God could be worshiped in as many different ways—not according to the dictates of conscience, but of the apostles. But one lamb had strayed from their fold for the last twenty years. She was only a poor girl, whose sins had never been washed by immersion, and they of the Calvinistic order passed by on the other side.

Her mother was a widow, and poor. Very hard did Nellie work in the factory by the river side, that they might not want throughout the long, cold seasons; but the tempter came at spring-time, stole the virgin sweetness from her soul, and she fell, not to be forgiven. No Christ-like love was in the hearts of the people. They did not say, "go, and sin no more," but by cold looks, and colder words, drove her from her place of employ, to meet her fate in an untrod world.

Mrs. Deacon Starks sat at her window embroidering a scarf for the pastor's wife, (she had no time to make a dress for the half-clothed child in her kitchen,) when the stage drove past, and stopped at the door of Widow Markland.

A young man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, alighted, opened the little gate, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, awkward-looking girl, who motioned him to the room of the patient.

"Doctor Ashley, I presume," said Mrs. Markland; "we have been expecting you for some time."

"I regret I did not get your message sooner, but I was absent from town when it arrived; however," he cheerfully replied, "I hope to be of some service yet," and he seated himself at her bedside.

"How long has this illness been on?"

"Oh, sir, I've been growing weaker every day since last spring." Here her voice failed her, and the tears fell from her eyes.

The keen perceptions of Doctor Ashley—for he was a physician by nature, alive to the sorrows of the soul, as well as physical ails, knowing that in vain do we appeal to the external if the spirit is not first harmonized—read by those tears a cause of the present prostration, and saw how useless it was to medicate effects.

"Will you confide to me the cause of your sadness, Mrs. Markland?" said he. That tone and voice were not to be mistaken, and the mutual bond of sympathy was established, which exists in all hearts, ready to be called out by the magnetic tone of sympathy.

"It is a sad, sad story, sir, one that only a mother knows how hard it is to narrate. It is of my daughter, who fell by the voice of flattery and intrigue, from the path of virtue; but oh, she was all innocence to me; she has been my only support for the last six years; she was so far from sin—"

"But who was the base deceiver that dared to take her from you?" inquired the Doctor.

"We know not. She would never tell, but chose to suffer in silence."

"Have you no knowledge as to where she is?"

"That is what troubles me. She left me two months ago, at night; no one saw her leave, but I hope she may yet be found. You live near the city, sir, I believe."

He readily understood her desire, and replied—"Madam, I will do all in my power to find your daughter. Please give me her name."

"It was Nellie, sir, Nellie Markland."

"And I will not only endeavor to find your daughter, but the scoundrel who led her astray."

"Oh, sir, the prayers of a mother will forever rise to God that you may be blessed. I have no one here to speak to, and my poor, aching heart has been almost burst for sympathy."

"But have you no neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, before Nellie—"

"She could not say a word—"

"went away; now they think me too sinful to speak to."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Yet they do blame me. Deacon Stark, across the way, has forbidden his wife and daughter from visiting me, and the overseer of the factory drove my child away, that she might not contaminate the virtuous."

Doctor Ashley was a man of noble principles, and his indignation at such acts, under the guise of Christianity, was plainly visible, as he rose to depart. Before leaving, he delicately placed a bill on her hand, saying it would give him much pleasure and comfort for her to appropriate it to any necessities she might require.

"It is not drugs that you need, Mrs. Markland," said he, "but medicine for the soul. I will call upon you to-morrow. I have engagements in the neighborhood, and, on my way home, will see that you have some one to remain with you."

"Oh, sir, Sally will stay. She is a friend to me; she came from the work-house last winter, and begged so hard to stay, that I could not refuse. I felt that God would provide for her, for she has a heart."

"And he will," said the Doctor, as he slipped another bill into her hand.

"May our Heavenly Father reward you," said the widow; "strange though you are, my heart is full of love and gratitude to you. I feel better than I

have for many weeks. Even though a great burden lies on my soul, I cannot help feeling happier as this ray of sunshine falls on my life's dreary waste."

The Doctor bade her good evening, and went on his way, a larger-souled man;

"Do, Decey, draw down that shade! What on earth are you looking at?"

"Nothing; only it seems to me that Doctor Ashley is stopping a long time at Widow Markland's. I should really like to know if she is any worse."

It was the same Doctor Ashley that we met at Niagara, three years ago; he lives a few miles from Cincinnati. But, father, who knows but the widow may be worse, for Mrs. Starks had, really, a little human kindness in her heart, and a trifle of curiosity.

"But have n't I forbid your going? Don't let me hear of you or Sarah Jane going there, or, as true as my name is Stark, I'll report you to the minister as an associate of the vile—and you remember the adage, 'Birds of a feather.'"

This command being given, there was no margin for the mother and daughter to speculate upon the visit of the young physician, or illness of their neighbor. So Mrs. Stark quietly drew down the curtain, and took her knitting, while Sarah Jane read aloud from "Baxter's Saint's Rest," for three hours, in her usual dull, monotonous tone.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two years have passed since the events narrated in previous chapters. Carrie Somers is now the happy wife of Doctor Ashley. They live within a few minutes' walk of Mrs. Somers. Julia remains single, whether from choice or destiny, we are not able to record, but her time is very serviceable in supplying the demand of both mother and sister. By the influence of Doctor Ashley, the fallen Nellie was saved from further sin and degradation. She was employed by them as a servant for one year, during which time her mother was informed of her locality and supplied with means for her support by the kind doctor until Nellie should return, which she did at the expiration of that time, to confess and be forgiven. She was not to remain, however, for the righteous people of B— knew not of him who made himself of no repute, but sat with publicans and sinners. Oh, no, they were too holy, too pure; their sacred reputation must not be sacrificed, and the sinner must go from them, for she had long ago moved from their hearts.

Glad was the poor widow to pass from scenes so repulsive to her nature. Nellie, the once pure babe of her bosom, she could not cast away; she was Nellie still. Though sinful to the world, angels did not condemn her; why should we? The sainted form of her spirit-father had washed away the stain with tears of sympathy, and Nellie yet stood before him a woman, stronger for weakness, brighter for darkness. He placed the star of Hope upon her brow, and it sent its bright rays forward, lighting her pathway here.

Grace, the long-suffering, the martyred girl, whose heart had been sacrificed to avarice, was still living out her external marriage with a fresh weight of sorrow on her soul. Her father, lying ill, daily expected the summons of death. He had grown prematurely old and feeble since the marriage of his daughter. The conduct of her husband had frosted many a look upon his brow, and buried the hopes of his heart. Would no angel roll away the stone from their dim sepulchral life? Behold one, mortals, sitting star-crowned above them, softening their thorny path with garlands of flowers.

It was a pleasant spring morning, and Grace had been sitting by her father, reading, when the angels came to take him home. Maggie, the faithful nurse, was by the bedside, and, weary with long watching, had fallen asleep. Mr. Dayton was absent all night, as usual, in his accustomed place at the gambling saloon, and was now in a heavy, dull repose in an adjoining room.

"Grace, my daughter, come nearer to me," said her father, "I feel that my hours are numbered; that only a thin veil divides me from the outer life. I have much to say to you ere I go. I have been the cause of your suffering. Lend commiseration for the sin of that fatal error, oh, my God!"

He sank almost lifeless upon his pillow.

"Father, I pray you cease those reflections. My sacrifice was given me. You were only the subject of higher commands. Father—listen!"

The dying man turned his eyes toward her, while she began:

"You well remember my sudden decision the day you proposed my alliance with the son of your friend? On that day a vision came to me—"

"A what?"

"A vision, father, from the world to which you are going."

"Go on," said her father, his eyes brightening at each word.

"On that day my mother came to me, seated upon a cloud of soft vapor, and on her brow was a wreath of stars. In her hands she held two mantles, or garments; one was of fine gold fabric, and of exceeding beauty, lined with rose-colored down; the other coarse, heavy and black. 'Choose,' said she, quickly, 'which shall be thy garment?' I held my hand towards the golden, downy mantle, but the other was reached towards me. My heart sank dreary and cold within me when she, smiling, turned the heavy garment, and lo! it was lined with stars and flowers. Their brilliancy exceeded the noonday sun, and penetrated and broke the threads of the garment so unsightly to the world. As the mantle pressed against my form, the perfume of the flowers filled me with much joy, and I felt how sweet is sacrifice. Then the garment fell at my feet, and I stood in a cloud of stars and fire, by the light of which I saw my mother approaching me with the garment of down and gold. This was my vision. Father, have I done my duty well?"

Tear after tear coursed down his cheek, and, trembling he said: "Most faithful, most noble daughter! all my grief now is, that I must leave you!"

"Fear not, father; I feel that I shall quickly follow. We shall be a happy band in heaven."

She stopped—a soft, mellow cloud of down had risen over the inanimate form of her father. Death had been swallowed up in life! His spirit reposed in a softer clime! The shock was too sudden for her; she gave one cry, and fell as lifeless over the form of her father.

The cry of anguish awoke Maggie. One cry of terror brought the servants to the room, who tremblingly lifted the inanimate form of their mistress, laid it upon a couch, and went to arouse her sleeping husband. Remorse and anguish were depicted on his countenance, when he was informed of what had occurred. A physician was summoned immediately to see if any signs of life were visible in the form of his

wife. Doctor Ashley was paying a visit to their family physician when he was summoned, and he accompanied him to the home of death. The physician had supposed that Mr. Weston would survive still evening; but death had chosen his own hour to open the gate of the mortal, and reveal the immortal.

"I can discover no signs of life, no pulse—died of a broken heart, I should say. Perhaps you know something of their history, Doctor Ashley."

"I have heard some of the leading points. She was engaged to Charles, my wife's brother; but her father chose another."

"The entrance of Mr. Dayton closed the conversation."

"She is dead, then!" gasped the truly miserable husband glancing at the doctor, as though there might be a ray of doubt, even though the marble brow and pulseless heart were before him.

"She will never walk among us more in this form," answered the doctor, with as steady a voice as he could command. "Her earthly race is run; she has entered upon life immortal."

"It is all over, Carrie—she has gone!" said Dr. Ashley, as he entered his home an hour later.

"What is all over? who has gone?" and the face of his wife was deadly pale.

"Grace! Mrs. Dayton!"

"Why, Edward! when did she die?"

"This morning about half-past ten—at least, we suppose so. She was watching by her father—he too is gone! God's will be done!"

"But, oh Edward!" She burst into convulsive sobs. "Why, Carrie, I did not mean to shock your nerves so. Be calm, dearest."

She could only point to a letter that lay half read before her, and with fresh bursts of sobs exclaimed, "My brother! my brother!"

He glanced at the contents. It was from Charles; he would be with them in a few weeks, and was then on his way home from Italy. He playfully alluded to the marriage of his sister, and added that although earth had some fair jewels, yet he should not marry, as the one he found had proved false.

Poor, deceived mortal, like thousands before you, blinded by circumstances which are often so dark and impenetrable that angels are made to appear as demons. Busy life flows on, and we judge and misjudge our fellow mortals, giving the pure the stigma of the fallen, condemning, also, without mercy or justice!

CHAPTER IX.

In a very retired but pleasant part of the city of C—, Mrs. Markland and Nellie had taken rooms, where they lived since their departure from B—. They had, on arrival there, written to Doctor Ashley, but through some mistake he had not received their letter, and was ignorant of their locality. Carrie often grieved that she could get no clue of them. Nellie was very expert with her needle, and she would like her services in that department very much. While thus occupied, Nellie and her mother obtained a comfortable livelihood, though their condition was isolated; still, health, and the consciousness of doing all in their power was their recompense. They had brought Sally with them, and found her a happy acquiescent. She took in washing and earned quite a sum, besides attending to the heavier duties of their little family, which gave them more time to execute their work, which came in abundance.

Nellie, the good and faithful daughter, had never revealed the one great secret to her mother—the name of her betrayer. Mrs. Markland calmly waited, knowing that some event of her life—some great emotion flowing into the soul—would cause the secret to gush from his hiding-place.

She sat down this morning in her apartment. Nellie had gone to return some work they had finished, when it seemed very much as though a form fitted past her. It was a female; and now came and stood before her. In one hand she held the miniature of Nellie, clothed in spotless white.

"My God! she has come for my child," immediately exclaimed the mother.

The spirit occupying the form seemed to perceive the mother's impression, for she instantly held forth the other hand, in which was the face and form of Thomas Dayton, the once sinless boy of B—, the child of an old benefactor. He had long ago left the paternal roof, and none of the people of B— knew of his locality. Again she held the form of Nellie to her eyes. The pure, chaste robe of virgin white was bordered with black; then on the brain of the widow all, all was impressed.

At this moment Nellie entered the room with a pale and suffering countenance, and the form or spirit passed out, leaving where she had stood a brilliant star.

Pale and agitated, Nellie knelt at the feet of her mother. The astonished woman could not divine the cause of these strange events.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, bursting into tears, "I saw him!"

"Saw who, my child?"

"My destroyer. Oh, mother! I can no longer keep it from you. It was Thomas Dayton. He promised to marry me, then, fled, I know not where. It was for the sake of his father, so kind, so true and good to all, that I kept it to myself. Then I dared not reveal it in B—, lest the spirit of outrage that would come from the people, would disturb the quiet influence that rests upon his grave. If I have sinned more by my silence, I trust my Heavenly Father will forgive me."

The mother could make no reply. There they remained, Nellie kneeling at her feet, her secret disclosed before her lips could give the confirmation. Now the mother held one from the daughter, for she could not sufficiently comprehend this mysterious event, to satisfy the curiosity of another. She soothed the brow of her daughter, and noticed that the star which remained in the place of the spirit rested on her brow. A new life thrilled the soul of Mrs. Markland. She felt that a life-time had been crowded into the space of an hour. Both mother and child were filled with emotion, and we know not how long they would have remained so, had not a gentle rap at the door aroused them. Nellie ran to bathe her face, while Mrs. Markland answered the call.

"Dr. Ashley! where have you been so long, almost, with joy."

"I should not have denied myself the pleasure of seeing you, had I known your locality, my friend. It was by a mere accident that I learned your whereabouts."

"What! did you not receive my letter?"

"Not a line from you. I almost feared that some great sorrow had burdened your soul, and you had given way to sadness again. Really, I am glad to see you. But where is that runaway Nell? I have followed her through streets and lanes for the last

half-hour to catch up with her. I thought right of her face as I was making some purchases at a store, and immediately followed her as swift as deer, would admit, when suddenly I encountered Mr. Dayton, after which I lost sight of her."

"That name!" again thought the widow. "What an hour of events!"

"I knew that you must be somewhere in the city," continued the doctor, "and I continued my search, and, on inquiring, found you, and this is the result; but where is Nellie? Carrie and myself are very anxious to see her."

"She is not very well this morning, doctor."

"Oh, I thought her face was very rosy and healthy. Perhaps I did not give a professional glance, but looked with my eye of friendship."

"A little excitement disturbed her, doctor; she will soon be in," and she called her to the room to welcome their friend and benefactor. The keen eye of the doctor saw that all was not quite right within, but supposing it to be some trifling event he proceeded to inform them of the sad scene at Judge Weston's.

"Did he die suddenly?" inquired Mrs. Markland.

"Very; and his daughter, Mrs. Dayton, fell lifeless at the same moment."

"Mrs. Dayton, did you say?" asked Mrs. Markland.

"Yes; she was the wife of Thomas Dayton, formerly of your native place—an—"

Nellie had fainted, and lay at their feet. Carefully, tenderly the kind doctor lifted her form and laid it on the bed. In a few moments she returned to consciousness, but the sad expression of her face told how deeply she had suffered. They left her in the room, and returned to converse together. In a few words the mother told the doctor of Nellie's confession that morning. Anger and sorrow were alternately defined on the face of her auditor, while she told of the sufferings of her daughter. Promising to return to them that day, he arose to depart with a look of determination in his face that betrayed a firm resolve to protect innocence and punish wrong. With great emotion he bade the widow good morning, and drove rapidly home.

CHAPTER X.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Hark! Tread softly now. How sweetly she reposes. Death, thou hast done thy work well. Thou hast only added a more angelic smile to a face that was once so radiant; laid the silken tresses tenderly on the almost tinted cheek. As the icy mantle of winter only half conceals the life of the waving pines, so thou, oh Death, hast crystalized this earthly form.

These white rose-buds—twine them in her hair. Place this lily in her hand, for she was purity itself. The snowy bosom reveals its shrouding, and the marble brow its wreath of roses.

Glance at the other form—the aged sleeper. The halo of immortality plays around his gray locks. Now, that wrinkled hand grasps a golden harp. Those closed eyes have seen a happy morrow. Peace to his ashes. He has entered upon life; cast aside the earthly mantle, and caught the robe of immortality. Reverently gaze on the earthly casket till it mingles with the dust.

It is midnight. Still and solemn is the house of mourning. Dr. Ashley and the family physician are sitting in a room adjoining the one in which the two forms are reposing, to-morrow to be entombed, when a loud noise is heard from below. It is the report of a pistol, then a fall; at the same moment a loud shriek from the adjoining room. Strong men as these are, they tremble, and sit gazing into each others faces, with limbs almost paralyzed with fear. Hark! there is a low moan not to be mistaken. It is from the form of Grace! At this moment the servant John enters the room with eyes wild with fear and excitement, and exclaimed—

"Oh, sir, my master is killed; he came home, and ordered me to leave him alone. I suppose I fell asleep, for the first I knew, a pistol went off, and oh, sir, he's dead—stone dead—on the floor below; he's all mangled, and—"

"Enough," said the physician, "we will be there presently. Go, arouse Maggie immediately, and send her here. We must attend to this, first," said the old family physician and friend of the deceased. "I have heard of such things before, but never witnessed one until now."

"Of what?" asked Dr. Ashley, almost bewildered by the midnight events.

"Of death coming to life—or, rather, of a body seeming to be dead, but proving to be only in a state of suspended animation. Come, let us enter immediately. She must not awaken in this condition, and in the room with her father's body!"

They approached the couch on which she lay robed for the burial. She was breathing softly—a tinge of life was upon her cheeks; hastily they bore her from the room to her apartment, and laid her upon her bed.

By this time Maggie had aroused and came to them. It required all the control of their natures to make her disrobe her mistress, and clothe her in garments more fitting. The poor, trembling maid, wild with excitement, obeyed, and mechanically followed their directions, though they were fearful it might detract her reason. After she had finished, they gave her sedatives, and compelled her to lie down, and calmly impressed her with the idea that her kind mistress was not dead, but would be restored. At this disclosure, a tumult of joy burst from her lips, which was followed by a burst of tears; then all danger with her was past.

Restless and weary was the soul of Charles Somers while on his voyage. It seemed as though his spirit had flown home to the loved ones, and waited for the mortal to arrive to possess it again. In vain he tried to read or write. Ever before him arose the form of Grace Weston—the ideal of his soul—the embodiment of all that was beautiful in woman—now, alas, dead to him. What cared she for his return, and the fame he had won? There was, no kindred eye to gaze upon his laurels, and they hung heavy on his brow. With these thoughts accumulating in his mind each day grew darker, so that despair assumed the control of his soul, and bore him down to the level of demons.

It was at midnight; at the same hour that Grace awoke from the death-like trance, that Charles resolved to destroy his earthly existence. Each hour that drew him nearer to his native land quickened the intensity of his love for her, and the thought that she was another's, was a fevered madness to his brain. What matters? the wave would soon lull him to repose in physical death, but the spirit would be free to roam in realms above. Each moment strengthening the thought, he went to his trunk to

take a parting look at the miniature of his kindred, and to let his earthly eyes look for the last time upon that little tress of hair, which, amid all counter influences, had ever been dear to him. Though intellect said, ever so coldly—What is that to you? she is another's now; till the heart would beat with a new emotion, and the brain grasp a loftier conception when it lay in his palm. To prove his constancy to one so false, he would place it in his bosom, and sink in his ocean shroud. Hark! A voice—no wild fancy—no delusion—clear and deep it rang upon the air—"Charles—Charles—I am thine—I am thine!" Was it a spirit of the deep, waiting to receive his weary soul? Again it came, softer, sweeter, "Love thee—still; I love thee still."

There was no fear within his soul, only a great throbbing joy—he knew not why—and then sweet peace came in the place of those wild resolves.

The proud ship sped on its way, bearing its wealth of true, loving hearts to their destined abodes, as though conscious that the ocean had not made their number less.

Morning bursts in all its splendor and glory. As the artist gazed upon the scene, his soul fills with awe and beauty, and the prayer of his spirit rises in thanksgiving, that he gave not way to those dark temptations. His soul scans the beauty before him, and before his ideal vision floats a scene of loveliness, a beautiful conception—a beautiful Madonna, throwing aside the mantle of Night, and her wreath of stars, to don an ermine robe, and let fall her golden, wavy hair, over a neck of marble white—each thread of hair a ray of light, and the blue orbs the azure sky. The crimson robe melts into a fleecy white; the cheeks outvie the sea shell's rosy tints. The ocean, each tiny brook and lake, form her mirror, into which she, laughing, peeps, while the waves reflect her beauty. At her approach the tiny flowers hold their sparkling cups, from which she sips the dewdrops. She gives the forest a fringe of gold around its mantle of green. The meadow revels in a flood of light, as she waves her golden hair.

"Beautiful, glorious morning!" exclaimed the enraptured artist, as the ship neared his native land. Soon he stood upon the shores where disappointment had saddened his soul, and to which he only returns, as he supposes, to look it afresh in the face; yet his soul is happier than he has known it for years; and why? The echo of his spirit answers, "Why?"

The morning after the eventful night at the residence of Mr. Weston, all was commotion and excitement, except in the room of Grace, which the physician had strictly ordered should be occupied by none but her maid. Grace lay on her bed, weak, but free from pain and all consciousness of what had occurred. They told her that she had been ill, and was now recovering. She spoke of her father as alive, and of every event as it was prior to her marriage, thinking her illness the one previous to that event.

Pale and agitated, Dr. Ashley returned to his home, to narrate the strange events of the night; and to learn that the steamer had arrived that morning, and that Charles would be with them. There were alternations of joy and sorrow in their hearts, as the condition of affairs, both past and present, burst upon their vision.

It was thought advisable for Dr. Ashley to visit Grace at the close of the day, after the burial of her husband and father, which was to be conducted in the most quiet manner.

As the consultation of physicians had decided that a sudden impatience of her true condition might prove fatal to her, they hoped that time would recover her fully to health, and secure to her full possession of mind. It was a critical time. Events transpiring so rapidly were not easily controlled, except by "Him who doeth all things well," and we leave her for a time, hoping, trusting, that she may yet be happy here.

Impressive and solemn were the rites of the dual funeral. The bodies were conveyed to the church, which was crowded to overflowing; and the occasion was one so replete with interest and sympathy, that words were almost useless.

All knew the life of Mr. Dayton, and many a downward course was checked by the timely remarks of the pastor, who solemnly warned them to repent, and turn and live; and when the bodies were consigned to their last resting place, many a heart overflowed, and felt that it was better to be in the house of mourning than in a house of feasting. Each heart beat in sympathy for the restored, the beloved daughter; but they could not sorrow that he who was to her such an uncongenial mate, was taken from the earth; no mourners stood about his grave; they sorrowed that he had so sinned. But one among the crowd, so pale, so sad, dropped a tear mingled with pure affection. She placed a faded garland on his grave, made of hope's blighted buds and broken vows, and prayed that his spirit, in a happier clime, might unfold, and be purified by the flames that consumed the happiness of his earthly bride.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

LIFE'S HARVEST FIELD.

When morning wakes the earth from sleep,
With soft and kindling ray,
We rise, life's harvest-field to reap—
'T is ripening day by day.

To reap, sometimes with joyful heart,
Anon with tearful eye;
We see the spoiler hath a part—
We reap with smile and sigh.

Full on the tares obstruct the way;
Full on we feel the thorn;
Our hearts grow faint—we weep, we pray—
When hope is newly born.

Hope, that at last we all shall come,
Through rough the way all long,
Back to our Father's house, our home,
And bring our sheaves with song.

A BAD BLUNDER.—One of our exchanges relates the following as an actual fact:

"In a western village, a few days ago, a brass band from a neighboring town were invited to attend a lecture and entertain it with their music. The lecture was to be at the meeting-house, and at the appointed time the band marched up and proceeded to the gallery. Finding a few gentlemen and ladies occupying the seats below, they immediately struck up Yankee Doodle—a very excellent tune, and excellently played, but singularly inappropriate to the occasion. They had broken in suddenly on the solemnities of a Baptist prayer-meeting. The few persons below turned around and viewed the intruders with staring eyes and gaping mouths, while the band very innocently looked for an expression of admiration, and they at once struck up the American Quick-step."

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality, is a maxim which is well known to all who are not too much given to the study of the

A pamphlet has been published, entitled, "Thoughts of a Clergyman in the Spirit-World." It was written through mediumship of Miss Mary E. Frost, of this city, and con-

many excellent thoughts. The son of the clergyman-spirit raised quite a breeze of opposition, and threatened our venerable friend Barry (who sells spiritual books and newspapers) with the penitentiary. As we are not living in the days of an inquisition, the reverend gentleman spent his breath in vain; and his opposition to the communications, which tend to prove the clergyman a better man than he was on earth, will not at all arrest the progress of Spiritualism, or the sale of the book. We have not outgrown bigotry and intolerance yet; for it appears, and they think it a man, proclaiming himself advanced in religion, morality, and honesty, in another life, the communication must necessarily be false. Friends and strangers visiting our Quaker city, and interested in the cause of Spiritualism, will find a pleasant home at Bro. Hone's, 222 Franklin Square, west of Race street. There Spiritualists can meet with comfort and quick, and proceed to view all the places of note and interest, as the house is centrally located, and affords every advantage. The friends of Spiritualism in New Jersey are fully awake to the interests of the cause. Some of them come to the city to attend the Sunday meetings. The progressive friends hold meetings every Sunday afternoon.

"Light—more light" is the prayer of humanity, and listening angels answer to the call. Yours for truth,
CONA WILBURN.

Philadelphia, February 21, 1850.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1850.

Published at No. 31-2 Brattle Street,

BY THOS. GALES FORSTER,
LUTHER COLBY,
WILLIAM BERRY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copies per year, \$2 00

Three months, 60

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of which due notice will be given.

Our Rates of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:

One year, \$1 50

Six months, 75

Persons who send us a club of eight subscribers, or more, will receive an additional copy during the term, FREE.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Address, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

Colby, Forster & Co.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are entirely out of the BANNER for January 5th. Persons ordering the paper from January 1st, will please notice.

WHAT IS THE USE?

This is a question, that, thoughtfully or thoughtlessly, many men ask themselves every day. One meets with an obstacle; drops his hands at his side, and wants to know "what is the use?" One has been doing his best to hold another up, under opposition or temptation, and, feeling discouraged at the turn matters seem to be taking, in spite of the best he can do, relieves his mind by asking himself "what is the use?" Another has labored to pour the excess of his own true love, overflowing as it does in gushing streams, into the hearts of others, but finds that their hearts utterly refuse to be the recipients of his overpour, and therefore asks himself in a tone of sorrow that almost means despair, "what is the use?"

And so it is all the way through. There are men and women enough who are willing to make exertions on behalf of the race, and make them disinterestedly, too; but in the untold delays to which they are unexpectedly subjected, they find so much to disappoint their expectations, that they feel more than half inclined to give it all over, declaring that it is idle indeed to try to convert the world, or make it better, against its own will. "What is the use?" is an inquiry that is heard every day; but there is one peculiarity about it as an inquiry, and that is, it rarely receives an answer. There is, in fact, no answer that a man can very well make to it. It is a highly indefinite query in itself, and the one who puts it, rarely, if ever, expects a reply. It is a sort of half protest, and half whine. It means nothing, and yet it means much. It is asked in all sorts of moods, troubles, trials, and tribulations; and it is probable it always will be asked on similar occasions, and with just about the same amount of success and satisfaction.

It is an inquiry, however, that implies doubt; and doubting makes up a much larger share of the world's advancement than that same world thinks for. An habitual doubter may not himself be such an enlightening companion, nor put quite so much heart and courage in you as some other and more positive character, who is willing to accept for granted and real, about all that comes along; yet it is your doubter who first discovers wrong relations in life, and by his very doubting sets on foot those social movements that result in the re-adjustment of what was misarranged. Skepticism has played a necessary and a noble part in the world's progress; we should not be where we are to-day, were it not for the noble army of skeptics that have kept the atmosphere free of stupefying impurities, by keeping it in a state of perpetual agitation. Hence, let no one accuse himself wrongfully, because of being at times a doubter; to doubt is not of necessity to waver, or to vacillate and spill one's purpose like water on the ground. But it may be made to mean that he who doubts is already on the way to being a steady and firm believer.

You ask what is the use, when surveying the general aspect of the social world around you, and beholding the wrong that is on the upper side, and the right that is on the under—the fraud that possesses all the power belonging to the social machinery, and the integrity and honor that is shored into a corner, and bidden to hold its tongue in silence—the bluster and pretension that occupy the conspicuous places, and the modest merit that sits unassuming, and therefore unnoticed, out of sight; and, on the face of it, we grant there is quite reason enough for asking oneself such a question every day. The world is wronged up, and everything in it is inside out. But not thus did the First Great Cause make or adjust them. His laws are full of harmony, and regularity, and beauty. It is Man who has come in and deranged the whole system, and none but himself has he to thank for it. These present mistakes grow out of his present ignorance; it is nothing more than that. Sin itself is only the child of ignorance, and a perfectly legitimate child, too. The causes that have led to our present suffering, socially and otherwise, must first be well understood, and then removed. But it is everything first to understand them. Give men knowledge, show them that what they are doing now is certain to take from their enjoyment to-morrow, and that it can be no otherwise in the nature of things, and you have already exacted a pledge of improvement from them. For the human heart seeks primarily its own good; and it would chase after nothing but its permanent good; if it were first made certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, where that good really lies. The trouble is, that these side lights of pleasure and temptation fall across the soul's pathway, and tempt it out of the road into places that fall to bring the fruition counted on. There is too much deceit by the way; but this might all be avoided, or got over, if things were not done in the mind in their right relations.

Therefore there is little use in giving over effort on behalf of the world, or of any particular portion of it. The great problem is, how best to remove the ignorance; how to introduce knowledge—actual, positive, serviceable knowledge. Preaching formal moralities will effect but little, for, as everybody knows who knows what has been the history of the race, they have been preached from the beginning; in fact, when the people were at their worst estate, they were most in the power of religious domination; the Italian people have always had the Church of Rome in their midst, and the Inquisition flourished when Spain was altogether in the power of priests, and all through the Cimmerian darkness of the Middle Ages, none but the monks had the learning and the task of teaching morals in their hands; yet it was reserved for an age of free inquiry and diffused knowledge like this, to make the most rapid progress in Christian character, and to show to the centuries that are engulfed in the past, that no religion can do a perfect work, if indeed it can work at all, that has no other resources than such as are supplied by ignorance. Science is one of the most effective preachers. God is in it, and his voice speaks in every one of its manifold revelations. Man must first learn to master the forces of nature, and see for himself that he is their superior and their lord, before he can intelligently feel that the Creator of those forces possesses a greater love for him than for them. And that is the direct result of our civilization of to-day; it quickens and increases knowledge; it robs man of that superstitious fear which, in his childish ignorance, the wonders of nature had imposed upon his mind; it clears up mysteries, and shows him that he was made greater than them all.

So there is still a great deal of "use." It would be idle to give over exertion now, when all things are so full of a glowing promise. It would betray petulant impatience, if, because we began to see our way out of the labyrinth, we should stop to complain that we were not already out of it. No, not thus does the heroic worker persevere. He takes his opportunities as they are offered him, and content to stand still when he must stand still, is no more glad to go forward when that that is the necessarily likewise. We accomplish as much in this world by patience, as we do by what we think is action; for does it make so much difference whether we work ourselves, and work perhaps vainly, or wait and let all the powers of nature work for us? Everything has work in it; effort helps, though oftentimes in a very different direction from that intended; and, whether we think of it or not, waiting is working, and working at a very great advantage sometimes, too.

TESTS BY MANSFIELD.

One of our subscribers in Belfast has handed to us for publication the following capital test, obtained by him from Mansfield, in answer to a letter held in his own hand, while the answer was written. The letter never was in Mansfield's possession, and is as follows:—

Boston, Oct. 13, 1850.

MY DEAR BELOVED WIFE:—I feel anxious to get a communication from you. God only knows how much I have mourned your loss. I come here today anxious to get a communication from you—such an one as may satisfy me of your spirit identity. You know I was always skeptical, and could not believe without evidence. Then, my dear wife, come to me this morning, through the medium whom I shall take to, and satisfy me you exist.

Speak of the journey you took about a year since that I may know you take cognizance of what I write.

Now, my dear wife, if I do get this note answered, and can believe it came from you, how happy you will make me. Write your full name and sign mine.

From your affectionate husband,
JOHN R.

The reply to this is below. It answers some queries which had been in the mind of the husband, but are not in his note, in relation to the brother and sister, and the children of the dead, to whom she had alluded in a previous communication.

MY DEAR—Once, and not less now, John: how happy I am to come to you, though my strength of control is now very weak. Yet, dear husband, I will try and make such allusion to your mind or note, that you shall not mistake this control as coming from your once mortal but now spirit Dolly W. Whiting. Well, dear one, you have truly passed sorrowful hours since my departure; yet, dear one, you have fancied that I was not far from you. That your mind is one of the skeptical kind, yet all you require to be made a believer is to give you evidence unmistakable, and you believe as easy as any one. But, dear one, I will not at this time be able to give you that evidence that I hope I may be able to give you by and by. I am sure that I can, but I do not feel that I am not far distant when I hope I may satisfy your mind beyond doubting, that you are now and have been in communication with your dear Dolly.

You tell me you love me better than all earthly ones. Well, this, dear John, I never doubted; and I never expect to doubt; yet by-and-by when you have fulfilled your mission, as have I, you will then come to me, and hand-in-hand we will walk the pathway of eternal progress, upward and onward, while eternal ages roll on.

On the beauties of the spirit land, and that which constantly meets my spirit gaze, by-and-by I hope to come and tell you about it, and that then I shall be able to give you dates and places, while I may make mention of those journeys you refer to, and who I saw and what was said and done. You ask me if I have seen our dear brother and sister? Yes, they come to me often, and I speak to them the same. Now you tell me how happy you will be if you get a response to your note, and feel that it comes from me. Well, John, I feel that with all your skepticism you will have confidence in this communication; and I feel that you will give it to you, and if this will not convince you then I hope I may at other controls.

You ask me, what of the rose bud? Well, it is a sprout that had it been born alive would have been a mortal child. This is more than I expect to see, but I can remember us both. So I am told by those who know us both. Now, dear John, do not longer mourn my departure, but believe I am near, and that to come to me, and answer you in all your sorrows and joys with you in all your rejoicings. I would that I could say more to you now, but my strength is fast failing, and I am reminded by my guides that I must go. One for me often, dear one, I say to you, but the time is with words of consolation. Love to all the dear ones who may ask for me; tell them that Dolly W. Whiting lives and that to communicate.

I am your once mortal but now spirit wife,
DOLLY W. WHITING.

To JOHN R. WHITING.

While the matter of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship is before us, we will notice a letter from another subscriber, which is as follows:—

ALA., Feb. 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR—Your kind favor of late date, enclosing a communication through Mr. Mansfield, came duly to hand, and thereupon I inquired. It was very kind of you to send me an almost compelled to believe that it evinces a knowledge of my feelings, which could be known only by the spirit; entirely accorded for by psychical reading; nevertheless, there is no strong test. On my first application to Mr. Mansfield, I forwarded him a few of three dollars, in return for which I received certainly what no one could call an answer to my inquiries, although that was guaranteed. I must, sincerely believe, nevertheless, that Mr. Mansfield did all he could to get a spirit communication to my first note of inquiries, but he certainly did not succeed.

Perhaps others may labor under the same difficulty in not understanding what Mr. Mansfield intends to convey in his advertisement, as our friend does, and we think it proper that we correct the impression. By guarantee, Mr. Mansfield means nothing more than this:—"I will use my best endeavors to obtain an answer to sealed letters, without opening them or reading them. I will give up to the control of any spirit addressed, and I may use my organs to write such an answer as he may send, and if time is written, I will refund your money. A spirit may honestly answer your questions, or he may say, 'I do not choose to do so.'"

This imposes upon Mr. Mansfield a duty to religiously allow himself to be used by the spirit addressed, and in no case to send other than the real answer written through him, and it also imposes faith upon the party employing him that he will do so, and that whatever he sends will be received as an honest communication from other than himself.

We think we have before stated that many answers written by Mansfield to letters given to him, do not in reality contain what we should consider tests. They might have been written by any one, or, clairvoyantly or otherwise, had been enabled to read the letters. But though they are no proof of spirit communication, they do prove a medium false.

It has not been demonstrated to us that these answers were written by the medium, nor have we believed they were.

Neither have we been disposed to think they were all written by one spirit, who, being clairvoyant, has read the letters, and used Mansfield to give answers not containing tests.

Experience has taught us that while a small portion of those in the spirit-world are able to so control mind and matter as to give lucid and direct answers to questions propounded, the larger part are incapable of exercising this control. Yet their anxiety to communicate with their friends in ever so vague a manner, induces them to give general communications, with the promise to endeavor to be more explicit in future efforts.

The people demand proof—the majority of spirits are unable to give it, and inordinately and unbelief on the part of mortals in spirit communication, prefers to ascribe to the medium the efforts of the spirit, who cannot give the required proof. Herein the medium, who advertises to answer letters, runs a gauntlet, even though he does not advertise to give tests to all, but merely to allow himself to be used by the spirits addressed, to do what they are able to do.

There are many good tests given—satisfactory proof of a power outside the medium, yet these weigh little against the failures of spirits. Our ideas of spirit-life are too lofty altogether. We expect too great a transformation in the capacities of spirits, resulting from passing through the change of death. We forget that they are in an entirely different life, and are obliged to exercise powers of mind in controlling a medium, totally different from what they ever exercised on earth.

Great and glorious as is the truth of spirit communication, it must be acknowledged there is a blank drawn to every prize, where positive proof of identity of spirits is required. And such is the prevalence of dishonesty among all classes, that the best mediums, and the most honest will be judged harshly, if, in the exercise of their high calling.

The actual dishonesty of some mediums injures all, and all are now called upon to exercise the strictest truth in the pursuit of their calling, never for an instant harboring deception in their hearts, even though guile should seem to subserve good ends.

The reliability of spirit intercourse will increase daily, if all pursue their calling with purity of purpose; and, instead of tests being strewn sparingly upon the soil of the human heart, they will be as common as failures now are.

AN ORDINATION POSTPONED.

The newspapers of the city inform us that the ordination of Rev. Geo. Howell, which was to have taken place at East Boston, Wednesday evening, was postponed. Mr. Howell, it is said, did not come up to the standard of some of the council on the doctrine of close communion. The question was asked him whether, if a member of an evangelical church, not of the Baptist denomination, should desire to commune with his church, he would give his consent. He replied promptly—yes. And on that ground two members of the council, who were to take part in the ordination services, declined to proceed any further. It is probable that a new council will be called to consider the matter further.

That is the way. And this is what some people call religion. It is the merest chicanery, while the wheat is never given to those who are hungering for it. The forms—the creeds—the catechisms—the platform—and all the preliminary paraphernalia are to be agreed to, literally and exactly, but the essence is become of little or no account. A minister, professing to preach to the people the gospel of an all-abounding, overflowing, vastly enriching Love, is turned out of the place for which no one denies that he is fitted, because he will act out the same gospel that he preaches in his pulpit.

Well, let the makers of clerical clothes quarrel and grumble as they may; the day of these things is fast going by. People with hearts and brains will refuse to be much longer fooled by these trifles—once aids to authority and ambition, but such no longer—and will turn their backs upon the men whose religion lies altogether in black-letter precedents, in quotations from the fathers, and in seeking to impose personal authority upon others. The general resistance that is visibly making to this ancient order of things—a resistance sometimes silent, but always in active operation—only shows the tendency of events in this age and generation. That tendency is directly towards the supremacy of the individual conscience; towards free inquiry and free thinking in all directions. Every man must feel for himself, know for himself, and address for himself, the God that sits enthroned within his nature. Less than this is almost dependence on others, and that is in no sense a way to progress or self-development.

THE END OF WINTER.

The last day of Winter has come and gone. Nominally, at least, therefore, the Winter is over. We may have more snow, and in fact we expect to have it; yet from this time forward we can say in all truth and positiveness—"It is Spring."

Spring! the very thought of it makes the blood bound through the veins. It calls up imaginary pictures of green grass and running brooks, of sprouting leaves and soft South winds dallying with them, of cattle and sheep on the hills and fish leaping in the streams, of flowers and bees and singing birds. And these are not pictures writ in the air; they are among the only true realities of life. They send new thoughts to the brain and fresh currents to the heart. We dwell upon them as we do upon some darling projects, which nobody knows anything about but our own selves.

We all rejoice that Winter is at length over, although we may feel conscious that since it began we have made marked progress inwardly. It may have been a season of great profit to us, and yet we were glad to welcome its last day. Because the spirit, even of death, seems to feel that in the atmosphere of spring there is something in it to itself that draws Winter's exercises. And the Spirit tells us what is true. That never deceives us. It is the ambition, and the personal preferences, and the aimless unrest, that stand in the way of our true right, setting up before us objects for which we should not naturally aim.

Welcome, therefore, Spring! and farewell, Winter! The one has served us well—we are filled with hope for the other. We have extracted a deal of comfort and happiness out of the Winter—we hope the Spring will have as much to give us, and more.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

The peace of Europe appears to hang in the balance. France has taken her attitude in reference to the influence exercised by Austria over the Lombardo-Venetian States, and it is not likely that she will recede. There is great anxiety, both on this side and the other of the Atlantic, to know what and how soon the result will be at the door, but nothing decisive can well be known at present. Europe seems to sympathize mostly with France, or rather against Austria, that nation having succeeded of late in detaching from herself the good-will of all her sister States. England—if we are to suppose that great nation speaks through the London Times—protests that Austria has it in her own power to avert any such gigantic calamity as a general war, by taking peaceful and prudent steps in Italian matters. It is conceded on all sides, just now, that Louis Napoleon holds the leading power in European politics, and is competent even to change the face of things throughout the entire continent. Another steamer may possibly bring such intelligence as will give a decided character to the politics of Europe for at least the remainder of the year.

A letter from Washington to a New York paper states that the Administration is in possession of letters from a high official source in Europe, expressing the opinion that a general war is almost certain. Popular opinion in England is opposed to war, but if forced to take a part, she will break up the grand alliance, and take sides with Russia.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

Messrs. E. & S. I know that you and your readers all sympathize in whatever will help the race forward, even on the material plane, and that you will be much interested in the success of a manufactory established among us, within a few years, for making watches by machinery. The plan originated nearly ten years since with Mr. A. L. Dennison, a very ingenious mechanic, and known to many of our watch-makers; and now, if not all, the delicate and complicated machines used in the various processes, were constructed by him, or under his superintendence.

The American Watch Company, it is now called, own about one hundred acres of land just beyond the village of Waltham, all available for building purposes, and most of it already occupied. They also have a large and very commodious manufactory, with all the machines, tools, stock, &c., necessary for employing about one hundred and fifty hands, and turning out from seven to eight hundred, highly-finished watches per month. The demand, at satisfactory prices, exceeds their present production by twenty or twenty-five per cent., and additions have been made to their rooms, to insure a larger supply. They are now obliged to work a portion of their hands until midnight three nights in the week, and will soon be compelled to add at least fifty per cent. to their

effective force, to meet the growing demand for their watches. They even have orders from abroad, and no one ever returns to complain of imperfect work. In fact, that is the great advantage of the system. Most perfect machinery, and exceeds in exactness anything that can be accomplished by the most practical hand and eye without.

At present the company confine themselves mostly to substantial silver-cased watches. But Mr. Dennison is engaged in adjusting a movement to a gold case, which, when completed, will compare favorably with the best imported watches, in style and finish, and be altogether superior in real worth.

It is a gratifying fact, that in spite of all the discouragements which beset new enterprises, and the mistakes into which we inevitably fall, the cost of these watches has never exceeded the original estimate, and they have always sold at as high a price as was anticipated. During the last year the sale was very small, owing to the general depression in business. But the company continued to manufacture at less cost than before, and now find, as they expected, a demand springing up which will soon exhaust all the old stock.

The present highly successful financial condition of the company, is due to the talent and energy of Mr. R. E. Robinson, from New York, who, though yet young, has made himself independent by the importation and sale of foreign watches. He is well known to business men in New York as one who never fails in what he undertakes. He is the treasurer and manager of the financial concerns of the company, and has a large personal interest in its success. That it will succeed now, is a fact beyond all doubt, and I know that a majority of our people will rejoice that another great branch of industry has been fairly started in our midst, which will help us on in our efforts for independence. W.

NOVELTY IN BRICK-MAKING—DRYING DISPENSED WITH.

The most important event of the year, in connection with the Art of Brick-Making, is the drying of them by artificial heat, instead of the slow and precarious method in common use. The experiment had been made a year ago, on a small scale, with satisfactory result; but whether a like success would attend a more extensive operation, remained to be proved. This is no longer a matter of doubt. Brick works have been recently erected on Moon Island, in Boston Bay, for Charles A. Green, of Squantum, Massachusetts, working two large Steam Machines, and in connection with them, this new method of drying, which we will briefly describe.

Imagine two tunnels, side by side, each eighty feet long, three feet and six inches wide, six feet and six inches high. Near the entrance is a chimney two feet square in base, and feet high; at the other end is a furnace; the cause of constant current of hot air. The tunnel is fitted with rails and train of cars, on which the bricks are laid as they come from the machine; each car holding 240 bricks. It is then passed into the tunnel, each car pushing the other along. If subjected suddenly to heat, the bricks would crack; but instead of this they first meet a current of cold air, which takes off part of the moisture and carries it out by the chimney. They are three hours in reaching the furnace when, being partially dry, they are able to bear it.

Emerging from this, the bricks are edged up to let the air circulate on all sides, and prevent their being warped or cracked. They then enter the other tunnel, and are four hours in the passage; this renders them perfectly dry, more so than by the sun, and they are wheeled off to the kiln. Measures will be taken to secure a patent.

The business may now be conducted at all seasons, provided the clay be not frozen. The expensive preparation of floors and sheds are not needed, and a lot two hundred feet square is sufficient for all purposes.

The New Brick Machine is gradually extending over the Union, and received with general favor. The largest and most complete establishment yet erected is that of Mr. Green, above-mentioned. The building is 80x48—twenty feet to the eaves, working two machines, and with the aid of the tunnel, capable of making upwards of ten million bricks a year. On one occasion, by way of trial, one machine turned out fifty-four bricks a minute for twenty minutes by the watch, but the men could not continue this long, forty-five a minute is enough for steady work. The prices are—

The Little Brick-Maker, model the usual size, \$70; do, do, mold, 12x6x3, \$85; one horse machine, \$100; two horse do, \$200; power machine, \$400; pulverizer, old plan, \$50; do, new invention, \$125; with molds, shoes &c., complete, delivered at the wharf, or Railroad Stations. All the necessary hose, belts and lead pipe for the power machine, will cost about \$50.

For further particulars in a pamphlet containing full instruction on Brick-Setting and Burning, address FRANKS & S. SMITH, Baltimore, Md.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS, BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

We have received from S. T. Munson, New York, the publisher, a small volume of about one hundred pages under the above title, which, we are informed, is in some demand. The book consists of eight tracts. The first of the series is "The Appeal to the Public," of the Judge, being his first public announcement of his belief in spiritual intercourse, and an account of his experiences up to August, 1853. The second is his "Reply to Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont," in which Spiritualism is defended on Scripture authority against the attacks of the clergy. The third is "The Newsboy," being an account of his entrance into the spirit-world and his experience there, which is, at once full of pathos and interest. "The fourth and fifth are called 'The Uncertainty' and 'The Certainty of Spiritual Intercourse,' and consist of a correspondence between the Judge and a 'distinguished legal gentleman,'—one who, we hear, holds a high rank in the Judiciary of our country. In these two tracts, all the evils, dangers, and obscurities of the Intercourse are dwelt upon and detailed, as well the great truths which, notwithstanding those difficulties, can be obtained from the Intercourse. The sixth of the series, entitled, 'Speaking in Many Tongues,' is a correspondence with a divinity student in a theological college, in which is detailed many instances in which mediums have spoken in fifteen or twenty languages unknown to them. The seventh is called 'Intercourse with the Spirits of the Living,' and gives an explanation of the phenomenon, often occurring of spirits speaking through mediums, of persons yet living. The eighth, which is 'False Prophecy,' accounts for, and gives instances of, foretelling future events, and how far that is to be relied upon.

These tracts are published separately, or bound together in a small volume, and can be obtained at the more cost of paper and printing. The writer has had the whole of them stereotyped at his own expense, and many thousand copies of some of them have already been circulated; and any number of the whole, or any single one, can be procured of Mr. Munson, who has the use of the plates, gratuitously for that purpose—the only cost being for paper and striking off the copies from the plates.

Number nine of the series will be the lecture published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of February 20th, and will be furnished on the same terms.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, OR THE GOLDEN AGE. By E. W. LOVELAND. Boston: Bela Marsh.

This is a valuable and very interesting book, and should be found in the hands of every Christian Spiritualist. It contains nearly three hundred pages.

THEODORE PARKER'S SOCIETY AT MUSIO HALL, FEB. 27.

A letter was read by Mr. Slack, addressed to Deacon May, written by Dr. Howe—Mr. Parker's physician—on Mr. P.'s arrival at Havana. The letter states that the passage from New York was very boisterous, during which Mr. Parker suffered much from sea-sickness, and that at the time he wrote, the improvement in Mr. Parker's general health had become so marked, that he thought it real. The letter further states that the weather there now is like that of July in New England.

After the reading of this letter, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture full of original gems and religious beauty. He rose and spoke to three thousand attentive hearers, apparently as if he had gazed upon him with admiration, or listened to his words with delight. His equanimity appeared unimpaired, and his love of fame and show dwindle to nothing. The crowded state of our columns this week obliges us to defer a report of this lecture till our next issue.

OUR AGENT IN CHICAGO.

McNALLY & CO., 81 Dearborn street, dealer in books and papers, are our agents for the sale of the BANNER in Chicago.

On Washington's birthday Mr. E. Everett received from S. M. Pettengill & Co., a donation of \$500 to the Mount Vernon Fund, and on from Hubbard W. Street of \$500.

IT IS STEALING!

We have a friend not many miles from Boston, to whom we send the Banner, who knows that it is taken out of the wrapper at the post-office, is kept from two to fourteen days for a general reading, and then sent minus a wrapper to the proper party.

We hope that anybody who is in the habit of doing this, will read the heading of this article twice. It is very flattering to us to have a paper worth such treatment; but this kind of compliment has its perils, too, to us and to our subscribers. If such people desire to pay us a compliment, we know of no better way than to send us a dollar for six months' subscription.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First Page—Original Poetry; Flashes of Fun; "Love's Sacrifice." Second Page—Continuation of said Story; &c. Third Page—Poetry; an Original Story, entitled, "My Housekeeper," by Charles A. Seymour; "Prove your Words," by Ned Anderton; Philadelphia Correspondence. Fourth Page—Editorials, &c. Fifth Page—New York Department; Discourse of Dr. Edward Beecher, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Sixth Page—Poetry; The Messenger Department; an interesting communication, "A Wife to her Husband;" Correspondence. Seventh Page—Boston Reform Conference; The Public Press; Poetry; Correspondence. Eighth Page—Continuation of Dr. Beecher's Discourse; E. H. Chapin's Discourse at Broadway Church, N. Y.; Movements of Mediums.

MURDER IN WASHINGTON.—On Sunday last the people of Washington were thrown into an intense excitement on learning of the killing of Philip Barton Key, the U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia, by Daniel E. Sickles. According to report, Mr. Sickles, becoming convinced of the truth of certain scandalous rumors involving his wife, resolved to redress his wrongs. At about two o'clock this afternoon, proceeding from his residence, near the President's house, to the South-east corner of Lafayette square, in the same neighborhood, where Mr. Key was engaged in conversation with Mr. Butterworth, of New York, he charged Mr. Key with having dishonored him, and destroyed his domestic peace, and shot him with a revolver. One of the balls entered the left side of the body, and passed through to the corresponding point on the opposite side, lodging under the skin. Another shot took effect in the right thigh, near the main artery, when Mr. Key fell, imploring Mr. Sickles not to kill him. The third shot was in the right side, but glanced from the body, inflicting only a bruise. Death ensued in a few moments. The body was taken into the National City House, when a jury of inquest was held, who, after an examination into the circumstances, of some hours' length, returned a verdict, merely stating that the death of Mr. Key was from the effect of pistol shot, as above stated, fired by Sickles. After Mr. Sickles had killed Mr. Key, he repaired to the residence of Attorney General Black, where he was advised to deliver himself into the hands of the officers, who subsequently conveyed him to jail, to which he was committed for further examination.

The Massachusetts Legislature have a bill before them to regulate the manufacture and sale of bread. The bill proposes that all loaves shall be made of a certain weight, and shall be sold by weight. The baker's name to be stamped on each loaf, as well as its weight. It was objected that it would be impossible to impress such marks upon the brick-loaves of Boston, and other towns and cities of the Commonwealth, but we will guarantee, for a experience in advance, that any baker—if required to do it by the law—would stamp the two Commandments on every loaf, provided he was the better insured a living for performing such a missionary process. It is quite probable that the bill will pass the present Legislature.

Hallam, the English historian, is dead. He wrote the great work entitled "A View of Europe during the Middle Ages," together with a learned work on the "Constitutional History of England." It was on the death of his eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam, that the poet Tennyson wrote that beautiful and wonderful volume of verses, entitled "In Memoriam." He was Tennyson's warmest and closest friend. The father and historian had arrived at the venerable age of eighty-one. He had got through his historical labors just at the time Prescott commenced his.

A fine poem, by our correspondent "Cosmos," entitled "Go Feed the Poor," will appear in our next number.

There will be a Social Love at Union Hall, Boston, on the evening of the 10th inst., complimentary to Mr. J. H. COXWELL, Music by Hall's celebrated Quadrille Band, who have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. It is expected that several of our best trances and test mediums will be present. Dancing commences at 8 o'clock. Tickets \$1, admitting a gentleman and ladies, for sale by the committee of arrangements and at the usual places.

The Editor of the Star in the West copies a portion of one of Dr. Chapin's discourses from our columns, and, as a true man should, gives us due credit. We hope other editors, who have been less conscientious in this respect, will pattern after the Star. It is our duty, and they should do it.

OMISSIONS.—Letters have been received at New York from Nicaragua, announcing the

