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

### CHAPTER XII.

"A deep and mighty shadow  
Across my heart is thrown,  
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,  
Where the thunder wind hath blown.  
The wild rose, fancy, death—  
The sweet bird, memory, life—  
I shall be left alone!"

All has been satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Greyson succeeded in her mission with Donna Isabella. She spoke boastfully of her son's means, and her own possessions, adding that her present request for a pecuniary loan was owing to a vast commercial enterprise in which her son had embarked, and which would considerably augment his already wealthy store. All smiles and condescension, Donna Isabella acceded to her "dear friend's" request; the more readily as the old lady triumphantly proclaimed her success in winning her son's consent to the union of Don Felix with Eva.

For a time the brow of Maurice Golding resumed its wonted serenity; his affairs seemingly prospered, and he renewed towards his wife the former affectionate demeanor. On one point they never conversed—the marriage of Eva—which was to take place in six months. Agnes knew and felt that it was useless to argue the matter with her husband; his word had been given, and he solemnly assured Agnes of the falsity of the charges she had heard against Don Felix; so Eva's fate was sealed. Mr. Golding was a subtle reasoner, an eloquent pleader of his own view of a subject, but doubt and apprehension dwelt in the heart of Agnes; an undefined fear sealed her lips, and pursued even her lightest slumber.

Donna Isabella had spent a week at the Castle, and during her stay Agnes had exerted to the utmost her powers of self-control, that she might fulfill her husband's wishes; but her's was too frank and truthful a nature; she could not conceal the expression of displeasure that settled upon her speaking face, while listening to Donna Isabella's flippant discourse and empty-hearted tattle, her love of gossip and her flatteries. To Mrs. Greyson the young widow was most affectionate and obsequious; towards Eva she assumed a matronly tone of encouragement and advice, joined to the most caressing manner. She told the young girl of all her brother's fastidious tastes and aristocratic likes and dislikes; of his love for luxurious ease and elegant surroundings; his fervent admiration of beauty and musical skill; his critical judgment in all appertaining to female dress and accomplishment; all this was mingled with delicate flattery and allusion to Eva's superiority in beauty and demeanor, that coupled with the loved one's name, brought the modest blush to the young girl's cheek, and a feeling of triumphant joy to her expanding heart. Under the tuition of Agnes, she had become an accomplished musician; her singing delighted all and enraptured her lover, who, in his quality of accepted suitor, daily visited at the Castle, and often dined there. Towards Agnes, the manner of brother and sister was studiously formal and polite, while in the presence of Mr. Golding; but in his absence they failed not in conveying by word, and look, and manner, their utter disregard of her authority in the household, and of her position towards Eva. Donna Isabella would speak of Mrs. Greyson's servants, Mrs. Greyson's house; and in all things conveying their impression that she, and not Agnes, was the mistress of *Castiglio del mar*. Before Eva's love-bound eyes all this passed by unheeded; happy in the daily presence of him she loved, wrapt in the sweet dreams of youthful glowing promises, life spread before her, a fertile valley teeming with fragrant treasures of everlasting bloom and joy. Studiously as before, the grand mother kept Eva and her step-mother apart; the love that bound the confiding girl to the aged woman was doubly strengthened by the interest she had manifested in obtaining her father's reluctant consent. Of the hidden reasons for the sudden change, the happy, dreaming Eva knew not; the old lady kept her secret well.

A letter came from Frank Wylie, announcing his mother's death, and his intention of remaining in New York, at the urgent desire of his only remaining relative, a widowed sister of his mother. He had established himself in business, and thanking Mr. Golding for all past favors, remitted to him the sum, once so generously bestowed upon him. In Mr. Golding's letter was another directed to Agnes. As her husband delivered it to her, he anxiously scanned her countenance, while she sat, perusing it.

"What could Frank Wylie find to write to his wife? What a piece of presumption! in his clerk to address Mrs. Golding!" These thoughts caused an angry shadow to flit across his brow; but Agnes had finished reading the letter; she held it dreamily in her hand, while her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Mrs. Golding, will you oblige me by communicating the contents of that very interesting epistle? As I see you so deeply moved by it, may I know the cause, unless it be a secret you wish to guard?"

Agnes looked up with a heightened color: "I have no secrets from my husband," she replied, gently yet proudly; "read the letter, Maurice, and let me entreat you not to think harshly of the young man for what he says. I know he means well."

With an impatient gesture, Mr. Golding took the letter from her hand; the thick vein upon his forehead swelled, and his lip curled sarcastically, as he read:—

"New York, September 9th, 18—

"My Dear and Beloved Wife, I will excuse for venturing to address you, convinced, as I am, of your interest in my welfare. My beloved mother has departed for that brighter shore, where tears and sufferings are unknown. Need I tell you, that although I had been hourly expecting my bereavement, her loss overcame me with a sudden shock of desolation? Yet have I been strengthened and upheld by her beautiful resignation, the loving and religious spirit that smoothed her pathway to the tomb; her last words were inspired utterances of faith and love—We shall meet again, my son! even on earth your mother's love shall hover around you, her spirit cheer you in your trials and solitary hours. Farewell, my son! there is a heaven of joy and rest—there we shall meet again! Low and fervently she uttered these words; then her eyes closed, as if in gentlest slumber, her hand pointing upwards. As that thin hand fell upon the coverlid, a soft sigh issued from her lips, and a smile of more than earthly glory—a smile of heavenly beauty—rested upon her face. I knew that her spirit had put on the immortal garb, and to you, generous and feeling as you are, I may, without fear of incurring ridicule, relate what passed in that consecrated chamber, at the silent morning hour. I may then tell you that a low, sweeping melody, as of airy voices, echoed through the stilled chamber, that a ray, as of intruding sunlight, rested upon the brow of the departed. Was it the hallucination of exalted sorrow, or the revelations of the higher life? Methought I beheld a wreath, as it were, of starry blossoms, flowers and leaves formed of golden rain-drops, hovering above her head; soon, too soon, the vision faded, the sunshine faded; the night-shadows yet lingered, and I was alone with the sad reality, the overwhelming grief! Oh, best and generous friend—she was so good a mother!"

I shall not return to La Toma, for life there has lost its every charm for me. Once, that tropical region of flowery beauty was to me earth's Eden, its sea-washed coast my land of promise, and the beautiful landscape surrounding *Castiglio del mar* my heart's boundaries; that mansion itself, as it gleamed, white and elevated in the distance, a holy temple enshrining my soul's best worship. But now, all is past. I shall never again behold its tropical glories; I shall remain in this, my native country, land of the snow and the wintry storm. I have heard of Miss Golden's engagement. May Heaven shower its choicest blessings upon her head! I may still be guarded from all life's evils! Surely, such a nature as hers can reform even the vilest, the most depraved of human beings; who can gaze upon her angel countenance, irradiated as it is, with the light of truth and intellect, and not feel the restraining power of goodness and virtue? Who can gaze into her soul-expressive eyes, nor feel a deeper yearning, a higher love for all things true and beautiful, a yet deeper abhorrence of vice and wrong? Tell her, my friend and benefactress, that Frank Wylie blesses her, and daily prays for her welfare; that is now my only remaining earthly consolation!"

Please, press off my sincere regards to Mrs. Greyson, and have the goodness to remember me to the kind-hearted Nelly. As regards my business prospects, Mr. Golding will inform you of them. Knowing your beautiful delicacy of feeling, I dare not return to you the money you so generously bestowed upon me, for my dear mother's sake. As regards pecuniary matters, I am fully relieved of the crushing weight of inadequate means, thanks to the liberality of my mother's sister, who but recently returned to

this, her native city, has amply provided for my wants. Had she returned sooner, or had we known of her whereabouts, my beloved one would never have so suffered. But it is a long story, and my heart is too sorrowful to relate it. If, to the many favors already received at your hands, you would add one more—that of a few lines in reply to this, assuring me of your own and Miss Eva's continued health and welfare, thus giving another proof of your unflinching goodness and generosity, and the only possible consolation to the more than bereaved heart of the grateful

FRANK WYLIE."

"So," said Mr. Golding, as he deliberately folded up the letter which he had read aloud, and with marked emphasis, "I presume the young man thinks this a masterpiece of composition? A foolish, miserable, nonsensical rhapsody! And such trash brings the tears to your eyes, Mrs. Golding! I really thought you were possessed of better sense and more penetration. That sickly, sentimental fool thought to gain Eva's affections, with a view to her dowry, of course! As he is next to a beggar, and thinks to throw off his disappointment, he writes you all that pack of sentimental stuff, and boasts of his aunt, who may be an old apple-woman, for aught we know. Pooh! pooh! Mrs. Golding, throw that letter out of the window, and mind your tear it first, so that nobody may pick it up and read it. The young man is altogether too presumptuous and familiar. I am glad that he intends to remain in New York, for with what I know now, he should never enter my employ again. I see, too, that my mother was right in her conclusions, as she always is. What does your correspondent mean by *generous benefactress* and *added favors*, and all such high-flown expressions? I wish you would enlighten me, Mrs. Golding. I believe myself the young fellow's benefactor, as I took him into my warehouse, gave him a good salary, and often helped him with money. Does he allude to his return of the money given at your intercession? But that he has returned to me. Have you bestowed any private charity upon him?"

"I gave him a small sum the day before I made my request to you, as he was in great distress on his mother's account. I gave it out of the money you allow me for my quarterly expenditures." The voice of Agnes trembled, and her cheeks were very pale, for her husband's countenance was ominous and lowering; his sarcastic manner sent deep pangs across her heart.

"And pray, since when do you dispose of money without my previous permission? Had I known that you had bestowed your charity in that quarter, I should have saved my share," said Mr. Golding, with increasing anger.

Mean and uncharitable! falsely accusing, trampling under foot the sacred sorrows of humanity, the private woes of orphanhood, disclaiming the saving tenderness of a woman's beneficent hand! Oh, pale and suffering Agnes, is this the idol to whom thy pure heart gave its fullest worship? Weep, weep on! let angel tears purify thy immortal spirit from the earthly taint of close communion with that sor-did, worldly soul!

"You expressed your willingness," replied Agnes, her tear-filled eyes seeking the ground, "when you first gave me money for my own use, that I should do as I pleased with it—and"

"So I did," interrupted her husband; "but I did not mean that you were to throw away such sums upon every beggar that addressed you, without previously consulting me."

"Oh, Maurice! you are harsh to-day; indeed, I have not deserved your rebukes. How can you call Frank Wylie a beggar, endowed as he is with such a superior mind, such a pure and grateful heart! Oh, my dearest husband! I know the time you showered praises upon every act of mine; when you said that my feelings of benevolence beautified my countenance and endeared me to your heart. You are loving and affectionate at times; then, again, moody and irritable. Oh, Maurice! do you no longer love me?"—and Agnes looked imploringly into his face, large tear-drops quivering within her tender eyes.

"I do not wish to hear the praises of Frank Wylie so loudly sounded by you. When I say he is a beggar, I wish for no contradiction. I have seen more of the world than you have, and know something of the intrigues of adventurers, and penniless fortune-hunters. I forbid you to write to this Frank Wylie; not a word in answer to that presumptuous and lackadaisical letter of his. No reply, as you value my affection, and dread my displeasure! My wife in correspondence with my clerk, giving him love messages to my daughter, when she is on the point of being married! My mother would be perfectly shocked! I had a better opinion of your principles, Mrs. Golding."

A deep, indignant blush, mantled to the very brow of Agnes, as she replied:

"You are, indeed, cruel and unjust! My principles have never yet been doubted by man or woman; you are the first one to impute a doubt to me. I know my duty, and God willing, shall always fulfill it, though my heart break in the effort! Though your affections are estranged from me, it is my place to yield submission. But will you not write a few lines to Frank Wylie, giving him the information he desires from me?"

"No, madam! I will not! My daughter's name even shall not come into the possession of that young scoundrel. As for my affections being estranged, if there is any difference in my feelings towards you, you have yourself to blame. Tell me how, tell me in what have I offended you! Oh, give me a reason!" cried Agnes, eagerly,

with clasped hands, looking beseechingly into his darkened face.

"You are wanting in hospitality, in friendliness to your guests, Mrs. Golding. Your marked, cold, and distant manner, has deeply wounded the feelings of Donna Isabella, and even her brother cannot calmly brook your supercilious demeanor; your dislike is too apparent, and I have repeatedly cautioned you against manifesting it; a loving wife, would have controlled her feelings in obedience to her husband's wishes. Then, you treat my aged mother with disrespect. You never have brought in for luncheon those things she likes best, and you have only those fruits and other dishes put upon the table that you like; I know it all! You have even wiled away, for your own service and accommodation, my mother's waiting woman. You speak disrespectfully of a woman you should venerate, to the servants; my mother has been accustomed to unlimited respect and obedience; she can ill brook such conduct from you! I love and esteem my mother, and whoever is wanting in respect to her, must be lacking in affection for me. I have now told you all you desire to know, Mrs. Golding, and I leave you to reflect, and in time to reform."

"Stay!" cried Agnes, as he moved towards the door; all traces of color had departed from her cheeks, but her head was proudly raised, her attitude erect; a noble courage sat enthroned upon her brow; the timid, gentle woman, was becoming transformed to the energetic defender of her rights. Her voice trembled not as she replied, but bore an impress of lofty truthfulness, the heart's spoken utterance of conscious innocence. "You will allow me to reply to these accusations; you cannot refuse to listen to me; to the lowest criminal is given the right of defence. I am alone, in a strange country; I have no father, no brother, no relatives to shield me from calumny and detraction; but in the face of Heaven, I declare to you, that never have I manifested haughtiness or a marked dislike towards Don Felix or his sister. I have endeavored to comply with the duties of hospitality; greet them as friends, I could not, for my heart repels them; there is a feeling there that I cannot define, but it bespeaks them false and treacherous. You may scorn my husband, but I dare even brave your anger, when the truth must be told. Heaven grant that my forebodings be all in vain! None can pray more fervently for Eva's happiness than the step-mother she has been brought to hate."

"Stop, madam! I command you! You are unjust and harsh. Your inveterate and unaccountable dislike of the Riveros must have some hidden cause. I begin to believe in my mother's surmises—Eva brought to hate you?—by whom? Would you imply that my honored mother would stoop to inculcate hatred in a young girl's breast? Your continued opposition to Eva's union with the man she loves, your coldness and avoidance of her, have estranged her; you have yourself to thank, if Eva hates you; don't blame any one else."

"I have not merited this, my God!" cried Agnes, raising her now tear-filled eyes to Heaven. "Oh, Thou! all-conscious as Thou art, of my innocence and purity of motive, strengthen Thou my breaking heart! Father of the forsaken! give me consolation, in this mine hour of need!" and with a passionate outburst of sorrow, Agnes threw herself upon her knees, and raised her clasped hands in fervent supplication.

"Come, come, Agnes, don't make a scene," said Mr. Golding, who was slightly moved. "You have provoked all this by your questioning, and that infernal young scamp's letter. Let us have no more of this, for pity's sake! the house is getting too hot to hold me."

"One moment, Maurice," said Agnes, rising to her feet, and confronting her husband with earnest look and impressive gesture. "You have accused me of falling in due respect to your mother; as God is my witness," and her hand was solemnly up-raised, her streaming eyes upturned to the sunny heavens, whose tropical beauty was visible from the uncurtained window, "I have never, by word, or thought, or action, wronged your mother! Never have I failed, in fulfilling to the best of my abilities, any expressed wish of hers. Never have I countermanded the servants, never spoken one disrespectful word of your mother. Nelly has voluntarily attached herself to me, your mother dispenses with her services altogether, since she has found so much pleasure in Miss Gilman's company. Alita now waits upon her in place of Nelly. Question her, Maurice, and then convince yourself that I am not in fault. Your mother exercises unlimited authority in the household; have I ever complained of it? even when the servants have refused to fulfill my bidding, telling me, that the old Senora had threatened them with dismissal if they refused compliance to her orders in opposition to mine. Have I poured murmurings into your ears, when your mother has taken absolute charge of my horse, sending Pancho to town, on Miss Gilman's errands, and refusing me the privilege of my accustomed ride? When the other day, I requested Pancho to go to town for me to obtain some music I had left at the book-store, he sarcastically informed me, that he must first ask the old Senora's permission, as she was Mistress of *Castiglio del mar*; and when I humbled myself to obtain her permission, it was coldly, scornfully refused. I have suffered much, and patiently, Maurice, but I am human, and there are bounds to endurance. I have been silent too long. I have been taunted and humiliated by allusions to my past poverty; to my present unmerited elevation, as they styled it, by strangers—I insulted in this very house, you told me

to consider my own. I have been called a stranger and an interloper in presence of your daughter, until my once joyous heart has grown chilled and desponding, till the roses of my cheek have paled; my step has grown laggard, and my soul is the abode of wretchedness! Maurice, you have listened to my false accusers; you will not again believe them? You will trust the wife of your bosom, you will reinstate me in your affections; you will claim for me, the place that is mine, by right of lawful privilege? You will disabuse your mother, of her prejudices against me? My heart is yearning with love toward you all! Oh, Maurice! by the love you once vowed, promise me its return! I cannot live much longer in this state of uncertain wretchedness!" and again Agnes gave way to a passionate burst of sorrow.

"Come, come, wife! don't give way so. Forgive me, if I have spoken hastily; don't, don't go on so, you will make yourself ill. I will talk over the whole matter with mother, and see whether I cannot reinstate the peace of this household. Come, love; wash your eyes, and arrange your hair. The bell will soon be ringing, and I would not for worlds, that mother should see you thus. Then, there's that inquisitive, queer looking, bean-stalk of a woman, Miss Gilman; well, old age has queer fancies," said Mr. Golding, with an attempt at renewed good humor, as he gently stroked his wife's glossy hair, while she endeavored to remove all traces of agitation from her countenance. When she entered the dining-room, leaning on her husband's arm, her face, although pale, had resumed its serenity; there was a sweet, reassured smile upon her lips, and although she could not entirely obliterate the traces of her recent tears, her eyes shone with a renewed lustre, with love's conscious power. Her mother-in-law regarded her with a long and searching glance, then scanned her son's face, on which she read renewed tenderness and awakened pity for the suffering wife; her foot touched Miss Gilman under the table; Celestina's "ferret eyes" followed the direction indicated by her patroness's glance. She looked long and inquisitively at Mrs. Golding, but made no attempt at conversation, beyond saluting that lady with fawning politeness. As Mr. Golding rose from his chair, bidding his mother adieu, and kissing his wife, the old lady and Miss Gilman exchanged meaning glances. Agnes retired to her room; Miss Celestina and her patroness to the shady bath-house, where both held a long and secret conference. Eva was absent on a visit to Donna Isabella Rivero.

Frank Wylie's letter had been abstractedly thrown out of the window by Mr. Golding, but he had not fulfilled his threat of tearing it. It was very much rampled, but entire. The "ferret eyes" of Miss Gilman espied it lying upon the grass; with an exclamation of wonder and surprise she perused its contents; then with eyes sparkling with malicious triumph hastened to her fellow-plotter.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Thy deceit  
Gives us clearly to comprehend,  
Whither tend  
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!  
Thou art cheat  
Thyself below, and flowers above.  
Ah! Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!"

LORFELLOW.

In her elegantly furnished chamber, Donna Isabella Rivero sat in deep thought, with anxious brow and abstracted mien. She was continually embarrassed by the extravagant inroads of her brother upon her moderate means; and the thought of the future often raised her direct apprehensions, vain and frivolous as she was. But to keep up appearances, and to outvie their neighbors in extravagant display, was the life aim of brother and sister. Their most cherished hope for the present was to retrieve their shattered fortunes, by a timely application of the golden balm, which Eva's hand was to bestow. Felix Rivero, while pretending the utmost disinterestedness, yet prevailed on Mr. Golding to name a sum, as Eva's dowry. "Though a subtle plotter, and always a successful persuader, he met with his equal in Mr. Golding; clearly those dark grey eyes read the mercenary motives of his soul; but the unloving father paused not. There were dark secrets hidden in his breast; unrevealed plans, that led him to leave uncared for his child's future prospects; he must retrieve his falling fortunes, no matter at what cost. So, graciously responding to the young man's delicate insinuations, Mr. Golding named a sum that dazzled the suitor's eyes, as his daughter's marriage portion. Poor Eva! thou didst not dream that the impressive tenderness of thy loved one's manner, the worshiping looks he bestowed upon thee, the beautiful present of a costly fan, inlaid with pearls, was all owing to thy promised gold. And while she deems him planning for their future happiness, he passes the hours not consecrated to her, in low pursuits; in those vile haunts where no pure woman's name should be uttered, even to the listening walls; where the sacred name of love is desecrated, and the true heart's worship disavowed by the sensualist's drunken laugh.

The crimson curtains that separated Donna Isabella's sleeping room from the reception hall, were put aside by an impatient hand, and with yet unsteady steps, and haggard looks, her cherished brother entered. The fire of his fine dark eye clouded by the yet overhanging mists of intemperance.

"Well, Isabella," he yawned, lazily stretching himself upon a sofa of yellow damask, "I feel wretchedly tired and sleepy!"

"No wonder," responded his sister, without the least show of displeasure or rebuke, "when you lead such a life. Will you have some chocolate, dear?"



"Yes, you may have some prepared," said Felix, admiring the soft, lady-like hands, and the diamond that glinted on his little finger, which was a present from Mrs. Greyson. His lip curled disdainfully as he glanced at the turquoise ring, the emblematic forget-me-not, that was the loving Eva's gift.

"Poh! the little fool!" he exclaimed, impatiently, as Isabella returned to the room, after giving her orders for the chocolate; "she wears me with her, moribund, with her stern love of truth. I have to guard my tongue in her presence, as I have never done in that of any living woman! Her grey eyes seem to look me through at times!"

"Come, come, dearest Felix, do not get angry; the poor little thing does not know any better. You know what a nun-like life she leads," replied his sister, coaxingly.

"And that woman!" continued Felix, "I hate her, by the body of Bacchus! I do. She is too good for all of them, that I know; if she is not, she pretends to be. But she must lose her influence over her husband, if 'tis not lost already."

"You mean Agnes?" queried Isabella, softly.

"Who else do I mean? You understand me when you have a mind; don't make me repeat my words. I feel ruffled to-day, and can't bear any contradiction."

"Come, come, darling, don't get vexed with me. You know I would do anything in the world for you. Don't speak cross to Isabella!" and she fondly smoothed his jet-black hair.

"I tell you, sister, I'm tired of this monotony; these daily visits to *Castiglio del mar*, and the hum-drum reunions there; they have few visitors, thanks to Mr. Golding's exclusive pride; and when any one does call, I'm afraid to look at a pretty girl in Eva's presence; those piercing grey eyes of hers—I must acknowledge they are very beautiful! but they put me out of my usual assurance. I suppose it's all the better for me that they receive but few visitors, or some one else might snatch the golden Eva from my loving arms! Or something might come to light, that were better left untold. Well, I must submit, I suppose; but I am terribly bored, little sister! Eva's love is a sentiment so far above me, that it puzzles and wears me. I see her eyes deepen and kindle at my approach, the soft color flush to crimson upon her cheek, but not a demonstration, not a caress can I win from her; she advances not to meet me; she is proud, and cold as her Northern snows! At first, this girlish reserve had a peculiar charm for me, but it wears me now, surely. And then, her conversation, holy Virgin! Either she has imbued her mind with a strange metaphysical course of reading, or she is somewhat crazed. The saints know where she could get such ideas from! not from her cold, business-like father, nor from the flattery-loving, matter-of-fact old woman. One would think the girl lived up in heaven, part of her time, she speaks so strangely of such uncommon things! Eternal love, indeed! Ha! ha! how little she knows Felix Rivero. Indeed, Isabella, had matters not gone so far, I should return to Anita Fernandez."

"Oh, Felix! Anita is not by far so handsome as Eva, and who knows how long her old father may live; and he is such a miser; whereas, on Eva's marriage day, you will receive a royal portioning. Let us keep in the good graces of the old simpleton, Felix, and she will not the queen by us. Only appeal to her self-love, and she becomes generous immediately. She must be immensely rich, brother."

"I hope so," yawned Felix. "I wish she were in the *Campo santo*, (the burial ground), and I her heir. She's old enough for a snug berth in one of the vaults. I'd give my patron saint fifty wax candles to send the old coquette to Paradise next week."

"Oh, Felix!" laughed his sister, "what an ungrateful wretch you are; the old thing dotes upon you."

"By the way, Isabella, did that stiff Don Mauricio give you any security for the amount you loaned him?"

"Why, no," replied Isabella, "but he is safe enough; I would do anything to please Don Mauricio."

"I know you would," said her brother, with a light sneer; "but I'm afraid you'll not succeed on that point. That man is cold and unloving, and wraps up in his business; he has neither eyes nor ears for any woman; and one can see that his love for his wife has considerably abated, but that's no fault of his. I hope our plan will succeed; if he is as jealous and suspicious as his mother represents him to be, our plot will work well; and as these Protestants don't mind getting divorced, there is a chance of your winning the old Don."

"Sometimes I half pity Agnes," said Isabella, pensively.

"Nonsense, you sentimental fool!" angrily retorted her brother; "does she pity you? Remember the searching look she gave you one day, when you spoke rather jocosely of the defunct Birdall, and how she said, with that sanctified look of hers, and severe, rebuking tone, sovereign in spite of its gentleness, and by Jove! the woman has a splendid voice! how she said: 'We should speak of the departed with reverence! Pity her! I hate her! I detest her, with that impenetrable haughtiness of hers; that calm demeanor, that frozen air of duty! Saint Agnes! by heaven!'"

"You are right, Felix, you are right, she is a proud upstart! and from my soul I too detest her! the mean, would-be-something of a creature! Daro to preach to me, to Isabella Rivero, that from her early youth has been accustomed to slavish homage! This to me, to me! But we will win the day, we shall, I know!"

The cheeks of Donna Isabella glowed with an angry red; her fine eyes flashed indignant fire; and she paced up and down her chamber, in strong excitement; pulling to pieces a bouquet that she had taken from an azure-colored porcelain vase on the table.

"Don't get excited, little sister!" said Felix, mockingly soothing her, as she stopped before his couch, by patting her shoulder. "You just now told me not to get vexed; don't strew those flowers about the floor, you know I detest a litter, and the scent of those geranium leaves makes me sick; call some one to pick them up, and do sit down, and be still."

Isabella herself picked up the offending leaves, and obediently sat down on a footstool beside his couch.

"Mix me some lemonade; no, stay; get me some orange flower syrup. Be quick, Isabella."

Accustomed to his imperious demands, Isabella rose to prepare the desired beverage. As she left the room, a mulatto girl entered, bearing a tray with a glass of chocolate, and the accompanying glass of water, which is its invariable successor.

"Set it down here," said her master, pointing to the table near him. The slave girl obeyed. Languidly stretching forth his hand, he took the cup, and slowly applied the glass spoon to his lips. A frown gathered upon his brow.

"Come here, Lucia," he called to the retreating girl; she timidly approached, and he stroked her brutally upon the face, saying, "have I not told you to cool my chocolate before you bring it to me? Take it away and cool it, and if you cool it too much—see here!" and he pointed to a cane by his side. With tears in her eyes, her cheeks tingling with the blow, Lucia withdrew, and the young man fanned himself with his handkerchief.

Isabella returned with the cooling drink; but her brother had changed his mind, and would wait for the chocolate; he sent his sister to cool it and bring it to him. Finding poor Lucia in tears, she administered an additional rebuke to the trembling girl for her delay and stupidity. Raised in the lap of luxury and indulgence, the admired Isabella was a hard task-mistress. And the household tyrant, the young would-be Nero, was at *Castiglio del mar*, the elegant and refined suitor of the gentle Eva.

After performing his varied commands, Isabella was at length permitted to seat herself beside him.

"I wish you all success in your undertakings, *hermanita*, (little sister), and shall aid you whenever I can," said the household despot, graciously. "But I fear you will fail; for the old woman is terribly jealous of another's influence over her son; that forms the basis of her hatred for Agnes; she would transfer it to you."

"You are mistaken, Felix, dear; I have won the stiff old woman's heart, and I am a different person from that German, ungracious Agnes. I know how to ingratiate myself, and win people's affections, it's a lesson I've studied from childhood. The old Greyson loves me."

"As Isabella Rivero, and her assistant plotter, of course she does. As her daughter-in-law, she would not."

Isabella colored with vexation, but made no reply. "Agnes is a fine woman, no one can deny that! What a pair of eyes, much handsomer than Eva's, in my estimation; and then her sly-like, rounded figure. By Saint Veronica! she is a little gem for beauty! Fair dark as midnight; Eva's is chestnut brown—the deepest shade. That expressive lips, and her arms, her dimpled hand and tapering fingers. By all the virgins in the calendar, she's a glorious creature!"

Isabella had listened to her brother's praises of the hated stranger with rising indignation; with anger-sparkling eyes, and crimson cheeks. The envy and vexation of her spirit rose to her eyes, and she burst into tears.

"You are a cruel, unnatural brother!" she sobbed, to praise that woman before me; I don't believe a word of what you say; you only want to vex me. If she had smiled upon your flatteries, you would not hate her as you do. It's all wounded vanity!"

"Just so, little spitefire!" replied her brother, coolly fanning himself with Isabella's ivory fan, that she had placed beside him; "just so, you wild-cat; and I mean that she shall pay dearly for her haughtiness towards me; and I will also punish her for daring to moralize to my pretty Isabella."

The mollified Isabella dried her eyes, and smiled sweetly upon her brother; again resuming the low seat beside him, and fanning away the intruding flies.

"Sister, little sister, I should like to have *Castiglio del mar*; the place suits me; you don't want to live there, your hobby is a voyage to Europe, and a long residence there. Well, after we dislodge the Senora Agnes, can't I have the place?"

"Don Mauricio is very much attached to the mansion," replied Isabella, "and I fear he could not be prevailed upon to give it up. You know you are to take Eva to Valencia, as soon as you are married. Felix, we must raise some money to repair and furnish the old dilapidated house there. What is your advice about the matter, dear?"

"Hang the house, and all Valencia too! don't trouble me now, when I'm talking about something else; you completely put me out, that's the way with you women. If Eva, ever attempts to interrupt or contradict—well she had better have remained with her smirking old grandmother! I'd rather live in *Castiglio del mar* than in any Valencia or La Toma either. I'm sick of this house and of the place, and all the people in it. Can't you contrive the matter somehow, Isabella?"

"How can we? we can't turn Don Mauricio out of his property, and we have not wherewithal to buy it. If I were its mistress, the place would be as much yours as mine."

"Thank you for the generosity of your offer," ironically responded the selfish plotter. "But I had rather own *Castiglio del mar* in my own right. I have my heart set on possessing it, though I know I should soon tire of it. By the way, Isabella, how lucky it was that that cursed clerk had to go home to his own snow country. I should have killed the fellow had he remained here. And the Senora Gilman, she is a good help; keeps the *caballeros* and their love-messengers from the *Castiglio*, but she is doped ugly, and not a celestial atom is there about that Celestina. Isabella, get me some paper, and pen and ink. I must copy a poem I promised to that little fool at the Castle. She is so deeply infatuated, she would not believe an angel, if he spoke against me. Fortunately my worst enemies are absent, Rovelto and Martinez, who knew a little more about me than I am willing they should tell. Come bring me the newspaper containing that stupid poem; it's in the other room, the latest *Diario*. I read the sentimental trash to Eva, and now I must copy it for her, because the simpleton wants to keep it in my handwriting. What fools women are!" Isabella brought an alabaster inkstand, several sheets of paper and a gold pen which glittered with inlaid gems. Felix saw imaginary dust upon the alabaster's surface, which his sister had to wipe off; the ink was too thick, she had to go for another bottle. First he thought he would write upon rose-colored paper, then upon blue, but remembering Eva's pure and simple tastes, he selected a sheet of clear white, beautifully embossed around the edges. The poem he copied found no response in his own selfish breast, for it expressed the eternal yearnings of a soul, faithful in its belief of eternal constancy; mingling the heavenward aspiration with love's passionate entreaties for heart-bestowal on earth.

I pray thee love me, on my suppliant heart  
Thine star-bright glances, fraught with pity's dew,  
Best, life inspiring, to my soul impart.  
The watchword guiding earth's love chosen few,  
Smile on me now, and ever on me smile!  
This earth shall bloom a paradise isle!

I pray thee love me, for my soul is faint  
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I pray thee love me, in a better sphere—  
Prophetic words, which I have sought for here  
Shall be mine now, where never earth's alloy  
Shall phantom-like invade the holy ground,  
Where in immortal links true hearts are bound.

I pray thee love me, place thy hand in mine!  
Press thy pure lips upon my suppliant shrine,  
Beam life and love upon thy suppliant now,  
Let listening angels to the courts above  
The record bear of an eternal love!

As Don Felix finished writing the poem, Lucia entered and announced: "La Senora Gilman."

That lady had undertaken the unusual fatigue of a walk in broad daylight, (it was eleven o'clock), as she told her dear friend, Donna Isabella, "instigated by motives of the purest affection for Mrs. Greyson and the Rivero family; her affection for her wealthy old patroness being considerably enhanced by the present of a beautiful and showy striped silk, which the 'venerable lady' had bestowed upon her the night before. She was charged with a message from the said 'venerable lady,' to Donna Isabella; a secret message, which, however, Don Felix was permitted to hear. Miss Gilman would return to the Castle that afternoon; 'had Donna Isabella any commands?' She would now take her leave, as she felt rather fatigued. Isabella kindly pressed her to stay, but Miss Gilman preferred returning to Mr. Olden's, where she had been staying that morning. 'No, she didn't prefer staying at Olden's, she could spend her whole life with that dear old Mrs. Greyson, and her dear friend Donna Isabella; but one had to act from duty sometimes, without inclination; and she didn't like to slight the Olden family, although she never there met with the society so congenial to her heart.' So after much mutual complimenting, Don Felix graciously throwing in a word every now and then, Miss Gilman partook of luncheon with a plentiful dash of port wine; and after again kissing Donna Isabella and curtseying to her brother, majestically and slowly withdrew.

"What a disagreeable object that woman is," said Don Felix. "Poh! she reminds me of a skeleton dressed up for the reception of company. She makes me sick every time I look at her; such eyes! such a lemon-colored, shriveled skin! Do fan me a little, Isabella," and he stretched himself upon the sofa.

"She is a good enough fool," responded his sister with haughty indifference.

Pure and beautiful gifts enshrined in the spirit of the selfish Felix, noble aspirations for the beautiful and ideal, smothered beneath the false alluring garb of materialism, that crushed the blossoms of his heart, pressed low to the groveling dust his spirit's glowing aspirations, bound into outward seeming, the heart that sought the beautiful, not in all things, but in the mere beauty of form and feature, void and soulless as that beauty often is. In the gleaming wine cup, not in flowery petals, in excited revelry, not in nature's harmonious shrine, he sought for pleasure, and his doom was satiety and gloom.

Isabella, endowed with beauty, wit and talent, could have been an honor to womanhood. Scheming for the weal of others, she might have won the blessings of thousands; dedicated to vain and frivolous pursuits, her soul tasted of the bitterness of disappointment and her heart felt the unalloyed gnawings of an envy unappeased.

CHAPTER XIV.

My tongue told patience with too much disdain,  
Let sorrow lead me where I would, and I will go,  
The manner of my plying-waiting pain,  
That I may not be sad, nor thou beled,  
Dear little eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide."

Midnight with its solemn quiet and serenely beaming stars! The golden tropic moon showering dream influence over sea and shore, alike silent and beautiful; the stately cocoa, the spreading palm, the gorgeous flowers, the fruit-laden branches, reverently inclining to the passing breeze. In the distant roadstead the vessels lay, securely anchored, gracefully balancing to the waves' music cadence. A holy calm, as of protecting Heaven, enfolding with angelic care the slumbering souls of earth, a stillness all unbroken, save by the ocean's murmured hymn, brooded o'er the smiling scene. The sweet, wild odors of forest and of hill mingling with ocean's briny fragrance; no sounds of distant revelry disturbed the holy quiet, no earthly music rose upon the balmy air of night; but aerial messages were wafted from diviner realms unto the watchful heart of love, unto the listening ear, the unselfish soul, that in that hour of still communion, worshipped in solitude at Nature's starlit shrine.

The dreaming heart of Eva is holding a lengthened vigil of loving memories; memories o'er which, no blighting touch of disenchantment as yet has fallen, remembrances unbreathed upon by chilling doubt, cluster round her confidingly; and nature's glories unfolding beneath the enthusiastic eye of faith, illumine with tenfold lustre the ocean's smiling beauty, tinge with paradisaic hues the lovely landscape, with tints all borrowed from the enchantress's glance, from the beautifying touch of earth's rose-crowned angel, pure and unfearing Love! Eva sits beside her uncurtained window; her long, dark hair unbound, her eyes upraised to the unclouded midnight skies, her coral lips apart, her soul unwrapped in prayer too deep and mighty for earth's expression. Filled with the joy of a love-best existence, grateful for the heavenly boons accorded, for the youth that glides so lovingly life's coming joys, for the beauty so eloquently praised by one, thankful for life, and hope and love, the young girl sits beside her casement, the embodiment of life at peace with its own ideal longing; enrapt in dreams of the sweet future's undefined happiness, her spirit's boldest aspirations mingling with woman's earthly trust and love.

"Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this!"

The holy calm pervading the external world sweetly lulls into a like blissful serenity the soul of Eva. Thence arise gentle melodies, by angel fingers evoked from the spirit-chords of feeling; golden wavelets of gentlest pity lave the offered blushing roses that woman's faith has planted in that holiest recess. A heavenly dew rests on the hawthorn flowers, and a plaintive sigh echoes amid the entrancing melodies that silence and reflection have awakened from their long, deep sleep. Amid the splendors of her tropical home, Eva beholds her once loved step-mother, wandering with a listless step; the face once so fresh and blooming, now pale and haggard with its sleepless, uncommunicated sorrow; mute looks of suppressed tenderness superseding her heart-warm words of motherly affection. Sorrow, upon her once calm young brow, casts brooding upon its candid surface, and a melancholy spirit, nestling upon her closed lips, gleaming with reproachful yearning from the soul-depths of her soft, brown

eyes, now often veiled in tears. Deeper grows the entrancing spell of awakened memory; holy influences surround the dreaming girl, alone with her own pure heart. She beholds the wrong and suffering Agnes, drawing plaintive music from the ivory keys; no lightness ditty, no gay refrain borne upon the breeze's wings, but music breathings of uncomplaining heart-solitude; soul-dirges for the buried hopes and the departing love. Eva's heart is melting beneath the faint influences of awakened sympathy. Her eyes behold life's gorgeous tapestry outspread, before her, no shadows darkening the rainbow glory. Yes, she will seek Agnes on the morrow, she will come to an explanation with her, even though her grand-mother chide. Her father's conduct is strange and fitful; at times he is affectionate and caressing towards his wife, then again he looks dark and threatening upon her, once so loved and cherished. Her grand-mother's hatred is unobdurate and watchful, and when the display of her despotism would at times startle even the unsuspecting girl, her explanations were accompanied with so many mysterious shakes of the head, and half-expressed, doleful prophecies of what "time would bring to light of that deceitful woman," that urged against her inner promptings, Eva indulged in vague surmises as to the cause of her step-mother's sorrow, and her grand-mother's unconquered dislike. Donna Isabella, too, spoke slightly of her, and Felix, her betrothed, often waived the conversation when Agnes's name was mentioned, saying, "Do not speak of her; she is the wife of Eva's father, let us be silent where we cannot praise or admire." Too sensitive and proud to demand a direct explanation of their mysterious words, Eva had been reasoned into the belief that her step-mother was, for some cause, and in some way, her sworn enemy. Implicitly relying upon the word of those she loved, she yielded to their half-revealed suspicions, and looked upon the pale and suffering woman as upon one whose sufferings were the awarded punishment of frustrated treachery. But now, alone with night and solitude, a truthful reflective spirit took possession of her wandering thoughts, and she determined to solve the problem of her step-mother's secret sorrow, as well as of her feelings towards herself, by a frank appeal to her on the morrow.

The dew-drops of feeling rose to Eva's eyes, as she recalled the days gone by, before another and a deeper love, bound her heart in forgetfulness of the gentle step-mother. Brightly beamed her expressive grey eyes, sweetly smiled her parted lips, lovingly throbbled her heart, and rose-like glowed her cheek, in anticipation of the morrow's joyful reconciliation.

Rising with the intention of gathering up her loosened tresses, the silent beauty of the starry heavens and the fragrant earth once more enshrouded her spirit in a sweet and dreamy contemplation. Leaning against the casement, her thoughts wandered far, far back to childhood's indistinct reminiscences; and there, as ever, she beheld a form, shadowy, but life-like; a form of majestic stature, a face of mingled grief and pride, with lips parting with a winning, loving smile, with eyes, whose wild depths of thought seemed penetrated by the mysteries of the immortal worlds. A soft, hand seemed to descend in blessing on her prayer-bowed head, and a voice, low, clear and silvery, spoke the words her young life had vainly yearned to hear: "Eva, my child, I am thy mother!" Often, in her hours of seclusion, in her moments of weary abstraction, had Eva beheld this form, had looked into the maternal eyes, so large, and fond and shadowy; had felt the sweet pressure of that benediction upon her brow; but no sense of awe thrilled her sensitive spirit, no supernatural coldness warned her of the presence of a departed spirit; but life-like, though shadowy, appeared her mother's form and face; warm and soothing felt the pressure of her mother's hand. Not even to her grand-mother had Eva spoken of these visitations, or waking visions; she had religiously kept the secret, that would but have caused affront to the superstitious old lady, and exposed herself to ridicule. Unknown to Eva, her grand-mother had often found her with abstracted air and folded arms, gazing upon the distant heavens, totally unmindful of all surroundings. At such times, the old lady would regard her grand-daughter with an anxious look and a dubious shade of the head, muttering to herself, "Just like her mother! just as much alike as two peas." Then she would call the young girl's name, and passing her hand across her brow, Eva would reply to the summons, unconscious of her own abstraction or of the scenes that fitted before her a moment ago.

A strange and beautiful sight would have met the prying mortal eye, observing the young girl in her dream-like abstraction, beneath the moonlit heavens, in that solitary chamber; her young breast heaving with the pulsations of a spiritual joy; her eyes upraised to the studded dome of night, beaming with a serene and brilliant light; her hands outstretched as if in recognition of loved forms and faces; and low murmurings, as of some inner joy all inexpressible in earthly tongue, issuing from her parted lips. The tropical scene around her has passed before the heaven-attracting vision. Surrounded by a mellow light, that emanates not from earthly sun or moon, forms of heavenly love and purity float in the azure splendor. Greeted by music-strains of welcoming joy, young Eva stands amid celestial hosts; her feet press upon the jeweled flowers of another sphere; before her eyes unrolls a mystic banner, upheld by spirit hands, on whose azure folds is brodered the emblematic form of the virgin, whose motto blazes in golden letters, "Victory to the pure in heart!"

Then slowly the scene recedes, the spirit banner pales, the forms of light grow indistinct, the sweet music ceases, the mellow atmosphere of gleaming blue and silver, is eclipsed by leaden gloom-clouds as of envolving storm. A loud wind's moaning envelopes the dreary plain, wails sadly around her spirit; dashes frothy and blackened waves into her face; she draws a deep sigh; her small hand passes across her brow, and Eva stands beside the open casement, gazing upon the tranquil sky and earth, and believes herself awakened from a dream.

She lingers yet awhile; but there are clouds obscuring the moon's golden face; a sighing tone, the prelude of the awakening storm, rustles amid the inclining foliage. A hazy mist obscures the twinkling stars; an oppressive sadness thrills Eva's bosom with a vague foreboding; but she gathers up her luxuriant hair, and hastens to an inner chamber to prepare for rest.

What detaineth her foot upon the yet moon-illumined threshold? A sudden fear paralyses her motion, and stops the beating of her heart. A wild and piercing scream rings through the silent dwelling, a heart-cry of intense anguish, and more fearful supplies! But once that wild cry startled the

slumbering echoes, thrilling to the very heart of Eva, for she has recognized her step-mother's voice, even in that strange, unnatural sound. One moment Eva stood pale and irresolute, trembling, and overcome; then, her native firmness cast aside all lingering fears, and with unfaltering step she hastened along the darkened passage, through the empty chambers, and stood before Agnes's room. The curtain veiling the door rustled in the moaning November wind, that seemed to have borrowed his wailing note from the North's wintry utterance. A pale light gleamed within; on Eva's listening ear, fell the smothered accents of her step-mother's voice; and her father's angry responses, couched in menace and reproach.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

TEMPLE OF FAME.



followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an Orthodox desecration. It was well done—theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"You little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely, "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so?—and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture for the whole depths of her being were stirred, and drawn towards him, as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her rallery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the white keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so?—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I have loved you, because under this volatile, surface-character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less than the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, and staking it all upon an idle caprice?

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrie, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

"Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with its uprising indignation—his lips compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud, sensitive nature."

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, as impetuous as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh, that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, after he had disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and to act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate; the poor, dear child was getting so thin! In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite. In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If Sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringletted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie amongst the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she should advise her what to do, for, to give Harry up forever, seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden-path, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on the low seat, buried her head among the cool, green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and then a pair of arms were twined tenderly around her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he grew angry. I

don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Sister Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody, if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as well as I do you, and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still she kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued—"asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead, instead of him. I could not bear that, and so answered him just as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich, and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him, than in the grandest place that ever was with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate—you are so much better than I am, and never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't!" And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up, dear, and I will tell you."

Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped from the arms of—not Sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

"H-how came you here, and whom have I been talking with?" she stammered, hysterically, through her blushes and tears.

"You have been talking to me, and I came here at your sister's suggestion," was the answer, accompanied by a quiet smile. "To tell you the truth, dear Sophie, Kate has been in the secret longer than you imagine, for I made her my confidante the very day following our estrangement. I met her accidentally, and she rallied me upon my dejected looks. In the freshness of my disappointment, stung by her careless remarks, I spoke bitter words to her. I was ashamed of them the moment they were uttered, as I met her grieved, wondering look; and, having no other apology to offer, told her the whole truth. Knowing your heart, it seems, better than I did, she bade me wait, and hope for the best. It was in obedience to her command that I have avoided you so long, and it has been the most exquisite torture for me to do so, since I learned, through her, that you really regretted my absence. Last night, at Mrs. Evans's party, she gave me leave to call to-day. I met her in the hall a few minutes ago, and she directed me hither in search of you. You know the rest, and let me add, your confession has made me very happy."

Sophie declares, to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Henry Ainslee nearly two years.

#### THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The atmosphere of freedom glows round;  
The hymns of grateful memory arise,  
And patriotic symphonies resound,  
Beneath the fragrance-breathing summer skies.  
Ring, joy-bells, ring! uncheck'd sweet childhood's mirth—  
Proclaim the advent of the glorious Fourth!

The master minds of the eventful days  
"That tried men's souls"—they lead us from above,  
With freedom's watchword, inspiration's lays,  
And starry banners, to the realms of love  
And peace: with words of stirring power  
Uplift earth's million's o'er the present hour.

Ring, joy-bells, ring! soul-stirring prayer arise!  
Float proudly, banner of the brave and free!  
Gaze upward, yearning heart, love-seeking eyes;  
Soul, guard the sacred boons of liberty!  
Rise from the sleep of ages, fair green earth—  
Triumphant strains proclaim the glorious Fourth!

Fall bigot chains, and prison gates unclose  
At heaven's high call. Ye mockeries that gild  
Life's agony with semblance gay, that throw  
O'er suffering hearts deception's changing shield—  
Flee from earth's homes! and despot power no more  
Assert its sway, on Freedom's heaven-blessed shore.

Once, in the by-gone, consecrated days  
Of lofty enterprise and honest aim,  
The patriot bosoms kindled 'neath the rays  
Of freedom's glory, with a living flame,  
In the defence of human right and worth  
Guarded the feeble, and the home-lit hearth.

The sacred fires still undiminished glow  
In hero-bosoms; still the watchword rings:  
And listening millions to its love-call bow  
Thought, mighty conqueror, on its spirit wings,  
Uplifts the crushed, the yearning souls of earth,  
With new-born hope, that hails the glorious Fourth.

The declaration of our freedom docks:  
The spirit-halls of the celestial home;  
The starry banner floats above the wrecks  
Of earth's idolatries; the heavenly dome  
Is vocal with thanksgiving hymns, that rend  
Its azure depths, and with its glory blend.

The spirit-flag of freedom is unfurled,  
It waves above the homes, the hearts of all;  
The might of truth at error's form is hurled,  
And holy voices, from degrading thrall  
Call lovingly men's souls; proclaim to earth  
The spirit's freedom on the glorious Fourth.  
PHILADELPHIA, July 4th, 1857.

#### NEW VIEWS OF NAPOLEON.

Marshal Marmont in his Memoirs just published, gives accounts and views of the Emperor, differing materially from those of most biographers. Of the personal habits of Napoleon he says:

"It has been said that Napoleon slept little. This is entirely incorrect. On the contrary, he slept much, and had, moreover, a great need of sleep, as is the case with all nervous persons whose minds are very active. I have seen him pass from ten to eleven hours in his bed. But if it became necessary to remain awake he was well able to support this condition, and to make up for it afterwards, or he took, in advance, the repose required to undergo foreseen labors. Finally, he had the precious faculty of sleeping at will."

In the sixth volume, after an elaborate examination of the character of Napoleon, the author presents us with two views of the Emperor at different periods of his life.

"There were," he says, "two men in him, whether we regard him physically or morally."

The first, thin, sober, of prodigious activity, insensible to privations, counting comfort and sensual pleasures as nothing; occupied only with the success of his enterprises, foreseeing and prudent, except in moments when passion carried him away; skillful in trusting to chance, but taking from it all that prudence permitted him to foresee; resolute, and tenacious in his resolutions, judging well of men and of the moral, which plays so great a part in war; good, just, susceptible of true affection, and generous to his enemies.

The second, fat and heavy, and intent on his ease, ever making a great affair of it, careless, and fearing fatigue; close to everything, indifferent to every-

thing, believing the truth only when in accord with his passions; his interests, or his caprices; having a Satanic pride, and a great contempt for mankind; counting for nothing the interests of humanity; neglecting in conduct of war the simplest rules of prudence; relying on his fortune, on his star, that is to say, a protection all divine; his sensibility blunted, not indeed rendering him malignant, but his goodness was no longer active—it was entirely passive. His mind was always the same—the most vast, the most extensive, the most profound, the most productive that ever existed; but he showed no more will, no more resolution, and a mobility resembling feebleness.

The Napoleon whom I first describe, shone in his brilliancy until Tilsit. This was the Apogee of his grandeur, and the epoch of his greatest lustre. The other Napoleon succeeded the first, and the complement of the aberrations of his pride was his marriage with Maria Louisa."

#### The Star of Love.

There is a moment in every man's existence on which turns his future destiny. There are many such moments; for oftentimes life hangs on a thread, and if the thread is not cut, it requires but a touch to change the whole direction of the future. But in every man's life there is at least one, and in that of young Houssein it occurred thus:—

It was not often in those days that travellers crossed the great desert. Few Europeans came to Egypt, and fewer still went to Sinai. But there was a time when Houssein was called to Cairo to meet a noble party of western travelers, a gentleman and two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage to Sinai and the Holy Land, and who wished his protection in crossing the desert. He saw but the gentleman, and readily engaged to perform the desired service.

It was not till the party had left the Birket-el-Haj that he met them, where they were encamped, by moonlight, on the sand that stretches away to Suez. As he sprang from his mare, before the tent-door, he was startled by such a vision as he had never seen before, but thought he had dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and, in the moonlight, pale as a creature of dreams. Was this one of the hours of his fabled paradise? No; he rejected the thought, if, it rose. There was no spot in all the Heaven of Mohammed fit for an angel like this. Away, like the sand on the whirlwind, like the clouds before the sun, like the stars at daybreak—away swept all his faith in Islam, and in an instant the Sheikh Houssein was an idolator, worshipping, as a thousand greater than he have done, the beauty of a woman. Perhaps he might have quenched his thirst for the unknown at some other fountain; but this was enough now. He had found that wherewith to fill the void, and he was content.

Love was a new emotion—a sensation he had never before experienced—and it satisfied him. Did she love him? That was a question which never occurred to him. What did he care for that. He was not seeking to be loved. He was looking for employment for his own soul, and he had found it; and that was enough.

The tradition goes to describe his long crossing of the desert—how he lingered among the hills of Sinai; how he had led them, by Akaba and Petra, and detained them many weeks in the city of Rock; how the fair English girl faded slowly away, for she was dying when she came to Egypt; and how, weary, well nigh dead, he carried her to the Holy City, and pitched their tents by the mountain of the Ascension. And all this time he watched over her with the zealous care of a father or a brother, and the quick heart of the lady saw it and understood it all. And sometimes he would try, in broken words, to tell her of his old belief and his ideas of immortality, and she would read in his hearing sublime promises and glorious hopes that were in a language he knew nothing of, but which he half understood from her uplifted eye and countenance.

How he worshipped that matchless eye! He worshipped nothing else, on earth or in heaven.

It was noon of night under the walls of Jerusalem; and, in a white tent close by the hill on which the last footsteps of the ascending Lord left their hallowing touch, an English girl was waiting his bidding to follow him.

Outside the tent, prone on the ground, with eyes fixed on the everlasting stars, lay a group of Bedouins, and, apart from them a little way, their chief, silent, motionless—to all that was earthly, dead. A low voice within the tent broke the stillness of the night, but he did not move. A voice was uttering again those words, of which the sound had become familiar to him already—the Christian's prayer.

"Sheik Houssein!"

He sprang to his feet. It was her voice, faint, low, but silvery. The tent-door was thrust aside, and as a hand motioned to him to enter, he obeyed.

She lay on the cushions, her head lifted somewhat from the pillow by the arms of her sister; her brother, who spoke the language of the desert well, stood by her as the young sheik approached. His coffee was gathered around his head; only his dark eye, flashing gloriously, was visible. She looked up into it and whispered; he half understood her before the words came through her brother's lips, as she told him the story of Calvary and Christ, and the cloud that received the King and Saviour returning to his throne.

It were vain to say he understood all this. He only knew that she was telling him of her hope ere long to be above him, above the world, above the sky; and his active but bewildered mind inwrought all this with his ancient traditions, and having long ago rejected the creed that did not teach him that she was immortal, as he fell back on the idea that the immortals had somewhat to do with the stars; and as he lay down on the ground, close by the side of the tent, listening for every sound from within, he fixed his eyes on the zenith, and watched the passing of the hosts of the night, until she died. There was a rustling of garments, a voice of inexpressible sweetness suddenly silent, a low, soft sigh, the expiration of a saint; and, at that instant, far in the depths of the meridian blue, a clear star flashed on his eye, for the first time, its silver radiance, and he believed that she was there.

For three-score years after that, there was on the desert, near that group of palm trees and lonely spring, a small turret built of stones, brought a long distance, stone by stone, on camels. And in this turret, or on its summit, lived a good, wise man, beloved of all the tribes, and especially followed by his own immediate tribe, who, with him, rejected

Mohammed, and worshipped an unknown God, through the medium of the stars, and especially one star, which he had taught them to reverence above all others.

And at length there came a night when the wind was abroad on the desert, and the voice of the tempest was fierce and terrible. But high over all the sand-hills, and over the whirling storms of sand, sedate, calm, majestic, the immutable stars were looking down on the plain, and the old man on his tower beheld them, and went forth on the wind to search their infinite distances.

That night, saith the tradition, another star flashed out of heaven beside the star that the Arabs worshipped, and the Sheikh Houssein was young again in the heaven of his beloved.

Let us leave him to the mercy of the tradition, nor seek to know whether he reached that blessed abode.

#### NOBODY'S SONG.

Swift never wrote anything better in verse than the following lines, from an unknown correspondent:—

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,  
And all that Nobody's done,  
For I've a passion for Nobody,  
That Nobody else would own;  
I bear the name of Nobody,  
From Nobody I sprung;  
And I sing the praise of Nobody,  
As Nobody, nilis has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody  
To me was tender and dear;  
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,  
And Nobody was ever near;  
I was petted and praised by Nobody,  
And Nobody brought me up;  
And when I was hungry, Nobody  
Gave me to dine or to sup.

I went to school to Nobody,  
And Nobody taught me to read;  
I played in the street with Nobody,  
And to Nobody ever gave heed;  
I recounted my tale to Nobody,  
For Nobody was willing to hear;  
And my heart I clung to Nobody,  
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody  
Gave me a helping turn;  
And by the good aid of Nobody  
I began my living to earn;  
And hence I courted Nobody,  
And said Nobody's I'd be,  
And asked to marry Nobody,  
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudged along with Nobody,  
And Nobody cheers my life,  
And I have a love for Nobody,  
Which Nobody has for his wife.  
So here's a health to Nobody,  
For "Nobody's now in town,"  
And I've a passion for Nobody,  
That Nobody else would own.

#### TWO WAYS OF MANAGING A HUSBAND.

Few things are more common in domestic life than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastery; and thus human beings who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate is unworthy of her, and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband, when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, does well to avail himself of them by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a purely selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr. Conner was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Conner was continually boasting no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Conner submitted to this thraldom very patiently, rather than contend with her; for when he did try to contend with her, she got into such a dreadful passion that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in the ague; to secure his own peace, therefore, he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Conner's weakness.

"Would I," he often said, "be such a poor, spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No, never! Poor Conner dares not say that the sun shines, without asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed."

Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on Mr. Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily. If she wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, to show he was master; if she really wished for a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Conner and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure; it was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Conner to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:—

"Would you believe," said she, "that our neighbors, the Connors, are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Boxhill? they mean to go to-morrow."

Says Mr. Cooper—"I do not know there is anything so silly in it; if I felt disposed to go there or anywhere else I would go."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will."

"Against your will, indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way too much: if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me."

"Trouble in persuading you," said Mr. Cooper; "then I am resolved to go, and you shall go, too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning pre-

pare to go to Boxhill, for whether you will or not, there shall you go."

"Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I know when you take a thing into your head, you will have your own way; I never yet met with so determined a man."

#### 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.

Chapter IX.—Continued.

On his second visit, Mrs. Hayden related to him, in the course of conversation, how at times the spirits would write through the passive hand of the medium, without any volition on her part. At this revelation, he appeared to manifest great surprise, and Mrs. Hayden requested him to take a pencil and sit passively for a few moments, and possibly the spirits might write through him. In order to humor her and to lead her to think he was the more completely her dupe, he did as desired, and in less than ten minutes, to his great dismay and astonishment, his hand was firmly grasped, and commenced to write, in a legible and strange hand, revealing to him the names of persons who at the time he did not know. At the third seance he brought his wife; but her skepticism was so great that she could obtain no manifestations. She came a second time, and met with better success; an angel mother whispered her presence, and the gentle, loving heart of the child was melted in tenderness and joy, for that mother recalled the long forgotten past.

Having at length closed his investigations for the time, he carefully prepared the result of his labors in a well digested article, and calling on the Doctor, made known to him the conclusions to which he had been forced to arrive by the evidence which had been presented, and for his trouble he was generously rewarded by the following professional advice:—

"Go home and take a little cooling medicine, and you will feel better in the morning."

Thus it will be seen that the Doctor was fully determined to be a skeptic, although we entertain a strong hope for him, for already he has acknowledged the truth of "Table Turnings." Therefore we may reasonably look for his conversion to the "Rappings," and to a full belief in the reality of a spiritual existence.

One good effect arising from the article in the "Spirit World," was that it brought the Doctor out in a second scurrilous attack upon me in the July number of the "Zionist," but in the latter instance over his own signature, which was what we most desired, that the world hereafter might know the author of so discreditable a production.

Oh, Doctor, Doctor! that you, the learned and the wise, should cry Humbug and Imposition, after vainly endeavoring to force the British public to swallow something more than "bottomless fancies" in that most stupendous of all humbugs—"THE OAKES."

#### CHAPTER X.

A German Seance.—Coming events cast their shadows before.—A Hundred and Sixteen.

On Monday evening, February 21st, Mrs. Hayden received a call to give a seance in Sussex Place, Regent Park, at the residence of a very respectable German family. At this circle a German gentleman who was present, wrote out a tolerably correct account of the manifestations which took place, and furnished the same for the columns of the Leader newspaper, which is one of the most radical, infidel papers published in London. It is conducted by Thornton Hunt, (a son of Leigh Hunt), G. W. Lewes, and others of like stamp. The annexed is the article referred to in the Leader.

"Mr. Editor.—When I proposed to you a report on these new prophets, who, if as true as they are new, open to us a wide and most interesting field for inquiry, overthrow ancient and modern systems of science and belief, shake to the very foundation revealed religion and Christianity, but on the other hand, are telling almost equally strong against Pantheism and Atheism, I had not seen these prophets, expounders, mediums, or whatever you may call them, myself; but what I heard from a friend, a clear-sighted, well-informed, by no means 'gullible,' or over-credulous gentleman, who had paid them a visit, had made me anxious to see and judge for myself; and he having determined, for better satisfaction, to have the medium (and her spirits) at his own house, and having kindly invited me to be present on the occasion, I offered to furnish you with a statement of the result of the evening, which I now, agreeably to your wish, lay before you."

We were five of us in the library—my friend, his wife, his sister, his nephew, and myself—when the footman handed in a card, announcing Mrs. Hayden. Her entrance and deportment were easy, unobtrusive, and yet not business-like; her exterior rather prepossessing; an intelligent countenance, with, perhaps, a slight touch of Yankeeism in the corner of the eye; and the conversation soon being established, showed that she did not lack those powers of speech so peculiar to the citizens of the great Republic.

We took our seats around the table on which the card had been placed. I read, "Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 22 Queen Anne street, Cavendish square."

Expectation created silence, now and then broken by questions in a low voice, addressed to the medium, and by the wheels of carriages that brought guests to an evening party at a neighboring house, and thus made the otherwise very quiet street rather noisy. The raps which the medium and one or two of us, after we had been seated for about ten minutes, had thought to hear, were drowned by noise without. It became necessary to move over into the dining room, and look out upon the quiet and undisturbed regions of the park. I left the library with regret from the shelves of which such numbers of mighty spirits in folio and in venerable vellum and hogskin were looking down upon us.

We had not to wait many minutes, when the raps commenced; and the spirits having thus manifested their presence, one of the ladies took a card, on which were printed, in three rows, the letters of the alphabet, and in the first row the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Rap, tap, tap, was the answer when we saw her absorbed in thought of a deceased friend; and this meaning that he or she was ready to converse, the lady's hand passed with a pencil over the said card, pausing, in equal intervals, about one second at each letter, and beginning with A again, as soon as the rap-tap-tap had told her, on arriving at any of the letters, that it was the right one, and to be noted down. As the names of the spirits with whom you wish to commune, and the questions you address to them are only thought, not spoken, (if you prefer, as the lady did,) we, of course, had no notion of the purport of the conversation, and I verily believe and am convinced the medium had as little as we. The raps ceased, the paper was handed round, the lady told us she had conversed with a deceased friend, the spelling of whose name she had desired, and there it was, correctly spelt, a German name.



## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1857.

LUTHER COLBY &amp; CO., Editors and Proprietors.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

## TERMS.

Single copies per year. \$2 00  
 Six months. 1 00  
 Three months. 50  
 For club rates, see eighth page.

Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and Lecturers, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

CINCINNATI.—R. DUNCAN is our authorized Agent in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

## TO THE THOUGHTFUL.

The most effective work is usually that which is performed with the least noise. No matter what its character may be, there is no flourish of trumpets made about it, no pretensions thrust upon the public notice, and no particular regard paid to it at the date of its progress whatever. The snows that pile up so white and fleecy, fall without a signal, one little flake after another. When the water wears the stone, it does it drop by drop.

These general remarks are merely preliminary to a few others that we wish to make to those who believe in spirit communion everywhere, and who receive the blessed consolations that result therefrom in all their satisfying fullness.

Many Spiritualists deem it the wiser course to leave the churches with which they have been long connected, and to "come out" as a separate and distinct class in the community. Unable to sympathize with, or in any honest sense to subscribe to, the peculiar tenets of the creed that arrogates to itself the high claim of Orthodoxy, they are impatient of even the temporary restraint imposed by their longer connection with the church, and would be rid of the bond without a single day's further delay. They would some of them overthrow and uproot in a moment every institution which they conscientiously think hollow and unmeaning. They would tear down and clear away. What they esteem rubbish, they cannot bear to see, littering the ground any longer. Their zeal commands them to compromise with nothing; to entertain no patience with things in which they cannot also entertain a belief. Not one stone at a time should be taken away, but all should come down in a general wreck and ruin.

Now it will be admitted that there is policy in all this, and a policy that may be based upon a considerate and well-meaning prudence, and not upon deceit or hypocrisy at all. And if such a general movement as the one proposed is seriously thought of by our friends, we ask them to pause and consider how it squares with their ideas of prudence. Will a general helga on the part of Spiritualists from the churches with which they are now connected, be most promotive of the sacred cause to which their hearts are so strongly attached? We confess that we think not; and it cannot be long before our friends at large will entertain the same opinion.

Many are held to the regularly organized churches by ties that were formed in their early youth; their friends, near and dear, are there also; the beloved pastor who has married some of the sisters away, or perchance offered the consolation so much needed by the suffering spirit of a friend; a brother, in his dying hour—it is next to impossible to take leave of; the aged father and mother may be still in the fold, and it is hard to give them up, to desert them as they go down the hill of life together. All these considerations and more, that come home to the human heart as nothing else can, it is impossible to dismiss from the thoughts without a pang that sometimes almost tempts one to wish that the new light had not been shed upon him, but had fallen upon the world at a later period.

Our theory of all reforms, and of the progress of truth is, that whatever advance is made must be made gradually. Patience and love will accomplish any kind of a wonder. If Spiritualists will remain at their posts in the churches, they will be the very instruments of spiritualizing the present unmeaning forms of the churches. They can assuredly do vastly more good there than anywhere else. If they remain there, like the leaven spoken of in Scripture, they will soon be able to leaven the whole lump. It is for them, if they desire shortcomings in Christian charity, and a lack of true faith on the part of their members, to put the church to open shame by the purity and transparency of their lives and the Christian graces of their demeanor. Should they be esteemed heretics, let the church presume to cast them off; it will very soon become apparent, which part of their number has gone, and which is left.

There is no deceit in this, no hypocrisy whatever. If we thought such a charge fairly capable of being brought against it, we would never counsel it in the world. We advise to nothing but long-continued patience, Christian charity, and brotherly love that knows no limit. We counsel only such a step as we firmly believe will soonest lead to permanent and blessed advantages. We seek the reform of the churches, and by no means their overthrow. We would make all men as spiritual as possible, and the religion they profess only a living compendium of Spiritualism. If believers will consent to begin this much needed work in the church organization as at present understood, instead of attempting it outside, where for a long time it is pretty certain they can reach nobody because of the antagonism they naturally excite—it is our sincere conviction that it can be sooner and more thoroughly accomplished.

The moment you become combative, or consent to be forced into a position that appears so, the sensitive cords of sympathy are cut, the purest and noblest example becomes aimless, and words of love fall far short of the mark you so earnestly desire to reach. The relations of parties being changed, as a matter of course the influence of each over the other changes also. Unless people are first well disposed towards you, it is useless to try to make them believe your story, no matter how truthful or impressive it may be. When two stand on the same plane, they may become, spiritually speaking, closely related; but once after their relative position to one another, and you shall see for yourself how very difficult contact will ever after be.

A great deal more might be said on this important topic, but we think we have indicated plainly enough what almost all thoughtful minds and loving hearts will not be backward in agreeing to. It is not necessary at this time to add a word to this. Circumstances will of course create a distinct kind of experience for every one who believes in spirit communion.

ion; let all exercise a prayerful patience, a calm judgment, and all the charity which is capable of becoming unbounded in every human soul.

## A GREEN OLD AGE.

There are people enough who grow old, although with care and strict regard to the laws of health we do not doubt there would be more of them. We can find numbers who go groping their way about the old homesteads, who sit with trembling hands and palsied heads in the chimney-corners, and who seem to sit about and walk about as if they were impatient to know when these troubles and perplexities would be through. Querulous, complaining, fretful and scolding old men and women—they are not so scarce by half as we heartily wish they were. But how often do you meet with old age that seems but a perpetuation of youth and freshness, that surrounds itself with smiles and pleasant words, and passes away through the last stages of life's progress with a heart unclouded by passion and prejudice, and alive to nothing but the beauty and glory of the closing autumnal scenes of existence?

We admire and love old people that are lovable. No sight tells with more distinct emphasis upon our heart than that of an old person, who feels that his earthly task is nearly through, happy and uncomplaining even at the last end of his journey, full of a serene faith in the future, dispensing calm joy and satisfaction all around him, and yet with a mind never disposed to complaint and querulousness, but still active and sympathetic, full of its old love of life and all the aims and efforts that engross the daily existence of the world. Such examples are very rare, we know; yet we have been so fortunate as in several instances to behold them.

The greatest cause of unhappiness in old age is, that men and women do not, while young, take pains to supply themselves with such resources as shall furnish their minds with needful exercise and activity as they become older. They ponder so entirely to the mean and material things of life, which are but fleeting and temporary at best, and forget that the after part of their existence must necessarily be little less than a blank. They are too much engrossed with trifles, to suffer themselves to comprehend and incorporate principles. To make a show, to achieve position in society, to accumulate money—these are the height and heart of their aims. What wonder, then, if, after they have got beyond the point where such things cease to be lures and attractions, they should suddenly find that nothing is left them at all? What wonder that disappointment at not finding what they sought for, should come in and eat out all the happiness? that loss of incentive for exertion, or even for hope, should give place to morbid, gloomy, and wretched feelings, and that the two who began life in the bright tints of such beautiful promises, should close it at last disappointed in all their expectations, querulous, complaining, and thoroughly rejoiced that the day of their fancied release has come. But there is no such release by death as they fondly count upon. From one's own self there can never be such a thing as an escape.

If people would take thought and consider, how clear it would all seem to them. They miscalculate wonderfully, when they think that happiness, or anything like it, is to be had outside of themselves. They mistake when they suppose that they can reform the world, or any part of it, before they have first reformed themselves. The way to make manhood sweet and whole, is first to adjust the faculties; to find a balance and poise for the character; to thoroughly ground one's self in self-knowledge; and to consent at no time to entertain hopes or dreams that are truly idle and baseless of themselves, and serve but to lead the dreamer into bogs and sloughs from the beginning to the end of his journey.

A green old age is the most beautiful sight this world affords. In youth, there is everything to call forth the spirit of beauty, and to make one appear glorious and enchanting. But when the hair is silvered, and the eyes have grown dim, as if the sight were gradually fading out for earth-scenes as the heavenly came into view—it means something to say of a man that his life is beautiful then. For it argues silently and impressively that the heart is fresh and child-like still; that the soul has been kept pure and unsullied; that life has been something lived, and not simply passed through; that there are great hopes in the breast, and noble and self-satisfying sentiments in the nature; that peace and good-will towards every one controlled the thoughts as they sallied forth in this direction and in that; and that there was something higher in the nature, loftier, nobler, and of far more enduring worth, than all the gauds and all the fame that were ever scrambled for by reckless fortune-hunters, or acquired and held merely to cheat their possessors with the worthlessness of what they had been so eagerly striving after.

## "CAN'T BEAR SUCCESS."

With many and many an individual this is the one overmastering trouble. The very end at which he aims, when once it is reached, becomes nothing but a nightmare to frighten him out of his wits. The struggle is all easy enough, hard as it seems at the time; the self-denial can be endured without murmuring; a thousand perplexities and vexations can be borne—nay, even welcomed, for the sake of compassing the aim, whether it is filling the purse or gratifying the ambition; all these can be fought through, endured, or welcomed, as the mood may chance to be; but when the sun finally rises, and with its magic touch transmutes everything to gold, then the circumstances are suddenly changed; fortune goes; resolution loses its strength; the character, hitherto braced up with energy, seems to grow limp and careless; and by this single event of success, after all the efforts and denials, the whole man has been transformed into another creature.

Such things are too common on all sides. Examples like this meet us on every hand. It is too lamentably true that but few men can really bear success. They grasp the fire once, but it is only to singe their wings with it. It takes but little to intoxicate them, and that little need not be wine, either. They never have found out the secret of preserving their balance. They are as silly, in their way, as ever foolish fellows were with sitting an hour too late at the table.

It requires quite as much courage to withstand success, as the world goes, as it does to cherish it in the first place. There is a strange and unaccountable proclivity in the human heart towards irregularity, as if a spirit of downright vagrancy possessed the greater portion of the race; and out of these qualities, or out of something very nearly allied to them, springs that vague and impulsive waywardness which half the time leads to dissipation, and half the time to ruin by some other route. So that, in much too many cases, if a man has, after a

long course of toiling and working, succeeded in accumulating money, straightway he becomes entirely unfit to husband and control the fortune that has filled his bosom, and makes for the nearest route by which he may get rid of the whole as quick as he can.

Thousands and tens of thousands of young men set out in life, fired with high hopes, and energized with the presence of a bold ambition. They enter upon a catalogue of trials and exertions that it would be tedious to enumerate or recite. Theirs is the frugal meal—their's the rising early, and going to bed late. At all points they are scrupulous to take timely counsel of their prudence, and their impulses are never so unclouded as to lead them on fools' errands in any direction. They study thrift on every side, and in all its changing aspects. All the rules and axioms of economy, not to add of parsimony, are at their tongue's end. Industry is their continual watchword. They tolerate no confusion of ideas—no growth of business fancies and new-fangled theories; but hold straight and steadily to one point, and keep in sight only of a single aim. Their personal habits are as strict and straightforward as their business habits are. Every needless calculation possible is made, that there be no waste either of time, energy, or money.

And out of this class come the men who finally achieve success—some in one form, and some in another. They grasp the brilliant baubles for which all men sigh and aspire, in their very hands. The prize is at last their own. They have teased Fortune, and kept teasing her, till finally she has relented, opened her generous hand, and overflowed their laps with plenty. But it is lamentable to find how few of them are able to obey the conditions of her gifts. The jade is exacting enough, as one may well infer from her fickleness; and when she proffers her bounty, she likewise imposes certain restrictions. If the recipient is sufficiently master now of himself to obey her, then he is safe; otherwise he might just as well surrender his possessions first as last.

Wealth makes none but the fools top-heavy, after all. It is those who show they cannot bear success, that do not have it long to bear. Poverty braces a man up, especially if he have any native pride and energy; but prosperity puts him to the severest tests of all. If he can stand this, then there is hope for him. It is necessary that some men should fail three or four times, before they know how to go about their business as they should. Misfortune is the great panacea for some men's troubles; only force them to labor, to be diligent and industrious, and to give over certain habits that success helps principally to pander to—and they are well enough. The great fault lies in themselves; if they are basking in the smiles of fortune, this fault becomes the controlling element in their character at once; but place them under the ban of poverty and misfortune, and they forthwith begin to show themselves the men they really are.

The mean course is always the safest one, and generally brings the largest share of happiness. The vain ambition, which often becomes a mere rage, after wealth and its thousand senseless gauds, more frequently leads a man a wild-goose chase among bogs and morasses, than it brings him to a profounder acquaintance with himself, and therefore to a more safe and certain harbor for happiness.

## ABOUT READING AND BOOKS.

Who can tell us what has become of the tens of thousands of readers of those famous "sensational books," that a few years since deluged the literary market? Where have they gone? Have they suddenly died? or, like the locusts of old Egypt, have they only disappeared? What is supposed to supply their places? If they are still alive, what upon earth do they read? Or if they deny themselves that sort of pabulum altogether, how is it possible for them to prolong their existence?

Questions of the above character almost everybody asks in these times, and waits till he is tired of waiting for an answer. It is certainly one of the latest mysteries. Hundreds of thousands of persons—so the honest advertisements used to tell us—were eagerly snatching and greedily devouring the new publications, in the way of books of sentiment, works of fiction, volumes of girlish tales full of feigned passionateness and elegant words, with a hyphen between almost every other two; and now, those same hundreds of thousands do not seem to want to read anything at all, and cannot be made to read, even if books are politely carried around and deposited on their doorsteps.

We are glad that that "two-years-ago" era of dreary trash has passed for good; and the natural wonder is, that the reaction is not a great deal more powerful than it is. We wonder that people (some people) have not conceived such a dislike to books, that they were ready to take an oath never to look in between the covers of one again. Such a powerful dose ought in the nature of things to have satisfied them as long as they lived. The awful array of figures, descriptive of the tremendous popularity of certain books, which was to be found looking out from the newspaper columns at you, morning and evening, was enough to frighten the masses entirely out of the notion of trying to understand what all this fatal figure-firing was about.

But we will indulge the hope—first, that the day of piratical literature is over in this country—and secondly, that the crop of sentimental works of fiction, written by young ladies in curls and misses still at school, has all been gathered in. That much gained, a great deal has been gained. The weeds are cut down, and the rich land may be turned to better uses. We doubt if ever before such a sight was witnessed in the history of literature, as this country offered to observant eyes three and four years ago. The whole community seemed to have got its head turned; and what made the thing still more surprising, it was not over any South Sea bubble by which every man was to become a millionaire, but simply over certain mawkish, dawdling, sentimental, and altogether unnatural stories of the heart, in which it could hardly be expected that any but school-girls could have been interested enough even to sit down and cut the leaves.

So high did this unaccountable fever rage, that unless you were an author, you might as well own up at once and admit that you were nothing. To write was popularly considered a more essential part of a person's education than even to be able to read. Such an array of scribblers as was then in the field—and such an incessant and impressive scratching as their pens kept up! And yet, as the sequel went to show, it was not such a very great scratch, after all!

For the past two years, the book trade has been profoundly dull. There has been nothing like the reaction that followed closely upon the previous

excitement. From the general inquiry before put by every one—"Who writes?" the question to be heard on all sides was—"Who reads?" Latterly, however, the more far-seeing of the trade have gone to work and industriously put into attractive form again those ever valuable writings of the old English authors, which are doing good service among people. Those publishers have "found their account in it," too. The standard novels, histories, biographies, and books of like character have supplanted the wordy trash of a few years ago, and the prospect for serviceable culture is excellent. Works are now in the course of re-publication, that have mostly been tested by generations of scholars, and critics, and cultivated ladies and gentlemen before us. The new books are chiefly solid and substantial productions; that are worth something more than the mere dollar-and-a-quarter usually demanded for them. The old stuff, we trust, has been cleared out for good and forever.

## THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The experiment that is at present in course of a trial on the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean, is destined without doubt to change the whole face of our foreign relations, as well as enlighten the nations on the other side of the globe in respect to the character and value of our popular institutions. The finest vessels of the two most powerful nations on the face of the earth are engaged in sinking a telegraph cable in the Atlantic from a point on the Irish coast to a corresponding point in Newfoundland; and the gigantic undertaking is watched at the present moment by millions of interested observers, very few of whom can begin to realize the astonishing results that are to follow so rapidly in the wake of so magnificent an enterprise.

It has been reported that great distrust is felt in England in respect to the successful laying of this immense length of wire; and yet, that feeling is not permanent at all, but simply temporary and rather the effect of a timidity that is chronic and constitutional. The present is esteemed, after a careful calculation, the most favorable season for the laying of the cable, fewer storms arising on the ocean to interpose their hindrances than at any other part of the year. The two vessels now engaged in carrying out the enterprise—one an English and the other an American vessel of war—were sent out by the two governments respectively, for this specific purpose, and at government expense. These vessels make about five miles an hour, or an average of an hundred miles per day; and the whole distance to be made, between Valencia Harbor in Ireland and Trinity Bay in Newfoundland, is some 1834 miles. As the route to be followed has previously been carefully surveyed, it has been found to be 12,420 feet deep at its greatest depth, or about a mile and a third. The bottom has been proved satisfactorily to be a large plateau, or plain, at the various depths sounded, upon which still rest the remains of shells that were drifted northward by the Gulf stream, thus showing that storms do not sweep with their fury across this most conveniently situated level in the sea. Danger is apprehended, however, from heavy icebergs, which sometimes grind and rub against the bottom for many miles.

This Submarine Telegraph Company has a capital of \$50,000, divided up into 350 shares of 1000 each. The cable, it is calculated, will cost \$485 per mile, or \$1,212,000 for 2500 miles; which, together with ten miles of deep sea wire, with steel covering, to connect the two sections in mid-ocean, and twenty-five miles of shore ends, will swell the cost to \$1,888,750. The expense of electrical apparatus, and the machinery on board the ships, is additional.

It is impossible now to make a calculation of what the revenue of the enterprise will be, for the whole affair will remain in the position of an experiment for some time to come. The English and American governments, however, have agreed to pay to the company, until its dividends shall reach six per cent, the sum of \$70,000, and \$50,000 a year afterwards; certain conditions to be complied with by the company in favor of the governments. The cost of transmitting a single message between London and New York, it is supposed, will be about five dollars.

The whole undertaking, so worthy of this progressive and expanding age of ours, is now in process of a successful execution. The world is no longer to be halved—the two hemispheres are to come close together. Foreign news will be no novelty soon. We must hear from London, and Paris, and Vienna, every few minutes, or we shall begin to be afraid that the world is going backwards.

## GOING TO LAW IN NEW YORK.

The New York Tribune had an article recently on the beauty of getting involved in a lawsuit in that incomparable town. It remarks that under the old-fashioned system, going to law was rather a dubious and tantalizing business. But even then there was many a slip between the cup and the lip. When a plaintiff had got the judgment of the court, and the sheriff had the execution in his hands, and the sheriff had made his levy on the defendant's goods, the plaintiff began to smack his lips in good earnest, and perhaps not without reason, though it might be only over the shells.

But there is a wonderful change now, at least so far as New York is concerned. The old humdrum system, that permitted a suit to come to an end at some time, has been much improved upon. What used to be the end of the case is now only the beginning. No one can tell how he is getting on in his suit, things are so strangely mixed up. John Doe and Richard Roe go waltzing up and down in the mazy legal dance, till they get twisted into a knot of such inextricable confusion as to make it impossible to tell which is which, who is plaintiff and who is defendant, or where it was they began.

In illustration of statements that appear at first glance so perplexing and intricate, the case of Mr. Devlin, the Street Commissioner, is cited. Judge Peabody, it seems, had decided flat-footed against his claims. Then Judge Ingraham decides in favor of them, entirely upsetting the dictum of Judge Peabody. Devlin begins to congratulate himself on his good luck, and goes to work to make a rough estimate of the money he is going to make out of the office of the Street Commissioner, when in pops Judge Peabody again with a new injunction, putting a period to the proceedings of Judge Ingraham and the sheriff, and causing pretty general terror in the camp.

Another case, that of Mr. Lowber, who had sued the city on an old claim and obtained judgment and an execution, is likewise in point. He had already attached a large amount of the city's property, and was reckoning with certainty on getting the full \$200,000 that was comprised in his modest claim.

But he, too, was stopped short in the midst of the enforcement of his legally obtained executions, by an order issued by Judge Peabody! There would seem to be no more value in an execution, than in New York, than in the card of an enterprising hackman. A man can hardly tell when he is in, or out, but is left to guess at it the best way he can. Injunctions are the order of the day in New York.

## ENGLISH ADVICE TO SPIRITS.

An English paper, in an article on Spiritualism, makes the following characteristic remarks:—

"If table power could be made to turn even a coffee-mill, it would be so much gained; but we decidedly object, both as Englishmen and economists, to the waste of all this power in evening 'circles,' and to the expenditure of what ought to be a convertible form of machinery upon nothing at all. Let our Mediums and Clairvoyants, instead of finding out that somebody died fifty years ago, find out what figure the funds will be at this day three months. Instead of calling up Dante, let them call up the winner of the next Derby; instead of entering into communion with Washington, let them tell us what Outram is doing in the Persian Gulf, or Yeh at Canton."

That would suit State street, Wall street, and the money market. If a spirit will tell Sir John in what way he can make a million pounds, not really make it or produce it from the earth, but make it pass from the honest hands of a thousand hard-working people into his own coffers—if some arch-angel will only come down from the throne of God, and tell him in what way he can win a thousand pounds—ah, then he will believe. Then "table turning" is no idle movement in his eyes. Then he will even admit the "raps" as important auxiliaries in the "wonder-working Providence" of God, who "works in a mysterious way."

Our friends over the water seem desirous of turning these "manifestations" to some good account. Now it may be that our understandings of that term, "good account," may differ. We are of the opinion that when these "manifestations" convince the skeptic of an immortal existence for himself and all mankind beyond the limits of the visible world—when they come to the bereaved mother and say to her, "Here is your darling child—not lost, not dead, but here at your side—and, though unseen, living to love and bless you;" that when from beyond that ridiculed interval of "fifty years" is heard the voice of a father speaking to a child on earth of a home on high—that when the tempted hearts hear the voice of these "manifestations," and draws back from sin—when such are the results of these manifestations, we believe they are being turned to a "good account." And such are the results.

Why then is our friend, as an "Englishman and economist," discontented? Evidently because to him these results are of no importance. The simple movement of a table to announce the presence of an unseen child, is to him a waste of power. Poor man! He would rather have these angels harnessed to machinery, and thus enabled to dispense with steam and water, sit down amid the ceaseless din of rumbling wheels, and rejoice in the "good account" to which the manifestations are turned.

We fear that he will be obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing his coffee-mill turned by spirits; and we think they have something better to impart to earth than a knowledge of racings. His remarks, however, disclose the secret, if, indeed, it be a secret, why the public mind has been so slow in the adoption of the truth of spirit intercourse. Spiritualism comes to us while the great and ruling power in our midst is Money. For the acquirement of this power all the talent and the enterprise of the world is enlisted. That "knowledge is power," is a truth no farther than that knowledge subverts the interests of bankers and stock brokers. It is a "power," when so interpreted, and in no other sense. Spiritualism cannot be bargained for on State street, as church property can. It has no pews to mortgage, hence it is not talked of, unless disparagingly, on "Change," and is not popular among the money-made-powerful of earth. As, in the olden time, the money changers went to the temple only to sell merchandise, so now thousands will not enter the temple of Truth, unless it be to get worldly gain.

WHEAT.—Some of the grain buyers of Springfield, Ill., are making contracts for wheat at \$1 a \$1 10 per bushel, delivered in that city during the month of August.

## THE RAGGED REMNANT.

The last of the wretched remnant of Walker's Central American Army was landed recently in New York from the steamship Tennessee. They had been stigmatized as deserters by Walker himself, because when they saw the slender chances there were of getting food enough to sustain life by following his rapidly falling fortunes, they finally threw themselves into the proffered protection of the Costa Ricans, and were received and treated by them in as humane and civilized a style as it is possible to conceive.

Two hundred and sixty of these poor fellows there were in all, and a very sad and sorry sight they presented. A friend told them, as they were coming off the steamer, to go and show themselves in the Park, and they obeyed the suggestion. It is not easy to imagine a case of more perfect destitution than each of them presented. They were without coats, some without hats or caps, and some even without shoes. Not a dollar had any one of them all in his pocket, and no visible means offered of his earning so much. They landed as paupers. Some were mere boys, and all of them were quite young. They went and sat in rows on the City Hall steps through the day, and sundry benevolent and sympathizing individuals got up and addressed the assembled crowd on their behalf. Afterwards certain members of the party were persuaded to tell their own story, and the sad story of their comrades, which made a decided impression on those who listened.

Some two hundred and forty or fifty dollars were collected from the bystanders, and subsequently divided up among the poor fellows equally. It gave each one of them less than a dollar, but they took it with gratitude, and supplied themselves with what food it would buy. So thoroughly miserable a body of men, and young men, too, it is an unusual occurrence to behold, in this country. Only a brief time ago, Walker himself was made a lion of at certain theatres in New York, and here are the poor wretches who are ready to tell the story of his courageous exploits.

Undoubtedly many of them would be as ready to enlist again on the same expedition, as they were before. They are at best but a thoughtless, ragged, and ragged remnant. And yet it stirs honest blood, with indignation, to think of the gross deceit openly practiced by this bogus General, of the misery he has entailed on thousands of families, of his high-sounding titles, of his nonsensical, wickedness, and the number of corpses he left bleaching in the desert.



of Central America. His "star"—such as it was—has set. We hope his countrymen everywhere will be led to reflect before they lend themselves to any such enterprises of piracy and robbery again.

#### REAL HEROISM.

There is a wide difference of opinion on this subject. Some people never think of it, but up rises a picture of a man in military before their eyes, epaulettes, sword, "sugar clothes," and all. It is a favorite popular fancy, that in order for a man to be heroic, he must go into the fighting profession. Probably because people have been educated to the entertainment of such dreary ideas, and know no better than to continue to entertain them, because they did while they were young.

We have come across a passage in the Albany Knickerbocker, that expresses our views very correctly. The Knickerbocker has evidently studied human nature to no little profit. Its observations are as exact and clear as they are original and interesting. It says, with other things:—

The hero-carrier, who supports a family of eight children and two dogs on a dollar a day, and does it willingly, displays more true heroism than is required to effect a conquest on a battle-field. Gen. Bullion will face a battery without blanching. Ask Bullion to face an unpaid creditor four times a week, as Trowel, the bricklayer, does, and Bullion would grow low-spirited, and take to arsenic in a fortnight. The heroism of the battle-field is kept up by the brass drums, clarionets, and praise from the newspapers. Such heroism may, or may not, be a matter of principle; but there is no questioning the courage required in the prosaic duties of life—the bringing up of a family by shedding perspiration at the rate of fifteen cents an hour.

There you have it in black and white—in its real, prosaic, every-day colors. Who would ever have thought of such a thing—as the world goes—as associating heroism with a hero-carrier? and yet it is palpable enough that even a hero-carrier may possess and betray much more of the genuine article than Gen. Bullion, who marches up to the enemy's cannon amid the screams of fife and clarionets, and the stirring roll of rows of drums.

But there are several ways of showing that you possess the heroic quality. Another trial that a man has to undergo very frequently, and from which he too often flinches with more terror than he would from the aim of a musket, is the trial of *ridicule*. How men dread to be ridiculed! They can bear almost anything else; they can lose their property, forfeit their friendships, suffer untold agonies and griefs from other sources; but ridicule wiles them down at the first touch, like sensitive plants. They are as timid as children at the sight of danger. The sinews are extracted from their hearts in an instant. They cannot stand up and face down a laugh. Anything in the world but that. Oh! if men and women could only bring themselves up to that pitch of courage where they feared nothing, because they are strong in the consciousness of doing right!

#### REMARKABLE TEST.

We invite our readers to a perusal of the very striking test which we publish below from a correspondent. It certainly furnishes convincing proof of the truth of manifestations that skeptics are willing to pass by with an idle and thoughtless "pooh-pooh."

Messrs. Editors—Permit me, through the columns of your paper, to relate a remarkable test of the truth of spiritual intercourse. About one year since at a regular organized circle, in the city of Roxbury, of which I am a member, a spirit purporting to be that of Samuel Pierce, Jr., formerly of Dorchester, but now of the spirit world, came through the medium of Mr. R. Gordon. The spirit appeared to be very desirous of identifying himself, and requested that we should go to the Union Lodge of Free Masons in Dorchester, and that we should there find a record of the following, in regard to his accidental death. He told us that he was drowned off Long Island, Oct. 14, 1796; that he was thirty-two years of age at that time; that he was a member of good standing in the Union Lodge; that he was one of the early members of that Lodge, and that E. Worthington was Grand Master. Although one year has elapsed, owing to circumstances beyond our control of testing the truth, we have now within a month had the satisfaction of examining the records of the Union Lodge of Dorchester, and find the record in every particular as was given us by the spirit. These are facts which may be relied upon and testified to by eight other individuals, who were present at the time. None of the circle, excepting two, were living at that time, and none are in the lodge at the present time. JAMES BURGEE.

Roxbury, August, 1867.

#### HOW THE THING IS TO BE DONE.

Oceans of ink and reams of papers have been expended to reform the social and political condition of man. The only way to effect this object is to "do as you would be done by."

There is where the little secret lies—the whole of it in a nutshell. All the talk and gaudiness that has been so energetically put forth by unreflecting preachers of reform, amounts to just nothing, unless it has for its heart and core the sentiment conveyed in what is known as the "golden rule."

It is a mistake to conclude that men are to be made better in masses. You cannot lump them together for any such purpose. All the resolutions that have been passed at all the conventions ever held, are efficient to accomplish of themselves nothing of the kind. We err when we expect to draw strength from others. Our experiences must be entirely our own. To sit in a public place and listen to a relation of another's experience, is not to get an experience that is calculated to do us any good. When we move, we must go alone, or attended only by the angels and the good God who has been our protector from the beginning.

It has been truly said that we hunt far and wide for truth, when it is right in the road before us. We point telescopes, when we had better be accepting such facts as lie directly in our way. Distance lends the same enchantment now that it ever did. We labor to build up intricate and imposing theories—theories respecting morals, and religion, and science, and life—and are chagrined at last to learn that a simple phrase has blown them all, like bubbles, away.

A man's reformation is to be effected by his own resolute endeavor, God helping him. In the language of the Bible, he must "work out his own salvation." No one else can do for him. The world will not be renovated until every living person "in it begins to reform himself." Upon individual effort and individual aspiration all depends. We must change ourselves, before we can hope to work with any influence upon others. The beauty of holiness other men must be able to behold in us,

and then perhaps they will be attracted by the example. Instead of going out of ourselves to try and do the work in irresponsible masses, we shall have to fall back upon ourselves again, and trust to the power and spirit of the individual. Reforms properly begin at home. They must work in the heart of the reformer first. And until this truth is better understood and more generally practised upon, we shall hope in vain for any change that will be either thorough or abiding.

#### SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY MIRICK, OF CHARLESTOWN.—HIS DEMISE.

CHARLESTOWN, Aug. 24, 1867.

Messrs. Editors—I was called to lecture in this city yesterday afternoon and evening. Soon after arrival here, I was informed that some very remarkable spirit manifestations had lately occurred at the former residence of Mr. Henry Mirick, an aged and esteemed merchant of Charlestown.

As I wish only to give facts to the public, I this morning called on Mrs. Mirick, No. 2 Church court, and from herself and daughter, received the account of what is here given.

On the evening of the 17th inst., in the presence of the family and friends, among whom were Dr. Neilson, of Charlestown, Mr. Charles Forster, now of Somerville, (Dr. Neilson sitting on the bed conversing at the time with Mr. Mirick, who was describing spirits and their conversation with him.) Mr. M. remarked that his friend, Mr. Thompson, who had been in the spirit land about a year, was present, and said "I had come to give him (Mr. M.) new eyes to see, and new ears to hear." He also said he saw a man who said "he had come to take him up higher." Being asked who it was, he replied, "There is Dr. Lurd," and as he spoke, one side of the bed raised six or eight inches from the floor, and came down with a heavy noise, that could be heard in all parts of the house.

Mr. M. said he heard the music of the harp, and was anxious for the hour to arrive for his spirit's release from the confines of the body. He was happy! He became quiet, and passed into a gentle slumber. His spirit left the earth form at about 2 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, Aug. 18th.

I have not time to give you now any more of this interesting case. Mrs. Mirick assures me "that it does not seem like death; her house is not a house of mourning; her loved companion lives."

Mr. Mirick was 73 years of age.

Yours truly, L. K. COONLEY.

#### NEW PUBLISHING ENTERPRISE.

We understand that James French & Co., simultaneously with going into their elegant new iron front store on Washington street, will publish the first of a series of illustrated Biographies, intended to illustrate the history of the settlement and early progress of our country. The first volume comprises the life of Capt. John Smith, the founder of Virginia. These books are intended more particularly for youth, but will be valuable additions to all family libraries. The series is from the pen of George Canning Hill, Esq., who has been maturing this favorite design for a number of years; and they are written with all the beauty and simplicity of style for which he is so well known. These volumes are to be illustrated from designs by Billings, and engraved by Andrew; and it is said that those artists are throwing themselves quite enthusiastically into their work. The typography, binding, and general style of this series of Biographies will be faultless—something better in its way, than has yet been attempted in this country. We predict a large and lasting popularity for a series of volumes that are so much needed not only by youth, but by the general reader.

#### SPLENDID OPENING.

On the evening of the 19th inst., some five hundred invited guests, with the Germania Band, assembled to celebrate the opening of Oliver Ditson & Co.'s elegant new Music Store, No. 277 Washington street.

The building was illuminated from attic to basement, presenting a truly fine appearance, and attracting a large crowd in the street. Ditson & Co. will keep on hand the most complete collection of music to be found in Boston. The number of sheets stored away in their vaults in the basement is over a million. The lower floor is arranged in suitable compartments, each of which contains an assortment of a single character. On the second floor are kept for sale, or rent, pianos from all the leading manufacturers. On the third is the book-room. The arrangements for a large trade in music and musical instruments are unequalled by those of any establishment of the kind in New England. The book-room is under the superintendence of Mr. John S. Adams, who is too well known in the musical world to require any mention at our hands.

The opening was an occasion of general pleasure and satisfaction, and the guests separated with the best wishes for the prosperity of the new establishment.

#### WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

Modern Spiritual Manifestations: Are they in accordance with Reason and Reasonable? "Where on the dial-plate of this Nineteenth Century points most significantly the finger of God?" Published by S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York. pp. 51. 8vo.

We have been favored from the hands of the author with a copy of the above work, and have perused it with much pleasure. It is a capital summary of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, so far as they have been satisfactorily demonstrated. As a short, comprehensive treatise on the most important subject at present before the human mind, there is nothing superior to it; and being addressed more particularly to professing Christians, is admirably suited for circulation among such of all denominations. The articles composing it were originally written for the "New Orleans Sunday Delta," in which paper they attracted considerable attention; and it is at the desire of those who met with them in that form that they appear in this, a desire having been expressed for their embodiment in a shape better adapted for circulation and preservation.

We commend this book to the attention of all who would open the eyes of the people to the light by circulating good, wholesome, common sense statements of facts and appeals to reason. The price is but 15 cents, from which there is a discount on quantities. It can be obtained of Dela Marsh in this city, and sent by mail, if so desired, either by Mr. Marsh or the publisher.

#### MUSIC HALL.

The friends of Mr. Thomas G. Forster will be glad to learn that he will speak at the above place on Sunday, Aug. 30th, as per notice.

HAVING ON THE COMMON.—The third drop of the season is being out upon the Common.

### Late European Items.

The Emperor and Empress of France were on a visit to Queen Victoria.

Bloomfield, Bishop of London, is dead.

A petition, calling upon Parliament to send out a much larger military force to India, than was contemplated, was receiving numerous signatures in Liverpool.

In the House of Lords, on Thursday, Lord Campbell presented a petition from the Queen and Princess of Oude, residing in England, expressing great regret at the revolt in India, and the suspicion attached to their relative, the Ex-King. The petitioners stated that they had received assurances from the King, that he was entirely innocent of any complicity in the outbreak, and they prayed that the charges against him be made known, so that he might establish his innocence. Objections were raised, on merely technical grounds, and it was withdrawn.

The trial of the Italians, accused of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of France, had resulted in a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances in favor of Bartolotte and Gbilli. The court sentenced Tibaldi to transportation for life, and Bartolotte and Gbilli to fifteen years' imprisonment. The trial excited very little interest.

It is said in official quarters, that, contrary to all expectation, the arrangement of the differences existing between the Spanish and Mexican governments had been suspended, in consequence of accounts received from Mexico by the last mail.

The crops in Italy had all been secured, and the wheat harvest had been set down at an average of a crop and a half. A considerable increase was also anticipated in the crop of wine.

The Morning Post publishes the following despatch from Constantinople, August 6:—The Porte having refused to amend the late elections in Moldavia, the Ministers of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia, have broken off diplomatic relations with that power.

The Emperor of Russia returned to St. Petersburg on the 1st inst., after his visit to Germany.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that Schamyl, with the main body of his troops, had been beaten at Isalatavia, leaving 400 on the field; while the Russian loss was only 55 killed and wounded.

There is nothing later from India, but the papers continue to publish details of the atrocities committed by the insurgents, furnished from private correspondence.

In the city of London, the belief in the fall of Delhi has become almost universal. The reports of its capture previous to the 17th of June, have been found to be unquestionably false, but the impression is, that the event took place two or three days later, and that, although the news has not been received by government authorities, it had prompted the purchase of government stock, which they were making at advanced prices, both at Calcutta and Bombay, just before the departure of the mails from India. Expectation is now chiefly directed to the regular India and China telegraph.

Strahan, one of the London bank swindlers, who is about to be transported to Botany Bay, is a man of great wealth, and was in the habit of giving the most extravagant entertainments to his friends. He began life with \$1,500,000 in cash, and estates worth at least \$1,250,000; this large fortune being left him by Andrew Strahan, King's printer, in the reign of George IV. Several of the other aristocratic embezzlers who go out with him, were also possessed of great riches.

A Dutch woman lately landed in England, was so bulky as to attract the notice of the Custom House officers, who passed her over to a female examiner, who found on her person a petticoat lined throughout with tobacco, to the weight of twenty-one pounds. She said that the English ladies wore crinoline, but in Holland, tobacco was cheap, and she had substituted that article. The court did not think the excuse valid, and fined her 100l.

The Empress of the French gave a grand dinner to all the ministers of St. Cloud, on the 24th. The Emperor was absent.

The Columbia brings the news of the death of that venerable and excellent gentleman and Christian philosopher, Dr. Thomas Dick. At the ripe old age of eighty-three, he expired at his residence in Broughty Ferry, where he has lived for the last thirty years. The example of his calm, genial, honorable and useful life, should not be without its salutary influence.

The Mr. Delane, who recently died in London, was the father of the present editor of the London Times, John T. Delane, Esq., who has guided "the thunderer" for the last fifteen years.

The China correspondent of the New York Times writes that the government of the United States has decided to take possession of the island of Formosa, as security for the payment by the Chinese government of the indemnity demanded for damages done to American interests during the disturbances at Canton.

"Christy's Minstrels" made their first appearance at the St. James Theatre, London, and met with great success.

#### FOUR DAYS LATER.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Anglo Saxon came too far north to fall in with the telegraph fleet, and reports thick weather and constant head winds. Owing to an accident on shore, the telegraph fleet did not sail from Valencia until Friday evening.

The latest report from Valencia was on the 10th, 4 P. M. The work of laying the cable is going on as satisfactorily as its best friends could wish. About 300 miles have been laid, and the depth at which the cable is now being submerged is two miles. The signals from on board the Niagara are everything that an electrician could desire. The steamers are heading west, with a moderately fair breeze, and the cable is running out at the rate of five miles an hour. Messages are being constantly received on shore.

#### RATHER TOO FAST.

The article in the Telegraph, from Mr. Hazard, relative to Mr. Mansfield's mediumship, appears to us to have been rather too hastily put forth. Thousands of tests have been received through Mr. M. for persons in all parts of the country, and one case should not have been taken when so important a matter was to have been discussed, involving not only the credibility of the medium, but the cause to a considerable extent.

There is something more than clairvoyance at the foundation of Mr. M.'s mediumship; and the cry of low order of spirits, does not satisfy. Why may not Mr. H. have been imposed upon, by spirits, as well as Mr. M.?

### The Busy World.

TWENTY GENTLEMEN of Springfield have organized the first boat club of Springfield, and purchased a beautiful eight-oared boat called the "Advance," built for them at Boston. Another club in the same place organized last Saturday evening, has purchased a fast six-oared New Haven boat, the "Naïad."

A GIRL six years old went upon the roof of the old Merchants' Hotel at Buffalo, and tried to walk across the skylight, when she fell through, a distance of 45 feet; and though her soul was fractured she will probably recover.

ON MONDAY, nearly 800 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden, New York, by the ship Liverpool, from London, and in less than three hours nine-tenths of them were on the cars and safely on their way to the West.

Mrs. CUNNINGHAM's health has improved since she has been in jail, and she is now as comfortable as could be expected. Her family have packed up their goods and left 31 Bond street, greatly to the relief of the neighbors.

THE LAST REMNANT of Walker's filibusters arrived at New York on Thursday in the Tennessee from Greytown. Not less than 6,700 of their comrades have found their graves in Nicaragua.

COTTON.—The first bale of new cotton of the season arrived in Richmond, Texas, on the 7th of August.

THE COMPLETION of the Milwaukee and Horicon railroad to Berlin was duly celebrated on 12th of August by an excursion, dinner, speeches, cannon, music and a grand ball.

VERDI refused 90,000 francs cash, and a benefit of 25,000 francs, which were offered to him by the Emperor of Russia, if he would compose an opera for the St. Petersburg theatre.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Congregational Journal says, that the Congregational Church in Shelburne, N. H., is reduced to three female members. He also gives a list of about twenty churches in other places, which are not much better off.

TWO CHILDREN named Fitzgerald died in Bellows Falls, Vt., in consequence of eating lead-stools by mistake for mushrooms.

MADAME STORMS, of Delft, Holland, has purchased a tract of land five miles from Kingston, Tennessee, and three miles from the Tennessee river. One essential element which controlled the selection was the belief that it would be very favorable to the rearing of the wine grape. If this experiment should prove successful, it is believed that it will be the commencement of a large emigration of the Dutch to this country.

THE WHOLE FLEET of boats belonging to the students of Dartmouth College was carried off last week by a freshet in the Connecticut, with the boat house, and all dashed to pieces in the falls below Hanover; loss \$500, no insurance.

WOOL.—The Hartford, Conn., Times boasts that there is one firm in that city who handle more wool than any one wool dealing house in any other city of the Union.

THE BROOKLYN STAR announces the death of Margaret Pine, "the last slave" in New York State, at the age of 79.

SECRETARY FLOYD and several other members of the Cabinet contemplate a visit to Old Point Comfort. Four hundred guests are now at the Hygeia Hotel.

A CECILIAN failure, that of the Rev. William Jarvis, of Middletown, Conn., from unsuccessful speculations, is announced.

HENRY E. CHAMBERLAIN, who has kept a store in Palmer Depot, Mass., is suspected of having foully disposed of a child, born of a young woman whom he had been compelled to marry, after seduction. He and the child are both missing. The mother is of a respectable family in Stafford.

AMONG the passengers of the Arabia is Madame Frezzolini, the celebrated Soprano, who is engaged by Mr. Ullmann for the Academy of Music.

THE NEW BEDFORD STANDARD learns that the potato rot is spreading rapidly in that vicinity.

IT IS STATED that over 100,000 acres of land in the United States have been planted with the Sorgho, or Chinese Sugar Cane.

IT IS ESTIMATED that the United States revenue returns for August will amount to \$6,500,000—a sum larger than was expected; and the estimate for the quarter is \$20,500,000.

NEARLY ONE HALF of the recently returned Nicaraguans have been sent to their homes by private subscription, or the tender of free tickets on the routes leading thereto. A mass meeting was announced in New York last Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, to take some measures for relieving the necessities of the remainder, numbering nearly one hundred.

TWO STEAMERS were burned at the Cunard Dock, Jersey City, last Friday morning. Loss about \$26,000. The steamship Arabia very narrowly escaped destruction.

THE EDITOR of the Chicago Democrat has been arrested for robbing the Post Office drawer of money letters, and held to bail in the sum of \$9000.

THE VERA CRUZ correspondent to the New York Herald, writing on 4th inst., states that the mortality from the vomito was very great. Suicide was so frequent that it was regarded as epidemic. Smuggling was carried on to a great extent on the frontier. People were tired of the Spanish invasion reports.

A DRESS REFORM CONVENTION was recently held in Auburn, N. Y., during which a resolution was passed that "Paris fashions are a nuisance."

#### HOW THE RAPS ARE MADE.

An excellent article, coming as it does from one who does not accept the doctrine of Spirit communion, with the above caption, is published in Monday's Traveller.

It is understood to be from the pen of Hon. Luther V. Bell, a gentleman of high standing in literary circles, and this being true, it is a very fair offset to the wisdom of Professor Felton, and the Mud-Turtle hero. We have no room for it this week, and do not wish to mar it by publishing parts of the article, so we will give it entire to our readers in our next. It is one of the most goading rebukes Harvard ignorance, stupidity and insolence has met with.

#### 115 CAMBRIDGE STREET.

W. J. Appleton, at the above locality, keeps a fine assortment of Fancy Goods, and articles for beautifying the fair, and what is of more importance, he serves you with all the magazines and papers of the day, among which the Banner of Light is conspicuous. Thus both mind and body is cared for by the genius of the place, who seems by his course to understand the wants of the people.

### Dramatic.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM continues as much of an institution as ever. It has done a rattling business this season, and offered the public many very attractive and brilliant performances. John Brougham has gone, with his wit and his waggery. Blake, George Jordan, Mrs. Kirly, Mrs. Blake, and Miss Thompson certainly make a strong company. We are glad to know that this favorite little box has been doing, and is still doing, so well.

THE MUSEUM offers a new attraction in the person of Mrs. Gladstone, who has made a highly favorable impression. She promises to be a great card at this popular place of amusement. The usual talented company make up the bill every evening, and the house is well filled invariably.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE is to be opened on the 31st, by Mr. W. B. English, whose skillful management needs no praise at our hands.

AT THE MELODEON the fine representation on canvas of Kane's Arctic Voyages still continues to draw crowds. The painting, as a work of art, is superior. It will remain but two weeks longer. Our citizens have united in praising it from the day it was first displayed to the public.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS at the Music Hall have been very satisfactory to the public and remunerative to the managers. They continue only one week longer.

Edwin Booth commences his fall engagements on Monday, August 31st, in New York, playing at Burton's on that evening.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an excellent Philadelphia actress, (formerly Miss Crocker, and a sister of Mrs. Conway,) will play a series of star engagements this coming season, and opens, it is stated at the Boston Museum in September.

Mrs. Lizzy Weston Davenport is engaged for next season by Mr. Barry of the Boston Theatre, to play the business lately played by Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Barrow. Mr. Barry is in partnership with Mr. E. A. Marshall, and all performers engaged by them will play in Philadelphia and New York, as well as Boston; changing from one city to the other through the season.

Mr. J. B. Howe is engaged by Messrs. Marshall and Barry, for New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

The Keller Troupe will commence an engagement at Forbes's Theatre, Providence, on Wednesday next.

Mr. G. Jamieson and Mrs. Annie Senter have been playing in St. Paul's, Minnesota.

The Gabriel Ravel troupe still draw crowded houses at the St. Louis Theatre.

Miss Eliese Bridges and Prof. T. B. Brown have been giving readings and recitations at Nahant, Newport, and other watering places.

#### COMMON SENSE.

The following liberal idea of God is quoted by the "Trumpet," to show that Dr. Watts was almost a Universalist. The extract is taken from a work of that eminent divine, entitled "World to Come."

"Whosoever any such criminal in hell shall be found making such a sincere and mournful address to the righteous and merciful Judge of all, if at the same time he is truly humble and penitent for his past sins, and is grieved at his heart for having offended his Maker, and melts into sincere repentance—and what sinner will not?—I cannot think a God of equal and rich mercy will continue such a creature under his vengeance, but rather that the perfection of God will contrive a way for his escape."

This is all well, but it takes more now-a-days to give a man a right to the title of Universalist than a subscription to this sentiment. Colleges have to be endowed, proselytes must be made, and what was once a liberal Christianity is rapidly becoming, like all other associations, a cumbersome pile of machinery to oppress man, and peddle out rights to enter heaven through that particular channel, and to keep up the illusion that man could not get there except they go through a labyrinth of creeds, colleges and steeples.

Reports from the army at Fort Kearney state that the 6th and 10th Regiments of Infantry had lost nearly 600 men by desertion. The troops are much dissatisfied.

#### 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 10th; 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.

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

Wm. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, August 30, at 10-12 o'clock, A. M., and 3-5 P. M. Mr. T. G. FORSTER will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall.

CHARLESTOWN.—Dr. L. K. COONLEY, trance speaking and healing medium, will lecture in Washington Hall, on Sunday afternoon and evening, August 30. He will also speak in North Hanson 2d Sunday, and in Quincy the 3d Sunday in September.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

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. TOOMEY.

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

#### THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street) in a quiet and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers at 3 o'clock P. M., and 8 in the evening.

Private circles if requested.

This is one of the best opportunities to witness this class of Spiritual Phenomena, ever presented to our citizens. Every man can now satisfy himself as to whether those manifestations do take place, leaving the question of their spirit origin to be settled after.

"Are these things so?" is the first question to be decided. Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence.

Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.

D. C. ROBBINS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS., HAVERHILL, STREET, No. 3, has made the world his debtor by the discovery of New Remedies for Epileptic Fits, having treated successfully 400 cases out of less than 470—some of 25 years' standing.



## ADDRESS

OF MR. THOMAS G. FORSTER,

AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 9, 1887.

Thinking it appropriate, I have chosen a few words from the letter of the Bible, as the basis of the discourse I shall offer you this morning. Sometime within the past history of the modularity of this organization I delivered a discourse from the same text; but as I have said, seeing its applicability to the remarks I design to offer, I have chosen it again. You will find the words in Matthew 23: 46—“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.”

In attempting to discuss this question, I shall perhaps take a broad ground of argument; but do not be alarmed for fear that I shall lose sight of my text. I think I shall reach it before I conclude. There is a prevalent idea in Christendom which determines in reliance upon authority, both natural and divine, as called, which hath resulted in the general faith of the inviolability of the letter of the Bible. As I once before said during my ministry here, through this organization, too much respect has been paid by some to the Bible, and not a sufficiency by others. With regard to the incalculations of harmonial philosophy, as far as I have been enabled to comprehend them, through the pathway of my spiritual investigations, I find that within the Bible are many truths not properly comprehended; but I find also that this predisposition on the part of Christendom to rely on authority, has created a false interpretation and application of the letter of the Bible, and has given to the world many erroneous ideas resulting from this misinterpretation and this misapplication. Perhaps there is no text within the book that has been so destructive in its influences as the one I have repeated. Under the influences of the awful denunciation there threatened, the entire realm of Christendom is overwhelmed, as it were, with a dark cloud of gloom through which the dawning light of the present can scarcely penetrate. And yet it is a most stupendous error that hangs over Christendom, and the developments of modern times have been demonstrating the fact with regard to this error. I shall therefore advert to some of the ideas promulgated anterior to the present hour. But first let me refer to the reliance placed upon the infallibility of the text of the King James Bible, and also to the human authority which is brought by the existing denominations of all kinds in Christendom, in proof of the infallibility of its text. Now the most important feature perhaps in the Bible, is that of the nativity of the Nazarene, and yet it is not generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Christendom today is undecided with regard to the day of that occurrence. You all have participated in the celebration of the twenty-fifth of December, but you have no positive and authentic authority for that day as the birth of Christ; and even the authorities upon which the old Catholic hierarchy rely, disagree with regard to the day; and the investigating mind, in tracing the steps back through the vista of time, finds that there is far more authority, relatively speaking, for declaring that the twenty-fifth of December was the birthday of the heathen god Sol, which was celebrated long before, than there is for the inculcation that it was the nativity of Jesus. This day is known as that of the birthday of Sol, and the practice of making presents on that day existed centuries before Christ. Chrysostom, who lived toward the close of the fourth century, says that a change was made during his day at Antioch with regard to the celebration of the day by the Church; Clements Alexandrine states that he believes the day you celebrate at present to be the correct one, and yet he gives authorities to establish the fact that Christ was born on the sixteenth of May. So you see with regard to this important feature even the authorities upon which Christendom relies, are some of them at fault.

Again you will find that there is cause at least to doubt the reliability that should be attached to the letter of the King James Bible, from the fact of the vast amount of translations that have existed throughout the history of that book. You find as early as the first and second centuries that there were translations of the Old Testament and a part of the New, and you find by the authority of Chrysostom and Theodoret that during their day there were in existence the Syriac, the Syrian, the Ethiopian, and the Samaritan translations. Further you find that as early as 1200, there was a translation of the entire Bible into the French language; in 1371 there was a translation into the Polish language, and a little later, another into the Spanish. Luther concluded his translation into the German between 1521 and 1532, and in 1540 Calvin gave his translation. And here let me remark that your Puritan fathers, when they landed on the shores of your new continent, did not bring the King James Bible, but the Calvinistic translation; and most of them relied on that. Going back a little in the history of this book, we find the most reliable translation, as admitted by all Christendom, is that into the Greek language by the seventy learned Jews of Alexandria, or rather seventy-two, for such there really were. Now these seventy-two translated the Hebrew of the Old Testament into the Greek language, some two or three hundred years anterior to the birth of Christ, under the supervision of Ptolemy Philadelphus. And now let me call your attention to his character, as exemplified in the liberality he exhibited in the supervision of this translation, compared with the lack of toleration that exists in the nineteenth century. There was a heathen granting authority for the translation of the text book of a new religion into the language which was the language of all the learned men of the world, extending as it did over Greece, the shores of the Euxine, Asia Minor, Carthage and her dependencies, and all the towns and cities that occupied the shores of the Mediterranean. What shall we say of the want of toleration, even in the Athenian population of Boston, in the nineteenth century, in comparison with the liberality of this heathen? But the translation was made from the Hebrew into the Greek, and has been denominated the Septuagint, meaning the seventy. This is conceived, and perhaps correctly, to be the best translation of the Old Testament.

During the fourth century, St. Jerome produced the Vulgate, that is, the translation of the Bible into the Latin language; and this is the basis of the Bible that is now in use, and which has been since the days of its translation considered as authority by the Catholic hierarchy, and which the Protestants, generally speaking, have adopted. Therefore, all references now are being made to the Vulgate of Rome, and the Septuagint of Alexandria. Now, does it not strike you as certainly rational, that if any question should arise at the present day with respect to the definition of any one word, that the book to which reference should be had to establish the falsehood or truth of the matter in question, would be the Vulgate or the Septuagint? By no means! In order to arrive at the legitimate authority, the learned investigator would go back to the original Hebrew of the Old Testament, and the original Greek of the New. With regard to the question now under discussion, I shall go back to the original. Before I do so, however, let me say a little more concerning the translation. In 1380, Wycliffe published his translation. During the reign of Henry the Eighth many translations were made, some of which were suppressed, and others considered canonical in part. During the reign of Edward the sixth, other translations were made, and every translation which appeared during the reign of either of these monarchs, was submitted to him, as the umpire to decide if the book should go forth as the Word of God. During the reign of Elizabeth, translations were made, the majority of them from the Vulgate of Jerome and the Septuagint of Alexandria, and but little reference was paid to the ancient Hebrew of the original text, or the Greek of the New Testament. Consequently, the conclusion is legitimate, that these translations, when they were issued to the world, must have been in part, at least, erroneous. Owing to these differences with regard to the translation of the Bible, King James concluded

to have a new one. Now, mark this!—and, with all due consideration and just reverence, I make the observation, and you will remember I am speaking of what is denominated, the infallible word of God. I say, think of the co-operation of Henry, of Edward, of Elizabeth, and of the bishops of those days, governed as they were by the rankest materialism, determining for your age what is falsehood and what is truth, what is the revealed word of God, and what is absurdity! And yet such is the case most emphatically.

King James called a convention of learned men, between fifty and sixty in number, which, before they assembled, was lessened to forty-seven; and they took the original Hebrew and Greek, and some of the most reliable translations, and gave their translation, which was published by authority, and is considered as authority still, even in republican America. This Bible was published in 1610 or 1611, and, as I stated before, the Puritan fathers did not bring this copy, because it had not become of sufficient note to be considered as entirely reliable, under the influences of the spirit of reformation that then was existing in the old world. Many of them brought the Calvinistic Bible with them, adopting afterwards the King James Bible of 1610. This Bible was submitted to James, and you will find that his principles and prejudices governed, in many of the instances in which he was called upon to determine with regard to the validity of the translation; and, as a result, you find that all Christendom is convulsed to this day with regard to one single word in the New Testament, and that is the word *baptism*.

The learned men of James's time could not determine upon a definition; James determined it, and the world is disputing yet whether pouring or dipping will take a man to heaven. With regard to the translation of the original Hebrew into the Septuagint, the example of liberality manifested by Ptolemy Philadelphus, is worthy of being imitated. Bring the matter from the great stand point where the fate of nations may be said to be involved, to the manifestation of individual right, where the principle is just the same, and here again the example of this heathen is worthy of being imitated by Christians. If it were, there would not be such a vast amount of vituperation and slander poisoning the atmosphere of your so-called (miscalled) free country. Through the agency of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the literature of Palestine was opened to the then learned world, and you find this little country, Syria, giving a new idea to the world. She had been covered up, as it were, by the ancient settlements of the Nile, on one side, and on the other by the great empires of Babylon and Assyria; yet through the translation of that time, the Jewish literature was spread over the land, and the intelligence of that age began to comprehend a new thought—the glorious idea of the unity of God, in opposition to the Polytheism antecedent to it. The world had been deluged with the idea of many Gods, when this newer and brighter thought dawned on humanity. It is true, the veil was not entirely withdrawn from the face of the Deity; yet still, relatively speaking, this portion of the world was illuminated by the conception, undeveloped as it was, of the grand idea. Then many thanks to the heathen mind for this generous act! Those who have gone to damn the heathen, and declare that they have seen down into that pit of destruction from whence there is no return, are, to say the least, far more uncharitable to the heathen, than the heathen Ptolemy was to the world.

Now, during the earlier development of Christianity, (as I have before expressed it, and as, perhaps, in the days that are to come, you may express it,) in the earlier development of ancient Spiritualism, for such I call the dawn of the Christian era, there were many struggles necessary, in order to inculcate even a few minds with the beautiful thought of the spirituality of God, as dawning through the brighter light of Jesus, and the spirituality of man. Such a dark influence rested on the general mind of Judea itself, that but a few even of the apostles selected by Christ, recognized the true spirituality of his mission. So you may see the difficulty which existed in impregnating the general mind with the mission Christ had in view, and it is difficult, even in your day of refinement and intelligence, to recognize the beauty and refinement that were born when the Star of Bethlehem rose. But the inoculation of the general mind, through the agency of Ptolemy Philadelphus, had its influence, and wherever the seed of truth had been scattered, as you continue to progress, you find an interior spiritual influx, the truth gradually moving onward, and here and there shooting forth. It shot forth in the development of Christianity, nearly three centuries after its first emphatic declaration. But owing to these many translations, and the misinterpretation and misapplication of many of the truths of Jesus, in your day there is but a slight conception of the beautiful lessons that he sought to inculcate. The interpretations rendered at the present day with regard to the books that purport to be the record of those times, are, for the most part, erroneous; and the consequence is, that modern Spiritualism, in endeavoring to demonstrate the glorious beauty of the truths given, assumes not that the Bible is true or false, as an entity, but that you must accept the Bible as the result of all that went before it. And though there is much truth and beauty in it, though purity and love dwell in the bosom of the Nazarene, and though he, through his life, lived up to what he professed, and the truths and principles that he sought to inculcate were exemplified in his beautiful character, still we have been surrounded and crowded by the deleterious influences that existed amid the plane of mind at that day, and antecedent to it. And in evidence thereof, men cannot tell the day on which he was born, and have adopted the birthday of a heathen god as his. It is true that this is immaterial, that it is of but little consequence on what day Jesus came into the world, but I advert to this circumstance to show how little reliance is to be placed upon authority as an adjunct of the truth it pretends to expound.

You find, too, that these authorities all differ in respect to the age of the world, and since the dawn of science and philosophy, since the sciences are coming to be the mouthpieces of consolation to humanity, you find there are other ideas being born with regard to it. The Septuagint declares that from the creation, to the birth of Christ, it was 5872 years; the Samaritan account that it was 4700, and the Hebrew 4004, and so on. There are two hundred different calculations with regard to this period of time, all looking to the translation of the King James Bible, or to the translations that preceded it, and all declaring upon authority that they are right, that the Bible is infallible and true with regard to this point, and must be accepted; and yet each one of these calculations is different from the others. Now the 4004 years, adopted by the Vulgate, is the one accepted by modern Christendom. But have you any authority for it? No! because science has demonstrated, and your college in the neighborhood cannot deny, (I care not what it may say with regard to the manifestations of modern Spiritualism,) that the world is far older than any of these authorities render it. And, as a consequence, of necessity, the conclusions of science will ultimately in the entire abnegation of the Biblical chronology of the world. Geology is demonstrating that the world must have been thousands of centuries older at the birth of Christ than the Bible allows. Therefore, accept the proposition that modern Spiritualism seeks to inculcate, which is—that you accept this book as you do any other; take the beautiful truths that you are compelled to recognize amid the rubbish of the past, but throw the rubbish aside. If you seek for treasures in the earth, you are not bound to accept the dross in which you find the precious metal embodied, but you submit the mass to the refining fire, and throw aside the worthless portion, and accept the pure metal. So take the metal of the Bible, submit it to the fires of reason, throw aside the dross, and accept the glorious result that will emanate therefrom in brilliant coronations of materialistic spirituality.

Again, in the early history of Christianity and its struggling efforts at development, many questions arose among the learned, and in the first, second, third, fourth and fifth centuries, there were constant disputes going on. Witness that at Nice between

Athanasius and Arius, the former contending for the Trinity, and the latter for the unity of God. The contest lasted for centuries, and at some future time I will give you the history of the Nicene church and of the manifestations given at that period. Now it is only necessary to advert to it. The bishops of Nice declared that Athanasius was right, and thus the mathematical absurdity of the Trinity of God was fastened upon Christendom for centuries. Still Arius could not accept the idea, and through his efforts the thought of one God was promulgated, until at the point of the sword, Unitarianism was driven into the midst of the Gauls of Spain, and there slept for a time. But the eternal seed of everlasting truth had been planted in humanity, and had kept working and moving, until about a century since it shot forth its little petals, and they were at once recognized by the more spiritual portion of mind. And the thought has been spreading its influence ever since, and as I stated on a previous occasion, the father of the idea who is now addressing you, introduced that medium into the surroundings of that dark institution which had been handed down from the feudal ages.

This great difficulty existed in the early history of Christianity. Other difficulties existed, and among them, that in the words of my text, concerning the duration of punishment. Many of the learned fathers upon whom Catholicism relies as authority, sought to demonstrate the fact that the evangelism of man with respect to joy must be eternal; but owing to the original Greek they could not make joy eternal without making punishment eternal, and therefore they adopted the word eternal and everlasting, as the Greek word comprehended. In the other portions of the Bible, the Greek word *aion* has been rendered eternity, and *aionios* is rendered in the King James Bible as eternal and everlasting. But that is not the only definition, and I defy even Harvard herself to say to the contrary; and I quote in antagonism to Harvard, DeQuincy and other parties in regard to the matter. Old Adam Clark stumbled over it, saying that there was another definition attributed to the word, but he did not believe it; and you remember that for thirty-five years he struggled to fasten this error on mankind, and then broke down when he came to himself, and gave up the contest. If he had given it up before he commenced, he would have done the world a service. Here is a test of this—when Adam Clark left the form, there was a smothered joy on the part of Methodism that he went as he did, because the prognostications were, that if his life had continued, he would have become a Unitarian before long. If you doubt this, refer to any English resident of your country, who may have been living at the period of which I speak, who will doubtless remember concerning these things. The word *aion*, or *aionios*, the adjective, means not only eternal and everlasting, but lexicographers give a different definition.

DeQuincy says the strict interpretation is this—“that duration or cycle of existence that belongs to an object in virtue of its genus.” For instance, the *aion* of an apple-tree may be a full *aion*, but still differ from the *aion* of a chestnut-tree; and so in your sphere in the history of life, there may be an *aion* of childhood, an *aion* of manhood, an *aion* of old age, and the whole existence may be an *aion*—each one existing in itself, and varying from the others, and yet all strictly *aions*. This is the strict interpretation given of this word, and this is the interpretation of eternal and everlasting.

What is the result? Poor humanity has been going bowed down on the supposition that there was an angry God, and an eternal hell. One of the fundamental ideas of Spiritualism is that of progress, as Mr. Dayton attempted to enforce last Sunday afternoon. We take the truths of the Bible, and seek to demonstrate what we denominated the harmonial philosophy, and we say that the Bible will demonstrate, (if you take the original text,) what nature speaks of so beautifully, what all the stars are saying, and the sun is preaching to humanity—namely, that all man's future life, as is his present, is controlled by everlasting law. Let us do as King James did—we have the right—and angelize the word *aion*, and make it *aionie* and give the interpretation I have rendered from DeQuincy, which I will repeat—an *aion* is that duration or cycle of existence that belongs to an object in virtue of its genus. Take the word *aionie*, and remember the definition, and then read the text—these shall go into *aionie* punishment and the righteous into *aionie* life.

We abnegate the word punishment and substitute the word suffering, because punishment conveys the idea of revenge, and there is found in the spheres no angry God, and we recognize no such principle as revenge. We only speak of *aionie* suffering, conditional suffering, a suffering proportionate to violated law; and when the suffering has ended, then that *aion* has terminated, and another *aion* begins. Consequently certain conditions are established in the spiritual world, whether you consider them of suffering or of joy. And therefore the bright mind of your sphere, aiming at spiritual progress, when he leaves the form, smiles himself out of that form into heaven, and he knows that the *aions* of the future are all conditions of progress; and forever and ever, along the pathway that God has marked out, he can move to higher *aionie* conditions of happiness and joy. Even the poor unfortunate whom you consign to your prison-houses, finds that there is a God of mercy and of love, and that in the wise economy of the Father, there is a brighter and more beautiful system of ethics than earth hath ever known; that there is none of that cruelty that exists here, that there is no false administration of justice, no manufacturing an unrighteous law, and then punishing the victim of that law. And though there may be suffering there, he knows that the conditions of suffering are *aionie*, that *aion* succeeds *aion* in the consecutive changes that will result under the divine impetus of the everlasting will of God, and he feels that through these *aions* of suffering, rising higher and higher, his soul becoming more and more refined, he will eventually reach the plane where the *aions* of suffering will terminate in *aions* of joy, and then on forever and ever, his spirit shall continue up the pathway of eternal progress, towards the central magnet of the great Father soul. Thus the Bible proves progress.

But there are other ideas in the Bible which demand consideration. Jesus has said that in his Father's house there are many mansions. What does this mean? It can be gotten over by no other process, than the magnificent syllogism of spiritualistic progress. Peter tells you that after Christ was crucified his spirit left the body and visited the prison-houses where were confined the spirits of men that had been rebellious in the days of Noah. Read your Bibles, ye who say that Spiritualism repudiates the Bible, and there you will find the spiritual adjuncts of all the glory and grandeur of rationalism and of modern Spiritualism. Christ went on a useless errand if he found that those spirits were incapable of rising. If he went there to preach, as Peter says, and as modern Spiritualism believes it is natural that he should have done, then he went there to tell them there are high ends before you, my brother or sister! you need not here be confined, for God is a God of love! There is no angry Father, but a God of mercy, of truth, grandeur, holiness and purity, and all these varied attributes comprehend a gigantic, universal magnet, constantly drawing you on. Oh, then, remove the incrustations of artifice, and mount higher than the roof of the prison-house of the Christian world!

Then the Bible in other texts, breathes the thought, spiritualistically interpreted, that man having progressed from the primordial condition of the world up to his present state, may be analogically concluded to be a universally progressive being, destined forever and forever to progress throughout the spheres to come, governed by this law, comprehended by the legitimate interpretation of this word *aion*. Your professors may say it is a false interpretation, but Thomas DeQuincy against Howard, the lexicographers against the interpretation which recognizes an angry God! Modern Spiritualism coming into the case, assumes that the most charitable interpretation of the idea of God should be rendered to these dead languages; and, therefore, giving the most charitable interpretation, it abnegates the idea of an angry God; and, as nature accepts modern Spirit-

itualism, it is right that in accepting the idea that there are *aionie* conditions, it should conclude that the word eternal is a mistranslation.

There is another thought on which I would dwell a moment. Admitting that the interpretation that we have given from these authors may be erroneous; let us look for a brief period at the word eternal in connection with evil. Now punishment, or evil, and hell, cannot by possibility be eternal; the Devil cannot be eternal; if you constitute the Devil eternal, that is existing from everlasting to everlasting, you make him a self-existent being, and Evil a self-existent condition. Therefore, the Devil and Evil are at an end, for only God and Truth are self-existent, and from everlasting to everlasting; therefore evil, though it may exist temporarily, must be merged into good, because all things are tending towards God, and must forever be agents in representing the will in that eternal principle of good. Therefore, this harmonial philosophy declares that all throughout nature the eternal will of God is moving and operating, and all things ultimately tend to good. “But,” says the skeptic, particularly the theological skeptic, “what do you do with evil? Your cities are crowded with suffering, as the result of evil; your papers teem with the history of crime, and all the laws and avenues of life seem to be rife with evil—how is this?” My friends, all this may be, and yet the harmonial philosophy contends that there is not in the economy of God a principle of evil; but owing to misinterpretation, misapplication, and excess, with regard to the laws of man's being, partial evil is the result. Men misapply what was originally good; they run into excess a principle originally good, and evil is the result. It is the same in the moral world as in the natural world. Take your finger for instance, and place it in the fire; there is an attempted admixture of elements which are at war with each other. The finger burns and you suffer in consequence, but you have no right to say that God burnt your finger, because you violate the law that pertains to the fire and the finger, and there is corresponding suffering. Such is the case all through the ramifications of thought, as an element of the moral world; and if you burn your moral finger, you will have moral suffering, and so throughout all creation; but you cannot argue a principle of evil therefrom, for evil cannot exist, because the principles of being are eternal and self-existent with the Father, and must be ultimately destined for good. Therefore, each violated law fulfills in the administration of suffering the high end of that degree of suffering, and then determines onward to another *aion*. And so on through the scale of being organic law is ever moving, and there is no escape from suffering, though there is an entire abnegation of punishment. There is no escape from suffering; it must come from the violation of moral law, and so Spiritualism establishes the moral obligation of man, and does not destroy the moral obligation. Believe me, that the hope of heaven is a higher incentive to God's children than the fear of hell; that the glorious and beautiful truths of the *aionie* condition in the spheres to come, if properly understood, would lead humanity from error to the pathway of virtue and truth, and the aspiring hope would expand with an increase, as man rose from the miasma of the condition of evil. Fear is a base animal passion, and has nothing to do with spirit; it never was generated in the spirit of man; it comes from the animal, and is only the effect of the misapplied qualities of spirit. Fear nothing! not the maledictions of your fellowmen; not the anathemas of the exalted in your sphere; fear nothing! but move on, manfully asserting the sovereign independence of your spirit, in the wide universe of God, where all his children exist upon the same platform of spiritualistic equality. This base passion of fear has done more harm than any other thought—that has ever been born from the womb of the past, or that ever culminated in the present. This idea of fear has created wrong motives; has created an impetus that is false in society; and men and women are absolutely and by necessity, according to the demonstration of modern theology, inclined to evil, when the fact is that man is naturally inclined to virtue and truth; and if these huge barriers that have been created by the misinterpretation of the past, and this false conception with regard to fear, were removed from the mind of man, man's soul would be expanded and illuminated, and then even on earth would he progress onward still higher and higher on the plane of being!

There is no such thing as punishment, a positive emphatic principle of evil. The more you investigate the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, the more you will find it true that there are no future rewards and punishments; and there is no future judgment, no remote period when God is to sit in judgment and divide the sheep from the goats. The eternal principle of good is operating through all being, and organic law is the pen of a recording angel that is inditing upon the human heart hourly, the effect of good and bad deeds; written there, are the lineaments of men's characters, and when the earthly being is thrown aside, the spirit will mount upward and bear that record with it, and upon that record will be established forever and ever the *aionie* conditions of the spirit world.

“Where you will live your lives again; Where, warmly touched or coldly dim; The pictures of the past remain— Man's works will follow him!”

## WHAT SPIRITUALISM CALLS FOR.

Reform is the watchword of the day; we hear of many schemes for the amelioration of mankind, all to be accomplished in some far distant day. But we think there can be much accomplished in the present, where the heart is truly wedded to the cause of human reform and happiness. A little practice, entered upon with heart and soul, by one and every individual professing Spiritualism, will do more in the course of a few years, than any amount of theorizing and lecturing will do in a century. Upon every one of us is laid the individual responsibility of answering to the Divine query: “Where is thy brother?” and our hearts and consciences must respond either guiltily abashed, or tranquilly serene, when the God within us queries: “Wherefore is thy brother lost to honor and rectitude, thy sister to truth and virtue?”

Oh, brother man! the poor inebriate rolling in the gutter has not become a brute at once. Oh, sister woman! the painted, shameless street walker, has not become that degraded thing at once. Gradual is the process of degradation, as is that of progression; few souls plunge headlong into vice and crime. But thoughtlessness, selfishness, and willful ignorance of another's wants and wrongs, are the blots upon our humanity. The chaos for gold excludes the gentler sympathies; vanity and fashion have so scared woman's heart, that it frowns on poverty, and smiles derision on misfortune. Oh, that a noble, energetic spirit, a loving unity of purpose would influence us all! Are examples of self-denial needed? History teems with them; and the private lives of thousands afford proofs of its exelling beauty and great reward. Living proofs surround us, of the beauty and self-devotion of unostentatious lives, consecrated to the amelioration of suffering, to the weal of others. But as yet there has not appeared a phalanx devoted to this most holy cause, practically illustrating the living principle of Spiritualism, the practical adaptation of the ever golden rule. Self-denial should be our watchword here, as realization will be our onward motto in the spheres. There is a holy, indestructible peace attending its manifestations, that no earth attained glory can surpass.

While earth and its inhabitants are undeveloped, while things whirling storms shake the weakened frames, and tottering segments of the poor; while

the proceeds of labor are monopolized, and the toilers of earth are also its slaves—while, there is one cry for food, one wail of suffering borne upon the wind, one orphan head unsheltered, one little foot unkind—oh, let us practice self-denial in our homes, in our surroundings, in our dress, in our every expenditure; let us deny ourselves, and give to the needy, and great and exceeding will be the reward thereof.

It is pleasant and congenial to be surrounded by comforts and luxuries; but, oh, consider! practical philosopher and aspiring Spiritualist! Better it is to give to a struggling family their winter's fuel and some warm, necessary clothing, than repose thy healthy form upon that crimson velvet lounge, that cost thee some eighty or ninety dollars. A plainer one will render thee the same service, and if not quite as downy, the satisfaction arising from duty fulfilled would smooth the hardest couch, and woo the most reluctant slumber.

Who does not love the beautiful in art and in nature, in dress and adornment? Most of us instinctively do; but while the costly fabrics, the gems and gold of earth are sat upon and watched by guarding griffins of avarice and monopoly, it is only by infringing upon the rights of others that we appropriate them to ourselves, given to us as they are, at an exorbitant price by the monopolizing hand of speculation.

That woman should seek to adorn herself with the pearls of ocean, the gleaming diamond and the sparkling ruby, is but natural, is laudable and just. But must we admit that her love of ornament exceeds her love for humanity? When earth shall be freed from tyranny, when the dream of equality shall be realized, these things will all become the common property, as heaven's sweet gifts of air and sunshine now are.

But until then, oh sister! wilt thou not forego a little earthly glitter, for immortal deeds of charity? Wilt thou not, in place of the earth-drawn gem, adorn thyself with heavenly dropwings of pity for thy suffering race, clothe thyself with undying hope in place of the emeralds gleam, and let the love-light of thy heart cast a celestial rosy radiance, far more precious than the ruby's glitter, over the darkened path of thy less favored brothers and sisters? Woman! thou hast been called nobly enduring in many a holy cause; canst thou lack enthusiasm in this earth's mightiest cause, refuse thy aid in laying the sure foundation of a solid moral structure, that is to reach unto Heaven itself? To thee we make this strong appeal, for thine is the mighty influence, the all conquering power to lead man. Thou hast been proclaimed queen of fashion and leader of society. Become thou now that more exalted being, a queen of benevolence, a leader in the paths of duty, of self-denial! With thy well known moral heroism, cast aside thy outward trappings of wealth and station, thy costly robes, coined from the life-blood of toiling slaves. Walk abroad simply clad, sharing thine abundance with the needy; and if thy own means are scanty, do what thou canst, and wherever the opportunity offers. There are hearts seared by misfortune's power, cankered by grief, plunged in the night of unbelief. They need aid, counsel, hope, and certainty; prove to them that sympathy lives and toils for others; that poetry and beauty dwell in action, as well as upon the printed page. Uplift the fallen, not with reluctant hand, but with a prayerful heart; and when tempted to purchase this or that luxury, or this or that ornament, pause and reflect upon the good thou canst do with trifling sums thus saved throughout the year. Life here is but a short span at the best. Spiritualism tells that every pure, unfulfilled wish shall, in our future abode, find full realization. Therefore, let us be self-denying; living for others, striving each day for advancement upon that unending stairway leading to the realms of God. Spiritualism calls for action, for self-denying lives, for unity of purpose; for emancipation from the shackles of fashion and entrangling customs, as much as for freedom from sectarianism and bigotry.

## WHAT SPIRITUALISM DOES.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

“Don't go nigh a spiritual circle,” said a lady, (she was the wife of a preacher of the gospel,) “they are a poor deluded set, and if I were you I would not trust myself within their influence.”

“Do you not believe in a good, and also evil influence,” I asked.

“I believe the ‘devil goes about like a roaring lion,’ seeking whom he may devour,” she said solemnly, “it is sufficient to warn me.”

“The devil has a great license, Mrs. S. If there were no countervailing influence, what think you would become of us?”

“Oh, I don't know,” was the unsatisfactory reply; “we ought to lean more upon Christ—surely his example is sufficient, his commands imperative; if we obey him, we shall need no spirit interference.”

“But we need their good influences to assist us in performing all these duties, do we not?” Christ commanded his disciples to “heal the sick,” &c., told them they possessed divers gifts which they were to use. Every Sabbath we are reproved for our disobedience of positive duties, for our lack of faith, our unwillingness to bear the cross. We are told also that whatsoever our hands find to do, we must do with all our might—what do they mean?”

“Oh, they speak figuratively, of course; it is absurd to suppose for a single moment that we could do what Christ did.”

“And why not, provided we have faith enough to do what he could; ought we to doubt his word?”

“No, certainly not; but he performed miracles.”

“So do mediums in a degree; wherein they fall short, according to Scripture teaching, is to be attributed to their lack of faith. The healing mediums perform some very remarkable cures; scientific men say nothing about that part of what they denominated humbug. The sick have been healed, the lame hunched to walk, the blind to see, in innumerable instances, as they were bidden, even by the laying on of hands. If Satan does it all, he certainly is deserving of a better character than he has hitherto sustained; at least I think so.”

“But Christ did more—he raised the dead to life; think of Lazarus!”

“Lazarus was not dead; Jesus Christ said so distinctly, as plain as man could speak, he is not dead but sleepeth. Probably Lazarus was in a trance, and Jesus knew it. What right have we to suppose he spoke figuratively? Sleep and death are twin brothers—both do the Father's will. If we search the Scriptures, we shall find much in support of this new and beautiful doctrine; beautiful, because it removes so many obstacles in the way of our



progression; inspires so much hope; elevates and strengthens faith; and more than all else takes away the fear of death; gives us back the loved and lost, and many more blessings too numerous to mention." And this we call Spiritualism.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRER.

NUMBER FOUR.

Since I last wrote to you, I have been thinking over the progress of things during the last thirty years, particularly in a psychological view. Perhaps you recollect formerly we had Lavater, with his inexplicable system of physiognomy, that attempted to explain man's character, using his face as the index. Next, we had Gall and Spurzheim, who bewildered the world by announcing that the various mental faculties, and that by a careful comparison of the developments of the various parts of a man's brain, a correct estimate of his character could be obtained. Some believed it, others did not, and would not, but nobody pretends to be anybody now, who derides the discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim.

Next, we had a large amount of excitement about mesmerism, or animal magnetism, and the various phenomena generally classed as abnormal conditions of the human mind, induced by sympathetic relations.

This new field had its votaries and its opponents. Some grave and learned men, anxious to display their erudition, pronounced the various phenomena of mesmerism, cataplexy, because, say they—Cataplexy persons exhibit all the several phenomena of insensibility to pain, duality of senses, clairvoyance, &c., &c. It was nothing but cataplexy, induced by an artificial process at will.

Next, we had spiritual manifestations; as in mesmerism, men went back to their others' experience, and tried to explain the thing by calling it cataplexy; so now some wisecrackers, who, until Spiritualism was brought to light, denied the existence of clairvoyance and the mesmeric phenomena, or classed them with cataplexy, of a sudden call in clairvoyance and the other phenomena of mesmerism, to explain Spiritualism. You see I point out to you a succession of phases or phenomena in psychology, in the order in which they were presented. It is a progressive series.

First—Man is taught by a knowledge of the functions of his brain, to study himself, as he is; and a little light was shed on him, pointing to something else vaguely; then the first dawn of day succeeded the twilight, rushed on by mesmerism, and yet the sun has not risen. The people are, in the early morning, looking for day, after a dreary, dark night. You frequently make use of the words, "If Spiritualism be true." I shall not quarrel with you for the expression; it is one in which doubt and belief are mixed.

You say you have not yet succeeded in obtaining a personal interview with your departed relative. I think I understand the reason for that; I will try to explain it by degrees. I apprehend, from all I can learn, that the various conditions of life here witnessed have their correspondences in the next sphere of existence. Thus we have infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, maturity, age.

We do not know by our recollections what are the mental experiences of our infancy, but we recollect some prominent events of childhood and youth, and, comparing these periods with the periods that succeeded them, we find they seem very much longer, though in fact they are less. From childhood, until man has arrived at near maturity, man is constantly looking forward to the future; but at a more advanced period, the thought turns back involuntarily to the earlier period of life, and their associations. In youth, Hope, in age, Memory governs our actions. Your relative departed ere yet he had come to the point where Memory begins to usurp the place of Hope; and in that mental condition had left you.

We are informed, from various sources, (Dane and Swedenborg) that in the spiritual life are various conditions of existence. I believe they make seven degrees, or circles, or spheres, which probably are as easily to be appreciated, and as difficult to be separated, as infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and age, as here.

We do not at once find the infant a child, or the child a youth. The progression is gradual, but easily understood, abstractly.

We are informed that a large portion of the inhabitants of this earth are only so much advanced in "Wisdom and Love," as to enter the third or fourth circle, when they leave earth. Here, as on earth, if the correspondences hold good, the spirit must be urged forward constantly by that hope, which is the spur of our early life here. Now I imagine that your relative must, from double cause, be attracted onward; and that that attraction is doubly stronger than memory. His progress will be rapid, I have no doubt, for he was virtuous and good; and worldly impurities had not muddled the stream of life—and, after a time, the progress he will have made will have brought fruition to hope, so that memory will have its charms. But persevere, and I feel assured you may yet feel assured of those things which, to believe, would be happiness.

Whether or not I was impressed to write to you as I did, on the subject of Spiritualism, is a question of little moment with me. I do not, as formerly, feel anxious to be sensible of anything of the kind, if I am subject to it. I would much rather feel that thoughts and ideas rise spontaneously in my mind, than to labor under the apprehension that I am a mere tool, for the whims of I knew not what invisible prompter. Perhaps I may have been impressed sometimes to do certain things. All I have to say on this point is this—and I make a free confession of one of my worst faults—I am often prompted to do things, which, in others, I would regard as the climax of meanness. Now, if I am equally accessible to impressions from saints and sinners, I will forego the saints, to be relieved of the sinners.

I do not know, however, to what extent my own mind may be, naturally, inclined with meanness; but I rather suspect that I inherit streaks of character, which, if not capable of accounting for some of my actions, without calling in the aid of impressions, might better be closed against all such impressions. Sometimes I fancy that I am urged, by invisible knaves to do some mean thing; at others I think some charitable defunct, solicits my sympathies for some poor devil. I will relate a circumstance that cured me of some of my notions of impressions, and made me suspicious.

A little boy used to come to my house begging for bread and money—saying that his father was sick, and could not work. I gave him bread, and he would always, when he departed, I felt an impression, that he, or his father, or something, was urging me to do so. On one occasion I said to the invisible who I

thought was urging me, "Go to the devil, and mind your own business."

I was walking along the street at the time, and no sooner had I uttered that mental expression, than I was overcome with weakness, so that I nearly fell down. I felt as a person might be supposed to feel if falling down into the earth. As a matter of course, I was astonished! You would have been. I immediately turned about and went in search of the boy. I proposed to accompany him home; but he evidently did not want me to go home with him; this aroused my suspicions more than I had felt towards him before, and I began to question him closely, and, by taking a peremptory course with him, I learned that his father and mother were both well, and sent him about begging, and whipped him if he came back empty!

Now, what kind of impression was it that urged me to give in charity to that boy, or to seek his father and minister to his wants? Why did the impressing spirit of such leave me in the way he did? Why did I feel that sickening, falling feeling when he left? If it was a spirit, was not that spirit as much an impostor as the boy's parents? This was a lesson to me on impressions. I do not fully understand it, but it makes me cautious of everything of this kind, and diminishes my anxiety to become personally demonstrative of such things for others. There is one thing I fully understand, and it may enter into the explanation of this matter. Spirits do not know everything, any more than man does. Spirits of bad men do not at once become good.

THE NEIGHBORS; OR, THE CONTRAST.

BY A SPIRIT.  
(Through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, of Roxbury.)

Two families lived side by side, of equal means, and surrounded by friends and the comforts of life, each having a son and daughter, who frequented the same school, and walked and romped together. The one I shall speak of first, I will call Error; he was a staunch member of the Orthodox church, believing when you made yourself unhappy and uneasy, you served God, mortifying the flesh that the soul might be saved, who looked upon a smile as a sin, seeming unconscious that angels smiled, that all Nature smiled and was happy. At a certain time in the morning the family were called together for religious services; the children came from their play and drew near with sanctified faces and fearful hearts, everything was hushed and silent, when Mr. Error read a chapter in the Bible, and offered up a prayer that had something of the Pharisee in it, who said, "I thank thee, oh God, that I am not as other men." This duty done, religion, like a garment too nice for common wear, is laid aside for the day. Mr. Error went to his business, the children to their school, the servants to their labors, and Mrs. Error stepped into her carriage and rode to some fashionable dress-maker's or milliner's to order a dress or bonnet for the following Sabbath, that should eclipse those around her; thence the hours until dinner were spent in making calls among those as vain and frivolous as herself.

Now we will take a peep at Mr. Error's life. We find him talking with a laborer who is to do some work for him, and witness with much dissatisfaction the little feeling shown to the poor man; his price is found fault with, and though insufficient to support himself and family at the high rates of the necessities of life, yet it is the standard price and he must not hope for more. Now he is offered less—his family are in want, and being out of work he must come to the rich man's terms, consoling himself that a little is better than nothing. Yet he feels no animation, and instead of working with a right good will, the time lags and is heavy on his hands. Remaining some time in the office, we see enough to convince us that Mr. Error is a hard man. By taking advantage of the market and the necessities of people, he has amassed a handsome fortune, but with riches comes, not liberality. No object of charity goes away from his door light hearted, with the murmured thanks, and tear of gratitude. Yet the man is charitable, so the world says. He gave the largest contribution to the church of his member. He is a liberal man—he gives large parties, and invites those whom it is his interest to please. His wife dresses beautifully, so he cannot be mean. Her diamonds cost thousands of dollars—they are a part of his property, and she is allowed to show them. The man is feared, but not loved, the children are moody when in the house—left to the care of servants, who copy their master. They are governed by fear, and resort to petty deceits, to accomplish what they desire. Home is not pleasant, and they are only happy elsewhere. Thus is seed sown that will bring forth bad fruit; the plant that, with careful culture, would grow symmetrical and beautify all around it, will become deformed in intellect and base in principle.

Let us now enter the second house. Here we find less magnificence, everything is in good taste, and cheerfulness and neatness pervade the house. The master, whom we shall call Truth, is away; but we cannot be mistaken in that smiling matron, when we think her his wife. She sits at the window sewing, the daughter is near her reading from a volume. Ever and anon the matron explains the meaning of what is read more definitely to the child's mind. It seems no task to the child to sit in the house, when most would be at play, for the sunshine of love is there. After spending an hour thus, the brother and daughter prepare to take a walk. Their dress is plain; but I noticed the lady took a well-filled purse, with which I supposed she was to make purchases. I followed them down the street, smiling and bowing to many they met, when at last they turned into a by place and entered a cottage; I also went in. We were in a small room, perfectly neat and tidy, but very poor. In one corner, on a plain bed, lay a woman past the prime of life—she eagerly stretched forth her hand at the entrance of the visitors, and her lips moved; I heard no sound, but I knew it was thanks she murmured. Mrs. Truth seated herself by the bedside and talked with the woman—speaking of those spiritual things, that are so consoling to the weary and sick at heart. A poor child entered, who I found was her sole nurse. Upon leaving, Mrs. Truth placed in her hands a round sum, to be laid out as the sick woman wished, promising to call again soon.

Several such calls were made, and when at length they turned their steps, homeward, the purse was empty, and no purchases made. Ah! I mistake, reader, purchases were made in heaven. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." I found that the family of Truth belonged to no particular society or creed; they lived, prudently, in order to have the

more to spare for charity. The children were well instructed and cared for, both physically and morally, and the household was ruled by Love, which, like a silken cord, draws smooth. I heard no prayers in that house, saw no sanctified faces, witnessed no envious feelings, heard of no great parties given, for the master of the house was a true and noble man, standing firm on principle—seeking no friendship for interest, believing that he who does his duty, serves both God and man, that prayer without good works is mere breath—and the offering most pleasing to God is to do unto others as you would be done by.

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.

Samuel Decatur, in reference to a Grandson in Prison.

An old man comes to plead for the erring; comes to sue for pardon at the hands of offended Justice. In yonder prison-house sits one in gloom, filling and thrilling his soul with thoughts of bitter Revenge. For such an one I come to plead. Long years ago I held him upon my knee, watched the changing scenes upon that fair young face, told him of God and of Heaven. Soon the Messenger of Death came, and I was called from him; soon poverty, like a fell destroyer, grappled at his soul, and Temptation hovered near, and he fell upon slippery banks to rise no more in estimation of his fellow men. But my spirit years over him, and I faint would gather him from sorrow, and place him within a sphere of happiness. I faint would wash out the guilty stain, and place a crown of peace upon his brow; I would lead his tottering steps from the path of sin, folly and death, and place him upon the rock of life and joy and truth.

But alas, alas, for me! I have no power. The stern laws of mortals have enshrouded him, and justice without pity, seems the sword which is ready to cut him from earth and send him to the life of the spirit. Full well I know that no remorse is found in his soul; full well I know that the icy conditions which surround him have frozen up the warm fountain of love and congealed its streams; full well I know he sits plotting revenge.

He was a child who sat upon my knee, and in answer to words of love he said, "Grandpa, I will be a good boy—you shall never have cause to weep over my sins." Oh, where is God that he does not hear and see? Full well I know he is a just God, but still I know he is a loving Father, and that His law is not like mortal law, but love rules in His heart, and by it every knee shall bow, every tongue confess.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to give you a short sketch of the life of one I hope to preserve. In early life, when he was not more than thirteen years of age, he was left without earthly protection; cast upon the rough sea of life, with scarce a paddle to guide him over its rough waters. He did comparatively well for a short time, but was soon thrown into evil company; yet his heart turned from them, and he said, I will do right. But in an evil hour he took from his employer a few pence to save himself from ignominy and shame, thinking to repay the same, and thereby cancel the wrong. But the same evil power which led him to take that which was not his own, prevented him from paying it; and the stern employer, instead of leading him from the path of error, forgetting his sins, spurred him from his door, and branded him with theft. Oh, God, was it Christ-like? When he found himself driven from decent society, thrown upon his resources, with no one to give him employment, because he was branded with theft, he sought to speak a kind word, he said, "By the name I am branded with will I make my way in this world. I will step my sin in sin, and if there be a hell, I will go to it at last." On, on he goes, leaping from one sin to another until we behold him located in one of our prison-houses. There, goaded by the same ill-treatment he had received at the hand of others, he was exasperated beyond control, and he sought to take the life of those who injured him. The fire of the tempter was kindled within his soul, until it called for blood, and the thirst was overwhelming. He sought to lay the oppressor low. Oh, God, how sad!

Soon we find him removed from one institution to another, and there still harder chains are laid upon him; still more bitter the taskmaster's words. Day after day, he plots revenge, night after night the fire burns brighter, and the most hellish of passions has enshrouded him in almost midnight darkness. And while this raging fire is burning, we find those who rule him, placing within his hands the very weapon his soul seeks for, giving him the very article he needs to gratify that evil design. And in an evil hour, still more evil than he had yet seen, he whets the blade, and strikes the blow, and cries out, "I meant to do it." No remorse, no, for he had long steeped his soul in revenge. And who taught him to do this? The very men who, placed upon a level with him, grind him to the dust—they taught him to sin, they kindle the fires of hell within his breast. But, say you, man is his own free agent. True, and yet those of earth whose gold and station has made superior to those in poverty, oftentimes place circumstances around them, and they cannot rise above them. Who, then, commits the first transgression? Who lays the foundation of evil? Oh, surely, not they who rule?

Oh, ye rulers! dig deep within the soil of your souls, and see if you find no buried sin there. Let love for the child of God, bound to the same Father's home, rule, and then you shall do well towards him. Hear ye the voice from the land of love, from the land where pity blossoms, and where pity reigns. Oh, time your souls to forgiveness, and an eternal weight of glory shall be yours hereafter.

Hear the supplication, answer the prayer of pity; by love; oh, answer it by justice also; for God has made you to love your fellow man—then shall the spirit of Samuel Decatur not have visited earth in vain.

In reference to this communication, it is proper to remark, that we have not been able to test it, the party to whom it is addressed being now in our jail awaiting sentence of death; and he is the only person of whom we could inquire as to its truth.

Nothing occurred at the time it was spoken or previous thereto, to call our attention to the parties interested. It is nothing taken from our mind, nor is there ought in it which could ever have been there, except the statements that he was violent in one institution, and committed murder in another.

We are in doubt in reference to the name of Samuel—as Mrs. Conant is unable to sit, we cannot ascertain whether we transcribed it correctly or not, and have no means of knowing whether that was the name of the prisoner's grandfather, though we place it so.

James Taylor.

You seem to be a pretty happy fellow. I reckon this world don't trouble you much. The best way is not to let it. I stayed upon earth about 17 years, and went away at just the time to learn; very fast here. Do you remember the day Webster was buried? Well, I was drowned that day. I died an easy death; never should wish to die an easier. Now I want to talk to my friends. In the first place I want them to know I am not dead. In the second place I want them to know I can communicate with them. And in the third place I want them to be willing to hear me. I have a sister who has medium powers, and if they will take the right measures I can communicate with them through her. I was very sorry to leave

without speaking to my friends, but I knew I was under water, and could not rise above it in any way. I did not know anything about death or the spirit world when I came here, but had to learn everything. I did not tell you where I was drowned, did I? Well, you see a few of us took a boat from Boston and went to Marshfield. There was no one very well acquainted with managing a boat; though you know fellows of our age think they know a great deal. Well, we upset, and I took the cramp and couldn't swim a peg. I think it was so to be, and I would not exchange places with the best of you. The only thing which troubles me is my folks on earth, and if they can realize that I am happy, and know where I am, I should be as happy as need be.

I lived at the west end of the city of Boston. How little any one knows of the time they have to leave this world! I have been trying to come here for the last two years, but could never succeed till now, so you must know I am very glad to get here. I was drowned at Marshfield in sight of the Webster mansion.

Well, I guess I have made a pretty good beginning this morning. I know nothing about your medium but I think I have done very well. My name was Taylor. I have folks living in Boston at the west end. I can sometimes go pretty near there. Hallo! well, that's all right I guess. Here's a fellow I used to know who says he has communicated with you. His name is Thomas McAllister. This is the first time I have seen him since I was on earth. I guess he and I will have a talk when I leave you. Thomas says his mother lives on Prince Street, about half way from Hanover in a large house—standing end to the street, with a gate leading to the yard. There, good day; I want to speak with Thomas.

Here is another fact, showing us that spirits do not possess the attribute of Deity, called by us Omniscience. We frequently find that a spirit while speaking through Mrs. Conant, will cast a look around, as if gazing upon other forms unseen by us, but to him seen as real as mortals to ourselves, and in that company recognize one he had known on earth, but of whose birth into the spirit life he is ignorant. Spirits are often censured by those who have not these facts, for not being familiar with everything in the spirit world and this. They meet friends as we meet them, they are governed by the same laws which to a less perfect extent rule us, and all events transpire in God's own time. They are not gods, but subject to Him; they are not Infinite, but ever Finite creatures, possessing in such degree the powers and virtues of the Infinite.

When people shall learn to commune with spirits in accordance with this fact; then will no evil arise from intimacy with the inhabitants of the spirit home. Now too often God is forgotten, and the spirit exalted above his powers; when it should be remembered that God is the Supreme, and that without His will, spirits may not move. They are more subject to His laws than are we, more under His control, if they are lovers of God. They read His will and love to do it. They know how far they may communicate through the use of His laws to us, and often we blame them for not giving us more, when they know they must not overstep the bounds He has assigned them as Finite Beings, having finite power.

We thought we had received his given name during the sittings, but in reading it to give to the printer we see we omitted it; but it is said to be James, which we have prefixed to the name given us.

James Chandler, formerly a Printer, of Boston.

The following communication is addressed to a friend, who, on reading it, had a full recollection of all the circumstances it alludes to. It shows to us that every kind act we may do, though it may be thought trivial at the time, and pass from our remembrance, is not forgotten by the recipient even though he pass into the world of spirits. It also illustrates one great feature in this spiritual movement, and that is, that the time is fast approaching when there can be no concealment of crime, but every man's character, and every event of his life, every thought even, will stand out fully exposed. We have been requested not to publish the name of our friend to whom it was sent.

What do people say when they come to you? I don't know what my object in coming was, except because I wanted to see. I wonder if you don't know me? My name is Jim Chandler. About seven years ago I came to you for work. I wanted to get a chance in your office. I was a printer, and wanted you to hire me, or help me where I could get work. You gave me a dollar and a half, some dinner, and a glass of brandy—that was a mistake, the brandy—but I did not know so then. You told me to "haze" round and see if I could not get work—if not to come back. Well, I did "haze" round, and I got tight in Eph Hayes's; then I went on Tremont street, into a gambling shop. I had never gambled before, but had good luck, and never came back to you, but continued in gambling, and finally came here. Now see if you cannot call these circumstances to mind.

Now, can you tell me how to be happy? I am not now, for I have found death, and am waiting hell, or judgment, and don't know which. Now I should have come to you in a different shape; but they said if I came to you I must come just as I was, and so I come with all my rags. I wish I had lived different—wrong would stick to me spite of all I could do. I was out of work—could not get it. I traveled after it till traveling was of no use. They said I don't want you, or wait—until I had got to steal or go without bread, and so I went to gambling. I was ashamed to come back to you; and as I won some money, I kept there. After a while I won quite a lot, and a certain party wanted it, and they dragged me to get it—but they dragged a little too hard, and death took me. Now I am not coming back to expose those people, though I will remember the look they gave when I took that wine. If they see this, and it strikes them, all I have to say is, do different, boys, for you will suffer for your sins.

The world is a hard place; too many men have too much money. I am glad I did not have as much to use as some do. Now, before I went to you, I called upon an old man who had plenty, and asked for a quarter to get bread. He said, "you ought to be ashamed to be begging—go to work, you are a smart, able man." Well, that man is here now, and I thank God that bad as I am, I am happier than he. I don't glory in his shame; oh, no, I help him as much as I can, but I can't help thinking it is right that he is as he is.

I believe the devil dwells in rich men's hearts, who do not do good with their money. Now I am no high spirit, you may know that by my talk; but I am true, and what I have given you must stand, because it is true. Much obliged to you for the dollar and a half; I have not forgotten it, and don't want any more of that stuff. Good day.

From the Daughter of General Spanzenburg.

Oh, how sweet a thing it is to be able to return and commune. A few years ago I walked the earth in a visible form. My spirit cannot be discerned by those who knew me on earth, but shall not my identity come to them like the memory of olden times?

I have children on earth, dear children. Some of those dear ones are unhappy. Many years ago, I was quietly sleeping beside my earthly companion. He, too, slept unconscious of danger, when suddenly we were aroused from our repose by a loud call—"Come," said the voice, "come, go visit the sick, we need you."

My companion arose, went forth, and returned no more to me. A few hours later his body was taken

from the water; aye, murdered! and thrown upon the surface of the water we, so often gazed upon. For what was he murdered? For gold! For that which man's evil nature is constantly grasping. Mystery seems to hang over this deed. None know the perpetrators to this day, save those who have cast off the mortal, and now see the inmost thoughts of mortal minds.

He who committed the black deed lives, and lives on earth; lives to enjoy the smiles of his fellow men. But is he happy? No; for although mortals smile upon him, the immortal ones are looking upon him with pity—and are looking, too, with a view to avenge the wrongs of those who are still left on earth.

My home was in Pennsylvania—there my people reside; my father still lives there, known by many in that section of the country; his name is General Spanzenburg. I am his child, I have much to give the children of earth, but as this is the first time I have communicated, you must pardon my manner. My name I must not tell you now; I am the daughter of General Spanzenburg of Pennsylvania; that is all I can give. You, mortal, cannot know my reasons for withholding what I do; neither can you fathom my reasons for coming as I do. Prove this true ere you give it to the world; then let the world have what I have given.

We have been unable to prove this, or to get the slightest intelligence leading to proof. We see no harm in publishing it, however, and calling upon our friends in the state alluded to, to endeavor to discover the truth of the statements made.

Mary Cochran.

It's a bad thing to be killed, with nobody near—no priest, no nothing. I was told to come to you and I'd be happier for it. I'm not happy, not happy, sir. Rum, rum, rum! that's the stuff that kills thousands. I know how to come this way, because I'm helped. I want to talk to the folks I left; I have only just come here, it seems to me.

He killed me, that's sure, but I don't want him punished—I should rather he wouldn't be. This happened in E—, where I lived. My name was Mary Cochran. I paid the meat folks, and I got a receipt, and it was in 1857. They kept close where I lived, a fat man and a boy; it was a little market. Oh, it's a small care anybody has for us; we get drunk because folks sell us rum; and we kill folks because we get drunk. Oh, curse the rum! I was a decent educated woman; and if it had not been for rum I should not been here. Poor —, I don't want him to get punished; it's the folks that sold him rum that should be punished.

I came here without a priest, and nobody can pray me out. I can't keep myself quiet when I think what I might have been, and what I am now, and all for rum. There's Father Matthew has spent his last breath and money and everything for the sake of these people, but they won't hear to him. These men that sells rum ought to be punished. Somebody here tells me I am doing harm here. Good day, sir.

This spirit returns with her Catholic notions strong within. She is in despair because the rites of her church, she thinks, were not solemnized for her. We publish it merely to show the variety of communications, and that "passing away" does not work so decided a change in the spirit as people suppose. We have withheld some names, as it seemed to us proper so to do.

Jano Henderson, Galveston, Texas.

I have come to finish my work. Oh, how shall I finish? How shall I approach my friends? I have been dead ever since the 21st of April, 1857. Oh, my children, my children! how can I approach them, how shall I make them happy? Is there no way for me to come to them? I was not ready to come here. No, not ready to come. I was sent here so quick, so cruelly! However hard mortals may try to conceal their sin, they have no covering so thick that angels cannot look through it. The time has come when spirits can come back and reveal the sins of men. I had no coffin, not even a winding sheet! Buried alive! and my children left to the mercy of one worse than the brute creation. Can I rest? No, the fire of hell or the joys of heaven are not sufficient to hold me—I must return. I do not come to cast reproach upon him; no, he will have his punishment without my coming to indict it. Ten years ago I was happy and free. My parents died when I was too young to remember them. I went to live with an old lady, no relative, but she loved me as if I were her own child. One day when I was about sixteen years of age, there came a man to the house, requesting to be directed to the next hotel. As I was young, foolish and a little romantic, to speak after the manner of the world, I fell in love with him, and he pretended to love me. He stayed in the place long enough to gain my affections, and I thought him true and good, and married him. One year after marriage my hell began. Nine long years I suffered in hell, and at the end thereof was sent all unprepared to the Eternal World. My two children, one eight years of age, the other four, are left without a mother's care, left to battle with this cold world without a kind word from mortal lips. I was permitted to come here that I might unbury my soul that I might perhaps throw a ray of light upon one who still walks the earth. I would have him know I live; yes, in spite of all he inflicted upon me, I live.

I often go to my children, and oh I find their young hearts all lacerated with grief, saying, Oh, mother, mother, why did God suffer this to be? Oh, if I could speak to that child!

I was not poor in this world's goods, for I always had a plenty. I had heard of Spiritualism before coming here, and when the last blow was struck that I have any knowledge of, I saw an angel. She spoke to me, and called me "my child." I knew it was my mother, not because I recognized her, but because the cords of my heart were bound to her.

Mortals may wonder at my unhappiness, but they must remember that though I was hurried from earth, I must suffer as well as the violator of nature's laws who sent me here. O, God, have mercy.

The name I gave you was my name before marriage. I was born in York State, was married there, and lived there two years after marriage, when I went away with him I once called companion. My children now live in fear; they do not dare to make known that which is like a fire within their souls.

Farewell, stranger; our Father permitting, I will return again. Pity the injured and the injurer, for they both need pity.

In this communication we have seen fit to erase some of the revelations made to us. They were, perhaps, too pointed, and were calculated to frustrate the designs of the spirit, in her return to communicate.

The true object of such messages, it seems to us, is, to prove to the erring ones that there is a life beyond the grave, and that those who have passed to that life, are cognizant of the actions of mortals, and can reveal them. This belief being established, the curtain with which Death has heretofore covered the misdeeds of mankind, is torn aside, and new and stronger checks are thrown in the way of the evil-hearted.

But it is not the mission of spirits, while human laws and their punishments are in direct opposition to God's laws, to go so far in their exposure of evil deeds, as to place the wrong-doer within the grasp of human laws. When laws shall be made providing proper punishments, all tending to reform the transgressor, it will be different.

Now, we have not been able to test this communication. It may not be true, though we think there is foundation for the statements, and we shall be happy to hear from any friend in that section of the country in reference to it.



