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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 disarming 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 unlearned 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.

"It is nothing, Agnes; do not be alarmed. Never mind, mother, don't distress yourself. I heard bad news regarding a friend in Europe, and I have agitated myself unnecessarily. Do not mind me, it will soon pass over. I will take a bath—and tell Marquitta to slice some pine-apples, and soak them in wine," said with a reassuring smile, directed at wife and mother, but without one look at his pale and trembling daughter, Mr. Golding passed out of the hall, and entered the bath-house, which was erected over a tank, and situated in the middle of the garden—a picturesque and quaint little building, overgrown with creeping plants and gorgeous wild flowers.

When Mr. Golding appeared at the dinner-table, all traces of illness or agitation had vanished from his countenance; and the healthful bloom had re-

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 sinew, or the way of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distress,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."

Wendell Phillips.

Agnes seldom had truly married for love. No worldly motive, no mercenary calculation had induced her, so lovely 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, as 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 union 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 English, 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 its 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 lat-

ter, 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 ought 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 grieved morning dress; an 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—without prejudice, 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. Ennui 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 ungenial, 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 pre-arrangements, and of warning voices in the air. While matters were in this condition, I received several letters, anonymously written, warning me of house-hold treachery, and imputing to Eva's mother that grossest 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 proof! 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 Ennui'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 awarthy little messenger approached.

"Ya esta el Cafe! Senor," said Alita, dripping a courtesy. "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! sakes 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 parrots, 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 was yistherday ye bid me niver call the young mistress, but jist lave her come as late as she pleased; and ye told me niver to disobey orders, an' it's obeyin' ye, I am, shure."

"You impudent, chuckle-headed goosepate, 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, strawpate," as Agnes entered, all traces of tears removed, but with a subdued and pensive thoughtful-ness 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 stepmother, 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."



The Burgundians were spread like bees, behind the hillocks and hedges, with the artillery in front—the black, menacing muzzles pointed full at the audacious Swiss, who shrank not from them, nor from the burning matches and linestocks the gunners and arquebusers held, blowing them alight every now and then. In reply to the advice of some few who urged an Austrian troop of horse—(strange alliance that, after the days of Geisler!) to the end that they should in the trench themselves behind the baggage wagen, as Keller, of Zurich, cried out that the confederates were not used to wait, but to be beforehand with their adversaries;—and at the instant when the sun, previously obscured with a threatening pall of vapour, broke radiantly through, and the heavy clouds dispersed, as if seizing the omen, and applying it to themselves, one leader shouted aloud, "Hear ye, lights us to victory!" "Forward!" and "Forward!" cried another; and a third, reminding them of their land, of home, of their own Alps and their own forests, of wives and children, of friends and relatives dear and beloved whom their hands had saved from devourer's jaws, from outrage, and from death,—"Forward!" was the great rallying cry, and they rushed, with speed and boldness, with their swords sweeping like lethal lightning, and their



husbandry and industry, with ploughshares turned into swords, and the footmen went on guard the horsemen drove, the latter shrieking and suffering more from the fiery breath of the artillery, that with roar and belching flames, and hurtling shot, mowed them down, and the dreadful noise 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 picked body-guard, and a company of English mercenary soldiers, stood their ground stoutly at first, but suddenly turned and fled. "Remember Bril! Remember Granson!" shouted the Swiss, as their great war-horns brayed and pealed above the shock of the fight; and the second army 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 Fribourgese, was a youth named Berchthold, "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 grandiose 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 Berchthold 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. Berchthold 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 Berchthold.

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 Fribourgese 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 Berchthold.

"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 what 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! They come—the messengers—at last. He waves a branch above his head. He shouts aloud—"

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

"He runs—he bounds on. He reels like a wearied 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!' Hurrah! It is Berchthold. 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, exulting heart prompted him to the wound that might have been healed by a 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 this 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 Berchthold—I am proud of you, my son!"

A Fribourgese 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 Villiers, 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, Lizzie, 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 invalid; 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 acquires 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 effectively than the empirical prescriptions of the

From the Louisville Journal.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

The old man sits in his creaking 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 looks 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 no other hath done, And she cometh again, as she did of yore, And bendeth low over his forehead hear, 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 yearneth over the first-born son, As a father yearneth over his tiny one, And prayeth kind Heaven to bless.

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

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 beguiled, 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 there cometh the shape of the bier 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—he's awake again— A lonely old man with anguish and pain, Awaiting his call to depart.

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A Pleasure Excursion.

"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 one 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."

"Be 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 entertainments, 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 project 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 toils 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 merit 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 flitting 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. To-day 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 her 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 dragged 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 here; and, scattered wide o'er the world's broad battle-plain, they who are left still struggle on, waiting







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 *AVANT* 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 "Ablion" 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, 1887.**

**Dr. H. F. Gardner:**—Dear Sir: Your invitation to-day, that on account of my delays 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 memorandum 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 I were 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 we were to call upon would or could consent to be mere 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 that 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 then 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 "odyle" force. It was obviously something altogether 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." And having said this, in the course of the conversation, 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 spirit 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 no 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 science 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 credulous. 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 over the spirit of my dream. We met at the Ablion. 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 Edmonds 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 by which 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 table 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, gentle," 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 over 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 then 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, 1887.

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 "Eliah," 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 reported 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 preading 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 Adair, 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 PERSIA** 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 10th; consequently her mean time was 9 days 3 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 must 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 CARCOES 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 CARCOES OF OIL** from the South Pacific are expected at Panama, to be transported over the Panama railroad, and thus avoid the tedious and perilous passage around the boisterous region of Cape Horn.

**THE ENCOMMENDMENT 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 KOSSUTH** 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 re-unions, 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 retreats 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. Ainslie, 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 Cadix 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 to 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 10-13 o'clock A. M., and 3-2 P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall. At the close of the services, Mr. F. will exhibit two splendid portraits of spirits.

**CHELSEA.**—L. E. COONLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Giddard, at FENKENT HALL, Wilmismet 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, Main street, 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.

**BALEW.**—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 8-12 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, if obtained at ticket office. Good music will be provided. It is expected that THOMAS GALES FOSTER, of Buffalo, L. JUDY 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. 3 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. E. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.  
WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.  
JOHN H. CURNIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

NOTICE.

L. E. 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.



[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1887, by WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court of Massachusetts.]

## SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE  
OLD AND NEW WORLD:  
BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN  
TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF  
ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE, AS A  
MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS  
IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Continued.

"The idea of anything peculiar, awful, unearthly, in the sound is ridiculous. There are slight raps from little children, strong ones from gentlemen spirits; and soft raps from lady spirits."

Indeed if this be the case, you will tell us how the medium obtained her knowledge that the parties had lost little children, and how she distinguishes the spirit by the sound, when no intimation had been given her as to age, sex, or relationship? Here the writer is making out a strong case in favor of the truth of the phenomena. Go on.

"You are informed that the spirits are those of departed persons, and that if you employ the word *death* or *die*, they will not answer; but that you must express your meaning by asking when they went into the spirit world; when they left this world, &c., &c. Though they stand up to this etiquette, as becomes spirited people, they do not take offence at rudeness; for you are told that while waiting for their raps you may chat and laugh as much as you please."

This is a very grave charge. Very criminal certainly it must be for a poor mortal to laugh and indulge in social conversation, and we feel sure that no one but a long-faced sanctified hypocrite would ever have made the least objection to so harmless a pastime. The voice is considered the intelligence and the music of the body, and a smile is the light of the soul, which sheds rays of gladness and joy on the faces of all when it is not that of mockery and derision.

The writer is pleased to dwell sarcastically on the medium's asking, "Will the spirits have the kindness or the goodness" to do thus, and so on. Now this probably arises from the "ignorance of Mrs. Medium," and for the want of that courtesy which you have been pleased to extend to her.

"The petticoated medium has her feet under the table, and is near enough to reach a leg of it, and of course can always on emergency reach a leg of her own chair."

Here is an insinuation as false as it is base, for in the majority of cases Mrs. Hayden is placed so that she has the desire to kick the table, it would be impossible for her to do it; and often her feet are resting in such a manner that some of the party are actually watching them. Notwithstanding all this, the sounds come from the table as before. The sounds cannot be well imitated, as the writer asserts, by the striking the edge of the finger nail, or by the feet, in any way. On one occasion a friend of Dr. Eliotson, and a writer in the *Zeit*, with a party of ladies, had a Seance at Thompson's Hotel, and one of the party held Mrs. Hayden's feet, notwithstanding which, the table moved beyond her reach, to the entire satisfaction of the persons present.

"The name of the departed person mentioned, or silently thought of, is often spelt out by the rappings, either quite correctly or tolerably so; and the inquirer is thunderstruck: and the rest of the party are aguish at hearing him say that 'indeed the name is quite correct.'"

Is it to be wondered at that they are thunderstruck and aguish when these "bottomless fancies" reveal to them their inmost secrets, and many things long since forgotten, and others that they did not know at the time, and which could not have been known to any one but the inhabitants of the spirit world.

"The medium keeps a sharp look out at your eyes, or your hands, or both, and listens anxiously if you speak."

Does she? we suppose by this that the writer would infer that Mrs. Hayden reads in their faces and hands their secrets, names, history, thoughts, and the future. Now the inquiry might be made of any person candidly, would you not whip a school-boy and call him a dunce, if he were to attempt to explain anything half so stupidly as has been done in this article of the *Zeit*.

"Questions are then asked regarding the history of the deceased, and perhaps answered with equal and wonderful accuracy. The company becomes excited, and the excitement increases. Enquiries are made without the alphabet, questions are asked aloud, and the spirits blandly requested by the medium to be so good, to be so kind, to tap if the answer is affirmative: no tap being negative."

So by the above we are to understand that questions respecting events in the history of persons long since gone to their final home, and which she never knew or heard of before, are answered "with equal and wonderful accuracy." "The company becomes excited." Well, have they not good reason to be so, when such extraordinary manifestations are given to them?

"A lady will now ask 'how many children she has.' Seven taps. 'Quite right.' 'How many boys?' Four. 'Quite right.' 'How many children has my mother had?' Thirteen. 'Quite right.' 'When was my mother's birthday?' 'It was Michaelmas day.' 'When was my own—the first of May?' No rap. 'The first of April?' 'Quite right.' 'When did my mother leave this world?' (not die, observe, as there would be no rap at such vulgar language.) 'Last Lady-day.' 'Where was my brother buried?' 'Kensal Green.' 'What is inscribed on his tomb?' 'He died in peace.' The lady now throws down her card of letters and numerals, and in great agitation declares that every answer was 'most frightfully correct.'"

Well, reader, do you not think our opponent is making a strong case against us, for the last extract we will do him the justice to say is "most frightfully correct," and that the answers were given to a lady who had the candor and honesty to acknowledge the truth, and we wish we could say as much for the writer in the *Zeit*, but we cannot. We will review the last extract, and see to what conclusion we shall be forced to arrive.

"Ladies are light and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God, in his wisdom, has made them part of the oak. In so doing, he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the light-somebody without."

## EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTES OF AN INQUIRER, KEPT BY J. W. EDMONDS.

NUMBER TWO.

### THE MAJESTY OF GOD'S WORKS.

The Circle of Progress met at Mr. Sweet's house, New York, March 2, 1884, when Mrs. Sweet was influenced, and said:

An angel comes with radiant brow  
From far off worlds of light.

He smiles on every mortal here,  
And strikes his harp of gold,  
With silvery words and music sweet,  
His story to unfold.

"A multitude of spirits have assembled here to-night. They come very near. Every one present is enveloped in an atmosphere of spiritual light. Friends, we will breathe into the heart of each one, thoughts of the all-powerful, irresistible love of the most high God. Give us but the passive attention which we require, and we will soothe and harmonize your souls, by bringing them into contact with the stream whose waters will fill you with peace and joy unspeakable. Yes! and if a man drink of this water he shall thirst for more, and his soul shall become merry and glad with the joy thereof."

Friends, would that I could speak with the tongue of an angel through this instrument, and tell you of the glorious beauties which now are before mine eyes, but which you do not behold. I would tell thee, Oh mortal, of more beauty and serene joy, (through the greater ecstasy of bliss,) than thy soul, in its earthly materialism, ever dreamed of. The art of the painter hath failed to give, thee even the faintest glimpse of the Heavenly Elysium, and yet thou dost think thine earth beautiful, thy sun glorious, and thy moon resplendent in her mild softness; and thou dost feel humiliated when thou dost behold these wonderful works of thy Father, who is in Heaven. Thou dost think thy mountains high and towering, because their tops do reach and penetrate the clouds. Thou dost think thy ocean broad and boundless, because thy puny arm cannot encompass them as thou dost smaller things. And thy soul is filled with wonder when thou dost behold the bright and twinkling stars; and thy imagination is endeavoring in vain to conceive of the multitude of worlds which are above thee. Oh, man! thou art but as the least atom—as the smallest particle of all his wonderful creations. Thy soul, which at times seems filled with great and mighty thoughts, would become humbled in the very dust couldst thou but conceive how small a thing thou art, and how great and omnipotent is the power which gave thee being—is the mind from which thou dost emanate. Thy days on earth are few and fleeting; thou art, as one of the shadows which sometimes float through the mind in a dream. Thou dost perform thy part, sometimes well, and sometimes ill, in thy brief career; but it leaves an indelible mark on thy spirit for its entrance into another state. And when thy fevered existence hath closed, and thy spirit mounted up, higher into the vast creation above thee—the spiritual world, then will thine eyes be opened, then shalt thou see as much more of the glory and sublimity of the works of thy Creator, as thy spirit is able to bear; for according to thy earthly life wilt thou be more or less able to partake of its greatness. And now if thy soul hath become so quickened and expanded in its spirit light, thou shalt be taken by the hand by one of the white-robed angels, and he will show thee of the glory and majesty of the kingdom of thy Creator. He will point thee to worlds rolling in space, upheld by his will, dazzling by their light, because of their nearness, because of their purity, and because of the smile of the most high God, which ever shineth on them. He will show thee blazing suns, one of whose rays would outshine thy earthly luminary.

He will show thee moons and stars, whose beauty and splendor thou hast never conceived of. And oceans, whose waters are so pure and placid in that spiritual land, that the angels soar over and dip their wings, and then are refreshed by drinking of their waters. And mountains, whose tops thou canst not reach with thy puny gaze. Oh, how vast and broad, how illimitable and grand beyond the greatest and highest conceptions of all earth's children, is the length and breadth of the universe—the spiritual world, which lies just beyond your own! And, verily, when thy soul hath entered its precincts, thou wilt fall down and worship. And, in thy deep humility, thou wilt say, I was naught but a worm of earth; I was no better than a clod of the valley; therefore, give me strength and wisdom, that I may praise thee in all thy works, Oh, my Father.

After a time the medium was again entranced, (supposed to be by another spirit,) and spoke as follows:—  
Glorious and heavenly influences are here to-night, dear friends; angels are whispering in your hearts. Open wide the doors, that they may enter and take possession.

The brightest and most shining angels in the spheres of love and purity are those who, on earth, were humble and obscure, who were meek and lowly, preferring the love of God, and a calm and peaceful conscience in communion with his angels, to the noise, and confusion, and wrangling of the world. Aye, verily, they have their reward. Many, in days gone by, suffered and died for what they thought the truth. They were the martyrs; and they preferred the still small voice which spoke to their hearts in tones of gentleness and peace, to the outward laws and forms of man. They were willing to die, that truth might live. And all we desire of the friends who listen to our voices in these latter days, is, that they will live the life of truth, which may not die; the life of the honest and upright man, not the God-fearing, but the God-loving man; not the cringing, abject slave, but the son who is heir to eternal happiness, because his Father who made him is happy, and delights to see all his children basking in the sunshine of his love.

Let thy soul become so blended and commingled with the angel guardians, that thou mayest feel their gentle and loving influence; and if thou canst not feel their presence near thee, then let the communications of thy spirit reach still higher. And thou shalt be held aloof from temptation, and shalt sit looking over onward, to see that the witness be ever bright and living; and thou shalt draw down thy food from the skies, and thy face will ever be turned heavenward in the hours of thy meditation and serenity. The rude world may not then jostle thee aside from thy spiritual enjoyment; even by its selfishness and grasping avarice, for thou wilt be filled with the richness and prosperity of thy spiritual, and better inheritance in the heavens, of which no man can rob thee.

## SPIRIT VISITANTS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.  
(Authoress of *Carrie Emerson*.)

Some years ago, a lady, not in the least degree superstitious, was awakened by a singular noise in an adjoining room, about the hour of midnight. It seemed like a prolonged succession of raps upon a sheet iron over the fire place, and although in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, which, with the wind making considerable racket, was plainly heard. Not at all alarmed, although a little startled for a moment, she procured a light, and proceeded to the spot. She stood perhaps five minutes, wondering if, after all, it might not have been a dream, when there came a repetition, so loud and distinct that it thrilled every nerve for a moment with terror. Spiritualism at that time was scarcely known, and she who had all her life scoffed at the idea of anything supernatural, was not very willing to attribute anything to such a cause. There were ways enough to account for everything of the kind; it might be rats or mice; so she struck the sheet a blow with her hand to drive them away, and concluded she would not be disturbed again, when no sooner than the ringing sound had subsided, the same mysterious rapping was repeated, loud, clear and distinct. "What can it be?" she called out. "I shall call you one!" she ejaculated, in somewhat husky tones; for strong of nerve and fearless as she prided herself upon being, it must be confessed she was shaken now. A slight vibration, as if in reply, reassured and decided her, and, unbeliever, as she was, she waited some other demonstration of the unseen power. It came, but in a different manner. It was as if a soft, clear voice, close beside her, spoke. Annette! was all it said; the tone spoke volumes. Without a word or doubt as to the propriety or necessity of what followed, she decided upon her course; and as calmly as if nothing had happened, went back to her chamber, and was soon asleep. Now Annette was the name of a relative some thirty miles distant; the best beloved playmate of her earlier years, as all through life a dear and true friend. For many months she had been severely suffering from a complication of disorders, over which nervous debility seemed likely to triumph. It was some weeks since she had heard particularly the invalid being too ill to write often. At day break she awoke the servant and bade her prepare a slight repast, as she was going to see her cousin, and would take the first train.

"But it rains very hard; you will get wet through, won't you wait until to-morrow? It will be fair by that time," the girl said, pleadingly.

"No, Julia, I must go now, as soon as possible, Annette is sick, and needs me. I shall return to-night, so you can simply say to the family that I had a sudden call, and was obliged to respond to it."

The girl looked extremely puzzled, and well she might; it was a sudden and incomprehensible movement; the lady very seldom left home, no person had been at the house, or any letter received for some days, and altogether it did look strange; however, the lady did not choose to explain, and although it never rained harder, she took her seat in the cars, and in due time arrived at L. When she arrived at the residence of her friend, the mother of the young lady held up her hands in astonishment.

"What! you here in all this rain! How strange it is; why, father (meaning her husband) said you'd be here to-day, but of course I didn't believe it; how strange it is, his predictions about you always turn out right. Oh, I am so glad you came, for I do believe Annette is about to die."

"Is she very sick? well, pray let me see her at once, for I must go home again to-day."

The mother led the way to the sick room, remarking as she went, that Annette had not left it for some weeks, and probably never would again until she was carried out.

"Well, Annette," said the lady, after the usual greeting was exchanged, "I want to take you home with me, will you go?"

"Yes, cousin, I'll go," was the response, uttered in so calm and decided a tone that the mother was perfectly amazed.

"Do, pray, come in," she said to her husband, who just then made his appearance at the door, "here's Annette, and she says she came for Annette, and the poor sick thing thinks she can go with her. I believe both of them are crazy."

"No such thing, wife; let her go, it will save her. I told you she was coming."

"But it rains so; she never can go, she shall not, positively. Annette must stay until to-morrow; she will be better able to judge."

"No, no, aunt, I cannot stay. I engaged a carriage to come at one o'clock to take us to the depot; trust Annette to me. When she gets better I'll bring her home. Now get her ready, for go she must and shall. I was sent here," and in a few brief words she related the last night's adventure.

The strange recital awed the listeners into silence; overcame the fears of the mother, who set about the necessary preparations with an alacrity which was somewhat surprising, believing, as she did, her daughter past relief, and strengthened the faith of the good old pious father, who at this present time is like a full shock of corn, ready for the reaper, one of the most faithful of God's most humble servants, who probably, although he does not know it, has been an impressive medium all his life; heeding influences, which many times to others appeared absurd, from the belief that it was simply his duty, he owed it to his conscience.

In this instance he had his reward. His daughter arrived safely before night-fall at the residence of her cousin; was immediately subjected to a course of treatment suggested by the good country physician, who, after cupping and bleeding, advised her to throw physic to the dogs, take plenty of air and exercise, sea bathing, etc., and she would get well. She followed his advice to the letter, and in the course of six weeks went home perfectly restored. Was this spiritual influence? If not, what was it? Could it possibly be self-delusion? It must be a very powerful imagination that could give sound and motion; and a powerful delusion that would impel a lady, under any ordinary circumstances, to take even a shorter journey in such inclement weather, or to persuade one, to all appearance just upon the verge of the grave, to venture out in the storm; her mind must have been previously prepared, else why yield so readily?

The above is a simple and brief narrative of facts, every person mentioned still living, of sound mind, and perfectly reliable, not one of them mediums, unless the old gentleman, without his knowledge, be an impressive one, and I think not even believers in the doctrine.

## SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. SQUIRE.

The following communication is from the *New York Tribune* of July 22d, being a letter from a regular correspondent of that paper, a well known gentleman of our city. We understand, from Mr. Squire, that when he requested the gentleman to witness the manifestations peculiar to his mediumship, he invited the closest scrutiny, remarking that if he should give publicity to his investigation, he wished him to do so in a perfectly impartial manner, stating everything precisely as it should occur, whether for or against him:

In one of my letters last week I gave you an account of a visit which Professors Felton and Eustis, of Cambridge, paid to Mr. Squire, a famous medium in this city, one of whose remarkable feats, performed in the dark, was reproduced in the light by Professor Eustis. I related the incident to you at second hand—telling the tale as it was told to me. My statement led to some controversy, and procured me the favor of a visit from Mr. Squire. He is not, as I had supposed, a professional medium. He is a young man, nineteen years of age, a student of law in the office of an attorney in Court street. His personal appearance is very prepossessing. He is handsome, singularly well made. Prof. Felton, in an article in *The Courier*, compares him to the god Mercury in figure as well as in attitude—more than ordinarily intelligent, and has a bright, open look, well calculated to inspire confidence. The only unfavorable symptom of his appearance noticed by the Professors is a certain levity or flightiness, which appears to me to be the result of high animal spirits and a peculiarly nervous organization. During his performances as a medium, it manifests itself in easy and jocular appeals to his familiar spirit to make haste with his work and not keep gentlemen waiting. His familiar spirit is named George; and on one occasion, in Prof. Felton's presence, Mr. Squire grew impatient at the spirit's delay in performing some feat, and exclaimed, "Now, George, do it quick! I'll give you fourpence if you'll do it right off!"—an irreverence highly shocking to the learned Professor, who seems to hold spirits in great awe, and to be fearfully in earnest in his investigations into the manifestations. It is, however, but natural that Mr. Squire should be on free and easy terms with a spirit who for several years has night after night frolicked and gambolled with him like a playmate. His levity seems to me a mark of sincerity rather than of imposture, as the Professors regard it. Hypocritical deceptions usually affect a solemn air, and prefer to play the part of Job Trotter rather than that of Alfred Jingle.

Mr. Squire, as I said, is not a professional medium. He acts as a medium only in a single house, the dwelling of Mr. F., a wealthy and highly respectable merchant of this city, who resides in Hancock street, a few doors from the residence of Charles Sumner. The spirit who uses him as a medium professes to be George F., the eldest son of Mr. F. He died a few years ago at about the age of twenty, and it is now nearly three years since he began to manifest himself in the house of his parents. Mr. F. was at first utterly incredulous, and has only been satisfied of the reality of the manifestations and of Mr. Squire's pretensions to mediumship by long and careful observation.

Being invited by Mr. Squire to witness his performances and satisfy myself of their nature, I embraced the opportunity, and at 8 o'clock one evening called at No. 14 Hancock street. I found Mr. Squire in the parlor, where we were presently joined by Mr. F., who said that in consequence of the sometimes violent nature of the manifestations they had caused use of an upper chamber where there were fewer fragile and costly articles of furniture. To this upper chamber I was accordingly conducted. It is a room about twenty feet in length by fifteen in width, carpeted and furnished with heavy chairs, a French bedstead placed sideways against the longest wall, and a table used in the manifestations. This table was made expressly for the purpose by direction of the Spirit "George." It is of cherry, oval in shape, three feet long and two feet eight inches in width. The top is thick and solid, and supported on four thick legs strongly clamped with iron. Mr. F. informed me that it weighed 96 pounds. While I was examining it, Mrs. F. entered the room. We sat down to the table, Mrs. F. opposite to me, the medium at my right hand, and Mr. F. at my left. The room was fully lighted by gas. Mr. F. handed me a gold watch to examine. I opened the outside case, the inside case, and took off the cap of the watch, which I then replaced and secured, carefully closing the cases. A gold chain, somewhat more than a foot in length, was attached to the watch. The medium took hold of this chain at the end, inserting the middle finger of his right hand in a ring; he closed his hand, doubling up his fist, with the thumb inside. Mr. F. handed me a large silk handkerchief which I wound carefully and tightly around the medium's fist, so that no part of his hand was visible, the chain passing through the end of the ball or lump formed by the handkerchief, and allowing the watch to hang down about a foot. I tied the handkerchief as tightly as I could; and then took another, a large linen one, and wound it also around the hand, tying it tightly. I also pinned the folds of the handkerchief to make it still more secure. So perfectly was the hand covered that I could not with my fingers, without unpinning and untieing the handkerchief, feel the flesh of the medium's hand, nor could I see any portion of the hand. I tried to pull off the handkerchiefs; but they were too well secured at the wrist to be removed.

During this preparation I had not for an instant lost sight of the watch or of the medium's left hand, which was, at my request, placed upon the table. When I had satisfied myself of the condition of the watch, and of his right hand, the medium let the watch hang down beneath the table. His feet he placed so that I could see them, and the whole of his legs. Every part of his figure was visible, except his right hand and wrist, half way to the elbow. I fixed my eyes upon his right arm. He held it steadily for a few minutes, occasionally saying, "Come, George, open it quickly, and take off the cap." Presently he said, "He is doing it"—and a moment after I heard beneath the table a smart click, as if the outer case of the watch had suddenly opened. A few minutes more elapsed, when another click announced the opening of the inner case. A moment after, something dropped upon the floor. I immediately looked beneath the table. The watch hung nearly a foot from the medium's banded hand, and beneath it, on the carpet, lay the watch cap, which I picked up. I examined the watch; it was open, and the cap was off. The handkerchiefs around the medium's hand were tight as at first, and I in vain endeavored to pull them off, or to get access to his fingers. It took me several minutes to unpin and untie the handkerchiefs, so tightly were they bound and knotted.

Now, this affair of the watch may be merely a trick performed by adroit juggling, but, notwithstanding the closest scrutiny, I am wholly unable to conceive how it can be done by the medium, nor have I met with any one who can give me even a plausible solution of the mystery.

The next experiment tried by Mr. Squire, was a writing one. He took in his right hand a piece of pasteboard, about as large as a page of newspaper writing-paper, put on it a piece of soft, white paper, perfectly blank, with the exception of a mark made by myself, as a means of identification, placed a common lead pencil on the paper, and held the whole under the table, until our patience was exhausted. "George," would not, or could not write; only a few random scratches appeared on the paper. The experiment was a failure.

Mr. Squire next placed a chair, with its back against the front side of the bed. I tied the ankles to the legs of the chair, tightly, with handkerchiefs. The table was placed in front of him. I seated myself at his side, at arm's length. He gave me his right hand to hold, placing his left hand upon the table. Mr. and Mrs. F. put out the light, and went

into the entry, leaving me alone with the medium. In about a minute the table began to move violently, rising from the bed, and falling back upon the floor with a heavy jar, the four legs leaving the floor at the same time. The motion grew more and more violent, until at the end of perhaps three minutes from the commencement, I heard a whizzing noise, as of some heavy object rushing through the air over the medium's head, and falling on the bed. I called for light, and Mr. F., who had remained in the entry with his hand upon the handle of the door, instantly opened it. A gas burner in the entry near the door threw light into the room. The medium, whose hand I had held throughout the performance, was sitting quietly, without any marks, that I could perceive, of exercise or exertion. The table, which, as I have said, weighs ninety-six pounds, was lying, legs upmost, on the bed directly behind him. I do not believe that he could possibly have thrown it there with his left hand. Professor Eustis, it is said, threw it over his head with his left hand; but Mr. F., who witnessed that feat, informs me that it was done by a great and evident exertion, by using both hands at first to get the table upon his knees, and then by leaning back and sliding it over his face. But if Squire does the feat himself, he does it with no perceptible exertion. He can only do it by an extraordinary or prodigious strength of the hand and wrist.

I unbound Squire, and we placed the table in the centre of the room. He stood beside it and took hold of the edge nearest him with his thumbs and forefingers. I placed myself close beside him, and took hold of the table in like manner, taking care to place my hands so close to his, that our fingers touched and overlapped. Mr. F. again went into the entry, and, by closing the door, left us alone in darkness. Almost immediately the table began to move. It rose from the floor with a slow, irregular motion, the side opposite to that of which we had hold rising highest, as if some invisible persons were trying, as they raised it from the floor, to turn it so that the legs should be upmost. In about a minute and a half this was effected, and the table, thus elevated, of which I had been compelled, by its gyrations, to relinquish my hold, rested with its top pressing gently on my head and on that of the medium, who was standing motionless beside me. I called for light, Mr. F. opened the door, and the table flung, or rather apparently flung itself on to the bed.

Mr. Squire and I then took the table and placed it opposite the bed at the other side of the room. We placed a heavy mahogany chair on each side of the table. Mr. Squire seated himself in one of these chairs, to the legs of which I tied him tightly with handkerchiefs—a handkerchief around each ankle and each thigh. With another handkerchief I tied the chair in which he sat to a vacant chair behind it, in such a manner that every movement of his chair would make the two chairs clash together. I then sat down opposite him; and at his request put my hands upon the table, touching his hands, which were also spread out upon it. Mr. F. again withdrew into the entry. In a few moments the table began to rise and fall with an even, regular motion, the side next to me rising equally with the other. The motion soon grew so rapid and violent that I could not retain my hold of the table, which in fact presently rolled over and thumped about the floor in the centre of the room, with a din that might have been heard in the street below. The medium wore a white coat, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness I could dimly discern his figure. He was sitting quietly, and gave no token of making any exertion. Presently the table tumbled toward him, rested an instant, and was then thrown with great force across the room upon the bed.

Mr. F., hearing the shock, instantly opened the door. The medium was in his chair, not panting nor perspiring, though the night was warm and the room close. I examined the ligatures carefully before I untied him. They were as tight as at first. So far as I could judge, the chair had not moved from its place. Certainly it had not moved much, or it would have disturbed the chair to which I had tied it, whose position was apparently unaltered. On examining the table, I found that it had struck the bedstead with such force as to make a long dint half an inch deep in the table-top. One of the casters of the bedstead, of iron half an inch thick, was also broken off by the blow. I measured the distance across which the table was thrown. It was nine feet. You can judge as well as I can how probable it is that a slender youth, nineteen years of age, five feet nine inches in height, who leads the sedentary life of a student, and whose muscles are not hardened or strengthened by toil or exercise, could, while seated with his legs tightly bound to the chair, seize a clumsy table weighing ninety-six pounds, and hurl it nine feet with such prodigious force. It is possible, to be sure, for it is possible that Mr. Squire may possess a Samson-like strength far exceeding that of ordinary men. But persons who are most intimate with him, and have known him for years, do not think so. Mr. F., at whose house he is an almost daily visitant, is entirely persuaded that Mr. Squire does not himself move the table. Mr. F. says, in fact, that the things which I have described as having been done in the dark, he has repeatedly seen done in the light, and even my skeptical friends of the University at Cambridge, cordially admit that the character of Mr. F. is such that his word cannot be doubted, though they doubt his powers of observation. I can see no reason to distrust his judgment any more than his veracity. He stands in the first class of our intelligent and successful business men, whose pursuits train them to habits of observation, and of caution in coming to conclusions, quite as much as the pursuits of the naturalist or mathematician, while in the important point of estimating moral evidence and judging character, the training of the man of business is much better than that of the college professor. The moral evidence in favor of Mr. Squire is certainly very strong. It is difficult to imagine what inducement can lead a youth of his parts and prospects to engage in so base and fruitless an imposture, if imposture it be. It brings him no money, and little or no consideration.

On the contrary, it has brought upon him a good deal of contumely and inconvenience, and a species of notoriety which a person of his sense must well know will be injurious to him in the profession which he has adopted. More amusement would scarcely furnish motive enough for so protracted a hoax, which, by this time, if it be a hoax, must have lost its novelty, and become wearisome even to himself.

Still, human nature is susceptible of very strange pranks. The recollection of Pálmanazsar, of Ireland, and of other ingenious youths who have contrived and carried out almost incredible impostures, at great trouble and with little profit to themselves, warns us not to rely too much on moral evidence in cases of this sort.

## AN ASTONISHING EVIDENCE.

A friend in whom we have the utmost confidence, relates to us the following as having occurred in his presence at Buffalo. A number of persons had met for the purpose of witnessing some of the events said to take place with the Davenport Boys. The mediums were strongly bound by our informant and others, the ropes crossing and recrossing in all directions the jackets of the boys. The light was extinguished, and re-lit within sixty seconds; when the jackets were found to have been taken off and thrown aside—the ropes remaining upon the boys precisely as they had been placed! The light was again extinguished, and in the same short space of time re-lit, when the jackets were found replaced on the boys, the ropes remaining apparently unchanged in the knots. After this the hands, arms and feet of the boys were bound with red tape, and the ends of the tape tucked to the box and sealed with wax. A number of musical instruments were then placed in the room—the door closed, and at once the instruments were played upon. At the close of the performance the door was opened and the boys were found closely bound, and every seal unbroken, and all in place.



## Correspondence.

Wilmington, Del., July 27, 1887.

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. There was no general notice given, which may account for the non-attendance of many who would have embraced the opportunity.

The eloquence of the speaker, the extended range of his thought, and the beautiful language in which his impressions were couched, were objects of admiration and interest to all. What we now want is a good test medium. The people demand this. There is a good lecture room in a central part of the city, that I have been assured will be at the service of any such as may favor us with a call. We have some twenty thousand inhabitants, all of whom have souls to develop, intellects to unfold, and I cannot help but think it is altogether a mistake that we have been so long neglected.

Yours for the cause, T. S. B.

## 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. The water is obtained by boring first from 15 to 20 feet through a gravel and sandy substance, and second through a strata of blue clay, and third through a hard pan of earth nearly as hard as a stone. Immediately below this strata of hard earth the water is reached which immediately rises to the surface of the ground, a distance of from 40 to 75 feet. In some instances large quantities of fish come up through these holes from the bowels of the earth. It is a great curiosity indeed thus to witness large groups of fish from four to six inches in length coming forth from the ground.

It is supposed that the source of these waters is a small lake which lies some twenty miles distant in the southern border of the State of Michigan. It is called "Nettle Lake" and has no outlet upon the surface of the ground.

There are some pools of water here which send forth streams three and four inches in diameter, and they continue to run year after year with great force. The water is slightly impregnated with iron and sulphur. In some cases the water is conducted several feet above the surface of the earth, and used in propelling machinery for mechanical purposes.

## 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. People generally think it is better for a child to die than an adult, because the former is more innocent; but this is not right; the adult can comprehend and progress faster in the next sphere than the infant. A rose slip should remain in the ground until it is well rooted, before it be transplanted, for then its growth is more hardy and certain; but if taken up too soon, it requires much care and attention to enable it to grow up at all. If a child remains on earth as it advances in years, it must meet trials, and buffet the storms it will be obliged to encounter. This develops and matures the character, and brings forth qualities which would lay dormant but for these circumstances.

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. Then will genius shine forth in all its native brilliancy, fettered not by the excesses of living that blights and drowns its quality; then shall be known great sciences that are yet stumbling in their infancy; then shall man understand himself and his future. He will be able to hold open communion with those in the higher spheres, and also to see the beauty and loveliness of what is above him—he will mingle with spirits as with mortals, for they will be one and the same, with only the difference in grade and development; for, as he lives according to the spirit and the laws of God, his vision is made more clear and spiritual. As those in the second sphere can gaze on the beauties of the third, so will those in the first comprehend and view the second. And this is to encourage and lead him on to higher and better things, until at last all shall be united in the Father's mansion, and dwell forever in happiness and purity. Is not this a gratifying theme? Is not this a work fit for God's highest angels? It is even so. Many of our highest spirits are engaged in this work, and mortals cannot comprehend with what ardor and interest they labor. It is a work of love, truly—a love that all have for their kind—and it cannot fail until its end is accomplished.

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 the print of its footsteps be seen. Little by little it creeps into your houses, and into your hearts, through the love of some lost relative, in inquiring for those who are dear. Your own eyes are opened, and you view for the first time the beauty of this new phenomenon. You are astonished and bewildered by its brightness. Yet, having once had a glimpse, you cannot go back to your former darkness. You investigate, perhaps thinking you may be deluded, but the more you see, the more you are convinced of the truth of this Philosophy, and you go your way rejoicing—you look back with astonishment on the darkness of your former views, and feel a lightness of heart and spirit at the certainty and brightness of the future. You are thus the better enabled to encounter the trials of earth, when by so doing you are nearing your haven of rest, and the more love, charity, and good will you have for your fellow-men, the greater shall be your reward when you pass into the higher class of spheres. As the sailor will buffet the storm with a stout heart when he sees the beacon of light in the distance, so may you pass through the hardships of earth and falter not, knowing and seeing, as you do, the ultimate end.

CHARLES WENDENBURG.

A XOL'S HEART will disdain to subside, like a dromedary, upon the honey gathered by others' labor—like a leopold to slay its food out of the public granary, like a shark to prey on the lesser fry, but will, one day or another earn his subsistence.

## The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but *Pixies* beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirit" and not do anything against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

## 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.

GRANDFATHER MACOMBER.

The above lady requests an answer from a father and a sister whose names she sends us in her letter. She receives an answer from another party, which is a far better test, as the name was not mentioned nor any allusion made to it.

"ATWATER."—Yes from Spirits. Sit with a good medium and you shall soon be developed, and shall no longer ask, give me something I can understand.

Wm. R. of Mass.

FRANKLIN, N. H.—I have not been here long enough to answer.

N. D. W.

G. P. J., of M.—Sir, I have often communed with the author of this, and will do so soon through the medium.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

T. W. S., of N. Y.—My husband's maternal uncle wishes me to say he cannot communicate through this medium at the present time. He will do so when he can.

MARY TAYLOR.

P.—Yes, tell Fenno I wish to, and will manifest to him, if he will try me. He is a medium, and I can do better by first coming to him.

CHARLES SAUNDERS.

## 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. Jesus gave us a guideboard; Love; all true spirits will give you the same at the present day. By the fruits you receive from the spirit, you may know what manner of spirit it is that speaks to you. Jesus taught this, and we, coming at the present day, teach you the same doctrine.

Many mortals are asking, why do not spirits give us Truth instead of Falsehood. If they give you falsehood knowingly, know that they are evil; therefore, walk not in their footsteps. If they give you Truth, know that they come in the name of the Lord. Gather together the Truth and walk in its paths, and cast the Error aside.

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; take pattern by it, and be redeemed from all sin, here and hereafter. Jesus said, I come to do away with the old and establish the new. He did not say, I come to see if I can do it, but he said I come to do it. Ye Spiritualists may do away with all old things and make all new. Let your motto be what Jesus' was: I come to do it. Does that imply Fear, or did he have Faith?

Now, in coming to you we are obliged to shield you on every side; and if a few arrows from your opponents reach you, but few of you stand. Jesus walked uncovered and stood among his enemies—so may you, and still carry on your work. Fear not the arrows of your enemies, for on the point of each is placed something that will render it harmless. The same power that sustained the three in the furnace will sustain you, even if it be heated seven times.

You have now started upon a mighty warfare, and you must expect at the rising of the sun, and at the going down thereof, and at the mid-day, thousands of shafts from the enemy. But you must put on the shield of Truth and you shall stand.

## 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. For on such the second death has no power. What is the second death? Why the resurrection—not of this mortal body, but of the spirit.

Behold they who have part in the first resurrection—on them the second death hath no power. They shall have no fear of the valley and shadow of death, because of the Light they have gained from the first resurrection.

It matters not in what manner you are resurrected from sin, or have part in the first resurrection; whether you have received part in the first from Spiritualism, or from the Church, it matters not, so you have put off the robes of sin, and robed yourselves in the garments of righteousness. There are a thousand doors whereby you may enter into the first resurrection. Spiritualism is not the only way, though in it we find many Lights which lead you to become children of the first resurrection.

Again, the child of the first resurrection fears not the second, because he feels fully assured that the Light which surrounds him will illumine the shadow of death.

These bodies which are fashioned to enrobe the spirit while in this world, are at one time called for by their common Mother, Earth; from that moment they are never called for again in form like this. Theologians may tell you different, but their ideas of this matter are generally good for nothing. Mankind are so bound to the material body they inhabit so long, that hence arises a theory. It springs from their own unenlightened minds—not from the spiritual being. For the very law of their nature condemns it. Death or decay is marked upon the body—it belongs to earth; the spirit belongs to a higher and nobler element, hence it must go to that element.

When the spirit loses its hold on the mortal body, it is resurrected just as you are, resurrected from error and sin.

Behold the two spheres connected by a thousand channels, mingling into one; when you pass from this mortal body, you are in the spirit life, yet you may be an inhabitant of this very room.

I was drawn hither this morning by your conversation—by the Light I found within your souls. You were speaking of one who is about to come to us. Soon you with your mortal eyes behold him no more. Even at this moment the second resurrection is taking place. He has been resurrected from sin, and as his own lips will tell you, he even now is taking part in the glorious faith of the second resurrection. He is prepared by it to pass unhindered through the second resurrection, for death has no power to him.

In the spiritual nature of your brother, you may behold a shining light placed within his soul by angel hands, those angels being in turn dictated by the superior power of the Godhead. For by him we live, as you live, move, as you move,

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.

One word more, and then we leave you. Ye Spiritualists who have not been resurrected from sin by the Light which has been sent you from the higher life, let us, children of the second resurrection, enjoin upon you to enjoy at once the fruits of the first resurrection.

Friend, may you, like the brother we speak of, stand upon the shore of the spiritual life, all ready to pass over in perfect confidence. And that you may do so is the holiest wish of

FREDERIC T. GRAY.

The above was spoken by the medium, after we had heard of the expected departure of the friend to whose sick bed we were sent, as recorded in No. 16 of the Banner. We afterwards ascertained that the spirit, who gave us the name at the head of this, was pastor of a church at which our friend once attended. This was unknown to us at the time, and the strain of thought here presented, was not in our mind at the time. We were occupied with the thought of the physical sufferings attending his decease.

## 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.

I found my friends all ready to meet me, as they promised. It is true—every word that was told me is true. I want to talk to Susan; I want her to remain where she is at present and get rest and quiet. I want the boy to remain where he is, but I want her to teach him of these things. Bring him up in the way of Light, not Darkness. Tell her everything was conducted as I wished, and I am happy. Tell her I shall often come to her to help and strengthen her.

I promised Mr. Winkley I would remember him. I told him what I heard, and that I believed in Spiritualism. I promised that when I arrived at Our Father's mansion I would remember him. I have not forgotten him, tell him, and that it is all true, and that sure as God rules, he must believe it sooner or later.

He is a good man, but he is in error; half of the time he preaches what he does not believe, and can't help it. I want him to know that I remember what he said to me. He requested to be remembered by me. He thought I was happy—so I was; in the religion of Christ which he taught 1800 years ago—in Spiritualism as it is now called; and however mixed it may be with evil, there is truth there. Tell him death did not obliterate my remembrance of his request. I want him to know that the faith I espoused so late, was good enough to carry me home. I lived a skeptic, died a Spiritualist.

I don't want Susan to be fanatical at all; I want her to be a candid, sober, Christian Spiritualist. I want her to believe that part of Spiritualism that is Christ-like, nothing else. Tell Susan to let my body rest where it is, and when conditions are favorable, she may place a neat white stone there.

On the stone I would like to have an inscription something like this:

"Erected in memory of John Adams, who was Resurrected from the natural to the Spiritual life"—giving dates as they are. I want it perfectly plain and neat.

Thomas Campbell is here—he is my friend. I thought he would get here about the time I got here. Thomas and I and a great many others have been here all night. We did not have to do with the manifestations which were caused here by anxiety. When he came to see me and told me he was sick, I felt that the money he then gave Susan would be the last he would give her, and I was right.

I want Susan to stay where she is about three months longer.

First manifesting as I do in this way, I feel just as I did before I left. They tell me I shall, after coming a few times, throw this off. Publish what I have given; for if it is not so clear, it is true, and comes from me, nobody else.

July 29.

The Spirit here manifesting was the same man to whose sick bed we were sent by Spirit direction. We knew of such a man or his illness, the circumstances of which were detailed in No. 16 of this paper. The visit was on July 7th, and during the week following his material body was buried. He manifested to us in a partial manner about a week after his departure.

We could have no more doubt of this Spirit's identity by the manifestation through Mrs. C. than we could have of our own.

## 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 rich, 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.

No man offered me a day's work or a dollar to buy bread for myself. I was willing to work; I loved to work; but I wanted pay for it. The Bible says it is hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, and I say if they do, there is no just God. They are all alike; there are not good men enough among the rich to save ten men. Are you a rich man? If you are, curse you. I know you not; except that you receive messages. If Abel's blood cried for vengeance, why may not mine? I was murdered at the hands of my brethren; my blood has as good a right to cry for vengeance as Abel's had.

What was my trouble? It was that which is heaped upon nine-tenths of the people of earth—poverty. I was ambitious, and sought to rise, but, as fast as I rose one step, I was knocked back three; and by whom? The rich, curse them!

I lived in Cincinnati. I presume I drank near three gallons of alcohol, and thus ended my existence on earth; not that I was addicted to drinking, but I chose that as my deliverer. Now, I must pay the penalty of this trespass upon the laws of my nature; and who must pay the penalty of this keeping me in hell for so many years? If the rich men who wronged me do not, there is no justice in God. He made the poor; the devil made the rich.

America is spoken of all over the world as being a free country, and there are more lords here than in any country I know of; more self-conceited bigots, more kings, more hell-begotten children.

Go, ye, I am gone from earth; where the rich cease from troubling, and the poor may chance to find rest. No wonder there are a certain class of people on earth who doubt the existence of a God. I am well aware of such a personage as the devil. I see him in every man's soul who carries much gold in his pocket; there's where I see him, know him, understand him, and in coming in contact with such, my own soul is tainted with hell.

Years ago I received a liberal education, my principles were fair, and everything looked pleasant, but suddenly there came a mighty rushing wind, and it came and it swept from me all that bright

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.

The above was a very singular manifestation. It is seldom we meet with a spirit in whom the thirst for revenge, and hatred to man, is so strongly expressed. Of the truth of the statements made, we have no knowledge. The point of time is very liable to be wrong in such cases. Independent of the fact, that spirits find it difficult to mark time, there is the probability that this spirit, passing from earth in the manner it did, would not have the ordinary advantages necessary for it.

Whether true or false, there is no doubt but many a spirit is ushered into the spirit world with just such hatred of those who, being Stewards of God's Treasury, will not use His own for the good of man, but pile up riches and wrath against the day of wrath.

May not, such a spirit be an instrument in the hands of God, to punish the rich man who wronged him when on earth? We have no doubt of the power of spirits to work for the injury of men; and when those men are by their habits in harmony with evil, we have no doubt of their power to operate successfully in their ruin. By stimulating the evil in their nature, they lead them into sin. Evil spirits may strive to overthrow the good, by placing temptations in their way, but meeting with a strong determination to adhere to the right, the Tempter is foiled. There is much insight to be obtained by spirit communion; in the ways of men, and the reason of their sin.

## 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.

I want to tell Sophia and Mary that I did not suffer much. I want her to know how happy I am; and Mrs. Enos—I want to tell her too. She was in our house most of the time. My cousin David has gone to Baltimore, now, or he was going there after I died, and I suppose he has gone. I used to get the raps. People said I was a medium. Tell mother, too, that I can rap to her. She wished I would come to her so much, and I did come, but I did not know how to rap. I have not got any folks in Boston. My mother's name is Elizabeth Murphy. I had one sister that was named after mother, but never saw her before I came here. I knew she was there because I heard mother speak of her. Mother was going to move to Halifax; I wonder if she has. We used to live there once. My father was a tailor. When I was with mother, as I told you just now, it was before I went away at all, the next night after the day I died. Since I went away I can't get so high her as I wish.

The statement in the last paragraph may need some explanation to those not acquainted with spirit manifestations. It is said to be the case, very frequently, that the spirit hovers about its earthly home some days, ere it takes up its residence in the part of creation it has been fitted for while here. It seems to have been so here, as the raps she made were before her spirit had passed beyond earth. Since which time she does not appear to have seen her mother's movements clearly.

We publish this without inquiry. We think the spirit communicating gave us as near truth as she could. That she did as well as her understanding of the manner of communicating admitted, we are satisfied. We never could have had any knowledge of these parties, or any circumstances like these. It is clearly an intelligence beyond, or not emanating from us, whether it stands the test of inquiry or not. We think it will, as the influence was of a mild, pleasant, innocent character.

## 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.

And now that my body has turned to dust and I have been full forty years from earth, that time has arrived, and I for the first time am permitted to look upon earth and see what is being turned out by the great Mill of Progression. And the work is immense; I see a thousand new beauties unfolded since I dwelt here, and thousands of inventions proceeding from man's mind. This like returning home, after a long absence to a distant country. I am naturalized, as it were, to my new home, and I would not change; but the knowledge of earth still clings to me, and draws me back to fit among the scenes of gladness I once enjoyed, and to see how many changes the finger of Progress has made in the place where I once dwelt.

Now, amid all this mighty change, is it wonderful that Spiritualism is one of the Lights, thrown in among the many gems shed upon earth to cause them to sparkle? Ancient men proclaimed this epoch, foretold of our coming, and we have come, in strict accordance with prophecy and natural law, and it is in vain to endeavor to come in any other way.

I have grand-children dwelling in Boston and very many kindreds, and if there be any among them who would like to converse with one of their kindred named William Shirley, they are at liberty to try the wires, and see what manifestations may come. I will answer their call, and endeavor to satisfy them, for the time has now come when anxiety is ripe with me to commune with them.

When on earth I lived on a small isthmus of land near Boston, but called Boston my home, as I was much of the time there.

Cast this communication upon the waters of the minds of the people; and in due time it will return to you again bearing knowledge of the same.

## 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. Betsey 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?" Now, I am able to do this; before, I was unable.

In reply to their question, why was he so long silent? I have little to say. Business, cares of the world, and of a family, kept me so. I heard of the departure of one after another of those who were dear to me, away from my home, and I did not go out of that circle. I only return, now, to satisfy skepticism. I cannot see how the skeptic can stand on so slippery a foundation, neither can I see how the evil Spiritualist can stand in his sin, with so

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.

My father was a farmer, and went down to the grave at the age of 76 years. My kindred are respectable people. A long line of them have passed on, and a long line are still to come. I have little to say to my people, for I know not what to say. I would have them, however, seek to know the truth; to cast aside bigotry, and investigate for themselves. If they find truth, they surely will not cast it aside; if they find error, they may easily retrace their steps. I come at the call of a skeptical trumpet; if I succeed in awakening those who spoke, to a knowledge of the life which is to come, I shall not have been called in vain. Good day, sir. (July 28.)

## 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.

I don't suppose you know anything about the catechism? We assured him our head was never bothered with that kind of knowledge.

Well, it's something like this: "I believe in God the Father, maker of Heaven and Earth; in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son, our Lord; born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into Hell, and the third day he arose and ascended into Heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty. From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." This goes before the first question.

I can teach you Catholicity pretty well, don't you believe I can? I believed it when on earth as understood by the Catholic church; now I believe in Universal Salvation. I believed in the Holy Mother Church, and I believe in it now. I believe that the saints intercede for our salvation. I know it, for if you pray to God, your prayer has got to ascend to Him through all the spheres, and must be felt as far as it goes by all the dwellers therein. I see the doctrine a little different now from what I did on earth.

Now, suppose I catechise you a little, to see if you have written my creed aright?

On reading our intended copy of his words, we had made some errors in writing it down, which the spirit corrected. We knew that creed was never in our mind. If we doubted Spiritualism, that would be sufficient proof to us that mind, other than ours, was expressing itself.

You hold to Progression beyond earth—so do the Catholics. You ask that your spirit friends will intercede for you, and Catholics pray the saints to intercede for them.

Now, in spite of all the error in the Church, I want you to understand that it is not as far from right as you may suppose.

The last prayer I ever offered on earth was something like this:—

"Holy Mother, unto thee I commend my spirit. Intercede for me that I stand forgiven at Heaven's gate."

Now, I prayed as I best knew how, and I think that prayer was good. I prayed for forgiveness, and I got it, and since I have been here I have learned much—for I was always fond of learning.

My name was Hugh Haggerty. I was in a store part of the time, but was generally employed in receiving packages, emigrants, and the like. Well, suppose the Irishman and the Yankee part for a time.

Here is one of the many facts which are presented to the investigator, showing that spirits retain their individuality after leaving earth. This man is satisfied with the Catholic religion, and sees Truth enough in it to satisfy him.

## 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 1887, 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;



