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AGNES, THE STEP-MOTHER: OR THE CASTLE OF THE SEA. A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter IV.—Continued.

"I cannot yet, Mrs. Golding, and you must excuse me and not think me disobeying," replied Eva, with her usual frankness, but with apologetic warmth of manner. "In the course of time I may —"

"Well, let us leave all things to time," said Agnes, "and you will endeavor to persuade Eva to be less formal with me, will you not, mother?"

"I never strive for authority over my grand-daughter's inclination," replied Mrs. Greyson coldly, then continued with a disguising smile, "you see that I have overcome all scruples, and have called you Agnes, ever since you came."

"Certainly; and I have, from the first, taken the liberty to call you mother," said Agnes, stooping to kiss the hand, that fain would crush her.

The young step-mother sat down beside Eva, and explained to her the stitches of her embroidery, and the design of her work; while Mrs. Greyson looked on with lowering brow and hypocritical smile.

The flapping awning of the verandah gave notice of the approach of the evening sea breeze; and the golden and crimson glories of sunset beamed in upon the uncurtained windows with a smiling salutation. Eva's favorite parrot was slowly ascending the wooden lattice, bent upon an excursion among the trees. Agnes' pet dog, the little white curly-pated Loby, crouched at her feet, his dark eyes upturned to his mistress' speaking face. It was a sweet, still home-picture; the young and graceful form of Agnes, bending over her embroidery, the embodiment of trusting love, and faith unchilled by doubt. The girlish figure of Eva, mingling childhood's lingering graces, with the opening charms of womanhood yearning for love, yet admitting suspicious darkening phantom; strong of will and purpose, yet vacillating to admit the genial influences of womanly confidence and proffered affection. And, with seeming outward calm, and steady eye and smile, the old grandmother sits; by custom and affection, the worshipped object of that young girl's heart, that yet happily unread in the mysteries and concealments of life takes the outward seeming for the reality, and believes all beings truthful—her own soul unknowing falsehood.

Eva's heart was yielding, unconsciously, imperceptibly, to the powerful spells of goodness and genius, and loving warmth of soul; but, unseen by all, a demon shadow stood, upon the very portal, even there where the departing glories of the sunset linger—its dwarfed proportions soon to swell out into a gigantic presence, scattering dismay, and worse than all, estrangement between kindred and congenial souls.

A soft footfall approached, and Mrs. Greyson raised her head. It was Alita (literally "little wing") who entered with a broad grin upon her shining ebony face, giving expression to one of her hard learned English speeches, "Mr. Golding come."

Up jumped Agnes from her embroidery; again Mrs. Greyson smoothed her dress and arranged her cap. Eva called gaily upon Loby to follow her, and the trio descended to the dining-room.

Mr. Golding's business in town kept him away from his family from ten in the morning until near sundown. He was lying upon a sofa, and had thrown his handkerchief over his face. Agnes stepped up to him and playfully requested permission to fan away the flies, but as she removed the handkerchief from his face, she started back in alarm. The face of her husband was deathly pale, and his brow felt cold, though bathed in perspiration.

"Great Heavens, you are ill, Maurice!" exclaimed the affectionate wife, and her cheek grew palid as his own.

turned to the cheek of Agnes. The meal passed over as usual, only Mr. Golding seemed at times abstracted, and answered at random; his mother's eyes sought his continually; but he appeared unconscious of their endeavors to attract his attention. The evening was spent upon the moon-illuminated verandah. It was a glorious tropical night, cool and dreamy, laden with calm and fragrance.

Once, as Eva's eyes turned from the resplendent heavens, to her father's face, she saw him looking intently at his mother, then with a quick movement show her a letter, at the same time shaping his mouth, as if articulating a word. She saw the old lady start, and her brow gather into a deep frown.

All this was unseen by Agnes, who was leaning over the verandah railing, lost in a sweet poetic reverie, watching the blue waves rolling past with ceaseless murmur, saluting the pebbled beach with an ever recurring strain. When again Eva looked at her father, he was deep in thought, and her grandmother was nervously pacing the verandah.

At ten o'clock, all retired to rest; but when Agnes slept soundly, Mr. Golding held a long and secret conference with his aged mother.

CHAPTER V.

Than strength of nerve or snow, or the way of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though soft to agony distress,
And though his favorite cease to feeble woman's breast."

Agnes Selten had truly married for love. No worldly motive, no mercenary calculation had induced her, so lovingly and yet young, to join her fate to one so many years her senior. Although possessed of a noble, attractive person, with features expressive of the light and beauty of a superior intellect, though his fine grey eyes spoke eloquently, his voice discoursed most pleasant music—yet would all this alone have failed, so fondly to rivet in affection's strongest chain, the yet-untouched heart of Agnes. But in the short intercourse that preceded their union, she had discovered (or fondly dreamt so) within the soul of Maurice Golding, all those high, ennobling attributes, that stamp man truly as "Creation's lord." That the seeming generosity and expansion of soul might be the offspring of the moment's impulse—that the momentary enthusiasm manifested in behalf of truth and honor, owed its inspiration to her presence; that the indifference to the wealth surrounding him, arose not from the depths of a humble, contented mind, but from the insatiate cravings of a restless, tolling ambition, forever crying: "More, still more!" Of all this Agnes thought not. Her soul was the abode of a simple, trusting faith. The hardships attendant upon her earlier years, had been duly felt, and meekly endured; no imaginary evils or forebodings ever pressed upon her; life to her had been cold, and stern, and real; then it had changed to a dawning brightness, and in the fullness of reciprocated love, into the glorious splendors of effulgent day. Agnes dreamt not of hidden wiles and treachery, of concealment masked by fair outer semblance; the enmity of her step-mother had been fully and freely displayed—her hatred manifested in the broad light of day. She had read of deceit and plot even against the pure and duty-fulfilling ones, but with a heart incapable of sheltering the evil visitants, she repelled every thought of their actual existence.

Thus, when the rich merchant sought the portionless girl, then living with some humble friends; and supporting herself by needle-work and the giving of lessons in music, no fear or doubt intruded upon her heart's bestowal; but the first full, entire offering, of a true woman's affection, showered its wealth upon the soul of Maurice Golding, and for awhile awakened his better nature. Though some endeavored to dissuade Agnes from the fearful risk, as they termed it, of wedding a stranger, one so utterly unknown, save by his apparent wealth, and hinted at the necessity of investigating his character, and learning somewhat of his past life; Agnes only smiled in return for their kind solicitude, and acknowledged herself convinced of her lover's worthiness. So, without pomp or ostentation the humble Agnes Selten wedded the wealthy man, and with a heart overfilled with earth's mightiest blessings, with serene faith and unflinching trust, left her childhood's home, her sweet native village; and followed her "bosom's lord" across the main.

Usually stern and unbending, he had been for years, the world-enrusted nature of Maurice Gold-

ing yielded to the sweet spells of a pure woman's love; to the holy influence of a gifted intellect joined to a feeling heart. The tedious hours of the long sea voyage were beguiled by the narrations of his young wife; and every sentence that fell from her lips, every event revealed of her childhood and youth, gave the assurance of a firm, well-balanced mind, a lofty enthusiasm dwelling in a soul devoid of guile, a heart devoted to the worship of the True, the Beautiful, and the Divine.

She told him how, in her sad and solitary childhood, she had sought solace from books, and pets, and flowers, since human affection smiled not upon her; how the love of music and poetry had sprung up within her soul, and yet her beautifying and artistic tastes had slumbered for want of development, the means, and the cheering encouragement. How her heart had yearned for sympathy for a congenial friend, for one soul to comprehend and share her spirit's aspirations. In part, how her prayer had been answered. While upon the sick bed to which a lingering disease confined her step-mother, when their scanty means were well nigh spent, and sorrow and poverty darkened around the now repentant woman, there came to the village a stranger, travelling for his pleasure, as people said. He heard of Agnes, universally beloved and pitied as she was, and sought her in her humble abode. From his ample means he bought the dying woman's pathway, and relieved the young girl from her double responsibilities of watcher and incessant toiler; he watched beside the dying bed, and when the humbled, repentant woman besought the pardon of the girl she had so bitterly wronged, the stranger's tears fell in unison with those of Agnes, and his consoling words ratified the full and free forgiveness the gentle girl awarded. The step-mother was buried, quietly and reverently laid to rest in the village churchyard, and Agnes, set to the *Damen Institute* at C—, a city some thirty miles distant, and a yearly sum allowed her for the furtherance of her studies, and all other necessary expenditures. There she made rapid progress, and gained the love and approbation of teachers and school-mates. She learned the French language, the French and the Italian, became a proficient in music, and in every department of feminine labor, a sweet singer, a graceful and accomplished dancer; and her skill with the pencil won from her the admiration of friends and strangers. She remained four years in C—, and in that time she saw her benefactor only twice. When she returned to her native village he placed a sum at her disposal, and upon her representing to him, that she was now fully competent to earn her own support, without much toil, he bade her make use of the money in any manner she saw fit, but would not permit its return. Appropriating the smallest portion for her own use, Agnes devoted the remainder to the alleviation of the sick, to the clothing of the poor, to the benefit of the orphan and the widow. She chose her abode with a worthy old-fashioned couple, and lived as her nature prompted her, a simple, useful life, preferring the quiet and beauty of the country, to the bustle and fashion of a city life. Her benefactor she had not seen for two years previous to her marriage; he had given his name as Mr. Malcolm, acknowledging to Agnes that was not his real appellation. She besought him to give his address, but he smilingly, yet firmly, declined. "My child," said he, "I do not wish it. I have no permanent abode; my life is spent in wandering, in a hitherto fruitless search. Pray for me, Agnes, that God may aid and direct me."

"The last time I saw him," said Agnes, as her eyes filled with grateful tears, was some two years ago. His last words to me were, 'Pray for me, my child, that Heaven may direct me, and if ever you leave your native place, let me know of your whereabouts, of all concerning you wherever you go, and forget not your prayers in my behalf.' I know not what he meant, and could never take courage to question him, there was about him such an air of majestic grief, if I may use the term, as of a strong and noble spirit bent beneath a burden of woe. He was a man of middle age, of tall, imposing presence, his black hair was thickly interwoven with silver, his eyes were blue, of a sweet and melancholy expression, and his smile, though sad, bespoke a benevolent nature. I often pray for this generous stranger; I believe him to be an Englishman, from his pronunciation and his imperfect knowledge of the German; he always preferred speaking in English with me. Whatever his search be for, it must be for something good and noble, and most fervently do I entreat Heaven in his behalf. In my native place, as in C—, he was honored and beloved by all; his generosity was unbounded; his good deeds knew no limit. I have left a letter for him, telling him of my present happiness, of my departure for your dear tropical abode."

In return for the confidence of Agnes, her husband told her much of the country to which they were going; of its strange, yet hospitable customs; of his somewhat peculiar, yet kind old mother, of whom he spoke with unbounded affection. Of his daughter, Mr. Golding spoke little; he praised her aptitude for learning, and said she gave promise of growing beautiful; but when he gave Agnes that daughter's likeness, and she bent over the sweet girlish face with unaffected admiration and glad surprise, he joined not in her warm encomiums, nor warmed into praises of his lovely child.

It was with sincere regret that Agnes, soon after her arrival, noted the coldness of her step-daughter towards her, and the seeming estrangement between father and child. The former she hoped to overcome with time, by unwearied, loving efforts, of the latter, as her shyness and reserve towards her husband, (for at first she stood somewhat in awe of him, not as regards worldly position, but in respect to his firm, unyielding will), wore away, she ventured to inquire the cause. The brow of Maurice Golding clouded, and he bit his lips in a perturbed mood, as he answered, "Agnes, you have touched a point I wish you had never thought upon. Eva has every want supplied, her education is secured to her; her every need attended to; and such recreation as the country affords I allow her. What can I do more?"

"Dear Maurice! all that you mention, I too enjoy, and more, though I am done with books and teachers. This lovely house, dress and adornment, liberty and recreation; yet what were all this to me without your love?"

"Do not make comparisons, Agnes. You are my wife, justly entitled to your share in every thing I possess. Eva is but a girl."

"And your daughter, dearest," smilingly interrupted the young wife.

"My daughter!" said Mr. Golding, bitterly; and the broad veins upon his forehead swelled with some awakened feeling. "Listen, Agnes, you have simply and confidently, as a pure woman should, revealed all to me of your past life. I have not done so; not because I have sought to conceal, but because the recital is painful; the memory is humiliating; but now, you have put me to the question, it becometh me to reply; I will tell you all, Agnes, and then you will not think me cold-hearted or capricious, and I know, that never again, will you ask me, why I do not love my daughter. Sit down beside me, wife; you are my only trust, as you are my better angel!"

They were standing on the threshold of the flowery bath-house, in the early morning. The voices of awakened Nature responding to the sun's rising glory. A small rustic bench stood on one side of the jasmine-covered arch that formed a leafy gateway, leading to that cool retreat. Mr. Golding seated himself, and softly drew his wife beside him. The face of Agnes had become pensive; she had unwittingly given pain to him she loved best on earth; she was about to listen to a revelation that might cloud her heart with sympathetic sorrow, and her bosom heaved beneath her gauzy morning dress, in undefined apprehension. She raised her tearful eyes to her husband's face; he was gazing upon her with mingled pity and admiration.

"Do not speak, Agnes. I know all that you would say, I read your regret for having broached this unwelcome subject, in that expressive face of yours, don't interrupt me, darling. I will tell you, and at once, and I must hasten, for my mother, you know, is punctual, and will soon ring the bell for coffee. Give me your hand, love, and listen patiently."

"When I was young, and as yet inexperienced in the world's ways and falsehoods—my mother, and I have always implicitly yielded to her wishes and advice—persuaded me to marry. We were not wealthy then; my step-father (Mr. Golding ground his teeth, and again the thick veins swelled adder like upon his forehead), squandered my father's property. The lady selected by my mother was some six or seven years my senior, of a good family, moderately handsome, and extremely wealthy. I had never loved any woman; I was ambitious; she loved me, or at least imposed that, belief upon me; thoroughly blinded my dear old-mother, who to this day reveres her memory—but prejudices, whether for good or evil, are difficult to eradicate. Well, after a brief courtship, we were married in a small country town in England, where my wife owned some lands. We traveled much, and finally settled awhile in France, in the city of B—, whither business conducted me. We lived, if not happily, at least seemingly contented with one another, though our every taste differed, and I often submitted to her wishes, out of obedience to my mother, who loved her. Enilia had strange ideas, indulged in metaphysical ranges of thought, not at all in accordance with my views of life, or woman's sphere of usefulness. Her love was only second to her pride, none of the sweet timidity and modest subjection of the loving wife. A caress once, ever so faintly repulsed, she never again attempted. My dear mother called this 'strength of character.' I thought it 'obstinacy.' She would uphold an argument with a certain eloquence, but with such pertinacity that while it caused me to wonder at her powers, yet considerably diminished, my no ways ardent affection. She began to look upon me as cold-hearted and indifferent; I saw in her a visionary, with no rational views of life; a woman enshrouding herself in ideal fancies, utterly at variance with the time we lived in; nay, I almost believed her insane, at times. No longer in her first youth, no romantic school girl could have more exaggerated imaginings of love, no dreamy enthusiast such Utopian views of life. And yet so cold and haughty and repellant, when she found me so ungenerous, as she termed it! But let me hasten over all this. You, too, my Agnes, indulge in poetic dreaming, but you do not forget the 'sweet courtesies of life,' and the bestowal of love and sympathy. Eva was born, and then that strange woman's affections centred on the child, with an intensity that partook of madness; she feared continually that some one would carry off the child, spoke incessantly of presentiments, and of warning voices in the air. While matters were in this condition, I received several letters, anonymously written, warning me of household treachery, and impugning to Eva's mother that grossness of all derelictions from duty, forgetfulness of her marriage-vows. At first I disbelieved the statements, but I sought proofs and found them, plain and undeniable and damning proofs! Letters in her handwriting to an absent lover, his lengthy

and impassioned answers, thanking her for the timely and pecuniary assistance rendered! Agnes, I never loved that woman, but then I hated, I despised, I cursed her! I heard of silent meetings and stolen interviews with an unknown man, during my frequent absences on business. I was convinced of her baseness; not so my confiding mother, and she would not believe her guilty; that woman exercised a strange influence over my strong-minded mother. I knew that to argue with either was in vain, but I resolved to rescue the child from her evil guardianship. I applied for and obtained a divorce, substituting other grounds for the real ones. It pleased Providence soon to call her away. Eva was then four years old; so I took her with me and settled here; the smallest portion of Enilia's fortune was willed to her child, and the rest must have gone to a brother, of whom I often heard her speak, but had never seen. And now, Agnes, say, can you blame me, that I look coldly upon the daughter of such a mother, that I doubt and hesitate to clasp Eva to my bosom—as my child?"

Overcome by this sudden revelation, Agnes remained silent, tears of sympathy stealing down her cheeks; sympathy for her husband's sorrows, pity for the erring wife; and a stronger and deeper pity yet, filled her heart for the motherless girl. "Poor, forsaken one," thought she; "innocently doomed to expiate a mother's fault." With a graceful and caressing motion, Agnes raised her husband's hand to her lips, and there held it long, her falling tears moistening it, while her soft voice murmured—

"Dear Maurice! do not visit the mother's fault upon the daughter's head. Eva is so young, so guileless; within her heart there can be no germ of evil; has she not always had the best of examples? Oh, beloved! and Agnes' soft arms twined around his form, "be noble, be forgiving, for believe me, that as sure as the morning sunshine beams around us, so surely is Eva your own child, her eyes, her smile, her expression would proclaim her your daughter everywhere."

Agnes had spoken with rising enthusiasm, in that most sacred cause, defence of the absent; her husband was about to reply, when the sharp sound of the breakfast-bell came to their ears, and little Alita was seen, leisurely descending the verandah steps.

"Hasten to your chamber, Agnes, and compose yourself awhile, before appearing at the table, and not a word of all this to mother! I will precede you," hurriedly whispered Mr. Golding, as the awfully little messenger approached.

"Ya esta el Cafe! Senor," said Alita, dropping a curtsey. "Very well," said Mr. Golding, waving her away with his hand, "I'm coming."

In the usual place, upon the open, flower-encircled verandah, stood the breakfast table, with its steaming silver-urn and snowy cups and plates, its fragrant morning offering of choicest wild flowers and scented leaves. The punctual and irritable Mrs. Greyson, saluted her son with a shrill—"Goodness! snakes alive, Maurice! where on earth were you wandering about, that I had to ring the bell so long, and then send that little monkey after you?"

"I was sitting in the shade of the bath-house, mother," answered Mr. Golding.

"Alone?" queried the old lady.

"No, Agnes was with me, enjoying the cool morning breeze."

"Then why the deuce ain't she here now? the coffee will be as cold as cucumbers. Nelly, go call Mrs. Golding."

"Where is Eva?" inquired her father; "after all your hurry, mother, your grand-daughter is not yet here."

"Eva's gone to feed the parquets, and will be here before the coffee's poured out. Nelly, you disrespectful creature, why don't you go when I bid you?"

"Bedad! an' it war yisterday ye bid me niver call the young mistress, but jist lave her come as late as she pleased; and ye tould me niver to disobey orders, an' it's obeyin' ye, I am, shure."

"You impudent, chuckle-headed goose-pate, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Greyson; "is that the way you dare answer me, in presence of my son too? Go this very minute and call Mrs. Golding; never mind now, straw-pate," as Agnes entered, all traces of tears removed, but with a subdued and pensive, thoughtful expression lingering upon her features.

"Good morning, mother," said the young wife, kissing the old lady's cheek, and turning round to greet Eva, who just then entered, followed by Loby, a bright-green, pink-footed parrot perched upon her shoulder. There was more than usual cordiality in the kiss, bestowed on Eva's cheek, that morning by her loving step-mother, as there was more than usual coldness in her father's greeting. The young girl smiled pleasantly, and once more saluting her jealous grandmother, took her seat next to Agnes.

The meal passed silently. Near its close, Mrs. Greyson inquired of Agnes: "What were you talking about, so early in the morning, sitting on that damp bench in the bath-house; that's what some people call romantic, I suppose. If 'twere me, I should be afraid of the rheumatism, or of stepping on some poisonous snake, or scorpion, or some such creeping stuff; what entertained you there so long, Agnes, eh?"

Now Agnes was endowed with a boundless reverence for truth, all falsehood and subterfuge was foreign to her nature; but, her husband had forbidden her to name the subject, and delicacy and regard for Eva's feelings, would at all times have sealed her lips. So slightly coloring, she replied, "We were speaking of the past."

handy and industry, with ploughshares turned into swords, toward the footmen went—onward the horsemen drove, the latter shrieking and suffering more from the fiery breath of the artillery, that with roar and belching flames, and hurdling shot, mowed them down, and the dreadful music became general, sanguinary, and unutterably fierce and deadly.

Simultaneously with this charge, the brave little garrison, seeing its time, made a sally. The Duke's plucked body-guard, and a company of English mercenary soldiers, stood their ground stoutly at first, but suddenly turned and fled. "Remember Brice! Remember Granson!" shouted the Swiss, as their great war-horns brayed and pealed above the shock of the fight; and the second vanguard of Charles began to divide itself into two bodies—the living and the dead—into fugitives, and those who could fly no longer.

Among those who formed the contribution of the Fribourgais, was a youth named Berchtold, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," whom, in imitation of the noble Spartan mother, she had sent to that war, which was neither for conquest, aggrandizement, nor the desire of plunder; but to protect the most sacred rights which can place weapons in men's hands, and make them stand before living men as mortal foes, in the defence of country, and with that, all that constitutes the sum of man's earthly happiness. Old and young were pressed into the dread service; and if the grandeur went, only to wait on the wounded, or to carry weapons to those that lacked them, should the young and the bold-hearted stay?

So Berchtold arose, kissed the tears from his mother's eyes, as she placed her husband's crossbow in her boy's hands—for he could draw it home, and aim well. Berchtold put aside his Alp-stock, and the horn to which the cattle replied, with a soft, musical lowing, in the evening. He put down his knife, with which he used to carve deftly in wood those pretty and quaint toys that lightened the tedium of the winter nights, and joined the band going forth out of the gates; and entering the battle, fought too, until he was sorely wounded, and the whole extent of the field of battle was covered, besides those of the slain Swiss, with fifteen thousand corpses, in addition to thousands who, in wild, blind fight, were drowned in the neighboring lake, or sank in the yielding morasses.

This complete success, like the previous one at Granson, was obtained against such fearful odds, and under circumstances so hopeless and almost desperate, that it might be likened to some of those great victories which the Jewish leaders of old won, and as if through the direct interposition of Heaven. There was an array of martial prowess, of practised skill, only to be acquired by repeated campaigns, of grey-bearded soldiers, men-at-arms, and mercenaries—the flower of Charles's troops, with which he had ravaged many a French province—placed against men whose peaceful burgher lives scarcely indicated the prowess they could exercise in an open field, and beyond the shelter of their walls. Charles, foaming like a wild boar, fled, without once halting, to Morges, and, despite the desire of many to pursue, and complete what had been begun—the beginning being, indeed, almost the end—the confederates decided upon returning homeward, the garrison back to Morat, others to village, town and city, of the confederate cantons, to carry home the glorious news; but already one among them was first, and this was Berchtold.

When the victorious cry rang exultant throughout the field—while the slain were being despoiled, and scattered men were rallying back to surround their leaders, there arose one—young, bold, active yet, though sorely wounded—from the midst of others fallen, wounded, or slain, and still with the cry of "Victory" issuing from his lips, waving a branch he had torn from a lime tree on the field; like a champion of his own native mountains, he turned towards Fribourg, and ran—ran, not fled, but ran—with the tidings, with the branch in his hand, and the deathless word on his lips, "Victory! victory! victory!"

On this day of fear and anxious doubt, when the battle was raging about a dozen miles away, the few Fribourgais left were gathered in clusters at the gates, the sentinels and watchers looking the way towards Morat. Among them, with scarcely moving lips and solemn face—with others as solemn and as prayerful at hand, with lives dear and beloved at stake—was the mother of the brave lad Berchtold. "Seest thou aught? hearest thou aught?" were the half-murmured questions, as eyes were bent afar down the roads and over the country, and ears were keenly listening for any sound of battle, dreading the cry of woe—hoping almost against conviction, but hoping still for tidings of joy to come.

"We see no cloud of dust, no horseman riding with captured banner, no crowds hurrying from the field of fight, no messenger with our fate upon his lips, no conqueror's herald coming to summon us to surrender Fribourg!" Such was the reply of those that looked forth.

"Listen again, look! Hear you no trumpet heralding the victors? Come there no maimed crowds—no wounded borne here to be healed or to die in our arms?"

"We hear naught—We see nothing."

"And so, hearing nothing, beholding as yet nothing that might tell them that the momentous result might be, the groups—in that awful earnestness and breathless suspense, where everything vital is at stake—murmured their surmises, and prayed for their beloved their hope, their trust and shield, and waited—waited on till the noon had gone by, and the afternoon was slowly crawling away.

"At last! at last!" the murmur rose and deepened. The groups grew agitated, and moved hither and thither. Those at the gates as yet beheld not, but from the watchers on the quaint towers and the walls, the words were swiftly passed—

"They come—they come!" He comes—the messenger—at last. He waves a branch above his head.

"What does he say? What is the cry?" Is the impatient demand.

"He runs—he bounds on. He reels like a warrior or wounded man. Man! It is a youth, a mere lad, and he shouts—"

"What does he shout? Oh, God! what does he shout?"

"He shouts out 'Victory! victory!' Hurray! It is Berchtold. It is the widow's son. Go forth to meet him; some—he reels—he falls, but still he cries out 'Victory! victory!' and still he waves the branch."

Brave as a lion the peasant-soldier, wounded, shedding his heart's blood on the way, and, by the almost unnatural exertion his heroic, quivering heart prompted him to, the wound that might have been healed according to mortal—on he came, panting, breathless,

bleeding, the first out of the host, having run like a deer for twelve terrible, painful miles; he waves his branch aloft, and with a shout of "Victory! victory!" still sounding, and coming near and nearer, he falls at last to the ground, and can rise up no more.

"Armed men hurry forth from the gates, the crowd follow, and among them also, but at a slower pace, the widow: she heard his name mentioned. Her boy had brought, the tidings—her boy, wounded in the battle, but not leaving it till all was over, and his comrades conquerors. A mist fell over her eyes, and she tottered forward—now helped on with tender respect by stronger arms.

"Make way—his mother is here. Let the widow pass to the side of her boy-hero," said some one; and gently leading her forward, she knelt down by him, and, suppressing her sobs, kissed his brow and lips, saying—

"My brave, brave Berchtold—I am proud of you, my son!"

A Fribourgais had got to his side, had lifted up his head, and held it on his knee. Meeting his mother's gaze, while he pressed his hand on the side whence the blood still was flowing, and his life ebbing with it, a smile, beautiful in its great calm, lit up his face as he faintly said, "Mother—dear mother!"

"Have you no leech, no surgeon, no help for him?" she cried.

"Too late," murmured the dying boy; "and better to die thus. Kiss me, mother. God—bless—you!" and gathering his remaining energies in one great cry of "Victory!" he fell back on the knee that supported him, and never stirred more!

They took the branch which he had carried with him from the field of strife, and bore the body with those silent honors the brave pay to the dead who have died bravely—bore it into the city, where it was buried with such rites as best became their hero, who was thenceforth to become a model for their future youth.

"The Lime Tree of Morat," says a recent guide-book, "now fourteen feet in circumference, stands opposite the ancient Rathaus; (Hotel de Ville,) in the Place des Filles, planted from the branch borne by the Friburgian lad, who ran back, wounded and breathless, from Morat, with the glad tidings of the Burgundians' defeat, and fell dead in announcing the victory."

Subsequently, at the siege of Nanoy, Charles the Bold, and the desperate, was slain, and the most formidable foe of the cantons, next to Louis, was dead.

Long have the brave mountaineers enjoyed in peace the honors they have so hardly won in well-fought fields, and long may they continue to possess that pearl of earthly prizes—LIBERTY, FREEDOM!

SCOLDING.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortune gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling, it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good; you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie, seeing the effect of her words, hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much, when my little girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not bad, you are a good mamma, only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, like I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and oh, I sometimes fear, I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck, and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

HAPPINESS.

There is one fact which it is not likely the world will ever learn, to wit, that happiness is not necessarily dependent on outward condition. The man of robust health often complains of trifling, and even imaginary diseases, as much as the confirmed val-tudinarian; a man with millions of wealth may as really be a pauper, stinting himself and dreading poverty, as the day-laborer, who has no certainty in the morning that he may have bread enough during the day to satisfy his hunger; he who requires fame and influence, may be even more dissatisfied than the one who is hopelessly struggling to attain the same eminence; in social life, they are by no means the most happy who have the most conveniences; envy and jealousy are by no means confined to the neglected. Thus, through the whole circle of human experience, they seek happiness in vain who seek for it in outward circumstances. The mind is its beat.

Cultivate cheerfulness, contentment, benevolence, and above all, godliness, which includes the others, and happiness, which the world pursues after in vain, or at least as large a share of it as is consistent with our present fallen condition, will come of itself. This is a secret worth knowing. It will operate far more effectually than the empirical prescriptions of the

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

The old man sits in his oaken chair By the ingle-side to-day. With his wrinkled brow and his frame so weak, And his palsied limbs and his shrunken cheek, And his locks so thin and gray.

And he gazes long at the ruddy blaze As it curls, and flickers and glows, And he seems to see in its changeful light, The forms that the years, in their rapid flight, Have borne to the death repose.

There cometh the form of a maiden fair, With laughing, mischievous eyes— He had never beheld such another pair, And the love-lights of that he seeth there Seem borrowed from the skies.

And she wreatheth a smile with her ruby lips, Such as ne'er another hath done, And she cometh again, as she did of yore, And bendeth low o'er his forehead hoar, As she did in days long gone.

And she twineeth her arms with a loving embrace Round his neck, and she presseth a kiss, With her glowing lips, on his aged brow, And the shrivelled old man is young again now, Living over rich seasons of bliss.

And then there cometh a tiny form And shareth his kind cares, And his heart, yearning o'er his first-born son, As a father yearneth o'er his first-born son, And prayeth kind Heaven to bless.

And it changeth again, and a prattling boy Is nestled upon his knee, And other we forms are round him now, And pride sits enthroned on the old man's brow As he looks to their childish glee.

The beautiful maiden with laughing eyes Is the wife of his early years, And that tiny one was the oldest child, And that prattling group that his heart beguil'd, Are the babes of his prayers and tears.

But the fire burns low, and a dimness steals O'er the old man's vision now, And they cometh the shape of the bluer and pall, And his fondly-loved wife, and his children, all Are shrouded beneath it now.

The flame dies out, and a stifled groan Bursts forth from the old man's heart, The vision hath fled—his awake again— A lonely old man with anguish and pain, Awaiting his call to depart.

Two gentlemen in the parlor for Miss Kate," said Maggie, thrusting her head into my aunt's room, where we were sitting at our sewing on a pleasant summer morning.

"Gentlemen, Maggie? Who are they? Did they give their names?"

"Faith, and that they didn't, Miss Kate. But they're just some of them young sparks that do be comin' here so often that they think I know them well by now. Shall I tell 'em ye're comin' down, Miss Kate?"

"No, Maggie, I am coming to tell them myself," I replied, smoothing down my hair before the glass, and pulling my collar straight.

"Never mind, Kate, you'll do very well for the gentlemen," said my aunt. "It can't be somebody, for he was here last night—there, don't blush so, I've no more to say."

"What a dear, provoking auntie!" I answered, kissing her; and then, concluding that I did look well enough for the two gentlemen, I went down stairs.

To tell the truth, I did half expect to see somebody when I opened the parlor door. The green, Venetian blinds were closed to exclude the light, but the room was not so dark as to prevent my recognizing the two gentlemen, who arose as I entered.

"Good morning, good morning, Miss Kate," they chorused, in laughing tones. "You deserve credit for not making us wait, as Miss Lane did, whom we called upon just now."

"She came down dressed as if for a party," said Mr. Roberts. "But Miss Kate knows better. She knows that beauty, when unadorned, is most adorned."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts, for giving me so much credit for knowledge," I replied; "but I am at a loss to understand how I have gained it."

"Ah, you know very well what I mean," he said; "but I must not say any more, for Mr. Stowe is impatient to do his errand, I see, and then we must be off."

"Do seated, then, gentlemen," said I, "and I will listen. On so warm a morning everything should be done coolly and deliberately. There—I am ready to hear, and you to speak, I think."

"Well, the fact is, that we are ambassadors, Miss Kate, with proper credentials, empowered by—in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, we are sent in the name of the Bachelors' Club, to invite you to an excursion for the 20th, provided it should be a pleasant day—if not, the first fine day afterward. We have chartered the Paul Pry, and are going to spend the day upon Ash Island. We shall have music and something by way of entertain, and are going to invite all the young ladies in town. Will you go?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I shall be very happy to do so, if my friends are going. Have all the young ladies accepted the invitation?"

"All conditionally, if not fully. Some of the ladies we have called upon feared they had engagements for that day, and others wished to consult their mamma's. All seemed pleased with the proposition, however, and I think will attend, if possible."

"Consider me engaged for the excursion, then," I said, as the gentlemen rose to go. "I thank you much for affording me so delightful a prospect in anticipation."

The gentlemen bowed themselves out, and I ran up to impart to my aunt a knowledge of this delightful invitation. There was one thought connected with it which I did not impart, but sat dreaming over it as I sewed mechanically upon a long seam. Somebody belonged to the Bachelors' Club now, and somebody was sure to be my particular escort on the 20th; and there were delightful groves in which we might ramble, the long, bright day through, upon Ash Island.

Well, well, we have all had our dreams, I suppose! Happy for us if the dear somebody of our youth has not long since faded out of them!

The sun rose bright up into the clear sky on the long-expected morning of the 20th. At ten o'clock somebody called, and you may be sure he was not kept waiting very long. We walked along the pleasant streets, usually so quiet, but now gay with the pretty summer toffets of the young ladies, and their bright faces, as they wended their way, each with one of the "Bachelors" by her side, toward the pier where the Paul Pry was moored. The little boat,

that with its inquisitive, saucy air, seemed to mortify the name bestowed upon it, was in its best trim that day—the decks scoured to the last degree of whiteness, flags and streamers waving from its mast-head, all festooned was the tiny cabin, and a general holiday jauntiness prevailed, as if it was about setting out upon some pleasant mission.

Presently everybody was on board, and all was ready. The escape-pipe ceased sending forth its thunder, the paddles moved slowly round, and with the band upon the deck playing a lively air, the Paul Pry backed crab-wise out of "the cove," turned in a broad, circling track when she reached the open bay, and then sped upon her course; while faint over the waters, from the receding shore, came the loud hurrahs of the crowd of idle men and boys who had gathered to see us off.

Oh, how beautiful were the blue waters of that lovely bay that summer morning!—every tiny ripple sending back sparks of light as the sun-rays played upon it; while the green shires, dotted with white hamlets and scattered farm-houses, with here and there a church spire pointing upward into the infinite blue, where the fleecy clouds sailing on, like the wings of angels hovering over the beautiful earth, seemed smiling in vernal beauty, and rejoicing in the sweetest harmonies of nature, never felt more deeply than in that peaceful and lovely spot. Youth and joy and beauty—ye sang to me your divinest song that summer morning of long ago! Discords and grief notes have mingled with the strain as the years rolled on, but its pristine melody has never melted from my ear!

I wore slight mourning for a dear friend but recently "gone home," and so did not mingle in the dance which merry youths and maidens kept up on the white deck with undiminished spirit all the morning, until the wooded points and tiny islands, green as emeralds rising up out of the blue water, being passed, the Paul Pry came out upon the open lake, where there were waves rolling high enough to make their footing a little unsteady. Promenading and flirting, much sensible talk and also much chattering, filled up the time until the Paul Pry rounded up towards Ash Island and cast anchor in a little bay between two jutting points, and the party were speedily disembarked.

Very joyously and happily passed that long summer afternoon. The gayer ones of the party danced merrily upon the velvet greensward, so smooth and level that one and all declared it must have been the fairies' rendezvous. The sentimental ones strolled in groups or pairs among the trees, or followed the course of the prattling brook that emptied its bright waters into the bay where the Paul Pry was moored. Others embarked with their fishing-tackle upon a tiny lakelet, which, without visible outlet or inlet, or connection with the lake, was embedded in the green, setting off the ancient trees that rose above the highest point of the island. Meanwhile, busy servants were laying a long table beneath the trees, and fitting to and fro as they prepared to serve the excellent dinner which the host of the principal hotel had sent on board the Paul Pry just before we started.

Walter Stowe, one of the famous committee whose visit was mentioned at the head of this little sketch, had long been attached to sweet Annie Barton. Walter was a young lawyer, and as he had a flourishing professional business, it was confidently supposed the marriage would not be much longer delayed.

Annie Barton was an orphan who found a pleasant home in the house of a rich, childless uncle and aunt; where she was as a daughter to the old couple, who almost worshipped her in return for the love she bestowed upon them. They had made but one condition to their consent to her marriage—that was, that she should still continue to reside with them. When Mr. Stowe would have declined this condition, as detracting something from his independence and his just pride in desiring to provide a home, all his own, for his lovely bride, Mr. Barton had silenced his scruples by saying, "This house and all I have will be Annie's when I am gone. My life cannot be prolonged many years; and surely you would not deprive its declining days of the sunshine of Annie's presence. The 'aunt wife' and I would walk in darkness the remnant of our lives if Annie went from us."

Walter yielded, as who would not to such an appeal; and so it was settled that an adopted son would soon be added to the Bartons' household. Today the lovers walked apart, and talked in low tones of their happiness, and discussed their plans for the new life which was about to commence. To them everything around put on an added beauty, seen through the medium of their deep happiness.

Strolling along the woodland paths with somebody beside me, I saw Walter and Annie seated upon the mossy roots of a huge beech, and would have turned away, unwilling to interrupt their conversation, which I saw was engrossing; but Annie caught sight of us, and gaily called us to her side. Walter gave me his place, and the two gentlemen, themselves as fast friends as Annie and myself, stood leaning against the tree and looking down upon us while we discussed the plans of the approaching wedding, and the fitting up of those rooms in the Barton mansion which were to be devoted to the married pair. I was to be Annie's bridesmaid, and somebody had promised to be bridegroom's man, "just to learn how to conduct himself when his turn came."

We sat there, deeply interested in our talk, until the summons to dinner was heard; and the separate party of strollers and anglers were seen making their way towards the verdant dining-hall. The fairies' ball-room was deserted, and nymphs who had tripped upon the green-sward, almost as lightly as Titania's subject, were soon seen at table, entering into a consumption of the excellent viands with appetites that showed they were but human beings, after all.

Mirth and laughter, jest and song, passed round the "festive board," until full justice had been done to the good things gathered there; and then the party dispersed again—some fleeing to the ball-room, as they termed it, with renewed glee, and others starting off through the wood for the lakelet, in the hopes of catching a few more fish—at any rate, of being able to boast of having sailed over the surface of its mysterious waters.

The four who had sat beneath the beech-tree were of this party. When we reached the shore we found the boat so old and crazy that Annie and I both shrank from entering it. I was always fearful and timid about going upon the water in small boats, and could not be persuaded to enter this; but Annie, more courageous, or more trustful in Walter's promises that no harm should come to her, than I in those whispered in my ear, finally consented.

Walter assisted her into the boat. As he was about to follow, he suddenly turned back to me. "Miss Kate," said he, "I can't tell why it should be so, but ever since our conversation this afternoon these words have been ringing in my ears, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' Can it be that anything will come in to thwart our plans and to mar our happiness?"

He looked at me so appealingly that, though his words struck a chill to my heart, I could not refrain from answering, with a light laugh, "Nonsense, don't be sentimental, Mr. Stowe. 'Away with melancholy,' was our motto for to-day, you know, and now Annie is waiting for you, and wondering at this mysterious conference."

I could see that my light words jarred unpleasantly upon some chord of feeling, and I half repented having uttered them. But before I had time to say more he turned away and leaped into the boat.

I stood upon the bank watching them as they rowed out into the centre of the lakelet and threw out their lines. There were several fish caught, and we could hear the merry voices and the little screams of the girls at some sudden motion of the boat, or as the little creatures (they lifted out of their element were thrown into their midst. In a few minutes the signal was given to return to the shore, and the steam was heard escaping from the Paul Pry's pipe. The gentlemen lifted their oars, and turned the boat towards the little landing where we stood.

I never knew how it happened, or whether any one deserved blame, but suddenly the crazy boat careened and filled, and in a moment the whole party were precipitated into the water.

"Run for assistance!" sounded in my ear, above the shrieks of the drowning. I turned just as my friend plunged into the water to swim to the rescue. Frantically I sped along the rough path, unheeding the briars that tore my dress and wounded my flesh, or the stones over which I stumbled. My cries brought assistance, and by the time I returned all the party save one had been drawn on shore. Annie Barton was not yet found, and Walter Stowe was madly insisting on plunging again into the lake in search of her. He soon relapsed into insensibility, for he had gone down several times in search of her before he would allow himself to be drawn upon the shore, and was fearfully exhausted by his exertions. He, with the rest, was conveyed on board the steamboat, while the little lake was drugged with boat-hooks as thoroughly as possible, in hope of finding the body of Annie Barton.

At last, but not until the twilight had fallen solemnly upon the dark woods and tiny lake, the hook grappled in her white dress, and she was raised to the surface. I saw her as they laid her upon the beach, so cold and white. There was a dark wound upon her temple, which had probably caused insensibility, if not almost instant death. Thus she had sunk at once, and never risen.

In what a sad procession we bore the dead girl back to the boat, which she had left that morning with a heart beating beneath its burden of happiness! How solemnly we sailed out upon the dim lake, bearing that still form to the home which the sunlight of her radiant face would no more illuminate! How silently we sat there, with the hearts which had swelled with joy at morning, now, as the stars came out and shone down hoily upon us, aching beneath the weight of our great sorrow!

The hours seemed very long before we found ourselves entering the cove and approaching the crowded pier. Then we would fain have added many more to their number, if we might thus have delayed the announcement of the sorrowful finale of our day of pleasuring. But the boat came slowly up to the pier, and we began to see the faces of anxious fathers and elder brothers, whom wonder at our late return had congregated thither.

"Where's my little Sunshine?" we heard Mr. Barton's cheery voice saying, as he stood in the front ranks, with his servant John by his side, holding a lantern so as to throw its light upon the deck. "Where's Annie?" he repeated. "Here, Stowe—Walter, my boy, why don't you bring Annie ashore?"

Poor Walter could only moan and shudder as he sat in the little cabin, holding the dead girl's hand in his.

"What shall we do, Walter?" whispered Roberts.

"Don't you hear Mr. Barton?"

"Go to him, Roberts," said Walter. "I cannot face him yet. Ah," he added, "he little knows what a sad burden his carriage will convey to his home to-night! Kate," he said, turning to me, "do you remember what I said to you as I was entering the boat? I would have given anything, almost, if you would have uttered one word then to dissuade me from going."

Cries of horror and surprise sounded from the pier. The announcement had been made, and the crowd surged back, as some one cried out that Mr. Barton had fallen in a fit. Then as he was borne away to his carriage, which was waiting at the pier head, the crowd swayed again and commenced pouring aboard the boat. Four stout arms lifted the slight form of the drowned girl, and carried her out of the little cabin; through the throng that pressed forward for a last look upon her sweet pale face, and laid her in the carriage beside her still insensible uncle. The party dispersed to carry the tale of horror to their homes, the crowd retired, and soon the Paul Pry lay in solitude and darkness off the pier. Thus ended our day of pleasuring!

Light and gladness went out of Annie Barton's home when they bore her forth to burial. The old people did not long survive her, and then the beautiful home, that should have been Walter's and Annie's, passed into the hands of strangers, and her name was heard no more in the halls where it had so long been the synonym of joy and light.

It was long, very long, before Walter Stowe recovered from the fearful shock he had received. A long illness followed, and soon after his recovery he left the town. The very place had become hateful to him, since it had witnessed both his great happiness and his overwhelming sorrow. Years have passed since his name has greeted my ears. I once heard that he was a rising man, but I know that no breath of fame, no height of gratified ambition could ever make him the happy man that he was on that lovely day, long ago, when he last looked upon the living face of his promised bride—sweet Annie Barton.

Light hearts have grown heavy since that day—dark locks have been streaked with snowy monitors of age, or mementoes of suffering—hopes have faded, joys have withered; Death has claimed his victims, misfortune hers; and, scattered wide o'er the world's broad battle-plain, they who are left still struggle on, waiting patiently for the day of rest, or of deliverance.

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ENGLAND AND INDIA.

Scarcely have the echoes of the rejoicing cannon and the peals of the victory bells died out over the towers of London, gloomy with the mourning weeds gathered from the harvest of Sebastopol, ere from China and from India, arise the same, dread cries of havoc and war. China sullenly and sternly resisting the encroachments of British power, has, at the moment when that power was concentrating itself, and preparing to make an exhibition of its strength, found a most efficient ally. India, so long held beneath the iron sway of despotism, has arisen in rebellion, with an energy which has startled the dreaming rulers. For more than a hundred years, the strong arm of British authority has been extended over India, until it seemed to have become immovable. During that rule many reforms have been introduced and many evils removed, but the rule was nevertheless most despotic. To India, Englishmen have always turned as to a land of gold. From it has come many of the richest fortunes, until an "East India nabob" has passed into a proverb. And as the rapacious greed has been satisfied, and the sweat and toll of the native millions heaped up the coffers and surrounded with luxuries the handful of European masters, have the workers progressed, in anything, save civilization and the so-called Christian faith? Are they not at the present day the same weary toilers? While creating the milk and the honey for the few, have not the great masses been waved off from all participation in that enjoyment? The answers are obvious; British despotism, unrelenting as it has been in all the phases of its colonial governments, has in none manifested itself with such a stern, crushing tyranny as in India. The native population have been made to feel the yoke of the most galling and terrible slavery. Rapacious and grasping avarice has seized upon all their possessions, trampled out all their natural rights, and reduced them to the level of beasts of burden. From the first, they have been treated like captive slaves bound to the chariot wheels of a Roman conqueror. What wonder, then, that rebellion should ensue? The wonder is, rather, that the millions have lain dormant so long. The years of tyranny and misrule are fast passing away, and the time is rapidly approaching when files of hireling soldiers, bristling bayonets and thunder-mouthed cannon shall be powerless, in the cause of despotism. Meanwhile, England is in a blaze of excitement. The sleepy lords are slowly opening their eyes. They who only laughed in scorn, when the few more liberal and far-seeing statesmen warned them of the effect of their coercive measures towards India, are awakening to their error, as they did when the news first reached other like rulers, that a stern resistance to a like policy had been made at Bunker Hill and Lexington. Energetic measures have been taken to quell the insurrection. Steamers have been dispatched to intercept the troops destined to China, and a few weeks will probably give an addition of 12,000 to 14,000 British troops in India. But the revolt is a serious one, and can only be quelled by the indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon race. The disaffection is not confined to a single locality, but pervades the length and breadth of the immense territory, which is equal in extent to the whole of continental Europe, Russia excepted, covering, as it does, an area of 1,363,113 miles, with a population of about two hundred millions.

The total military force at the disposal of the Governor-General is about 322,000 men. Of these 20,480 are Queen's troops; 20,000 Company's European troops; 240,000 Company's native troops, and 82,000 are native contingents, commanded by British officers and available under treaties. Out of the 322,000, only forty-nine thousand are English.

Glorying, as we do, in the exploits of the Anglo-Saxon race, loving the innate yearning for liberty which pervades it, and proud of its advancement in all the arts which adorn and beautify the world, our sympathies must always be upon the side of the nations struggling for freedom. The love of liberty is the leaven of the world. It is the trumpet which calls it up from an inglorious sleep, and cheers it onward in its march towards the light. However crude may be the form in which it develops itself, it is still the flash which tells that the fire is yet aglow. If the rebellion in India is crushed, and crushed it probably will be, will the luxurious rulers heed the warning, and learn that "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water" are still men, or will they lie back once more in their cushioned chairs, only to awake when the earthquake engulfs them? Time will decide.

BERANGER.

The musical welcoming into a purer and more congenial existence has saluted the ears of another of the children of song. Beranger, the poet, whose songs have so long swayed the hearts of the French people, has passed away from earth. Feared and hated by tyrants; beloved and venerated by the people, he lived; and even thus he died. As if the rulers feared that his freed spirit would stir up a flame of enthusiasm for Liberty, they hurried his mortal remains into the grave with an immense display of military force, to overawe the throngs who crowded to manifest the deep hold he had upon their affections. But Beranger lives still—still breathes his inspirations into the hearts of the people. Yes, and long after kings, emperors, thrones and dynasties, shall have been numbered with the unnoticed wrecks thrown aside from the never ceasing and progressive march of Time, shall the poet's songs still awaken the noble impulses of the soul. From the lips of the aged man shall the boy catch the enthusiasm of the melody, from the gentle voice of the mother shall the babe drink it into its soul. Mausoleums, and monuments, lofty domes, and sculptured architraves, may fall and crumble into the dust, but the poet lives in eternal youth. Yet

crowned and purple enrobed tyrants, when the little of good you have done is forgotten, and your crimes only remembered, those pure hearted men, you hate and would crush, shall shine as the stars in the firmament.

REFRESHING NOTES FROM HARVARD.

Professor Felton has given, since our last, a few variations on the scientific penny trumpet of Harvard. The theme—as Thalberg would say—on which the variations were composed, is taken from an article in which we jocularly expressed our fears that the Professor was suffering from an attack of illness peculiar to the dog days.

The learned Professor, it seems, did not relish the joke, and we doubt not that so many bitter herbs have been mixed with the Greek and Hebrew roots he has been digesting during the greater portion of his life, that it is difficult for him to do so. Still, a gratifying change has taken place in the style of the Professor's writing. Instead of those shocking hard words which usually constitute the base and apex of his arguments, he turns his attention to the subject of teachers' salaries, and dwells evidently with much pleasure upon the theme. Indeed, it seems as if he merely seized our article as a means of keeping that important subject before the public.

The learned Professor does not seem to be able to understand the date of our paper. Twice he has shown his obliviousness on that point. It is evident he does not know everything, and it might be well for him to look over the dates of the weekly papers, and learn that the major part of them are issued about two weeks in advance of the date of publication. We do not admire the arrangement, but are sorry to see the learned Professor so ignorant of so common a fact. We trust it will not puzzle his brain any longer, for we want that exercised in lecturing and writing against Spiritualism. That seems to be the field wherein he can work to the best advantage for the good of our cause.

The next peculiarity we notice, is a display of the "mutual admiration" principle applied to the Courier by the Professor, which paper endorses the *views* of Harvard, and is in turn endorsed by them on the "tickle me, I'll tickle you" order of things.

He winds up the variations in this style:—"I could not expect such a train of remark to be approved either by the cheats or the dupes in this 'stupendous delusion.' nor could I reasonably suppose, after what the Banner of Light has done in the way of falsification and forgery in other cases, that it would keep to the truth in noticing my remarks. I call attention to its procedure in this case merely as one of a series of falsehoods which, from the first number to the last, have formed the soul and substance of that paper.

Yours truly, C. C. FELTON." The falsification and forgery particularly, applies to the message of young Bird, of Watertown, which we beg leave to remind the gentleman was neither one nor the other. His charges are as worthy of attention as his assertions that material bodies are not moved by other than physical force, and that all mediums are impostors and cheats—a series of falsifications, so apparent to thousands who do not account for them on the theory of spiritual force, that the Professor's veracity is called in question, when people are not charitable enough to charge them to ignorance and prejudices, which we are willing to do.

This view of Prof. Felton's conduct is not confined to Spiritualists, but is taken by men who are yet so dark in their notions of it as to deplore the spread of Spiritualism. A correspondent in the Daily Traveller says:—

Professor Felton, in his remarks at the recent Normal School examination at Bridgewater, while denouncing Spiritualism as an "atrocious humbug," is reported to have said that "not a table could be moved by a spiritual medium, unless it was moved as a less pretending mortal would do it—by force and arms." I understand him to mean by this language that the tables are not moved in any case, or other similar manifestations made, except by ordinary physical forces.

It is probable Prof. Felton has not witnessed the best manifestations under circumstances favorable for testing them, and in denying their reality, against the testimony of many thousand cautious and unprejudiced persons, without making himself fully acquainted with the facts in the case, he is gaining a kind of popularity that a man in his position cannot have much reason to be proud of.

While I have no confidence in Spiritualism, I can say I know tables are moved, and other manifestations are made, by other than ordinary physical forces. Instead of denying the reality of these phenomena, without the means of proving his statements true, let him furnish a natural and scientific explanation of them, and he will render the public generally, and Spiritualists in particular, some useful service. His sweeping statements imply that all mediums are wilful deceivers, and who does not know, except those whose bigotry has made them determined not to know, that such statements are as unjust as they are unreasonable and injudicious?

The Professor has but fallen into the error of all opponents of Truth. The weapons Error gives to its apostles are terrible in bitterness, but this very poison is its own antidote.

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

How naturally the love of the bright and the beautiful springs up in the heart of a child. A flower, a picture, or a glittering gem, will cause the bright little eyes to sparkle, and the round, plump arms to be extended in pleasure. It is not confined to any portion or any class, it is an inherent, universal passion, implanted in the heart of the newly created image of God, a part and parcel of Himself. It pervades and glorifies the whole child-being. So the child, as it grows up, thrills at the recital of poetical language, its fresh memory grasps the jingling rhymes, because of their musical sound. Emulation to excel in money-getting, but rarely creeps unaided into the heart of a child. Its admiration extends more strongly to the noble and the generous. But as day by day the stern lessons of selfishness and hardness of heart are taught it, this worship of bright things fades away, the eyes lose their impulsive light, and the heart its generous throbbings. Cold and calculating grow the glances which are cast upon all objects. Speculative, icy and selfish grow the promptings of the heart. Over the beauties of nature and of art are drawn veils, mysterious with the cabalistic figures of the multiplication table. Then arises up that strife which crushes down all the kindly human sympathies, all the pure, generous emotions, and all the sweet contentment which made the earlier hours of childhood, a type of the garden of Eden, *in sin, and her handmaid, Sorrow, had entered into it.* The tares choke the wheat, and the soil, once so blooming and fruitful, becomes barren, rugged and sterile.

Only a few, the poets of the world, grow up amid the mass, like flowers which spring from the soil

of crevices of the rock, cherishing, always, the fair, the bright and the generous, and they pass over the thorny ways of the world, pierced at every turn, seeking for kindred hearts in vain, standing amid the crowd, "among them, but not of them." And the pampered arithmetician, whose nightly vigils have been kept over algebraic problems, jingles the coin in his pocket, and laughs at them. To their bright dreaming fancies, and their precepts of Love and Faith, they turn a deaf ear, or cry out in derision. As their chariot wheels roll by, the chariot on which, instead of the trumped up armorial bearings, should be the simple figure of a grasping hand, they scornfully toss their heads at those who were so foolish (in their opinion) as to indulge any other passion than that of greed.

And who are happier? They who cherish all their pure, warm feelings, their love of the beautiful; in whose hearts the fountains of Charity and Good-Will are ever fresh and overflowing, or those who stone them up and seal them from the light with the golden stamp? When the young man came to Christ, asking what he should do, to be saved, and went away sorrowful after having been told to sell that he had, and give to the poor, Jesus said, "That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." It was not enough his protestation, that he had kept the commandments from his youth up, still Jesus said his whole duty to his fellow-men had not been accomplished.

Yes, though thorny the ways through which the true hearts way pass for a time, the future opens bright and beautiful beyond. There their soul-yearnings will be realized; there, in never fading gardens, shall bloom the bright blossoms whose perfumes have been wafted through their dreams. The beautiful and the pure are not lost, their existence is eternal, and their brightness ever increases, hallowing and blessing the hearts of their worshippers.

OUT OF TOWN.

Sitting in our cosy and comfortable room at the Norfolk—the prince of suburban hotels—and looking out over the green hills, covered with spacious mansions and graceful vine-covered cottages, our fancies stray back to the city, and in imagination we hear the ceaseless rumble of the carts, the never ending hurly-burly and confusion of the crowd. It is the Sabbath. Musically chime the bells, and, in gay attire, the church-goers wend their way to their accustomed places. Mechanically they pace up the isles and recline upon the well-cushioned seats. Now through the open windows float to our ears one of those old tunes wedded to memory by the music of a mother's voice. How clear and harmonious the notes linger on the air. There is true soul-inspiring melody in the sounds. Sitting here, we cannot hear the words of the preacher, but none the less do our thoughts arise in homage to Him who created all the forest-crowned hills upon which our eyes linger with delight, and all the sweet sounds which thrill our senses and waft our memories into happy dreams of the past and the future. God is everywhere, and the heart which seeks communion with Him, may find Him as well upon the hill-side or the shores of the sea, as within the temple. The bells have ceased.

We will walk out upon the hills. How clear and balmy is the atmosphere. Far as the eye can reach a placid stillness and repose rests upon all things, save now and then the notes of some joyous bird bursting forth in grateful music. How gently and soothingly the quiet harmony around wraps the heart in its embrace, how the shadows float off, and the rich warm sunshine melts into the dark chambers of the soul. Bitter thoughts die out under the benign influence, and peaceful contentment sits smilingly at the open door.

We stand now upon a hill, fraught with many pleasant memories. On either hand are woodlands, thick with dark green foliage, before us a sweep of meadow land, where cattle are grazing, and in the distance arise lofty hills, on the slopes of which repose tasteful cottages—God grant that they are "homes of peace and contentment." Just below us a group of merry children, partly seated upon the green sward and partly chasing one another around in circles, while a noble Newfoundland dog enters into the enjoyment with—we had almost said his whole soul—and why not, his language is not the same as men's, but 'faith he acts more intelligently, and certainly with less dishonesty and selfishness than many of them. It is a scene peculiar to the Highlands of Roxbury. Nature here, seems rather assisted than injured by art, the forest trees being in most cases allowed to remain in their natural positions about the dwellings. It is an evidence of good taste, not too often met with. At a short distance arises a spire surmounted by a gilt cross. It is the Catholic church. Winding down the hill a little road leads to a principal street. As we stand on the height above, the congregation issues from the church; a vast concourse, filling up the entire road, more than four-fifths are women, and as they defile through the narrow road, their many bright colors of dress, glowing in the rich sunshine, contrasting with the deep green verdure of the fields and the overhanging branches, form a picture which would repay miles of travel to look upon.

Dwellers of the city, come out from your dusty streets and your oven-like houses, and breathe the invigorating air and view with appreciative eyes the wondrous beauty of the hill-side, so shall your hearts grow cheerful and your weary burdens light. Ah! well the air gives one an appetite—we will stray back to the Norfolk and with a good book and a mild Havana await a soundless musical than the songs of the birds, but not unwelcome to the hungry—the dinner-gong.

THAT INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

In another column will be found a statement of the occurrences which transpired before the savans of Harvard in their failure to investigate Spiritualism. It is from the pen of Rev. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, a gentleman whose veracity would not be questioned, even had not the Courier, the organ of the "investigators," endorsed it in a recent article. There has been so much delay in the production of the promised report of the Committee, and so anxious is the public to hear somewhat of the affair, that Mr. Putnam has written what he saw, and his impressions thereof, to supply the demand for light. So far as can now be learned, Dr. Gardner's report will not precede that of the Committee. It is the desire of the friends that they open the fight. Therefore for any further light on this subject, kept so dark by Harvard, the public must wait until its forces are brought into the field.

COUNTREY \$3 bills on the Union Bank, of New London, Ct., are in circulation in the vicinity of New York.

MR. FOSTER AT MUSIC HALL.

J. G. Foster, of Buffalo, has for two Sabbaths occupied the desk at the Music Hall, to the delight of the Spiritualists of our city.

We promised a report of his first lecture, but the statement of Mr. Putnam in regard to the Committee of Investigation, has crowded it out this week. We felt that just at this moment this would be more acceptable to the public mind.

On Sunday, August 2d, we listened to both discourses given through the organism of Mr. F. and in common with the highly respectable audience assembled, were greatly pleased with both performances.

The discourse in the forenoon was a powerful argument drawn from the Bible to prove the possibility of spirit communication, and to reconcile the spirit manifestations of to-day and those of the past, as recorded in that book, showing that the same objections urged against those of our day, apply with equal force to those recorded in the Old and New Testaments; and that the manifestations of to-day strengthen all that is true in the Bible, and explain some of its absurdities.

The discourse in the afternoon was of a different nature, calculated for a different class of minds, but was replete with sound philosophy and scientific facts. The subject was the Creation of Man, his past, his present, and his future. It was an eloquent, chaste and powerful argument against the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, and other Orthodox ideas of Man's Future. The controlling spirit ignored the idea of believing any system of Religion which was at war with science, believing that no religion which could not live in harmony with the facts of science should hereafter be acceptable to man.

Mr. Foster is decidedly the most successful Trance Medium we have yet had, and we are happy to announce that he will lecture at the same place on Sunday, August 9th.

We think an arrangement will be concluded during the week, whereby we shall be enabled to give these discourses to our readers in full.

MUSQUITOES.

We don't mean anything in reference to the country over which the rulers of Great Britain constituted a very large, very black, and very ugly looking individual, king; thereby violating the words of Shakespeare—"a king of shreds and patches." No, the matter we write of is one of more importance to the general feelings of mankind. Those whizzing, buzzing, stinging, winged creatures, sometimes denominated "sketeers," certain varieties of which are said to carry bricksbats under their wings to sharpen their bills, constitute the subject of our present thoughts. We are free to say, we don't like them; we don't like the impertinent manner in which they are constantly presenting their bills; and their obstinate and ungentlemanly refusal to "call again to-morrow," is highly disagreeable. We had much rather be awake at midnight by a serenade from Bond's Cornet, albeit they are infantry only, to being roused by the shrill bugles of these flying dragons. In short we consider "sketeers" perfect bores.

We were led into this train of thought not from any great personal inconvenience at the present time, for owing to the weariness of the season, their beleaguering legions have not yet made a charge upon us, but here and there an avant-courier announces the approach of the invaders. The Key West correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, however, gives a thrilling picture of their operations in that delectable region. Hear him:—

At Fort Dallas, Fla., mosquitoes are so plentiful that both officers and men rave; the guard on duty pass their whole time under bars. The sentry is provided with a mosquito veil or bag, thrown over the head, and kept out from the face by a hoop; woolen clothes, boots and gauntleted gloves protect the limbs and body from their murderous attacks. Persons who have not experienced this beauty of everglade life will scarcely believe that horses and cattle are actually led to death in a single night; and we go to that soldier or seaman who, by means of liquor, loses command of himself and falls to the ground, helpless and unprotected—these insatiable vampires will fasten their fangs upon him, and draw from his bosom body what fevered blood remains. The heavy rains of the early part of the month filled the ponds with fresh water, and the ninth day after the first fall the hum of the forthcoming host was heard. They are now a perfect pest. Man and beast suffer alike. The cattle, dogs and poultry are kept awake the live long night with such concerts as proceed from the united howlings of 200 cows, the howlings of 750 dogs, and the crowing of 40 roosters, spurred on by the applause of an audience of myriads of mosquitoes.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PRESS AND THE MEDIUMS.

Messrs. Editors:—The excitement begun a long time ago at Cambridge over the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, and continued by the strange and inexcusable manner in which the subject was afterwards treated by the Professors, and finally by their unbroken silence in reference to the Report for which the public have been waiting so impatiently, it was found necessary to allay in some degree by turning over the examination of this most mysterious subject to other parties, whose willingness to investigate it with candor and calmness was sufficient guarantee that the business would at least be transacted with the seriousness it deserved.

Accordingly, on the 1st day of July the first meeting of the several conductors of the press of Boston, was held in the Albion building, in the same room that was attempted to be used for the same purpose in the case of the Cambridge Professors. Dr. Gardner, who had conducted the examination before, so far as making all the necessary preliminary arrangements was concerned, was present at the meeting, and indeed, with a single exception, we believe, at all of them. Besides the members of the press, the several meetings were attended by Rev. Allen Putnam, Alvin Adams, Esq., Luther V. Bell, Esq., and other parties invited in.

At the first meeting, which was held at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Mr. Redman, of New York, was introduced as the medium. The entire party took their seats around a large dining-table, after having carefully scrutinized the sections of the platform placed upon the floor, and all other objects in which the very ghost of suspicion might lurk, and very soon afterwards raps were heard. Every person present was then requested by the medium to write the names of several of his spirit friends, which was done secretly upon several slips of paper, each one of which was afterwards rolled into a small pellet and thrown into the common heap on the table. They were then stirred about as much as was desired by the members of the party. Mr. Redman took his pen and commenced pointing to one of them after another. Having passed over several without any notice being taken of them, at last, a

he came to a particular one; three raps were distinctly given on the table, indicating that the right one had been touched. Each person present then proceeded to inquire if it was a friend of his; and finally an affirmative answer was returned. The medium asked if the spirit present would write out his name, and the answer came, yes. The hand of the medium was then controlled, and he wrote out the name Edward with his pen, which, on opening the slip of paper in question, was found to be the very name contained upon it.

Tests of various kinds, were obtained through the medium by two or three of the gentlemen at the table, some of which were as striking and powerful as they were unaccountable—except on the single theory that these communications came from disembodied spirits. One of the gentlemen was offered enough of them, and where he was least looking for them, too, to both astonish and amuse the rest of the company during the greater part of the sitting. When at length the question of material tests was suggested, a patent steel-yard was sent for, by which the ordinary weight of the table (lifted at one end only) was found to be sixteen pounds. The finger tips of all present still touching the table, the spirits were requested to make the end of the table as light as possible; whereupon the index of the balance indicated but eight pounds. Being asked again to make the end of the table as heavy as they could, the finger pointed to fifty pounds, the full capacity of the balance—and even more power than sufficient to overcome the resistance of fifty pounds had to be exerted in order to raise that end of the table. All parties appeared satisfied with this experiment, since "seeing was believing."

The next meeting was held on the following afternoon, when Mrs. Brown and Miss Kate Fox, from Rochester, were present with the members of the press. After another examination of the raised platform on which the table stood, and of the various articles of furniture about the room, all sat around the table with the mediums, and in a very short time raps were heard plentifully upon the table and the floor. A friend of a person present announced himself, and rapped out his name from a list of those written down by the gentleman in question. A long list of questions were then put to the spirit, not only by the gentleman himself but by several others, and every one received an immediate and correct answer. In order to destroy even the remotest possibility of collusion or clairvoyance, questions were put a spirit that appeared to another gentleman of the party, not directly, but through a third person; for example, a list of towns having been written down, it was passed to a third person to inquire in which one the departed one was born; and the response came correctly. The ladies stood upon a sofa with a spring cushion, and, by touching their fingers to the door, produced the raps on the door; by doing the same with the wall, succeeded in producing them both upon and within the wall.

The session with the Davenport boys, which was held in the evening, was the most wonderful of all. You have not space for me to describe all the preparations that were made with such care by those present to prevent any possibility of deceit and fraud, as well as to satisfy themselves the more abundantly of the superhuman agency—if such it should prove itself—by which these manifestations were produced. The two boys were placed in a box standing on legs, whose interior measured some eight feet long, by three broad, and five high, and pieces of stout rope were thrown in after them. There was a door in the center of the box, and a seat was secured within the box at each end. Through both the seat and the box augur-holes had been bored.

The gas having been turned off, the request was made of the spirits to tie the boys; but this they refused to do. The light was produced again, and the boys bound by gentlemen present (members of the press) hand and foot. The wrists were tied separately, and the arms were secured above the elbows behind the back. Having been lifted into the box the boys now suffered their legs to be tied about the thighs and ankles, while the ropes were passed this way and that through the augur-holes in the seat and the box. Such thorough tying I never witnessed before. If a person could get away from that, then rope-walks and spun-yarn would be of no further service. The boys sat secure on their seats, unable to move hand or foot, much more to touch one another in any possible manner.

The company became seated, and a cord was drawn through the button-hole of each gentleman's coat, and the ends tied across the room. If one moved, of course all must go too. The operator turned off the gas again, and instantly sat down and was held by two persons who helped compose the circle. In a moment the door of the box, which had been left wide open, was slammed to with much violence, and presently the swift moving of ropes was to be heard through the holes through which they had been passed. In fifteen minutes' time the boys called for the light, and on going to them they were found to be perfectly free! This was certainly one of the greatest wonders we ever saw.

After a recess, the boys were once more put into the box, with the same ropes. They shut and bolted the door on the inside, and the lights were put out. In a little more than five minutes there was a call to strike up the light again, and there sat the boys, the door having been previously unbolted and thrown back, tied exactly as they had been tied before—at the wrists, elbows, thighs, and ankles! It was totally impossible for them to have done this thing themselves, every one present was forced to admit. While still secured, several musical instruments were placed in the box, the company were seated, and the lights extinguished. The door was instantly closed and bolted on the inside, and the instruments were played on to everybody's satisfaction, or satiety. The door having been opened once more, and the gas again lighted, the boys were found tied just as before. Again the lights were put out, and in two minutes the boys were as free as ever they were!

On the afternoon of the 6th, Mr. J. V. Mansfield was present with the representatives of the press. The most of them had previously prepared a letter, which, on being brought into the room, were all secured in envelopes from the same package, so that no one could distinguish his own production from another's. Mr. M. was not influenced, to answer a single communication at that time, but, on their being carefully sealed with wax and taken to his office, several were answered within a short time afterwards; and in every case emphatically. One received an answer from the spirit of Stephen, J. Phillips, of Salem. Another had his returned with the word Blank written on the wrapper, and a third contained correct (or appropriate) answers to eight different questions, and was signed with a name the signature of the friend addressed, which had been

REV. ALLEN PUTNAM'S STATEMENT RESPECTING THE HARVARD "INVESTIGATION" OF SPIRITUALISM.

Messrs. Editors:—In presenting to the public the statement of Mr. Putnam, it is only necessary for me to say, that five weeks have elapsed since the publication of the award of the Scientific Committee appointed by the Boston Courier to investigate the subject of Spiritualism, and the promised report of their proceedings having, for some unexpected reason, been withheld, I deem it due to the public that a brief statement of some of the principal facts in the case should be furnished it. Therefore, I consider the occasion sufficiently urgent to excuse my publishing the subjoined statement at this time. Much that was said and done during the sittings at the "Albion" Rooms, of which no mention has been made by Mr. P. in his statement, together with the conversations held and agreements entered into by and between the representative of the Boston Courier, the members of the Committee, and myself, will be published at some future time. For the present I will only add, that the statement of Mr. Putnam requires no endorsement by me or any other person, as his reputation for truthfulness and candor is unblemished. I refer the reader to the annexed letter of Mr. Putnam, which will explain his position. H. F. GARDNER.

ROXBURY, July 18, 1857. Dear Sir:—Your invitation to-day, that an account of my doings and observations in connection with the matter between you and the Boston Courier might be wanted before my return from the West at the latter part of September, induces me to leave with you the rough memoranda which I wrote out a week or more ago. They are not in the form in which I should put them had I time to rewrite. As they are now shaped, they present most prominently the reasons why I expected a fair and full investigation, and my personal disappointment. This point has more interest for me than for others, and I should wish it less prominent if sure that the statement is to be published. Wait my return before you use it, unless the reasons for a different course are urgent. In that case, exercise your discretion. Very respectfully yours, ALLEN PUTNAM.

P. S.—My quotation marks must not be understood as indicating the exact language of the several speakers, but only the substance of what was said and is remembered. I took no notes at the time.

MR. PUTNAM'S STATEMENT.

Dr. Gardner remarked, in my hearing, that he was disposed to arrange for a trial before the gentlemen named by the Courier, and asked my opinion in reference to doing so. My reply was, that he ought first to stipulate that the trial should be had under such circumstances as would permit free compliance with those natural laws which govern and control spirits when they manifest themselves to us.

Subsequently, Dr. G. invited me to accompany him to Cambridge, where he was to meet the Committee; while on the way out there, I remarked to him that the \$500 was an unpleasant feature in the business; and that I could not suppose that the gentlemen were to be called upon would or could consent to have lookers-on and stake-holders. He answered, "I have been thinking that I will waive that, and, if we are successful, permit the Courier to pay the bills, but decline anything more."

We met the four gentlemen at Cambridge, and soon found that they had been named as commissioners, without their own knowledge or consent; and that the first question with them was, whether the services and conditions asked for were such that they could serve. Consequently, a free and prolonged conversation followed, in which the representative of the Courier maintained that, according to the terms of the offer, it would be incumbent on Dr. G., if a chair should be moved by some invisible power, to show that that power was spirit-power, before he could be entitled to the \$500. The Doctor replied that, if such was to be considered the true meaning, he, of course, should not make an attempt. Very promptly, Mr. Gould said that the obvious import of the whole article in the Courier would find its requirements met, if the works should be performed by some power not recognized by common observation, or not known to science. My own opinion was that both of the gentlemen, Lunt and Gould, were correct; a strict construction of the one sentence in which the offer was made, would otherwise render that sentence incongruous with the design of the whole article.

Passing from that point, with an apparent concession that Mr. Gould had given it its just interpretation, we came to a consideration of those "natural laws within which we believe spirits are confined in producing the manifestations." Here Dr. G. turned to myself, and asked for statements from me. My position taken then, as at other times, was, that there is some subtle, natural fluid which is essential to the spirits as an instrument, whenever they work here or near the earth's surface; that this fluid can be very easily disturbed and dissipated by the embodied persons present, and this so effectually as to prevent all spirit operations; that lack of quiet and harmonious feelings among the persons present; that intense mental action; that the magnetic rays from the human eye; that rays of light, &c., might frustrate its use and prevent manifestations. Therefore, that it was in the power of the gentlemen there present to make the trial a failure, by ejecting certain forces from their own minds and eyes. We stated that it would be best that all should sit in a circle; that all should conform, in the order of sitting, to the wishes of the mediums; that all should avoid intense mental action, &c. Professor Agassiz at once objected to being in the circle under any circumstances, and I think the gentlemen all felt that, when acting as judges, such would not be a desirable position.

Concerning the nature or properties of that fluid which the spirits uniformly state that they use, and which many Clairvoyants tell us that they see, there was considerable conversation. I thought its properties quite different from those of common electricity, and more like those which Reichenbach, in his Dynamics, ascribes to his "od" or "odylic force." It was obviously something which some human organisms contain in great abundance, either as fountains or reservoirs; something with which tables, chairs, and most objects around us can be measurably charged, and with which rooms can be measurably filled. That it will remain for a short time where it has been gathered, and depart gradually when the producing cause is removed. That some localities and states of atmosphere are more favorable to its collection than others. And that such points ought not to be overlooked when arranging for and conducting the contemplated trial.

Another point, which required many statements for its elucidation with these gentlemen, as it does with most people who are not familiar with the subject, was the powerlessness of the managers of the arrangements, and also of the media. Even men of science were not free from the influence of the notions that the working powers in spirit manifestation are, on the one hand, subject to man's control, and, on the other, that they are almost omniscient and omnipotent, or at least that they can, at any time, overpower man. Prof. Agassiz stated that, in all their scientific experiments, if a thing could be done once, it could be repeated twenty times; and, therefore, that they might require the same here; he said this, apparently forgetting that we claimed that the real actor is an individual intelligence acting according to his or her own will and powers, and not in compliance with our dictation.

Prof. Pierce inquired if we could not ask the spirits whether they would come and manifest themselves at the trial? "Yes," was the answer, "we can ask." "And," said he, "can you not get an answer?" "Probably," we said, "their reply will be, 'Yes, we will try.'" "Why can't they tell certainly?" he continued. We said, "Can Mr. Gould now promise certainly that he will examine some particular star in the heavens to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, while as yet he knows not whether there will then be clouds or fog?" "No," said Mr. Pierce, "he can only promise to point the telescope." "Very good," we answered; "the spirits can only promise to try; and can, at the time of trial, perform only what the conditions permit." Dr. Gardner repeated, in the presence of the company, what he had

said to me in reference to the \$500, and expressed an entire willingness to arrange for the trial, and at its close report the amount of expenses, and leave it to the option of the Courier, whether to pay the bills or not, and to thus dispose of the pecuniary point at once and finally. This avowal seemed to give much pleasure to Prof. Agassiz in particular, who conveyed the idea that it placed the whole matter before them in a much pleasanter aspect, and would give to them more freedom in the investigation. No dissent from his view was then expressed.

From that time, however, the confidence of the gentlemen in Dr. G. seemed to be greater, and more genial feelings pervaded the company. Near the close of the Conference, Prof. Agassiz said to me, "Why is it, Mr. Putnam, that you wish to control the arrangements and conditions so fully yourselves?" I answered, "If I desired to show you what my steam engine could accomplish, I should ask for the privilege of making up the fires, and getting up steam in my own way." "Very good," said he, "if that be it—if you have anything like science—manage everything in your own way; only give us a fair chance to examine your engine after it gets at work." "That we will do with pleasure, sir," said I; "and you now grant all that we can ask." The Committee say, "It was proposed to Dr. Gardner that he should be permitted to have his own way in everything, even to the selection of the room and time, the determination of all accessory circumstances." Though this, their own language, goes somewhat further than what my recollection would lead me to use, in indicating my own understanding as to how far the Committee promised compliance with every wish the Doctor might express as to their own positions and deportment in the room, yet I had no doubt that they then indicated a purpose to give the general subject of Spiritualism free scope and fair play, and not a purpose to act simply as judges as to whether certain specified acts could be performed in their presence, they remaining inattentive to proper conditions just so far as they chose. I was not quite sure that they abandoned the money matter to Dr. Gardner and the Courier, nor that they gave consent to be assigned their seats in circles, and to conform in their mental states and outward deportment to all requests which might be made. Yet the general purport of the whole conversation came near to this, and they used language which implies that it came fully up to this, when they say that it was proposed to give to Dr. G. "the determination of all the accessory circumstances."

Thus the matter stood when I returned from Cambridge, on the evening of June 1st. There were reasonable grounds for expectation that the money question might be entirely removed from the thoughts of the referees, and that Dr. Gardner might have free and full control of all things, even to "accessory circumstances." My connection with the business was at an end, as I supposed, as soon as that first preliminary meeting closed, and I carried from the meeting an expectation that the four gentlemen would lend cheerful co-operation with Dr. Gardner in all efforts to learn what the now or unrecognized force can accomplish under the most favorable circumstances. This expectation was often expressed in the hearing of others. Under its influence, I soon addressed a letter to Prof. Pierce, of which I retain a copy, but of which I remember enough to justify me in saying, that I attempted there to lay before the Committee some of the conclusions in reference to the power, instrumentality, the laws and conditions of spirit intercourse, to which my observations and reflections had led me, and that these were presented by me as suggestions and helps to genuine investigators. Such, I had no doubt, the Committee would be; and I must think that the letter referred to contains, in the general scope and tone, internal evidence that such was my confident expectation.

Near the close of that letter will be found a sentence, in which the hope is expressed that the money question will be definitely disposed of, and that thus the observations of others and the sciences of the Committee may join hands in labors to discover truth.

Not long after this, some of the public papers stated that the money question had been set aside or removed from the case. Dr. Gardner had stated that he was unwilling to claim or to receive the award under any circumstances; and thus, in good faith I came to suppose that the pecuniary influences were not to act upon any mind. Then—and then first—did I say to Dr. G., that I was willing to contribute toward defraying the necessary expenses, and to assist him in making the necessary arrangements. He was soon called to New York, and considerable labor devolved upon me. I performed it cheerfully, because I thought myself laboring in the cause of important truth, without hope of pecuniary reward. Prof. Pierce will not forget that, in his own study, I made some remarks about incurring expense, which induced him to say, "you will not be losers if you are successful in exhibiting the phenomena, because we shall sooner pay the bills by a contribution among ourselves than have you do that. At this time, which I think was June 13, (and I had not been present at the meeting on the 9th, nor had I seen nor been informed as to the articles of agreement then signed,) Prof. Pierce, I must think, understood me as supposing that no money was to be awarded or thought of by the Committee, and he said nothing to lead me to a different conclusion. With Prof. Horsford, on the same day, I was acting under the same impression, though I do not remember that this point was brought to his notice. One hour or more was spent very pleasantly in conversation with him, and he made me acquainted with the apparatus of various kinds by which he proposed to test the wonder-working power; and it gives me much pleasure to say, that in all of them he was seeking for only slight power, and even that to be manifested under very proper conditions. All indicated preparations for a fair trial, and the same disposition was shown by this gentleman at every occasion on which I have since had the pleasure to meet him. My point here is, that his preparations indicated a wish to be a co-worker in search after truth, and not a holder of stakes. And it is not his fault that the higher purpose was not carried out.

From that time, June 13, up to the day of the trial, my belief was unflinching that the Committee would submit the control of every influencing circumstance to Dr. Gardner—that they would be co-operators with him, having ignored the money question, and I was repeatedly heard to express a belief that the learned gentlemen would enter heartily into a courteous and fair investigation, and that palpable and good manifestations would be obtained. Such was my expectation; and it was deduced and was fairly deducible from what the members of the Committee had themselves said, and done, and listened to without dissent, in my presence at least. Many have called me incredulous. I am so. I have much faith in man's fairness and truth; so much as sometimes to be deceived by those who ought to be above a willingness to suffer even misleading inferences to be deducible from their acts and words. I expected success—but

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." We met at the Albion. Mrs. Brown and her sister, Miss C. Fox, were present as mediums. A conversation was started which was carried on mostly, but not entirely, by Mr. Lunt, the representative of the Courier, and Major Rains, of Newburg, N. Y., a graduate of West Point, once assistant Professor there, and who in connection with Judge Edmunds and others, made a long continued investigation of spiritual powers scientifically. This conversation related to the instrumentality and processes by which Spirits work, and Major Rains expressed some of his views as to the proper processes for a scientific investigation of this particular subject. Also, there was conversation, mostly between Prof. Agassiz and Mrs. Brown as to when and how the Fox family first learned that they possessed this "mediumistic susceptibility." The substance of this "harmonious" with what has often been published. After a time, the mediums and a few others being at the table, raps were heard, mostly on the floor, rather upon a three or four inch platform covering the stuffed or padded floor, which a few gentlemen were felt and heard as if made on the table. After

ward, when Mrs. Brown stood by a large wooden box, position, and looking very intently upon Redman, although he said to Prof. Pierce, "throw that one out," meaning the slip just written upon. There was the appearance of much mental disturbance in Prof. A., as shown by his attitudes, his changes of position, his wild gaze, and his tones when he spoke. No raps came, nothing claiming to be spiritual was done by or through Mr. Redman in the public room. At some time during this sitting Dr. Gardner drew attention to the points of disturbance, through strong mental action and intent use of the eyes. Mr. Lunt was understood to say that he had been using both mind and eyes intently, and with much effect; but I was on the opposite side of the room from him when he spoke, and may not have taken in the exact import of his words.

Similar want of success attended the other mediums, at all the subsequent sittings up to the meeting of the Davenport, on the last evening. These boys, or young men, were entrusted almost entirely to the management of the Committee, and those of us who were but spectators are not so informed as to make it proper to state in advance of the Committee, what was attempted nor what the success. We do know that at the close Prof. Agassiz held up a small, short piece of thread, which he had been "broken," and that that was the test. Having uttered these words in a very rough tone and emphatic manner, he, in a similar tone, said, "good night, gentlemen," and put first his finger and then a common pencil against the box, the raps were heard there as on the box and near her hand. Again, when she stood upon a covered stool, the sounds seemed to be made beneath her on the platform. Again, when the two mediums were both standing on the stuffed seat of a sofa, the persons near them remarked that they heard sounds as from the wood of the sofa, and also from the ceiling against which the sofa stood. My position was distant from the sofa, and I only state what others who were near remarked. Many of the raps upon the platform and one or two upon the box were quite distinctly heard in most parts of the room.

Near the close of their sitting, Prof. Agassiz stated that the production of such sounds could be referred to known laws, and said, "Before the investigation is over we will explain to you how they may be produced."

When about to separate, Maj. Rains expressed a wish that all would stop and compare notes, and come to an agreement as to what had actually occurred or been exhibited. A few sentences as to the propriety or importance of this course were exchanged between him and Prof. Pierce; when the Prof. said, in a very ironical and discourteous tone and look, "we thank you, sir, for your advice," and bowing, hastily left the room. This occurred while a portion of the company were about leaving the room, while nearly all were standing and ready to go—while promiscuous conversation was going on—and it is not probable that many heard or saw what is here described. I was standing by the side of Maj. Rains, and saw and heard the whole most distinctly. Mortified and ashamed at the tones and looks of this representative of *Alma Mater* and of Science, when addressed to a gentleman stranger, and a man of science, I turned silently away, and was not surprised when, shortly after, Maj. R. said to me, "There seems no occasion for me to remain here because of any knowledge or skill which my experience in such investigations may have given me; there is no attempt, no purpose, to have an investigation of the general subject. I had better return home." And soon he did go, as then proposed.

Now the "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." At the next gathering I asked, privately, and learned from both Prof. Pierce and Mr. Gould, that they considered the money question as still before them, and that they were but judges and not investigators. From that time my relations to them and to that particular trial became relatively unpleasant. I had little to do or say, and nothing to hope for, because of the necessary antagonism in the room.

At their next sitting Mr. Redman was the medium. Raps and tipping of the table did not come as they usually do with him; yet he asked those at the table to write the names of deceased friends and roll up the slips. Prof. Pierce commenced writing in a book. Prof. Agassiz, in the meanwhile, was standing near his back, frequently changing his own attitude and men," and hastily left us.

Prof. Pierce then said to Dr. Gardner, "I suppose you are through with us." The Doctor replied, "No, you have promised to show us how the raps were made." "Not as a Committee," said Prof. Pierce; Mr. Agassiz made that promise as an individual," and thus the affair closed—we as much disappointed at the failure of Agassiz to keep his word and unveil the mystery of rapping, as at any one failure during the sittings.

The investigation, in fact, was a trial of the correctness of the statements made at the preliminary meeting, viz: "that it was in the power of the gentlemen there present to make the trial a failure, by ejecting certain forces from their own minds and eyes." In this they were successful.

Two of the gentlemen, Prof. Agassiz and Mr. Lunt, omitted throughout all the sessions to comply with invitations to sit in the circle around the table, and there was not in any instance or at any point any opportunity for Dr. Gardner to exercise "the determination of all the accessory circumstances." The former gentleman, it seems, was permitted to exercise his own choice as to being in the circle, but not so the latter. Dr. Gardner's friends have been disappointed, and the chief disappointment was at the manners and actions and mental and emotional states of two of the Committee and a representative of the Courier.

No chickens were hatched on this occasion, where the hen was kept in perpetual agitation, and was often driven from her nest during the period of incubation, but it does not follow that eggs never contain a vital principle. Let the proper conditions be observed, let natural laws have legitimate play, and the latent vital principle will take form and embodiment and come forth from the shell a thing of life and power. It is easy to prevent the hatching of an egg, for the Committee did that with very little trouble. But many hens "steal their nests," and in secluded spots, where natural laws are conformed to, the hatching processes still go on in spite of human science. ALLEN PUTNAM.

Roxbury, July 10, 1857.

THE QUADRANT ONCE MORE.

We have seen a letter from Baltimore addressed to George A. Sawyer, Esq., of the Nautical Academy, Tremont street, by Captain M. P. Spear, wherein he states that his experimental trip from Boston to Washington on the 18th of July, with Captain Ayling's Quadrant, proved perfectly satisfactory as to the correctness of that instrument. Commander Hallet, of the steamer William Jenkins, and several practically scientific gentlemen, passengers on board, were highly delighted with its workings. The wise men of the East, who composed the Committee of Harvard College, will yet be forced to acknowledge that facts are far preferable to theories.

MELODEON.

The Panorama of the Arctic Expeditions, now on exhibition at the Melodeon, is truly a work of high art. No panorama yet exhibited in this city, can bear comparison with it. One scene, sunset changing into moonlight, is worth twice the amount of admission-fee to behold. And then there is William Morton, the tried and trusty friend of Dr. Kane, who feelingly describes the scenes through which that brave little band battled in a noble cause. And last, not least, there is "Etah," looking as wise as a professor. Those who fail to visit this exhibition will have lost a feast to which they are seldom invited.

The Busy World.

WHEAT.—A gentleman from Alabama received from the Patent Office some spring wheat from the "Farm of Abraham," at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, which he sowed during the past spring. It came to maturity in seven weeks, producing a large, full head, with a berry in every respect equal to the original. The wheat is reputed to ripen in Syria in sixty days, from sowing. It will thus be seen that our climate hastened its period of maturity eleven days.

BASS POINT.—This delightful locality in Nahant, is a place of great resort during these "dog days," by people who cannot afford to pay the exorbitant rates charged at the "big house." Mr. E. Newhall, the presiding genius of the Point, prepares excellent "chowders" and "fries" for his customers.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has completed the purchase of sixty-six acres of land of Edward W. Howland, of New Bedford, for the construction of the fortifications on Clark's Point, and the operations will be commenced immediately, under the direction of Capt. Benham, of the United States Corps of Engineers.

HAYTI.—The legislature of Faustin I., now in session at Port au Prince, have voted to raise that potentate's salary from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year, but that is only about \$12,000 a year of our currency.

SUN FLOWERS.—Near Eads, S. C., a crop is about to be gathered of four acres of sunflowers. The seed will be used for oil and to feed cattle and poultry, as in the South of France; but the chief object is to obtain the fibres of the stalks for paper making.

THE STEAMSHIP PERLA sailed from New York at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 8th of July, and arrived at Liverpool at 4 o'clock on the evening of the 19th; consequently her mean time was 9 days 8 hours.

A STEAMER FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.—Mr. Paul Curtis, of East Boston, has just concluded a contract to build for the Russian Government a steamer of 750 tons.

A CEMETERY for foreign seamen who die in the port of New York has just been prepared at an expense of \$15,000, two thirds of which sum was contributed by the merchants of New York, and the remainder was appropriated by Congress.

A BOARD OF ARMY OFFICERS is to assemble at West Point, New York, for the purpose of making trials of breech-loading rifles, with a view to ascertain which arm of this description is best suited to the military service. The trials will commence on the 17th of August.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A gentleman in Illinois, who had a quantity of Chinese sugar cane in his field last year, was somewhat surprised this summer to see another crop growing. Although he had planted none. It may have come from the seed which fell from the stalk last fall—a proof that the plant is harder than some supposed.

THE EASTERN RAILROAD COMPANY are to erect a tower upon their depot in Causeway street, and place a clock upon it, which may be seen as far as Hanover street.

TWO CARBOES of Coolies have lately arrived in Havana. They number 752, and the deaths reported are 80 from one vessel and 30 from the other.

A NEW STYLE OF FRUIT has appeared in New York, from Yonkers; it is called the cherry currant, and a branch fifteen inches long contained three quarters of a pound of fruit.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, California, the Merced Mining Company have prevailed in two applications for injunctions against John C. Fremont and his associates.

THREE LARGE CARBOES of OIL from the South Pacific are expected at Panama, and thus avoid the tedious and perilous passage around the boisterous region of Cape Horn.

THE ENACTMENT of the Fifth Division of Maine Militia will commence on Tuesday, September 1st, near Portland. Brigadier General S. J. Anderson will be in command.

SIX MEN have been hung by mobs in Iowa within the past eight weeks.

THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON has received sixty dollars in an anonymous letter. The writer says the sum is due to the Corporation.

A NEPHEW of Kosuth was among the graduates from Union College, Schenectady, this year.

JAMES ADAMS, of Leesburg, Va., recently ploughed up in that vicinity, a gold coin of King Charles the First, bearing date 1648.

THE PRIZES at the firemen's muster in Worcester, of the 3d and 4th of September, amount to \$750; and competition is invited from all companies abroad.

ALL THE CONDUCTORS of cars in New York, as well as those having charge of trains running out of that city, and within the jurisdiction of the Police Commissioners, are to be appointed Special Policemen.

SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC.

Friday, August 7th, is announced by Dr. Gardner for one of these pleasant reunions, the first edition of which went off so pleasantly a short time since. The cars will start from the Old Colony Depot at half-past eight o'clock A. M., for the Grove at Abington. Fare 50 cents for the trip out and back.

Mr. J. G. Foster will accompany the friends from Boston, and those wonderful portraits of spirits taken by the medium at the West, will be exhibited on the grounds. These two features should be sufficient to bring together all the friends who live within reach of Abington. Mr. Foster's presence will be especially welcome.

The train will stop at way stations, from which to the Grove the fare will be one-half the usual rates.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

There is no human power equal to that of kindness. It is the subduing, all-saving and all-entrancing power that none would resist if they could. It disarms all other powers, and makes willing subjects of the most opposite characters—so sweet is it to be moved by kind words, and kind deeds. Hate shrinks in shame from its presence, and retires to feed on its own venom; anger becomes mute and submissive; envy grows full of regret and would fain forget its existence; jealousy, torn with a thousand pangs, looks up in humiliating sorrow through its tears; and love and truth bow before it in proud adoration, too blest, too happy to think of another God, or dream of another heaven—for kindness is indeed a shadow of the one, and a foretaste of the other.

Latest European Items.

In the House of Commons, Thursday, Mr. Roebuck moved the following resolutions: That the war with Persia was declared, prosecuted and conducted without such transactions being communicated to Parliament, while expensive armaments were equipped without sanction of a vote of the House, that such conduct tends to weaken its just authority, and to dispense with its control over the finances of the country, and renders it requisite for the House to express its strong reprobation of such a course of proceeding. He supported his motion in a speech of much bitterness, and accused Palmerston of having, by denuding India of troops for the Persian war, brought about the present state of affairs in India. A warm debate ensued, in which Mr. Roebuck found many supporters, but who declined to vote for the resolution.

Palmerston asserted the constitutional right of the Crown to make war or peace at pleasure, although he admitted it to be the duty of the government to acquaint Parliament at the earliest possible opportunity, with the grounds for having done so.

The British government intend sending to India a steam squadron, and a considerable force of artillery, by the most rapid conveyance at hand, and in addition to the troops already mentioned. The force which had been appropriated for the Chinese operations, had all been intercepted and ordered for service in India. This force is to be compensated for in China by a battalion of marines, to be despatched to Hong Kong without delay.

Immediately on the receipt of the disastrous Indian news in London, a Cabinet Council was held, and in twenty-four hours afterward Sir Collin Campbell, who had consented to take command of the Indian army, left vacant by the death of Gen. Ansen, was en route to Marseilles, where he embarked for India.

The 14,000 troops already under orders would follow as soon as ships and stores could be provided. Reinforcements were also on the way from Bombay, Madras and Ceylon.

All the influential communities of Calcutta, including the Mohammedans, had presented addresses to the government, with assurances of loyalty.

The French police, according to a letter to the Nord of Brussels, continue to display the greatest activity in their researches after all the Italians suspected of having taken part in the late conspiracy. About thirty have been arrested at Marseilles and on the frontiers.

Complete returns of supplementary elections in France show the return of eleven opposition Deputies in all.

The harvest prospects throughout France are most cheering. In some places the reaping is over.

The Spanish semi-official journal says: "Our government occupies itself at this moment with the important Mexican question, and proofs will soon be seen that Spain is enduring only until she is wounded in her national honor. To this end it is said two war steamers are about to sail from Cadiz for Havana, taking out instructions for Concha from Madrid; the government also conveying more troops and materials of war for the expedition against Mexico, which Spain will inevitably undertake, unless she receives full satisfaction from that Republic."

From China, we learn that Canton was suffering from famine.

A severe battle between the rebels and imperialists had been fought above Foo-chow-foo; the result is not certainly known, but it is believed the imperialists were victorious.

Sir John Bowring had intimated that compensation for losses sustained by British subjects, would be demanded from the Chinese government.

Lord Elgin and suite arrived at Singapore, June 3.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

Our friends will confer a favor on us and upon our readers by sending us each week short reports of meetings held upon the Sabbath, or at any other time, with announcements of future gatherings. We shall also publish a list of public lecturers and mediums who are disposed to act as agents for this paper and use some exertion in their respective localities to increase its circulation. Will such please address us? Our object is not only to make the "Banner" useful to Spiritualists as a class, and the public at large, but to every individual; and for this purpose we solicit the personal co-operation of each in the work we are carrying on.

Write to us, and talk to us as freely as you would face to face. Let us form a conversational circle that shall extend from one extreme of our country, (and of the world if you say so.) to the other.

BOSTON—SUNDAY SERVICES.—Mr. THOMAS GALES FOSTER, formerly of St. Louis, now of Buffalo, N. Y., will lecture in the Music Hall, in the unconsecrated Trance State, on Sunday, August 9th, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., and 3 1-2 P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall. At the close of the services, Mr. F. will exhibit two splendid portraits of spirits.

CHELSEA.—L. K. COONLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, at FENMOST HALL, Winslow street, at the morning and evening sessions, each Sabbath.

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

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, 7 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Meetings also at Wall's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOWNEY.

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

SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC.

At ABINGTON GROVE, on Friday, August 7th inst. A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Depot for the Grove at 8 1-2 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Harrison Square, Neponset, Quincy, Braintree, and South Braintree, to receive passengers. Tickets for the excursion, fifty cents; half tickets, twenty-five cents. Other stations, half the usual fare. Obtained at ticket office. Good music will be provided. It is expected that THOMAS GALES FOSTER, of Buffalo, L. JUDD PARDEE, and other eminent trance speakers, will be present, and address the audience.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

The private circles having ended, these powerful Mediums for Physical Manifestations commenced public sittings at No. 8 Winter street, on Tuesday evening, July 28, at eight o'clock, and will continue until further notice.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.
WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

NOTICE.

L. K. COONLEY, of Portland, Me., TRANCE SPEAKER and HEALING MEDIUM, will answer calls to lecture in Maine, Massachusetts, or Connecticut; answering Theological questions in the Trance state. He may be addressed at this office. June 30

Correspondence.

Wilmington, Del., July 27, 1867. Messrs. Editors—We have to report, at this late day, the first public move, as I believe, of our cause in this city.

Mr. William B. Jocelyn, a highly developed Trance Healing and Developing Medium, held meetings here on Saturday evening and Sunday morning and afternoon, (25th and 26th.) The audience was not large, but what it lacked in numbers was made up in intelligence; and it will not be without its effect.

WONDERS OF NATURE. A correspondent writing from Bryan, Wisconsin, says:—There is in this town a great natural curiosity in the water with which the town is supplied.

Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

THE RUDIMENTAL, OR EARTHLY STATE.

Through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma A. Knott, Roxbury. This state is of the first and greatest importance, and the longer a person remains there, the greater and faster the progression in the next sphere; consequently the younger one dies, or comes here, the more they have lost in discipline, and the harder it will be to learn it here.

The time has been, and will come again, when no person can die but of old age, and then pass into the next sphere, as quietly and with as little fear as you would go to sleep. People will live more according to the laws of Nature, and she in return will not allow them to be sick; they will feel bright, and comprehend with clearness what is now unknown.

This must be gradual; and yet see what a progress it has made in the last few years. One may well be astonished to look back and see what a change has taken place. You hear of its workings in the wilderness, as well as in the city—in the hovel, as in the palace; with the uneducated, as with the talented—and everywhere can be seen the print of its footsteps.

A HONEY-BEARD will disdain to submit, like a drone, upon the honey-gathered by others' labor—like a leech to suck its food out of the public granary.

The Messenger.

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

Answers to Correspondents.

Many M. M. of R. I.—Answer this, and tell the child she is a medium. Tell her to sit one hour each day, and we will in time do well through her.

Hints to Spiritualists.

Jesus of Nazareth taught his disciples to place confidence in those spirits who communed with them in the name of the Lord. Blessed are they who come in the name of the Father. They say Jesus, who came teaching you other doctrines than I have given, are false, and their teachings will come to naught.

Oh, ye Spiritualists of modern times, have ye no guide? Travel back eighteen hundred years ago—be guided by one who walked on earth at that time. Much of his life you have taken pattern by it, and are redeemed from all sin, here and hereafter.

Frederic T. Gray.

Blessed are they who have part in the first resurrection, for on such the second death hath no power. This you will find given in your Bible, which but few understand the contents of. What think you is meant by the first resurrection and the second death? We understand it thus: Ye who have received Light, by that Light have been resurrected from your sins, from your errors and superstition, and from your bigotry; and if you are indeed disciples of that Light, you are resurrected from that death, the first death, which is sin.

William Harper, Cincinnati.

I am glad of it—glad I am dead. Thirty years was long enough for the world to abuse me. Curses on all your wicked institutions; curses on all those who have money; blessings on those who have none. Those are my sentiments, dead or living. The poor man has not so much as a foot of ground whereon he may raise enough to support his body, while the rich man has thousands of acres. Curses on the rich, I say; I only finished what they, the job, began, and thinking they lengthened out the job, I finished it, and am glad I am here, dead, and yet living, all at the same time.

Henry Jewell, formerly of Salisbury, Mass.

I was a native of Salisbury, Mass. The name I bore on earth was Henry Jewell. In 1810 I left my native town, and made Louisiana my home. I owned a portion of a plantation for many years previous to my departure from earth. For years previous to my death I was lost to my friends, and they do not, to this day, know of themselves, that I am in the spirit world. Betsy Jewell was my sister; she has communed with you, if I mistake not. There is quite a discussion going on among those I left on earth, in regard to Spiritualism. Some are saying, "I wonder if Uncle Henry is in the spirit land? Why does he not give us to understand why he was so long silent?"

From an Infant to Mrs. Charles Taft.

I wish to communicate with my mother, Mrs. Charles Taft. I lived to be three days old, was a male child, and have been a spirit a long time. I want to do much in time. Your medium sleeps. Many spirits are around her. Do you know my earth parent? Go see her, and tell her God is great. My father is with me. Will you print this?

To H—d Winslow.

While the medium is asleep, I will pen a few lines to my friend H—d Winslow. Friend, be strong and carry much light whithersoever thou goest. I am often with thee, and will show thee many wonders in thy life time. JONATHAN.

Esra Brintnal.

My dear brother—I take this time to send you a message, to inform you of my state in the spirit life. I have now been here nearly one year, and am very happy and have no wish to return to earth. Take good care of mother—she needs much care, and you will get your reward if you do well. I will soon write you again from the spirit land. E. B.

and without permission of Divinity we could not return to commune with you. We could not return and commune with our coming brother, unless sent by our Father. He is well pleased with the present work—all these troubles you see around you are harmonious; all carry out the grand plan of the redemption of man.

John Adams.

Bless God for Light, for Knowledge, for Strength. I promised to return, and I am here; I promised to manifest, and I shall do so as well as I can. First allow me to thank you for your kindness. Thank the old gentleman whose name I do not recollect, who came with you to my house. Thank all my friends, and tell them I am not unmindful of their kindness. I think God sent you to me for a Light, that I might not die in Darkness. I found things much as I expected, but the struggle of going was much harder, though soon over.

William Shirley.

Full forty years have passed since my spirit left earth; and strange as it may seem to some, I now return to manifest, to commune, to speak. The time spoken of by the Prophets of olden times seems to have arrived. The graves of darkness, error and superstition are opened, and the dead are coming forth. My last wish on earth was this—that I might be permitted, at some time, to return and see what was being done upon earth, after I should have passed from thence.

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I was a native of Salisbury, Mass. The name I bore on earth was Henry Jewell. In 1810 I left my native town, and made Louisiana my home. I owned a portion of a plantation for many years previous to my departure from earth. For years previous to my death I was lost to my friends, and they do not, to this day, know of themselves, that I am in the spirit world. Betsy Jewell was my sister; she has communed with you, if I mistake not. There is quite a discussion going on among those I left on earth, in regard to Spiritualism. Some are saying, "I wonder if Uncle Henry is in the spirit land? Why does he not give us to understand why he was so long silent?"

From an Infant to Mrs. Charles Taft.

I wish to communicate with my mother, Mrs. Charles Taft. I lived to be three days old, was a male child, and have been a spirit a long time. I want to do much in time. Your medium sleeps. Many spirits are around her. Do you know my earth parent? Go see her, and tell her God is great. My father is with me. Will you print this?

To H—d Winslow.

While the medium is asleep, I will pen a few lines to my friend H—d Winslow. Friend, be strong and carry much light whithersoever thou goest. I am often with thee, and will show thee many wonders in thy life time. JONATHAN.

Esra Brintnal.

My dear brother—I take this time to send you a message, to inform you of my state in the spirit life. I have now been here nearly one year, and am very happy and have no wish to return to earth. Take good care of mother—she needs much care, and you will get your reward if you do well. I will soon write you again from the spirit land. E. B.

The three foregoing messages were written by the medium while she was in a sound, natural sleep at the table.

pleasure to me. And in after years, they looked upon me as a poor, depraved thing. Who made me so? Who robbed me of my very soul, even? Why, they; for I look upon a man who thirsts for vengeance as I do, as one without a soul. Scarce two weeks have passed since I was on earth, and yet I am here. I hold no fellowship with mankind, nor will I until I have that I never had on earth—justice. My name was William Harper.

Lizzie Murphy, of Yarmouth, N. S.

I wish to talk to my people. My name was Lizzie Murphy, and I used to live in Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia, a little way from Halifax. I died of fever when about twelve years old. My grandmother teaches me how to talk to you. I want to tell my mother that I am alive, and I want her to give away my clothes to cousin David's girl. She is a little smaller than I was. His wife's name is Margaret.

Thomas Aiken, Mail Carrier, Newburyport.

Good God! what a place! Well, old fellow, you might as well make up your mind to be happy here as in any other place. I never was anywhere before to speak this way, and you'll not wonder at it, when I tell you how long I have been in this place. I suppose this is 1867, and this place is Boston. Well, I'm not very unhappy, but I don't understand things. Since the last week in June, this year, I have found out Spiritualism to be a reality. My name was Thomas Aiken when I was on earth. I lived in Georgetown and in Newburyport—was mail agent—that is, I carried the mail. Louisa Haskell was the name of the woman I married. I expect I took cold, which was the first cause of my sickness and death. I have seen old Bill Bailey here. I am not sorry I'm here; I'm as happy here as I deserve to be. I have seen an infant I had, since I have been here.

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many swords of vengeance standing round about him. I should be happy to visit in spirit with some good medium that spot I once loved so well; where I have seen the red man pitch his tent, and paddle his canoe. I speak of the old Powow. Well do I remember standing beside those whom the whites once called their enemies. Many of them I have met here; and been welcomed by them to their pleasures and their hunting grounds. But I presume things have changed since I was there. A greater portion of them have passed on—to spheres below me, above me, perhaps around me, but I have met with few of them.

Hugh Haggerty, New York.

And so you're a Yankee? Well, there's some good Yankees, I suppose. I like them and their country pretty well, but if old Ireland was what it should be, or the people there, I should like that better. I have been away from there eighteen years; I was born in Limerick, and died in New York. But perhaps you think I've no business here; if so, I'll leave. I thought I was doing right when I was on earth; I thought I had the right religion. Well, I came as near as anybody. The Catholic religion is a spiritual religion, and the Catholics are every one of them Spiritualists, in their belief, only they don't know it. They are far from right in some things, for the priest keeps the knowledge, while the people have the ignorance. They are not all ignorant, for I was bound to inform myself in spite of pope, bishop, or priest. When I speak of the religion, I speak of the creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

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Pearls.

And quaked odes, and jewels five words-long. That on the stretched floor sager of all time, Sparkle forever.

I would not from the wise require The lumber of their learned lore; Nor would I from their rich desire A single counter of their store.

All personal antagonisms are infernal. Hence, he who cherishes hatred against his fellow-man, shows that he himself is a bad man.

Oh! It is pleasant, with a heart at ease, Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies. To make the shifting clouds be what you please; Or let the easily persuaded eyes Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low, And cheek a-slant, see rivers flow of gold.

Right is eternal. It is the incorruptible inheritance of all true work.

Look up with hopeful eyes, Though all things seem forlorn; The sun that sets to-night will rise Again to-morrow morn.

Many a man has rashness enough to do wrong, who has not courage enough to confess it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SIGNET RING; OR THE CARNIVAL MASQUE!

A TALE OF MADRID. BY M. V. ST. LEON.

The carnival of 1847 opened with unusual brilliancy in Madrid, despite the caprice that actuated the queen to retire to her royal residence at Aranjuez, instead of remaining in the city to participate in the festivities of the season.

On the night of the twelfth of January, an entertainment of unusual magnificence was given by the Marchioness de Mondecar to her "dear and hundred friends." The very elite of the capital were assembled in her elegant mansion under disguises noble and ignoble, while the universal masks rendered the brilliant illuminations of no practical use, save as ornaments.

Through the gay throng that swayed and glittered to and fro like waves in the sunlight; a solitary mask threaded her way, apparently guided by circumstances and fancy. Her costume, though neither original nor conspicuous, was exceedingly piquant, and admirably suited to the wearer.

It was difficult to select any portion of this lovely whole as being of superior merit. Yet among a nation renowned for inimitable feet, the exquisite pair in question were perhaps less to be wondered at than the matchless formation of those arms and shoulders, which were joined to a throat, and hands, that had not their mates in all Europe.

At least, so a certain cavalier, leaning in the shade against a pillar, was willing to swear, after watching their owner intently for some fifteen minutes. And, as if by accident, in this direction, the object of his admiration now bent her steps.

"First at the tryst, Sir Knight?" was her merry greeting. "Nay—I am not so fortunate as to have an appointment with my fair lady—I only watch the happiness of others."

"Why do you not seek a partner?" "I fear a repulse."

"You shall no longer plead that excuse—I elect you as my attendant cavalier."

Bowing low, the masker lifted his companion's hand to his lips, expressing his deep sense of the honor thus conferred on him. Arm in arm they promenade the halls, and each moment the gentleman became more and more puzzled; there was a strange fascination in the piquant sallies and charming conversation of the orange girl; yet such were the contradictions of speech, manner and opinion, that he could not presume to hazard a guess concerning the rank or condition of the witty creature beside him.

Presently they joined the dances, and the enamored swain soon found, to his cost, that his lively partner was an unwearied devotee to the waltz. Being somewhat portly in figure, the exercise was better suited to his companion than himself. But disregarding his entreaties and protestations of fatigue, the giddy danseuse flew with him round and round the circle, until all the objects therein seemed tangled in one confused whirl.

"Ah, ha, General! Now you have had a touch of the VIII! Confess you would be no match for one if you fell into her hands."

"How? How? How?—what an innocent way the man has of putting a silly question! Do you imagine

line I could converse with you the whole evening, and not discover to whom I was talking?"

"But you may mistake."

"That I never do. I am as certain that I address General —, the favorite of the queen, adviser and councillor to her majesty, as that I am in existence."

"This is coming out in a new light," thought the soldier, much amused; then he added aloud, "You would make a capital prime minister—who would have suspected you had recognized me?"

"I knew you before I accosted you this evening—I should not have wasted my time on a person, that I was not sure would afford me either pleasure or profit."

"What an enigmatical sentence!" cried the General. I shall begin to think you the Sphinx as well as the VIII, if you puzzle me much longer with these mysteries."

A merry laugh rang clear and silvery in his ears. "And I shall think you a wizard, if you guess so shrewdly! I invite you to sup with me at the foot of the Pyramids, at midnight."

"Alas! how unfortunate am I. This very night at twelve I am obliged to set forth for Aranjuez."

"Surely some other time will suffice for that—a lady's commands should precede all others."

"But my journey will be in a lady's service."

"Indeed! Then you prefer her pleasure to mine?"

"Ah, fair one! I go by order of her Majesty, the queen, to attend a cabinet council."

"In that case you are excusable. I will suppose you sacrifice inclination to duty."

"You may, indeed; I assure you a petit souper with so charming a companion as yourself, would be infinitely more alluring than a long, tedious ride with no company at all."

"Especially the supper!" replied his new friend, laughing mischievously. The gallant general colored deeply, for his devotion to the culinary art was somewhat celebrated.

"Never mind, the orange girl; 'I do not always mean all I say. But you go alone? Are you not afraid of brigands?"

"Oh, no! So little terrors do they possess for me that I never carry the slightest weapon."

"Take care, my brave general! Best not boast too loudly, lest some robber overhear, and take up the gauntlet."

"Small danger of that! I am far more apprehensive of the thefts those bright eyes may commit, than of all the lawless freebooters between here and the Pyrenees."

"Appearances are deceitful—be not too sure that even a woman's eyes are harmless. They are quick to observe, and usually accompany a tongue as ready to report."

"You seek in vain to alarm me, pretty one!" replied the general, complacently.

"Very well. If you fall into danger through your own incredulity, remember, I give you warning!"

The General started. A sudden change in the speaker's voice made it sound strangely familiar—he turned to address her again—but she had vanished!

For several minutes he stood spell-bound. A peculiar meaning in her tone as she had uttered the last words, caused him to ponder deeply on their probable signification. "Did danger really threaten him? If such were the case, how should she be aware of it, since she was evidently ignorant that he intended to set forth alone to Aranjuez? It was most unlikely that she should be possessed of one fact without knowing the other also; but granting even that, what possible motive could she have to apprise him of any plot against his safety? With a laugh at his own simplicity in attaching any meaning to a mere carnival frolic, he turned away, determined to seek his enigmatical companion, and revenge himself.

But to no purpose did he scan the various groups, and plunge into the thickest crowds. Nowhere did the well remembered vision greet his gaze, and he wandered on from room to room, until he suddenly became aware that he stood in the centre of a large circle surrounded by laughing spectators, while a young girl who had bounded lightly forward into the ring, stood directly opposite, in a most composed attitude, awaiting the signal of the orchestra to commence a fancy dance.

She wore a short scarlet skirt with black lace points, a black velvet bodice, laced, and ornamented with gold cord, and her massive wreaths of purplish black hair were confined in place by a row of pearl pins across the crown of her lovely head, having the appearance of a little diadem.

Hastily retreating, the discomfited General scanned the graceful being before him, more closely. At first he thought her face was uncovered, but presently discovered that it was concealed by a delicate wax mask, whose fine features were doubtless very different from those of the wearer.

The signal was given, and, with the airy lightness of a fairy, she sprang forward, striking the measure with a precision as inspiring as wonderful, and fascinating every eye by the bewildering beauty of each position, every step of those twinkling feet, and every winking motion of those rounded, alabaster arms, as they gaily rattled the castanets above her head. Now sinking on one knee, and describing a circle, her slender, pliant waist swaying in perfect time, then springing up and executing various figures on the tips of her Cinderella feet, alike beautiful in all, she finally crowned the performance by whirling around the enclosed space as easily as a feather floats in the air, and then, with one triumphant ring of her ivory castanets, vanished amid the crowd, who loudly manifested its applause.

It so happened that the General stood directly in the line of those who made way for her to pass, and as she tripped along, she bent toward him, and, in so low a tone that none but he could hear, exclaimed: "It is I! Beware!"

Struck with amazement at this unexpected revelation of her identity with the orange girl, whom he had been seeking, he involuntarily stretched out his hand, and grasped her gossamer scarf to detain her. But, flinging her arms above his head, she sounded such a peal in his ears, as nearly deafened him, and turning several times on tip toe, with lightning rapidity flew from his sight, leaving the mantle from which she had so dexterously unwound herself, in his hands.

For the third time that evening had she made him a butt for the ridicule of herself and others. Full of chagrin, the General rose from his gallant position of supplication, and joined in the conversation of the group nearest him.

"It must be Mademoiselle Victorine, the first danseuse of the Opera troupe, whom our hostess has employed to surprise her guests with," said one.

"None but a first class danseuse, could have exe-

cuted a performance in that style," remarked a second.

"And none but a stage jilt would have the impudence to be so saucy!" growled the General, still smarting under the mortification so publicly endured.

Just then the clock of a neighboring church struck twelve, and the General was obliged to leave the revel and seek for his carriage.

"Strange!" he muttered to himself, "why did I not guess at once the secret of her surprising knowledge of everybody and everything? These danseuses know the affairs of the court and camp better than the courtiers and officers themselves. An intriguing set! Always, up to some mischief. She was acquainted with me, too—strange that I cannot remember having met her before—and yet she seemed familiar. Who can she be? I could almost swear that there is not one of the Opera troupe that has such a figure."

These reflections were cut short by impatience at the delay which the press of vehicles occasioned. Just as he was beginning to fear he should be late at his appointment, the carriage drew up, and he was speedily on his route.

Absorbed in reverie, the landscape, illuminated by the full moon, was lost upon the General, who was not noted for romance or star gazing, and it was not until a partial darkness succeeded the bright flood of light, that he glanced out at the window. He was passing through a woody defile, and the thick boughs overhead obscured the rays of the moon. Satisfied that nearly a third of the distance was accomplished, he settled back again, and rearranged his schemes for the approaching council.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, the door opened, disclosing three brigands, armed to the teeth. A slight soufflé outside informed our hero that his coachman was conquered, and that one of the besiegers had usurped the reins. Then the two who had remained standing at the steps, entered, and, seating themselves, ordered the driver to proceed.

The General was no coward, but he saw that resistance would be useless, for he had not so much as a pen-knife to defend himself with, and pistols and carbines flashed and rattled on all sides. Also, to his surprise, no attempt was made to rob him, and wondering what this adventure might portend, he resigned himself to quietly await the ending.

The one who seemed the chief, sat beside him, and presently broke the silence.

"Now, my good sir—fair play is a jewel." You shall give us a lift on our way, and, in return, we will protect you from any other members of our profession, less peaceably disposed than ourselves, for, in spite of your declaration to my fair sister this evening, that there was no sort of danger from brigands, the case is quite the contrary, as you perceive by actual demonstration!"

Somewhat reassured by the rough good nature of the speaker, that no personal injury was intended, the General took courage to hope this would all pass off as a joke—he could not help wishing, however, that the perpetrators were a little less numerous and questionable in regard to social position, and a little more subdued in their jollity, and avowed contempt of etiquette. Otherwise, he would have enjoyed the jest extremely.

"It is not every night that gentlemen of our much abused fraternity have the honor to escort the favorite of the Queen. I assure you we fully appreciate the overwhelming distinction, and are but too delighted that we are permitted to serve you."

The strong provincial accent of the chief was in ludicrous contrast to his assumed courtliness, and such it would have been felt to be, had not uneasiness deprived the poor victim of all capacity to enjoy and criticize.

"Now, seeing that we are all friends here present, there can be no harm in our discussing our neighbors a little. Don't be bashful, General, speak your mind freely—we will deliver our opinion likewise, and will consider nothing of an invidious nature that you may choose to confide. Suppose, then, that you inform us what the pretty Countess de — was dismissed from court for, last week?"

"Indeed—I am not at liberty to say."

"Don't be too scrupulous, my friend—no malice is intended—we merely ask for the sake of information."

"But why do you wish to know?" inquired the puzzled and hapless General.

"Only because we happen to possess inquiring minds—don't trouble yourself to find reasons—that is our affair."

In despair at the cool firmness of the speaker, the poor General attempted to manufacture an account, but soon finding that his persecutor knew just enough of the matter to detect imposture, he was forced to detail the court gossip relative to the affair.

"Very well," observed the chief, patronizingly. Now let us hear who are in favor with Her Majesty?"

"You are strange highwaymen!" exclaimed the General. "How can these matters interest you?"

"Comrade! Curiosity was the ruin of Eve, and will yet be of you, I fear," was the sententious reply. "Nevertheless, I do not mind informing you that I have sometimes meditated quitting my present occupation, and in case I should then wish to apply for a situation at court, a little knowledge of politics may prove extremely serviceable. Come—my time is valuable—speak briefly, and to the point."

This command, enforced by a slight thrust of a carbine, checked the rising compliment on his audacity, that had risen to the exasperated General's lips; the latter did not doubt, by this time, that some political opponent, in disfavor at court, had hired the services of these desperadoes, to ascertain important State secrets, and nearly growling with rage at being thus entrapped, without hope of rescue, he reluctantly named over several whom the Queen secretly favored.

"Are those all?" demanded the brigand. "Comrades, we shall be obliged to refresh the gentleman's memory."

"I fear you will think us exacting, General," said the chief, as he finished repeating the names, "but I must now ask a question in behalf of a lady. My pretty sister has a quantity of lovers at court that she has caught with her feet and castanets. She would like to know what appointments are to be made, that she may choose profitably on whom to bestow herself."

"That fend of an orange girl!" mentally ejaculated the distressed courtier. Then aloud, "This is insufferable! I must positively refuse to answer that question."

"My friend," said he of the carbine, drily, "it would grieve me extremely should you refuse me so small a favor as to answer so civil a question, civilly asked. If you decline, however, I should be forced

to proceed to extremities, which happen, just at this present time, to be remarkably sharp," and he tried the end of his pike with his fingers, carefully.

With another half stifled groan, the general complied with this request, and was tortured to think of the horrible advantage he was affording his enemies.

"Now, one more question, and I have done," said the brigand. What dismissals are contemplated?"

"Oh, this is too much!" cried the tormented politician. "This is more important than all the rest!"

"We are fully aware of the fact, and it is precisely for that reason that we wish to know," was the cool reply of his companion.

"Candidly, then, I will not tell you!" cried the prisoner, now grown desperate.

"You will not?" calmly inquired the chief, nonchalantly cocking a pistol. "I am sorry to observe such a breach of politeness in your manners. Now, I am very desirous of knowing, besides I am celebrated for my powers of persuasion, and should not like to lose that reputation." Here he elevated the weapon to the general's ear.

Thus entreated, the general confessed, heartily consigning his companions to a warmer climate, and resolving never again to travel by night, unarmed.

When he concluded his reply, the brigand expressed much satisfaction at the accession to his stock of knowledge, and praised the generous confidence of his victim.

"General," said he, at length, "I have taken quite a fancy to your signet ring. Do yourself the favor to present it to me. You will not? Now, permit me to ask, what is the use of scandalizing us with such untruths? This is the third time you have positively refused to comply with my reasonable requests, and each time before, you have broken your vow. Such trifling with your word is unwarrantable in a soldier and a gentleman. But I will charitably suppose you too much overwhelmed by my conferring on you, the distinction of allowing you to present me your ring, to answer properly? Permit me—" and he slipped the signet off of the feebly resisting hand on to his own finger.

After turning it about in the moonlight, and admiring it for a while, he remarked:

"And now, general, I find myself under the painful necessity of quitting your entertaining society. I am the more pained as I am confident the regret is mutual; but the best of friends must part, and we will now leave you, hoping to meet again soon."

Then ordering the carriage to stop, he suffered his accomplices to precede him, and getting out, bestowed a profound bow on the crestfallen, agonized general, saying:

"A pleasant journey the remainder of the way, I have the honor to bid you good night, or rather good morning!"

The alarmed coachman now applied the lash to his horses, and in a few seconds, flying round a corner of the road, the general lost sight of his uninvited guests. His cup of misery was now full; with his much prized signet ring an incalculable amount of mischief might be done. With that, and the information just obtained, documents might be sent abroad before he could interpose, that would overthrow the well laid schemes of months.

From this time the unfortunate general had no peace, day or night. He was continually racking his brains to divine who were the instigators of the bold movement, and in whose possession were the precious secrets. Every time any little incident thwarted his plans, he was in the greatest trepidation, confident that this was the beginning of hostilities on the part of his opponents. Sleep fled his eyelids, and flesh forsook his bones. Ten thousand times a day he cursed his ill luck that threw him in the way of the orange-girl, who was at the bottom of it all, or at least the chief agent of his enemies. To no purpose did he seek her amid the ranks of the opera figurantes; she had fled, and left no trace behind. And so he hugged his troubles to his heart in silence, until he really fell into a most pitiable condition of mind and body.

Matters stood thus, when one day our hero was slowly promenading a deserted portion of the Prado, (a public walk in Madrid,) with his hands behind him, plunged in a profound reverie, as usual. As he was retracing his steps and his ideas for the fiftieth time, a female figure robed in black, and thickly veiled, approached, and mysteriously beckoned to him.

Something impelled him to follow her; and at the foot of the walk she stopped for him to join her.

"General," she said, and at the sound of her voice he started, and gazed piercingly at her. "I have noticed of late that something weighs upon your mind. Now, although you chose to slight my invitation to sup at the base of the Pyramids once, I have long since forgiven you, and—"

"The ten thousand!" exclaimed her companion, amazed at her, for whom he had sought so long, starting up from under his feet, as it were—"The ten thousand! Are you witch, or woman?"

"A little of both, perhaps," was the demure reply. "And by virtue of my double capacity, I am come to relieve you from the trouble which I have noticed has worn upon you for some time past."

His astonishment increased. "Where in the name of all the saints have you been this while, that you could watch my looks and actions unknown to me? I have made the strictest search for you."

"I am well aware of that fact. But my travels to the North Pole, and the Mountains of the Moon, would not permit me to appear before you bodily. Seriously, general, my conscience will not permit me to carry this Carnival joke further. Learn, then, that the sole author of this frolic, (accidentally suggested by finding you were to go alone to Aranjuez, the orange girl, and danseuse of the masked ball, the dashing, saucy, ferocious brigand, who stopped your carriage, and entering with two other wild companions, extorted a dozen court secrets from you, and stole your signet ring—is none other than she who stands before you!"

"You! you! In Heaven's name who are you then?" cried the bewildered questioner.

Slowly the figure unrolled, displaying the light hair and regular blue eyes of a familiar face, one that he had met nearly every day for the last three years, disclosed the features of Eugene de Toba, Countess of Montijo!

"Can you forgive me, general?" she inquired in her own, undisguised voice, at the same time extending to him the signet ring, so deeply mourned.

Astonishment kept him dumb for a few seconds, then in the overwhelming tide of joyful relief at discovering he was not the victim of a state conspiracy, he raised her hand to his lips, and warmly assured her of his forgiveness and gratitude.

Each promised the other never to mention this incident, but there were three others in the secret, and they were women. Now women have tongues; and both men and women have ears, so what could you expect? Just what really happened—before three days, it was all over Madrid!

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TERMS.—Twenty-five cents a year, or five copies for \$1. Enclose stamps or notes, and address Editor, 80 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. July 24—34

THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD! MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, 19 Wilmet Street, Portland, (Claremont) Maine, Examiner and Prescriber for the Sick. Having been more than three years in Portland and vicinity, in restoring many that were given up by physicians, now feels encouraged to offer her services to those who may want. Mrs. Danforth will give special attention to female complaints. Examinations private and strictly confidential.

Mrs. Danforth's course of treatment cleanses the blood, gives circulation to the fluids and vitalizes the system. Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Scrofula, Herpes, Canker, Paralysis, Scabetic Affections, Gravel, and those subject to Fits, have all yielded to her treatment. Persons from any part of the country are requested to give their name, age, and how they live in, and they will have a description and prescription sent, and medicine, if requested. The fee for examination enclosed will secure attention. Medicines all vegetable.

Office—Examination and prescription if present at the house, \$1.25; in the city, absent, \$1.50; out of the city, \$2. June 11, 1857.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE, HAVING NO SYMPATHY with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a combination of speculating individuals, having no higher object than money making. I have come to the conclusion that I may establish myself in an Institution—alone, professing that I have cured more of the TYPHOID, or CHOLERA, or dysentery by which mortals are afflicted, than any other physician that has lived, during the long period in which I have been thus engaged.

Will attend at office, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, and will prescribe and apply for all diseases usually attended in office gratuitous. Mrs. R. E. DILLINGHAM, Assistant, who will be present at all times, for the reception of ladies, and will prescribe for them, when more consistent with health, and will personally call, in and out of the city, as usual, when not engaged in office.

Office is connected with a store of Eclectic, Botanic, Thomssonian and Patent Medicines, of the best quality, which will be scientifically prepared, and carefully put up for patients and for transient sale; also, the great variety of my own PECULIAR COMPOUNDS. Office, No. 20 Knickerbocker Street, May 28

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, Bridgeport Conn. Terms—Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$3. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent cases are given, \$5; if not given, \$3. Answering sealed letters, \$1. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be advanced.

"Dr. Stiles' superior Clairvoyant powers, his thorough Medical and Surgical education, with his experience from an extensive practice for over sixteen years, eminently qualify him for the best Consulting Physician of the age. In all chronic diseases his aid is unrivalled." Office—No. 227 Main Street. May 7—17

REMOVAL. J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WRITING MEDIUM, (ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS) gives notice to the public that he may be found on and after this date, at No. 2 Winter Street, near the Court House, (over Cooper's Store, and Bull & Co.'s dry goods store), the rapidly increasing interest in the phenomena of spirit communion rendering it necessary for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of clients.

As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be accompanied with the usual fee charges. Consequently no letters will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied with \$1, (ONE DOLLAR), and three postage stamps.

Audience hours from two to three o'clock, each afternoon, Sundays excepted. June 16, 1857.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MAIR, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms. Patients desiring board, should give notice at the office, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. May 28

A GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE CURE"—Prescribed through the mediumship of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, the Clairvoyant, Office 6th, for the cure of Chronic Diseases, particularly those of the HEAD, LUNGS, LIVER, STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, and for the cure of Humors, BODILY, and NEURALGIC, General Debility and Wasting of the System, &c. Put up in strong bottles with full directions, and sent to any part of the country by express, on the receipt of one dollar, at 5 Hayward Place, where it may be obtained. Dose—15 to 30 drops. Very agreeable to take. July 5—17

GEORGE ATRINS, HEALING AND CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM, Office No. 10 Main Street, BOSTON. Heals the sick by the laying on of hands, and other remedies. When sickness or distance prevents personal attendance, by enclosing a lock of hair with the name, age and place of residence, the patient will receive an examination written out, with all requisite instructions. Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent, \$3, payable in advance. Office hours from 9 o'clock to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. June 4

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found N. Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remedies, very effectual in his practice during the last twelve years, takes this method of informing those interested, that he continues to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his special attention. J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 25 Water street, Boston. July 2

MRS. J. H. CONANT, TRANCE MEDIUM, NATIONAL HOUSE, Haymarket Square, Boston. Mrs. Conant will sit for Medical Examinations ONLY. Having given satisfaction in her examinations of diseases heretofore, she confidently offers her services to her friends and the public. Examinations \$1.00 at her rooms, or at the residence of the patient. June 11

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS, &c. STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS; No. 836 Race street, Philadelphia. Subscribers Served with Periodicals without extra charge. BIDDING IN ALL its branches neatly executed. CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, &c., printed in plain or ornamental style. July 28

MRS. D. G. FRENCH.—Recently from Winchester, N. H.; may be consulted as a Test Medium or for medical purposes, from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M. Boston, July 24, 1857. 17—34

T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1 AYON Place, Boston. Having for two years tested his power, he will undertake the cure of all diseases, however obstinate. He will be assisted by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly developed mediums of the age. Patients visited in or out of the city. April 11—14

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS, Labels, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest style of the typographical art, executed promptly, and upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 17 Washington Street. June 11

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOMS, No. 15 Tremont Street, Up stairs, (opposite the Boston Museum.) Office hours from 9 A. M., to 5 P. M. May 31—14

MRS. V. R. HAYDEN, HAPPING, WRITING, TEST MEDIUM, (BY THE ARM), and CLAIRVOYANT, FATHO MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place Boston. May 14—17

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 1 AYON Place, Boston. April 11—14

MRS. M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT, 7 5 Hayward Place. May 14—17

MRS. R. H. BURT, WRITING, SPEAKING, TRANCE AND PERSONATING MEDIUM, 5 HAYWARD PLACE. May 14