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AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VII.

"From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew." BYRON.

On the Saturday afternoon preceding the fete, Mrs. Greyson sent Pancho to town, with her compliments to Miss Gilman, and a special invitation to spend Sunday at the Castle. Pancho had orders not to return without the lady, but there was not any reason for refusing such a call. Miss Gilman was too eager to court the wealthy, and gain admittance to family secrets; to pry into the discords so often veiled by outward show of affection. Report had greatly exaggerated the amount of Mrs. Greyson's wealth, and as that lady never took the trouble of contradicting such rumors as were flattering to her self-love, Miss Gilman looked upon her as a wealthy old lady, whose patronage was a thing to be desired; and whose heart could be won by the judicious use of flattery. Agnes she instinctively disliked; her superior skill in music, her sweet, unaffected manner, her varied accomplishments, her silent gracefulness, all appeared as so many reproaches of what in herself was wanting.

Miss Celestina Gilman was a lady of no particular age: the tell-tale crow's feet, and sundry wrinkles, that would denote her arrival at years of discretion, contrasted somewhat strangely with the never varying bloom upon her cheeks. Malicious people said the bloom was artificial; be that as it may, Miss Gilman never ventured abroad in the glare of day, not even in the freshness of early morning; neither health nor complexion could stand the intolerable refulgence of the tropical sunshine. Her figure was tall and straight, without one curve or line of grace; her eyes were of no definite color, (Eva said, that at times they appeared yellow,) and wore an expression of anxious cunning, and restless observation. Her thin lips, always tightly compressed when in repose, wore not the rosy freshness of her cheeks. Her scanty hair—some folks said she dyed it—was partly concealed by a showy head-dress of yellowish lace, with flaunting blue and crimson ribbons, fastened on either side of a tangled, never smooth-looking mass of hair, designated as ringlets, by two enormous gilt pins, studded with colored stones. These ringlets, like her eyes, were of no definite color, for when the light fell upon them, there were revealed the strangest combinations of streaks of grey and red, of bronze and black, probably a freak of the dye she used, if people's insinuations were correct. She wore long and heavy earrings, a necklace of gold beads, placed high upon her parchment-like throat; and bracelets of like material upon her skinny wrists. Her hands were never unmittened, and on her bony fingers, glittered rings of every size, shape and quality; a large enameled brooch fastened the lace ruff around her neck. Her dress usually consisted of a striped and showy silk, which material she fondly imagined heightened her majestic appearance.

Though Miss Gilman's dress was made *a la mode*, though her head-dress came direct from the expert hands of Madam Priny, the fashionable modiste of La Toma, though she spent so much time at her toilet, and so carefully studied the fashion plates; she yet failed in leaving that impression, which was the chief aim and highest ambition of her life, that of appearing *a lady*. Unconsciously there was felt in her presence a want of the feminine principle of gentleness; the absence of a beautifying, kindly smile, that welling up from a true and loving heart, irradiates with loveliness the homeliest face, made her's repulsive; *her* smile was a contortion of the countenance; perhaps too, the repelling sensation experienced, was owing to the want of a musical voice, for her's was shrill and grating, and when she condescended to flatter and compliment, it fell upon the sensitive ear like false discordant notes. No beauty-seeking poetical taste had presided at her toilet; no indwelling harmony of soul had arranged the colors of her attire, chosen only for display; no laudible desire of pleasing, had prompted her choice of ornament. Therefore, Miss Gilman, it is all in vain that you so desperately attempt to play that to you most unnatural part—a refined and fascinating woman—a *lady!*

She had come over from England with the family of Mr. Olden, the British Consul, as governess to the children. Since the young girls and boys had outgrown her tuition and surveillance, she had supported herself by teaching music, still finding a comfortable home in the hospitable mansion of the Oldens. Eva had been her pupil some years, and when Agnes, as she expressed it, "took the bread out of her mouth," she vowed and determined, as such natures only can, to be revenged upon "the proud upstart that pretended to know more than she did." Very innocently was "the bread taken out of her mouth" by Agnes, who was the very soul of benevolence, and who, far from depriving Miss Gilman of a portion of her income, would gladly have continued her salary, although Eva dispensed with her teaching, had she thought for a moment that it was needed. But Miss Gilman put on very grand airs; talked continually of "her family in Europe," and her position there, the friends she reckoned among the nobility and gentry that sorrowed for her absence; with the arrival of every vessel flooding her with letters, entreating her return. She avowed herself possessed of a sufficient competency; and that she taught music because it was so congenial to her temperament, and all good to others, as she was the only lady-teacher in the place. She would appear exhausted with fatigue on arriving at the Castle; and would solemnly declare, that were it not for Eva's sake, no amount of compensation could induce her to undergo the hardship of riding in from town twice a week, delicate as she was! So, when Agnes, thinking to relieve her of an unpleasant responsibility, manifested her willingness to take the charge of Eva's musical studies, she dreamt not that she had made a bitter, life-long enemy of the smiling and fawning woman before her!

Occasionally Miss Gilman would remain at the Castle over night. (She so planned her time, that she arrived somewhat before the dinner hour, and that repast not taking place long before sundown, she could ride home in the evening shade and freshness, and under plea of haste, considerably shorten Eva's lesson.) When she spent Sunday at the Castle, Pancho was despatched to town for her basket which contained, all prepared for the emergency, a change of attire and a head-dress, also various mysterious looking bottles. This negro on whom devolved the duty of seeing Miss Gilman safe to town, every time she came, often invoked upon her unconscious head, many inverted blessings; for the lady was penurious, and had never yet offered him a dollar in remuneration of his unwearied attendance. All the servants disliked her; she put on so many airs, and gave so many superfluous orders. She was never ready when the coffee was; but it had to be taken to her room, and it was only in time for the ten o'clock breakfast, that she emerged from retirement, in all the glory of full dress and heightened bloom; as Nelly inelegantly and disrespectfully expressed it: "Lookin' like the divil in a gale o' wind."

Let us follow Miss Gilman into Mrs. Greyson's sleeping room; she is preceded by Nelly, who is irreverently sticking her tongue into her cheek.

"Here be the leddy, Miss Gilman, misthress;" said the truthful little woman, with ill suppressed displeasure, and a side-long glance at the visitor. Mrs. Greyson rose from her chair, and cordially welcomed the "dear creature!" "I'm so glad you've come! I felt *so* lonesome; but where is your basket? I sent you word I wanted you to stay all day to-morrow."

"Dear me, how very kind you are?" drawled Miss Gilman; "I really did not quite comprehend your black man; I really did not come with the intention of staying, but if you *insist* and can spare your black man"——

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. Nelly, tell Pancho to go immediately for Miss Gilman's things. Do sit down, my dear, and rest yourself; and take off that trailing skirt, and your hat."

"An' is it to the town ye'd be afther sendin' the poor nagur, an' him jist cum from there? that's what I calls onfeelin', so I does! jist cum, and now thramp off again, shure, and it wud do in the mornin'!"

"Oh pray, don't incommode anybody on *my* account; I'll return home to-night. I wouldn't for the world give any trouble to your servants, my dear Mrs. Greyson," said the visitor, in her false, shrill tones, as she took off her riding-skirt of grey linen, which was worn over her usual showy costume.

"You do what I tell you, without moralizing; you are getting intolerable Nelly. Tell Pancho to take Miss Gilman's mule and go immediately. Take off your hat, my love. Alita, go fan the young lady."

"You are *too* kind, Mrs. Greyson, but I had rather not have Pancho take my mule, she is not accustomed to much fatigue, and I would like the poor beast rested. Never mind me, I can return"——

"You shall do no such thing! what a pity, we don't keep any mules. There's my daughter-in-law's horse, but that, of course, is reserved for her *own especial use*. Never mind; Nelly!"

"Here I be all the time, shure."

"Well, tell Pancho to go immediately; *I* say so. The sun's going down, and Miss Gilman wants her things to-night. He can walk, it won't hurt him, he isn't made of sponge cake or of sugar, that he'll melt, is he?"

"No; but he's a human, shure. Well it ain't on mee sowl no how, for sendin' the poor tired crathur," said the truthful and feeling Nelly, flouncing out of the room, and muttering to herself:

"It's the owld divil's own grandmother *that* craythur is, wid eyes as looks like ferrets, and tongue as smooth as ile! Ain't got no more feelin' nor a shark!" and with much condolence and sympathy, Nelly delivered her message to Pancho, who perfectly understood her, although her knowledge of the Spanish was a very confused one, and her words were curiously jumbled and put together. This time with an audible and lengthened malediction, the poor negro proceeded to obey orders. Leisurely sauntering along, he amused himself by singing a few national melodies, intermingling his song with occasional fervently spoken wishes, that were aught but blessings, for Miss Gilman's future prospects.

Meanwhile the lady had somewhat rested. Alita had folded up her skirt and hung up her hat; and Miss Gilman reclined, in all the glory of striped silk and showy head-dress, in a capacious arm-chair.

"That is a nice little Irishwoman;" drawled the visitor, "but it strikes me, she is rather a *leetle* forward. Now when I lived in Europe, and my position of course, was very different; I moved in the highest circles. I always had an invitation to Lady Middleton's musical *soirees*, and I received cards from all the nobility. You know I lived in London, Mrs. Greyson, and my family was one of the most influential in the county. My papa could have been an M. P., was he declined the honor. Dear me! how *very* respectful Lady Middleton's servants were."

"You must not mind Nelly, my dear; she *is* a little pert, but she don't mean any harm. Lately she has become quite impertinent; I think I know why; but I'll soon see matters righted."

"Ah, indeed!" slowly queried Miss Gilman, with a shrewd look, as if she understood it all.

"Are you rested, my dear? Alita, tell Nelly to prepare some lemonade; do you understand me, monkey?"

"*Si Senora*," responded Alita, dropping the fan to proceed on her mission.

"Pick up that fan, you lazy, grizzly-headed, gape-mouthed Hottentot, you!" exclaimed the old lady, who happened to be in a very bad humor that day, though towards her visitor she was all smiles and affability. "Oh, my dear Miss Gilman, what a trial it is in my old days, to be so bothered! living in such an outlandish place, blocked in by mountains, with such a set of lazy, good-for-nothing black faces to deal with, and hardly any society but mosquitoes, and ten thousand creeping things. Go along, you thick-lipped ourang-outang! aint you off yet? Don't stare at me, as if I was a Punch and Judy show. Go, and tell Nelly to bring up some cakes, too; don't understand me?" as Alita shook her head and muttered, "*No comprende.*" "I want cakes; *cake ohs*, cake ohs, dummy! that's the way to learn their gibberish, by putting an oh to the end of everything. Go, now, imp, dy'e hear me?"

The bewildered Alita slowly withdrew, and the old lady fanned herself vigorously with her handkerchief.

"Allow me, my dear madam," said the attentive Miss Gilman, as she took up the fan.

"By no means, my dear creature; I won't allow you to do any such menial office. I can call up some of the other black faces, plenty of them about. I'm so glad you've come; and I'm so sorry you don't come as often as you used to do."

"So am I sorry, my dear, *dear* Mrs. Greyson—but the fault is not mine; you know what sacrifices of my health and time I have made for the sake of Miss Eva; but as Mrs. Golding saw fit"——

"I know, I know," interrupted the old lady; "and it was a downright, crying shame and a sin, to discharge you, who are so competent and have so much patience. Why, do you know, I think you play much better than my daughter-in-law?"

"Do you really think so, my *dear* madame?" cried the grateful visitor, her small eyes twinkling with triumphant and malicious joy; "how grateful I ought to be, that *some* persons can appreciate my value, my real worth! I knew *you* would coincide with me. The Countess Molenski, a Polish lady, who patronized my dear departed mother, and took my youngest sister for a companion—*she* always appreciated me; and she was one of the most beautiful women—such a style, such an air! She was the image of you, Mrs. Greyson."

The flattered old dame smiled condescendingly, and continued, "Yes, I expostulated with Agnes, but it was of no use; she appears very gentle, and can be as stubborn as a one-eared mule. Says I, 'Miss Gilman is an accomplished teacher.' 'I don't think so,' says she, 'her playing is miserable, and her appearance anything but lady-like.'"

The sallow face of Miss Gilman flushed fiery red, even through her rouge, up to her very brow. Her "ferret eyes" shot flashes of light, and her shrill voice quivered with indignation, and lost, for the moment, its studied and softening drawl.

"Did she say that of *me? me*, who have attended the assemblies of Lady Middleton? *Me*, who moved in the first circles in Europe, and dined with lords and ladies and grandees—and—and"——

Miss Gilman's voice broke down in a fit of passionate weeping, induced by wounded self-love and vanity. The old lady looked on unmoved, but with a meaning smile; at last she said—

"Don't distress yourself, my dear; we all have our trials to bear. I have mine, the Lord knows. What need you care for *her* opinion, when you possess *my* good will and favor? Come, come, cheer up, why, do you know," and the old lady lowered her voice and moved closer to her visitor; "but mind, I tell you in confidence, Agnes herself taught music before she married my son; she told it herself."

"There! I knew it. I guessed as much. I thought so from the beginning," cried the triumphant Celestina, wiping away her tears. "She *is* nothing but an upstart, and I'm as good as she is, any day. I am sure of one thing," and she resumed her languid would-be-lady-like drawl. "*She* never was in company with the nobility; she has no air, no style."

"Of course not, child; but tell me, do *you* think her so very handsome?"

"*I* think her handsome? No, indeed, my dear madame. Why, *in my eyes*, *you* are this day better looking than she is; that is, to *my* taste, of course. *I* admire a stately carriage, a queenly air, style and well finished manners; Mrs. Golding has nothing of that sort."

"Now don't flatter me," simpered the old dame, secretly pleased, and warming into real good humor. "So you don't admire dark eyes and hair?"

"No, indeed, I don't," cried Celestina earnestly; "blue eyes and light hair for me, though *my* eyes and hair are dark. You have a splendid complexion, Mrs. Greyson, and your hair must have been golden or auburn?"

"My hair was a beautiful light brown," said the old lady, proudly. "But tell me, do you think my daughter-in-law's drawings and needlework such extraordinary things? [illegible] I can't see the why or the wherefore; I could have done better any day, only I never took the trouble to try."

Miss Gilman felt on perfectly safe ground to answer.

"All flattery and prejudice, my dear madam; *I* see nothing so wonderful in your daughter-in-law. In *my eyes*, she is a common place—I may say quite a vulgar looking person. She has no style whatever, her carriage is not erect; she dresses in bad taste; and really looks much older than she says she is. But here comes your clever little waiting woman." And with what was intended for a bland smile, she turned to Nelly, who entered bearing a waiter with lemonade and sponge cake.

"An' was it cake ye bade the nagur tell me to bring ye? Musha, an' if ye stuffs them cakes now, it's laving yer dinners widout ating them ye'll be. The young misthress is a dressin, an' the bell'll be ringin' in a minit, bedad!"

"Never mind, Nelly; Miss Gilman needs refreshment. Take some lemonade, dear, and a piece of cake; do, love. Has my son come home, Nelly?"

"They sees the masther a comin', but he isn't arriv yet? What ails ye, mum?" said Nelly, as Miss Gilman puckered up her face on tasting the lemonade.

"It's rather sour, Nelly; and Doctor Walter has absolutely forbidden me the use of acids, unless modified by the mixture of wine. My health is very delicate ever since I left Europe. Would you be good enough to pour a little claret into this, or, if you have port, I should prefer it?"

"Divil a dhrop of port in the house; but if it's claret, I can get some off the dinner table. Is it the fashion now to mix the dhrinks that way?"

"Not exactly the fashion, Nelly," said Miss Gilman loftily; "but it suits my constitution."

Nelly snatched up the silver tankard with disrespectful haste, and without attempting a descent to the dining-room, sat down upon the verandah steps, muttering, "Suits her constitution, an' what thing's that? Shure, an' it isn't Nelly O'Flannigan understands them big wurds."

"Where is your grand-daughter, Mrs. Greyson? I usually met her here," said Miss Gilman, as Nelly left the room.

"Not since she has taken to music lessons with her step-mother," replied Mrs. Greyson, with a knowing look.

"Ah, indeed!" shrewdly queried Miss Gilman.

"Yes; she too is becoming infatuated with that wonderful step-mother of hers. She, too, is changed; her old grand-mother is neglected for that baby face! But I'll have my grand-daughter's affection, if it cost me my life! I'll regain my footing, or I'm not the woman I always was," cried the old lady, her feigned calmness giving way, with passionate energy clenching her hands.

"Of course, of course, my *dear* Mrs. Greyson! who else is entitled to Miss Eva's love and obedience? I always thought her devoted to you, a perfect model"——

"So she was, so she was, my darling gold-pet! my little lamb! till *that woman* lured her from me. But I'll regain my child's affections—I'll be revenged."

"And if Celestina Gilman can aid you, here is her hand and heart!" eagerly exclaimed that calculating woman, with sparkling eyes extending her bejeweled hand.

"I take your hand and promise, Celestina; henceforth let me call you so. But mind, do not fail me when I call upon you, and a handsome reward shall be yours. And mind, be courteous to all, be particularly polite to *her*; show me no marked attentions before the rest; and rely upon the friendship and protection of Anna Greyson." As Miss Gilman was about to reply, the sharp tinkling of the dinner-bell resounded, the spiteful Nelly having purposely delayed the return of the lemonade. Arranging somewhat her disheveled ringlets, and stroking down her dress, the confidant followed Mrs. Greyson to the dining-hall, where Mr. Golding, with Agnes and Eva, awaited them. With a courteous inclination of the head towards the stately master of the house, with a *sweet* smile bestowed upon her former pupil, she curtsied respectfully to Mrs. Golding, all this without a word, then humbly took her seat at the table. She scanned the young wife with admiring eyes, and in a subdued voice spoke to Eva.

"What a lovely brooch you have on, and what a sweetly becoming dress, Mrs. Golding," said the viper, with insinuating smile and fawning manner.

Instinctively, Agnes shrank from both.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!"
HEMANS.

Two days before the intended party, Agnes felt indisposed; she had somewhat imprudently exposed herself to the sun at noon, and so brought on a severe headache, accompanied with fever. So near was Eva's heart being won, by the fascinations of her step-mother's unvarying goodness, that she determined not to leave her to attend the party at the Riveros'. Although, at another time, Agnes would not have accepted such a mark of self-denial, she now offered no opposition. She felt as if her child, for so her heart called Eva, was incurring some danger, that loomed up dark and menacing from its very indistinctness. She had resolved to watch the manner of Don Felix towards her step-daughter—to gain some information respecting his character; but of all this she could not tell. [illegible] she could not warn her, unknowing the peril to which she was exposed.

When Eva told her grandmother of her intention of remaining with Agnes, the old lady's indignation knew no bounds. "If *she* were as slightly indisposed, no one would stay at home for her—it was all made up—Eva was going to break her heart—she was ashamed of her old grandmother, and didn't want to be seen in company with her—that was it!"

In vain poor Eva expostulated; this time, the old lady's habitual self-control had entirely forsaken her; the long-hoarded, angry feelings, surging within, rose to the surface. She was to be checked and thwarted by the influence of the woman she hated, and that through her own grandchild!"

For the first time, she fully revealed herself to Agnes; to whose chamber she hastened, and there accused her of scheming to deprive her of Eva's affection, of estranging her beloved grandchild, of thwarting and disregarding her in all things! The old lady totally forgot her usual caution, entirely laid aside her quiet self-possession; for she had formed a pet plan for Eva's future, which upon the very point of realization, she beheld about to be destroyed.

Agnes, half raising herself from the couch on which she lay, her brows bound with the cooling leaves of the banana, gazed in astonishment upon her transformed mother-in-law. Never had she seen her thus; Mrs. Greyson's face was flushed, her blue eyes darted steel-like flashes of light, and her thin lips quivered, as she poured forth a perfect flood of rebuke and sarcasm. "Mrs. Golding! I've had enough of this; it's time we should understand one another. Eva is *my* grand-daughter, and it's her duty to obey me, and your's to let her alone. I've suffered enough since my son's marriage, I've determined on not becoming a fool, and allowing myself to be led by the nose as some people do. I'm resolved that Eva shall go to the Riveros'. Have you any secret reason why she shouldn't go? You must intend making a nun of Eva! But I'm alive yet, and while I breathe no one else shall govern her!" and in her excitement she pulled her cap away, disclosing her scanty grey hair.

Agnes had listened in perfect bewilderment; a sharp pain darted across her temples; a still deeper pang passed over her heart.

"Why so angry, mother?" she questioned, in her soft, low voice; "what have I done that vexes you so?"

"Yes, that's it! pretend not to know. Aint you feigning sickness to keep my grand-daughter away from me?" responded Mrs. Greyson in a still louder voice.

A painful flush passed across the pale face of Agnes. "No, mother, I am not *feigning* sickness, and Eva will tell you that I have used no persuasion to detain her at home. When she so kindly and positively declared her intention of remaining with me, I did not gainsay her. I do not keep Eva away from you; is she not with you the greater part of the day?"

"It's all the same; you influence her. And you treat my visitors with disrespect; everybody who comes to see me you treat as cool as watermelons," retorted the determined quarreler.

"I am not aware of having merited your displeasure on that account, mother. I treat all alike"——

"Do you mean to say you treat the Riveros' as a Christian hostess should? Did you not freeze them by your distant manner and tossed-up head, say?" demanded the persevering Mrs. Greyson.

"I am conscious of having been somewhat re-

served with them; and, as I never veil my feelings, I suppose you noticed it," replied Agnes, quietly.

"So? And why did you treat them so, pray?"

"Because I cannot like them. Their manners are too free on so short an acquaintance; there is a want of sincerity about them, and I believe the young man to be a flatterer."

The angry color deepened on the cheeks of the flattery-loving old woman, and with a sarcastic smile, she made answer: "One would think you had been brought up in a convent, you are so very scrupulous; but their company suits *me*. I presume Don Felix Rivero did not praise *your* looks, Mrs. Golding, or he would not be termed a flatterer."

"The praise of strangers has never been sought by me, and if I sighed for admiration, it should be for that of my husband, of the dear ones I love; from the world, I exact the respect my own conscience bids me find there—no more," said Agnes, as the flush of wounded feeling deepened on her face, and her soft brown eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, we know that Maurice Golding is *fascinated*," sneered the mother-in-law, "but all things have an end, even his infatuation may cease. As you are *really* sick, Mrs. Golding, I shall have to get my grand-daughter ready, see to her dress, and all that is necessary for our attendance at the Riveros'. And, if you take my advice, you'll not seek to thwart me; don't rely too much on Maurice. You have been his wife but a short time; I am his mother, and my influence over him is stronger than your's, or any one else's on earth; remember that!" and with this parting injunction she left the room, meeting Doctor Walter in the entry, on his way to his gentle patient.

With a powerful effort, Agnes controlled her agitation; her head throbbed painfully, owing to the unusual scene she had just past. Doctor Walter ordered some cooling drinks, and forbade her leaving her room for some days. When the sound of his departing footsteps died away, Agnes buried her head in the pillow, and her long controlled feelings gave way—she wept long and bitterly.

Eva knew not of the stormy interview between her grandmother and Agnes; but on one pretence or another, she was kept from visiting the sick room. When Eva requested her grandmother's permission to bid good night to her step-mother, the old lady waited for her at the door of Agnes' chamber. The manner of the suffering woman was none the less affectionate; and Eva knew not of the change that had come, of the first dark cloud lowering over that trusting heart; she dreamt not of the many sad and darkening changes that were to follow, for her—for all!

When Mr. Golding came home to dinner, his mother met him with unclouded brow and smiling lips; and he, too, remained in ignorance of the thunderbolt that had fallen upon his hearth that day. When he entered Agnes' room, she was sitting up, dressed in white, her hair combed smoothly back; and her face very pale. He was startled by its expression of subdued suffering, that indicated more than physical pain, but then Agnes smiled, and his conscience was quieted, and he attributed her wan look to her illness; failing to see that the dimness of her star-like eye was caused by heart-[illegible] tears. Oh, spiritual intuition! sacred gift! [illegible] feelings, turning the twin-spirits with like ecstacy and pain! ye were all unfelt by Maurice Golding, who looked upon the surface, nor cared to read the hidden thoughts, that might be struggling angels. And Agnes sighed, and suffered on alone; she would not complain, nor cause her lips to frame an accusation against *his* mother. But her spirit yearned for sympathy, overflowed with love, and was denied expression of its holiest attributes. Such is thy fettering power, oh worldly ambition! such thy blighting influence—engendering indifference in hearts once cherishing our every tone!

Mr. Golding, after some conversation, in which her spirit bore no part, kissed his wife's cheek, and rejoined his mother and daughter upon the verandah. Mrs. Greyson attentively perused her son's face; it was calm, untroubled, "Agnes had not complained, she was afraid of her, that was certain," thought the old schemer. Eva felt troubled, she knew not why; she longed to be with her step-mother, but then she was told that Agnes desired to be left alone, that she was sleeping, or that she was fatigued. Eva's sensitive feelings were slightly wounded; why did Agnes repulse her attentions? Leaning over the parapet, she watched the moonlight playing on the waters, until the scene around mingled with her own ideal formations; and loving tones and music voices were borne, as from a distant clime, upon the breeze's wings. Voices of the loved familiar ones of earth, mingling with the dreaming hearts foreshadowings of the mother's welcome tones; the loving mother, she believed a dweller of the spirit world. People said that Eva was highly imaginative; she was endowed, to a high degree, with spiritual perception. The fragrance of the flowers, the gushing of the waters, the moonbeam's line of silver, the sunlight's joyousness, the voices of the night air, the midnight stars—all thrilled her soul with mysterious, inexplicable rapture. And in this realm of poesy, and sweet thought-wandering, the congenial spirit of her gentle step-mother met her own; and often had Eva's eyes filled with admiring love, as she gazed upon the speaking countenance, illumined by the pure, aspiring soul; thrilling beneath the inspiring strains of harmony her own light hands called forth; gushing in sweetest melody from the love-laden lips; breathing in poetic beauty the life-thoughts of her pure young heart! Alas! alas! that worldly plotting should cast the shadows of separation between those kindred spirits; that phantom forms should stand beside the threshold, where once rose-crowned love and white-robed peace held sway! Long and deeply did Agnes ponder that night: perhaps she was wrong in her opinion of the Riveros'; but, she could not withstand the conviction that forced itself upon her—there was falsehood and deceit in Don Felix and in his sister. Deeper and deeper that belief settled upon the still resisting spirit of Agnes; there was danger to Eva, and she could not avert it! Then her heart filled with yearning love and pitying grief, for the young girl, so bold and fearless in her innocent daring—so utterly unconscious of evil, so yielding where she thought affection led and duty beckoned. She saw, with sorrow's prophetic vision, that guileless heart estranged; the tender eyes gleaming cold and scornfully upon her; the repelling gesture, with which she soon would meet her. Eagerly, with clasped hands and tear-filled eyes, she listened for her footsteps but Eva came not, and when at night she sighed, and spoke low and sweetly, the chilling voice of Mrs. Greyson at the door, forbade the further outpourings of her heart.

[illegible]

The next day Eva came to Agnes' room. She assisted her to dress, and combed out her long black hair, and arranged her neglected ringlets. Gratefully Agnes accepted these little services of love; but when Eva would seat herself at her step-mother's feet, and they would resume those conversations that so lovingly engrossed them, when, as heretofore, their minds would commune on beautiful and lofty themes, either Alita would appear with a hasty summons for Eva, or Nelly convey her grandmother's commands to attend her in her own room; or the imperative voice of Mrs. Greyson herself, call Eva at the door. The unsuspecting girl saw no design in all this; but Agnes read too well the plan that was to deprive her of her soul's best privileges—her step-daughter's growing affection.

On the morning of the party Eva entered Agnes' room, and gaily told her of their preparations for the evening. How her father was to accompany them to the Riveros', and then return to his wife's society. They were to go before dinner, as a sumptuous repast awaited them there.

"We shall take umbrellas, so there is no fear of our complexions being injured by the sun; and grandmother has already sent our dresses, and we shall robe ourselves at Donna Isabel's, for we should arrive covered with dust, and all disarranged, if we donned our finery here. Only think, Agnes," said the light-hearted girl, laughing merrily; "grandmother hasn't been to town for two years, and now she is going to ride, and Pancho is to lead the mule; I'm so thankful they have got a tame old mule for her, she's so timid, but oh dear, how slow we shall advance! I'm so sorry you don't go, Agnes, you are such a beautiful dancer."

That afternoon Eva arrayed herself in her riding habit of silken grey; Agnes had arranged her hair in a broad coil at the back of her head, parted upon the clear, smooth brow; it was disposed in glossy bands, slightly waved upon the temples. Holding her broad-rimmed straw hat, with its flowing crimson ribbons, she entered her step-mother's room. The bloom had somewhat returned to the cheeks of Agnes; she had arranged her curls, and wore Eva's favorite dress, the blue silk tissue. Although clingingly affectionate, Eva was not demonstrative; her grandmother was the only being she had ever caressed, before her step-mother won her heart. And now, as she stood there, bidding her farewell, pleading obedience to her grandmother's commands, as an excuse for her absence; a sudden, loving impulse stirred within her. Taking the hand of Agnes, which was resting on her head, she pressed it to her lips thrice with a loving, fervent warmth. A heavenly smile overspread the step-mother's face, for at that moment her soul was framing an earnest, unspoken prayer, that the young and innocent girl might be delivered from danger and temptation.

Eva's grateful acknowledgemnt, as it were, of her uncommunicated petition, moved her deeply. With tear-drops standing in the soft brown eyes, she clasped Eva to her bosom, and fervently exclaimed:

"God forever guard and bless you, beloved child!" and Eva, won to love and gratitude, kissed the inclined brow, and, with a lingering "Adieu, dear Agnes," walked from the room.

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[illegible] Manriquita, [illegible] seamstress, the housemaids, Martina and Louisa, the old gardner, Jose, our well known Alita, and the rest of the negroes, were all assembled at the verandah gate to witness the unusual spectacle—the old Senora going to town. On Pancho devolved the unpleasant duty of leading his old mistress's mule. Mrs. Greyson, disdaining a riding habit, wore one of her second best purple silks; no persuasion could induce her to don a broad rimmed straw hat; "they were well enough for giddy young girls, and fly-aways." She wore an old-fashioned Leghorn bonnet, of the type known as "coal scuttle," trimmed with demure-looking brown ribbons. After considerable fixing and the assurance, reiterated for the hundredth time, that the saddle was secure, the fidgetty old lady was finally enthroned upon her mule; Eva mounted her step-mother's white horse, Mr. Golding bidding them await his return, hurried up the verandah steps, and entered Agnes' apartment. Fondly kissing her, and with a compliment to her renewed bloom, he promised to return as soon as dinner would be over at the Riveros'.

"Good bye, Agnes, take good care of yourself," said he gaily, and returned to the awaiting party.

His mother's eyes darted flashes of angry light, for she had guessed his errand to the house. Calling Nelly to her, she gave her parting orders.

"Now mind, and keep everything straight, Nelly. Don't forget what I told you about my linen dresses, and my lace caps."

"An' is it fashin me wid the rattle-thraps ye be, shure? an' yersel' goin' to injoy yersel' in the distance? Bedad, an' ye niver bids me take care o' mesel'!"

"You've got tongue enough to take care of yourself without telling. Mind, now, and keep that monkey there in subjection; make her fan you while I'm away, so she don't get out of practice."

Alita pouted her thick lips, and muttered: "*No say mono*;" but fortunately for her it escaped Mrs. Greyson's notice.

"Nelly, please take care of my parroquets, and of little Loby, as Mrs. Golding is not yet well," said Eva, with her beaming smile.

"An' is it me, darlin', as would be afther forgittin' the dumb craythers? Musha, but i'll feed 'em, an' clane 'em, an' see 'em all righted, shure, and the darlin' bit of a puppy-dog too."

"Come, come," said Mr. Golding, impatiently, "are you all ready?"

"I am, father," answered the sweet voice of Eva; but again the timid old lady entreated him "to see to the saddle; mules were such heathenish brutes, and she didn't care about having her neck broken by a fall."

Whatever were the faults of that worldly, and sometimes unfeeling man—faults just beginning to glimmer upon the love-veiled eyes of the trusting Agnes—love for his mother formed a redeeming trait. Alas! that the truly strong affection subsisting between mother and son should have for its basis a unity for wrong, a love of worldly aggrandizement, for aim no lofty purpose; naught but the petty search the heart-searing thirst for this world's gold!

At last they were in motion; Eva gracefully managing her spirited horse. She had, from childhood, been accustomed to the mules, some tame, some half wild of the country, and, since the purchase of "Zephyr," had taken riding lessons from Agnes. She soon became an expert and fearless horsewoman, much to her step-mother's and her own delight. Agnes had promised to induce her father to buy a milk-white horse for her also. The warm sunshine fell radiant upon her graceful figure, so erect and queen-like; beneath her shading hat, her young cheeks glowed like fresh June roses, and the soft sea breeze gently lifted the waving hair around her temples. Mr. Golding rode his own bay mare, and, with one hand tightly clutching the reins, the other grasping a small umbrella, Mrs. Greyson jogged along upon her sure-footed mule. Pancho walked close beside the animal, encouraging and reassuring his mistress, in a language that was truly to her an unknown tongue. Between his teeth the poor negro invoked all the saints for patience, and muttered many an uncourteous wish upon old troublesome women in general, and upon his old mistress in particular.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Nelly, as the cortege moved along, and she thought her mistress beyond hearing. "Shure an' its crazy the ould un's a getting, climberin' up a me-ule in sich a fashun, an' rigged out wid rattle-thraps I'd be 'shamed to show me fiznogomy in. Looks like the divil in a gale o' wind, on the road, an' the night she'll be all feathers and thrickery, an' dimuns, and the Lord knows what. Quare wurreld this! but Miss Eva, the darlin'! dun' know but what she looks as purty now in her grey skeert an' straw hat, as iver she'll be in the yaller satten an' the purrells, an' the what-dye-call-'em red bades. Here, Alita! what be ye caperin' about like a nanny-goat for?"

But Alita's joy at the prospect of a day's reprieve from the dominion of her old mistress, was too great a matter of rejoicing to be passed by without demonstration. She danced, and capered, and shouted like one possessed of the fullest sense of joyous liberty; crying out and singing "*Ya se fue la veissa!*" (the old one is gone,) till her companions, catching the spirit of her cheerfulness, and taking hold of one another's hands formed a ring, Alita in the centre, and danced right merrily to the improvised words and tune of "the old one is gone."

"An' is that the rispect ye has for the young misthress, ye hathenish blackamoors ye? and she sick wid the headache, an' a' kapin' her room? Ye dos'nt understand me, *no comprende?* how can I help yer ignorence, ye poor darkened craythers, that ye is. I tell ye's yer shouldn't dance," and Nelly, to convey her meaning, capered about grotesquely, and finally made a spring into the air; "an' ye shouldn't squale and sing;" and Nelly attempted the first verse of "Rory O'Moore;" "an' ye shouldn't behave so, at all at all, when the young misthress, Miss Agnes, *la madame*, the *Senora*, Mrs. Golding, is sick so;" and Nelly held her head with both hands, groaning piteously, as one in pain, then pointed to Mrs. Golding's windows.

All the servants loved their master's young wife, and they failed not in manifesting obedience, and a sort of friendly deference towards Nelly, who never told tales upon them, as some fawning white servants did; nor did she ever treat her fellow-beings with any assumption of authority, or consciousness of superior position. Uninfluenced by her despotic mistress, the warm-hearted little Irishwoman often said: "Shure an' they has sowls in their bodies, if they be black as soot." With their usual quickness of comprehension and intuitive kindly feeling, they fully understood the purport of Nelly's speech and expressive pantomime; and as quickly ceased their [illegible] recreations. Alita followed Nelly into Mrs. Golding's room, with the laudable intention of offering her services to that lady during the "old one's" absence. Nelly first repaired to her own room, where she had concealed a large and fragrant boquet for "the young misthress." Agnes smiled her graceful thanks, and continued watching from her window the retreating figures of those she loved; she waved her handkerchief, but they were already far off. Placing the flowers within an alabaster vase, she kindly stroked the ebony cheeks of Alita, whose grateful heart overflowed at such an unwonted manifestation of goodness. The attentive Nelly hastened to prepare some tea and toast for her young lady, while Alita, taking the proffered stool at Agnes' feet, (she was never allowed to sit in the presence of the "old one,") gazed upon the Senora with eyes o'erbrimming with admiration and gratitude.

Agnes remained absorbed in thought. Far away they wandered, these unbidden stragglers, to the humble home beside the calm blue Rhine, its overhanging vintage fields and sites of picturesque beauty; then her grateful memory reverted to the unknown benefactor of her girlhood, from whom she had not heard since her marriage, although she had often written to Europe to make inquiry concerning him. She had also sent varied and substantial presents to her humble friends, those with whom she had found a home, besides allowing them yearly a portion of the pocket-money allotted her. She was aroused from these recollections by the entrance of Nelly with the tea-tray. As Alita's sleepy orbs were involuntarily closing, Agnes kindly bade her go to rest. The swarthy maiden, looking timidly into the lady's face, and reading there hope and encouragement, took the small white hand, and pressed a grateful kiss upon it, then, with tear-filled eyes, withdrew.

Night wore on, the silver-crescent moon illumined the white gleaming castle, the mountain's side, the silvery beach, the slumbering sea. Mr. Golding returned not; "he has been detained by the company," thought Agnes; when Nelly, who had been absent for a few moments, returned, saying: "That the young jintleman, the clerk, Misther Frank Wylie, was in the hall below, and wished to see the young misthress." Throwing a black silk scarf around her shoulders, Agnes descended to the dining-room.

CHAPTER IX.

"No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret love is thrown;
No outward signs reveal its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus, like the spark, whose vivid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight;
It dwells within alone."

The young man rose, upon her entrance, and bowed respectfully: "I am commissioned by Mr. Golding, madam, to bear to you his regret in not being able to fulfil his promise of returning as he had designed. He met with an acquaintance who prevailed upon him to go to the hotel upon a matter of business. Mr. Golding will probably not be home until late, and entreats you not to wait for him."

"Thank you, Mr. Wylie, for having taken the trouble—I began to feel rather uneasy. Pray, be seated, and let Nelly bring you some refreshment, after your long ride."

"Thank you, Mrs. Golding; I will take a glass of water. Nelly, please get it for me." "I hope you are quite restored to health, Mr. Golding informed me that you have been indisposed."

"Thank you; I am almost well again."

"And Mrs. Greyson and Miss Eva are well, I hope?"

"Both well, and enjoying themselves very much, I hope, by this time."

Frank opened his blue eyes in astonishment; and Agnes, noticing his puzzled look, said, "Have you not seen them, this evening?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Golding. I have just come in, and you are the only lady of the family I have yet seen. I suppose Miss Eva"——

"Then you are not aware that they have gone to the Riveros'? Where did you see Mr. Golding?"

"Gone to the Riveros'!" repeated Frank, entirely overlooking the latter question. "Miss Golding gone there—you are surely jesting, madam!"

"Indeed, I am not; Eva went with her grandmother, and Mr. Golding accompanied them. There is a gay party assembled there to celebrate Donna Isabella's birth-day. Do you not come from there? Where did you meet my husband?" again demanded Agnes.

"I met Mr. Golding in the street, and there received his message for you; but excuse me—I can hardly credit it—Miss Eva gone to a party at the Riveros'!"

"But why do you find that so strange, Mr. Wylie?" said Agnes, her attention arrested by the unusual agitation displayed by the young man, whose delicate countenance alternately flushed and paled, and whose blue eyes gleamed around uneasily.

Nelly, coming in with the glass of water, interrupted the conversation, but she immediately withdrew; the pertness manifested in the presence of the "ould un," was never exhibited to "the swate, purty young misthress."

"You ask me why I think it strange that Miss Eva should attend a party at the Riveros'? I will tell you, Mrs. Golding; because Felix Rivero is known for a gambler, and, as his most intimate associates tell, for a confirmed libertine. Excuse me, but it cannot be possible that Mr. Golding is aware of his character, or he would not allow his daughter to frequent such society. I know that in the society surrounding us there is a lack of dignity; wealth is the idol to which all render homage; its true moral tone is wanting, but still I could not dream"—— the young man paused in embarrassment.

"Pray, go on, Mr. Wylie; be frank with me, you confer a favor. Mr. Golding is *not* aware of this, or Eva would not have gone, and Mrs. Greyson, secluded as she lives, and unknowing the language, cannot be expected to know——I should have been there tonight, but for my recent indisposition. But tell me, how know you this of Don Felix—are you certain?"

"Mrs. Golding," responded the young man, with simple earnestness, "it grieves me to speak ill of any one, but my interest in all relating to this house, my fervent desire for Miss Eva's welfare"—— (his voice faltered with emotion) "must be my excuse; and of all I say I can bring you proof, clear, undeniable evidence. There lives now in La Toma a man, a Spaniard, reduced from affluence to the most abject poverty, now living upon the public charity; he came to this condition through the instrumentality of Don Felix, who won from him all he possessed at the gaming table. This man has a young daughter whom strangers have kindly cared for; but she lives in Europe, unconscious or forgetful of her miserable father's existence. Last year, while traveling on business for our house, in Maracaibo, I met with a [illegible] and lovely woman, hopelessly insane, the victim of Don Felix. In the market place of La Toma sits an aged negress, whose only son he sold into slavery to a cruel master, when what to him would have been a trifling sum, could have freed him, whose mother had been his nurse. While his sister's husband, Mr. Birdall, lived, he borrowed large sums of money from him, which he never repaid; it has even been rumored about that the pecuniary difficulties in which he involved his brother-in-law caused his untimely death; be that as it may, Donna Isabel dotes upon her perverse brother, and prefers being called by his name, as you know. All I have told you is but a part of what Don Felix has caused of misery and ruin."

Agnes had listened with breathless interest; she now clasped her hands in solemn thankfulness, for the revelation just received, and exclaimed—

"My God! I thank thee that it is yet time! I know now that my apprehensions were well founded; and this man dares to lift his eyes to Eva, this wretch dares to aspire to the pure love of my child!"

"Mrs. Golding—what is that you say? Don Felix loves Eva! Miss Golding—oh, for pity's sake unsay your words! And she—does she too"—— he paused, unable to proceed, and a deathly paleness overspread his face.

"Excuse me," said Agnes, pressing her hand to her brow; "I feel bewildered by what I have heard. Oh! there is truth in presentiment, there are warnings of the soul! Yet am I thankful to know it was but a supposition of mine that this Don Felix has any such thoughts; perhaps I judge too rashly. As for Eva, she will never love one unworthy of her; she is too good, too pure, too truthful! But my husband shall be warned; he is so generous and confiding! *His* daughter must not be exposed to any invidious remarks; while I live and can prevent it, the breath of calumny shall never sully the name of Eva Golding!" The noble woman's eyes beamed with the light of a holy resolve, and her graceful hand was uplifted, as if registering a vow. Frank Wylie gazed upon her with respectful admiration.

"You will not misconstrue my motives, Mrs. Golding?" almost timidly questioned the young man, after a lengthened pause. "I am actuated by the purest interest for the honor of your family.

"And by love for Eva," thought Agnes, who, with woman-like penetration had read the secret he thought so well guarded. But she made reply:

"I honor and appreciate your motives, and I assure you I feel grateful for the interest you manifest. But now tell me, how is your mother? when did you hear from her last?"

A deep shade of blended sadness and anxiety settled upon the young man's expressive countenance, as he answered, "I received a letter from her last week; her health has not improved; and the physician advises a warmer climate."

"Why not bring her here?" said Agnes, "this climate is surely warm enough, and as salubrious as any tropical place can be."

"It is, Mrs. Golding; and perhaps would suit as well as Cuba; but"—— the young clerk hesitated, and a painful flush crimsoned his broad white brow.

"Speak frankly, Mr. Wylie; what is it that impedes your mother's coming here?"

"The want of means, madam," answered Frank, bitterly, while the flush of wounded pride deepened still more, and his eyelids drooped beneath her searching and pitying gaze. "The salary allowed me by Mr. Golding, although sufficient for my own wants, is inadequate for the support of my mother, who has long been a sufferer. I cannot supply her with any of the little luxuries her feeble state requires; a series of most unfortunate circumstances has pursued us for years; it is only since my arrival in this country, that fortune deigns somewhat to smile upon my efforts."

"Have you ever spoken of this to Mr. Golding?"

"I have; and he has at times allowed me a small sum over and above my salary; but I would not dare to intrude, Mr. Golding has so many demands upon his means; and his time is occupied with vast commercial enterprises. I cannot expect him to give his thoughts to so humble an individual as myself; and I have too much pride to seek his charity, even for my dying mother's sake," and Frank proudly raised his head, but the large tears glistened in his tender eyes.

"But this is not right; you should trust him more," said Agnes, gently; "he is generous and benevolent of heart, though he may appear stern and cold at times. I will place the matter before him. In the the meantime, you will not refuse assistance from one who desires to be your friend. Please excuse me for a few moments, Mr. Wylie."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STARLIGHT:

A Legend of Quannapowitt Lake.

BY ARDENNE ALVA.

It was far away in the ghost-like Past when an unbroken forest waved in silent grandeur to the march of the sweeping winds, and the red deer wandered beneath his native shades and bent his graceful head to sip the cool waters of the sparkling lake, where *now* rise in picturesque loveliness, church, schoolhouse, home nest, gleaming out in snowy purity through the rich foliage of the few towering oaks, graceful elms and stately maples, spared by the woodman's axe. The scream of the eagle in his lofty eyrie—the cry of the heron among the rushes—the wild fowl in her circling flight, and the stealthy tread of the wary Indian alone disturbed the stillness of the vast solitude *now* vocal with the voices of civilization. But the morning sun *then* awoke this gem-like lake, sleeping amid the hills, to as heavenly a blue, and its mimic waves to as sparkling a foam, as *now*, when a thousand hearts daily beat with rapture at sight of its magic beauty. A green cape extending deep into the fair bosom of the silvery flood—once the favorite summer resort of the old Indian who bequeathed his name to this romantic sheet of water—is *now* laid out in tasteful grounds for the quiet repose of the dead, with its marble monuments, its tall columns, its pure slabs and spotless scrolls, ornamented with sweet and touching designs emblematic of Hope and Love, that outlive Change and Death, and bloom eternal in the Paradise of God.

Quannapowitt was a cold, stern, passionless being, save when the war-cry echoed through his wild domains, waking his fiery soul to deeds of strife, or the voice of his sole child, "soft as the memory of buried love," wooed him to the wigwam's shade, soothing his rugged spirit with the old legends of the tribes, and plaintive songs of the glorious hunting grounds beyond, beneath the brow of the Great Spirit. He named his young daughter Starlight, because her infant smile won back his heart from the fire-kindled grave of his lost Oweena, and cheered him in the gloomy darkness that gathered about his forest home.

Beautiful as day to the weary prisoner—dear as the life-drops in his purple veins—sweet as his hope of final rest behind the sunset clouds, was Starlight to her rude, untutored father. It had been his pastime to instruct her in all the accomplishments that distinguished the youthful braves of his tribe. She could speed an arrow to its mark with a skill as unerring, and guide the light canoe over the dark stream as safely as the most expert of the sons of the forest, and yet she was shy as the antelope among the hills, modest as the lily of the valley, loving as the sunshine, and guileless as the babe at its mother's breast. Sixteen summers had woven their blossoms in her floating hair and perfected her form of native grace, when on a July morning, radiant with the golden splendors of the new risen sun, eloquent with the sweet songs of birds in the trees, the birch canoe of Quannapowitt skimmed fleetly across the flashing waves of the forest lake, and neared the romantic spot where still remained in undisturbed quiet, the wigwam with its implements for fishing, and utensils for cooking the maize. One foot of the stern old chief was upon the strand, when a sound came ringing through the dim woods that turned the crimson in that swarthy cheek to the leaden hue of fear. He had faced the foe upon the war-plains, and bared his bosom to the tomahawk, while his trumpet voice rose in the thrilling war-cry that proclaimed to the combatants that Quannapowitt would triumph in victory or yield up his life upon the battle-field—but with this *all dreaded sound* there came to the warrior's listening soul—that in simple trust beat responsive to the voice of Nature—a terrible foreboding—a shadowy prophecy of strife and bloodshed, in which was mingled the death song of his race!

It was the stroke of the woodman's axe that changed this breathing savage to a form of stone! At length he turned his blanched face and fixed eyes upon his child—the link between his soul and heaven. "Starlight, we must fly—the pale man's foot is here! These shades stretch forth their arms for us no more! This beauteous lake in her fair bosom holds our image for the last time! Starlight! no tears! they do but shame thy father's child—let's bid them all adieu and ply our oars until we reach the sunset shore, where the Great Spirit forbid the white man's foot shall ever come!"

Starlight had arisen in the canoe, and stood gazing in speechless terror upon the face so rarely swept by the tides of emotion. A new sound came to her ear, and she inclined her head to listen.

"Hark my father! I hear a voice of pain, and the fearful axe no longer wakes the echoes of the lake—it is a groan—why father—it sounds like death!" and the startled maid grasped that arm of steel.

A crackling of dead branches, and a man of stalwart form appeared, bearing in his arms a fainting youth. The red blood was spouting from a dangerous wound in the ankle—the groans had ceased, for the sufferer had found relief in unconsciousness.

"Red man, in Heaven's name some water, and assistance—my boy's life is flowing out in that fearful cut!"

Swift as an arrow Starlight caught a bunch of green leaves and formed them into a basin, with which she brought the pure liquid from the lake. Again and again, she sprinkled the sparkling drops over the silent face, ere a heaving sigh or snatching breath came to tell that life lingered in the prostrate form.

It was a picture for the poet-artist's [illegible]

rude wigwam—the canopy of lofty trees—the rays of the sun and the shadowy leaves weaving a tapestry of Mosaic and gold for the grassy slope—the deep blue waves tipt with pearls, chasing each other and melting in the embrace of the moss-grown rocks and green rushes—the anxious parent with the beaded drops standing thick upon his broad brow, bending over the pale, handsome face, from which was swept back rich masses of chestnut hair—that beautiful daughter of the forest, in her gaudy necklace and waving feathers, upon her knees, striving to staunch the bleeding vein with her scanty robes—and the cold, motionless face and towering form of Quannapowitt, as he gazed upon the scene with stern unwavering eye.

To crown faithful effort, a creeping flush recolored the marble cheek, and the drooping curtains were uprolled from the glorious paintings of the soul.

"Father, have I cut off my foot?" whispered the youth in painful tones.

"No, my boy, but keep quiet; it is a dangerous wound, and must be carefully managed."

Turning his eyes gratefully towards the maiden, the father said in beseeching voice, "Kind girl, would you stay with him while I go for proper remedies to dress this dreadful wound?"

With an eloquent glance towards the silent chief she said, "Ask my father—his word is Starlight's law."

The white man gently approached him, and said, "Red brother, you see my son—I must go several miles ere I am prepared to dress that fearful wound—he might die alone in my absence—what shall I say or offer to induce you and your lovely child to care for him till I return?"

"Pale face, you come to us with kindly words—we could help you—but you have seized our summer home, and we must seek another; Starlight, let us depart."

"Father, I obey, but my mother's spirit beckons me to remain."

The magic word was spoken—a mist came over the vacant eye, and the stern expression of the savage was lost in humanity's softened beam.

"Owcena," and the old warrior lifted his swarthy brow to heaven, "in your cloud-curtained home, you have done what the Crows and the Blackfeet could never do—conquered Quannapowitt! Pale face, you need not go. The Great Spirit has given his red children the balsams of the forest, and the roots of the earth for healing flesh and restoring the failing body. Go home, and leave the boy with us in yon wigwam, and ere a little moon has sped you shall have him safe and sound."

There was a curdling chill about that father's heart, as he recalled the bloody massacres and midnight murders, perpetrated by the redskins; but when his anxious gaze rested upon the glowing face of Starlight, and he marked the expression of pitying grief that softened its beauty, as a fleecy cloud sometimes veils, but does not hide, the glory of the moon, he felt sure that *she* could not belong to "those juggling fiends, who keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope." With earnest words he assured Quannapowitt that he had no design of encroaching upon the rights of others—it was true that he had come to this wild spot to make a home for his family, whom, with the exception of this son, were in a distant State, but he should ever regard the wigwam sacred, and its occupants, brethren.

"Generous red man," he added, "I entrust my son to your care, and will gladly recompense you and your daughter for all the kindness you bestow upon him."

"Pale face, we thank you for your loving words, and will smoke with you the calumet of peace," at the same time handing the white man a long-stemmed pipe, while he placed another between his teeth, and threw himself upon the green sward. He took a few whiffs, then put up his pipe, and took out his jack-knife and made an incision in the bark of a tree. Turning to the white man, who was composedly smoking the kindly proffered pipe, he said, "Pale brother may go—Indian never breaks the compact of peace."

Tenderly as a young mother folds her rosy first-born to her loving breast, did these hard-featured men interlace their hands—the white and the red—beneath the form of the wounded youth—bear him into the wigwam, and lay him upon a couch of moss and leaves, prepared by the willing hands of Starlight. The blood had ceased to flow, and Quannapowitt applied his balsams, splinters, and bandages, with a dexterity and skill that assured the anxious parent of his ability to perform all that he promised.

"Keep up a good heart, my boy, I'll see you again to-night," and the tall form disappeared among the forest trees. Mr. Stanfield was a man of enterprise and thrift, possessing a soul of unflinching integrity, deeply imbued with the principles of peace and good will towards men. He believed that God made of one blood all nations of the earth, and he illustrated his faith by his life; therefore he did not fear to come forth from the protected haunts of civilization, and make himself an abode on the very borders of the savage domains. His family consisted of a wife and four robust boys—the eldest of whom named Adrian, nineteen years of age—accompanying and assisting his father in his preparatory labors, was this morning so unfortunate as to strike the glittering blade of his axe into the quivering flesh, instead of the rock maple at his feet. He had hoped to be ready for the reception of his family in a few weeks, but as he sadly resumed his weary tasks alone, he sighed to think that it might be *months*, before he should be blest by the presence of all his loved ones.

A long refreshing sleep came to Adrian, and Starlight glided silently about the rude wigwam, arranging the coarse table and primitive seats, bestowing frequent stealthy glances upon the handsome face of her patient, while Quannapowitt strolled about the borders of the lake, with his gun and fishing-rod. It was growing dark in the shaded woods, though daylight still lingered upon the clearing of Mr. Stanfield, as he re-entered the Indian hut. A smile lit up his serious face as his eye fell upon his son, sitting so cheerfully beside Starlight, helping her assort the thin willow strips with which she was weaving a basket for her father's fish. He brought from his store of luxuries, some tobacco and powder for Quannapowitt, some dried fruit for Starlight, books and writing materials for Adrian, and numberless little comforts for the benefit of all. He was received with cordiality by the inmates, and from that day forth the civilized man, and the uncultivated son of the forest, lived together as became neighbors, yea more—brothers.

Adrian Stanfield was an earnest, enthusiastic character, with a mind of the highest order, though but imperfectly developed. He was an ardent admirer of Nature, and loved to roam through the quiet woods, sit down by the pellucid lake, and weave day dreams too golden for realization in this sin-curst, though not wholly lost, old world of ours. He was tenderly attached to home and friends, and could not but gaze upon his wounded foot with a feeling akin to that which moves the worn prisoner, when the binding fetters meet his regretful eye. Not even his precious old copy of Shakespeare, and his pencils, with an abundance of time to pursue his delightful studies, could reconcile him to the deferred coming of his mother and his brave brothers, and the loss of his forest rambles, and sails upon the charming lake. Starlight marked his unquiet eye, and by many little attentions strove to amuse the slow dragging hours. When he was reading, she would sit and look upon him with an expression of deepest reverence, not unmixed with superstition, for she had been taught by old legends of her tribe, that the Great Spirit had given books *only* to his white children, but when he drew forth his sketching materials, and made a rough drawing of the bower-like scene from the door of the wigwam, and the blue lake beyond, she clapped her hands with joy, and exclaimed, "Starlight can do that."

Adrian was surprised and pleased to witness the perfect little pictures that she could execute with so great rapidity and skill. The thought came to his mind that he would teach her to read. His eyes sparkled with triumph as he watched her ready advancement in the alphabet. Ere long she was able to read a little story in the old English Primer, by spelling most of the words "to herself." Quannapowitt looked on in wonder and admiration.

Every day deepened the interest between teacher and pupil, though the hour of revealment was yet to come.

One sultry day, after suffering considerable pain, consequent upon impatiently trying to walk, Adrian fell into a soft slumber; he dreamed that a maid, with starry eyes, robed in silver light, was bending above him, and beckoning him to a rose-crowned bower, hanging 'mid the purple cloud-curtains of the western sky. He awoke to find Starlight's dewy lips softly pressed to his brow. There was a joyous smile, an encrimsoned face, a quick glance, that, like the electric wire, conveyed the blissful intelligence to each raptured soul. No longer upon Adrian's heart fell with leaden weight the footsteps of Time. He felt the waving of a golden wing, and the day was gone—the breath of an angel visitant, and the night was past! The wigwam, with its dark tented roof, might clip his vision of the glorious sky; pain and weariness might rack his frame; Starlight, pure and holy, was shining around him, and the spark of the Divinity within him, kindling to a hallowed flame! The summer passed away like a happy dream; Adrian's ankle was entirely healed, and perfectly sound; his mother and brothers had come to occupy the new house in the "clearing," and the glad smile came oftener to disturb the seriousness of his father's fine countenance. The leaves were touched with a deep tinge of brown and gold, and the wild autumn winds swept the bright waves of the lake to a darker shade of blue. Quannapowitt began to talk of following the birds, but still he lingered. The sunny face of Starlight grew wet with tears, as she marked the completion of the strong canoe, which was to bear them from a spot now so doubly dear to her captured heart. Adrian and Starlight stood silently beside the lake—so near that the cool waves dashed against their feet. They did not heed them; it was the last night, and they were gazing into loving eyes, as unconscious of the glories of the blue arch above, radiant with her starry lamps—the beauties of the scene below, bathed in a flood of pearly splendor, as if heaven and earth had been rolled together as a scroll, and had passed away, leaving them alone upon the stranded wreck of Time, living, breathing only for each other!

"Starlight of my soul, let me hear thee promise *once again* that thou wilt meet me here!"

There was queenliness in the air of that dark maiden as she withdrew herself from the encircling arms of her white lover, and exclaimed in earnest, solemn tones—

"Adrian, as sure as the rays of the sun shall loose the ice fetters that will bind this beauteous lake in its wintry slumbers—as sure as the eternal stars shall *then*, as *now*, illumine the glorious brow of night, Starlight will come to bless and brighten the heart that loves her!"

Two years had gone to join those beyond the flood, since the birch canoe of Quannapowitt sailed out beneath the golden light of an Autumn morning, and floated away into the distance, beyond the utmost ken of the slender youth, standing alone upon the wild, romantic cape.

Adrian was there once again! It was not the first time—bear witness, ye forest trees, beneath whose shades was poured out the anguish of a disappointed heart, as the second Spring since that parting hour he watched the last vestige of ice disappearing from the lake; the summer sun rising up from her crimson couch, piled against the eastern horizon, and the unredeemed promise of Starlight still heaving to and fro in his distracted brain.

He was not alone! He had waited and hoped until his soul grew sick within him. Then the sad conclusion came to his mind, that *his* Starlight—the free, wild forest maid, was false and fickle as the wind that played with his waving hair. And *then* he was won from his loneliness by a rosy-lipped, bright-eyed girl, the daughter of the *one* neighbor who had purchased a lot of land adjoining his own.

She was with him! Irene Freeman was beautiful, but it was the beauty that enwraps the form like a garment, instead of *that* which is planted in the soul, and blooms out in looks, words and acts of purest fragrance.

They sat together upon a fallen oak, near the still, quiet lake in which the Queen of Night was laving her clear brow, and the fringing willows drooping to kiss their shadows. They were husband and wife!

"Look, Irene," exclaimed Adrian, "across this sparkling water, and behold those giant trees, standing so gloomily in the deep shadow, while their towering heads are bathed in softest silver light! How like the lives of some men, who firmly tread life's pathway, made dark and drear by earthly pangs and disappointments, but who keep their gaze steadfastly fixed upon the star whose guiding ray shall lead them to the mansions of Eternal Light!"

"Adrian, do not talk so solemn and strange; I cannot understand these moods of yours, and I do not love dark scenes, be they gilded ever so brightly by moonlight; let us return to our pleasant dwelling and clear fire. Come, husband mine, let us go—it is growing chilly," and she coaxingly drew him from his seat.

Adrian turned his eyes filled with a melancholy sadness upon the fair face of his one month's bride, and said—

"Well, my little wife, I suppose I must yield to your pretty fancies—they are lighter than mine, surely."

They were nearing the opening, when a loud splash in the water, and a cry that sounded in the echoing woods strangely like "Adrian," smote upon their startled ears, and they hurriedly retraced their footsteps.

All was still—not a rippling wave whispered that aught had disturbed its slumber, and, after a few moments of waiting—a few words of conjecture—the conclusion of which was, that some wild animal had taken a cold bath, and the witchery of the evening hour had thrown its enchantment about their ears, they returned to their cottage.

All that weary night, strange visions visited the soul of Adrian, from which he would awake to toss upon a restless couch, and long for the coming dawn. He could not rest, and he arose and gazed from his window upon the splendors of the sleeping lake. A powerful influence invited his feet to tread once more those sacred trysting places, from which he tore himself so unwillingly the previous night. Silently he left his home, and bent his steps to the very spot where the playful waves kissed his feet on that night of parting, when Starlight's solemn vow brought peace to his fearing heart.

It was a night of rarest beauty; the pale Empress upon her high throne had borrowed a more golden splendor, and the curtains gathered about her wore of richest Tyrian purple, edged with brightest silver lace. A flood of radiance from her bower fell upon the flashing mirror beneath, and made it clear and transparent as glass. Adrian stood upon the very brink of the lake, gazing into its pure bosom, as if seeking to transplant some of its grand repose to his own restless heart.

Great God of Heaven! What thing could meet him there, that had power to bring so agonizing a wildness to that eye—so fearful a trembling to that manly form? He nearly sank upon the shore, but, nerving himself with a mighty effort, he plunged into the lake, and as quickly returned, with a drooping burden in his arms! The long sweeping hair lay wet and dripping upon his shoulder, and a damp, cold face, held close to warm, breathing lips!

It was Starlight! She had kept her vow! The light canoe, with her name painted upon the stern, dashing against the moss-grown rock—the well-remembered splash in the water, and the haunting echo of his name, led Adrian's straining eyes, and breaking heart, to seek her, lying in the last slumber, upon the gleaming sand. She had come to redeem her plighted faith—*why so late?* might as well be asked of the waves that chanted her requiem!

And she was folded to a heart as loving and unchanged as the stars that seemed to Adrian's mourning soul to hide their faces for grief. The purple curtains were drawn closer about the moon, and the bridegroom was left alone in the darkness!

Not alone—the form that he had so yearned to embrace was in his arms, close, close to his beating heart—the lips that invited love's fervent kiss, lay just beneath his own, sweetly parted, revealing the snowy teeth; but oh, God above! the gentle sigh that stirred the soft bosom, the sweet breath that fanned his cheek, the free, eagle spirit looking out from those veiled orbs, telling the love she dared not whisper, were fled *forever!*

The mourner grew delirious in his mighty sorrow, as he sat there with the chilly corse lying upon his breast, and he gently breathed in her silent ear the story of his waiting and watching, his bitter disappointment, his unjust reproaches, his broken faith, the unholy vows spoken to *one*, when all his heart was *another's*, and in agony he prayed to be forgiven!

The fierce storm in his breast was stilled, and a calm fell upon his spirit; the moon looked out from her curtains and smiled, and Adrian pressed the last of many kisses upon the "clay-cold" lips, and laid her upon the green sward, whispering, as he reverently knelt by her side,—

"Starlight, you have kept your faith, and gone to your sweet reward in the home of the Great Spirit. My cruel untruth thou hast pardoned, and sealed it with thy pale lips. I have a toilsome march before me ere I reach the portals that have opened wide their glittering gates to let thee in! Farewell, oh, my pure Starlight, till the morning breaks upon us!"

Years elapsed, and Adrian Stanfield grew up into the noble stature of a *man*. Wealth rolled in upon him, but he did not permit the rust to stain his soul. He was a friend of humanity, and endeavored to lift up the poor and fallen, instead of crushing them beneath his gilded heel. Fair sons and daughters were born unto him, and his home was marked by neatness, economy and good management. He loved his family, and devoted his energies to their interest; but still there were hours in his pilgrimage when his worldly companion could not understand his moods—no more than on that eventful night when the coming shadow of his Starlight's death folded itself over his perceptive soul. There was a chamber in his heart, whose golden key her fingers never grasped. It was a holy spot, to which the kingly owner sometimes retired, when the empty joys and cankering cares of this earth life dimmed his spirit's brightness, and he would come forth from the pure influences in which his soul gained a fresh inspiration, and travel onward in the toilsome journey. The inner walls of this chamber were written all over with bright beaming letters, and every way spelled "STARLIGHT."

That messenger that comes once to each of Adam's race, came one hour to Adrian Stanfield. It was night, and he sat in a cushioned chair, surrounded by kindred and friends.

"Open the window," he faintly articulated, "and let me look once more upon lake and sky."

It was done, and after gazing across the broad fields upon the quiet lake, that glistened between the tall trees that guarded the shore, he lifted his eyes to the "bright orbs that gem the sky," and sweetly breathed out his spirit in these words: "Starlight, I come!"

COMMON SENSE.—There is frequently more truth in the common acceptation of general terms than in the more precise and rigorous definitions of science. Common sense gives to words their ordinary significations; and common sense is the genius of humanity.

Philosophers say, that shutting the eyes makes the hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for so many closed eyes at church.

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us sore-footed, more than the rocks that only require a bold effort to surmount.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

The following sublime Ode is from the Russian Anthology, and was written by the celebrated Derzhaven. It was translated into English, as follows, by Dr. Bowring. It is a noble composition, and should be preserved by the reader.

OH, THOU ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone—
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries: Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain may try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost e'er thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did'st call
First chaos—then existence; Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation—all.
Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine:
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious! Great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured Universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light!
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night!

Yet, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity. What am I, then? naught!

Naught!—But the effulgence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on Hope's pinion's fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God; and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth—
Just on the boundary of the SPIRIT LAND!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave—a worm, a God!
Whence came I here? And how so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thy source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of Death, and bade it bear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

Oh thought ineffable! Oh vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee;
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And with its homage to the Deity.
God! thus above, my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being, wise and good;
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

RURAL LIFE.

This primeval enjoyment of man is the most healthful of all occupations; healthful for the body and the soul. What other pursuits, by which men obtain honest bread, afford such vigorous training for the physical power, such various and extensive ranges of mental exercise? And where may the moral nature of man be preserved unsullied from vice, and grow and expand more, than in the rural scenes beneath the purest air of heaven? The farmer's life is not to scratch with the pen, or rap, rap, with the hammer, nor an everlasting unpacking and repacking of another's labor. He walks forth under the open sky, his broad acres spread out beneath his feet; the blue concave, sunlit or starlit, or shrouded in clouds is still above him. Health claims him as her favorite child, and the glorious sun loves to kiss a cheek that is not ashamed to wear the ruddy imprint of such affection. Nature's own inimitable babbling brooks, birds, breeze, or rustling foliage, enter his ear on their glad mission to his heart. He listens to instructive voices continually speaking from the universe around him. His eyes gather truth from pages of wisdom everywhere open before him. Each day, each month, season after season, year after year, these teachings are given to him, infinite in variety, and endless in extent. When toward the close of a sultry day, the summer's blessing comes pouring down, as says the beautiful poetry of the sacred volume, the trees of the field clap their hands, and the valleys covered with corn shout for joy; and the farmer, retiring from his labors to the friendly shelter of his cottage roof, improves his leisure hours with measures of wisdom.

ADVERSITY.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the intention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

If a seaman should turn back every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make headway in the voyage of life.

EARNESTNESS.

The grand secret of all worldly success, which some men call will, I would rather call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commanded fortune, I should say, "Earnestness." The earnest man wins for himself, and earnestness and truth go together.

THE GOOD SIDE.—There is no object in nature without its good, useful, or amiable side. He who first discovers that side in inanimate things is sagacious, and he who discovers it in the animate is liberal.

LIFE.—Carlyle says that each man carries under his hat a "private theatre," whereon a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, is acted, beginning and ending in eternity.

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.

Mrs. C. asks ten mental questions in rapid succession, the answers are given through the alphabet, which is partly or wholly concealed from the sight of the medium, who is held in conversation by Dr. Elliotson *intentionally*, and therefore could not have seen every—*if any* letter—yet each question is answered "*most* frightfully correct." Let us ponder on this for a few moments. A lady, a stranger in England, goes into a company of eight persons, none of whom she has ever seen before, a hundred test questions are asked in regard to the living and the *dead*, the majority of which are answered "*most frightfully correct.*" The medium is engaged in animated conversation with a gentleman while one of the company is asking mental questions of a brother who has long since gone to the spirit world. She asks him to tell her what is inscribed on his tombstone, and this not audibly, or with any movement of the lips, and he readily answers—"*He died in peace.*" And that his body is buried at "*Kensal Green.*" Now which is the most wonderful to believe? That the questions were really answered by departed spirits, or by a lady who has passed the majority of her days in a small country town, under the roof of pious parents, far from any city.

The writer in the *Zoist* would have one believe that it is a trick—that the medium reads in the face and hands of the questioner what *is* and what is *not* passing in the mind; that she kicks the *table* or her *chair* at the precise moment the pencil of the questioner touches the required letter. Yet in no single instance has she ever been detected in the slightest imposture of which she is accused by a malicious traducer. Which is the more wonderful to believe, we ask again, that the phenomena are true, or that they are a deception? If it be an imposture, the world has never witnessed anything like it before. If we mistake not the feelings of the reader, he or she will have strong suspicions of the mental and moral health of the man who has, without the least cause or provocation, traduced the character of an innocent woman, and attempted to lead the public mind astray on a subject of the most vital importance to all.

We much fear that the writer is getting deeper and deeper into the mire, and that it will be a *very* long time before he gets out and gives a true explanation of the "*Rappings.*" But here is another extract worse than all the rest, more stupid, and yet more wonderful.

"One gentleman asked about a certain person," (of course mentally,) "and the answer is given by spelling out the name of another person with whom he had been intimate, but not of the individual he thought of; and this may happen again before the right one is spelt out."

It may. There is an old saw that runs thus: "Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself," but the writer in the *Zoist* does even more than this, he manufactures his own rope. Is not the above paragraph alone sufficient to prove Mrs. Hayden's honesty in the whole matter, and to condemn her traducers? for, according to the very able writer in the *Zoist*, Mrs. Medium detects in the face of the inquirer, or his hands dwelling on the letters, the name which he desires, and yet the gentleman gets a name which he was not thinking of at the time, although he had been *intimate* with the party in life; "and *this may happen* again before the right one is spelt out." Truly doth the scripture say, "*Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.*"

What would such evidence as has been adduced be worth in a Court of justice, or what weight would it have with an intelligent jury? Would not the judge dismiss the case and reprimand the complainant for bringing so groundless a charge, and would the accused employ, a second time, a counsel who could make so stupid and self-condemning an argument? If we mistake not the intelligence of the English reader, the last extract will fully convince him of Mrs. Hayden's innocence and entire good faith, and that the Correspondent of the Zoist knows nothing of the matter, and is therefore totally unfitted to enlighten others by his *ignorance* of the subject. The only good of his string of abuse may be, to convince the people of the truth of the phenomena; and we sincerely believe, with a few more such writers the whole world will soon become believers in Spiritual Manifestations, or as he is pleased to term them, *bottomless fancies.*"

"Then an old gentleman who has said but little, but who has observed a great deal, and in his various observations has detected the medium in two or three statements which if placed in juxtaposition, would lead to considerable embarrassment, now takes the alphabet. Instead of asking for any particular person, he asks the spirit if it wishes to speak to him, whereupon he hears a tap of assent. He then asks for the *name* of the communicant. He receives the answer of "Swithsey," puts it down silently, looks pleased, and asks where he met him? "Irrenghn" is the reply. "When?" "1790." "When did my sister Ann leave this world?" "1835." Where did my friend S——enter the spirit world" "Calais."

JOSEPH ADDISON.—There is not a name in the annals of English literature more widely associated with pleasant recollections, than that of Addison. Throughout his life, the distinction he gained by mental aptitude and culture, was confirmed by integrity and geniality of character. Lord Chesterfield declared him the most modest man he had ever seen. When he called Gay to his bedside, and asked forgiveness with his dying breath for some unrecognized negligence with regard to that author's interest, the latter protested that he had nothing to pardon and everything to regret. The tranquil and religious atmosphere of an English parsonage, chastened the early days of Addison. During his ten years residence at Oxford, he was a devoted and versatile student, and it is to the discipline of classical acquirements that we owe the fastidious correctness of his style. Never did the art of writing prove a greater personal blessing than to Addison.

Mankind may be divided into three classes—those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances, and those who act from impulse.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly.

Banner of Light.

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THE BATTLE FOR TRUTH.

The erudite Professor of Harvard has again opened his mouth, and once more the "stupendous delusion" is swept away and annihilated—in his opinion—and surely if bitterness, fierce harangues, and vulgar denunciations had power over Truth, the people arising from the darkness of ignorance and superstition and emerging into the clear light of heavenly inspiration, would again be thrust back into cells and dungeons, and be fed with the mouldy and scanty morsels tossed to them by their enslavers; all freedom of thought, all the yearnings of the aspiring soul buried beneath the midnight wings of old intolerance and bigotry.

But, thanks to the morning light which is breaking over the world, the power of the few over the bodies and souls of the many is fast passing away. The God-principle implanted within every human soul is arousing mankind from slumber. Thought, free unshackled thought, is sweeping forward to the great fountain of Truth. From this fountain of ever-living waters the spirit is imbibing draughts of purity and wisdom, refreshing and invigorating as that which gushed out from the rock to gladden the fainting Israelites in the desert. The star of promise has arisen, and from all the lands of the earth the eager eyes of the awakened people are turning to hail its effulgent beams. The light which beamed so brightly over the hills of Judea, to the humble shepherds tending their flocks, and guided the pilgrims to that lonely manger of Bethlehem, shone not with truer or steadier ray. In vain will the Scribes and Pharisees seek to dim its immortal lustre, for from out the eternal throne of God it is shining upon and illumining a world too long held in the bonds of old error and hypocrisy.

The rulers and the high priests may writhe and rave, but their star grows pale before the uprisen splendor of the morning sun of Truth. Their old chains, rusty with age, are snapping off from the enfranchised minds, and their cherished idols are crumbling into the dust. The desperate struggle to uphold their old systems and creeds is but natural, for when did tyranny and superstition ever loosen one link of its fetters from the body or the soul of man, except through stern, determined conflict and defeat. The watchfulness and the energy of Wrong has too often crushed down the upward hopeful yearnings of Right. Samson, lulled into unsuspecting sleep by honied words and deceitful caresses, was awakened from his slumbers with the cry, "the Philistines be upon thee, Samson," only to find that his strength had departed from him, and that he was at the mercy of his unmerciful foes. And so through all the ages since have the people, whenever the restless principle of liberty has stirred within their hearts, been lulled back into slumber by the syren voice of the enslaver, until the bands were drawn more closely, and suddenly the cry has burst upon their startled ears, "the Philistines be upon thee," and the tyrants swoop down to their destruction, like the ravenous vultures upon the defenceless lambs. From out their midst the true, unselfish ones who with fearless hearts and heaven-implanted impulses labored and sacrificed for their rights and their liberties, have been led to the doom of martyrdom, until Fear, the mighty sceptre of tyranny, has driven out the higher and the holier feelings from the hearts of the many, and, like dumb beasts of burden, they have plodded wearily on the same dark path scourged by the whip of the task-master.

But, in the new revelation which is progressing with such irresistible impetuosity over the world, there is a vitality which is undying. Entire and perfect freedom of thought, independent of all old theories, creeds, and dogmas, is its life-essence. From out the great harvest field of the world it calls upon man to select and cull the wheat and cast aside the chaff. It recognizes man's perfect individuality in all spiritual matters. The true and perfect freedom to worship God as his own soul may prompt. And far more than the galling chains which bind the body down to earth, with a deeper and more baneful influence, have the chains of ecclesiastical bondage crushed out freedom and truth. Rome, as it arose in its freedom of church establishments, recognized more clearly the rights of the citizen than the Rome of the present day, with its lofty domes surmounted by the emblem of the cross, and governed by mitred bishops and priests. And not alone Rome; trace the church down through the periods of the Reformation; ay, follow that band of pilgrims in their wintry passage to Plymouth Rock, and mark how inseparably connected with ecclesiastical systems are bigotry and persecution. That symbolical figure which churchmen have dignified with the holy name of Religion has always stalked through the world with a Bible in one hand and a blazing faggot in the other. And the same spirit exists at the present day. The inquisition, with its racks and thumb-screws has given way before the onward march of progression, but the church still continues its martyrdom of those whom it chooses to stigmatize as heretics. It issues its fulminations against those who refuse to bow down in blind obedience to its tenets, and the daring individual is ostracised and pointed at as a dangerous member of society, albeit in all good works, in the exercise of faith, love and charity, he is unremitting and persistent. Such has ever been church policy, such it will ever be where hatred and revenge usurp the seats of charity and love.

To inaugurate the better day, when the precepts of Christ shall be the guiding rules of the world, the new faith comes. It bears in its hands the olive branch of peace, and its teachings are like those which fell upon the ears of the fishermen of Galilee, and the poor, the lame and the sick. Not to learned men of science; not to those who glory in the names of Rabbi and Master; but to the meek, the merciful, and to those that mourn, do its inspirations come; breathing into their souls the melody and the beauty of a more perfect existence, where the freed mind may commune with its Maker in spirit and in truth. Out of the quagmire, where they have been following the ignis fatuus of Superstition, it beckons them up to the firm, solid foundation of God's everlasting Love. No vindictive threats, no withering revenge, no wild schemes of usurpation and tyranny mark the progress of the army of Truth. On its pure white banners are inscribed, in letters of shining light, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

PROFESSOR FELTON AT SALEM—A LETTER FROM MR. FARRAR IN REPLY.

This gentleman did his head or his heart little credit by the ungentlemanly attack he made during his address at the Normal School exhibition, on Spiritualists and Mediums. His remarks on these points were full of hatred and uncharitableness; were coarse, ungentlemany, and full of misrepresentations, not to say deliberate "falsehoods consciously and remorselessly uttered." We clip a few specimens to illustrate our position.

"When Judge Edmonds, of New York, asserted, under his own signature, that the wreck of the Arctic was communicated to four persons, at the moment she went down, he told an untruth which he has not had the courage to repeat nor the conscience to retract."

Now a professor of Harvard should not make such an assertion without positive knowledge of its truth. Doing so he is just as criminal as he would be if he knew it to be false when he spoke it. Mr. F. pretends to know what the *Banner* is and has been—he has passed his opinion upon it, and ought therefore to know what it is. But he has not scrutinized it very attentively, or he would have seen a letter published in the issue of July 9th, from Judge Edmonds, in answer to a gross attack upon him from the same seat of Polite Literature, from which this effusion under discussion originated, which distinctly reiterates the truth of the communication in respect to the wreck of the Arctic. Judge E. says:—

"So I find that they make it a personal charge against me, that I did not publish what was revealed to me in respect to the loss of the Arctic, when the fact is, that I did so, and at once, and that my account of the revelation was read publicly in our lecture room and published in our papers in this city."

Now as this letter was of particular interest to the parties connected with the Courier and Harvard, which are now going hand in hand, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, against the friends of Progress, it is very singular that Mr. F. did not see it.

Mr. Mansfield, the Fox girls, Mrs. Henderson, Dr. Gardner, Mr. Stiles, Mr. Squire, each receive a share of the Professor's vituperation and falsification. Hedgecock's Quadrant, too, is attacked, and the pretensions of its inventors ridiculed, because, forsooth, it does not work upon any known law of science. But it does work, and men equally as scientific as the Professor have seen it, and know it. Facts are better than theories, and it would be far more creditable to the college, if, seeing the Quadrant produce the results claimed for it, its professors should attempt to discover the reason for these results. Facts will never be demolished by theories, and Folly alone would use the latter in opposition to the former.

Another attack made in this lecture has been answered by Mr. Farrar, in the Traveller, and we copy it, as an utter refutation of Felton's charge:—

To the Editor of the Traveller:—

Sir—In the published report of Professor Felton's recent oration at Salem, I find the following passage concerning myself in connection with his remarks concerning Spiritualism:—

"Another sagacious man of business asserted that when he called upon the spirit of his deceased son to prove the reality of his spiritual presence by raising the pencil laid upon the floor and placing it upon the table, the spirit did raise the pencil, and did place it on the table, and after that he could not help believing. But he forgot to state the very material facts, that the pencil was placed on the floor out of his sight, at one side of the table near which the medium sat, while *he* was sitting on the other side: that he neither saw it on the floor, nor saw it rise, but only saw it drop upon the table. That is, he omitted all the facts, which would have proved to an honest, unsophisticated reason, employing the observation and sagacity which that gentleman employs in the smallest affair of business, that the medium himself, by a nimble trick, tossed the pencil from the floor upon the table. Such a suppression of the truth, and suggestion of a falsehood, in justification of an utterly irrational belief, whether consciously or unconsciously made, has the effect, and no small part of the guilt of false testimony intentionally given."

I believe that during the only interview I have ever had with Professor Felton, the circumstance of the pencil, to which he refers, was not mentioned; and I do not know how he has obtained his information, or rather misinformation, on the subject. With your permission, I will tell the tale as it actually occurred, and your readers can judge who is the falsifier and who exaggerates or omits material facts. In the course of my investigations of the physical manifestations attributed to spirits, articles from from various parts of the room had frequently been placed upon the table, when all present joined hands, or professed to do so; but as the room was darkened it was possible we might have been deceived, though on such occasions care was taken to secure the medium. As, however, I had had, when alone with the medium in a lighted room, manifestations of nearly all the phenomena which apparently took place in the dark, when others were present, I was induced, on the occasion to which Professor Felton alludes, to try the experiment of obtaining manifestations in a lighted room. The medium, Mr. Squire, and myself only were in the room seated at opposite sides of the table, about three feet across. I took from my pocket a common wooden pencil and threw it on the floor, at least a foot from either of us. I saw it as it lay on the floor, and instantly reaching across the table I took both of the medium's hands in mine. Almost immediately the pencil rose above the edge of, and fell upon the table, apparently coming from the spot where I placed it. I again took the pencil and marked it, so that I could not be mistaken in its identity, and threw it on the floor, instantly taking the medium's hands and placing my feet on his. Again I saw it distinctly pass up the edge of the table, rising above it a foot at least, and fall on the table, as before.

In relating this circumstance, I have said I was perfectly satisfied that it was not done by the medium. I *know* I did not do it. There was no one else in the room, and until it can be explained in some other way, I must let it stand side by side with thousands of other similar things as the work of disembodied spirits—but I never said—"after that I could not help believing."

I have given the matter the closest attention, bestowing upon it all my powers of reason and observation—always with coolness—never having been excited by it—never taking for granted as spiritual anything that could be explained in any other way—am now, and trust I ever shall be, open to conviction whenever a better explanation shall be made.

My course in regard to the matter has been a quiet unobtrusive one, and I still wish to maintain that position, but I could not suffer such a charge as Prof. Felton has brought against me to pass without giving this explanation—leaving your readers to judge between us. D. FARRAR.

14 Hancock street, Boston. Aug. 8, 1857.

We notice these misstatements not because we wish to quarrel with the lecturer, for we see no cause to complain of him. He is doing a very good work for Spiritualism, in these cross and wanton attacks, every one of which is a blow calculated to overthrow the power of Ecclesiastical and Scientific Institutions and Defenders, over the people.

This power must be broken, and anything which brings it into contempt, as the remarks of Felton certainly do and will, may be looked upon as a blessing from Heaven. He cannot destroy the characters of the mediums by abuse, even though this abuse be hurled from a Professorship. He cannot deceive the people into the belief that *all* the claims of Spiritualism and its votaries are delusive, even though he is versed in "Ancient Greek." He doubts the capacity of the people to investigate and form correct opinions on this subject, and the people deny the capacity of Professors to investigate for them.

Spiritualists who are true to their faith stand too far above such wholesale dispensers of slander to fear injury from them; and they should remember that the violence with which they and their cause are attacked is but an evidence of the fear their opponents have of its mighty strength, and their knowledge of their own weakness.

It is well however while we despise such slanders to refute as far as practicable the misstatements made, that the public may not be deceived by the error coming from one who has authority.

AN INDIVIDUAL.

The wide world over, where shall we find an "*individual man?*" One cast in a distinct and separate mould; a non-conformist; obedient entirely to the laws of his own being; refusing to be kneaded over by the customs and conventionalities of the society in which he was born; with a coat that is not stuck all over with outside badges; with a face firm enough to brave open ridicule, and a heart stout enough to execute its own early and inspired conceptions.

It is not such a wonder, after all, that the old Greek cynic went about in the day-time with a lantern, hunting for a Man. They are really rare articles, and must needs be hunted for a great while before finding. We are all too much plastered over—so chipped away—so sand-papered off, that the wonder is we know our best friends from morning till morning again. There is so much tameness and sameness—we are so evenly ruled in by parallel lines, that to see one and *know* him, is to see and know the whole class of which he is a representative. Considered after this fashion, it was not such a grave joke of the Greek trifler, after all, who went around with a single brick as a sample of the house he was so anxious to sell.

How we ape, and mimic—pattern after, and counterfeit! How we abandon our own convictions, and chase after fashionable notions not one half so good. How we wait for other people to speak first, as if they inherited a better right to speak than we. How we plod and follow on, like a troop of idle schoolboys, having no fixed make-up of our own, nothing by which we are ready to take a stand and then sturdily defend it.

To be yourself—strictly yourself—is half the battle. Differ, rather than always subscribe. On the corner-stone of that fabric which we entitle manhood, is engraven the monosyllable—No! He who early learns the use of that invaluable word, has learned the way to peace, and comfort, and safety already. An easy compliance kills out everything. No friction is engendered in the character, and we experience none of the healthy shocks of a good, honest resistance. If a man will only learn to look up to himself, and take counsel now and then of his better thoughts and words—if he will but teach himself, under God, a greater trust in his own soul—if he will resolve to give over this guess-work study of others, and offer his own native instincts and impulses a chance—he may thenceforward hope that a new future will begin to dawn on him. Respect for others need not degenerate into servitude. But respect for *one's self*—that is the very alpha and omega of all inward commands.

Rather than this servile concession and compliance, we prefer to see even stubborn old prejudices growing out of the character. They at least will hold the native soil together, and so an individual life may become compacted at last. As for your downright, honest prejudices, they are after all to be respected, and freely and heartily admitted to one's friendship. There are many things in the world a great deal worse than prejudices. They are the tough and fibrous roots that hold a man down to the plane of life, and keep him firm in his place. The winds of controversy, and looseness, and ridicule may blow as strongly as they choose from every quarter, but there he stands. It is not every popular tempest even that can move him. He is somewhat of himself. He holds a position. His resolution is not a mere pool of water, to be drawn off into other men's conduits and channels. It is a rugged and well-compacted mass, granite in its material, that, if it will not overbear, will not at least, consent to be overborne. There is no existing evil without its counterpart of good; and there are far worse things in the world than honest and hearty prejudices.

The masses, too, like to look up to a man. They inwardly respect one who stands a head and shoulders taller than they. It is natural for them to receive their opinions second-hand, without the trouble of making them up for themselves. In the midst of such influences, we understand how hard it is for one who is not endowed with more than usual energy, to make his mark for himself. All the surrounding circumstances are against him. And yet out of these very untoward circumstances, it is possible for every man to build up a career and a character that shall be wholly worthy of his highest ideal. All that a man wants, to begin with, is resolution. By no other instrumentality can he ever hope to become finally free.

NEW LECTURER IN THE FIELD.

Loring Moody, well known as an excellent speaker and reasoner, has taken the field in favor of Spiritualism. He will undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition to the cause. See notice under the head of Special Notices.

ELDER DAVIS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Some friend has sent us an article written by the above gentleman, and published in some newspaper, the name of which does not appear.

Mr. D. is called out in consequence of a communication published by us some two months since, supposed to be spoken through a trance medium by a sister in his church, who had passed to the spirit life.

The fact of its being addressed particularly to him, he fears will cause people to think him a Spiritualist, and he takes especial care to expose his ignorance of the subject, and to reiterate all the stereotyped objections to spirit communication which have often been given to the world by its opponents.

He next undertakes to throw discredit upon the communication, but makes a very sorry figure in the attempt, inasmuch as he has not positively controverted one single position taken by the mind communicating.

Speaking of the communication, he says:—

How it talks of "*inspiration, great medium power, eloquence, a halo of glory, angel bands, being raised to the highest heaven,*" &c., &c. Does not every one see these are the elements of flattery, calculated to inflate and overthrow weak minds, and dupe the one they were addressed to?

Probably there is no danger of Joseph's being so weak as to be duped by flattery, but we can't help thinking he felt a little elated by it, or he would not have republished it in his own article. Now, Joseph, learn that spirits carry with them their earth impressions of those they associate with, and then see if it was not very like Eliza to come back and deal out a little flattery, when you were such a favorite with her on earth, that she requested that you should be sent for to officiate at her funeral, though you were miles away from her place of residence.

Again he says:—

The communication says: "*He sits not down to pen that he would give the multitude.*" Now, I have not delivered a sermon for twenty years without having a written sketch of it, and sometimes written out in full, and all my sermons are studied, perhaps not so much as they should be.

Why did you corroborate her very words, Joseph, when you were undertaking to prove her false? *Sometimes* your sermons are written in full; you generally write a *sketch* of them, probably just setting down the main points, leaving the remainder to the inspiration of the moment. You study your sermons—that is, you select a text, and cogitate thereon, but perhaps that very study is unthought of when in the desk. This is a very lame case you have made out against the spirit.

I am quite sure the communication was not from the spirit world. Had it been, they would not have sent to Manchester, N. H., to inquire for me, when I was in Lowell, Mass.

Another misapprehension of the powers of spirits. The church has taught that "its elect," when they crossed the river of Death, all at once became transformed into Gods, and Joseph still labors under this delusion. It is stated in the good book, that the spiritual eye does not always discern natural things, any more than that the natural discerns spiritual. Therefore, Eliza was to be excused, Joseph, when she told us you were at Manchester, when she last knew you.

No one statement in the "communication" is denied manfully and squarely; "according to the best I gather from my hand-book," being very vague.

But his anxiety to overthrow our position, leads him to attack our honesty, thus displaying the usual amount of Christian Charity which the Priests and Levites of the present day possess. It has been said that the man who denies the possession of honesty to another, is himself likely to be a rogue.

He accuses us of manufacturing the communication alluded to, from his letter to us, not thinking what first caused us to write to him, or why we sent to Manchester. We assure Joseph that we are quite as honest in giving these communications to the world, as he is in preaching his doctrines. We assure him that there was no alteration made in the document on the receipt of his letter. Had it not corroborated the communication, it would not have been published. We found Eliza's memory quite as good as her favorite ministers', although he grumbles so much about it, and so we printed the documents, with the exception of a note to him which we caused to be sent, and which we did not have.

Joseph has forgotten one thing, however, which we must remind him of. He called at our office, and was told the reason why we addressed him. It is very curious to see these people claiming to have all the honesty in the world, and denying the possession of any to others—and not only curious, but laughable and lamentable. It carries us back to the time when a certain predecessor of the numerous Josephs of the present day thanked God that he was "not as other men."

Joseph winds up in the following strain:—

I would say to all my friends, let the delusion alone; keep away from their meetings. Revelation is full and complete without them. There are no new ideas, thoughts or comforts to be obtained from them. Modern Spiritualists are "*blind leaders of the blind.*" Let them alone, if you wish to keep out of the ditch. Amen.

There's arrogance and dictation for you. Bow your heads ye slaves, and put on the yoke of Church Bigotry and bondage—Joseph, your Elder speaks. Dare not to think for yourselves, while his mighty mind is thinking for you. Keep away from meetings sustained by Spiritualists, for the Priests and Levites command it.

But it is too late, Joseph. The people are no longer to be led by the blind who will not see; they are not satisfied with the husks the church deals out to them; they want a living, acting religion, not one of forms, ceremonies and rotten creeds, which pollute the very air of Heaven. They will reject the cup that is clean outside, but full of death within. This is probably what troubles our friend. He sees the people eager for something higher and nobler than they yet have had—religious liberty. For this they break away from the sepulchres of the past, to rejoice in the blooming gardens of the present.

The very air is resounding with prophecies of the dissolution of church governments, and the dawning of a better day, when Intolerance, which has always been the twin-sister of all Religious Institutions, shall be driven from off the face of the earth, and the Son of man shall indeed be Lord of the Sabbath Day, even.

Step by step, man is breaking away from these gloomy dungeons, whose jailors terrify the soul by demoniac pictures of our Heavenly Father, and use their efforts to crush out all freedom of thought. One after another a familiar face is missed from the church, and found at the lecture-room of the Spiritualist. In God's own time the mass will be leavened, the old will pass away, and all things become new, and those who attempt to hinder the workings of his law of progress, will find that they have labored in vain.

THE NECESSITY OF MORE LIGHT.

How strange it is that, with all the misery, crime and degradation of the present staring it in the face, the organized church says there is no need of more Light and Truth from the heavenly spheres. They say there is already Truth enough to save the world, if they will only obey it. We admit this to be true, if it were possible for every one to perceive the truth alike. But what is the case?

Truth has been construed as many different ways as it has been perceived by as many different mental organizations, until mankind have become so bound up in creeds and false worship, as to lose sight entirely of the reality of pure religion.

The result of this is, that the honest seeker after Truth, while investigating one creed after another, stands bewildered, saying, There is no truth to be found, and rushes madly upon the hidden rocks of Materialism.

With this picture before you, we would ask if there is no need of more Light to bring erring and wandering man back to a true understanding of his spiritual being and its wants? To show him, and prove to his own consciousness, that there is a future existence, and that his soul is destined, from its very nature, to exist forever; that his progress in the future life depends entirely upon the use he may make of his talents and opportunities while in the probationary state; to show him that there is no angry God, who is impatient to visit his vengeance upon him as soon as he shall have passed to his final home. To deprive the Bible, and all inspired works, of the mystery with which bigotry and superstition have enthroned them, and show him the true relation he sustains to his God.

To prove to him that his Father in Heaven has no other feelings towards his children than those which are prompted by Supreme Love. He never was angry, nor hated the works of his hands, for he has pronounced them good.

He is unchangeable, consequently cannot love to-day and hate to-morrow. This is mortal. The false relation that mankind sustain to their all wise Father, leads them to ascribe to him all the evil passions which they themselves possess. As a piece of colored glass will impart its hue to everything upon which it is directed, so poor frail man, seeking to understand the laws and nature of Deity, while living all together in the lower or animal department of his nature, fashions his Deity after his own model.

He sees God angry with him, because he is angry at his fellow-man. He sees him granting blessings to a favored few, and visiting his wrath upon others, because he, in his moral blindness, cannot perceive any higher or more perfect wisdom. What is the result of such a belief, and such teachings? If we glance at the world as it stands to-day, we see, as it were, but two classes. One is composed of the inactive moral men, who do no grievous wrong against the laws of God, or society.

The other is made up of those who totally disregard all principles of right and justice, and live in open violation of all law Divine or Human, or are only deterred from doing so by a stringent code of laws, with its severe penalties. So far is this true, that the pure, disinterested, self-sacrificing religion, as taught and lived out by our Divine Master, is scarcely to be found.

Is there then no need of more Light from the higher spheres?

If what we have is all that the *present* wants of man require, why so much sin?

It is because man needs proof of his immortality better suited to his present condition; it is because he needs the actual presence of high and holy ones made real to him, that the Heavens are opened, and angels descend and ascend upon the ladder of Love. It is to turn what has been more or less termed visionary in our ideas of Immortal Life, into realities; what has been undefined, into living, breathing Truths, that angel voices are now heard, and the Spirit speaks through men and women who are moved by it.

The power of God to usher in this new Dispensation, was shown in the days of Christ; the full Glory and heavenly fruits of that power were reserved for the time when men could not be led by the light of the past. By it mankind will be led beyond belief in the purity of the teachings of Christ, to a daily exemplification of those teachings—to a practice of their purity. Forms of worship, like the material body of man, pass into decay, and the soul's inmost breathings will arise therefore, into a higher, holier life, every act of which shall be a true act of worship of our Father.

Then let us welcome these angel bands, and drink in the heavenly music they bring to us from the Fountain of Truth.

Let us live like men called of God, nor let our ranks furnish one Judas to betray, our houses or our workshops, one hill of Calvary, nor our deeds one cross on which Truth, Love and Mercy shall be crucified.

THE PROFESSOR'S REPORT.

It is hinted that no report will be made by the scientific "Investigators" (?) of the phenomena of spirit manifestations. Strict silence is all the public may expect from Harvard, if the *truth* has leaked out at Cambridge.

It is, however, their purpose to show by such evils as have been charged to Spiritualism, that it is a curse instead of a blessing to man. We may expect to see Insane Asylums ransacked to furnish material for the publication they have in preparation. The guns they are to use may be turned with fearful execution upon Science, Christianity, and all Reform movements. Science has its Hugh Miller in our own day, and the pulpit has but recently been disgraced by a suicide in this country. Insanity follows revivals, and intense application to business, and Spiritualism may not escape the same evils. Some of Paul's Epistles conclusively show that many of the ills which have been attached to Spiritualism at the present day, were equally fastened to Christianity.

This kind of argument will avail nothing—it is threadbare; we want something more than foolish trumping up of the follies of weak minds.

THE VOICE OF IOWA.

The monthly journal bearing the above title, edited by James L. Enos and published at Cedar Rapids, is one of more than ordinary interest and preciousness. Its articles upon education and the art of teaching evince a wide knowledge, and a comprehensive liberality in the highest degree honorable to the authors. To all interested in teaching we cordially commend "The Voice of Iowa."

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

UP COUNTRY, July, 1857.

It is such a luxury to lie down and roll in the grass! to tumble in the newly mown hay, as the men and boys toss it hither and thither on its way to the cart; to let out your voice and your soul together in shouting, and singing, and calling as loudly as you choose; to romp up and down the slopes and hill sides with the sportive dogs, in quest of berries, and burrowing woodchucks; to watch, lying under the broad-spreading trees, whose tops are the heaviest globes of green, the scattering light clouds, chasing one another across the deep concave of blue overhead; to feed on fresh berries and sweet, new milk; to see the cows milked in the yard morning and evening, and look into the calm, deep eyes of those patient ruminators, known by the name of oxen; to indulge in the calm midsummer leisure that seems to belong to no place in the world but the country, and let your thoughts go out like little balloons all over the sky that swims about you like a viewless sea on every side.

This, I say, is a luxury not to be rated and estimated as ordinary things are, for none of its enjoyments can be classed in any known category. Evanescent and fleeting as they are, they are still the most solid and real pleasures that ever come and offer themselves to the uneasy heart of man.

It is a marvel to me how a class of men like the farmers about me here, can live on from one year's end to another's watching and studying, as they must, the various changes of the progressing seasons, brought in such close proximity with Nature and God, from the beginning, to the end of their lives, and permitted to feed off of scenes and pictures every day, that many and many a child of genius hungers but to behold; it is a marvel to me, I say, how such men can live among such rare and radiant surroundings, and still be the lifeless, unsentimental, unappreciative bodies they are.

It is with these gifts and inheritances of Nature, as it is with money; some men seem to have been born to be mere sub-treasurers, just to keep it away from the rest. I find, on observation, not here, only, but in all other sections in the interior, that the prevailing sentiment of country people is not a love for nature. They are not in harmony with its teachings, its beautiful scenery, its sweet and refining spirit, and its perfect power to satisfy their unquiet longings. They are dissatisfied, apt to be querulous and complaining, out of sorts, generally, impatient in thinking of the imaginary constraints of their lot, and not at all happy, when there is everything in the world that could be asked for to make them so.

There is certainly a hidden cause for this phenomenon; I will not stop here to speculate upon it, or to try and hunt it out.

This spot in which I have hidden myself for a few days from the world, is just the most attractive, and, altogether, most romantic seclusion it is possible to conceive of. Nothing but trees all about me,—trees to the north, trees to the south, trees to the east, and trees to the west; and they are the native forest trees, too. None of your little saplings, put out a spring ago in a hole dug from the mortar and gravel mixings of the yard of a new house; but the giants, with tossing arms, stately and tall, lifting their heads high up in the air; oaks, and hickory, and chestnuts. And, speaking of the latter trees, it is really a fine sight out here at this time, to witness the glorious flowering of their tops and branches. The trees seem to wear, just now, crowns of gold; and as the vagrant summer winds ramble amongst their boughs, they shake out their wealth in large flakes, enough to entice the wildest imagination. Next to the season when the brown chestnuts ripen and fall on the strewn forest leaves, the burrs crackling open with the action of the white night-frosts—give me the season when the towering chestnut tree is in its blaze of glory, with its radiant crown adjusted firmly upon the regal head.

My dog and I have great larks in the old pastures roundabout, he scaring up all the peaceful cows, and chasing innumerable red squirrels from fence to fence, and I leisurely looking on to enjoy the fun as much as I ever enjoyed anything since I was a boy. Indeed, I feel here that I am a boy over again. Whether I enter the dark shade of the woods at the further end of yonder pasture, or emerge from them after an hour's thoughtful ramble into the gay sunlight again, my pulses bound with a new life, my heart leaps with a fresh sympathy, I am bathed in an atmosphere of delight and love, and I can find many and many a rich resource, that, till now, I had passed by unheeded.

The berries are thick in the pastures, and ripening as fast as they can. I have gathered a few quarts already, and indulged in that never-to-be-forgotten luxury of a "huckleberry pudding;" it seems as if I should never need anything more to eat, after getting up from a meal to which this old-fashioned comfort is the termination. If you desire to enjoy the *quiet* of country life, unbroken and unadulterated, you can find it in *one* place, if not in any other; and that place is an old "huckleberry" pasture. There no sound of wheels ever comes; no voice, save, perhaps, of the children calling to know which has filled her pail or basket; no outcries of Mammon; no discords of the streets; nothing but the droning hum of a bee, hurrying past you to deposit the treasure with which he has packed his thighs; or the lonely and melancholy song of a little bird, always keeping company with the quiet and solitary berry-gatherers; or the distant sounds of the straying geese, whose loose white feathers may be picked up in bye-paths all about the straggling field. The sense of solitude is complete. No one who has not enjoyed his thoughts by himself in a place like this, ought ever to claim that he knows what is meant by *the country.*

I am alternately amused and interested with the sight of the simple-mannered people in this vicinage, on the Sabbath. Born and reared so far away from the roar of the world, what should they know of its tricks, its deceits, or its idle pretensions? What should they care? All their ambition centres in their little farms and homes. They hope for nothing larger than abundant crops, and their calculations are satisfied to embrace such articles as hops, turkeys, a good crop of hay, and a fair pull of wool for the winter's spinning. As they go up to the simple little meeting-house with their wives and children, shake hands so solemnly with their friends gathered about the doors, and ask the news of the week while they slowly pass along, I am forcibly reminded of those old-fashioned sketches of English rural life, which, like Dutch pictures, charm everybody with their minute and natural faithfulness. A Sunday scene here is a fresh picture indeed. Not that I believe the human heart actually worships God any more truly here than where you are; but because I cannot put aside the faith that the truest religious worship may be enjoyed among the fields and meadows, and that Heaven is nearer one in the country than in the city. In the very nature of things it ought to be so.

I am bent on a fishing tramp to-morrow, when, if I have luck, I shall be glad to advise you what it is. It is late for trout in this section, though the brooks are all just now rising and full; but for perch, roach, pickerel, pout, eels, suckers, and that common variety of pan-fish, with which all vagrant boys and men are familiar, the ponds hereabouts are not to be overlooked or forgotten.

Yours, VAGRANT.

FLASHES AND DASHES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY PRES.

MR. EDITOR—With your kind permission, I will relate to you and your readers a series of short stories, the facts of which, to a great extent, came under my own knowledge and observation.

SELLING A TRUNK.

In the early part of the year 1847, the Lowell Museum was removed from Wyman's Exchange Building to the Free Will Baptist Church, (that had been,) which had been altered and fitted up in very neat style, the lower floor, or church part, being changed into a capacious dramatic saloon, and the upper floor, or vestry portion of the house, being used for the wax figures, stuffed animals, and other curiosities.

The stock company at that time consisted of G. C. Germon, (stage manager,) George Locke, William Germon, Benjamin Rodgers, J. Altemas, Mrs. G. C. Germon, Mrs. Altemas, the two Emmons girls, and others, who, at this time, I don't remember. During the days of the moving, there were scores of loafers, who witnessed the process, and saw some of the Museum "free gratis, for nothing, without costing a cent." The elephant Columbus—the same old fellow that was killed by falling through Charlestown bridge, thirty years ago, and was afterwards "a feature" at Greenwood's old New England Museum—was deprived of his legs, for the time, in order to get him into the upper window of the new Museum.

One morning, while the coaches and cabs were driven hither and thither in search of a job, old Perez F——r, a merchant tailor in those days, who was as fond of a good joke as he was of eating a bake-bean supper at Gilbert Ferrin's of a Sunday night, made up his mind that a sell on the cabbies would do as well as anything to stir up an excitement of a fine winter morning. So, seeing the first cabman who drove up to the coach office, he addressed him with that dignified gravity so peculiar to him:—

"There's a *trunk* down at the old Museum to be *moved!*"

"All right, Uncle Perez, I'm up for any sort o' job this morning!" said the cabby, as he climbed to the top of his horse-killer, and drove away, with the supposition that a trunk was to be taken from somewhere to somewhere else,—he cared not where, so long as he got pay for it. On entering the old Museum, he made diligent search for the trunk, but found nothing but a carpenter's chest, and a quantity of miscellaneous lumber. Prosecuting his search still further, he crossed the street, and entered the *new* Museum. He made inquiries, but received no satisfaction, until he met Ben Rodgers, the low comedian, who was walking up and down one of the passage ways, endeavoring to recover the part of "John Duck," in the *Jacobite.*

"What's that you want?" asked Ben; "a trunk, ha! Oh, I see what you want. It's the *elephant's trunk!* You'll find it *away* up stairs, as *far as ever* you can go!" and Ben gave one of those funny twists to his mouth, and laughed in a quiet way, as he walked away towards the stage door.

Cabby started as if he had been suddenly struck by a shower of bonny-clapper. "Sold, by the everlasting grindstone, and by that eternal cabbage-pilfering tailor. Now, I'll never hear the last of this darned *trunk*, 'till I rush it into market and dispose of it to the quickest purchaser!" and he leaped upon his cab and drove with all possible expedition to the the railroad depot.

Rushing in at the entrance, with the greatest apparent haste, he addressed a brother driver, and telling him that he was busily engaged with a couple of passengers, requested him to go at once to the old Museum and take *a trunk!*

"A trunk, is it?" said driver No. 2; "and where is it to go to?" he asked.

"How the devil do I know!" exclaimed No. 1. "You'll find out at the new Museum." And he drove away, satisfied in the belief that he had *sold out.*

The second victim hurried away to the old Museum, and made search with the same success as his predecessor, and crossing over, met Ben Rodgers, who was already up to snuff, and, anticipating the coming of somebody, gave a ready answer:

"All right, my boy!—*elephant's trunk*—way up stairs—cockloft—go it!" and Ben naturally yelled.

No. 2 made a rush for the door, and, leaping with a single bound for his seat, he drove off for the depot as quickly as possible, exclaiming:—"If this aint a *sell*, then I hope to be cauliflowered all over with spirits of turpentine, and set a-fire. It's a dead suck, and I *must* sell out, any how."

Arriving at the depot, he was not long in duping another driver, who, in his turn, "kept dark," and "sold out" as speedily as possible.

Running through all the cabbies like an epidemic, the "sell" was transferred to the coach drivers, and from them it was disposed of to the job wagon men, and, finally, to the handcart men. The doors were opened for the evening's performance, when the last anxious inquirer called at the Museum, and although the elephant has since been burned up with the other stuffed critters, it will be many a long-day before the "sell" of his trunk will be forgotten.

THE AUTOMATON.

Some thirteen or fourteen years ago, a young man by the name of Swan came to Lowell, and exhibited at the Museum, in connection with some other performer, a number of automaton figures. Mr. Swan was an amateur in giving public entertainments, but his mechanical performers were many of them very excellent, and were invented by himself—the idea being stolen or borrowed from Maelzel's figures.

One evening when his entertainments were drawing to a close, Mr. Swan came upon the stage, and placed upon the swinging rope a fierce, bravado little fellow with long hair, beard and moustache, and costumed in the most approved bandit style. Mr. S. then retired, and the rope was made to swing. The automaton began with several evolutions and gyrations; but his "carlekews" did not seem to give the satisfaction that had been rendered by the figures which had preceded him. In fact all his movements were eccentric, doubtful and uncertain. He appeared to be in a quandary whether to hang by his feet or stand on his head. This question was finally compromised by his hanging by his hands and dropping to the floor.

Mr. Swan stepped upon the stage and picking up the figure walked to the footlights, and lifting up the little gentleman's coat tails, exhibited a quantity of complicated machinery, consisting of all sorts of intricate cogs, screws, and springs. The exhibitor examined it with much scrutiny, and then addressed the audience in these words:—"Ladies and gentlemen—I rather reckon that this part of the sheow ofn't go on—there appears to be a pin out 'o here!"

The effect of this speech upon the audience was quite amusing, and as Mr. Swan had not before been called upon to address the spectators, many of them thought that by a little practice and attention to the English language, he might be able, sometime, to try it again.

THE BOGUS BURDELL BABY COMEDY.

The great sensation of the week, says the New York Sunday Times, has been a revival, in a new form, of the Burdell perplexity. Mrs. Cunningham, since her acquittal of the charge of murdering Dr. B., has lapsed into a state of comparative obscurity. By some persons looked upon as an innocent and much-persecuted woman, by others contemplated as an artful conspirator in a colossal scheme to obtain wealth by means of assassination and fraud, she has been permitted to go to and fro, both pitied and shunned, but almost unknown. Her application, as the widow of the deceased, for letters of administration, seemed natural, and provoked no especial remark.—It was only when an *alibi* was apparently shown for the murdered man, on the occasion of his alleged marriage that the popular mind began once more to ferment; and when the counsel for Mrs. Cunningham announced, for her, the probable forthcoming of an heir to place her in possession of the whole of the Burdell estate, leaving all of his blood relatives penniless on account of the mysteriously disappearing will, distrust rapidly followed reflection, and indignation followed distrust.

The extraordinary events of the last three or four days, show us conclusively that the popular emotion was not unreasonable. Mrs. Cunningham has been detected in an attempt to simulate all the characteristics of child-bearing. She has been exposed in a plan to obtain an infant from Bellevue Hospital, and produce it under all the pretended appearances of parturition, as her own. Betrayed at the instance of the public prosecutor, by the physician to whom she had confided her imposture, she persisted in affecting the pains of labor, even when it was known that cucumbers, and not a child-birth, were the occasion of her disorder. Deceived by the romantic story of an "indiscreet" California widow, anxious to dispose of a "responsibility" it was not prudent to own, Mrs. Cunningham walked deliberately into the snare she had set for the Surrogate. She conveyed home in a basket the intended "heiress" in law; she provided the blood and the *placenta*, as well as the nurses, the *accoucheur*, and the physician, whom she fancied were co-operating with her in the magnificent felony; she hypocritically cried out, "I have put my trust in the Lord, and he has brought me safely through!" when she held up the "bogus Burdell baby" by her side; and to crown all, when arrested with her companions and confederates, when exposed by Dr. Catlin, whom she professed to hold, by some secret power, completely under control, as well as by Dr. Uhl, to whom she had offered a handsome consideration for his agency in deceiving the tribunal of justice, she refused to permit her person to be professionally examined, and fell back, as a desperate resource, upon her constitutional right of self-protection.

THE PIC-NIC AT ABINGTON.

This was indeed a glorious gathering. We have seen larger at a Fourth of July celebration or political barbecue; but never so large an assemblage upon so small an external occasion. We say *external*, for there was no flourish of trumpets or outward appliances, for the purpose of getting up an excitement. But the people were there in crowds, notwithstanding: *drawn* together by a deep inner *attraction.* The seats were all occupied; the space in front of the platform, the middle circle, and a broad belt all round the seats, were literally packed by those who could get no seats, and yet were determined to hear. Nor have we ever seen a more quiet and orderly assemblage. If Spiritualists are fools or mad, they yet know enough to behave decently, or their madness exhibits a good deal of sane method.

What most interested us was the deep interest manifested in the subject which had drawn them together. The people are tired and sick of old theologies. These have utterly failed to satisfy the deep longings of the soul for something real and tangible in regard to man's hereafter. What the old theologies have failed to do, Spiritualism has done, and is still doing for thousands and millions of minds. It has lifted the veil from the dark and mysterious future, and solved the difficult problem of man's immortality. It is not only full of hope and promise to those who live truly, nobly and unselfishly; but it makes the promise a realization of beauty and harmony to the loving soul, even here in the body. It is this which gives to Spiritualism its transcendent powers of attraction to those whose souls are "weary and heavy laden," and which drew together so large a concourse at Abington last Friday. This it was which drew such crowds to the platform, and kept the people there, so that during the forenoon, at least, the *swings* were motionless, and even the *fandango* stood with its four arms pointing in as many directions, because "no man had hired" them. Nor did the interest at the platform flag in the least during the whole day.

The multitude separated at night, well pleased with the exercises and enjoyments of the day.

REPORT OF MR. FORSTER'S LECTURES.

On the sixth page we present the report of the first lecture given by the above gentleman. It is difficult to follow him, he speaks so rapidly, and a report can never read as well as it is delivered. Making allowances for these difficulties, it will be found to be very good, and we trust acceptable to our readers.

This and the balance of the lectures given through his organism, will be published in pamphlet form and will be furnished to the friends at prime cost, for distribution, at this office, and at Mr. Marsh's in Franklin street. Notice of time in our next.

RAIN—From noon of the 4th inst. to 6 A. M. of the 5th, rain fell in Washington City to the depth of six and one-sixteenth inches.

Latest European Items.

The mutiny in the Bengal army had increased. The insurgents still hold Delhi.

The Chinese fleet have been destroyed after two severe engagements.

The Niagara and Susquehanna left Liverpool for Cork on the 27th.

Baron Rothschild was returned to Parliament from London, without opposition.

A spicy debate occurred in the House of Commons, originating in an address to the Queen, promising every support to the government in the Indian difficulty.

J. E. P. Gustinman, a Greek merchant in London, has suspended payment; liabilities over a quarter million of pounds.

The yacht Charter Oak had arrived at Liverpool from New York, with only two men on board.

Ledru Rollin and others indignantly deny the charge in the *Moniteur* that they were engaged in the recent conspiracy.

The Continental news is unimportant.

Telegraphic advices from Trieste, in anticipation of the overland mail, reached London on Tuesday night.

Dates from Calcutta are 21st June, Madras 28th, and from Bombay July 1.

The mutiny was spreading among the troops of the Bengal army.

Ex-King Oude has been arrested and imprisoned together with his minister. Proofs of their complicity in the revolt have been obtained.

General Bernard repulsed several sorties from Delhi, with heavy losses to the insurgents. He was waiting reinforcements to storm the city.

The native troops at Calcutta and Barrackpoor have been quietly disarmed.

Uneasy feelings prevailed at Madras, but the army of that Presidency and Bombay were without the slightest sign of disaffection.

An act had been passed by the Legislature placing the Indian press under a license system.

At Calcutta business was at a stand. Money was rather tighter. Exchange on London 2s 1-2d a 2s 3-8d.

At Bombay the import market was nominally closed. Money was scarce, and the rate of interest raised one per cent. Exchange 2s 1-4d a 2s 1-2d. The London Times reports the news favorable, but the Daily News takes a more gloomy view.

Hong Kong dates are of June 10. In an engagement the Chinese had fought with unexampled obstinacy. The British had 83 killed and wounded. Major Kearney was among the killed.

All was quiet in the north of China. The price of tea had advanced in Loo-Choo and Shanghae.

Exchange at Hong Kong 4s. 11 3 4d. a 5s. 1-4d.

The London Times remarks that as Canton is now in the power of Britain, there seems no substantial reason why this should not obtain for England all the objects of the expedition, without further bloodshed or military operations.

MEETINGS AT MUSIC HALL,

Sunday, August 9th, the desk was occupied by Mr. T. G. Forster, who is destined to become very popular as a Trance Speaker. The audience in the afternoon, we venture to say, was larger in point of numbers than many if not any of our church congregations.

The discourse which was given, upon the subject of church persecutions and intolerance, was a very creditable performance, the statistics and argument and leading ideas being truthful and forcible, commending themselves to the judgment of the audience. Mr. F. is a very successful Trance medium, and differs from others in the fact that occurrences, and historical facts and dates are presented truthfully through him, while the discourses are of a solid argumentative character, instead of the usual poetic nature.

L. Judd Pardee, a Trance Medium, occupies the desk next Sabbath in the forenoon and afternoon. Some of the efforts made through him are said to be very fine, and he has some celebrity in the part of the country where his labors have been directed. But he has yet to make his mark here. We only hope he may be as successful as Mr. Forster has been.

MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS.

It is frequently asserted that mediums are growing rich by their labors in the cause of Spiritualism; that they are very successful in humbugging the public. Mr. Mansfield, the letter-answering medium, is one of the unfortunates whom this assertion bears harshly upon.

How false it is, may be seen from the fact that from forty-seven letters received from all parts of the country for answer during two days' mails, only *six* dollars were taken on the opening. This pittance would hardly pre-pay the postage on the answers. This is not an isolated case, but is very nearly a fair specimen of half the week's work, and money-making on the remainder is out of the question.

This is not just—the person who requires his services should not fail to comply with his terms. If they cannot do this, they should not address him. In future, only those letters which contain the dollar fee for his services, and four stamps to pre-pay postage, will be attended to. The laborer is worthy of his hire, whatever the cause he is engaged in. The assertion that money is made by mediums is really laughable.

THE SATURDAY EVENING MIRROR.

We gladly welcome the new recruit into the ranks. Its appearance is good, and its editorial columns present evidences of genuine talent. Mr. Lakin is no apprentice at the newspaper business, but a man who understands thoroughly what a paper should be. The tone of the articles in the Mirror is of a clear, independent sound, and for this we commend it. Would there were more such.

CREDIT.—The *Home Journal* omitted to credit the excellent story in their issue this week to the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Why should they, Mr. Gazette? Are you not willing to allow others equal privileges with yourself? You saw fit to copy one of our original stories some time since, for which you "omitted" the customary "credit."

PROFESSORS AND THE PRESS.

Professor Agassiz made a pupil study the bones of a turtle six months. What an admirable alderman that pupil would make!

I think some of the members of the Boston press need the discipline of the Boston schools, not excepting the rod.—*Professor Felton.*

No doubt of it—and some of the Cambridge Professors might be benefitted by the same process.—*Boston Post.*

The Busy World.

DISCOVERIES IN KANSAS.—A valuable spring of petroleum, or rock oil, has been found near Paoli, where several gallons per day can be collected. An extensive lead mine is reported in the same vicinity. Superior marble is discovered in Lykins county. Three large mineral springs have been found fourteen miles from Topeka, and the settlement around them has taken the name of Saratoga City, from the supposed resemblance of the waters to those of the famous watering place.

CANADA.—The prospects of the coming crops in Canada are highly favorable.

THE SPANISH FLEET in the Gulf of Mexico at the present time, is rather a formidable one, numbering, as it does, no less than twenty-five war vessels and seven transports. They are all on a war footing, and therefore ready for instant and effective service, should it be necessary to make an attempt against Mexico. There are 11 steamers, 4 schooners, 5 brigantines, 2 heavy corvettes, 2 frigates, and the flag-ship Isabella Second, a splendid specimen of modern naval architecture, mounting 86 guns.

POTATOES.—Potatoes are selling in Cincinnati at twenty-five cents a bushel. The Cleveland Herald says that it heard on Saturday of an offer to contract to deliver one thousand bushels at twenty cents, in digging time.

WHEAT IN KENTUCKY.—The Hickman Argus says that not less than three millions of bushels of wheat will be shipped from there this season. It is now worth from $1 to $1 15 per bushel.

A CONVENTION of the friends of temperance from all parts of the country is to be held the 10th of November, in Chicago.

THE GOLD BOX.—The question as to who was the bravest son of New York, in the Mexican war, has been definitely settled by the Committee of the Common Council bestowing Gen. Jackson's Gold Box upon Lieut. Col. Garrett W. Dyckman, of the First Regiment New York Volunteers.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has given the widow of of Charles Morey, the American, improperly shot by a guard in a Paris prison, $15,000, as indemnity.

KNOWLEDGE DANGEROUS. A member of the Wayne County (N. Y.) Medical Society, has been expelled, for issuing hand-bills calling attention to his method of treating diseases of the lungs, &c., and professing to know more than his brethren.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The people at Newport are making preparations for a grand celebration of the 10th of September, the anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie. All the military in the State are to be invited, with all the rest of mankind in general.

THE ALDGATE CHURCH IN LONDON has a fund bequeathed to it in the dark days of persecution. Its specific purpose was to purchase faggots, not to warm the cold, or prepare food for the hungry poor, but to burn heretics! Some centuries have now passed, and the supply has so far exceeded the demand that there is no more room for storing away the abundant faggots. The trustees of the fund, it is said, now give away the proceeds, to keep alive the poor, and comfort and save the very class that a different age had consigned to the stake.

FORT GIBSON having been abandoned as a military post, the War Department has issued orders to surrender it to the Cherokee nation, in accordance with the terms of the treaty of 1836. It is the intention of the Cherokees to lay off a city on that site.

THE WHITE MECHANICS of Wilmington, N. C., have made a riotous demonstration of their opposition to negro mechanics. A house which had been partially erected by negro carpenters was torn down. A town meeting was held, at which their conduct was denounced, and a reward offered for the arrest of the ringleaders.

THE GRAND JURY of Louisville have returned true bills of indictment against Prentice of the Journal and Durritt of the Courier, for carrying concealed deadly weapons, and for personal attacks made upon each other in the street.

POISONED LIQUORS.—Sheriff Carey, of Essex County, states that delirium tremens in the inmates of the House of Correction is becoming much more unmanageable than formerly, and attributes the fact to the prevalence of poisoned liquors.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

LORING MOODY will lecture on the Natural Basis and Practical Uses of Spiritualism, at East Abington, on Sunday, August 16th; Hanson, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 18th and 19th; Pembroke, on Thursday and Friday, 20th and 21st West Duxbury, on Saturday and Sunday, 22d and 23d; Kingston, on Monday and Tuesday, 24th and 25th. Friends of Truth and Progress in the above named places, are requested to make all needful arrangements for the lectures. The meetings will, in all cases, be free; and objections to Spiritualism, on whatever grounds they may be urged, will be answered.

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

L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.

WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philidelphia, Pa.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON—SUNDAY SERVICES.—Mr. L. JUDD PARDEE will lecture in the Music Hall, in the unconscious Trance State, on Sunday, August 10th, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., and 3 1-2 P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

CHELSEA.—L. K. COONLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, at FREMONT HALL, Winnisimmet 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 Watt's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

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

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

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.

LECTURE

BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

DELIVERED AT MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1857.

JOB xxxii. 8.—"But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

These words of Elihu addressed to Job have been selected, my friends, as the basis of the discourse, I shall attempt to give you through this organism. It has been appropriately asked through another,—

"Is God asleep, that he should cease to be
All that he was to prophets of the past?
All that he was to poets of old time?
All that he was to hero-souls who clad
Their sun-bright minds in adamantine mail
Of constancy, and walked the world with him,
And spake with his deep music on their tongue,
And acted with His pulse within the heart,
And died—or seemed to outward sight to die,
Vanishing in light, as if the sun
Gathered its image back into itself?
Is God less real now, than when he sang
And smote with his right hand the harp of space,
And all the stars from his electric breath,
In golden galaxies of harmony,
Went choiring out, heart-flushed with life from Him?
Open THY soul to God, oh man, and talk
Through thine unfolded faculties with Him,
Who never, save through FACULTIES OF MIND,
Spake to the Fathers."

It is stated, and perhaps the statement is capable of substantiation, that, in the early part of the eighteenth century, an effort was made to introduce into Boston the practice of *inoculation*, as a preventive of that disease which has been the scourge of so many of the larger cities of your world; and that the effort met with violent antagonism, principally from the pseudo-scientific and theological world. Enactments were perhaps passed, forbidding its introduction; and a sermon was preached against it, based upon the seventh verse of the second chapter of Job, wherein it is stated, "So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown,"—the deduction attempted to be drawn from which was that THE DEVIL WAS THE FIRST INOCULATOR!

Now, what changes have been effected in Boston since that period! Here the germs of genius have burst forth like flowers to the summer sun; here, in the language of another, "the epic and lyric muse have risen to heaven in strains of bold and lofty poetry;" here the orator and statesman have lived, and have gone to their guerdons, leaving their bright example to you. The sails of your commerce whiten every sea; your enterprise has aided the nation in extending its limits, and in binding the most distant portions with iron arms to the centre; here, golden-mouthed rhetoricians have filled your pulpits, and within the last half century the beautiful thought of the unity of God, which was attempted to be promulgated fifteen centuries since, but was crushed out, under the influence of Constantine, Athanasius, and their followers—has again sprung into being, and refined and modified, through the development of the nineteenth century, the entire Union is becoming impregnated with the thought of ONE GOD. Your enterprise is aiding in stretching across the Atlantic that line of magnetic communication by which the whisperings of one hemisphere may be heard reverberating in the other; science and philosophy, too, give evidence of progress, and social and moral improvements are continually taking place among you. And yet I am bold to say without fear of successful contradiction, that, morally speaking, there exists to-day with regard to the metaphysical science a state of things analagous to that which existed in the early part of the eighteenth century. Within the past few years, efforts have been made to innoculate the mind of Boston with curative and preventative means of affecting that mind in such a way that the excrescences handed down from past ages, and now existing as deformities, might be removed; and yet *to-day* the cry is heard from the so-called philosophical and theological portion of the community that the DEVIL, THE FIRST INNOCULATOR, is still at work mentally, in the present age, as he was physically in the past!

But what is this system that is seeking to innoculate the mind of Christendom, to alleviate the suffering soul and remove the effects left by the barbaric folly of the teachings of Gothic ages? This system is Spiritualism.

Let us look at the question that I have propounded, the answer to which is involved in the text, rather more practically; and, in order to do so, I shall attempt in the course of my remarks to establish, first, the practicability of spiritual intercourse; secondly, the absolute, positive existence of spirit as a substantive form; and, thirdly, I shall attempt, as far as I can through the organism that I control, to give you an idea of the inspiration of the Almighty, as given to man through his intermediate agencies.

What is it that hath drawn you together to-day? It is true that there may be a few who came from curiosity, but the major portion of you were drawn hither upon some general principle, agitated by some general thought, which we will denominate an *affinity of thought*, an affinity with the subject to be discussed, and an affinity of sentiment, the one with the other. What is it that draws men together in any of the different convocations that exist throughout your sphere, a political gathering for instance? It is the same thought, idea, principle, &c. And, indeed, what draws the inebriates together where men congregate to swallow "wet damnation," but the same principle of affinity, operating as an unalterable law, dependent not in its manifestation on the source from whence it emanates, but on the condition of the recipient party—the law being unalterable in the sphere of its existence, but changeable in the sphere of its manifestation, proportioned to the party to be operated upon. This general principle then, operating throughout all the ramifications of thought, feeling, and affection, has drawn you together to-day, and draws different convocations of men together for other purposes—whenever assembled, or for whatever object.

Now, if this law is thus operating generally and universally, it must be one of the organic laws of being, of interior being, emanating from the everlasting Father, unalterable in its nature, or you must deny the unalterable character of the everlasting source of all being and of all thought. Emanating from the great reservoir of thought, it partakes of the nature and character of the source from whence it is derived, and, therefore, the law of affinity is a universal organic law, unalterable.

Concerning this law, then, which has drawn you together thus, we, from the spheres that are above you, from the spirit land—we who assume that we are visiting you for the benefit of our younger brethren, bringing to you the experiences through which we have passed, and the lessons that we have gained therefrom—we assume to teach that the same law which governs *your* spirits, governs *ours*; and that, in all the varied spheres that exist through the *aionic* conditions of the spirit world—wherever spirit has attained the object of its aspirations, the law is there operating. Because whatever is organic or applicable to spirit in the lower forms on your sphere—whatever law may govern spirit in your sphere, wherever the spirit may emigrate to, there it will be governed by the same law. Upon this law the conditions of the spirit world are determined, and we ever congregate together there, as you assemble together in your sphere, with the exception, however, that there we have no conventionalisms, none of the influences of honey-combed popularity at work. We have no extra-judicial operations to disturb us, no professors or theologians to issue forth their anathemas against us. We are controlled there in beauty and in harmony, and we find no such barricades thrown across the pathway of human progress. The law of affinity is operating truly, and by that law is our happiness or misery determined, and so it will be with you.

This law, then, being applicable to spirit in the form, and, as I have just briefly demonstrated, applicable to spirit out of the form, the corollary of thought arises, why may it not be applicable to any condition that may exist between the two spheres? What is there in the wide economy of a loving Father that has decreed there is any system in that economy, by means of which his eternal laws may be cut short on earth for a brief period, and then recommence their operations elsewhere? What is there in this economy to demonstrate that life on earth is an exception amid the universe of his creation? What has there been found in all the searchings of philosophy or theology, that can substantiate an assumption that such termination and re-existence of law hath ever been manifested? Nothing! Is there anything existing in all the experience of the past to forbid the action of this law of affinity, to which I have referred? Not at all! The most reliable accounts of spiritual manifestations, perhaps, that you have, are to be found in the book denominated the Bible, which, I must say, many of you in time past, perhaps, have worshipped too much, and which others may not have sufficiently respected. In that record of spiritual manifestations, you find innumerable evidences in favor of the fact that angels have visited man; and you find also this same law of affinity operating, proportioned, as I have said, not to the elevation of the imparting power, but to the condition of the receptive party. In the Mosaic dispensation, you find that the communications given are not of so lofty and beautiful a character as those given at a later period. After the introduction of the Christian era, so called—after the Star of Bethlehem had shed its benign and enlivening rays into the resources of the human mind—you find that by the elevation of man nearer towards heaven, the communications of the spiritual world partake more of the source of their origin. You can thus deduce from the evidences of the past, conclusive arguments in favor of the position I have assumed in regard to the law of affinity operating still, first in your sphere, next in ours, and others upon the same principle, active between the two spheres, so to speak, drawing the minds in our sphere after they shall have become familiar with the laws of progress, and of control, towards the minds on earth for which they have an affinity,—thus practically demonstrating through the manifestations of modern Spiritualism, the beautiful inculcation of other days—that of loving one another—and in the exercise of this fraternal regard, endeavoring to bring their less developed brethren on earth up to a higher plane of elevation.

This law, then, is clearly of universal operation, and upon this law is based the entire hypothesis of modern Spiritualism. That it is a law of God, a natural law, is demonstrable on natural principles, and though it is believed by some that modern Spiritualism claims to be based upon miracles, such is not the assumption of the developed mind. On the contrary, the reverse; for modern Spiritualism through its teachings and the phenomena of the age, is demonstrating that there never was, and never can be, throughout the wide universe of being, such a thing as a miracle—for all the laws of mind and matter are immutable; the Everlasting is not changeable, neither are the laws through which He governs; then let the thought die out that the manifestations of modern Spiritualism should be denominated miracles. There is not one of them, although denounced and repudiated by the scientific, (so called,) that is not demonstrable on scientific principles. So were all the manifestations of other ages, and I assume therefore that it is entirely practicable, that the minds of interior life *may* communicate with the minds of earth—their communication being proportioned in the degree of their elevation and in the extent of their expansion, to the character and condition of the receptive party.

Why is it, then, if this is practicable, that you find many honest minds in your sphere opposed to the doctrine—the abstract idea, and much more to the philosophical superstructure that is attempted to be built up on these facts of modern Spiritualism? Why do you find the Christian world, so called, so antagonistic to this new truth? Is there anything in the soul of man to forbid the thought? Is there one within the sound of the medium's voice to-day, one who does not *wish* that the facts claimed were such? Have you ever known an individual, however opposed he might be, who in his candid moments did not *wish* that the alleged facts of Spiritualism were such? who did not *wish* that his father, mother, sister, brother, companion, child, or friend, might communicate with him?

Now, my friends, the immutability of God's works are such, that throughout the wide-spread range of mind, all its operations are governed by the universal central law of want and supply. Throughout Christendom, notwithstanding all the teachings of the past, notwithstanding all the various thoughts that have come up to you from the dark vista of that past, notwithstanding the theological disquisitions of the day, and also the efforts that have been made to inoculate the mind with the abstract facts contained in the theological teachings of the hour, almost every soul within the compass of Christendom, has felt the existence of a great want unsupplied. Man has been anxiously aiming for a surety with reference to the destiny of the soul. The proof of this want is seen in the fact that death is looked upon with horror, it is held up *in terrorem* over humanity as a curse, as a special providence of God; and many have gone so far as to say, that the most virtuous and lovely are the first to have the hand of death laid on them. Now Spiritualism seems to demonstrate that the Eternal Father of all has given a universal supply to this universal want, and that by the furnishing of this supply, the electric chain is rendered complete; and death does not exist as a cold, heartless monster, standing, as he has been represented, upon the threshold of eternity, ready to lock, in a cheerless embrace, all the children of men. On the contrary, through the introduction of this beautiful thought involved in modern Spiritualism, through the introduction of this precious supply, to the universal want, death is demonstrated to be a white-winged messenger from the realms of a brighter world, wandering amid the pastures of earth, gathering up the violets therefrom in order to transplant them amid the flowerets of heaven. And the Spiritualist feels that his Father has given him a supply to this want, looks upon death cheerfully, and feels that across that stream there has been stretched an electric wire of communication, that the whispers of heaven may be heard on earth, and the prayers of earth are borne to heaven. Now what is there in the human mind to forbid the practicability of spirit communications? Young man, is there anything in your bosom to forbid the thought, that the father who loved and who nurtured you, and who aimed to direct in the pathway of truth and virtue, loves you still? Is there anything unphilosophical in the thought? If your father has not carried to heaven the affection he bore to you here, some one else has gone there and not your father; the body has been deposited in the grave, but the spirit that made him what he was, and all that made him your father, has gone to the other sphere; and the same law that attracted him to you in your sphere, operating similarly in ours, will draw him back to you, and if you would but open the impressional and intuitional capacities of your souls, you would hear him whisper, "Come up higher, my son!" Daughter, is there anything objectionable in the thought that your sainted mother loves you still? Is there aught to condemn in the declaration of Spiritualism, that you shall know her again in heaven; and that the affection she bore you here will draw her still within your sphere, seeking to comfort, aiming to bless? That you shall again recognize the bright eye that ever grew tearful when you were sad? That you may again recline on the truest bosom that ever palpitated responsive to your own? Is there anything repulsive in the thought, that

"The smile she wore here, she will surely wear there?"

Why, then, this tirade against modern Spiritualism? There is nothing in revelation, in science, in the moral and affectional sphere, antagonistic to it; why, then, is it so opposed by the developed mind of Boston, which has given so many evidences of progress, scientifically, philosophically, commercially, socially, morally, and religiously? Why will not the bright escutcheon of the city admit of a still more beautiful and glorious light, now dawning from the spheres, and which is beginning to manifest itself above the hilltops of fanaticism and superstition? But, my friends, notwithstanding the anathemas of your pulpits, and the vituperation of your professors, and the unbelief of those who are pinning their faith to authority, believe me, the closed eyes of humanity must, ere long, ache with the pressure from this newer light, and "the stubborn lids thereof will open for relief," whilst earth's living heart shall be

"Filled with immortal fires of love again,
And showers of golden rain
Fall on her withered landscapes, and o'er the tomb
Grow beautiful with Eden's deathless bloom,"

I come now to my second proposition—that there is a *spiritual body*. The theological system of didactics has been attempting for centuries to promulgate the idea of an *immaterial substance*, as applicable to the spirit, without stopping for a moment to exercise the faculty of reason upon such an assumption; for if they had, they would have perceived the folly and absurdity of this hypothesis. The very expression is paradoxical,—an *immaterial substance*,—the two words contradicting each other. Now the Old Testament has never demonstrated fully to the developed and inquiring mind of your age, the immortality of the soul; nor has the New Testament demonstrated perfectly the condition of that soul after it shall have left the form. Why? Not because the facts are not there, not because ancient Spiritualism did not give forth those facts, but because of the misinterpretation, mistranslation, and misapplication of the entire book. The words of my text convey the idea of the existence of spirit. In connection with these words, remember the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, wherein you will find it emphatically declared by that bold philosopher, Paul, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and that "the first man, Adam, was made a living soul, and the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." Now these declarations have existed for centuries, and yet those who profess to base their faith on that record are the most violent antagonists of the thought that is beginning to illuminate the mind with respect to the identity of spirits, and their immediate communication with man. To reach the matter a little more philosophically, suppose that some one of you, in wandering over some neighboring plain, should discover what you conceived to be a human bone, and you should take and exhibit it to one of the cultivated surgeons of your city, and he should tell you it was the bone of the arm of a man. From the confidence that you entertained of his scientific attainments you would credit his statement, and you would conclude that some time or other, there must have been a body to which the bone belonged. That would be philosophical, because nature adapts all the various parts to the whole. If you go back a little in the history of mind, you will remember when the publications of the day teemed with irony with regard to Gall and his followers, when phrenology was denounced in violent terms; you remember also when mesmerism, and when magnetism, and when clairvoyance, especially, were denounced by the so-called scientific and theological world. You will find, however, that many who are loudest in denouncing Spiritualism, and were formerly equally bold in denouncing clairvoyance, now declare many of the manifestations of the former to be attributable to the latter. Well, we will take clairvoyance, and by that prove one at least of the assumptions of modern Spiritualism, in connection with the point to which I have just alluded, the adaptation on the part of nature of the various parts to the general whole. Let any skeptic go to any clairvoyant in your city who shall be placed in the clairvoyant state, and then blindfolded so that he shall be unable with the natural eye to perceive any of the material objects around him, or the operations of those in his presence; and yet, however dense may be the covering over his eyes, that clairvoyant will look directly through material things, and tell you of the existence of objects and persons at all points.

Now in order that a person may see, three objects are necessary—light, (the medium) the object to be seen, and the organ by the reflection of which you do see. The clairvoyant is deprived of all these, and yet he sees, and will give you intelligence and information of things at a distance. How is this done? Bring forth your professors and theologians, bring all those who have aided in the development of man, in other respects, and yet, not one of all the hypotheses which they can present of the present or the past, can begin to demonstrate how the clairvoyant sees, upon any other ground than that assumed by modern Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism claims that the clairvoyant sees with the spiritual eye, and it contends that if the spirit within man or woman thus sees with the spiritual eye, it must also have the other organs corresponding to the eye, and if so, there must be a body to contain those organs—upon the hypothesis that nature adapts all her parts to the general whole. This conclusion is perfectly philosophical, and cannot be overthrown.

Again—what is the chief source of enjoyment in your sphere? The young man may mount the loftiest wave which carries him onward toward Fame's proud temple—but is he happy? Not exclusively from that source. The miser may gather his gold, the ambitious politician may secure his end, and all through the walks of life the schemes of men and women may terminate in success, but are they happy? There is still something wanting to complete the happiness of man. In the field of the affections exists the supply to this want—in the cultivation of reciprocal love and confidence—in the endearments of home—and in the nurturing of the ties of consanguinity. And this declaration is of universal application—upon the cultivation and development of the emotional in his nature, must man rely for his chief resources of enjoyment and happiness. This is eminently true on earth; and if true of man on earth—then true of him, whenever his disenthralled spirit may find its resting place. For all that makes him interiorly a man here, goes with him to the spheres. What gives the spirit true joy here—must of necessity be a means of felicity forever—for, as repeated in another connection, the laws of man's being are immutable, and as enduring as are the years of the everlasting. In order that this law of man's spiritual nature shall continue to operate, Spiritualism assumes that the Divine Economy has established a means of recognition in other lands; and it will be found in the hypothesis that I have been attempting to demonstrate—that there is a substantial spiritual anatomy corresponding (although infinitesimally refined) in form and feature to the external encasement that is laid aside, when the masquerade of time hath ended, and the spirit hath gone forth to the enjoyment of brighter scenes. Through these facts, father and son, mother and daughter, sister and brother, companions and friends, may all again recognize the familiar features of the loved ones of earth; and the glad smiles of affection and sympathy, as each shall continue to expand in the bright realms of equity and progress, will add materially to the sunshine of joy that awaits the truthful in their Father's home.

Thirdly, Elihu declares to Job that "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Now modern Spiritualism asserts that God is speaking in all things. In the different systems of ethics that you have had in the past, some have attempted to promulgate the idea of special providences. Modern Spiritualism repudiates this idea as entirely unphilosophical, and at variance with all the attributes of Deity; it claims that the eternal Father is a spirit, operating through all the universe of being, and that through all the bright and beautiful lineaments of earth, the voice of your father may be heard calling to you through the bosom of your mother—wooing you to harmony and peace. It declares throughout all the departments of nature, and in the various relations of life, every distinctive individuality, whether comprehended in an animate or inanimate form, is, as far as its condition and degree will allow, a representative of the Father. You, my brothers and sisters, bear about you that immortal spirit or image of your Father; be careful you do not deface it. Man, it is contended by this philosophy, was not created as declared in the Adamic account. We do not seek to repudiate anything that can be demonstrated, but in Genesis many things occur, which science cannot demonstrate. The assumption there is, that the human race proceeded from one pair; but, in opposition to this, modern Spiritualism claims that man was created through a regular gradation of operating processes by the action of the divine will upon various successive conditions of matter; first, he may be said to have been in the primordial condition—passing from thence through the elemental into the condition of what is termed gross matter. From thence through the operation of appropriate laws, was developed first, mineral electricity, followed by vegetable electricity or magnetism, then animal electricity or magnetism, or animal vitality, thence sensation followed by spirit. Thus constituting spirit as the apex of material development—the ultimate. In this process of man's development you find a consecutive series of positives and negatives—each succeeding development becoming in the sphere of existence positive to the condition that preceded it; and thus constituting spirit as positive to all that went before it—and consequently the actuating principle and power of the whole organization. Thus the spiritual man in a finite sense, is in the image of his father, and as far as his development interiorly extends, an individualized representation of the great Eternal Spirit that permeates the universe; and through the inherent qualities of this degree of development, becoming, as we have said, positive to all below in the material scale. We assume, therefore, that as progress is the organic law of nature—and that as by progress the ultimate, as far as the individualization of matter is concerned, has been attained in the spirit of man—the same law continues to operate upon the interior properties and qualities of this ultimate, forever afterwards—more appropriately and directly, when by the processes of nature such positive principle of the being shall have been eliminated from its inferior surroundings to a more expanded place of action and a more congenial realm of refinement and culture. And by this mode of reasoning we further assume as a legitimate conclusion for the human mind, that when the spirit has been thus eliminated, and is entirely disenthralled from the contracting influences of a close contact with the negatives below, it becomes correspondingly positive and expanded in all its capacities and powers. Thus, reasoning analogically, we declare, that as spirit in the body is positive to all below it in the scale of being—so is it negative to spirit disenthralled; and that the will of the latter in a degree, can operate upon the condition of the former, as the former operates upon the conditions that preceded it.

Thus, if I have made myself understood, is established an unbroken chain of relational conditions, from the lowest forms of creation, up, throughout all the realms of being, to the highest conception of individualized intelligence that man has yet attained. Each condition subject to the refining and developing processes of the law of progress forever, proportioned to its increasing capacity of appreciation; and each relatively capacitated to aid in the advancement of their immediate antecedents in the universal scale of being. Each spirit, therefore, within the former, is an intermediate agent to all conditions less developed than its own; and each disenthralled spirit, an intermediate agent to his brethren of earth, in the transmission of high and holy thoughts—brighter truths from the realm of mind, as humanity gradually reaches consecutive degrees of recognition and appreciation. The chain thus extending ever upward and onward—from worm to man—from man to God—opens a line of communication, or channel of inspiration from the great Father-Soul, through the varied gradations of being, to all the different departments of creation. The assumptions therefore, of modern Spiritualism, are but phases and relational modes of inspiration from the centre Mind of the universe—proportioned in their manifestation to the development of the recipient party. And, with this view of the subject, they demonstrate the declaration of Elihu, that "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding."

As we have said, the law of communication is forever the same in the sphere of its existence, but changing perpetually in the sphere of manifestation, according to harmonious or inharmonious relations and conditions. How unphilosophical then, as well as unchristian, on the part of the skeptic, when assuming to investigate, to aim to destroy by inharmony the conditions demonstrated by experience to be necessary for the harmonious operation of law upon the plane of manifestation. And yet, by this means, and only by this means, hath prejudice founded an opposition to the declarations of Spiritualism, that man may communicate with the loved and the departed; and that these dear friends are the intermediate agents of still brighter minds in the long chain of intellectual and emotional affinity that unites humanity to the common Father of the race.

Media, in their peculiar positions, stand, as it were, midway between heaven and earth. By their affinity to earth, they become peculiarly agents of higher minds to the conditions below—those drawn to them upon the same law of sympathetic attraction. One of the fundamental tenets sought to be inoculated by these higher minds, is that of brotherly love—the establishment and continuance of a universal brotherhood. It becomes a question, then, of much import—why, when Spiritualism comes burthened with love to humanity—when its philosophy and facts unite in demonstrating this principle—why is it that the theological portions of the world especially are found antagonistic to its teachings? And, unable successfully to compete with its syllogistic mode of reasoning, at different points, the cause is attempted to be overthrown by personal vituperation against the media! But media! oh, let me urge upon you to withstand lovingly, truthfully and courageously, all this stern antagonism of an unkind and material opposition. The spirit spheres are in close connection with earth; and humanity, through your agency, as rapidly as may be, is becoming more and more cognizant of its intimate alliance with the angel world. The different manifestations, in your city, and throughout other portions of your country may be laughed at by the world's philosophy—they may be ridiculed by the schools, and denounced by the theologian—nevertheless they are effecting a mighty work. Slight as they have been relatively speaking, they have penetrated to the isles of the ocean, and have found their way to the different portions of every continent. The simple rap, so to speak, has resounded within the dome of St. Peter, whilst the walls of the Vatican are trembling with the reverberation. Other prison houses of oppression throughout the land are beginning likewise to tremble through the agency of media—mystic power. The eternal Father, through his inspiration operating upon the lower conditions, is bringing to light newer truths and loftier thoughts, and man, by the agency of the spiritualistic power, is gradually being raised higher and still higher, nearer to heaven—and thus is becoming more and more appreciative of the ennobling truths that are born within the atmosphere of God. Therefore the day has gone by when these manifestations can be laughed from existence, when persecution can annihilate them. Take courage, then, ye who are truthfully seeking for higher development; take courage, ye who are striving for loftier truth, and ye who dare to be free and dare unfold; for, believe me, there are more fighting for you than can by any possibility fight against you. The inspiration of God, through intermediate agencies, is flowing down the spiral pathway of consecutive development above you, and finding its way into the inner recesses of the soul. Then take courage, media—lift your aspirations higher and still higher—continue to aim for broader truths and loftier sentiments—and there is not an angel bending from above the snowy drapery of the azure deep beyond, that will not sweetly smile upon the effort.

One word more, in passing to the sceptical mind. Oh, my brother or sister, beware, lest in this matter you find yourself fighting against God! Beware how you throw stumbling-blocks in the pathway of those who are striving after Truth. Beware how you aid in erecting barricades in the pathway of human progress! For the time will most assuredly arrive, when you cannot resist the conviction that you have raised the puny arm of rebellion against the power of the living God.

In conclusion, I think I have demonstrated that the idea of communication between the earth-sphere and those above it, is entirely practicable. I think I have demonstrated also, that there is, as asserted in the ancient record, a substantive spiritual anatomy. I think, likewise, that it has been shown, that, through intermediate agencies, the inspiration of the skies is reaching humanity. Such, briefly, are the assumptions of modern Spiritualism, with regard to the abstract fact of spirit control—and we defy the logic of earth to overthrow them.

The more the mind is devoted to the investigation of these assumptions, the more clearly will be seen the glorious truths attempted to be promulgated. Therefore cultivate this science, loving antagonism into a better spirit: do not denounce your opponents; do not seek to crush them by worldly weapons; but love the skeptic into your ranks. So act one toward the other, media particularly, that the beautiful principle of love may demonstrate itself in your lives, as it did in that of the Nazarene; and then Boston, and the world without its borders, will be enabled to say, "See how these media love one another." Theoretically, men talk of love; but look at the platform of the Christian religion, so called. Do not think that I am denouncing true Christianity, I am but repudiating what is denominated orthodoxy—church organizations as organizations. Look at that platform, and those who stand on it, whetting their swords six days in the week to stab at the heart of their brother on the seventh. And yet this body of theologians claim to be the agents of heaven for the future conversion of the world! God save the world from *such* Christianity! I have said, cultivate the principle of love, for believe me, it lies at the foundation of all progress. Let not the spirit of ostracism that exists in the outside world enter into your ranks, Spiritualists of Boston! Materialism is all around you, and there is danger of running into fanaticism on the one side and materialism on the other. Pursue the narrow pathway of brotherly love and unity with one another, and you will be able to demonstrate the truths that are sought to be made known by the progress you yourselves have made.

And, then, as onward you move in this glorious pathway of sympathy and of love, the more appreciative will the mind become of the golden chain of sympathy that appertains to *all* God's children. And through the agency of individual development, brighter and still brighter shall this chain appear, as enveloping the children of earth. Death having lost its sting, and the grave its victory, this glorious chain shall extend upward to the spheres, and there, linking soul with soul in indissoluble bonds, shall unite man still more closely to the skies. But the links of fraternal congeniality end not here. Reaching further still within the depths of being—enwrapping all God's children in the same fraternal bonds, its burnished length is wreathed around the central throne of the Eternal, beyond the etherial realm, where midnight stars are singing their eternal anthem!

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

NUMBER THREE.

THE WAR BETWEEN REASON AND CREEDS.

The war between man's reason and the rules laid down for him to reason by, has now commenced, and will wax fiercer and fiercer until it spreads all over and throughout the Christian church; and all thinking minds will for a time lose their equilibrium. Such discussion and warring of prejudices, will create such a tumult that the whole professing world will be compelled to take sides for the truth of their profession; and the war will not cease, which has commenced, until the line is drawn which will ever mark distinctly the difference between the natural and the spiritual church.

Man's mind cannot be swayed so easily as it was in times gone by, for the agitation has even now commenced which will shake every faith to its centre and leave its nakedness exposed to the gaze of every beholder. The human mind now begins to ask for something more than husks to feed upon. Men begin to learn there is something more, something beyond, of which they may partake. They may and do resist for a long time their inner promptings, and they fear to ask for it at the door of an unknown house; they would fain receive it at the hands of those to whom they have hitherto looked for such bread. But that which is now offered them is stale and unprofitable. And behold the imprisoned mind, how it chafes and struggles within its narrow boundaries of sectarian creeds!

Then fear not and faint not, for the work which has commenced in the hands of a few, shall swell until it shall fill the land with the voice of its sweetness.

November 9, 1852.

The Circle of Hope met this evening, having two or three friends present, and Mr. Finney. Mr. F said, among other things—

Blessed are your eyes, that they see what the prophets and holy ones desired to see, but were not permitted.

Blessed are your ears, for they hear the things which the apostles desired to hear, but could not.

Blessed, thrice blessed, are ye when the world revile ye, for then it is manifesting its true condition and your relation to it, for then you become a city set on a hill.

Blessed are the truth seekers, for they shall find it.

Blessed are those who pray, though not as the church prayeth, with the lips and words of profession only, but internally and externally, by leading harmonious lives.

Blessed are they who put forth their hands and take of the fruits of the tree of life, for they shall eat and live forever.

The nations of mankind have long eaten of the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil, but now the flaming sword of imaginary vengeance has fallen from the nerveless grasp of ancient deities. It no longer guards the tree of life, but the gate is thrown wide open to all, that all may eat thereof.

There is no crawling serpent here whose sting is death, for you to fear—to wind his dark coils around the uplifted form of man, nor crush his noblest powers, nor longer stifle his holiest aspirations.

Wide open swing the portals of eternal life. The voice of Truth bids the rudimental humanity enter. Not one nation only, not the Jews merely, but man universally. God has no creed but the Book of Nature, which he himself has written. His throne is in the vortex of infinity itself. There is one temple, one universal Spirit-Father, one fold, one shepherd, and ye are all the sheep of his pasture. In his holy temple all the nations of the earth may worship and be glad. Each intelligent eye reflects a ray from the sun of infinite intelligence.

Blessings and honor and praise belong only to Him; and they rise from each laboring hand, from each throbbing bosom. They unfold in the interior sanctuary of each infinite intelligence—speak in the granite rock, the beautiful flower, and the god-like form of man—rise from the bosom of the majestic ocean and sparkle in the bright stream that tumbles down the mountain side—unfold alike in the tiny violet and the giant oak of the forest. In short, all Nature worships God. Every form, animate or inanimate, ascribes praise to Him.

What is true worship?

Behold the granite rock. It is composed of elements held together by an attractive power, and holds its due relation mid the gross and huge forms around it. It is in its appropriate place.

The flower, too, unfolds itself, but not for itself

alone does its beauty glow or shed its fragrance on the evening air; but its colors glow to gratify the eye of beast and man, its fragrance to be inhaled by the lover of its sweetness, and even its death, as its elements mingle with other forms, proclaim it born to bless.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ASTROLOGY.

Astrology is the art of foretelling future events from the aspects, positions and influences of the heavenly bodies. It may be divided into two branches: *natural*, and *judiciary*. To the former belongs the predicting of natural effects; as the changes of the weather, winds, storms, hurricanes, thunder, floods, earthquakes, &c. This art properly belongs to Physiology or natural philosophy, and is only to be deduced from phenomena and observation.

Judiciary Astrology pretends to foretell moral events, such as have a dependence on the free will and agency of man; as if they were directed by the stars. There was a time when this science furnished very powerful incentives to the study of Astronomy. Without some knowledge of the motions and aspects of the stars, the Astrologer would have been unable to draw the horoscope and read the fates of men in the heavens. Kepler observes that Astronomy has been greatly aided by the study of Astrology, and he repented bitterly that he had so much decried it. The professors of Astrology maintain that the heavens are one great volume or book, wherein God has written the history of the world, and in which every man may read his own fortune and the transactions of his time. The art they say had its origin in the same source as Astronomy.

The ancient Assyrians, intent on tracing the paths and periods of the heavenly bodies, discovered a constant settled relation between them and things below—and hence were led to conclude these to be the *Parcæ* or *Destinies* so much talked of, which preside at our births and dispose of our future fate. The laws of this relation being ascertained by a series of observations, and the share each planet has therein by knowing the precise time of any person's birth, they were enabled from their knowledge of Astronomy to erect a scheme or horoscope of the situation of the planets at that point of time; and hence by considering their degrees of power and influence, and how each was either strengthened or tempered by some other, to compute what must be the result thereof.

Astrologers who have the power of prevision, are undoubtedly mediums of a prophetic character. If they understood better the laws which govern these visions many of them would be able to foretell great events to take place in the future, as well as the ancient prophets.

We have been led to make the foregoing remarks on Astrology, from having visited one of the so-called Astrologers of the present day. Prof. Huse, of Boston, styles himself a natural Astrologist. He professes to be able to tell the past, present and future of one's life. To say that he does this to a very wonderful extent is undoubtedly true. How he does it he cannot tell. He seems to be controlled by some unseen power which puts him into an abnormal condition; and when in this state he will give the history of one's life commencing with the birth, describing the house, scenery and face of the country around where one is born—any strange events that may have happened in one's life, and things that will happen in the future. These communications are not given by asking one's age or day of his birth, nor by consulting the stars, or shuffling of cards as is usual among what are called Astrologers; but by an intelligence which seems to control his organs, and without effort on his part presents the horoscope of one's life.

This power of prevision seems to have been noticed in early childhood, for he so often foretold what would happen to his acquaintances that they nicknamed him the Devil, thinking, as I suppose, the devil communicated the knowledge to him. He often saw the spirits of the departed, and conversed with them. For many years, while following the sea, he always had premonitions of danger, and often warned the sailors of approaching storms when there were no visible signs of anything of the kind. Once, while lying in Salem harbor, he was taken in spirit and saw his brother lying dead on board of another vessel at some distance, which was ascertained afterward to be so, as the brother fell from the foretopsail, and was killed at that precise hour.

As there are many who are travelling about the country advertising themselves as astrologers, we have selected this one in order to show that whatever there is of truth in their communications is derived from a spirit intelligence out of the form. Undoubtedly there are many humbugs, who make up from their own minds a plausible story, which may in some respects be true. But no doubt most of them are mediums, to a more or less extent. The truth of the communications will depend entirely on the conditions and development of the medium. These are what may be called prophetic mediums or seers. The Bible is full of similar manifestations. Noah predicted the flood which would destroy the earth, even the precise time of its commencement and continuance. Joseph foretold the fate of Pharaoh's chief butler and chief baker; also the seven years of plenty and seven years of famine in Egypt. Balaam foretold the glory and success of Israel when he was commanded by his king, and had it in his heart to curse him. Daniel foretold the fate of Nebuchadnezer, that he should be driven from among men, make his dwelling with the beasts of the field, eat grass like oxen, and seven times should pass over him, when we should know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whomsoever he will. He also foretold the restoration of the Jews after seventy years captivity. Christ foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, the total annihilation of the temple, and many other things which literally took place. Paul foretold, while on a journey to Rome, and while the ship in which he sailed was in danger of being shipwrecked, that all would be saved, if they followed his advice. The apocalypse is one entire vision of the future, and when we shall possess the key to unlock that vision, we shall see as did the ancient seer its exact fulfillment. No one who believes the Bible doubts the truth of these ancient predictions. Then why doubt that there are seers and prophets at the present day. There is no evidence that revelation closed with the apocalypse. Our reason and our common sense teaches us that there has been one continual revelation to man from the spirits above over since man was a reasoning being. Then let us fairly meet the phenomena, and faithfully study the laws that govern the spiritual as well as the natural world. INVESTIGATOR.

[We will add, to this, one fact which is known to us. The mother of the astrologer alluded to, was possessed of like gifts, and many years ago foretold events which are having their fulfillment under our very eyes, and which are connected with the very paper in which this is published. As our correspondent says, we believe there are men and women who possess the gift of prophecy; and cards or the situation of the planets, or mirrors, or stones, and the thousand things by which they pretend to foretell events, are merely necessary to give them *faith* in their power. The statement that these predictions are true or false, according to the moral condition of the seer, and those who visit him, is upheld by the experience of the past and present. There are prophets in these days as in days of yore, but mankind denying the gift, place about the possessor such a mist of circumstances averse to its culture, that few of them bring forth any practical good from the seed sown in their nature by God.—ED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

"TO MEET AGAIN."

BY W. PELCH.

Air—"Drink to me only."

When from my sister, Anna dear,
I parted hastily,
She gave her hand and dropt a tear;
And then how mournfully
I pressed the loved one to my heart,
And uttered this refrain—
We'll live in love, and die in love,
And trust to meet again!

This toilsome world before us lies,
With all its hopes and fears;
And then, above us, in the skies,
A better life appears.
The time is short for you and me,
But while we here remain—
We'll live in love, and die in love,
And trust to meet again!

In desolation's loneliest hour
Thou art not quite alone;
Love has an omnipresent power,
And truth a ceaseless throne.
While blessed angels guard us well,
Oh, let us not complain—
But live in love, and die in love,
And trust to meet again!

When fortune's moonbeams gild thy way
Enjoy the blessing given;
Yet borrow'd light from heaven's own ray,
Should not eclipse that heaven.
We will not underrate earth's joys,
Nor overrate its pain—
But live in love, and die in love,
And trust to meet again!

And if a cloud obscure thy sight,
O yield not to dismay;
The darkest time in all the night
Is just before the day.
And while humanity assigns
A labor not in vain—
We'll live in love, and die in love,
And trust to meet again!

THE WILL-POWER THEORY.

Mr. W. M. Laning, of Baltimore, furnishes through the columns of the Spiritual Age the following interesting fact. It may be added to the long list of proofs already recorded that the "manifestations" are independent of the will of the medium.

A well known gentleman, Professor in the High School of Baltimore, a member of the Methodist church, and withal an unbeliever in modern spiritual intercourse, called on Mr. C. for the purpose of having a sitting; and after going through the ordinary course of obtaining a test, proceeded to write a series of questions, to each of which satisfactory answers (as he alleged) were obtained. All went on smoothly until he desired to write the interrogatory, "Is there a Hell?" when to his utter astonishment, he found his arm and hand disobedient to his will; and although all his muscular power was exercised, he could not make the first letter. Chagrined and discomfited, he declared that he WOULD write the question, and with a resolute determination to succeed, he took hold of the pencil with both hands, struggling most manfully with the invisible power which had thus obtained the complete mastery of his physical organism. Some fifteen or twenty minutes were spent in an ineffectual effort to control the refractory member, when, with his strength completely exhausted, his face suffused and veins swollen with exertion, he gave up, acknowledging himself completely conquered, and unable to comprehend the mysterious phenomenon. Immediately thereupon his arm and hand were freed, and he was permitted to write out the important query, "Is there a Hell?" No sooner, however, was the last letter finished, than his hand was again used involuntarily to write:

"Heaven and Hell are conditions co-relative, signifying the state of mind of each individual just as he finds himself when entering the Spirit world. Then thought breaks as a thunder-cloud upon him, and the copious showers of memory pour a perpetual rain, and Heaven and Hell begin."

This beautiful and consistent definition was at total variance with his own belief.

From the Chicago Ledger.

SPIRITUAL WAGERS.

Hon. Charles W. Cathcart, ex-member of Congress, of Westville, Laporte Co., Ind., has become a "Spiritualist of the modern school, and in a letter to the Spiritual Telegraph, demonstrates his faith by his pocketbook.

"First, that any intelligent person putting up $100, I will cover it with $1000, and that they can have full opportunity of lighting up the room, &c., and if they prove that these manifestations are produced by fundamental means, my $1000 is to be given in charity, but if they fail to do so their $100 is to be given to the poor.

I have also, long ago, offered publicly a reward of $500 for the evidence of fraud on the part of those sitting in my hall, with the advantage of special sessions to be held for the investigation: and though hundreds upon hundreds from the first men of the country to the least, have been here, the skepticism of none has been strong enough to induce them to make the effort to pocket the $500.

Another offer was made to the citizens of Laporte—that they should put up $2000, which we would cover with a like sum; that a drum should be suspended from the ceiling of the court room, out of reach from the floor: that the Posten circle would sit in the room, *manacled*, and if the drum was not beaten, the $2000 put up by their friends should be dispensed in charity, but if it was, the other $2000 should be disposed of in like manner. Every means possible to be taken by locks, guards, &c., to prevent imposition. The skepticism of a town of six thousand people was not strong enough to risk a donation of $2000 to their own poor. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. CATHCART."

MRS. HATCH AT THE WEST.

Mrs. Hatch is meeting with much success in her combats with old theology at the West. Her appearance at Milwaukie was greeted with considerable enthusiasm. The Daily Wisconsin contains a report of the meetings, at the conclusion of which the editor makes the following remarks:—

"We have always felt as though this spiritual mediumship was the sheerest moonshine and humbug, but it is certainly a difficult thing to account in any ordinary way for the facility with which this lady, of seventeen years, speaks upon subjects which have puzzled the greatest intellects of the world. The mere knowledge which she displays of the theories and speculations of others is wonderful, even in a toiling Crichton—how much more in such a youth. What man in these United States would dare stand up before the audiences of our critics, and announce to speak, extempore, on any subject, scientific or moral, and submit himself to the questioning of his hearers. If any such man dare do it, he would only cover himself with ridicule at the first attempt."

The Messenger.

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

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 FINITE beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their REASON, because they have been advised by them to do it.

Samuel Curtis.

In ancient times, those who had once dwelt on earth, were in the habit of returning and communing with their friends. If this was done years ago, why may it not be done at the present time?

They were often permitted to manifest to their friends in dreams, in visions, foretelling future events, and pointing out ways to prevent difficulties. Your Bible speaks of this and if it is true, this is true. The ministers tell you you must believe all that is related in the good Book, and then they tell you that spirits cannot and do not commune, when it distinctly tells you they did, and can.

Now as your ministers contradict their own assertions, how shall you receive them? In this way—When they give you truth, receive it, but learn to sift it from error, and see if you cannot find any discrepancy in their teachings.

Now you are all human, all finite beings, liable to err; you should not believe what a brother tells you, unless it is surrounded and filled with truth. What if your brother has studied seven years the old theology? He may have been digging into the dark labyrinths of the past to see what may be in the future. You should go in thought far beyond the earth sphere—let your soul go forth even while on earth, and gather all it is able to carry and bring it back to you. It has now become an established fact with thousands dwelling in the earth sphere, that spirits do come back and manifest to their friends on earth. That the same power that manifested to Samuel, is ready to manifest to the Samuels of the present day. And if all your Samuels and mediums would only bow down and say, "Lord, here am I," you would all receive Truth. But as your Samuels are not like those of old, but are surrounded by grosser life, you must endeavor to bring them into a purer atmosphere.

My friend, as I am not in the habit of speaking on theology, I will return and commune in reference to that I approached you.

A few years ago I lived in Concord, N. H. After toiling some years at my mechanical avocation, I obtained a good amount of this world's goods; sufficient to make my wife and child to live independent of others, while it might please the Creator they should dwell on earth. Now I do not wish to return and censure my own child, but I do wish to re-unite that holiest bond on earth, that bond between mother and child. It has been severed—I wish to re-unite it. I wish my child to pause and consider what she is doing; I wish her fully to realize that other than mortal eyes are looking down upon her. I wish her to forgive all error that may have been committed by the mother, and fulfill to the letter all the duties demanded of a child towards its parent. Justice demands that I return to earth, as I do return.

My companion has suffered from neglect, and that neglect has been from those who should have been all the world to her. Can I look calmly upon it and refrain to return to earth when there is so ready a channel for me? Oh no.

I simply wish all who are connected with my companion, to be just towards her. This is all I ask.

Friend, you are a stranger to me. If you were not, I should give you much more, but it would not be advisable. I died of fever in Concord, N. H., a few years ago. I left a wife and child, and since my departure I have seen much to cause me grief, even in the spirit life.

My name was Samuel Curtis. Direct my epistle to Nancy Curtis, Concord, N. H. July 10.

Hannah Russell, of Danvers.

I am in the habit frequently of returning to earth to manifest to my friends, particularly to one who was my earth companion. He is a medium; you do not know him, and I wish you to become acquainted with him. I have been in the spirit land some few years, and I have been constantly learning something new. Perhaps you will be somewhat surprised when I tell you my chief employment is the cultivation of flowers. I often write through the hand of the one I have just spoken of; but oh, I wish to benefit more than one, or two, or three. He has another dear companion in the earth life; she is very dear to me, but she is in ill health. Oh, I would have him deal cautiously with her, for she is a frail flower. And the dear children! Oh, may light from the celestial city constantly gleam on their pathway—this is a mother's prayer. I have no cause to regret my early parting from earth, for oh, I am happy, happy!

How shall I prove that I ever dwelt on earth? My name was Hannah Russell; my companion's, John Gardner Russell.

George Winslow.

My name was George Winslow. My parents live in Maine. I have friends living near you in Roxbury. I have a cousin, yes, two or three of them, and an uncle and aunt, living there. I died in California—a strange death. I do not wish to speak of it—a hard death—a terrible death. I find heaven, or the things there, very beautiful. I was young, and had much to live for, but Satan, or evil in the shape of a wild beast, took me away. It is no wonder they did not find me, for he hardly left a hair of my head. I have one cousin in Roxbury, a good fellow, who tries hard to give light to those who have no light, and he is going to have his reward for it.

I want my friends to know I am happy, and can return, though I can't do much just yet. I have aunts here, by marriage, Betsey and Hannah; they tell me so. Put this in your paper, and a little fellow will tell you all about it.

We have been unable to ascertain one single corroborating fact in regard to this communication; but throw it upon the public, in hope that we may, by so doing, hear from it.

William Benson, Lost at Sea.

I want to talk to you. I was cook on board the schooner Kamehaha; we sailed from Honolulu, March, 1857. We were bound for Hilo, and had some fifty souls on board, passengers. We touched at several places, and, when within perhaps two hundred miles of Hilo, we were struck by a squall, were not able to stand the shock, and we were all lost. Not one saved, not one—all gone.

My name was William Benson, my birth-place Barrington, England. I was thirty-four years of age. I was the last surviving soul, and lived to see all the others go down.

I had heard of Spiritualism, and was determined, if it was true, to come back. I have wandered to a great many mediums, but have not found one till this that I could talk through. Now, sir, people do not know the vessel is lost; they suppose, but do not know. It is no more than right that I should return to report. Now you don't know whether there ever was such a vessel. Well, look at the foreign clearances, and see if you do not find her name as cleared during the months of February or March. Then, again, if a vessel is due at any place at a certain time, and does not arrive, she is reported as missing. We were never spoken, and every article seemed to go down with her; some may have got loose and floated since, but, if not, there is nothing known of us.

I have a brother, who was in France when last I saw him. I suppose he is there now. He was second mate of the bark Helen. She sailed from Liverpool, bound for Havre, the last I knew of him. He is probably there now, as they were to make a stop there. I have a sister married somewhere in the States, her name is Margaret Ellen; she married one Warren. I think his name is James, but I am not sure.

It's a mighty fine thing to come back to report. I see that many spirits are aiming this way, but they can't all find anchorage here.

I wish you would look and see if any articles from our schooner have been picked up. We never should have started with such a freight. The schooner was small, rather poorly rigged, and could not stand a heavy sea. I knew it, and when I saw the trouble coming, I knew it would be her last. When we struck a rock, we leaked badly, and they would not throw anything over, nor take to the boats. There were only two boats, not capable of holding over thirty apiece, and they would not take them. I thought we had a bad freight, but I did not take on at all, nor pray. I never liked to pray from fear, and I said God knows best what is right for me, and if he takes me now, it is right and good; therefore, I had no prayer to offer.

I hope you will prove me true, and publish this if you do so.

We have been unable to prove this true, for the reason that we have no papers giving accounts of disasters in that part of the world, to use as a key to unlock the mystery. We publish it as coming from an intelligence not our own; not having been taken from our mind, nor having birth in the imagination of the medium. She was plainly under mesmeric control—not ours—and there was no other person present. If any person interested in nautical affairs knows of anything to give light to this spirit manifestation, we shall be happy to hear from him.

A. Whittemore, Charlestown, Mass.

My spirit rejoices to be able to return and commune. Near twelve years ago my spirit left its clay tenement, and soared to meet higher and holier objects. I was a believer in Universal Salvation. I believed that finally all the creations of God would be restored to a state of perfection. I believe it now. And that however low a child of God may fall, he can never fall so low that Divinity cannot reach him; and if Divinity is able to reach him, He will, and no child will be suffered to perish eternally.

I presume I feel as every spirit must feel, more or less, in coming to earth. I have an intense desire to commune with my friends; but circumstances over which I have no control, demands that I come to a stranger through a stranger, that I may build a bridge reaching from them to me. When a spirit first finds himself divested of his mortal covering, his first thought is what is to become of me, where am I, and whither am I to be sent? Thus you see how little Christianity has to do with enlightening the soul, for if it gave light to the soul, would not its light carry it beyond the confines of the tomb? I am strongly inclined to think that the Church or Christianity, so called, has the effect to elevate the soul to a certain position, but beyond that it cannot go—and something higher must be held forth on which the spirit may step, ere the passage of Death can be illumined.

During my earthly existence I was subject to attacks of what might, I suppose, be termed apoplexy; and I had a full view of Death many times before I was called to pass through that change. After I had entered the spirit life, and had ascertained my whereabouts, and had become fully aware of my position and how I was to proceed in the future, I was drawn to earth again. The same chord of sympathy that bound me to those I had on earth still held me, and I returned and sought to commune, but a moral death seemed to pervade all mine on earth.

But, thanks be to God, my companion was a true Universalist, liberal in all things, and by and through that liberality I often came, and influenced her in certain things pertaining to her family.

I was blest with four children—three daughters and one son. My daughters are on earth, my son is with me. This is my first attempt at communion with mortals.

When on earth, I for a time resided in Charlestown, Mass. My occupation was that of a turpentine manufacturer, and my name was A. Whittemore.

Oh, my wife! my children! God and the angels only know how hard I have striven to influence them, in order to make them happy. I wish them to know that although dead in the flesh I am alive in the spirit, and whenever an opportunity presents itself, I shall gladly avail myself of it, and commune with them directly.

I was blessed with many friends on earth, and to them I tender many thanks for their kindness. I am also fully cognizant of much that has been cast upon the name of one so dear to me; but Truth will ever stand, and like a star set in the firmament of Faith, will draw many to the path of Peace.

I know I shall succeed in dispelling the clouds of error, and that He that doeth all things well will enable me to prove where these things originated, and open to them this new light which has dawned in these latter days.

I understand you require proof of identity, but as some years have rolled into eternity since I left earth, I know not as I shall be able to satisfy you fully in regard to myself; but my name and occupation will be known to many, and that will serve as a beacon to light you in regard to the truth of my statement.

Jim Hendley, a Sailor, on board the Juniata.

Hey! where you bound? I suppose you belong to the land craftsmen, don't you? Well, I have been all my life a sailor, and, at last, have cast anchor here. Now, if you have any objections, just make them known, and I'll crowd on sail again.

Well, it's a long yarn I'm going to spin. I have been here three years and a little over, if it's 1857. Yes, 1854 is the last time I ever said anything on this side of the globe where you are. Well, now to begin with; my native place was Calais, Me. I commenced to go to sea when I was about fourteen years old, and I went until I was between twenty and twenty-one, then I tied up and came where I am now. The last voyage I made was in the bark Juniata. Was you ever on board of that craft? Never was? I shipped before the mast; we were bound to New Orleans, and from there to Liverpool. We took in cargo at New Orleans, and at Liverpool, and from thence went to Russia, to Cronstadt. I think we left Cronstadt so that we were due at Boston in January or February, but you see I never saw Boston again, for I was lost overboard.

Do you know where Captain Jellison is? I can go to him and make sounds just like a book, but he don't know what it is. I used to know him, shipped under him. My name was Jim Hendley, sometimes called Ned, on board ship.

It was a pretty hard wind when I was lost—ship going ten knots, and a high sea, but I could not reach her.

I have no father, mother nor sister on earth; but I have seen them all since I came to the spirit land; but I have a brother, and the last I know of him he was in Havre, on board the Sir John Franklin; he shipped to go on board of her, and I heard from him in Havre, and suppose he went with her.

In 1852 I sailed in the bark Ella, from Bath to Bahia, under Captain Lenan, who lived in Baltimore, and had folks somewhere this way. He had his wife here one time, and went to see his folks. He is a pretty good fellow: the last time I saw him he was in Liverpool. I saw him on the wharf the day before I sailed.

I have seen some good times, some very good times on board ship. Captain Lenan used to celebrate Fourth of July wherever we were. He always made it a point to let every man have a good time when there was a chance.

I never found much trouble on board ship, but when I was in the Juniata they had trouble on board, a kind of a mutiny, and had two fellows put in irons.

Well, I must go now. I want you to inquire about this. Steer straight, wont you? Good day.

July 6.

All the particulars detailed herein are wonderfully correct—even dates, names and events related are found to be true. One thing only remains to be proven, and that is, the loss of the man, which is a hard thing to get at. We find two men not returned in the vessel, but there the examination ceased. There is such a weight of truth in other details, that we are inclined to publish it. Not *one* of the events narrated were or could have been known to us or the medium. This is stated positively, and there are good reasons for it.

Elizabeth Marden.

Is there no one on earth to recognize me? Have I been so long a time away from earth that no one's heart beats in recognition of my coming?

Fourteen years ago this present season my body was consigned to the tomb. Friends mourned over me, and when, after the lapse of years, I return to earth, does not one of those friends recognize me? Do I in vain point out my last resting place?

Yes, fourteen years ago my body was deposited beneath Park street church. Again I return to give you what I before gave you. All spirits, in returning to earth to manifest, are obliged to surmount many obstacles. I was fully aware of this, but I did expect to be recognized ere this. You will recollect I visited you many months ago. I then returned to tell you that my body was deposited there, and remained there many months. I now return to tell you that it was taken from thence, and deposited in Mount Auburn. I do not return to benefit you, but to benefit those I have left on earth.

When you have proved this true, I will manifest to you again. ELIZABETH MARDEN.

July 21.

Some time since this spirit manifested to us, but we were unable to ascertain that any such person had been deposited beneath Park street church, therefore, we did not give out her communication. As she has visited us several times, and we see no hope of being able to verify it, we insert it now, that perchance some friend, in whose memory the spirit lives, may read it, and feel inclined to verify it to us.

Elizabeth Ritchie, to her Husband.

I was told if I came here I could communicate with my husband. I wish to say many things—too many to give to you. Are you a messenger that stands between him and me? Well, I want to tell him it is my wish that he has all patience with my son. I want him to see that son well educated. Tell him that little defect in the mental, originated in me; that the wisdom of earth, by the assistance of angels, will dispel all that seems like discrepancy in the mental powers. I wish him to know that I am with him almost constantly, and I often strive to manifest to him, for I know he would willingly believe if he knew I was with him. Tell him again to deal justly with our son, forgive all that may seem evil in him, teach him the way of right, and impose nothing hard upon him, for Love will conquer all his evils, and raise him to a high standard.

If my wishes are carried out, I shall not have come in vain; if they are not, I cannot rest. I do not mean it will cause me unhappiness in my spiritual home, but in coming to earth we sometimes grieve for errors.

My disease was consumption. I died in Hanover street, near the old Universalist church, and many times I have looked at its walls from my window, when I had nothing else to attract my attention.

'Tis now about eight years, as near as I can calculate time, since I was on earth; but of the exact time I cannot tell. Many changes have come since that time, over me, and over the people on earth, also.

I suppose you would like to know me. My name was Elizabeth Ritchie; my husband was when I last knew him, the owner of the building in which I passed away.

"Light," A Spirit Child, to its Mother in the Earth Life.

The following gem communication is from a spirit who left the earth during infancy. As a token of the love and guardianship of a child who spoke not while in the earth form, except in that language whose expression is voiceless, it is highly prized by the mother, and will be by all who have "children in heaven."

Lift up your head and rejoice, my mother, for you are sheltered by the arm of the Almighty. Yea, you repose in the hand of the Deity. As the stars of your material firmament look down and smile upon you, even so do the stars of the spiritual firmament behold you and rejoice at your progression. Oh, seek for the hidden gifts of the Father, and draw rude pictures upon the canvas of Time, which shall be perfected by the touch of angel fingers, and overshadowed with Light.

The angels are watching over you and casting flowers at your feet to fill the elements with the aroma of spirit love. And, again, the angels are bearing you onward in spite of all earth's storms, and will illume the chaplet with LIGHT.

Thomas Veal.

He who deals out justice to the oppressor and the oppressed, the God of nations—he who punished me by casing in a living tomb is not dead, but lives to guide, to direct, to punish, to reward.

THOMAS VEAL.

NEVER DESPAIR.

[From Amos Fogg, through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, of Roxbury.]

Persevere in all things, and never despair, though troubles assail you, though clouds thicken, and the darkness of adversity o'erspread your path, yet despair not, for the sun of Truth and Righteousness is not dim, but shineth forever. What though the cloud follows the sunshine, does not it shine the brighter when that cloud has dispersed? what though the garden of your heart is watered by the tear of sorrow, does it not cause the bowers of sympathy, love and hope, to spring forth with renewed vigor, and flourish? Does not sorrow open the heart and draw forth its tendrils of goodness? does it not cause you to feel for your brother man, and have charity and patience, when, if it were not for this, you would not know how to pity him? Truly, sorrow is needful, as well as happiness; for without the one, you could not understand or appreciate the other. Who, of all the children of men, has not his sorrows and troubles? It is of earth, and all has his share in some way. Even Christ suffered, not for himself, but for the earth life, and the sins and follies of others—which, like certain diseases, are contagious; and can you, who are less perfect, less deserving of happiness than him, expect to pass through unscathed, where *he* suffered? Imitate him, bear meekly and with patience your burden, and, as you pass on, each one will be the lighter, according to the spirit in which you bear it. Have faith in a Providence that watches over and guides all things—and know that he doeth all things well; and though you may not see it, all will end according to his Divine Wisdom, which surpasses man's comprehension.

BE CHEERFUL!—Which will you do—smile, and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make every one around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face, and speak pleasant words. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.

Pearls.

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

Handsome faces! God designeth
Every face should handsome be:
So it may when man inclineth,
And mind groweth wise and free;
For no beauty shines external,
But within hath higher graces—
'Tis the mind, from the supernal,
Which developes handsome faces.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? e'en as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die,
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.

There are few tokens so truthful of a happy home as a display of fragrant flowers in a parlor window.

A blessed thing the golden sun,
That kisseth morning's dews away;
A blessed thing the dews, which run
O'er bud and blade at close of day,
To give them bloom and bid them be
Fair gems in nature's treasury.

A pleasant manner renders insignificant words agreeable, and lightens the weight of advice.

Blest interlude! whose music conquers care,
Maternal sleep, how soon away from thee
Does life her young enchantments vainly wear,
And all our sense of pleasure cease to be!
Thou art the angel that doth come at night
To set us free, as did the saint of yore;
The blessing that doth crown us for the fight,
The fount perennial on a barren shore;
Thine is the gift of dreams, the trance of love,
And in thy breast peace nestles like a dove.

The fairest forms of crystal beauty are fashioned in the dark; so the truest thoughts that stir the world, are stricken out in gloom, for the night of earth is the day-time of heaven.

When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car
Comes slowly on to meet the evening star,
Above, below, aerial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath and bushy dell!
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.

Never trust the man whom you have seen able and willing to deceive another; he will deceive you also, should opportunity serve, or interest require it.

Ay, sir: for what is music, if sweet words
Rising from tender fancies be not so?
Methinks there is no sound so gentle, none,
Not even the South wind young, when first he comes
Moving the lemon flowers, or when he leaves
The coasts of Balæ; not melodious springs,
Though heard i' the stillness of their native hills;
Not the rich viol, trump, cymbal, nor horn,
Guitar nor cittern, nor the pining flute,
Are half so sweet as tender human words.

Good is stronger than evil. A single really good man in an ill place is like a little yeast in a gallon of dough: it can leaven the mass.

Into my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes
And what before was shadowy, took
The light of summer skies—
The first-born love was in that look;
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes.

Written for the Banner of Light.

VALERIA,

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

A woman, long past the bloom of youth, sits beside an open window; the summer's fragrant messages are whispering in her ear. There is a lingering glory resting upon brow and cheek and lip, as of some unextinguished love-light within; her deeply illumined eyes beam gloriously serene, and a calm and holy contentment sits enthroned upon her brow. Valeria, the child of many sorrows, the storm-tossed wanderer, the earth-forsaken and bereaved, smiles calmly, hopes unceasingly. Bereft of every earth tie, her spirit has been endowed with choicest blessings from the higher life. Friends, true and unchangeable, smile upon her solitude; loving voices whisper, kindred hearts commune with her. Visions of the angel-life, glorious, soul-satisfying revelations entrance that long suffering soul, that in its earthly pilgrimage so rude and thorny, has gathered the unfading gems of Power, strength and Wisdom. Let me briefly give the outlines of that lone heart's experience, nda may it guide and encourage many a battling soul, unrolling before the seeking vision the spirit banner whereon triumphant purity inscribes with golden letters the cheering watchword—"Victory!"

Sad and crushing fell the weight of existence upon the child-spirit of Valeria, for the guardians of her early years were cold and uncongenial beings. The hour that gave her birth recalled her mother's spirit to the realms of Peace, and left the helpless infant to the care of a stern, haughty father, and a selfish, cold-hearted woman, his sister. The golden days of childhood passed for that neglected one in alternate seasons of rebellious grief or utter apathy; no kind word cheered, no loving smile encouraged; the thronging affections, the blossoming hopes, the roseate dreams, all thronged back upon the bursting childish heart. Her indolence and indifference were fully commented upon, her willful disregard of her so-called duties severely punished; and thus the child became a woman, unloving and unloved; prematurely initiated in life's bitter disappointments, too early inured in that worldly experience that has chilled so many a brave, high heart. To the stars of midnight, to the flowers of summer, to the golden sunshine, to the murmuring river, the girl Valeria confided her angel aspirations, as the child had poured out her heart's untold yearnings for love and sympathy. For the solitary heart resounded the mournful cry: "Oh for one heart to love me!" and star and moonbeam, sunshine and wavelet, flower and breeze, responded with prophetic beauty, foretelling speedy fulfillment of the heart's desire.

Oh, ear so long desecrated by unholy influences, long darkened by the gloom of opposing hatred and violence, when will thy love-lit altars gleam with the heavenly fires of saving purity, and victorious joy? Beautiful and holy love! radiant seraph! dwelling in the light of Heaven's inmost glory, when will thy unveiled brow beam upon thy votaries seeking wisdom? Holiest attribute of the Father, when shall thy pure name be no more profaned by darkened spirits' irreverence, thy star-wreath usurped by fading earthly flowers of fleeting beauty!

Around Valeria's path bloomed all that wealth can give, of rich, and fair and costly; but one, the costliest gem of all, was wanting, the tender brilliancy of affection. The diamonds glistened o'er a languid brow, the pearls hung pendant tear-drops from her unrivalled necklace, the sapphires shed a deeper brilliancy than lighted up the mournful depths of her kindred eyes; satin and velvet draped around an unloved form, for though Valeria was beautiful, and many said they worshipped her, in her heart's depths dwelt bitter skepticism as to love's truthfulness. With ineffable scorn she waved aside the throng of suitors, while suspicion loudly whispered: "They seek thy gold, they love thee not!"

But woman's soul was formed for love, and when the form appeared that seemed the embodiment of her love's ideal, the voice of suspicion was silenced, and the awakened heart responded to the love that sought return. But she stood high in worldly station; he, although young, and brilliant and talented, upon the lowest step of the social ladder. But Valeria smiled proudly, in defiance of fate or fortune, as she placed her hand within his, and and vowed a woman's fidelity.

The proud father's anger was unbounded when she revealed to him her resolve of becoming the bride of Mortimer Ashley.

"Never shall you so degrade yourself," cried the proud and passionate man, "you shall never share your fortune with him!"

"If I may not share his fortune, I will share his poverty," responded Valeria, and she wrote to apprise the beloved one of her intention. But he accepted not her beautiful self-devotion; when, after vainly endeavoring to gain her hard father's consent, she concentrated her all of hope, and faith, and promise on the beloved object of her choice; how sadly fell to the earth her heart's reared structure of domestic happiness! When she requested an interview with Mortimer, and her upholding pride dissolved beneath her woman's tenderness, as sobbingly she told him of her resolve to forego her lofty station, to dedicate to him life, and its every purpose, to work for him, live for him, and die with him, the mercenary wretch unwound her clinging hands, put back her tearful face, and calmly told her: "He could not burden himself with a wife in his present circumstances." Did Valeria descend to ignoble tears and pleadings? Her's was a lofty nature, heaven-ward aspiring, even amid error's environments; and in that bitter hour of disenchantment, when the magic veil was rent that clothed her idol with supernal beauty—though bitterness, akin to madness, surged in her wounded breast, amid the darkening billows, that misplaced love was washed into oblivion, and the strong, defiant soul sang its hymn of victory!

Believe them not, who ascribe to woman's heart the insensate worship of an unworthy object. False is the assertion that the pure-minded, love-comprehending spirit can love aught beneath its own standard of moral excellence. It is revolting to the true woman's appreciation of the right and the beautiful to impute to her the sickly sentimentalism of an enduring affection for a base, degraded object; she may pity and forgive, watch over and guide, pray for and weep, but never love! And so in the heart of Valeria the false love died out, and life, stern, and cold and real, stood glooming before her; truly a dark valley, which no friendly ray illumined. He, the false one, led to the altar a proud and wealthy dame, and as Valeria watched the bridal party from her chamber window, she smiled a scornful smile, and turned tearlessly away.

Years sped on, years of heart-solitude and untold struggles. The proud father departed this life; Valeria feigned no grief, yet she wept, thinking what he might have been to her. When the old aunt too died, Valeria closed up the gloomy mansion, and departed for the shores of the Old World. She traveled far, over the snow capped mountains of Switzerland, the smiling plains of Italy, her wondrous sites and legendary places; along the blue Rhine's fertile banks, the Tiber's shore, the sunny villages of vine-clad France, the cottage homes of merry England, everywhere seeking for that peace and rest but to found within the individual soul. On, on, over the limpid bosom of many a sequestered lake, over the broad ocean's blue expanse, the vessel bounding before the piping gale, seeking everywhere for peace, and rest, and love, yet finding them not. Ah, Valeria! thou hadst not yet learned the lesson, that the "Kingdom of Heaven is within," and until those were foreshadowed, vain were all outward influences of art and nature's beauty upon thy soul. But the awakening hour came; it welcomed Valeria's return to her native shores; hope, joy and consolation nestled to her bosom, with the spring-flowers of the returning year. Life rushed in upon her spirit, a glorious flood of heaven-illumined waters, from which immortal islands, sun-bright and flower-gemmed, greeted her mournful eyes. A palace home of more than earthly splendor gleamed white and brilliant from a verdant mountain's height, and a loving form, with golden hair, and white arms outstretched, smiled welcome, and whispered softly: "Thy future home, my child." Her father's brow, divested of its worldly haughtiness, beams fatherly upon her, and messages of loving regret come from the lips, once uttering only harsh words and unbalanced rebuke. Who shall say that Valeria's life is lonely, though she dwells the solitary mistress of her spacious mansion? Come not there the poor, the suffering, and the faint-hearted, to go forth fed, and clothed, and reinvigorated with joy and hope? And beneath her roof what angels meet! what soulful communions held between the exalted dwellers of the star-worlds, and the hopeful laborer on earth!

The lingering glory dwells upon the brow and cheeks of Valeria, lights up with inexpressible sweetness her beaming smile, kindles the love-light within her sapphire eyes; and the angel glory will not fade, but ever shower its beautifying influence o'er her face and pathway.

Valeria knows that Love is no idle dream, that the angel aspirations of her girlhood, the bound' ss worship of her woman's spirit, were no vain fleeting gifts, bestowing tears and sorrows; but the faint foreshadowings of a blest reality, awaiting her in the spirit home. From the hollow friendships, the broken trust of earth, she turns to the holy promises and enduring faith of souls removed from earthly frailties; and Valeria, the child of many trials, is a happy woman, walking the now beautiful earth in serene contentment, calmly, hopefully awaiting her transition to a brighter sphere.

ROCKLAND, DELAWARE, July 25, 1857.

HUMAN HISTORY.—The inventions of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were too mean affairs for history to trace. She was bowing before kings and warriors. She had volumes for the plots and quarrels of Leicester and Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, but not a page for Shakspeare; and if Bacon had not filled an office, she would hardly have recorded his name, in her anxiety to preserve the deeds and sayings of that Solomon of his age, James the First.

SHE IS AN ANGEL NOW.

"Mamma, my poor little head hurts so bad!" exclaims a little girl of only four summers, as she rests her head on her mother's bosom."

"Darling, I am very sorry. Show me where it aches most."

"It hurts me all over, mamma," she lisps, while tears trickle down her pale cheeks.

"*Poor little angel!* She knows not what death is." Her mother gently smooths her curling locks; for gentle mother thou knowest what pain and sorrow are.

"No use now, mamma. No use, for I forgot all about my head, and you would too, mamma, if you had been with me just now." The parent's eye glistened, her lips quivered and her voice trembled, as she said softly:

"Where was my sweet Mary?"

"O, mamma, it was so beautiful! and the angels were dressed so pretty; the brightest dresses you ever saw, mamma. When they all saw me they ran to their harps and played the sweetest music you ever heard. Indeed, mamma, everything was so beautiful and bright. I whispered to one of them not to stop playing till I brought my mamma to hear it."

The mother's lips moved not, for she well knew that the messenger of death was there, and the angels were ready to snatch her babe from her bosom.

The child raised its soft eyes to its mother's and smiling, whispered, "mamma, will you sit here and listen to the music for a little while, till I go and see what that lovely angel wants with me?" Her blue eyes closed so tranquilly, and she whispered, "Good night:" and fell asleep.

THE BEREAVED.

Our darling has indeed departed. For the few hours that her little form remained with us, we felt that we had her still—but now we know that she is gone. It was a bright morning when we followed her to her rest, but we brought back with us only darkness. The home which she sunned and made musical, was as gloomy as a cavern, and so it remains. A few days ago it seemed like Heaven—but now the stars have faded out, and the lark that sung at the gate has fallen with an arrow in his breast.

And when the night came on, how it brought a new measure—fully heaped—of lonely agony! How we strove to sleep, and were awakened by her blessed voice—her pattering footfalls—her thrilling touch! It did indeed seem as if she was there! But when we looked around and saw her not, then, then the truth returned, like a sudden blow, and we sank again into the bitter waters.

She lies in her little coffin. There are rosebuds in her hand and a wreath of myrtle encircles her brow of alabaster. The leaves fell solemnly, the wind moaned like a chained beast about her dismal bed. It is hard to leave her there—it seems so cold and dreary for the child! and yet we know it must be—and because it must be, it is.

Yet why not talk what we know as well as what we feel. Our bird now sings amid the eternal branches—our bud now blossoms in the garden of God—our darling reposes on the bosom of the Crucified. It is well. God loved the child—and loved her most when He took her up where Rachael's children are. We will eat this sweet morsel of consolation, and it shall strengthen us.

Agriculture.

WHITEWASHING FRUIT TREES.—In some agricultural works, we find the practice of whitewashing fruit trees recommended, as a preventive of disease. In many sections this practice has prevailed extensively, yet a slight examination will satisfy any one that the fruit orchards thus treated are not in better condition than those upon which whitewash has not been used. Analogy leads us to the inference that a clean, healthy skin is as indispensable to the health and longevity of trees and plants, as it undoubtedly is in the case of animals. The functions performed by the skin of the one, and the bark of the other, are, in many respects, analogous; and, in the case of the latter, it is generally well known that any permanent, or even temporary obstruction of the cutaneous organs, is certain to produce disease.—*Maine Farmer.*

ECONOMY IN CATTLE-FEEDING.—The time will come when the feeding of cattle with a pitchfork will be considered slovenly farming, even though the hay may be put in racks or feed-boxes; just as slovenly as it is now thought to carry it out in armloads and throw it upon the ground—perhaps that, too, half a leg deep in the mud. The time will come, though slowly, when no one but a slovenly farmer will think of feeding hay or straw until it has passed through a cutting machine; and the time will come when all good farmers will grind their hay into meal, just as good farmers do now their corn, because they will discover that hay meal is just as much more valuable than the whole grain. When both are ground and duly mixed, then, and not till then, shall we learn the true economy of cattle breeding.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HINTS TO FARMERS.—Toads are the best protection of cabbage against lice. Plants when drooping are revived by a few grains of camphor. Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes, &c., from insects. Lard never spoils if cooked enough in frying out. In feeding corn sixty pounds ground goes as far as one hundred pounds in the kernel. Corn-meal should not be ground very fine, it injures the richness of it. Turnips of small size have double nutritious matter than large ones have. Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by a sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves. Money expended in drying lands by draining or otherwise will be returned with ample interest. To cure scratches on horses, wash their legs with warm soapsuds and then with beef-brine; two applications will cure the worst case.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE NAVY OF DENMARK at present consists of 5 ships of the line, 6 frigates, (one of them a razee) 4 corvettes, 4 brigs, 1 bark, 3 schooners, 1 cutter, 1 screw steam frigate, 2 steam corvettes, 6 side-wheel steamers, 1 screw steam gunboat, 24 bomb sloops, 16 gun sloops, 17 gun jollies and 1 iron transport vessel, desides a number of old sun-boats which are still in service—together 126 vessels carrying between 1000 and 1200 guns.

THE PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, Ireland, is the largest public park in Christendom. It is a beautiful domain, very handsomely wooded and watered, and contains 1750 statute acres.

Flashes of Fun.

KISSING AT THE CARS—THE LOUDEST YET.—Friends are in the habit of warmly greeting their acquaintances upon the arrival of passenger trains at station houses. Recently a young gentleman rushed through the crowd toward a lady, seized her hand, and gave her a hearty kiss, the smack of which sounded above—we were going to say the ding of gongs; but it's enough to state that the report startled a country lass hard by, who exclaimed to her "feller"—"Massy, Josh! what on airth's gev way on the keers?"

"ELIZA, MY CHILD," said a prudish old maid to her pretty neice, who would curl her hair in pretty ringlets, "If God had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself." "So he did, Aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

DURING A LATE THUNDER STORM at Grenville, S. C., the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two negroes who were at work in it. As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclamation of one of them in great surprise, was, "*Who fire dat gun!*"

A SOUND CHURCH.—"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister, "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound.*"

BIDDLE STAIRCASE.—Visitors at Niagara Falls will remember a staircase on the west side of Goat Island, called "Biddle's Staircase." Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called that name. "Because it wound up the bank," was the answer.

DON'T KNOW.—A pedagogue, provoked at the dullness of a pupil, instead of coaxing him along, boxed his ears, and demanded of him how long a man could live without brains. The boy meekly replied, "I don't know; how long have you lived yourself, sir?"

TABLES.—What tables are most used throughout the world? Vege-tables, ea-tables, cons-tables, and time-tables.

TO THE POINT.—A day or two ago a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other.

"Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the sentence with an oath.

"Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou forgetest thyself."

SHARP.—"James, now I will hear your lesson," said a schoolmaster to a little urchin, who was not in the habit of studying much. "Gueth not, thir; daddy thaith little boys thould be theen and not heard."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? "What is that to you?" said he; "meddle with those things that concern you most."

A NEW SCIENCE—HYDROSCOPY.—Joseph Gautherot, a mining engineer in France, distinguished by a peculiar talent of observation, united with an extraordinary perseverance in investigations of geological strata, has discovered a law of nature which enables him, by examining the features of the surface to direct where subterranean sources of water are to be found. Thus he pointed out the places of digging wells to such an extent that he was honorably rewarded in 1846 by the French Government for his beneficial services to different communities. In the district of Haute Maine, a well was thus dug, yielding 12,000 litres of water per hour. The French Government has recently appointed him for Algiers, where, at different cities, wells are now dug out with the best result; and he is considered among the Christians, Mohammedans and Jews, as a second Moses in the desert.

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