

made the vestal fane of spiritual and didactic love, the fane these things are true, and, feeling their beauty and their holiness, presents them to the world, unheeding that world's eye and mockery; and telling that love all passionless, and good unalloyed, may be within the reach of all, she goes to Memory's stronghold, to the deep caverns of Experience, to the starlit summits of the promising future, and tells you what treasures she has found!

Remember that the woman's soul I write of, had grown to heights sublime by constant effort and heart-watchfulness; that beneath the spiritualizing process of guiding angels, she was beyond the reach of earthly taint, of aught that could pervert or anguillike a nature. And he, yet in his manhood's prime, beautiful in soul, and schooled in long suffering, he was wedded to that higher world wherein his heart-angel dwelt. The love that he bestowed upon Bolla Mendez, the sister of his adoption, was worthy of the consecration of the purest sacred hosts. To both it was a precious gift, a compensating joy.

We leave them to the perfect communion of their understanding souls, and return to the poor child, groping in darkness for the light that glimmered and disappeared, until heart and spirit sickened, and the gloom of utter skepticism shut out the beauties of earth and heaven. It was the work of seeming destiny; so she, the sufferer, crept alone into the morning glory of day, the oppressive silence of the night. No still, oh soul undisciplined! It was the will of God, the sanctified work of his chosen and ministering spirit!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"HELP THE GREAT WORLD ON."

BY J. H. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

The tired world rolls on its hands
And clamors for the right,
While trembling monarchs wail the bands
Of Freedom, with their might;
But high above the night of years,
In days to come, by scars and tears,
Shall burn the Freedom's light.

The old world pales with dire alarms,
And builds her forts more strong,
And pours the thunders of her arms
To down progression's song.
But high above oppression's battle,
The clash of arms, the cannon's rattle,
It sweeps the sky along!

Loud comes from kindred Martyrs' graves
A stirring cry of warning—
"Rise, rise and free no longer slaves;
Strike in life's early morning;
Strike o'er the present light,
And thus at last in such a night
As knows no future dawning!"

Let patriots die, and tyrants reign,
But lay the world to bed,
To surely come the golden grain
Where rolls the crimson seed,
And kings shall know, and priests shall learn,
Their power is lost when o'er they spurn
The province of the good.

No longer shall the intruded hand
Their tables on us thrust,
Or rule with stifled, scowled hand,
The hearts that beat with trust.
Christ's law purports "rest the heel
Of coming right their systems rest,"
Their empire turn to dust.

The great host of the nations bleeds,
From vivid lips they cry,
With from the better cheek of creeds
Loud wailings mark the sky—
Still many a tongue, many a name, many a tone
And queen, and despot, Pope of Rome,
The sold together fly.

Laid in life's wondrous mysteries,
As buds in coming springs,
Their is a strength which human sight
Shall touch to grander things—
A strength divine, which God hath said,
By tyrants used shall lie in dread,
To rise on Freedom's wing!

Those, people, rouse, watch out, and hark!
The great world rolls its way,
Her forehead lifted from the dark,
Circled with healing day.
Shout, freedom! clap your joyous hands,
Bread crumb to the starved lands,
Where trembling tyrants awe.

The dream is o'er, the night has fled,
The day bursts forth in light,
No more our weary souls shall tread
The paths where worldlings stray,
For far-est on the purple skies
God's edict greets our straining eyes—
To "help the great world on!"

NOT AT HOME.

BY KATHA KNIGHT.

"To home where the heart is!"
What right has the rain to beat with such a dull, funeral sound against that silken-curtained window? Hearts that play under velvet should not be assailed by such yearnings and homesick dreams as are flooding upon Mrs. Allen's while the wind murmurs and the rain falls.

Mrs. Allen is my friend. I do not like to see her sitting there, alone, staring with such fixed, gloomy eyes, into her fire. Never was such a look upon her face, before her mother's death.

Who is Mrs. Allen, do you ask? The very question that I wished! I delight in introducing Mrs. Allen—my friend. I glory in her friendship. I confess I felt more chagrin than pride when my city cousins found me swarming upon Widow Hall's front gate, with her bereft daughter. But when Ellen Hall, the saucy vixen, grew into a coquettish, fascinating woman, and Madame Rumer said that she was the "bird" for whom John Meeks, the most sober, well-to-do young farmer in our neighborhood, was building a cage, my respect for her increased fifty per cent. When she fitted her lover, and became Mrs. Allen, bargaining her youth and beauty with age, for a fashionable establishment on Fourth street, my love for her knew no bounds.

Now, I feel proud, if, as I trudge from my cheap boarding-house to my school in the Ward, I chance to get a nod from Mrs. Allen, my friend, as her carriage dashes past, covering me with dust, while she leans with careless grace against its velvet cushions. My nerves thrill yet with pleasure from the invitation into her pew, when I found courage to attend, last Sabbath, that extremely fashionable church upon—street.

Mrs. Allen, do you hear the rain lashing the windows? Your eyes are fastened upon the coals in your grate. Are there any dream-pictures there? You see your old home; the May parlor, one of nature's loveliest drawing-rooms, carpeted with grass and spring flowers, its walls frescoed with forests and hills, its arched ceiling the blue sky; the creek, fringed with willows; the bridge, where so often sat together, watching autumn leaves whirling in boisterous stream; (were they as high-colored as our gossamer hopes?) there is the ford, where the water is shallow, and the ripples fret, and scold the merry-looking pebbles; the wagon-road through the meadow, up yonder hillside, and leading—where? Mrs. Allen, your thoughts have traveled a thousand times from your gilded fetters, these trappings of wealth, for which you sold yourself at the altar, to that farm-house, your heart's home.

You hear the rain; it is an April rain; you wonder whether he, too, is listening to its fall—you, here in the city's din, he there, with woods, fields and meadows around him. Apple trees are in bloom, and buds are swelling upon the barberry bush by the garden gate. Ah, well! You sigh, and pace the floor. I remember when your step was lighter, though you did not tread upon tapestry.

How dearly bought is your luxury! For it, you paid your purity, your true womanhood. You scorn that fallen sister, indeed! Are you poorer than she in the sight of angels, though your dress is purple instead of scarlet?

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

May-day was coming, and little Annet thought of having a party. She loved the Spring-time, as most children do, and wished it would always be warm, and pleasant, and sunny. She thought that singing birds, and the green grass, and fragrant violets, were the most lovely of all things that had made. She had watched one little bunch of violets that grew in the banks of the stream that flowed through the meadow on the east side of her father's house, that she might pick the first blossom and put it in her mother's hair; and she had run to the woods every day to see if the trillium was showing its white petals that she might gather some for her May-day party.

I cannot tell you how much she planned to do on that day. She thought of moss-baskets, and wanted to give one to each of the girls, but she tried to make one and got so tired that she gave it up. Then she wished she had a wreath for each one she intended to invite. So she gathered leaves and tried to wind one, but she failed. Then she thought she would find a May-pole and twine it with flowers, but all the branches she broke were too short, and she threw them away. As the day drew near she watched the sky most anxiously, and wondered if it would rain; and she felt very sure that there never was so many great black clouds floating over the earth before.

But May-day came, warm and sunny, and her brother Arthur had cut a pole, and her mother had made some wreaths, and Bridget had baked cakes and pies, and all things were ready. Annet had risen very early and she ran around the table a dozen or more times, wishing that it was time for the girls to come, and that it did not take so long for the sun to rise above the hill. At last it was seven o'clock; the sun tipped the May-pole with its golden light, and the grass glittered with the melted frost, as if each blade was strung with diamonds.

The first guest had come. Ida—a bright, laughing girl, and soon Frank followed, and then Mary, and at just five minutes past seven, twenty girls and a dozen boys were gathered about the pole, trying to feel very warm and very happy; but the wind was yet chill, and so they soon adjourned to the house. And now the frolic began. They danced and sang, played hopscotch, and fairy queen until the sun was high enough to let them go out doors and not feel the cold. Then they danced around the pole, and shouted, and crowded their queen. They all said Annet should be queen, and so she knelt while the troop of children sang—

"Tis merry, merry, May,
We'll have a queen to-day,
We'll crown with flowers,
This queen of our May-day;
In the merry, merry, May."

Then the cakes and pies were eaten, a dance followed, and the children went home full of the thought of the May-day party.

Now Annet had been rather a selfish girl; she wanted her own way; she wanted the best of everything; and sometimes she was impatient and fretful. That night, after she went to bed, she thought of the great honor the boys and girls had shown her by appointing her a queen; and she began to feel quite proud of it, and thought it most to that she was a pretty good girl, and quite handsome too, since she was sure she heard the children say she looked like a queen with her wreath and scepter. While thinking thus of herself, she fell asleep. As she was quite weary, she did not sleep very quietly, and began to dream. She thought she had gone to the Kingdom of Fairies, and dwelt with them in flowers, and danced on leaves, and drank dew, and ate the honey in the cups of fragrant blossoms. She thought she was a fairy herself, and wore a green jacket made from a clover leaf, and slippers cut from locust seeds, and a griddle made of the spider's thread; and she thought she slept in daffodils and jonquills, and played hopscotch under the leaves of the violets. The fairies had lost their queen. She dreamed she had run away with a bumble bee, and they wanted a new queen, but who should they choose? They must choose one who could kiss five flowers and still the flowers would not wither. Annet thought she could do that, easily; and one beautiful Spring morning she rose from her sleep in the daylight, and said: "Now I'll be a queen." So she went to a violet still wet in the morning dew, and said:

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REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THIRTIETH STREET CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 14, Thirtieth Street, every Wednesday evening. May 10th was attended the following:

QUESTION:—What is it that is denominated Intuition in Man? What is the difference, if any, between them? Do Animals have the faculty of Intuition?

MR. WATKINS.—The subject of Intuition and instinct all persons have thought upon, more or less. Everything in nature blends—there are no dividing lines in nature. No one can tell where mineral existence ends and where vegetable existence begins; or where vegetable life ends and animal life begins. No it is in regard to Intuition, intuition and reason. These blend—they are inseparably connected; the division line is nowhere. Intuition is a kind of fatalism; so is Intuition. The new-born babe takes nourishment from its mother; this is Intuition. Animals possess this power that the child possesses, and in the animal this runs out in a direction for self-protection and self-preservation. The infant child runs out in the direction of reason and Intuition. Intuition is a spark of divinity; so is Intuition. The bee makes wax because it cannot help it; the same power acts here that acts in producing the bee itself. The Intuition in man is from the same divine power as is Intuition. Intuition is Intuition in a degree.

[The speaker gave instances to show that animals not only possess Intuition, but reason.]

The Intuition in animals and reason in man, is the same, differing only in degree.

DR. PARON.—If I speak I shall speak from Intuition or Intuition, for I have given the subject under discussion no thought. Fixed laws control all matter and all mind. If we examine, we find everything to be governed by fixed laws. Classification makes ideas Intuition. We cannot present ideas clear with law, guage. Minerals are governed by fixed laws; and there is no perfect wisdom in the government of the mineral kingdom as exists in the highest degree of Intuition. Go all through the mineral kingdom, and come to the vegetable, and the same wisdom and power are visible; and from thence to the animal life, where Intuition is developed, and the workings of the same divine hand is traced in fixed laws that govern everything. But when we come to man, we think we enter upon a different plan; we think the mind can act free. This is a great mistake. The mind is governed by an invisible power, as much as is the material compass—by the same power that governs the mineral, the vegetable, the animal. Many will say this is fatalism. We care not for what may be said; truth is better than sayings. If there is a difference between Intuition and Intuition it is only in name. There is no freedom from the government of fixed and inflexible laws, save that are divine and inevitable. Elements control organisms according to the nature of the organism throughout the universe, always. The mind of man is a higher power; it influences the movements of the material world, in proportion as it is higher in development. Man is an epitome of all creation. Everything that God has made, in all creation, is preserved in man. All instinctive powers are in the man. The higher faculty comes in man, which is the attribute of consciousness, intelligence, wisdom, mercy, justice, goodness. These attributes man possesses, and they are of God. I would have the ideas of principles rather than the words of principles; I would have the language of Intuition rather than the imperfect language of words.

MR. THAYER.—Great injustice has heretofore been done to the animal world by man. We have thought that animals had no mind, and we have neglected their cultivation. He told a very interesting story about the fidelity and reasoning powers of a dog who slaughtered the robber that murdered his master, and drove the robber's accomplice up a tree and kept him there until he was arrested by the civil authorities; and concluded from this that dogs have mind and reason.

DR. LYON.—The question opens a vast field for reflection. Men of science may trace out certain facts, and know something of science; but it is important to know the causes of these facts. Where does Intuition end and Intelligence begin? The spider reasons when he makes a trap to catch the fly which he eats for food. The bee does his work—makes honey for future support; and is there mind, reason and Intelligence here? No; this is Intuition. Reason belongs to the front brain; Intuition belongs to the back brain. The moral and intellectual faculties of man belong to the front brain. Animals do not reason; if they did, they would be immortal. I positively deny that animals exist in spirit. If a lady has a pet bird, or a pet animal, who may, by desire, create that bird or that animal in spirit.

QUESTION.—Is that bird or animal, then, a real existence?

ANSWER.—Yes.

QUESTION.—Then has it an immortal existence?

ANSWER.—Yes.

DR. PARON.—Spiritualists have got at the root of one of the most beautiful trees in God's creation, that is, that the spirit of man is not the result of organization. The mind is an element of the spiritual world. I have positive evidence that spirits do take possession of, and act through, lower forms of organization. A spirit descended in the form of a dove on Christ, when he was baptized.

QUESTION.—Do animals have a cerebrum, or front brain?

The speaker answered this question in the affirmative, though he said that in quality it differed from that of man. Do not spirits seize upon wood and dead matter, to manifest their presence; and if they do, may they not influence living birds and animals?

MR. LEONARD.—I have a great desire to know what spirits can do. We know that spirits do have an influence over us, and I want to know how far their influence extends in the government of the material world.

DR. LEWIS.—Everything is governed by necessity and adaptation. Intuition and Intuition are only manifestations of mind, and mind is spirit, it is life. I believe that the cerebrum and cerebellum exist in all animals, as well as in men. I do not think that there is any such thing as a personal God. All nature is divine; God is everywhere and in everything, in the organization of every being. I cannot draw a line of distinction between the development of Intuition and Intuition; between reason and spontaneous thought. Animals do reason, I am certain.

MR. SPOONER.—I wish to say something corroboratory of the ideas that animals are immortal. Some here say that animals are as perfect when born as at an advanced stage of their lives. I cannot see this as a fact. It seems to me that the suffering of animals is an evidence of life that shall be rewarded by happiness after death. The earth has been in its earlier existence, inhabited mostly by lower animals; and this life is lost if they are not immortal. I have reflected much on the subject of Intuition, and the more I reflect, the more I conclude there is no such thing as Intuition. When we get a glimpse of something that is true, the glimpse comes of experience. Dr. Child claims that we can discover truth without experience. I do not think that this is true. Distinguishing truth from falsehood is a matter of experience alone.

MR. ENSON.—The difference between Intuition and Intuition may be blended. Animals Intuitionally act with as much correctness as does the mechanic. All animals of one order exhibit the same taste that is peculiar to their species, hence I conclude that they have not come to the power of reason. When the beaver builds its dam, or the spider weaves its web, it is the provision of the divine mind. God controls the animal below man to act, as much as he does man in his actions.

DR. PARON.—We may account for all the different manifestations of life in the varieties of material organizations.

MR. HINTON.—I desire to say a word about Mr. Spooner's remarks on Intuition. Admitting the de-

sation to be correct, that he gave it. It cannot be expected that a subject can be well handled by a man that has never perceived its existence. Mr. H. says: "that he knows not of the existence of such a thing as Intuition. Dr. C. says that he does. I have felt the existence of Intuition, and thence I have reasoned. It is not to me. We have often uneducated young persons who will go beyond the powers of science in the presentation of truths, which are claimed to be intuitive. How can my friend Spooner say anything of Intuition, when he knows not that such a thing exists, and has had no experience in it?"

The same subject will be continued next week.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1860.

Berry, Colby & Co., Publishers.

WILLIAM DERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

PUBLICATION OFFICES:

3 1-2 Brattle St., Boston; 143 Fulton St., New York.

EDITORS:

WILLIAM DERRY, Boston; J. B. BRITTAN, New York; LUTHER COLBY, " J. R. M. SQUIRE, London.

Business Letters must be addressed, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

For terms of subscription see first page.

Berry, Colby & Co.

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

How low seems the wall, how little the gate, how narrow the door, to the one who went out from home a boy and comes back to-day a man! The world has fewer sweet illusions with which the years love to make such cruel havoc.

But the fireplace is as wide, and the wooden mantel is as high, and the fire-dogs are as erect and watchful, and the twin corners of the hearth as cosy, as when the tea-kettle used to sing on the hob in the winter of yore, and the Old Folks sat and let the fire-flare shine in their own fading eyes. The whole house may have undergone a revolution, but the Chimney-Corner keeps the memories sweet and whole; if they are driven out from the attic, the chambers, the keeping-room, they retreat to the hearthstone, and there make a final stand before vanishing in clouds of thin blue smoke up the chimney, skyward.

We are all true Fire Worshipers. Parson never offered more genuine adoration to the flames in which he saw the Soul of light—no lion below the tropics ever paid more faithful homage on solstitial mornings to the great Sun-source of existence, than does the man of black New England, in his secret heart, to the honest blaze that flickers on his hearth and goes out by his chimney. It may be nothing idolatrous—his love for the open fire—but his spirit daily and nightly offers sacrifices there, and in the dancing flames repeats its home-bred litany. In Virginia, they wisely style a bright fire the best piece of furniture in the room; but the ever open door lets all the sentiment of comfort through. A home without a fire on the hearth, and especially a home in the country! A home without a cherry blaze in it! No harmless wanderer wanders up on down the ceiling and the walls! No airy and flashes playing over the little panes in the windows, and making the home sentiment light! What utter darkness of desolation would crowd every room with its sweet images!

Fire is social. It has playful and tender sympathies, though its heat is ravenous and its tongue fierce. We sit down at the open hearth in the evenings, and look into its pure face to find our long-sought revelations. Our faces trip on the tips of the mimic waves of flame, and become excited till we can hardly keep them company. Our imagination plunges into the white and red heats, wallowing in their swelling and retreating ideas, and dragging out—new wrecks, always, but drowned images freshly cast, new dreams, and dripping with the molten sheen of a brighter beauty. So we all love to sit at the hearth, whose brooding alchemy is most intensely social.

But the Age invades every nook and corner, however quiet or dreary; like the tax-collector, it forgets no man's door. And the Age has brought along an army of masons, and stone-dealers, and pipe-fitters, who have come into the pleasantest rooms up and down the street, equipped with their ugly implements of innovation. They have drawn curtains of ghastly masonry across the old fire-places, and shut out spirit visions from the chimney altogether. They have waited upon the delighted memories in a dark and deadly imprisonment, where their blackened skeletons will be found some day, overgrown with the nettles and long grasses that bravely homesteaded lookings, and have mounted a grim and dark looking instrument, with a single glaring eye, perhaps, but often with none, and bid the household crowd around, and with fifts warm their benumbed fingers; and this they denominated the Stove!

Henceforth, Penates, sorry away to attic and cellar as fast as you can! You are wanted here no longer! Grandmother, in her high-crowned cap, will not sit in the corner now, but post herself out in the middle of the floor. The cedar tray, half-filled with rag-balls for the new carpet, will be under every body's feet. There are to be no more household gatherings in the evening, for the vestal fires are all gone out! A Stove is not a Hearth; Heat is not Fire; Warmth is not Bliss. The crowds that came and went for in chariot of fire, looking at us with sparkling eyes from out the live coals, have taken their end and have forever. The cities breathe the long forest, bristling with spikes and steeples, substantial with walls, and towers, and cathedrals, and castles outlying, and washed on this side and that with rivers such as never shone in the sun of heaven—are all filled and dark and dead. Heroic deeds are not more alluring throughout its long-buried streets; the cities and people of the plain are not more thoroughly forgotten. The heart builds no altars near a blackened stove. It sends its yearning aspirations to heaven through no mistle of smoke, it waits upon the turn of no thimble's chimney "flues" "downers." Unless its sentiments are warmed in the light and brightness of a genial heat, they cannot be made to all up on the wings of white and blue smoke skyward. Down the chimney is direct and open; but through a double-kneed stove-pipe, the road is black and tortuous indeed. By looking up a wide-throated chimney, one may catch a sky-glimpse as big as his hand; but through the long and narrow neck of a stove-pipe—never!

We see them still, exactly as they sat, years ago, in the hearth corner—the Old Folks, always "at home," and—bless us!—how brief seems the space that bridges the yawning interval!

A Homestead without two Old Folks in the chimney corner, would hardly be a homestead at all. With them, the charming picture is complete. They are, day in and day out, steadfast to their places year after year. When the eaves drip in the middle of the winter forenoon, Grandfather leaves his post and the Saturday's newspaper to make the safe tour of the kitchen, the stove-rooms, the sheds, and the barn-floor, stopping on his route to throw down a handful of corn for the poultry. Grandmother is always sure to caution him against going out without a plenty of coats, and stout enough about on, and welcome his return with as great apparent joy as if he had just come back from a long voyage to Cathay. And when he has nestled down in his cushioned chair again, and thumped the glowing fore-knee a little with the tongs, he will tell tales of the keen air outside, suggesting Arctic memories such as no living listener could call in question, that will find the silver-haired old couple topic of earnest talk till dinner.

The children always find the train there, when they come home from school on the winter afternoon; the pale sun lying sleepily across the floor—the gray cat curled before the hearth—and the little spirits "pegged in the knotty entrails" of the oak logs, singing in the drowsy hours away. It is a picture that Wilkie would

gladly distract over. The wind is buffeting with ice-corns on the bleak and snowy roads, tearing at their hats, their cloaks, and the robes that so meagrely protect them—but no winds blow in the haven of this life; all days are halcyon days, and there is no atmosphere but that of peace, and heaven. The noisome in the old man's plump cheeks is as fresh as it ever was; the features are nowise pinched with the cold; no snows enter to benumb his attenuated fingers.

"Mother" and he, too, form the family ritual, and are always to be found on the judicial seat, ready to give audience. Many is the domestic problem brought to them for solution. They decide cases, especially for the younglings, with a promptness truly wonderful; and if Grandmother only said thus and so, there is no use in hunting for higher authority; she is conceded to be the "word of the law." Or Grandmother promises to mend the broken sled; and never was sled repaired with such surpassing dexterity. All with the dear old home feeling, from morning till night. And when one pair of eyes faded entirely from the hearth, and one stooping form is carried forth forever from its cherished corner—what a vacancy is there not in the very heart of the household! Grandmother looks up from her forenoon knitting over into the opposite corner, but the chair stands there empty, and a great tear rolls down her cheek as she newly adjusts her needle in the knitting-needle. The fire is not just enough to warm her chilled heart any longer. She hears the wind roar without, and she thinks of the one whose grave is rounded beneath the pines!

The Chimney-Corner is in its greatest glory at night. Then the fire-spirits love best to assemble. In the late Autumn days, when the evenings are beginning to lengthen, and the cricket sings as if he were hoarse in the corner, and the sudden leaves lay trampled and dead in the walks and yard, the first blaze of the fire is very welcome; for it calls together again all the worshippers at this household shrine, and gives hints of the promises that cluster about the little months of the winter. There is just enough of chill in the air to make one seek the fire, and just enough fire on the hearth to make the chill enjoyable. We know no other fires, through the winter, like this first hearth-blaze in the Autumn. The vital group of winter delights then shine out as upon a canvas. In the long evenings, and the children range themselves around. Whatever the occupations then, the associations are. Then not to be described for their own sacredness. Then the masks that each has worn through the day are unmasked and fall off. Face and soul have nothing left to speak to heart. The round world has nothing left to this offer for pure and true enjoyment; students, philosophers, men of coarse ambition, travelers' long longing eyes, from the midst of their busy career, to this innocent and humble picture, and secretly acknowledge its possession to be the single dream of their hearts. But they drift further and further from it, instead, till the picture is only a picture, and has little life left but in memory.

The smoky shadows that belong to these evening groups around the hearth are not to be set down as the days are in the calendar; they are themselves the gay children of the peaceful hours, and troop forth only when wanted. But no Dutch records are one-half so crowded with their Scripture records and illustrations, as our commonest fireplace winter evening scenes that belong to the homely.

The youngest boy is no more under the spell than is his oldest brother. They mount the stairs to bed at last, in strange company. The girls feed the coals with wisps of paper, and watch, as the sparks fly up and down the burnt heat, to see the folks go home from meeting. A genuine ghost story makes the logs pop; the shadowy faces of the spirits peer forth from caverns in the sticks; their forms flit across the hearth, and their voices are heard in the room; the shadows of the flames; they climb into towers and steeples, and beckon at windows through which pour the floods of yellow sunsets. All this, and many, many times more, can a story of a ghost evoke from the logs that were so lately chopped on the high wood-loft.

It is at the hearth that the heart blide up its sheaves for harvest. Here all its joys, domestic and heaven, are gathered in. Here the sombre wood is gaily shot with bright figures and patterns: The self communion at this altar is searching and thorough; a man sits down face to face with himself, and thinks no more of guile.

If there might be a hearth in every heart! And such dear old memories as one carries away with him—reasoned well with time, rich for their ripened colors, mellow for their surpassingly sweet flavors! The chimney-corner has been the district school-house for all the virtues of this present generation. What is tender in popular sentiment, what is direct and simple in popular preaching, what is lowly, grounded, and strong, and homely, in popular phrase, has its healthy and enduring root. Tear up all the broad hearthstones in the land, to-day, and these very memories would start up, around them, like tender blades of grass, to beautify the places whence they sprung and keep them green forever!

The Right Way.

A story has been travelling through the newspapers, in relation to an ingot of gold that was recently forwarded from San Francisco to Paris, and sold for \$2075, but which afterwards proved to be nothing but a gilded mass of lead. The forgery was perpetrated through the agency of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, who, when the leaden ingot was returned to their office in San Francisco, not to work to discover the swindler. He was found to be a fancy goods dealer named A. Kohler, and he was let off upon the payment of the amount of the ingot, \$2075, and \$2000 for expenses incurred. But the matter did not end here, although the government officers concluded not to prosecute him, on account of a defect in the law. When Kohler's swindle became known, his bankers immediately paid him his balance, and declined to have any further transactions with him. The insurance companies also cancelled their policies upon his property, and the man stands before the community a convicted swindler, shunned by all honorable men. This pretty story and swift justice, and we are not sure that it is not as handsomely administered as in any case that has recently come under our notice. If the whole community would unite to frown down wickedness of every kind, instead of pursuing the perpetrators with a vengeance that only stimulates their own, it would not be long before there would be an end of all practices but just those proceeding from the best and purest intentions. A man would then have the readiest motive to be honest—self-interest.

The Duchess of St. Albans a Spiritualist.

The late Duchess of St. Albans (Harriet Martineau) sent for the good Chapman to inquire into the character of a young woman, whose mother had befriended Harriet when they were actresses, and the following conversation is reported by the chaplain to have taken place between the Duchess and himself—

My interference hardly cancels the debt I owe your mother's memory—that mother, my early child, and firm protector. Alas! alas! that she herself should be forever beyond the reach of my gratitude.

Chapman.—But she may possibly be conscious of your kindness to her child.

Harriet said, starting—now we meet on common ground. You believe, then, that the departed take cognizance of what is passing in this world of care and sorrow? That has long been my conviction. But, think you further, that they are ever permitted to return to this false scene—that the veil which shrouds the invisible from the visible world is ever withdrawn—and that they have long since departed from amongst us, return to those whom they have loved, to administer and to warn them? I fully believe they do. Your looks say no! Oh, yes! I am aware it is a creed which is ridiculed, despised and scouted by the million, but nevertheless it is mine.

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The Japanese Embassy.

There is nothing like disappointment to bring a man to his proper senses. It was not such a great while ago that Johnny Hall would have been raging red with anger, if he had been told that the Japanese Emperor was going to send representatives to America before he had left England; but now that events have taken the turn they have, and the bearded gentlemen from the opposite side of the globe are really over among us at last, Johnny very ably makes a virtue of necessity, and talks, through a recent number of the London Times, as sensibly upon the subject as we care to hear him. Says he:—

"Whether the embassy will be welcomed in every part of the world with the same enthusiasm is another question, but we may assure our American friends that we are not in the least degree jealous of their priority in these arrangements. If their squadron first sailed the Japanese into unpopularity, they had a right to the first treaty, and their geographical position was a pretty good guarantee for the honor of a first visit. It was no more than natural, indeed, that the first efforts of the Japanese in the way of commerce should be directed to the shores of China or California, instead of being addressed to the more distant regions of Europe. We can tell in what way the current flows so long as it flows freely, it is already clear that Japan may become an exporting nation to the more distant regions of Europe. We can tell, though the shipments to Europe have not been numerous since the opening of the trade, the business transacted with China has been on a very extensive scale. We are quite satisfied with this beginning. The early navigators hugged the shore before they ventured out upon the deep, and the Japanese merchants may feel their way to profit in the same manner. They are already sailing their ships across the world. This embassy, however, ought to do something in smoothing the road to intercourse. If a hundred Japanese are to travel freely over Europe, Asia and Africa, they can hardly fail of getting their own countries, and compensating their impressions to their countrymen at home."

Raising Fruit.

The raising of fruit for the market has come to be a famous branch of business in this country. We continually read and hear of persons who pocket annual profits from the proceeds of small gardens and farms, planted out with fruit-bearing trees and bushes, but who would have been staggered, only a few years ago, at even the thought of making money in so easy a way. What was so lately fabulous, and beyond the limit of ordinary calculation, has suddenly become both practicable and common. Especially is the increase of small fruits to be noted. They have but recently come into popular use in our leading markets, and are making headway with a rapidly truly astonishing. Men are cultivating fortunes for themselves by raising raspberries, currants, and blackberries—fruits that till recently were hardly worth the trouble of culture, but which promise wonderful results for us under the hand of patient skill and close attention. All these things point no less to refinement in our aliment tastes, than they do to a day of pleasure and plenty for all who desire to plant vines and trees of their own, and to tend them peacefully and with profit.

Strawberries and Cream.

It will not be a great while, now, before we shall be reading flashing announcements in the city papers that "strawberries and cream" have come. Thousands will welcome the tidings when it gets here, and not ten persons out of at least a many thousands will stop to inquire as follows: "If, now, all this cream is skimmed off the milk and brought into the city of Boston, how is it that the regular consumers of milk are not cheated out of their cream by the operation?" Of course this same cream comes off of somebody's milk; whose, then, can it be? If the cream is lost to the daily milk customers, then of course a deduction should be made in the price; and furthermore, they should be told why the deduction is thus made. But as nothing of the kind is spoken of, and the price of milk held up to the customary standard, and the supplies of pure cream for strawberry eaters are fresh every morning, and renewed every evening, the thought suggests itself, that a very little cream is sold with milk to city customers, anyhow, and that if the milk itself is all milk, or even two-thirds so, the consumer has excellent reason, as things go, to be grateful. The strawberries-and-cream question is the nub of a great many serious inquiries.

Politics.

The various political parties are rapidly marshalling and wheeling their squadrons into line for summer action. The convention that met at Charleston adjourned to perform its work elsewhere, and under different auspices; the Baltimore Convention has already presented its candidates to the country; the Chicago Convention has concluded its deliberations in a manner calculated to suit itself; and we are yet to wait for the meeting at Baltimore of the adjourned Charleston body, and possibly have a purely Southern assemblage, for the like purpose of Presidential making, at Richmond. Among the whole, it would be hard if some how a fit man had not been selected as a candidate for the chief magistracy of the United States. If the proper man does not manage to work himself into this favored category, it is a bold blow to the spirit of our institutions, and a clear disproof of the notion popularly entertained, that the people both understand how to take care of themselves, and are doing it with all earnestness. It is beyond doubt that the present summer will furnish the most absorbing political campaign through which the people of this country have ever yet passed.

Camele.

Our readers are aware that the plan of testing the capacity of the camel for work in certain portions of our country, has been working itself out of late, in some of the Southern States, Alabama and Texas, for instance, and with a degree of success far surpassing the liveliest anticipations of the projectors. They adapt themselves to our climate readily; their spongy, spreading feet receive no injury on the peculiar soils of the South, they are hardy and tough, and their capabilities of labor and endurance, under the changed circumstances in which they are placed, is truly wonderful. On the plains of Texas, in particular, they have proved themselves great travelers, performing their work with readiness and ease at all times. The last mail from San Francisco brings intelligence that about twenty camels are to arrive from Liberia in that city, during the coming summer, and will be employed in place of mules for the mountain express and freight business between California and the Salt Lake. We look to see the time when these patient and laborious creatures will regularly traverse our vast Western plains, taking the place of horses and the beasts of burden on which our settlers have been accustomed to rely.

Here Ome.

The recent developments attending the sudden death of a young lady in Weymouth, in this State, have sent another thrill of horror through the hearts of readers, and led them to inquire to what depth of infamy and woe it is not possible for a base and blind passion to drag a man down. It is not quite fair, we admit, to judge of the guilt or innocence of an accused person before all the evidence has been submitted, yet it is undeniable that many circumstances connected with the present case place the remaining act in this tragedy in an extremely unfavorable light, and provoke very free remark on all sides. We will not, however, dwell upon the incidents of the affair. All the points of the case will be duly and searching investigated, and no doubt other and earlier occurrences will be summoned to throw the light of their testimony upon the matter in hand. It looks black and ugly, at any rate. Should present suspicions be confirmed at length authenticated facts, the lesson taught by the whole occurrence to misguided, thoughtless, and thoroughly selfish men, who think the delights of appetite the highest pleasures attainable, is one that they ought to heed and improve.

Are there no End Spirits?

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come so very prevalent and fatal, especially to the young, is known as nervous debility. The external manifestations of this class of diseases are listlessness and Exhaustion; Marasmus or a wasting and consumption of the vital fluids and the muscular and nerve tissues; sallow countenance; pale lips; distention of the head; impaired memory; diminution of sight; loss of balance in the brain; nervous deafness; palpitation of the heart; great restlessness; despondency or spirits; dreamy and restless sleep; feebly or bad breath.

Also, IRRITATIVE *Dysentery*, known by capricious appetite; sense of weight and fullness at the pit of the stomach; irregular bowels; anorexia, white, scanty, tenesmus, pain.

lites; sense of elights and fullness at the pit of the stomach
Irregular bowels; tongue white; severe lancinating pains
darting between the shoulder-blades from the stomach; pulse
quick and irritable; dull, heavy aching pain across the loins
excessive depression of spirits, despondency as intense as often
to excite the most painful ideas; hence this class of dis-
orders invariably indicate impaired nutrition, generation in
the organs of digestion and assimilation, which had and un-

The Directors and Faculty of this Institution purpose to cure all of the foregoing diseases, by the judicious combination

Statistics now show the sadder truth, that over 100,000 die in the United States annually, with some one of the foregoing diseases, developing consumption, prostration of the vital

There cannot be an effect without its adequate cause. Thousands of the young, of both sexes, go down to an early grave from causes little suspected by parents or guardians.

In view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by such debilitating diseases, such as Spermatorrhoea, Seminal weakness, the vice of self abuse, Spinal Consumption, Epilepsy, nervous spasms and disease of the heart—and in view of the gross deception practiced upon the community by base pretenders—the Directors and Faculty of this Institution, con-

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