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AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter XIV.—Continued.

"Do not attempt to justify yourself, deceitful viper! Say not one word, ungrateful woman! or I crush you beneath my feet, as I crush this evidence of your guilty plotting. Hush, I say—or—Who is outside these?" cried Mr. Golding, advancing with the lamp of coconut oil, and putting aside the rustling curtain.

"Father!" exclaimed Eva, struggling with terror and diffidence; "dear father! what has happened? Something terrible has occurred; oh, Agnes—what is it?"

Seated upon a low stool, with disheveled hair and night dress partially removed, as by some violent hand, with eyelids swollen by bitter weeping, pale, and sobbing piteously, sat Agnes Golding; several open letters upon her lap; a gleaming angry mark upon her bare shoulder, as if inflicted by a cruel hand. With all traces of manly beauty removed from a countenance disturbed by passionate anger, Eva's father paced the room; the thick vein upon his forehead gleaming blue and adder-like; his face of a livid palor, his lips compressed when not giving utterance to bitter imprecations, his hands clenched with his blinded fury, and his eyes gleaming death-like glances of hatred upon the crouching form of the suffering wife. His silver-tipped cane, that gentlemanly ornament of his smooth, white hands, lay bent and broken upon the floor.

"Father! Agnes! for Heaven's sake tell me what has occurred!" repeated Eva, turning from one to the other in dismay and grief.

She trembled, in spite of her strong, young heart and earnest purpose; trembled as she beheld the infuriated father, whom she had never so beheld; the despairing, almost stony attitude of Agnes, with her disheveled hair, and hands clasped in mute, beseeching agony.

"Leave the room, Eva!" said her father, with a harsh voice, imperatively motioning her towards the door. But Eva looked at him imploringly, and lingered, casting pitying glances upon her step-mother.

"Agnes, tell me what has occurred? Tell me, Agnes!" pleaded Eva with moistened eyes.

At this appeal Agnes turned suddenly round; life and feeling returned to the rigid features, large tears again rolled down her pallid cheeks, and, like a soft, imploring wail, the mournful words found utterance. Gliding from her seat, she cast herself forward, and embraced Eva's knees, clinging to her garments, as to a protecting spirit's holy shelter.

"Eva, my child, my daughter! an angel has led you hither! You will not turn from me; you will not believe these horrid accusations—my child! my beloved Eva—for whom I would forego all the joys of earth! You will not cast me from you? Say you will not—my child, my angel! You will not even listen to these atrocious calumnies, invented by bitter hatred and malicious intrigue, to destroy the heart and peace of her who would die sooner than wrong thee; who would suffer all things to know thee happy. Oh, Eva! love me once more! forsake me not!"

Totally overcome by her step-mother's unaccountable and overwhelming grief—a grief that had banished her usual self-control and suffering restraint; as, poor Eva, clung to Eva's garments, and frantically embraced her, the bewildered girl, could not restrain her tears. Subdued by her poignant sorrow, touched to her soul's depths by the tenderness so unreservedly displayed, Eva's heart yielded, and bending over the prostrate woman, she tenderly raised the drooping head, and pressed a reverential kiss upon the pallid brow, gently and lovingly assisting her to rise. For one moment of blessed forgetfulness the martyr, Agnes, rested upon the love-awakened heart of her soul's daughter, when the loud and mocking laugh of Mr. Golding roused them both from their fleeting dream.

"You fool!" he cried, violently uncloaking Eva's hands that were sustaining the slender form of his wife. "You simple, weak-minded girl! this instant leave that woman's side, or dread my utmost displeasure! Too long have I denied admittance to the proofs of her designing falsehood; too long have we all been duped by artifice and studied goodness! Now, leave that woman! She is your direct enemy; the enemy of all beneath this roof!"

her bowed head drooping upon her breast, in all the abandonment of utter despair.

"Sit down, Eva, sit down," said her father, pointing to a capacious arm-chair, into which Eva fell back, like one bereft of will or power. "As you have come in at this time, you shall know the reason of my anger towards that serpent, whom in an evil hour, I favored with the name of wife! She strove to win you with her blandishments and caresses, to calumniate my dear, suffering old mother; to arouse the servants to mutiny, to lure me into blindness of her designs! But she is discovered. These letters, found in her possession, this one taken from the hands of black Pedro, whom she had bribed to her interests, this very day taken out of his hands as he was clandestinely conveying it to town. This woman, Eva!"

"Oh, stay, Maurice! for God's sake, stay your words; reflect before you cause your child to hate me, I am innocent, Maurice! Eva, I am innocent, I am innocent, wrongfully accused! What have I done, my God! my Father! how have I sinned, so to incur thy Divine displeasure? Oh, Eva, believe me! by all your pure, young faith, your loving, truthful soul, I appeal to you! Hear me! I am innocent, my child!" and Agnes seized Eva's hands and rained tears and kisses upon them.

"Leave my daughter, madam! Your cajoling is in vain. Actress! your part is played out. Eva, read this letter!"

It was Frank Wylie's letter to her father, the same in which his grateful epistle to Agnes had been enclosed. Eva read the letter, and returned it to her father, silently wondering what part the young clerk could have in the dark household drama.

"Read this now," said Mr. Golding, smoothing a crumpled paper, and placing it in her hand. "Say, do you recognize the writing?"

"It is in the same hand as the one I have just read. Frank Wylie's, is it not, father?" said Eva.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Golding, grinding his teeth. "But read, girl, read! and then approach that woman, if you can. Here is another letter, her last answer to her confederate, read that also, and learn to know your step-mother!"

Darker and darker drew the clouds around Eva, as she read, breathless and intent, the secret and mysterious correspondence between her step-mother and Frank Wylie. With sickening dread her heart admitted the clamorous phantoms—doubt and distrust, disenchantment and bitter, bitter disappointment. Long had she and Agnes been estranged; but a lingering tenderness, a guarded respect yet dwelt within her heart for the woman, by her grandmother and her betrothed disliked. A pitying regret accompanied her thoughts of Frank Wylie, since the day he bid her farewell upon the balcony. She cherished for him a sisterly yearning, a feeling of trust as if, were she abandoned by all on earth, she could flee to him for shelter. And he, too, was false, designing and treacherous! Eva leaned back in her chair, faint and dizzy, sick at heart, sorely wounded in spirit. The world's first bitter shaft had been hurled with unerring aim, its poison draught imbibed! Convictions of her step-mother's falsehood, overwhelming proofs of Frank Wylie's heartlessness, pressed upon her, overruling her own sacred impressions, stifling the still, small, defending voice.

The letters swam before Eva's eyes, accusing phantom forms obscured the sun of faith, blotting friendship and truthfulness out of existence; linking still closer the clinging, yearning soul to the illusive cheats that promised love and abiding truth. There were the exaggerated expressions of Frank Wylie's eternal gratitude for the help Agnes had given him in her unyielding dislike of the Riveros; his hopes for the ultimate success of their plots, which was to accuse Don Felix of every enormity, and through her husband's love to win upon him, as to cause the rupture of Eva's engagement, and bring about her union with the writer. Mrs. Greyson, and Mr. Golding, Eva, Donna Isabella and her brother, all were spoken of in the most flippant, heartless style. It was a concerted plan, in which Agnes and herself were to be sharers in the benefits derived therefrom. But what fell most heavily upon Eva's heart, was Agnes's latest reply, which, couched in her usual graceful style, completely disclosed the lingering belief in her strict moral principles; her womanly integrity. Acknowledging his kindly and consoling letters, Agnes, after much disrespectful

mention of the family and their associates, proceeds to say:

"You will not think it strange, that to relieve my heart of its painful aching, I should have recourse to a speculation so hazardous as ours. But I long for the possession of wealth; not the wealth I now possess, which his mother and daughter share, and of which they are the real, only the nominal mistress. I was born to command, and I cannot live beneath another's rule, no matter how loving the sway. Too long have I feigned a gentleness and submission foreign to my nature. If we can put aside these Riveros, with the fortune that you will inherit from your aunt, you will be no mean aspirant for Eva's hand. You will oblige my husband to settle a handsome sum upon her, and prove yourself my true champion in persuading him (and I shall do my share of coaxing) of settling the remainder on me, and above all of taking me to Europe. I am so weary of this tropical life, and of the exclusive monotony of my existence, whose beauties I take so much care to extol, in my husband's and Eva's hearing, that could I but gain command of a few thousands, I would gladly return to my native country, and leave *Castilla del mar*, and its denizens without one regretful sigh. I may tell you, as you frankly tell me all, that it was not affection that led me to marry a man of Mr. Golding's age. There is but one whom I can love, and I may never again behold him, he was the benefactor of my girlhood; would that I could see him once more! But wishes are vain, and I must submit to the fate I have chosen until time or death relieve me of its burden."

"I do not yet despair, although matters have progressed thus far, despite of all I could do. I shall endeavor to get up some horrid accusation against Don Felix, that shall startle even Eva. I know her weak points, sensitiveness and pride. Be careful to direct your letters as usual! Pedro goes for them, I can trust him. You know what a quarrel would ensue if Mr. Golding found out the correspondence. I have not yet recovered from the shock he gave me on the reception of your first letter, two months ago, the details of which I will write soon, and rest assured that I will do all I can to bring matters to a speedy close."

Your friend, AGNES.

Eva spoke not a word, nor heaved a sigh, as she finished the letter. A dull weight pressed upon her heart and brain, the objects in the room seemed floating in a dense mist, that oppressed her breath, and drove the tear-drops congealing to her heart. Outside, the sudden storm was spending its fury; the thunder reverberating in the near and distant mountains; the fitful lightning illumining the sombre chamber, and the strange group within, the accusing husband, the martyr wife, and the judging girl, whose beautiful faith in human nature has thus cruelly been shaken to her very soul's foundation. Doubting, wavering she may have been of her step-mother's truth; but now, the written proofs stood boldly accusing before her, crushing the bowed and trembling figure, crouching on the matted floor.

"Well, Eva, what say you now?" interrogated Mr. Golding, with a burst of savage and ironical laughter. "Have you done with your pattern step-mother? To think that I almost quarreled with my dear old mother on her account! 'Are you satisfied, Eva? I want your opinion of all this; and your sacred promise never again to treat that woman with confidence. Thank Heaven! you will soon be married, and then I, too, shall make some changes in my household. Do not mention this to Don Felix, for the honor of my name, Eva. To-morrow I shall consult with mother. Leave Mrs. Golding to her tastes, to her reading, and to her correspondence."

Agnes raised her head; several times she passed her hand across her brow, as if to collect her scattered thoughts; then slowly she rose to her feet, and approached Eva. Her head no longer drooping, but proudly erect; her dimmed eyes earnestly searching her daughter's face, and a painful flush lighting up her countenance, she stood before Eva's chair, like one awaiting judgment. Not once did her eyes seek her husband, but searchingly, unfalteringly, they sought her daughter's glance. Eva felt the soul-degling spell of those soft brown eyes, and she dared not lift her own. Agnes gently touched the young girl's shoulder; involuntarily she shrank from the awakening touch. A deep, dry sob broke from the overladen heart of Agnes; she pressed both hands upon her side as if to still its agony, but her voice was unnaturally firm, and distinct, as she said: "Your father requests your opinion, Eva. Do you think me guilty? Do you judge me as they do?"

"I cannot—I—this is most painful," faltered Eva, coloring with a variety of emotions; "how can I gainsay the proofs?" and she pointed to the letters, which had fallen from her hand to the floor.

"As God is my witness! As I hope for peace on earth and happiness hereafter, I have never written that letter; Frank Wylie has never written those letters to me! How they were found in my possession, I know not. Eva, look at me! and see whether you can read falsehood in my face. It is a base and monstrous calumny to deprive me of my husband's love, of my daughter's affection! They lack the courage to kill me by knife or poison, but they would murder my peace, and smother the remainder of my life! They would draw the lifeblood of affection from my soul! But God is great, and will give me strength to bear; it cannot be for long—but I! oh, retribution will await them! Not that I invoke it, but because it is God's unfailing law; bitterly will they be punished—evil, dark, and gloomy will be their lot! So grossly to accuse the

innocent, so to return evil for good! I know, I feel it, my wrongs shall be avenged, my innocence triumphantly proclaimed!" A rich, crimson glow irradiated the care-worn features, soul-light enkindled the tear-dimmed eyes; her form drew itself up proudly and defiantly; her voice bore a solemn impressiveness, and her outstretched hand pointed to heaven; her glance rested there, as if invoking refuge and redress.

"We don't want any of your prophesies or heroics. Suffice it, that you are unmasked! Eva, retire to your room," said Mr. Golding with scornfully curled lip, and still ashen face.

"One moment, Eva! Your judgment; am I guilty in your eyes? Speak, my child! whatever you do, I shall always love you. You are misled, beloved! Sadly, oh, sadly deluded! God keep you from as fearful an awakening as I have had. Your judgment, Eva?"

Eva was painfully embarrassed. There, before her, lay the undeniable proofs of guilt; but that earnest face, those searching, truthful eyes! The lingering tenderness long dormant, never totally extinct, once more stirred in Eva's bosom. Tears of heart-mourning, such tears as bereavement sheds over the burial of a cherished hope, or a bright ideal, burst from her eyes. With a hasty movement she put back her step-mother's hand that was outstretched towards her, and saying in a voice rendered almost inaudible by tears: "I believe you guilty, but I pity and forgive you!" rushed from the room, unheeding the pleading accents, that penetrating to her soul's depths, recalled her, crying, "Eva, come back once more! One word more, dear Eva!"

The young girl's pillow was wet with tears that night; and a total prostration of strength, a gloomy depression of mind, compelled her to keep her bed next day. For the first time, she excluded even her grandmother, and spent the weary hours in retrospection of the preceding night of storm and sorrow.

When the sound of Eva's flying footsteps died away, Agnes turned to her husband, who stood before her with folded arms and gloomy brow. The resolute light yet enkindled in her eyes, the glow of heart-resolve upon her cheek, self-justice prompting her speech, conscious innocence nestling close to her wounded heart, she spoke:

"I have suffered much, Maurice, more than tongue can tell! Even at your hands have I been cruelly maltreated by you, who vowed to be my protector and guide through life. You best know, whether these accusations against me have their foundation in truth, or in malignant hatred. You would not listen to my defence. You overwhelmed me with reproaches, mistaking my indignant surprise as an evidence of my guilt. You have dared to lift your hand against me, the true wife of your bosom! Before this—oh, that I should be brought to confess it! I have found you deficient in that lofty truthfulness, in that benevolence of soul, I revered you for. There are doubts and fears within my soul, there are wounds upon my spirit, stinging far more deeply than the unmanly blow your cruel hand inflicted! God grant me speedy realization of the worst, or my reason will forsake me! Maurice, you have been cruel and unjust—oh, confess it before the All-seeing eye! But you have been led astray by false advisers, misled by anger, driven to this by untoward circumstances. Say so, Maurice! and I can forgive your tyranny. Promise me to investigate this matter, and see my bitter enemies unmasked; promise me a return to the tranquillity, if not to the love and happiness of the past. But hear me, Maurice, a few words more, and I have done. I have loved you as woman loves the ideal of her soul! Prove to me that I have worshipped the seeming for the reality; reveal yourself unfeeling and mercenary, calculating and selfish, and Agnes Selten loves no more! There are doubts and fears upon my spirit; you are hurrying your inexperienced child into a life of sorrow; you have dropped hints that have torn my heart, with apprehension. Oh, my God, release me from the darkness of despair! I loved you not for your attractions of wealth or person; it was your pure and lofty, and benevolent spirit, that won my heart! I loved your noble, manly, heroic soul! Divest that of its regal attributes, and I would scorn myself as the vilest slave to enshrine so unhalloved a love! It could, for you, survive all earthly changes, but never outlive ill-usage or dishonor. In this, mine hour of bitterest anguish, I declare against the staining falsehood that binds woman's love-worshipping soul unto a base, an unworthy object. Never! never! for the glory of womanhood be it told that her heart may break, with its broken earthly idol, but love survives not where esteem and truth have flown!"

How beautiful was that heroic woman, with her illumined glance and inspired utterance! The invisible hosts of Heaven surrounded the battling soul, strengthening the woman's weakness with the spirit's holy power. Earthly sorrow leading to spiritual elevation; this world's disenchantments to the realities of the life beyond the stars!

"Have you done declaiming, madam? I shall henceforth keep a strict watch upon your actions. You are a consummate actress, and 'tis a great pity you don't become Queen of the Amazons, or leader of some female society. Let me find you out a second time, and you will not escape so easily. Not a word of what has passed here to-night! or, you rue it! Mind that you appear calm, and with your usual manner to-morrow; you have called me a tyrant—I can become base. Do you hear me?" and he rudely grasped her arm.

"I hear you, and shall endeavor to appear calm and collected for my own sake; and to give no ad-

ditional triumph to my enemies. Release my arm, Maurice," said Agnes, gazing steadfastly into his face.

Bitter, cruel thoughts glanced across his mis-directed mind, as he gazed upon the eyes so fearlessly upraised; he would fain have beheld them quailing beneath his. The spirit of Emilia Dalton seemed reflected from their soft brown depths; the same courageous, world-defying spirit, seemed to nerve to opposition the fragile form of his second wife.

"Obey me—or you shall suffer!" he hissed in her ear.

"Release my arm," she replied, as before. "Lift your hand but once again upon me, and I rush out into the night and storm. On your head be the consequences!"

With a deep curse, he released her arm, and strode moodily from the room.

Mrs. Greyson, dreaming of castles and wide plantations, had been startled in her bed by the thrilling scream that reverberated through the house. Well she guessed the cause, and recognized the voice, but she did not leave her room, and it was long ere her troubled conscience admitted the sacred repose.

In her solitary chamber, Miss Gilman lay awake, startled by that piercing scream, and trembling in every limb. Superstitious terror bathed her brow in sweat; she saw ghostly forms, grinning maliciously, with extended skeleton fingers, pointing at her from the wailing trees outside. The dread crash of the thunder sounded to her excited fancy like threatening and avenging voices. She covered herself from the lightning's glare, that lighting up her room with terrible distinctness, lingered long upon a picture at the foot of her bed, from which Miss Gilman veiled her eyes in terror. It was an old and valuable painting, representing a woman, with bandaged eyes, awaiting the executioner's blow. The upraised avenging arm and the gleaming sword, the bowed figure of the condemned, struck a vivid horror to Celestina's guilty soul.

Beautiful as thou art, lovely faith in the spiritual and ever present witnesses of earthly deed; beautiful and consoling as thou art; with thy celestial visitants, and glorified familiar faces, to the pure and nobly aspiring; so art thou stern, and dark, and terrible; an avenging presence to the guilty plotter, the mercenary schemer planning a fellow creature's downfall!

Celestina prayed in fear, not with her heart, but with her lips only; her bewildered mind strangely fumbling together the prayers of various creeds; curiously intermixing the Catholic *Credo* and *salve regina*, with the spiritual songs of Methodism; the Episcopalian litany with the Lord's prayer in broken Spanish. She slept at length, and dreamed of golden piles, won by intrigue and calumny; and of awaiting punishment beside the headsman's block.

When Nelly came into her mistress' room in the morning, (Mr. Golding having left the castle without partaking of coffee,) she found her lying senseless upon the matted floor; a deep, crimson gash upon her shoulder. It was long before she gave signs of returning consciousness; but with intuitive perception of the case, the true-hearted little woman, forbore seeking the aid of her fellow-servants, but applied restoratives gently and patiently.

When Agnes returned to life and suffering, she found herself reclining upon the faithful bosom of this humble friend; and when the kind creature treated the "swate, purty young mistress, to tell her the matter," Agnes threw her arms around her only remaining friend, and wept upon her breast, and told her all!

Nelly's indignation was boundless; she vowed she would yet find them out—"by Saint Bridget, she would! the bastards and haythens, as they wur!" and amid tears and blessings, she vowed eternal fidelity to the "poor sufferin' darlin'." Little Loby, Agnes' pet dog, hearing her voice ran in, and frolicked around his sad mistress with winning playfulness. In how many hours of solitude and sorrow, forsaken, misunderstood by all, did Agnes' overburdened heart relieve itself upon Nelly's faithful breast; did she caress her dog, humbly grateful for the few remaining links in the severed chain.

Agnes did not leave her room for many days; and when she appeared among the family, Eva turned away with a pang at her heart, and with moistened eyes, so pale and sad, and yet so loftily resigned her step-mother seemed. Outwardly, her manner was towards all unchanged, somewhat subdued, and her eyes often sought the ground, pondering deeply. But when her husband took her hand or joked with her in the presence of others, she shuddered and turned pale, as with some fearful remembrance. She carefully avoided the Riveros, and when they remained to dinner, she spoke little, and soon retired to her own room. On Celestina Gilman she often fixed a penetrating glance, which caused that lady to wince and fidget in an unaccountable manner, often compelled her retreat to another room.

CHAPTER XV.

"Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board, To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured. Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale, Their breath floats out on the southern gale. And the touch of the sunbeam bath waked the rose, To deck the hall where the bright wine flows."

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer, They are nature's offerings, their place is there! They speak of hope to the fainting heart, With a voice of promise they come and part."

Christmas in the Tropics! what a contrast to our snow-covered streets and country; the joy-heated blasts and gloomy skies heralding its advent in our

Northern clime. There the skies beam blue serene as in midsummer; the tall grass waves, and the thousand flowers bloom as luxuriously, the fruit-laden trees bending earthward their crimson and golden treasures, as if the life-breath of summer were calling forth the varied beauties of nature's bounteous store. Beautiful and sun-blessed region! how like unto the heart's sweet pictures of the Better Land, are thy starry nights! laden with fragrant messages; thy near-seeming golden moon, thy silver gleaming beach, thy music-uttering ocean, thy garden-like coast, and towering green-clad mountains; with the holy stillness of the prayerful night, brooding dove-like, harmoniously soothing, above the Eden picture of beauty and repose!

But the sound of human voices, the merry ringing laughter of untroubled hearts, the sounds of music, the joyous refrain of song, will this night chase the brooding stillness. It is Christmas Eve, appropriately named by the children of the soil: *La noche buena*, (the good night.) No one thinks of sleep that night, forever consecrated to time hallowed devotions, and social intercourse. The full moon beams amid a cloudless sky; the golden star-worlds shed their love-rays o'er the worshippers; the blue wave kisses the pebbly shore with a music greeting, and the soft voices of the night air, whisper of far-off lands and brighter seas, unto the tropical forest; mayhap, unto some listening human heart.

All is life and bustle in La Toma, and in the adjoining villas and plantations. At the Riveros' the large hall has been profusely decorated with garlands of flowers, with festoons of mingled evergreens and roses. The table is spread with an abundance of plate and crystal, pyramids of fruit and confectionery towering amid the choice bouquets disposed around.

In every dwelling, whether of rich Hidalgo or poorest laborer, is the hospitable board displayed laden with abundant food and flowery ornament. The Creole maidens deck their jetty tresses with the emblematic and fragrant lily, or place there the starry jessamine; the blushing rose, the sweet orange flower with its glistening emerald-hued leaves. The household altar, which is to be found in every Catholic dwelling, is on this night decked with the choicest of Flora's offerings; a newly filled lamp of coconut oil burns before the smiling image of the Virgin Mother; and pictures of patron Saint or Guardian Angel are wreathed around with living flowers. The wide open hospitable doors, smile a flowery welcome on friend or mere acquaintance, dweller of the soil, or stranger; the inviting board is spread for all, and all are cordially welcomed with hand and heart.

The Churches, from portal to altar, have donned a holiday garment of flowers; the balconies bloom, miniature gardens; the lemon and orange trees there planted nodding invitingly; and towering above the clambering roses, the interlacing jessamine and honeysuckle, that blossom there of wilderness of sweets. Amid their gorgeous hues sisters proudly contrasting their showy raiment, the crimson roses and scarlet lilies, the napless, proud-robed wild flowers, bend in majestic loveliness, until the atmosphere is redolent of fragrance, that is borne out to sea upon the awaiting breeze's pinions.

The sound of harp and guitar, the awakened melody of piano and flute, rises upon the cool evening air, to the sweet accompaniment of youthful voices, than the music "heavenly still." With earnest, poetic devotion, the native maiden sings the Christmas hymns, that hail the advent of the lowly born child of Bethlehem. The young men parade the streets singing gaily; (not always keeping to the Christmas carols, but mingling with devotion's hymns, snatches of serenade and loving ditty.) All await the midnight hour, when Mass is said and the Child-Saviour's birth announced. Then commences a round of visiting, from house to house, that lasts until the morning's glories illumine the mountain's side, and unroll night's curtains from the ever-wakeful sea. Who would think of sleeping on *Noche buena*?

Departing from her usual exclusiveness of custom, Mrs. Greyson had ordered the dining hall to be decorated with flowers, and the table set out with every delicacy. She is now sole and absolute mistress of *Castiglio del mar*, for Agnes has resigned even her show of authority; and now wanders amid the bustling Christmas preparations, a sitting shadow, pale and silent.

Festoons of interwoven evergreen, myrtle, jessamine and red and white roses, decorate the walls and windows, forming a flowery curtain to the entrance door of the spacious hall. On the centre of the table appears a large curiously wrought basket, formed of various spices, whose pungent odors mingle with the fragrant breathings of the there assembled flowers. Colored lamps are disposed around the pure, white walls, connected by flowery chains; Mrs. Greyson is busily engaged in lighting the aforesaid lamps of coco-nut oil, and is giving half a dozen orders upon breath, to the bustling, half-bewildered servants.

Agnes is resting spell-bound beside an alabaster vase that contains amid a profusion of choicest gifts, several sprigs of a small blue flower, that is almost hidden by the encircling leaves and smothering roses. That small blue flower has invoked a tender home reminiscence, has brought a glimpse of the happy past, fraught with a soothing, though a melancholy charm, to the bleeding heart of Agnes. That tiny flower, resembles her own land's Forget-me-not, that clusters so timidly beautiful at the water's edge on the banks of the distant Rhine—like unobtrusive merit seeking shelter from the proud world's stare. Before her tear-dimmed eyes the tropical surroundings disappear, and in their place uprises the humble, love-lit dwelling of her girlhood, with its vine-covered walls and unassuming garden; loving hands are outstretched towards her; motherly accents greet her tenderly; tears speak eloquently in the old man's eyes. "Forget-me-not!" Oh for the light-heartedness of that blissful time, for the humble life of yore, in exchange for her gilded misery, and bitter fate! With quickly falling tears, and trembling hands, Agnes takes the sweet remembrances from the alabaster vase, and finding herself unobserved by the busy Mrs. Greyson, and the attendant servants, retires to her own chamber to weep afresh over these flowery friends of her heart-solitude; to invoke soothing memories from their celestial depths.

Yielding to the solicitations of her grandmother, and Donna Isabella, who had spent the afternoon at the Castle, Eva arrayed herself in costly gown, in honor of the Christmas night. A robe of sky-blue watered silk, fitted closely to her slender figure; a belt of white gauze ribbon, dotted with silver stars encircled her waist, and was fastened by a pearl buckle studded with sapphires. Ornaments of pearl, jeweled from her ears, a necklace of the same sweet, tear-drops closed around her shapely throat; her white shoulders were uncovered, and on her rounded

arms gleamed rich bracelets, thickly inlaid with pearls and sapphires. Her dark brown hair, arranged in a thick coil at the back of her head, was kept in its place by a golden arrow tipped with pearl; slightly waved upon her brow, a golden circlet bound her forehead; from whose centre gleamed a single diamond, twinkling there, like Evening's star upon the cloudless expanse of dreamy night. Beautiful vision of youthful loveliness! her grandmother clasped her in her arms for very pride and joy, and called her "her little Queen, her gold-pet, and sky-blue-fairy!" In a distant land, a true heart throbs with a powerful memory, that by the evening's stillness, as by the day-dream's influence, is lovingly invoked. He beholds her, not in the costly adornments of wealth, clouds of silk and lace enveloping the cherished form, gems gleaming on the candid brow; but in robe of simplest white, with a solitary crimson flower nestling amid the dark brown hair. So Frank Wylie, the absent and the true, beholds the dream-angel of his worshipping soul.

Eva is leaning from the balcony that overlooks the winding road, and the well-trained garden. She is awaiting the coming of her betrothed who is to take her to the nearest church to view the Christmas Mass at midnight. The *Ermita del Carmen* dedicated to the Virgin Mother, is visible from *Castiglio del mar*; it is built on a knotty eminence, beautifully shaded by almond trees; and many a sorrowing heart and love seeking soul there wende its pilgrimage, confessing at the Virgin's shrine its earthly aspirations, pleading for her motherly intercession. Hitherto Mr. Golding's exclusive pride, and her grandmother's bigotry (which only yielded to the flattery spells of Don Felix and his sister), had withheld Eva from associating to any extent with the generous and hospitable Venezuelans; and never yet had the young girl joined in their Christmas festivities or attended the Catholic Church; the old lady cherishing a supreme horror of "such heathenish idol worship!" But as Don Felix declared himself half a believer in the tenets of Protestantism, and never conversed with Eva on doctrinal subjects, the old lady felt no compunctions in allowing her grand-daughter to go to the midnight Mass.

But few visitors came to *Castiglio del mar*; it was too far from town, and its owner's reputation for European exclusiveness, caused the truly amiable families in the neighborhood to shun the proud Don Mauricio, who they thought looked down upon their customs and deeper tinted skins with so much aristocratic contempt. Therefore Eva had no associates of her own age; and when Agnes, shortly after her arrival at the Castle, hearing of the prevalent custom of a stranger's announcing his or her arrival, by sending cards or a friendly invitation to the neighborhood, expressed her own willingness to follow the country's custom, Mr. Golding, with much show of argument and more of affection, proved to his wife that such a procedure was not to be thought of; as the native families surrounding them were unworthy of her intercourse, being superstitious, bigoted, and far below his standard of moral worth. So Agnes sent no invitations to the neighborhood, but received cordially all who called upon her. But Mr. Golding made one exception to his exclusive rule, in favor of Don Ramon Gonzalez, who, on account of his great wealth, and high standing in the community, was a favorite with the proud owner of *Castiglio del mar*. Don Ramon had lived some years in England, was an enthusiastic admirer of that country, and its institutions; moreover speaking tolerable English, all passports to Mr. Golding's favor, which rendered him a welcome visitor.

The calm, somewhat haughty manner of Don Ramon was contrasted by the never failing vivacity, the impulsive manner, and unstudied grace of his beautiful young wife, Manuela. Between the two, there was a more than ordinary attachment; no storms darkened the household atmosphere. Manuela's life was bound up in her husband and children, her idolized Raymon, her youngest cherub Angela. For Agnes, the impulsive and clear-sighted Creole had formed a lively friendship; and though her exuberant gaiety, her wild, careless, romping manner, but ill accorded with Agnes' reflective spirit; she could not help returning a lively sympathy for the interest so gracefully displayed; the unasked-for friendship so warmly bestowed. As the shadows deepened around the brow and heart of Agnes, the quick eye of Manuela Gonzalez, detected the lowering presence, and with intuitive feeling, guessed the cause. She could not visit her friend as often as her loving heart desired, for her plantation was some miles distant, at the entrance of the village of Mariposa; but on Christmas Eve she came to spend an hour with Agnes before proceeding to Church.

With her usual impetuosity Manuela waited not to be announced, but leaving her children with their attendants she proceeded to Agnes' room; raising herself on tiptoe, she softly put aside the rustling curtain and looked in upon her friend.

Agnes was kneeling beside a small table, on which stood a vase with flowers, a few sprigs of a small blue wild flower nestling amid its gayer companions. Her dark eyes were upraised and swimming in tears, her hands were clasped in fervent entreaty, broken words of heart-wrung prayer issuing from her quivering lips.

Manuela paused in reverence upon the threshold, her whole soul joined in the prayer of her friend's sorrow, and sympathetic tear-drops glistened in her large, unclouded eyes. Never had Manuela known a poignant grief, never had she felt bereavement or despair, disappointment or the denial of hope. A cherished and only daughter, love and fortune had smiled upon her path, yet was she unspooled by prosperity. Extravagant and careless in her expenditures, she was generous and benevolent; impulsive and unreflecting, she never intentionally wounded another's feelings. She was a friend to the needy, an eloquent defender of the wronged and the oppressed.

As Agnes rose to her feet, Manuela smilingly approached her; her voice, gaily melodious as a free warbler's utterance, forming a strange contrast to her saddened eye.

"Why, querida, (beloved) praying already? I thought you heretics never bent the knee; and to what saint was thy lily-flower bending? Was she adoring the fragrant gifts of our country? You grateful soul!"

"No, my dear friend," replied Agnes, smiling sweetly, "I was not at this hour thinking of my present surroundings, but of those who are, grateful as I am for their collected favors. I was praying, Manuela, to Him who sent the flowers; not alone to gladden the love-lit happy hearts; but who sent them, angel messengers unto despairing souls, to bid them hope for home and happiness where they bloom eternally!" and Agnes, pointed to the starry sky.

"Dear, dear Agnes!" responded the pitying Manuela, throwing her arms around her friend. "Will you not tell me all that troubles you? You are so pale, my jessamine! so changed and quiet, it breaks Manuela's heart to see you so, pretty angel! Such as you ought never to suffer. I will never betray your confidence, I swear it by the blessed Virgin! Tell Manuela all—do, love! ease your poor, suffering heart, my bird! Has earth lost all its attractions, that those beautiful eyes (Manuela kissed their lids) should turn so to heaven? Come, dearest, tell your best friend!"

Agnes gently shook her head, and motioned Manuela to a seat, taking one beside her. She answered with a tear-filled voice—"Manuela, I know you are a true friend, one of the few sincere ones amid the worldly host! But even to you, grateful as I am for your sympathy, I cannot confide all I suffer. I could not find words wherewith to frame my tale, and I would not cast a shadow over your happy, love-lit existence! Urge me not, Manuela! I implore you! I cannot—oh, I cannot—accuse those I have loved, who once loved me!"

"You are too good for them! you saint—you poor, suffering martyr!" cried Manuela indignantly, her cheek flushing crimson, her black eyes darting electric flashes, her rich voice trembling with the indignant feelings that stirred her heart. "That old Donna Anna Greyson," she continued, vehemently, "Jesus Maria! she would scare me out of my five senses, were I to live with her one week. Such eyes! Holy Virgin, defend me! they are as cold as the snows and icicles you tell about, Agnes. Forgive me, my love! but I must speak my sentiments, even if I speak disrespectfully of your people. The old thing!"

"Dear Manuela!" gently interrupted Agnes, do not distress yourself about me. My mother-in-law is unjust and cruel; you know it—you have seen it; but what avails it? I must suffer patiently until time, the great avenger and discoverer, shall proclaim my innocence, and reinstate me in my lawful place. If that time come not, there is a friendly angel who will lead my weary spirit to a land of rest, where I shall reap the reward of my earth-borne sufferings!"

"Agnes!" exclaimed Manuela, bursting into tears, and drawing the suffering woman to her bosom, "you distress my soul! Am I then nothing at all to you? Is my friendship so utterly worthless, that you deny me even the sad pleasure of consoling you? Oh, *Amiga!* why talk of death—I know you mean that by the 'friendly angel'—when I would do all things to make you happy! Tell me, Agnes, what can I do for you? what can we do for you? You know how fondly my Ramon loves me, and that my friends are his. Agnes, dearest, tell me; shall I kneel to you? tell me—tell me, Agnes!"

With a grateful look to heaven, Agnes turned and kissed the inclined brow of her friend, and said—

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, dear Manuela, and forgive my selfish speech; sorrow makes us wayward and forgetful. Let me not distress you; see, how I strive for calmness and composure. Let us leave the future to God! I trust in His parental mercy. But this I promise! should something that I dread again occur, should it be repeated—nay, look not so inquiringly in my face, dear friend—I cannot tell you now! Should I need help and counsel, I will seek them at your hands, at those of your kind husband's. Until then, let us patiently hope."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks! I am satisfied; you will treat us with confidence; let us say no more. Ave Maria! this is Christmas, let us forget this night all trouble and care. Come, darling! let me braid your beautiful hair *a la Creole!* You don't look like a European. Your eyes, and hair, and figure are all belonging to this, our land of the sun; only your lovely fair skin tells your northern origin. Do you wish to see the children, Agnes?"

"Oh, certainly! bring them in, Manuela. I will go for them."

"Don't stir," said Manuela, gently pushing Agnes back into her seat. "I am younger than you are," she continued, smiling archly; "I'll go for the children, and then I'll help you to dress. You must put on something more costly, and a few ornaments, in honor of Christmas, though you do look beautiful in everything. But I'm dressed off, and so must you be," and glancing at her costly light green satin, with its black lace trimmings, and fingering aside her lace mantilla, with a burst of song she bounded from the room; soon returning with her children, and followed by Nelly, who carried a large bouquet of choicest flowers in her hand.

Agnes kissed the four year old Ramon, who shyly returned the caress, and took the little Angela upon her lap, who turned upon her her large, bright eyes with a questioning glance.

"I come up with the child, mistress honey," said Nelly, apologetically, "an' here is a nosegay I gathered meeself, while the blackamoors were a fixin' the gran' table, bedad! But there'll be fixers the night! Shouldn't think there wur a lemon nor a norange laid on the tress. Is you goin' out, mistress dear?"

"I am not, Nelly," said Agnes, taking the fragrant offering from Nelly's hand, and placing it in a vase that stood uncoupled on the toilet-stand. "I suppose Mrs. Greyson and Eva are going out?"

"No, faith, Miss Agnes dear, they isn't. I mander the ould 'un isn't, (Nelly always spoke of her old mistress as the "ould 'un" of late, despite of Agnes' remonstrances of the disrespectful term.) She's a dressin' up to the party 'evens; silks an' thirlockeries of lace as I never seed on her afore. Musha! but me thinks sometimes, its a settin' her cap for sumthin', the ould 'un is, shure. She expects the Donna what-dy-e-call her, the Don Felix's sister to ate the Christmas supper here at twelve o'clock. An' Miss Eva's goin' wid the young man to church. Shure an' she looks as beautiful as an angel, barrin' the wings, in coorse. Misthress, shall I bring up any stables or drinkables for the Sonora and the childer?"

"Do, Nelly, please, make a little lemonade, and bring up some cake for the children."

"Musha, an' its mossel as'll be afther bringin' it up right straight away, honey!" and off bustled the honest little woman; but in the entry she met Alita, moving along with her characteristic slowness, bearing a message from the "ould 'un," requesting Nelly's assistance to attire her for the evening's entertainment.

Nelly muttered something that sounded like "Bad luck to you!" then she petulantly questioned Alita.

"What is it the ould 'un wants wid me?"

"Quiero coiffe," replied the swarthy messenger, going through a pantomimic process of combing hair, and dressing it; then she said, "An' why don't the ould 'un help her to dress, she's an' lasin' an' slavin' half of

her time here? She mint a bit better nor I is, is she? Say, Alita, where is Miss Gilman?"

"Dormiendo," replied Alita, closing her eyes, and putting her hand on one side of her head.

"The slapy divil!" cried the indignant Nelly, "slapin' whin the stars an' the moon is out in the heavens! The Lord give me patience, an' that other thing, what the young misthress call porty-tudo. I aint forty yit, but I'll be, afore me time, if the ould 'un kapes on a fashin' me wid her rattle-thraps. Harry, Alita, honey, make some lemonade; dy'e onnerstand me? I'll take it up—comprende, eh?"

"Yass," replied Alita, with a broad grin, hastening to obey Nelly's bidding.

The dapper little Irishwoman entered the "ould 'un's" room with a hasty step, and somewhat impatient manner, and stood silently awaiting the old lady's commands.

"Get out my green silk with the purple stripes; I mean to take this dark thing off; and get out my new white lace cap, and look in my ribbon box for a roll of purple ribbon, and take my white lace cape and make a neat bow, and pin it on. 'Tis Christmas, and I won't be dressed up so dark; besides, a white cape becomes me best, so Donna Isabella says. I want to put on silk stockings, too, and Nelly, get out my green brocade slippers. Now hurry, Nelly, move quick! I want to see Eva off."

Nelly bit her lips with vexation, and proceeded silently to obey her mistress's commands.

"What makes you so tongue-tied, eh? Are you sick, or lazy, or in a bad temper; what all you?" queried the old dame.

"Shure, an' its nether sick nor lazy I is, bedad! It isn't me as is a slavin' whin the stars an' moon is a shinin' in the sky. Mebbe its a little put out I is, but that's nothin'!"

"What do you mean, woman! You are as incomprehensible as some people you follow; who is sleeping whin the stars are out, and what have you to put you out—say?"

"I don't onnerstand yer big wurrds, misthress. I don't know what inkumper hunsreds means. I aint got any book larfin', shure. But if ye asks me who I manes by lazy an' a slavin' in the serly evenin', musha, an' Nelly never told a lie forinst ye—an' its the ferret eyed Miss Gilman, I manes. As fur bein' put out, I an' me feelins as well as the nags, poor souls! an' me heart is no stone, an' I aint a haythen, nuther!"

All this was delivered with perfect equanimity, but with a slightly moistened eye, by Nelly; but the anger of the irritable and easily aroused Mrs. Greyson was on the watch immediately.

"You impudent, shameless, crab-faced, long-tongued spitfire, you!" she exclaimed, her cold blue eyes lit up with anger, her cheeks aglow, and her thin hands rubbing one another in tremulous excitement. "Dare you speak to me in such an audacious manner, you dumble-headed, chuckle-throated goose-erow, you! You ungrateful vermin! I dispense with your attendance, quit my sight, you viper! Call Alita, and Barbara, and tell Eva to come here immediately, and help me to dress. Your impudence shall not much longer be paraded before my face! You are put up to this! You ungrateful rattle-snake—be off!"

Nelly attempted a few words of explanation and apology, fearing that the old lady's resentment might cause her dismissal from the Castle, and it was Nelly's life-aim to devote herself to the service of "the swate purty young misthress."

But the old lady would not listen to a single word, and majestically waved her hand in token of dismissal; so Nelly descended to the kitchen, took the awaiting lemonade from the hands of Alita, sent that maiden in search for Eva and Barbara, with orders to proceed to the "ould 'un's" dressing-room; then taking a porcelain salver, she placed thereon the lemonade and a plate with cakes, and proceeded to the chamber of the "young misthress."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

IN THE WOODS.

BY T. R. ALDRICH.

The summer birds are in the summer sky;
I hear the music of the woods again,
The wild wind-symphonies that moan and die
On hemlock harps with such a sad refrain.

I long for him who knew so well these tones:
He loved this greening world of scented vines,
This sultry air that stirs the chestnut cones,
And wafts an odor from the gummy pines!

Here do the slim, imperial tulips blow,
And those ground-flowers that seem like dots of blood—
On the green grass: and here do lilies grow—
The pale-faced Dryads of the summer wood!

All pleasant noises, all delicious smells,
All things whereof our poets' songs are born—
Alas! that painful Autumn through these dells
Should mowing come, and make the place forlorn!

Autumn will come; the treble winds will blow;
The rain will build for summer in the grave;
Then Winter—building palaces of snow
With frozen vestibule and arched gate!

Shadow of sorrow, brood upon thy place!
Here did I part with one who nevermore
Shall hunt for Spring's first violet, nor chase
The hungry fox "where woods and fields are hoar!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BROTHERS: A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWK.

BY HENRI H. FENTON.

The valley through which the Mohawk winds its way, now dashing and leaping over rugged rocks, and now spreading out into broad, placid pools, is one of the most romantic, both in scenery and in history, of any portion of the American Continent.

Its early settlers were a brave and hardy race, who fearlessly reared their log huts upon its mountain steeps, or upon its green meadows, and, with their constant companion, the rifle, penetrated into the forests, braving the wrath of the most fierce and intrepid of the Indian tribes of North America, the warriors of the Six Nations.

Constant warfare and bloodshed marked their way. In the peaceful hours of the night, even at the moment when they were dreaming of security and rest, the wild war-whoop of the unrelenting foe would break the stillness and serenity of the scene, and the startled settlers would awake from their slumbers only to meet the death-dealing blows of the tomahawk and the scolding knife. Age and youth, male and female, were alike the victims of the pitiless foe.

Now and again the intelligence of some heart-rending massacre, more extensive and terrible than those which were of constant occurrence, would strike deep into the hearts of the settlers; yet still the sturdy pioneers penetrated further into the wild

forest, and hardly would the smoke of the blazing rafters, fired by the remorseless savage, have passed from the devoted spot, before another dwelling like the fabled Phoenix would arise from its ashes.

Sturdy and strong men were they, those settlers of that most luxuriant region lying west of the Hudson River. Toll and danger only aroused them to new energies and more adventurous exploits. As their ears would be startled, and their hearts shocked by the recital of each new outrage, they would only make their defences stronger, and with increased caution and unflinching constancy, labor on about their little clearings, in momentary expectation of that thrilling cry which should cause them to drop the axe of the peaceful settler, and seize the rifle for desperate conflict. The trees were felled for their dwellings, and the corn planted, tended and gathered in, with the rifle constantly within their reach.

A few miles further up the valley from where now stands the beautiful village of Schoenectady, one of the most bold and daring of the settlers had erected his dwelling on one of the most picturesque slopes of the whole region. It commanded a view far up and down the valley. Looking towards the west, the stream, winding its way through dense forests of giant trees, was narrow and precipitous, and dashed with impetuous force over its rocky bosom, gradually widening and deepening, until it spread out into a smooth, calm lake, in front of the settler's dwelling. Whence, pursuing its devious course eastward, it again became narrow and turbulent, rushing swiftly forward in many eddies and waterfalls.

It needed but a glance from that hill-side to proclaim the settler who had chosen it for a home, a man who united in his own person not only the hardy vigor and defiant energy requisite to the emigrant settler, but the appreciative mind and intellect of the artist, a combination which, seldom found, marks a man fitted for great enterprises and accomplishments.

And such a man was Philip Olyphant. Of his settlement in the valley, but few of his fellow pioneers were aware. Steadily keeping himself aloof from their councils, unremittently and zealously did he labor to improve his clearing. In person he was tall and muscular, with a fine, intellectual face, and eyes from which would dart at times flashes of a spirit that was proud, haughty, and not to be easily controlled. In the excursions against the Indian foe he never took part, yet when one of the race crossed his path, the nervous grasp of his rifle, and the angry flash of his eyes showed that he did not lack a sympathy with his brother pioneers. A controlling influence curbed down his haughty spirit, and whispered to the wildest and most revengeful impulses of his nature, Peace!

And what could be this influence? Ah! who can fathom the influence of a true and gentle woman, strong in her great love, over such a heart as that of Philip Olyphant. In that little cabin, amid that dense forest, he was not alone. Pure and perfect affection hallowed the place with its holy light. A delicate, graceful woman, and a rosy child swayed the strong heart of the pioneer with tenderest emotions. For them he labored so assiduously to surround his humble cabin with comfort, ay, and even with beauty. For them he crushed down his fiery and impetuous disposition, and heard of cruelties perpetrated by the savage race, with his brow contracted, and his hands clenched, while his rifle stood idly in the corner of his cabin.

"Clara," he said, as he returned from the field, "there has been another dreadful massacre at the Bend; it is my duty to join in the pursuit of the murderers; already a band is collecting for vengeance."

"Philip," and her eyes grew fixed as she looked up into his face, and marked his form drawn to its proudest attitude, his nostrils expanded, and his eyes glittering with anger; "our child, our Lucille, Philip!"

The strong man's head bowed, his breast heaved with tumultuous throbbings, and with faltering voice he exclaimed, "They hover nearer about us, and the time is at hand!"

The gentle wife raised her eyes to his; she was startled to see a tear-drop upon the face of the sleeping infant; she read his fears, and bowed her head over the peaceful slumberer, with a wild feeling of impending danger. Philip seated himself at the window, and glanced forth over the waving forest, from which, far as the eye could reach, arose no friendly smoke; with a nervous, dissatisfied look, while his hand grasped his rifle with a desperate grip.

Thus silently for a while sat the inmates of the cabin. At last Philip spoke of a mysterious being who had suddenly appeared in the valley and swept upon the trail of the savages, with a restless impetuosity which carried terror into the wigwam and the war council. Dressed in deer-skins, of immense frame, and mounted upon a powerful horse singularly white, this man would dash through the woods which seemed almost impenetrable, and before the savages had recovered from their alarm, would pick out their foremost braves, with his unerring rifle, and vanish again into his retreat, none knowing whence he came, or whether he went. So frequent and deadly had been the sorties of this mysterious foe, that the Indian warriors named him the Forest Demon, and whenever his shrill war cry sounded in their ears, would quail with terror. But his appearance was a signal of safety to the inmates of the cabin, beleaguered by the savage foe.

Long and earnest was the conversation between those two, so bound together by the heart ties of affection, strengthened and bound still more closely by the imminent danger which surrounded them. At length the sun went down to his rest, gilding the waters, and tinging the trees with hues of golden light. The shadows crept up from the stream and rested upon the hill tops. Around the settler's dwelling night settled with a gloomy frown, and still Philip Olyphant looked out among the darkening passages of the forest eagerly and watchfully.

Suddenly, the galloping of a horse sounded upon his ears, and rushing to the doorway, he opened it just in time to see a tall figure, mounted upon a steed of snowy whiteness, dash by, within a hundred yards of his dwelling; and retiring within, he barred the doors and windows, and passed to where his wife and child lay in quiet sleep; then clasping his rifle tightly in his grasp, he ascended to a loop-hole constructed for observation of the surrounding country. It was but for a moment that he gazed on the opposite side of the stream a glimmer of light, which told him that the dreaded hour when his own cabin should share the fate of others throughout this valley, was indeed near. The hoarse murmur of voices was borne across the water through the still night air, and in those general tones he could distinguish the accents of the savage

enemy. Quickly he descended to the chamber where the beloved of his heart was dreaming of softer climes, and placing his hand upon her shoulder, whispered in a hoarse, unearthly accent, "The hour has come!"

Slowly the sleeper opened her eyes and looked up into the face bending over her, terrible in its rigid determination and fearlessness of danger for himself, mixed with an almost womanly weakness for the danger of his wife and child.

"Philip, what hour has come?"

"The hour when the ride can no longer remain idle. The hour when, unless we are protected by the overruling mercy of God, we are to share the fate of the other settlers, who have fallen beneath the savage tomahawk."

"What mean you?"

"Briefly he told her what he had seen, and then ascended once more to the place of observation.

On the starlit stream, dark shadows were moving; he fancied he could hear the stealthy sound of the Indian paddle. Hastily collecting together the various firearms he had accumulated for defense, he descended once more to the room below.

A great change had come upon that pale, delicate woman. Her form seemed dilating, and her eyes flashing with supernatural force. She stood there a wife fit for a hero.

"Philip," she said, "are they here?"

"Yes!"

"We can but die together!"

"Bless you, Clara, you have given new energies to my heart."

A wild whoop interrupted their conversation, and the next instant this rattle of musketry startled the stillness of the night.

Philip sprang to the window. The whole space of his little clearing was filled with savages. One tall savage, holding aloft a blazing torch and gestulating violently, was urging an immediate attack upon the cabin. It was the work of a moment. Philip's rifle flew to his shoulder. A flash, and the tall savage leaped up into the air, and fell back dead. A wild scream of terror resounded through the forest. The Indians fell back uttering wild howls of rage and fear.

A solemn silence ensued. It lasted many minutes. The inmates of the cabin breathed hopefully. Their hope was of short duration. With a wilder and fiercer yell, the Indians returned to the attack. They had but few firearms, but they were in the hands of those best skilled in their use, and were constantly directed towards the windows of the cabin. Clara standing beside her husband, loaded the pieces with the dexterity of an experienced soldier. Many a stalwart savage had fallen before the unerring aim of the pioneer. Not a shot was wasted. Two or three times did the savages withdraw into the forest, and as often returned with a fiercer determination to the attack. Philip had but just raised a loaded rifle to his shoulder, when a quick cry from Clara told him that she was wounded. The rifle dropped from its aim, and he turned just in season to behold the beloved of his heart fall to the floor a corpse. The savages uttered a cry of triumph, and rushed forward. Just then the quick tramp of a horse's hoofs resounded on the turf, and with a wild bound the white steed stood like a marble statue in front of the devoted dwelling. The dreaded "Forest Demon," as he raised his rifle to his shoulder, gave a short quick shout, which echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding woods. The savages, even before the report of his rifle was heard, were seized with terror; only a few of the bravest stood their ground, and even they seemed incapable of defence. Panic-stricken, the whole band one after another retreated from the scene, and still the mysterious white horse would dash forward, and the crack of the rifle told that another of the enemy had fallen. It was a wild race for life. But in the retreat, the barn of the clearing had been set on fire, and the wind blew the flames directly upon the cabin, which was soon enveloped in a blaze. As the settler opened the door, the mysterious horse and its rider stood motionless before it. Without turning his head, the strange being pointed with his finger westward, and said: "Come!"

Without another word Philip Olyphant clasped his infant in his arms, and with but a single look, accompanied by a deep groan, towards the burning cabin, followed the stranger. Through deep ravines and over rugged passes where it seemed impossible to tread, that ghostly horse bore its rider. At last they arrived at one of the loftiest crags which towered over the valley, and here the stranger dismounted. Leading his horse carefully he reached a fissure in the rocks and motioned Philip to enter. He obeyed without a word. Considerable time was taken in the bestowal of the horse, at least so it seemed to Philip. At length the stranger entered, struck a light, and motioned Philip to a place upon a deer skin couch spread before what served for a fire-place. Kneeling upon the ground the stranger then lighted the fagots and presently a ruddy glare pervaded a cave small in dimensions, and hung round with the skins of wild animals and many Indian trophies. Without deigning a glance at Philip, the stranger sat looking gloomily into the fire. He was aroused by Philip's voice, "Preserver of my child, I thank you!" He started wildly and looked in the speaker's face. It was a strange, wild, revengeful gaze, and as Philip marked the lineaments of his preserver, his own face assumed a bitter expression. The stranger was the first to speak.

"Philip Olyphant!"

"Henry Olyphant! And is it thus we meet at last?"

The little child Lucille, was seated between those two stern men, and looked wonderingly up into their faces, startled by the angry tone of their voices. As they sat glancing at each other, she raised her tiny hands and placed one upon each of the rough arms within her reach. The effect was wonderful. The angry eyes were lowered to that pure beaming face and became humid with feeling. The arms moved towards each other, and with those little hands still resting upon them, the rough hands met, and the hardy sons of the forest bowed their heads over the glossy ringlets of the child, and their tears moistened them together. "It is her child," came from the lips of each, and thus the two long estranged brothers were reconciled.

Let us go back and trace the origin of the feud between those brothers. In a grand old mansion in England a gay bridal party had assembled to witness the marriage of Philip, youngest son of Sir Richard Olyphant, to Clara, only daughter of Sir Charles Wintingham. There had been a strange, unnatural rivalry between the two brothers for the hand of the lady, but she, forgetting the rank, bestowed her heart upon the younger brother.

Henceforth a cloud of dark passions settled fiercely over the mind of Henry; a deadly hatred of his brother took possession of his soul, and on that bridal day, in the presence of the whole assembled company, he had strode frantically into the hall and smote his brother in the face. The haughty nature of Philip was aroused, words were drawn and crossed, and the wildest excitement prevailed.

The high-spirited father never afterwards went abroad, and soon died with incoherent mutterings of "Part them—Henry—Philip—O, my children!" bubbling forth with his dying breath.

Philip, to escape the persecutions of Henry, left the country; none knew whither he had gone.

Henry lived a life of the most boisterous excitement and extravagance, and not long after the disappearance of Philip, the fine mansion was left to decay, its master having disappeared in the same unaccountable manner as his younger brother.

All through the night, the two brothers sat beside the blazing fire and talked of their boyhood, their happy days, like two schoolmates reunited in manhood. All the dark past seemed as if it had not been, and nothing remained in memory but the beautiful and the pure.

They spoke of their father, and the tears gushed to their eyes. On Clara, and the wild sob of anguish found its echo in either breast. And then they spoke of the sleeping child lying at their feet, and they became more hopeful, and pictured brilliant prospects for her, in the mansion of their ancestors.

And the reconciled brothers lived to see their bright anticipations realized. They lived to see the little child who had joined their hands become one of the most admired and accomplished of the nobility of their native land. Beloved for her virtues, and admired and respected for her many brilliant qualities.

They have long since passed to their rest. From that terrible and eventful night they were rarely seen in public alone, and they rest side by side in the churchyard.

Over the spot arises a white marble cenotaph, and upon it is sculptured the figures of two stalwart men clad in the costume of the border-settlers, while a fair child is sitting between, her tiny hands extended and resting on the arm of each. It is a beautiful picture. Over it Faith points upward to an open gate, at which stands a welcoming angel bearing the likeness of Clara.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of the summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starry'd the uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod;
When He built a temple for himself,
And a home for His priestly race,
He rear'd each arch in symmetry,
And curv'd each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear thee fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

Written for the Banner of Light.

CLARA HERBERT.
A TALE OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

BY VERO DE LEMAN.

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A TALE OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

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CHAPTER I.

Pleasant Valley is one of the most beautiful spots upon the banks of the Merrimac. "Stretching in quiet pensiveness" between a low range of hills on the north, and the river that rolls by in gentle majesty, it is thus sheltered from the cold northern blast, while the genial sun lends its charming influences from its early dawn till its going down in the west. No one in love with the beauties of nature could find a more romantic or inviting situation.

Twenty years before the revolution there were but few settlers within its precincts, and these mostly separated from each other by long distances, and, although most of the Indians had turned their faces toward the setting sun, there still lingered a few scattered along the opposite bank of the river, which they had learned to revere, and to which they were drawn by the associations of youth and their habits of life. The abundance of salmon in its waters, also, made it a favorite resort as a fishing ground. The Indians were now generally harmless and inoffensive, and, at the time spoken of, the most peaceable relations existed between them and the settlers. Upon a gentle elevation in the valley, there was a large stone building, which had been formerly used as a block house, but now, being remodeled, was inhabited by Finley Herbert, who, at this period, removed from England, and made his home by the Merrimac. Of his previous life, much might be written. He was born of a rich and influential family, but rebelling against parental authority in the choice of a wife, he was cast off from the advantages that otherwise might have favored him, and left to struggle with a pitiless world. Fortune was cruel—his wife was seized with a fever, and died, leaving him with an only daughter of four years, and while he continued to battle with adversity, looked upon with scorn and contempt by those who once called themselves friends, he was left with a large fortune by the decease of a rich relative. Resolving to leave the scene of his former misfortunes, he purchased a small ship and came to this country with his daughter Clara, now a beautiful maiden of seventeen, and two servants.

Clara was an innocent, merry, laughing creature, in love with everybody, and everybody in love with her. But even her exuberance of spirits did not prevent her from making solid acquisitions in learning, or adding those lighter accomplishments and graces, which so beautifully female character; moreover, she was not destitute of that most admirable characteristic—common sense, so often deficient in those of her age. By her womanly decision, judgment, and keen penetration, she became her father's support and staff, as well as the idolized object of his pride and admiration.

Soon after their arrival, she formed an acquaintance with Frank Leman, which, in the absence of other associates, soon ripened into a deep intimacy, and ere they were sensible of it, each became necessary to the other's happiness. Frank was a person

not to be loved for beauty, although he had an open, noble countenance, and superior form, but rather for the qualities of his mind and heart; these endowments, with the zeal, earnestness and activity of his character made him known throughout the region as the leader of various enterprises. He employed himself through the winter in keeping school, while the remainder of the year he devoted to surveying, and work upon his father's farm. Like her, he loved the woods and its inhabitants—the melodies of brook and bird, and, with similar tastes and sympathies, they often rambled through the forest, and admired together the enchanting scenery and surroundings. Was this dream of happiness to be interrupted? Let us see.

CHAPTER II.

It was a fine morning in October, about two years after their settlement. Clara having arisen later than usual, noticed that unusual preparations were being made in the kitchen, and, furthermore, that her father had donned his old English costume. By this latter manifestation, she was especially surprised, as he was generally perfectly careless of his appearance. Although she said nothing, he anticipated her thoughts.

"Clara," said he, "perhaps you were so sleepy this beautiful morning; that you did not observe that vessel anchored out in the River."

"A vessel?" added she, in astonishment: "to whom, may I ask, does it belong, and what is its destiny?"

"I claim it as my own, and expect to hold it till my right is disputed; 'tis the 'Golden Fleece.'"

At this announcement, her countenance assumed a dubious expression. Not noticing this, he proceeded,—

"Her cargo was mostly taken out at Newburyport, except a few luxuries and necessities, which will be unloaded here. I expect a visit from Captain Lee soon, and I suppose you will be glad to see him, after so long an absence."

"Glad to see him! by no means. I had hoped to be free from his presence forever; but," replied she, in a softer tone, "if he comes, I suppose I must receive him properly. I will go and get ready."

She left the room, while her father, looking somewhat disconcerted, muttered something about the "child's having her own way." Clara went to her chamber, which commanded a full view of the River, and, looking out upon the placid stream, saw the ship quietly reposing upon its native element; an undefined thought of evil seemed to possess her mind.

"I can't see why father should like him, and yet he puts on such agreeable and engaging manners, when necessary, just to suit the time and occasion," said she, mentally.

Clinton Lee was a young man of twenty-five, of good personal appearance, and polished manners, and, upon a first acquaintance, one would imagine that he possessed high qualities of mind. But it was far otherwise. It is true, he had a good education and business tact, yet there were traits in his character so repulsive as not to be concealed by these advantages. Revengeful in the highest degree, capable of the deepest deceit, with ungovernable passions, and a strong will which had gained power over him from being indulged in infancy, but few ever favored him with a long intimacy. As the reader has surmised, he was the commander of the ship which brought the family over, and it was during this voyage that he conceived a love, or rather fancy, for our pretty heroine. At first, she permitted his advances, but day after day disclosing more of his defects, a feeling of distrust was awakened in her mind, and she at length renounced his society in spite of his earnest protestations to the contrary.

But he took courage, from the fact that her father favored his suit, hoping that his influence might change her mind. But he might have known better, from the decided manner with which she rejected his offers, and her father seldom spoke of the matter, though he was strongly desirous of a union. He, from a short intimacy, had only discerned the Captain's enterprise and sagacity, being destitute of that keener penetration which blessed his daughter, and which had disclosed to her so much of Lee's character. And her father, when his vessel had again arrived, though he wished to reconcile them, had no desire to interfere with her conclusions.

She had arranged her toilet just as Captain Lee was coming up the pathway, on the bank that led to the house. She heard him as he entered below, and the greeting between him and her father. As she went down and entered the room, he met her with expressions of joy; but she returned his cordial salutations with coldness of manner, and as few words as possible. Her father noticed this with evident displeasure, and after the conversation had continued a short time, left the room. Lee, though a little chagrined at his reception, put on his accustomed affability, and made a few remarks concerning the pleasantness of the situation and scenery. A silence then ensued, which he broke as follows:

"My dear Clara, I have come to claim you for my bride, and if my hopes"

"Your hopes!" said she, cutting him short, "let me inform you, once for all, that if you have entertained any hopes of a union with me, after what has passed between us, they are utterly useless, and if you are a gentleman, you will no longer persist in that which would only end in unhappiness. I am surprised at your presumption."

"I think, Miss Herbert, reflection will lead you to recall the words you have now spoken. If you have any respect for the sentiments of your father, you would not, in a fit of displeasure, entirely ignore them." He said this with an effort at self-control, but his blank, dismayed countenance betrayed an uneasy state of feeling.

"My father, God knows, I respect and love; but he has left me to the free exercise of my own judgment, and though in most things, when required, I shall conform to his, in this I shall use my own discretion. You have my sentiments. I am ready to receive you as a friend of my father, but never as a lover; for to unite my destinies with yours, would be worse than folly."

"I have loved you, and thought I was receiving your love in return," rejoined he, with some show of feeling; "you have deluded me with false hopes—even now I cannot believe every spark of your affection is extinguished. I shall continue to hope, and to cherish that same love as of old. In two days I leave, and I shall call once more, hoping and believing that you will change your cruel sentiments, and that we may yet live together, in bliss and harmony."

"If you imagine such a thing, you have rather deluded yourself; a conclusion deliberately formed I never change, and this you would know if you knew my character. No, I will never marry you!

never!" She spoke this with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, and finding himself foiled, and knowing further conversation to be useless, he left.

As he retreated from the house, his pent-up feelings vented themselves. "By heavens!" muttered he, "the obstinate girl shall be tamed to submission! My will shall be law—I will have revenge!"

He had scarcely said this and commenced his descent down the bank, when a young man might be seen emerging from the forest on the left, and following a well-beaten path towards the house. The Captain seeing that he had not been noticed, immediately slid behind a clump of bushes near by, which concealed him from view, and watched his movements. By his evident familiarity with the place as he sauntered along, and generous warmth with which Clara met him, ere he had time to knock at the door, the Captain recognized an unknown rival, and a deeper feeling of resentment was awakened in his bosom, as he contrasted this reception with his own. It was Frank Leman. He had come to engage her company for a Husking Party which was to be that evening at his father's house, situated about three quarters of a mile below, near the junction of the Powow and Merrimac Rivers, where there was a small collection of houses. Lee noticed the readiness and delight with which she assented to the invitation, (as he had heard the whole conversation from his hiding place,) and turned away, revolving in his mind some scheme to upset their happiness, and to further his own selfish designs.

CHAPTER III.

The golden rays of an autumn sunset had faded away, and the shadows of twilight had just begun to close around the valley. On the opposite bank might be seen a small company of Indians, winding their way through a rugged path that led to the shore. They were dressed with deer-skins, and painted in a most uncouth manner. Reaching the shore, they pushed a canoe in the water, and proceeded to the vessel. This circumstance was not remarkable, as they had been on board frequently during the day for the purpose of bartering with the crew and captain. They seemed to have come for this purpose on the present occasion, but the crew noticed the chief often engaged in private conversation with the captain, who shortly after, leaving the ship in charge of the mate, in company with the Indians paddled to the Pleasant Valley shore. It was now late, and being very dark, a short distance carried them from the view of the sailors on board. They landed, and hiding the canoe in the bushes, went a short distance up the bank, and conferred together in earnest tones. Here we will leave them.

Agreeable to his engagement, Frank Leman accompanied Clara to the husking. We will give no account of this, only remarking that the hours passed away with the mirth and merriest characteristics of such gatherings, and at a late season the party separated. Our friends, fortified by a hearty supper as well as by natural courage, started for Clara's home.

"This darkness and solitude," she remarked, as they walked along, "awakens fear in the minds of many of wild beasts and Indians, but I have no dread of them."

"Perhaps you never had the advantage of meeting with one of these unfriendly characters," responded Frank; "two or three bears have been killed recently in these same woods, and though I admire your courage, I imagine if one came in sight, you would think 'discretion the better part of valor,' and take flight."

"Quite a compliment for my bravery," rejoined Clara, leaning more confidently upon his arm; "an incident lately occurred that may modify your opinion somewhat."

"Please relate it—it will relieve the tediousness of our journey," for it was a dark night, and their path lay through a dense thicket.

"Well," said she, "no interruptions. Being down by the brook which runs at the foot of the slope, on the west side of the house, I heard a slight rustling among the leaves. I was reading, or rather dreaming away the time, and was a little startled by this noise as it broke upon the solemn stillness. Looking up, I observed an Indian with a fowling-piece and a load of game strung over his shoulders, coming along the path. My first impulse was to run to the house. Looking again, I saw he had not observed me, I being partly concealed by the trees, and he had sunk down apparently much wearied and exhausted, and began to dispose of his load, when he happened to look in the direction of my retreat, and started away. Noticing his intention, I motioned him to follow me. Perceiving no harm, he came as far as the house, but was reluctant to enter. With a zeal which I now wonder at, I took him by the hand and drew him in, and ordered the servant to prepare a good supper for our guest, which, as she afterwards testified, he relished immensely. He appeared much refreshed by the meal, and when about to leave, testified his gratitude in broken English, and presented me with part of his game, two wild ducks and a partridge."

"Quite a romantic story, I declare," said Leman, "and worthy of our ancestors; I shall make no remarks hereafter concerning your valor. We have now arrived at the worst part of our journey, for in this ravine, it is said that"—

Ere he had finished the sentence upon his lips, six Indians to whom we have referred, rushed out upon them from the shelter of some large trees by the path. So sudden an onset left them no chance for defence or escape. Though Frank, with one blow of his strong arm, felled the foremost of the Indians, further struggles were of no avail, for they were overpowered by numbers. He was seized by three of them, and bound to a tree by strong cords, while Clara was taken by one of the most stalwart of the Indians and borne rapidly away, followed by the remainder. It was all the work of a moment, and Frank had just come to a sense of his own situation and her peril, when, by an almost superhuman effort, he burst the bands that held him. At this juncture two men from a neighboring house reached the spot, attracted by the screams. Answering their questions only by a motion to follow, he rushed on after the captors, not considering the disparity of their numbers, or that he himself had no arms, so intent was he upon delivering Clara. This pursuit was of no avail, for, as they reached the shore, the dim outlines of the canoe might be seen nearly across the river, and out of harm's reach, so skillfully had the Indians managed their well-laid plan. Satisfied that immediate pursuit was impossible, Frank explained to them the circumstances of the affair, and while the two went in different directions through the neighborhood for help, he proceeded down the shore

for a boat, as the one owned by Mr. Herbert was found to be disabled by some unaccountable means. But lo! the others were found to have met with the same fate. Returning back, he found that there had assembled nearly a dozen of the stupidest, bravest young men of the place, with a few older and more experienced, and among them "Old Peter," known throughout the region as a famous hunter. What was to be done for a boat? Luckily they thought of the ship which was anchored a short distance above, and by dint of loud cries and hallooings managed to awaken the sleepy sailors, who took the ship's boat and came on shore. With this fortunate addition they commenced the pursuit.

CHAPTER IV.

Clara, on being taken by the Indians, was hurried through the forest to the canoe and thence across the river. Her screams were quelled by threats of instant death, and knowing that any attempts to escape would be useless, from the great rigor with which she was guarded, she was passively borne along for some eight or ten miles. They now arrived at a wigwag which appeared to have been built for some temporary purpose, as no other was near. It was surrounded on all sides, excepting a narrow pass-way where they had entered, by an impassable swamp and a thick growth of trees and underwood. The wigwag was divided into two parts, separated from each other by skins sewed together for a partition. In one portion Clara was placed with a guard, her hands and feet being tied. It was now past midnight, and the Indians occupying the remaining part fell asleep, and the guard, knowing his victim to be powerless, soon followed their example. She had no inclination to do likewise. The horror of her situation and the consequent conflict of emotions, the desire of escape, though unable to extricate herself, and thoughts of her probable fate precluded every idea of repose. She sat thus cogitating, when a figure stealthily creeping in the opening of the wigwag approached her. Starting back she would have screamed, but lifting his hand warningly he checked the impulse. As he drew near, the dying embers of the fire cast a faint light upon his features which looked strangely natural to her. "Mo be good friend," said a voice in a light whisper. She looked again, and beheld the Indian whom she had befriended, and a ray of hope now dawned. "Oh save me," she pleaded earnestly. "In the name of heaven, and for the sake of my dear father, save me from this—" The Indian fearing lest a further manifestation of her excited feelings might lead to a discovery, put his finger to his lips ominously to impose silence, and began to cut the cords which bound her. This accomplished, she arose noiselessly, and he grasping her hand, they fled from the lodge. The noise made by their stepping upon the dry leaves awoke the guard, who jumped up, looked around him and seeing his prize gone, gave a wild yell and rushed after them, followed by the others who had been awakened by his shout. On went Clara and her protector, and on pursued the Indians. Unfortunately, when their pursuers were close upon them, Clara caught her foot in the roots of a tree and stumbled, at the same time losing her grasp of the Indian's hand. She was, alas! again captured, seized, and conducted back to the wigwag. Her companion however escaped and, still determined to make himself useful, directed his steps toward the Pleasant Valley settlement for aid. He had not proceeded far ere he encountered the pursuing party, which guided by "Old Peter" had thus far kept on the right track. But even he had begun to be puzzled, and they joyfully accepted the Indian's services as conductor, pushing on with fresh courage and zeal.

Clara, on becoming again a prisoner, did not give up all hopes of relief, for she knew that her friends were by this time in motion. The red streaks of dawn began to appear in the east and the darkness to disappear around the wigwag, and while her guard began to make preparations for a meal, there was another appearance of a more startling nature, at least to Clara. It was Clinton Lee, who, coming from the other part of the wigwag, stood before her. She shuddered as she beheld his form, for, from the first, she had regarded him as the source of all her recent misfortunes. And so it was in reality. He had by misrepresentations and bribery induced these Indians to further his schemes, hoping to secure her consent by offers of release and aid, or, if these did not prevail, by threats and menaces. Further, he had accompanied them in the expedition, and to disguise himself upon the Indian's costume which he threw off before entering her apartment, to render the deception complete. "Miss Herbert," said he, with a bow, "I never dreamed of having such an opportunity of lending my influence in your behalf. As I came here for the purpose of trading, you may judge my astonishment upon finding you in this situation, which is probably the result of some fancied insult."

"More probably the result of your own deep machinations," retorted she with spirit.

"This is no time or place," resumed he, "for discussion. If you desire a deliverance, I will procure your release upon one condition, which is, that you become my wife."

"Never!" cried she emphatically.

"Consider well," said he, stifling his rage, "ere you persist in that declaration. You have before you a life of degradation and slavery with these savages, or, on the other hand, a life of peace, happiness and prosperity with me." The Indians were now preparing to start.

"No consideration is necessary—I would rather brave death itself than marry such a demon as you have proved yourself to be."

"Beware!" said he, raising his fist threateningly, "how you taunt me with such language. I will not bear—" "But you will bear this!" and a well-aimed blow levelled him to the ground, and then followed an embrace and a kiss, while shouts of joy rent the air, and astonished the inhabitants of the forest primeval. What joy! But ah! we cannot describe the scene. Lee, in the confusion which followed, escaped and was never afterwards heard of. The Indians begged for their lives, and though unharmful by the party, were afterwards obliged to flee from the vengeance of their own tribe for this breach of faith. The friendly Indian was generously rewarded, and was ever a favorite of the neighborhood.

There was a joyous gathering at the home of Clara Herbert on that evening. There were old hunters, brave young men and jolly sailors, matrons and maids, all participating in the general gladness, and made happy by the union of two hearts beloved by all.

Ten years after the Revolution, a beautiful dwelling might be seen where the Block-House had formerly stood, to which the passer by would point as the home of Col. Leman, who had won many laurels in the defence of his country.

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MORE LIGHT THROUGH THE COURIER.

"Anything to make it talked about," and so the proprietors of the Courier procured the services of a "learned Theban" to try the experiment of writing down Spiritualism. By the earnestness of its attention to the subject just now, we should infer that the trouble of "managing" the affair—a mere delusion and transparent humbug—had increased on its hands. Their "Greek" must have "met" another Greek somewhere, and the "tug of war" has proved too much even for his rhetorical wind.

Last Monday week, a calm, sensible, and thoroughly considered article appeared in the columns of the Traveller, from the pen of a contributor, for whose culture, and thoughtfulness, and "respectability" the editors of the Traveller did not think it necessary to vouch, treating of the secret by which the raps are produced. The writer showed himself to have been a patient and candid investigator, and willing to accept anything for which sufficient convincing proofs could be brought. He avowed nothing like faith in modern Spiritualism, though he was open to conviction still, but would wish to have these phenomena explained, if possible, by the aid of science and scientific men.

A day or two afterwards, one of the "wise men" took the article up on the point of his pen, and in more than one of those mortal columns of the Courier, which they are exerting themselves over at Cambridge to render immortal, if they can, he seemed to have made up his mind that he had blown it all away, as a boy pulls off the feathers down from the globe of a seed dandelion. No one denies the capacity of the Greek's wind; but it was not wind that was needed here. It was something entirely different; and he has demonstrated to every intelligent reader's satisfaction that he has not the capacity to supply it.

Not a statement made by the writer in the Traveller has been candidly examined and fairly refuted by the writer in the Courier. He sits down to deny, and denounce, and defy, in the same classical style he has employed from the first. He hypocritically disavows having used any hard language heretofore, and beseechingly says that he has never denounced the frauds of Spiritualism, but has first proved them, and then described them by their "appropriate names." People will only smile to think how singularly "appropriate" some of his railing and tearing epithets have been. They will wink slyly at one another, and whisper in a jocular undertone that his sense of fitness is equalled by nothing but his ideas of gentlemanly candor and courtesy.

The stale stories which the Courier folks very foolishly give up room for this insane individual to publish, such as the long ago exploded nonsense about the raps being produced by toe-joints, knee-joints, and the like, are the most uncreditable stuff a publisher in these times could fill his columns with; and we wonder the proprietors did not hesitate a long while, before they finally decided that this worthless refuse from the bag of the Greek chiflonier should be allowed to supplant the more interesting and reliable predictions about the "weather," to be found in the Old Farmer's Almanac. This nonsense has been proved to be such long ago. The raps are produced by other agencies altogether; and the Professor's confessed ignorance of this fact, together with his tenacious clinging to straws that quite as learned men have let go years since, show to a nicely about how far and how thoroughly he has proceeded in his investigations.

What the writer of this ollapodrida of old jokes and violent vituperation chooses to say about the Traveller, is certainly no concern of ours; that Journal can take excellent care of itself. But when he seeks to repeat his frequently disproved assertions respecting the BANNER OF LIGHT, and thinks fit to style us "miscreants" after his most intensely Greek and classical fashion, we beg to ask him in all possible earnestness what we have done that he should so honor us? He charges us with having published "forged calumnies on the memory of the dead," and we proved that what we had published was no calumny at all. But why "forged," unless the statements made through our medium were so near the exact truth as to be quite undistinguishable from it?

The Professor has evidently had his hands full. He says he called Stiles a charlatan and a forger, because he had witnessed his charlatanism; he denounced Mr. Hopkinson, because he had so clearly demonstrated the "fraudulent nature of his pretensions"; Mr. Mansfield he found, by fair tests, to be a rogue and a pretender, and exposed him accordingly; and so with all with whom he came in contact. By his own statement, he has cleared up all the mystery, and straightened all the crooked paths till they are like a two-line; he has knocked away the underpinning from these structures of fraud; he has put this great mystery beyond the reach of any man's doubt; there is nothing left now but to go on with the usual business of buying and selling, and let this "stupendous delusion" speedily die out of itself. Ah! if it would only die dead! It has more lives, we fear, than the jolly Greek will be able to give the *dead* dead; if he should live even as long as the Courier shall continue to be published, and may that be long!

It has learned that a Professor is not necessarily a "wise man."

The Professor is gracious enough to say, in the course of his rambling over the broad acres of the Cambridge Organ, that "the report of the Committee will be no hurried affair." Dickens declared this man to be the jolliest Professor he had ever met, and we begin to see why he thought so. If three months won't do for them, salaries being as slender as they are over at Cambridge, then let them have three years. By all means let that Committee, like their neighbors at Charlestown, serve their full time out. In floundering about in the bogs, there is no telling but some one of them may find a hole that goes through to the other side.

This long tirade against something which the writer is not able to understand from a "scientific" point of view, winds up with the following paragraph:—

"In the eagerness manifested by the Banner of Light, the Traveller, and other kindred prints, to get the report of the Committee, we cannot help asking why they do not call for the report of the tribunal to whom was entrusted the duty of revising and reversing the Committee's judgment?"

The same impudence as before! That is not Grecian—it belongs to the Turk. Who has constituted a second Committee "to revise and reverse" the Cambridge Committee's judgment? And allowing that such a Committee has been appointed, how are they to "revise and reverse" it before they get it? Does the Professor suppose it possible for them to traverse an opinion before they know what that opinion is to be?

Ah! the old rat! We shouldn't much wonder, after all, if he had been "playing possum" all the while, and had secretly subscribed to a belief in the phenomena long ago.

WHAT THAT REPORT IS GOING TO BE.

According to the Courier, which is the avowed Dodona that gives out the semi-occasional and semi-considered oracles of the Cambridge Professors on the subject of Spiritualism, we are not, to have the pleasure of reading that Report, of which so many questions have been asked, for some little time yet; in the meanwhile, the Professors are hard at work on the sines and co-sines, the tangents and co-tangents of the subject, and intend to let off a bomb into the camp of Spiritualists, whose explosion will make finishing work with the whole of them. It strikes people as passing strange, that a matter which they have long and long ago reported, and denounced, and *proved* a humbug and a delusion, should require so much of their valuable time, with low salaries at that, in order to make people look at it as they do.

One of the Professors, in speaking of the expected Report, remarks with even more than his customary sang froid:—

"It will be, we venture to say, a calm, dispassionate, unanswerable exposure of this monstrous and wicked fraud; and though both cheats and dupes may continue to carp at their proceedings, as they have done hitherto, we also venture to predict that all the reasonable minds in our community will rest satisfied with their conclusions."

If they can show conclusively that there is deceit, collusion, or indeed fraud, of any description at the bottom of these manifestations, we have no doubt that "all the reasonable minds in the community will rest satisfied with their conclusions;" but they must take particular care not to leave a single phenomenon untouched, nor to pass by even one of the slightest manifestations, without an explanation that will conclusively prove it to be the work of "cheats and dupes." This we have no idea they can begin to do. They pretended they could produce the raps themselves, and on the occasion of an early interview with one of the mediums, they boastfully promised to do so; and that is the last that has been heard of that. They thought to brow-beat the mediums, and thus strike terror into the minds of believers, who, as they imagined, hung their faith in the truth of spirit-communication upon the character of those through whom the manifestations are made. Their course was in all respects offensive, rude, dictatorial, and disgraceful to persons setting up the pretensions of gentlemen. They went, not to investigate, but to ridicule everything they should see. They complied with none of the conditions of the sittings, but exerted themselves to the utmost to break up the circles, drive away the influence, and bring public discredit upon the objects for which the experiments were avowedly undertaken.

No doubt that when we see that Report, we shall see great things. We trust it may be a "calm and dispassionate" production, but unless its tone and temper show symptoms of a decided change from what have appeared in the usual productions of the Professors in the Courier, it will be vain to look for such an improvement. Ever since Professor Felton thought himself commissioned by the Evil One to overthrow this monstrous "delusion," he has shown himself anything but a "calm and dispassionate" man; his stormings and ravings have been the wonder of his friends, and subjected him alternately to the pity and the ridicule of those to whom his very name was a "Greek" before.

But let the Report go into the matter as closely and as far as they are able to send it, it must deal in something besides calumny and vituperation. Its learned authors, having come to their work after a competent course of "prolimentary study," must drop their classical slanging and whanging, and show us what they do and do not know, together with their grounds and reasonings as they go along. If they shall succeed in proving that Spiritualism is a "monstrous and wicked fraud," by which millions of their countrymen of all classes have been deluded, they will secure the gratitude of the great army of misguided ones throughout the world, and write their names immortal on the page of History, instead of, as now, writing themselves down asses with every scratch of their quills.

MR. FORSTER'S ADDRESSES.

We have issued, in pamphlet form, one of the addresses delivered by Mr. T. G. Forster at the Music Hall on Sunday, August 9th, being the one from the text:—

"These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Two more will be ready on Sunday, September 6th, and the balance in a week after.

Each address will be published separately, at the low rate of \$2.50 per hundred copies, and three cents single copies, on fine, thick paper; and the whole will be bound in one volume, when issued, at corresponding rates.

They will be sent by mail to those wishing single copies at the above price, with the addition of a penny stamp.

For sale at Bela Marsh's, No. 15 Franklin Street, and at our Office.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND AND "THE WHOLE TRUTH."

The Boston Journal, of August 24th, it is not hard to do Mr. Sunderland justice, as we judge by the expression it employs of "unwarrantable liberty," compels us to state the "whole truth," which Mr. S. has not done, and render a justice which we hoped to have been allowed the privilege of sparing him. The Journal says:—

The Banner of Light recently quoted La Roy Sunderland in favor of the verifiability of Mrs. Hayden as a spiritual medium. Mr. Sunderland was reported to have said that he had seen all the mediums from Maine to Utica, N. Y., but had never seen one through whom so many test questions were answered correctly, at one sitting. (We said no such thing, as you will see below.) "Mr. Sunderland" sent to the Banner of Light a correction or qualification of this statement over his own signature. The editor of the spiritual paper, however, took an unwarrantable liberty with this letter, by omitting the following very material portion:—

"The next day after the sitting referred to in my previous article, I attended a sitting with her, when all that was uttered through her proved to be false. She carried on the conversation for me, and got responses from what purported to be my mother, who is still living; and from a brother, which I never had! Every word was false! And thus I have found it with all mediums; the poorest do sometimes succeed, and the best can but fail when the tests are put, as they always should be, to witness who cannot be cross-examined at all!"

The history of the affair is this. In the account we are publishing of Mrs. Hayden's visit to England, occurs this passage:—

"La Roy Sunderland, the celebrated Psychologist, who has devoted a large portion of his time for the past ten years to the investigation of modern Spiritual manifestations, (one of his daughters, Mrs. Cooper, being a very superior medium,) said, at one of Mrs. Hayden's circles, where there were ten other persons present, that he had seen all the mediums from Maine to Utica, N. Y., but had never seen one through whom so many test questions were answered correctly, at one sitting."

Mr. Sunderland, shortly after this, wrote us a note, in which he reiterated all the author had said of Mrs. Hayden, in connection with the sitting under discussion, and only instanced one error which the spirit, through Mrs. Hayden, made. This part of the note we felt in duty bound to publish, as it related to the matter under discussion. The balance of Sunderland's note did not, in any manner, refer to that sitting, and we concluded not to publish it.

We know Mr. Sunderland quite well; and we know he is about as rabid as Felton against Spiritualism, and as little to be relied upon as he, when treating upon it, although he cannot write a paragraph without admitting the fact that spirits can and do communicate with mortals. Knowing his position and peculiar influence, we had no doubt that he could have any amount of lies told him through any medium, no matter how correct her answers might be, when not in contact with such an influence as Mr. Sunderland knows how to exert. We concluded that subsequently to the sitting in regard to which his name was quoted, he visited Mrs. Hayden on purpose to draw out false responses, and carried the spirit of the falsifier in his own breast; for it is a well-founded problem in Spiritualism, as in other things, that like produces like, and in Bible language, the fool is answered according to his folly.

Having no doubt on this point of our position, we felt it incumbent upon us, if we published the paragraph given by the Journal, which was sent us, and which we suppressed, to candidly state our opinion of Mr. S. and of his visit in connection with the paragraph. This would only have involved us in a controversy with him, which would have been profitless to us, to the public, and to Mr. S. He is not the person to discuss the subject of Spiritualism, and we desired to have nothing to do with him in the capacity of a controversialist, which he is always ready and anxious to assume.

Since Mr. S. has seen fit, however, to question the propriety of our course, we will state how well our reasons were founded.

At the sitting Mr. Sunderland got responses from a mother and brother, while the former was still on earth, and the latter never had an existence, we find him at the table of Mrs. Hayden, for the express purpose of getting such responses. He came to converse with spirits, with deceit in his heart, and called for communications from spirits he knew had no existence as such. Perhaps he thought he was taking the best course to obtain truth, by calling for falsehood, an error very good men, as we suppose S. to be in many things, fall into.

He went for lies, and like thousands of people, whose object in investigating the claims of Spiritualism, is not to see whether there be truth in it, but to prove it false,—he got lies, and was perfectly satisfied with what he received.

As this response came of which he complains, (after obtaining just what he went for,) Mr. Sunderland outraged decency by using such epithets in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, as "you're a damned spirit." Mrs. Hayden had not been accustomed to such expressions, and at once told Mr. Sunderland that she could not endure such language; and, as he persisted in using it, she left the table and the room. And she did right. The frame of mind displayed by Mr. Sunderland, was not such an one as is fitted for for spirit communion, though we find it prevalent among men who, in the investigation of other subjects, would not do disgrace to themselves by its exhibition. But this is the spirit which has fastened itself upon Mr. Sunderland; ever since he made a mistake in regard to the celebrated Phoebe Newhall's ghost, and was denied the companionship of the Spiritualist cause, and the leadership of its advocates.

Had we concluded to publish Mr. Sunderland's statement, we should first have inquired of Mrs. Hayden as to its truth; and not finding the "whole truth" in him, we should have published both sides, and Mr. Sunderland would have been placed in a position not calculated to do even him any credit.

We desired no controversy upon the subject with Sunderland, and therefore, concluded not to print the paragraph, nor to make any allusion to it in the presence of Mrs. Hayden; which we should not have done, had not the Journal thus publicly taken the matter up. We have now published the truth as lightly as possible for Mr. Sunderland, and close by advising him to be a little more honest in his dealings with mediums. The Journal will see the propriety of publishing both sides, and do what it chooses.

WHAT SPIRITS TEACH.

On our seventh page will be found a short communication, written through the organism of a humble medium in Roxbury, by a spirit having electrical control of the arm, the medium herself not knowing or dictating any part of the article.

Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit?

THE BROKEN CABLE.

The world, or at least England and America, long anxious to know the fate of the ocean telegraph enterprise, now lament that the result is the unfortunate one of which all our readers have undoubtedly heard. The cable parted after it had been run out three hundred and thirty miles, and the vessels were obliged to return again. Of course there were heavy hearts on board, but they were not altogether cast down, either. Those who were engaged personally in this stupendous undertaking were as ready to start anew, should it be agreed upon, as they were to go to sea with their treasure in the first place. The Directors, it appears, have scanned the matter with their own optics, and are probably quite familiar with the long train of difficulties with which they have to contend; yet they are perfectly sanguine of final success.

What a thrill of pleasure would have been felt by every one, had the announcement been made that the experimenters had succeeded! They will learn patience, however, and so must we all.

"What would doth heal but by degrees?" asks Shakespeare. The world was not made in one day, nor in seven common days. We incline to admire the practical philosophy of those who are engaged in this splendid enterprise, and especially the spirit which rises superior to defeat, and knows no possibility but that of advance. It will grieve millions that this plan could not be carried through, but this single effort—the second that has been made—will do more to familiarize their minds with the whole design in detail, and its great importance to the nations of the two hemispheres, than if they had never undertaken it; and that is a good result, whose consequences at this time are not thought so much of.

We hope to be able to announce in our next that the Directors in London have determined to go on in their experiment with the remaining 2000 miles of cable now on board the ships, and soon after that the two ends of that great connecting link between the two halves of the world have been secured to the shore of each of them. The revolution will begin in good earnest when this communication is finally effected.

FLASHES AND DASHES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY PRES.

YANKEE ADAMS.

I have a couple of anecdotes of John P. Addams, the Yankee comedian. All theatre-goers of Boston know, or have heard of Yankee Addams. He commenced his theatrical career twenty years ago, with Pelby as a utility man, and although he never arrived at any eminence as a general actor, he is certainly the most comical Yankee comedian that ever trod the boards. It is with great difficulty that old actors and actresses can maintain their gravity when playing with him, and many is the time I have seen them break down altogether, and enjoy a hearty laugh with the audience, at some of his drolleries. John has also been quite successful as a dramatic author, and many of those fine national drays which have been presented from time to time, were the productions of his pen. But he never aspired for literary, any more than he did for dramatic fame, and many of his dramas were received by the public as anonymous.

Of late years John declines accepting engagements at regular establishments as a member of the stock, but prefers to star in a small way, or what pleases him best, he likes to go philandering about the country, here and there giving entertainments in little halls, in little villages, and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, way down east—receiving barely enough to pay his meagre company, and defray expenses.

Well, it happened, (as story-tellers say,) that John was very busy one winter, in some town or village, way back in the country, somewhere, in getting up some grand national spectacle, full of startling effects and magnificent tableaux. His corps dramatique consisted of two or three decayed actors, and as many more stage-struck numskulls, who had probably never before smelt the foot-lights. One of the latter undertook the part of a young officer, during the enacting of which, he was to rush upon the stage, and say to his father, (Addams):—"Father, they fly!"

When the time arrived, the cue was given, and the novice dashed into the scene after the most approved manner, and there he stuck dead. The prompter endeavored to assist him by muttering, "Father, they fly!" The frightened Sponsey heard the words but imperfectly, and exclaimed:

"Father,—a fly!"

"A what?" roared out the amazed John Addams.

"Ah—a fly!" stammered the almost petrified greenhorn.

"A fly—a fly!" exclaimed John, as he looked at the novice from top to toe with a frown that almost sent him into his boots—"then pursue him,—but spare his life!"

One more anecdote of John Addams, and then I will proceed to relate another of Palmer the great, of the "Little Warren," in the days when Yale was cast for the first representation of *Mazepa*, but changed his mind, and rode and acted it at the Tremont.

In some suburban town where John was giving a theatrical entertainment, he had given instructions to one of his *clerks* to raise and lower the curtain. "Now," says John, "when I die, you be sure and drop the curtain to slow music, and be careful that you don't drop it until I'm entirely dead—now mind!"

At the closing of the piece, John, who accounted himself a whole field of pumpkins on dying, laid out for a splendid die; and while he was putting in half-a-dozen extra gasps and gurgles, he was made almost frantic with rage on seeing the curtain slowly descend, and out him out of a "stunning" dying speech!

No sooner was the curtain down, than the enraged manager was up, and, after saying utterable things to, and looking unutterable things at, the unlucky fellow, he exclaimed, in a voice that was heard all over the building:

"Ring up that curtain! If I know myself, I am manager here, and I'll be — if I won't have my die out."

And John did have his die out; and so effectively did he do it, that the audience not only insisted upon an encore, but demanded his presence before the curtain.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER.

This valuable work, which bears the name of one of the best teachers in the spiritual cause, is at hand. Its contents are:—Internal Spiritual; The Two Records; The Partial and Entire; Man or Spiritual Being; The Soul's Venture; Prayer; Rest; Spiritual Providence; Scriptural Scenes; Universal Destiny; and a full and complete course of instruction.

Dramatic.

THE PART WERE AT THE HOWARD has been a brilliant one. With the star company who have combined to present such attractions as our citizens have been witnessing there night after night, it is impossible for any undertaking of a histrionic character to fall of splendid success. This week the Marsh Children make their appearance, and will be welcomed with cordiality on all sides. Their personations are as wonderful as they are full of faithfulness to nature. Mr. Barrow goes out as manager at the Howard for a time, but will commence a sixteen months' engagement there next March, with a company and resources that will draw down the plaudits of the town. His eminent managerial success during the past season is the best pledge we could ask for the performance of his promises in the future.

Mr. English opened the NATIONAL THEATRE on the evening of August 31st, with a finely organized company. Several of the prominent stars of the country have been engaged to appear during the season. Mr. English is reported to have cleared \$7000 during the last season as Manager at the National, and has all ready for presentation now seven new pieces written by himself, together with two specially adapted to the capacities and style of Miss Lucille and Helen. He will no doubt meet with unbounded success. The Keller Troupe open at this Theatre on Monday, September 7th.

AT THE MUSEUM, Mrs. Gladstone is having great success, and draws crowds of admirers. Warren, Kench, Whitman, and the rest, form a company not to be surpassed at any theatre in the country. Mr. Kimball knows how to cater for the public taste, and does it skilfully.

ONWARD opened at his charming little Hall, which has been thoroughly renovated and re-decorated, August 31. His friends will flock to welcome him back after his long and brilliant Western tour.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS at Music Hall have just come to a successful close, proving to the City Fathers beyond doubt that our people are all lovers of good music. On Saturday night, Sept. 6th, a complimentary concert will be given to Mr. H. McGlen, the manager of these re-unions that have supplied our citizens with so much pleasure. Six bands will appear on the occasion, and Master Stewart, of the Marsh troupe, will be present and sing the *Marche*, in which he created such a furore at Laura Keane's.

KANE'S ACROBATIC VOYAGES, at the Melodeon, continue to draw large houses, and all go away delighted and instructed with the representations. The narrative of Mr. Morton adds greatly to the interest of the entertainments.

THE BOSTON THEATRE opens on Monday, September 7th, but nobody knows much about the arrangements there. The Journal says:—

"What is to be done, or who are to do anything at this theatre, still remain matters of profound mystery. We hear many and contradictory rumors, none of them credible, except that which is the most current, and which asserts in positive terms that Thomas Barry, Esq., is the Manager."

Among the company are Lizzie Weston Davenport, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Conway, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Howe, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Curtis, Mr. N. Davenport and Mr. Davidge. It is understood that the opera and ballet will alternate with dramatic representations, and that the dramatic company is to be transferred to New York and Philadelphia when not wanted here.

EDWIN BOOTH commenced his engagements at Burton's, August 31st.

FORBES' THEATRE, Providence, opened on the 26th of August.

THE NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Thomas Barry, of the Boston Theatre, is in the city awaiting the arrival of the Bonzani ballet company, who are on board the Africa, which will be due at this port about Wednesday next. The company numbers some twenty-six persons. They will first appear in Philadelphia."

ELIZA LOGAN is to play an engagement at the Gaiety, New Orleans, commencing Dec. 30th. Mr. Crisp has made arrangements with the management of the People's Theatre, St. Louis, and the Cincinnati Theatre, to form with him a circuit of connection in the engagement of stars.

MR. AND MRS. CONWAY are at Buffalo.

Mrs. JAMES MURDOCH has arrived from England.

The Richmond and Pittsburg Theatres open September 6th.

We understand that Mr. Burton has obtained a lease of the National Theatre, Philadelphia, and of the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.

AVONIA JONES and her mother, and Yankee Locke and Mrs. Locke, were at the National Theatre, Chicago, last week.

It is not true that Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie is about to re-appear on the stage, in consequence of her husband's pecuniary difficulties.

LAURA KEENE opens, with a fine company, being the sole lessee and directress of the establishment herself. She repudiates the "star" system.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Oliver Ditson, 277 Washington street, the following gems of song and music, which are for sale at the above store:—

"I am dreaming of my home," sung by J. G. Clark.

"The dearest spot on Earth to me is Home," a Quartette, arranged for the guitar, by W. T. Wrighten.

"Sister, I miss thee," one of a collection of songs entitled, "Lays of the South."

"Song from the Persian," from a collection of songs and duets, entitled, "Songs of the South."

"The Bates Home Polka," from the "Empire State," collection of waltzes, Polkas, Mazourkas, &c.

"The Columbian Springs Schottish."

"Mariquita Mazourka."

"The Pathway of Flowers," or easy melodies, arranged as duets for the piano, for improving the touch, strengthening the joints, and exercising both hands. A very valuable series of exercises.

Mr. Ditson has also sent us advance sheets of the

"Western Bell," a collection of glees, quartettes and choruses, and "Chorus and Home," a collection of sacred music, anthems, orations, recitations, &c., &c., both of which promise excellently. Both books will be published shortly, and form a valuable addition to our libraries of music.

Gov. ROBINSON, of Kansas, has been tried and acquitted.

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ADDRESSES OF THOMAS G. FORSTER.

Quite a full audience was in attendance at the Music Hall on Sunday morning last to listen to an address delivered through the organic form of Thomas Gales Forster. His text was the 18th verse of the 1st chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

Our report is but a running abstract of the address, but may, perhaps, give an idea of its character. He commenced by saying that:—The great ocean of thought is being developed every hour, and all must launch forth upon it. In the search for light and truth every one is to rely upon himself, and not to submit to dogmatism, come from whatever source it may. Many are groping in the dark for want of more confidence in their individual selves. Theology and ecclesiasticalism must be understood, not by authority, but by the operation of our own minds—each one is responsible for himself, and much launch forth into this ocean alone, and through the action of his own thought elucidate the great question of spiritual philosophy, as spoken of in the Bible.

Christ was not divine, in the sense many take him to be, but a material and natural being, inspired by the divine influence of our Father. Modern Spiritualism has made its appearance in the nineteenth century, and through it light and knowledge is being developed, and it is now breaking away the cloud of superstition and ignorance, and will make clear the true meaning of the Bible, which even to the churches immediately after Christ, was hidden, for through the spiritual man of John, the Revelator, Jesus condemned the churches of Asia.

The speaker quoted authorities to prove that there was a unity of God, and that it was an error to believe in the existence of a trinity—for when the three were divided, with different motives and objects, they must operate against each other. The three must be resolved into the one God. He also argued that the theory that Christ was of divine origin, was erroneous to a great degree—it was a Pagan idea. The same divine birth was claimed for Pythagoras 600 years before Jesus, and he was thankful that at this late date, through the seeking of modern Spiritualism, the doctrine of the materialism of the dark ages was being better understood and the veil was being removed, and the true character of Jesus made plain. Jesus was divine, but not in the sense that we have been taught to believe—he was not divine in the sense told us by theological teachers. The first principles of Spiritualism was first developed by and through him, and all his acts have shown clearly that in his material life he was actuated and governed by the fundamental principle of spirituality, Divinity.

Man is now beginning to understand the teachings of the Nazarine, and to know the manner in which Christ was divine, and through his teachings the true origin of man and his ultimate destiny. Christ existed in the human form, and was practically a man, but he was controlled by the spiritual inspiration of the Father, and through the Nazarene the divinity of man is recognized as intermingled with the divinity of God. Man is the result of the divine essence of God, and stands the earthly, finite representative of all that is glorious and divine in the Godhead, and it was this lesson which Christ sought to teach. Man's object should be constantly to advance and aspire to reach the goal from whence he sprang, never reaching the same glorious position as his Father—but carrying out the intentions of the divinity, and the great ends of material and spiritual progress. Christ taught that this should be man's glorious mission, and that man could perform it.

The speaker closed by exhorting his hearers to practice brotherly love, and by mutual assistance seek to know the Bible in its spiritual, not literal meaning, and to aid each other in searching for the great truths which came to light through the instrumentality of modern Spiritualism.

In the afternoon a much larger audience attended than was present in the morning. Mr. Forster appeared, and an interesting address was delivered through him. In his preliminary remarks, he stated that the medium was quite indispensible, and he somewhat feared that he should not be able to do justice to the subject on which he intended to speak. He took for his text the 9th verse of the 8d chapter of Genesis: "And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, where art thou?"

The speaker regretted that many who were present in the morning had not attended in the afternoon, as his present discourse was intended to have some connection with the one previously delivered. He wished to establish by argument and proofs, founded upon reasonable and plausible deductions from organic law, that the progress of everything pertaining to the world and mankind was in accordance with the inevitable order of things.

The theory of the formation of mankind and of the world, has its foundation in the letter of Genesis. The theory is an erroneous one, and can be so proved by the aid of science. In the first chapter of Genesis we read that God made the world in six days. Now we must not receive this in the literal sense, not as the revealed meaning of the divine Creator. When we take all such things in the literal sense, we find ourselves led into error, and one error produces error upon error. No system of ethics can reconcile such an hypothesis, and as we cannot reconcile these inconsistencies, we must repudiate the letter of Genesis. We cannot receive it as an infallible revelation, as its manifold absurdities are at variance with science and philosophy, and are totally uncorroborated by reason.

The spiritualistic theory of the formation of the world, is demonstrated through the materialistic mind, and the philosophic mind. The mind is constantly struggling for truth—we are endeavoring to reconcile the teachings of the past with the developments of the present. The theory that man came from one common parent cannot be correct, for the teachings of the Bible tell us that mankind sprang up from different sources and in different climates, and came together as streams flow towards and combining with each other. For hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, there was the same distinctive and characteristic differences of color and features that mark the various races of the present day. All the geographical and geological developments showing that progress has marked the world from its beginning, and it is most perfectly illustrated in the nineteenth century.

From all analogy and scientific research, we are forced to repudiate the letter of Genesis. Man was the formation of a general providence, and not that of a special act. We may indulge in the belief of a special act, which has been the basis of religion.

the existence of the Garden of Eden; but we must believe it as a beautiful allegory, and not in the literal sense. Every man is walking in the Garden of Eden, and God is calling out at all times—"Adam, where art thou?"—calling every one to do his duty. Materialism and avariciousness surround us, and we sit supinely down and let our ministers do our praying for us. God is calling upon us to come out of our darkness and seek to understand the developing influences of the nineteenth century, and give our thoughts to the awakening truths of modern Spiritualism.

You who have realized the beauties of the spiritual theory, and believe that you have friends who have but gone before you for a brief period to the spirit world, must harken to the voice which calls upon you and asks, "Where art thou?" You should band together and be united, and help each other to develop the beautiful light of spiritualism, and you will be aided and inspired by the beams of the thousands of eyes looking down upon you from the angel world.

Late European Items.

The America from Liverpool on the 15th, brings bad news from the Atlantic Telegraph Expedition. The Cable parted from the Niagara on the afternoon of Tuesday, 11th, in consequence of a sudden check while in process of paying out. The dispatch from Halifax states that "as the engineer thought the Cable was running out in too great a proportion to the speed of the ship, he considered it necessary to direct the brakes to be applied more firmly—when, unfortunately, the Cable parted at some distance from the stern of the ship. The speed of the Niagara at the time of the accident, was about four knots. The Leopard was immediately dispatched to Portsmouth to report the disaster, and the Cyclops was to follow with dispatches for Valencia. The Niagara and Agamemnon, with nearly two thousand miles of the Cable still on board, remained near the scene of accident, and a series of important deep-water experiments were to be instituted before their return, in order to furnish reliable information to the Directors of the Company. It is reported that about one hundred miles of the three hundred lost are sunk in water over two miles in depth. At the conclusion of the experiments, the whole fleet was to sail for Portsmouth. A meeting of the Board of Directors had been called for the 15th, to consider the propriety of resuming the enterprise this season.

FRANCE.—An interview between the Emperors of France and Russia is again stated as certain to take place.

Rumor says that it was decided at the recent Imperial visit at Osborne, that in the event of Lord Elgin and Baron Gross not attaining the object of their mission to China, a more decided action in common should be adopted.

SPAIN.—A Madrid despatch of the 11th says that Lafragua, the Mexican Envoy, has made known to the Mexican Consul, that the Spanish Government has suspended all negotiations with him, and consequently that he had placed Mexican subjects in Spain under the protection of France.

ITALY.—A plot for the escape of all the galley slaves at Genoa has been discovered. All the turnkeys were to have been simultaneously murdered.

TUNIS.—The Ambassadors are still waiting at Constantinople for instructions from their respective governments.

INDIA.—The news from India by this arrival is highly important. The Overland Mail had arrived, with intelligence of great moment. The mutiny among the native troops is still spreading; Delhi had not fallen, up to the 27th of June. The rebels in possession of the city had made several desperate sorties, they were repulsed on each occasion with immense slaughter. The cholera had broken out in Delhi, and the city was filled with sick and wounded. Reinforcements were arriving at the British camp, and the besieging force, at last accounts, amounted to 8,000 Europeans and 5,000 Sepoys—in all, 13,000 men. The panic in Calcutta was subsiding. Further mutinies are reported in several districts. The Bombay and Madras armies remain loyal. The Punjab remains quiet. At Simla, General Van Cortlandt had attacked and completely defeated the insurgents, inflicting a heavy loss. General Woodburn's column had completely crushed the rebellion at Aunrangabad. Intelligence had been received of the raising of troops at nine different stations. Peshawar is disturbed, and three regiments have been dispatched there. Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Aden, July 28th. The first batch of the China corps had reached Calcutta. The rebels have been dispersed at Allahabad, and the force, the barracks at Allahabad, have been closely besieged by the insurgents, but held out bravely. The whole of Oude has risen, but Sir Henry Lawrence, with a small force, kept the enemy in check. Calcutta is more tranquil, and the native bankers are gaining confidence. The papers say we have seen the worst of it, for there are no more regiments to mutiny excepting those of Bombay and Madras, which are faithful.

The East India Company have despatched, or are on the eve of despatching, to India, in all, 72 vessels, carrying about 27,000 troops. The steamer Sarah Sands has been declared incapable of receiving troops or stores.

From China there is nothing important. Trade at the Northern ports continued uninterrupted. Continental news reports that the Turkish difficulties were so far on the way towards adjustment that a Conference of the Powers would probably be unnecessary. The four Ambassadors who struck their flags at Constantinople remained at their posts awaiting further instructions from their Governments. The Emperor of France had publicly inaugurated the new Louvre, and it was reported that the Imperial pardon was to be extended to nine hundred persons, condemned for various offences.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

New York, August 30.—The Collins steamship Atlantic, Capt. Eldridge, from Liverpool at 10 A. M., August 19, arrived at this port at 6 1-2 o'clock this morning.

The Telegraph squadron was at Plymouth. Future movements were to be determined upon at a meeting of the Directors of the Telegraph Company on the day the Atlantic left. It is estimated that the outside loss the company will sustain in consequence of the failure will be 25,000. It is fully expected that at least one half of the sunken Cable will be recovered.

The recent storms and floods in Great Britain had done considerable damage to the crops.

The India Steamer, for 15th August, would take out 1,000,000 lb. silver.

In France, the Emperor pardoned 1142 criminals.

on the occasion of the late sale. It is rumored that the French Government will demand the extradition of Ledru Rollin, of the Government of England, and that Rollin had left for this country.

Russia.—It has been resolved to make a reduction of 30,000 in the Russian Imperial Guards.

The government was engaged in equipping a flotilla, destined for the China Seas.

INDIA.—There is nothing really new or important from India.

The Busy World.

ROBBERY OF DUPLICATE BANK NOTES.—It is reported that the New England Bank Note Company, No. 204 Washington street, have been robbed of from \$50,000 to \$100,000 worth of duplicate bank notes. The men in the office are suspected of the robbery. Many of these bills, with counterfeit signatures, have passed through the Suffolk Bank without suspicion. The affair is a great mystery.

STEAMER AFFAIR BAKER.—This fine steamer will make three trips daily to Nahant during the present month, leaving Long Wharf, Boston, at 9 1-4 A. M., and 2 1-2 and 6 o'clock P. M.; returning, she will leave Nahant at 7 3-4 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

THE LAWRENCE (KANSAS) HERALD OF FREEDOM, of the 16th inst., says there will be no invasion of Missouri at the election in October; and that the payment of taxes will not be required as a qualification for voting.

AT THE LATE dental convention in this city, it was asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of defective teeth is the use of saleratus and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread. Dr. Baker destroyed sound teeth in fourteen days by soaking them in a solution of saleratus.

IT IS STATED in the New London papers, that the ill-fated vessel J. N. Harris, has been found by a New London fishing smack which has been on a search for her for several days. The spot was discovered by what is supposed to be her foremast, broken off at the deck, but held by the rigging—and thus floating upwards as a buoy.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR has received intelligence that a desperate engagement recently took place between the U. S. troops, commanded by Col. Sumner, and a large band of Cheyenne Indians, in which two officers and one or two privates were killed.

The slaughter among the Indians was terrible. Col. Sumner was sent out on this expedition to chastise the Indians for depredations committed last year.

THE ARRANGEMENTS for the Young Men's National Agricultural and Mechanical Exhibition to be held at Elmira, N. Y., next week, are all completed. Seats have been erected on the grounds for 10,000 persons. It is understood that visitors will be carried to and from Elmira during the fair, at half price.

THE BURGARS have been at work briskly in Saratoga, and have been caught at last, when at the cars, on their way off.

REV. W. G. BARNES, the author, died in New York, on the 27th ult.

THE HEAD QUARTERS of the army are at West Point, where Lieut. Gen. Scott held his office in the Academy Building.

FISHING in the various harbors along the coast of New England was never better than now, says the Salem Gazette.

A DISEASE is said to be making fatal work among the cattle about Ulster. The observer says the disease is identical with the one known as the cattle plague in Europe.

LITCHFIELD COUNTY, Ct., it is said, has been the birth-place of thirteen United States Senators. It has given birth to twenty-two Representatives in Congress.

GOV. GARDNER addressed a public meeting of the Americans of Dorchester, on the evening of the 28th.

THE WORK on the Hoosac Tunnel has been resumed again, and the parties interested are sanguine of success.

THE ENTERTAINMENT in remembrance of the late Douglas Jerrold have already realized more than 2000.

THE TWO English Lords, Hervey and Althorp, are at Saratoga.

THE COST of the police force of London during the last year was 44,794.

THE BODY of Mr. George E. Humphries, of the Coast Survey, recently drowned near Bath, Me., has been recovered and conveyed to Bath, Me., his native place, for burial.

MR. HENRY CLAY BAKER was killed in Chicago by falling from a window. He had been in the habit of walking in his sleep, and it was undoubtedly, while in the somnambulic state, that he was killed. He was in his 26th year, and a graduate of Yale College, in the class of 1852.

IT IS rumored that Dr. Catlin has made some important disclosures in relation to the first husband of Mrs. Cunningham.

Mrs. CUNNINGHAM bore with fortitude the announcement that the Surgeon had decided against her claims to be the widow of Harry Burdell, and so entitled to a third of Dr. Burdell's estate. She says she was prepared to suffer any injustice—expected it, indeed. She says she will contest the matter to the last.

THE CHARLESTON COURIER reports that a "distinguished lady" of New York, remarkable for several successful appearances before the public, and sundry doctors and lawyers of equal distinction, are expected soon to publish a very exciting and captivating romance, to be called "Nothing to Nurie."

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY, who some six weeks ago went to the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs at Warrentown, Va., in a debilitated condition, is said to be now in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, and looking better than he has for many years.

JOHN LEACH, the caricaturist of the London Punch, is about to visit the United States.

IT IS reported that \$2000 in gold, recently robbed from the safe of the American Express Company, at Quincy, Ill., were found a few days since in a wood-pile into which a rat had been chased, and which was torn down to catch the rat. The Company are still minus about \$500.

A new and dangerous counterfeit on the Globe Bank, Providence, R. I., has made its appearance. It is admirably engraved.

A new issue of three cent pieces has just been made. The metal is said to be improved, so as to have less corrosive properties.

MUSIC HALL.

The public should not lose the opportunity of hearing Mr. Forster next Sabbath. The hours of service are 8 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M.

Our friends have tried Mr. F., and find that he fully sustains their expectations, and henceforth he cannot fail to have troops of supporters among the Rational Spiritualists of Boston.

We thank the "Buffaloes" for sending along their Star.

MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Conant is gaining rapidly in health and strength, and we trust she will be able to attend to her duties in season for our next issue.

In answer to many inquiries relative to the subject, we state that hereafter the exercise of her medium powers will be exclusively devoted to the Banner. All other business, including prescriptions for the sick, will be suspended.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAMER.

New Orleans, August 30.—The steamship Empire City has arrived here from Key West, all well. The steamship Illinois, from Aspinwall, with five hundred passengers and \$1,000,000 in specie, would leave Havana for New York, 30th inst. She had been on Colorado Reef, seventy miles west of Havana, for three days; but after throwing off two hundred tons of coal, she got off without injury. She was hauled off by the steamer Empire City, assisted by the war steamer Baules de Gray.

LECTURE OF L. JUDD PARDEE.

We call the attention of our readers to the faithful abstract of the lecture of Mr. Pardee, at Music Hall. No one of our friends should omit to peruse so interesting and beautiful a production. We intend to make our reports of these lectures as full and reliable as possible.

OUR DEPARTED SISTER.

Yes! Heaven has opened its gates to call within
As pure a soul as e'er sojourned on earth,
And one which knew not sorrow, neither sin,
But walked an angel from the hour of birth.
And, while the flowers were fading, she passed in—
Rich flowers that decked the spring-time of the years;
Her spotless life a spotless robe shall win:
To grace her form, which hence shall grace the spheres;
And while we know that each day found our kin
Still tolling on to aid this world of ours,
We cannot let our loving hearts begin
To mourn—her joy goes not as go the hours,
For in the Spirit Land the work is given,
(Thus she is born anew) to fit mankind for Heaven.

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 best 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 these 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.

INACCURACIES IN COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT LIFE.

The fact that beings in the existence of Spirit can and do impart their thoughts to us in the material life is now established beyond the possibility of doubt in the minds of millions. And all of us agree on the point, which is, that the honest, unprejudiced mind which will patiently investigate, taking such facts as may be presented, though at first they may not meet its expectations in regard to significance, will in longer or shorter time, agree with us in the fact of communication between the two states of existence.

But there is one thing which troubles us, which all admit, because all are more or less troubled with it: We refer to errors in the intelligence which comes to us.

In the first stages of the investigator's researches, inaccuracies swarm his communications. How often, when we first undertook to unravel the mystery, have we been on the point of exclaiming, "we will have nothing further to do with this matter." That the intelligence communicating to us was foreign, was undeniable; that the medium through whom it came was not responsible either for the truth we received, or the falsehood which came to us, was as fully persuaded as of our own existence. But much of what we received could not be depended upon, but resembled the prophecies dealt out to Macbeth by the weird sisters, who, as he expressed it:

"Keep promises to our ears, but break them to our hearts." And we often thought that Shakespeare had a rich insight into the difficulties of a man's first interview with spirits, and in Macbeth had endeavored to illustrate the end of a dupe to spirit communications, in the early stages of investigation, by a too confiding mind.

But we could not bear to drop the subject and acknowledge ourselves conquered, and so we concluded to persevere and see if the problem was not to be solved, and a point reached where error would cease to annoy.

This is the experience of every man who is placed in a position where he will be likely to take a stand in the battle which is now going on, either in a public manner before the world, or as a little leaven in his own family, society, or village, which, if not destroyed, will eventually leaven the lump.

As one becomes more familiar with the phenomena, these inaccuracies are less and less observed; but we have not yet seen the man who is not somewhat subject to them.

There is a point one reaches in his dealings with the spirit world, when he is sensitive to the influences communicating; when one can be satisfied in his own mind that this influence is truthful, and desirous of imparting correct information, or on the other hand, when it is incapable or unwilling so to do.

Mediums gifted with this experience, who are immediately infested by the spirit, feel this influence more strongly than others, but it cannot be fully described; it is felt sensibly, almost tangibly to the spirit, yet it is more in the form of an impression than otherwise. And there are different degrees of this influence. At one time, before the communication is established, the sensation experienced is beautifully described by the disciples of Christ who viewed the Transfiguration, and exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here;" at another time there is none of that peculiar, calm, pure, and lofty inspiration stealing over one, but the impression is kind,

and quiet, or lively and pleasant; sometimes it is uneasy, nervous, irksome, almost annoying. And all these degrees exhibit themselves in the communications received. Truth and falsity are felt, you know, by inquiry, whether what you received is one or the other.

But although the investigator is satisfied of the intention of the spirit to give truth, both by this experience or impression, and by ascertaining that nine out of ten of the statements made are corroborated by material proof, yet one of them is found to be an error.

Different persons and mediums find these difficulties on different points. Some err on dates, some on family names, some on Christian names; some in names of towns, and some one of these errors seems to tincture many of the communications which come through mediums.

The greatest difficulty we have to encounter, is in the Christian names of those spirits who communicate to us. While dates, places of residence, manner of departure, and other incidents are detailed astonishingly correct, perhaps in one fifth of our communications the name of Samuel is substituted for John, or Charles for Enoch. Occasionally the name of a place is wrongly given.

This error is hardly to be ascribed by a man of sense to lack of memory. If dates were wrong it might answer as an excuse to us, for we know what sorry work we should make if we were in the spirit world, in any endeavor to convince a friend of the truth of spirit communication did he require dates from us. We should be likely to make a confirmed unbeliever of an honest skeptic, and send him away with the cry of humbug at once. But we are not willing to believe that any spirit is likely to forget his own name, so we are in search of a satisfactory solution.

The fallibility of spirits will answer on everything but this point, and in common with all candid investigators, this is a source of gratification to us, rather than of sorrow. If spirits were infallible, instead of being men, women and children, we should be at a loss to find proof that they really were our friends—their personality would be gone, so far as it would be of service in their identifying themselves to us. And then, if we could always rely upon all they said, and if it were safe to submit to their direction in everything, our own identity would be lost, our own judgment would become a useless attribute—we should not reason, and should be likely to become less than men. It has been the fault of man that he has leaned on others too much, and not worked out an individuality. If spirits were infallible, this quality which makes a man, would be lost.

It will not do to say that mediums are controlled by "dark spirits," a very common phrase with Spiritualists, which we do not very much like, used in the too broad sense that it is. This excuse for errors is not satisfactory to us in the least, so applied.

Our experience has been with Trance mediumship almost exclusively, and we have seen all sorts of manifestations of spirits, from the idiotic, the insane, the devilish, and the more pure. We have conversed with those in whom hatred, revenge and lies burned with an intensity almost horrifying, and with those who exhibited the exact counterparts. With those whose counsels, could we but follow them would lead to happiness, purity and consequently heaven, and with those who would change existence into a hell. There was no mistaking the influence—the task of discriminating good from evil spirits has been easy. All of these have identified themselves to us, therefore we could not say that all spirit communion came from and was instigated by evil spirits. None of the reasons so commonly given for these errors have satisfied us.

We have ascribed them to imperfect control of the medium at the time; to an undoubted opposition in the spirit world to the establishment of communication between the two states of existence, which is plainly manifested and seen by those familiar with the phenomena, or to intense anxiety on the part of some spirit to commune, which causes his will-power to preponderate, and conveys his impressions rather than those of the spirit who has controlled the subject.

The trances in which communications come, present all the appearance of mesmeric control, so far as we can judge. We can detect no difference between trance medium and a mesmeric subject under influence; only that a spirit out of the form controls one, and a spirit clothed with mortal form, the other. Each operator strives to make the subject convey his own thought, the mind of the subject being inoperative. But it is a difficult thing to obtain such complete control over the subject that it will give only the ideas the operator desires. This is true in human mesmeric control, and why should it not be with spirit?

We have seen spirits controlling mediums who were so repugnant (in influence) to them, that a perfect war was carried on between the medium and the spirit, during which the conversation would alternate, and be in the first and third persons—the spirit getting control speaking of himself in the first, and losing control, the medium speaking of the spirit in the third. During this manifestation, when the medium had control of herself she would describe the spirit, here bringing in clairvoyance, and declare he should not influence her; and when the spirit had regained possession, he would complain of her unwillingness to allow him to communicate. These two identities were sharply defined, so that there was no possibility of mistaking either. It will be seen how difficult it must be for the spirit to give his ideas through the subject under these circumstances.

Opposing spirits take advantage of the same power to control as a truthful spirit has, and as they cannot hinder his control, concentrate their will upon some one point of the communication, and just when the spirit who is striving to give truth arrives at that particular point, opposing will-power gives a falsehood to the mind of the medium, and this is given by her, when perhaps the spirit thinks his own mind is being conveyed. We have been satisfied this has been the case with us in some instances.

Again, anxiety on the part of our spirit to commune, sometimes destroys the control of the spirit communicating, and without intention of wrong, the name of the proper spirit is not given, but that of some other. This we have seen to be the cause in a few cases. The truth is, the control is so delicate, that it is liable to be affected, and will-power being the instrument of conveyance of thought, opposing will-power, if strong enough, will disarrange the communication.

This same theory will hold good in all the manifestations from which intelligence proceeds. Spirit seers have described the operation of a spirit who was opposing another in giving a communication, by rape. He produced sounds at the wrong time, piling

the same medium the truthful spirit was using, and the medium (herself the seer) was able to tell the party receiving the message when the proper spirit effected his object, and when the opponent thwarted it, although all the parties were entire strangers to her.

Again, in writing mediums the same evil will often prevail in some parts of their communications. Sometimes since a spirit, after giving us a communication, undertook to write his name. The communication was full of complete tests, as the medium nor the medium had ever heard of the person before, and his statements proved true. But the Christian name was wrong! We resolved to wait for an explanation, but did not ask for one, and dismissed the fact from our mind. Some weeks elapsed, when the spirit visited us and asked why his message was not published. We stated our objection, and asked him to write his real name. We had not mentioned this error to any one, so that we knew the medium knew nothing of it—we concentrated our mind upon the name before given, so that no reading of our mind would avail in the case. Yet the spirit wrote the true name. The explanation he gave was that he was surrounded by a party of spirits at the previous communication, who were Catholic; and as he had been a Catholic, and the party addressed was one also, they had peculiar interest in effecting their purpose. He had, he said, exerted all the will-power he was master of, all the time opposed by them, and supposed he was giving us the whole truth, and was not aware until now that there was an error in his message. He next undertook to explain how the error might have occurred, when another spirit apparently influenced the medium, gaining control from him, leaving us a little perplexed as to the performance.

In a few minutes, however, the guardian, or familiar spirit of the medium and our circles, got control, and after stating that, what was said in reference to opposing influence was true, said that this influence chose to allow the communication to proceed properly, knowing that one bad point would destroy the truth of the whole, and their desires would be more easily accomplished by allowing the spirit to fancy he was secure in his control, than by risking too much in frequent interruptions.

In another case the name was written, and an error occurred. The spirit, in rectifying the mistake, said, "When you take a pen to write, your arm obeys your will, though the exercise of will-power may be imperceptible, because so common. Still it is so, and is the same with us—we are obliged to suspend, as nearly as possible, the medium's power over the arm we employ, and get control of the arm electrically. Having this control, as of the arm we can obtain it, we use our own will-power to cause it to write our thoughts, as you would yours. An opposing spirit, if he be used to practice, under the laws which govern spirit influence, may, if he can exercise stronger will than the spirit, he opposes, cause the arm of the medium to convey his thoughts or errors, rather than the truth desired, and the true spirit may not see the mistake, as having electric control over the arm, he did not suppose his will was not guiding it." These are the most natural and plausible reasons for these errors we have ever had given to us, and if we admit, as we all must in time, that Spiritualism is clairvoyance, mesmerism, and Psychology employed by disembodied spirits, we shall see enough, in the manifestations of the same sciences produced by embodied spirits, to account for the errors in the former manifestations.

We must here remark, as bearing upon our subject, that Phrenology also has a very important mission to perform in Spiritualism. For instance, a medium's phrenological developments have more to do with the style of mediumship they will be most perfect in, than most are willing to admit. A test medium must have those phrenological developments called Perceptive. No medium who has not the gift of poetry, can be operated upon by spirits to write or speak poetry. Thus we might run through the various developments of the brain and apply them to a medium's capacities, but the reader can do it for himself as well.

If we are asked whence the opposition to truth, we say, whence the same in this world? Answer this, and the former question is answered. The same motives sway spirits as govern mortals. One more is added, which is in spirits—spirits of moralities, operate through men in their sphere of moral life, receiving pleasure from the participation in sin of those men. If man forsake evil, this mode of gratification is gone—hence their opposition to the spread of truth.

These difficulties existing, shall we cease to commune with spirits, or shall we continue, separating the chaff from the wheat, receiving the Truth, rejecting Error, until the laws of communion are more perfectly understood, and we are taught to guard against Error.

There is one thing certain—when men cease to oppose the fact of spirit communion, these errors will cease to operate, and we shall have less and less difficulty in obtaining all the truth our conditions require from those above us. We should not oppose spirit communion because of its inaccuracy, but rather seek to make the crooked path straight. We should not cast aside multitudinous of facts, because one error has been sowed by the enemy.

We have stated some of the difficulties we have encountered, and hinted at the causes we have been able to discover for the inaccuracies which often occur in communications. In those we have given to the world, honestly and with a desire to reach mankind for good, there have been very few. We have had our attention called to two—one where the name given was Charles when it should have been Enoch; another where the name of the State given was Connecticut instead of Massachusetts. Now although there were many tests in these communications, the skeptic, glad to find a lover to overturn the truth, will reject all facts, because of one error. He forgets that if one communication is proved true, and there is no probability of the facts coming from any other source than from a spirit, the fact of communication with the other world is established, and others may communicate as well as one, if they avail themselves of the same conditions.

We intend to scrutinize all our messages as best we may; but the task is more than we are capable of doing in some instances. Our success has astonished many who have taken the trouble to ascertain for themselves the truth of our pretensions. Our object is accomplished if we impress upon the minds of the people the fact that we are in communication with the spirit world, and stimulate them to proper attention to investigate for themselves; for what one gets another surely may, if he employs the proper

Grace Speaking.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS THROUGH MR. L. JUDY PARDEE, AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23, 1857.

The historical reader in running over the record of the past, and noticing the various gradations of national life, and the progress of nationalities, will observe a certain sort of what might be called *external civilization*—which indeed was an exponent of inward life, just as all exterior manifestations are proofs of the corresponding indwelling vitality. But from various causes, the history of the past, and up to this day, the history of the present—before spiritual manifestations, in their superabundant form came upon the earth, with their benign power—has borne the stamp of externalism. Civilization, instead of being a gradual unfolding of spiritual elements in man, has been a sort of side culture of some of the human faculties. It is well known to the spiritual philosopher that from the inner all else proceeds; but there are certain sorts of external culture which may build up a strong external individuality, which may number itself under the head of science, art, commerce, or literature, and which has not much to do with those internal spiritual conditions which are directly derivable from the influences from lofty spheres of spirit life. Though whatever manifestation there is of civilization proceeds in some respects from the inner, there has yet been wanting a certain radiation, wanting a civilization struck outward from its interior. There is a side culture, just as you may cultivate your physical nature, or your social nature, or your moral, or mental, or religious nature, to the neglect of the rest of your faculties. Now what is sought to be externalized at this day by spirits, is the *wholeness* of spiritual civilization; a civilization, which, starting from the centre of a man's character, shall spread outwardly, like a sphere, but like a half moon, not even like a star, but round, orb like a sun, so that civilization shall exhibit a harmonious wholeness.

The spiritual element in civilization has been too little calculated upon, simply because men have not looked to the internal as the source of things. Let us ground ourselves upon this primal principle, that all that is exhibited of outward life proceeds from the inner, and then we shall have a substratum on which to stand in all our investigations.

There are certain distinct elements in every civilization, the first of which exhibits itself in relation to God. In the most savage nations, you find that after satisfying the cravings of the animal nature, their first thought was of something beyond and superior to them, something higher and greater and more powerful than they had seen; and this was simply the consciousness in them that there was a God, and involuntarily they fell down and worshipped their idea of God—which idea was formed from their composite development. You find that in different nations various kinds of worship have prevailed, corresponding to the degree of development, and these have taken the name of religion, the primal and most potent element in the civilization of the world; and as religion primarily descends from above to meet the wants of man, thus God is ever present with his children, and by his spirits dispensing to them inspiration. The ideas of religion which have prevailed have either sprung up from the consciousness of man that he was connected with God, or have descended with form of inspiration, which touched his inmost soul, elevated his ideas, and drew him towards God. So the various religions which have appeared have in one sense been spiritual gifts, adapted to the peoples among whom they prevailed, however rigid or barbarous and unadapted to the present time some of these children may seem. God graduates himself to his children and meets their wants, adapting their spiritual food to their condition and capacity; as the nations advanced, as their wholeness of being unfolded by the progressive principle within, a still higher form of religion was given to them.

Religion is modified and changed by the higher faculties of man, and in proportion to their development, power, and influence. Thus God by his spirits will work out the salvation of man: Salvation does not come to one part, but to the wholeness of man, intellectual, moral, affectional, and spiritual or religious. Religion then, considered as divine food descending from the spirit world, from God, must primarily be considered as a spiritual element in civilization. Religion takes a deep hold on men and nations, therefore it is difficult for a people to change its religion; hence the necessity of revolutions, moral earthquakes, coming from the angelic worlds, to break up the existing state of things, and so leave room for a diviner thought to make its habitation in the soul of man. Moses had his idea of God as Jehovah, a great ruler, and from that sprang a religion of almost abject reverence; but Jesus, because the people were further advanced, and needed higher things, gave to them from out the heavens, a loftier, truer, and more rational idea of religion, identifying God as the Father of all, and loving all; and notwithstanding all the corruptions of the present theologies, you still find this grand idea of the paternity of God acknowledged by all. If men had only looked to the grand central idea that God is the Father of all, and all men are brothers, there would have been a simpler religion, and that worship would have been productive of good thoughts and good deeds towards mankind.

But there is another element besides religion in civilization, and that is art and science. The religious element was the avenue through which other energies of man struck out and unfolded themselves, and thus were evolved art and science. Whence came all the display of art and science of the past and the present? It came out from the inward, through the agency of spirits, who inspired men with conceptions of art and science, which their constructive and perceptive faculties energized and caused to project into visible forms of use and beauty.

There first must be an inner life working itself out, and producing developments, before there can be any exhibition on the external of what might be called intellect. Primarily, the life of the past was one of faith; and so when man's intellect unfolded and became a ruling principle, it was said that man had fallen away from high conditions. Now faith is a very high condition, but it ought to be a rational faith, one that has been graduated by the understanding. In the remote past there was not much intellectual development; but as religion opened the way, and stirred the microcosmic germ in man, radiating as it was a centre, and energizing the elements which impinged upon the constructive and perceptive faculties in man—there was created a life, and, through that life, an exhibition, and, through that exhibition, art and science externalized themselves; but they were divine ideas, they were

spiritual from the inward; and whatever use they have subserved in external civilization, they must be admitted primarily to have been spiritual elements in external civilization. The broadest and best expression of civilization is spiritualization; we have not had that yet, but the dawn of it is at hand; the mountain-tops are now gilded by the light of this spiritual civilization, and by and by it shall flow over all the hills and vales of external life, and God be felt by man in his deep inmost, as all in all, the essence of rational religion.

But there is another element in civilization, and that is literature. The thoughts of men with regard to morals, art, science, religion, anything, need transcription; men like to memorize, to record, and then to look upon the record; they like to be stirred by reading the history of their own achievements. Hence the use of biography, that the lessons taught by noble lives may not be lost, but may serve as stimuli to other men. So nations which have received inspirations, have felt a strong desire to record them, and have done so in various ways. Hence comes literature, the third grand element in spiritual civilization—for it also descended from the inmost. The great philosopher does not manufacture the grand thoughts that occupy his mind, but he receives them, appropriates them, and his powers of appropriation, of digestion, and of impartation, correspond to his development; and that is what marks one man above another. So it is with the poet; he is the recipient of inspiration and truth from the poetic realms; and poetry is a spiritual element in civilization. So with every literary execution, it primarily descends from the inmost; every beautiful story, every tragic play, every lofty poem, every philosophical discourse, is an exhibition of spiritual life, and, in proportion to the spiritual development of him who produces it, in proportion as his ideas are raised towards the Infinite and towards spiritual things, does literary execution take on the stamp of spirituality.

But there is still another potent agent in civilization—commerce, the instrumentality by which distant nations have been brought together to hold fraternal intercourse with each other. In the true spiritual culture man needs to be educated on all sides. It is not just for an individual, nor for a nation, to live in isolation from the rest of mankind. It may be said that commerce is merely external and material; but God uses the purposes of man for his own high ends; he fits, fires man as he finds him, and if commerce came from the wants of man, it was because the inspiration of those wants gave unto them commerce. But there are inspirations of courage, energy, excelsiveness, which come from the inner life; Columbus and Vesputius were inspired as well as Jesus. Commerce descends from the inmost, and so is a spiritual element in civilization, as is everything that is prominently active in human concerns.

In proportion as man's unfolding adapts him to receive a finer spirituality, an improved rational religion, a broader art, a truer science, a higher literature, a nobler commerce, will spiritual civilization extend; and as the king of birds is symbolized as protecting your country by its spread wings, so shall spiritual civilization, as the wing of God, brood over humanity, and there shall be hatched forth a broader, a higher, and a diviner civilization, because spiritual and celestial, than was ever exhibited in the past!

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

NUMBER FIVE.

November 13th, 1852.

This evening, at my house, were present quite a number of friends; Mr. Dexter and two daughters, Mrs. Fingle, Mr. and Mrs. Sweet and her brother, Dr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Warren, Mr. Finney and myself.

Mr. Finney, became magnetized, and pointing to an engraving of Sir Walter Raleigh, which was hanging in my parlor, said, "He is here, and has directed my attention to that picture."

Asia cradle of the human race! There its infancy was first rocked—upon its throne, to your present conception, barren, almost desolate sands. Huge and monstrous in that age of the world were the highest forms of living existences. The plants then were coarse, altogether angular. The trees were of a coarse and inferior quality to those of the present. The face of the earth seemed to be in its most angular state with respect to forms upon it. Hideous and horrid monsters roamed in the deepest depths of the sea. In her dark, craggy and gloomy forests, strode gigantic beasts, coarse and homely in their anatomical structure, slow in their movements, and feeding on the gross vegetable and other animal forms about them. Could you behold the scenes into which man, the noblest work of God, was ushered—could you with your present knowledge and conception of things, go back and behold those scenes as they were—nay, could you see man as he then was, you would start back, and this question would come forth from your lips—"Can it be that man, the god-like, the upright, the elevated, the pure and splendid form of man was once in the infancy of the race so homely, so huge in its natural development, and so angular in all its physical movements, so much like an animal?" But perhaps those thoughts will find a correspondence, as an illustration of the same progressive principle, in the peach of apple. You know all the thousand varieties of the peach have sprung from a poisonous production of Asia, and you might ask, "Can it be that the peach has been developed to its present perfection from that poisonous and bitter plant?" So of any other grain which you may trace in its origin to some inferior condition, for the laws of God are immutable, universal and eternal.

(I inquired, "How distant is the period of time of which you are speaking?"

It was answered—"We can only approximate to it. Not far from 60,000 years."

"At that time they must have lived longer than now?"

"Yes. Men then lived several hundred years." The same law of progression is manifested alike in every form of creation. Hence the progressive theory, as it is termed—we will call it fact, for so it is—a truth manifested in all history.

Man was unable, at first, to communicate his thoughts by words or verbal signs. Should you leave a child to itself, or place a number of children together and never let them hear a word spoken, what would they manifest? Even at only one year old now, he is superior to what he was when man began to exist. But even now, under such circumstances, what would be their language? They would possess some hereditary tendency, to your language, for their organs of speech, by your having spoken it

for years, are formed and assimilated to speaking words of the English language. They would develop, not the English language, but something similar to its pronunciations and the force and volume of the voice and roundness of the tone. But you would not understand it.

Trace them up and see the development, for as each individual has his infancy, so has the race. Now these children, coming together, would find intercourse with each other. Each one has a hope, a desire, a look, a manifestation that is according to his organization. One might possess a stronger trait in one direction than another; for instance, one might be more combative and quarrelsome, or have a greater tendency to force and destroy obstacles. Another might be more benevolent, open-hearted, philanthropic, forgiving and free. Thus each would be peculiar to himself, and in all his actions would manifest his peculiarities. But, all these peculiarities of one come into contact or connection with the others. Hence a mingling of their loves and thoughts. Each would be peculiar to himself in his mode of expression in an isolated condition, but brought together would be influenced by the peculiar characteristics of the others. Hence his character would be modified, or instructed, or directed in a course of individual discipline, exactly determined by the combination of all those other characteristics, other elements and forces. Hence, however different at first, they would gradually assimilate in the external manifestations; also, the magnetic forces have much to do with their development.

Suppose one of these little ones was open-hearted, joyous and free, and the combined characteristics of the others took a direction of force and ambition. You see at a glance the effect of those forces combined. Instead of appealing to his benevolent faculties, instead of magnetically and mentally stimulating those to action, it would stimulate his combative forces, his love of self and power; and this constant influence on and stimulation of those faculties would develop them out of their equilibrium with the other faculties. His higher nature would not be destroyed, but the others would assume the balance of power, and the child would be less harmonious. But reverse the thought. They all combined, not only influence him, but the superior development of his benevolent faculties influences them just in proportion as he gives off those influences. Here, then, we see that what is lost to the individual character, is gained in the character of the others. Nay, more—if this be true, you behold the wisdom of the great spirit Father, who, by his eternal and righteous laws, permits the elevated and the pure and the more highly developed to be surrounded by those who are less so, or lower in the scale of progressive development. Thus there is a mutual reciprocation of magnetic forces between man and man, and man and the world. 'Tis thus that each one's influence tells on the destiny of the whole race. From the private circle the influence goes forth into the busy walks of out-door life—into society—and one society into another. Thus it runs from society to society, from city to city, from country to country, from nation to nation, and encompasses as last man universal. This connecting link between the hearts of the individuals on one planet, or this principle which manifests its tendency to union, connects that planet with its celestial sphere. That celestial sphere is linked to that of another planet, and that is united to the rudimentary sphere of its planet; and thus is formed a beautiful arch-way uniting the inhabitants of one planet with those of another. That other to another, and so to another still, and thus all your planets in your solar system united by these arches of magnetic and spiritual elements, form in one system a grand dome. But that system has its grand ultimate, celestial sphere, which in time is united to the grand celestial sphere of another system; and thus on, forever on—throughout the illimitable fields of the universe do we behold these domes of celestial and spiritual elements reflecting—aye, bestially, purely reflecting the light from the great eternal, universal sun—from the vortex of the great Positive Mind.

All these domes—to continue the illustration, are overarched by the grand dome of infinity, through which descend the light, the love, the wisdom of God, beautifully mingling together their elements, and thus reflecting on all those lower domes, and through them on these arches which tie the system to system, worlds to worlds; and thus descends the influence of divine thought and life to the lowest form in the material world.

And now let us trace the history of man from where we left him in his gross, angular, physical form, as he rises from his low position, step after step, until you reach the present, then on to the celestial spheres or those bright archways of celestial life. Watch him as he rises above domes after domes, until the imagination, faint and weary, tires in its flight, and sinks back to earth again. It is a long work, friends; one which will astonish the world, but it is begun. (Mrs. Sweet—Yes, gloriously begun!)

Man, then—oh, how dark the scene when we go back to see him as he was, after contemplating him as he is and is to be! We said he was gross and huge in his physical form, resembling the higher order of animals, though far superior; that is, his frame was monstrously large, his bony structure not so circular as now, but more angular and flattened in places. The articulation of his joints was coarser. His hands were shaped as they are now, but his nails grew long and sharp. He was covered, to a great extent, with hair. Sometimes he walked on his hands and feet, often so than otherwise. He did not stand perfectly erect. The front part of his brain sloped back from his eyes, and the back part of it was very large, and fully developed, rounded and projecting very much.

We would gladly now leave this subject to be developed at another time. 'Tis the basis, the A B C of the ponderous volume, the Book of Life. The first lesson in that book to him who has studied its more intricate problems in this late age of the world, may be somewhat interesting; but those abstruse problems, by millions, nay, almost by the whole, are not understood, from the simple fact, that the primary lesson was unread.

(They illustrated this by referring to our being asked to demonstrate some problem in mathematics, before the first principles were understood.)

This is the way the world has been taught. Men have assumed as true, certain hypotheses; and, though reasoning correctly on the assumed premises, the result of the reasoning will be an error. If the hypothesis is not true, a true course of reasoning upon it will develop falsehood. It is so with the theories of the world in regard to man. They have assumed as true, fables and mythologies which were false, and their reasoning from those assumptions,

have developed falsehoods. They have not gone to the great Book of Nature, and asked—*What is the Truth?* They have not turned over its pages to know the truth, but, having assumed certain hypotheses, they have concluded all things in the Book of Nature to be mysteries, which did not sanction their assumptions.

They have not, like Newton, under the apple-tree, gone back from effect to cause, until they have discovered great principles, but have said, "Here, this is true. Now, how will we prove it?" So they look about them, and seize upon everything which seems to favor their assumption, and cast aside everything which contradicts it. Thus have religious teachers each man sets himself up as an infallible teacher, and has chosen the darkness of his own false position, to slumber in the prisons of his own creation, rather than believe somebody else has seen truth, and that through some other medium light has come to the world. This is the trouble with the churches of the present day. They have assumed to be the teachers, the God-inspired instructors of revelation; and believing, as did the Jews, that if God came to earth again, he would come through his chosen one, they reject everything that comes out of Nazareth as being the work of Beelzebub—the developments of his satanic majesty. 'Twas this principle which manifested itself in the cry, "Away with him, Crucify him." 'Twas this misdirected feeling which nailed Jesus, that pure, that elevated, that philanthropic man, to the cross. 'Twas this, acting through that iron-pointed spear, that drew his life-blood. Aye! such hard principles or misdirected sentiments always chose hard materials to manifest themselves through; such materials as the racks, the scabbots of olden times, the stake, the faggot, the gibbet, burning flame; such as dark and gloomy dungeons are made of, and all the energies of misdirected religions, as 'tis called, but we say, mythological sentiments.

Now, friends, do not think that principle is entirely dead, that that spirit has entirely expired, for time shall unfold even to you that that hydra-headed monster still lives. Yet he is dying! There is a general lassitude in his system. His old iron heart thumps less violently than it once did. The fevered blood circulates less powerfully than it once did through his nerves of steel. His eyes are less red and glaring than formerly. Less flame, and smoke, and brimstone issue from his nostrils; but still he lives. Yet he almost pants for breath; for such a huge, gross monster, likes to breathe the rank atmosphere of fogs and vapors, of swamps and holes of ancient times. Hence, he does not draw in so much nutriment as he used to, and this is why he is dying.

His eyes, too, cannot bear the light, and accordingly, his eyelids begin to droop. But mark! as the hour of dissolution approaches, as the energies of life seem dying away and passing off, all at once will come the death-struggle. His huge, scaly form—oh, sickening sight! writhes, swells and groans, and in its expiring throes, seems to lash the very earth into fury, and covers himself with the dust and ruins of falling institutions. But at last he dies, and is buried. Buried in the dark and gloomy vaults of ancient error, left there to decay with the elements which surround him in his dark solitude, and there shall rest in the grave of eternal oblivion. Then no more will the heart of man tremble with fear, no more will his efforts be paralyzed with fear, but he will walk forth free.

Correspondence.

LITCHFIELD, Medina, Co. Ohio,
August 18th, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following lines, copied from a scrap book upwards of twenty years old, though somewhat crude in measure, have the ring of true Spiritualism about them, and the author, whoever he may be, must have been under the influence of other readers, who may have the mother of their children in the spirit world, as it has had upon mine.

Yours for the Truth,
JAMES COOPER.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

"Father, dear father," a sweet child said,
As she stole, one night, to his lonely bed—
"Father, do come to my room with me,
And three bright angels there you'll see!
Just now, as I lay with my half-closed eyes,
I heard a sweet song from the sparkling skies;
And I was wondering what it could mean.
Mother, Mary and Willie came gliding in;
And they hovered around my little bed,
And each laid a hand on my aching head.
The tears from my eyelids fell like pearls,
But they wiped them away with my golden curls.
'I'll tell you, dear father, why I cried—
'Twas because that with them we had not died;
And I thought, when they'd gone, how lonely 'twould be
To dwell here alone, just you and me!"
'Tis a dream, a dream, my precious child—
Your aching head made your fancy wild."
A dream! Oh no, that could not be,
For dreams could not come and talk with me;
And they did talk. Sister Mary said
Her spirit was best though her body was dead—
And she said that but once the flowers should die,
Ever we'd find our home in our own bright sky.
And little Willie, as he stood there,
With his mild blue eyes and shining hair,
Lapsed out, amid smiles I yet can hear,
"Come, little sister, to heaven with me."
But my gentle mother's eye grew dim,
As she said, "Let her stay and comfort him,
To them both but a few months of sorrow is given,
When we'll have them, Willie, with us in heaven!"
I hastened, then, father, for I thought that you
Would like to come in and see them too!
I said I don't you hear that angel lay?
'Thy're coming, dear father, they're coming this way.
'The child with which mother lulls me to rest."
And the child sweetly slept on its father's breast.

I have not, as yet, had an opportunity of interesting myself for the "Banner" in any other way than to loan mine to as many as wish to read it, so as to let them see what kind of a paper it is; and have not met with a single person who is not pleased with it. This course, I think, will make friends for it, in a short time, and I then can obtain subscribers. Spiritualism is slowly making its way here against the bitter denunciations of the orthodox. Every now and then making a convert from the ranks of the most intelligent and independent, who pay little regard to the sneers of their former friends. There is one thing, however, to be much regretted. Some of our friends hang on to, and preach side issues to much for the good of the cause. One says that the slave must be liberated before anything else; another, "Woman must be placed upon an equality with man;" another, "the marriage relation must be done away with;" and so on through the catalogue of moral and social reforms to the end.

tion of that one great principle which will effect any necessary reform—“LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.”

But a few of the faithful in this place make it their business to ring the bell regularly, on the Sabbath, at the hour we meet to hold our public circles, read a portion of Scripture and pray that God may establish his kingdom quickly, and root Spiritualism out of the land; and one of them sometimes prays that God may strike some of the leading Spiritualists dead, as an example to others.

Our public circles are well attended and are doing good. We have several good mediums, and others are being developed rapidly. Success attend the efforts of our angel friends, in their endeavors to spread the truth abroad, say I. J. C.

COMMUNICATION IN FRENCH, RECEIVED AT A CIRCLE IN BALTIMORE, MD.

Messrs. Editors.—We were surprised at one of our regular circles, not long since, at the receipt of a communication in French, which we send you, thinking it may be of interest to your readers.

For some time after taking our seats, all seemed confused, and nothing could be spelled distinctly from the dial. At length one of us recognized a word in French, and then discovered that a communication was coming in that language. I took my seat at another table, pencil in hand. The medium was a young lady still attending school, and who, as Judge Edmonds said on a similar occasion, understood a little boarding school French; but her pronunciation was not of the best, and although I followed the sounds as well as I could, many blunders were made. For instance, *la terre* was written *solitaire*, and many others. Had she called the letters, instead of words, perhaps we should have done better. After it was through, we had to resort to grammar and dictionary to correct errors, for although I learned the language in my youth, want of practice for forty years has made me quite rusty.

The dial gave the name of Henri Quatre, and the communication was as follows:—

Je desire vous dire quelques idées que j'ai formé du monde spirituel. Je reste à présent au quatrième sphère. Ma vie sur la terre ne fut pas la plus innocente. Je manquais beaucoup la charité chrétienne. Je ne pris pas Jésus pour un modèle; mais les anges les plus doux m'ont instruit. Ils m'ont enseigné de toutes les beautés de ce monde glorieux. Comment puis-je vous dire tout ce que j'ai trouvé ici? Je ne suis pas bien élevé en comparaison de beaucoup d'autres anges; mais quand je vois les nombres qui restent au-dessus de moi, je sens que je ne dois pas me plaindre. Je demeure dans une maison plus belle et plus magnifique que quelque chose que vous n'avez jamais vu même dans vos songes. Je suis tout environné de mes amis, c'est à dire, ceux qui sont dans cette sphère. J'ai des autres qui sont plus haut, et quelques uns qui sont plus bas. Sur la terre je n'avais que quelques égaux. Je n'en avais dans ma patrie, ma chère France; mais ici, comment je suis petit! Combien de mes sujets je vois plus haut que moi! Je vois même les paysans quelques fois plus haut, et il y en a quelques uns qui m'enseignent. Les hommes m'appellent Grand; ici, je ne suis rien. Je suis heureux; voilà tout ce que je demande, mais encore, je tâcherai de m'élever à la plus haute division de ce monde de Dieu. Adieu. Je reviendrai encore.

TRANSLATION.

I wish to relate something of my experience in the spirit world. I am at present in the fourth sphere. My life on earth was not the most innocent. I lacked Christian charity. Jesus was not my model example; but the sweet angels are my teachers, and they show me all the beauties of this bright world. How shall I tell you of what has befallen me here? Compared with many other spirits, my position is not the most elevated; but when I see so many less favored than myself, I feel that I must not complain. My dwelling is more beautiful and magnificent than I have ever seen, even in my dreams. I am surrounded by my friends, that is to say, such as are in this sphere. Some are more exalted, while others dwell in lower abodes. On earth I had but few equals; in my own country, my beloved France, none; but how insignificant am I here. How many of my subjects, aye, even of the peasantry, are my superiors, and some of them even my instructors. Men called me great—here I am nothing. I am happy, what more can I ask? Nevertheless, I am still striving to reach the highest sphere in this spirit world. Adieu. I will come again.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

The circle at which the manifestation occurred uses Professor Hare's dial. The intelligence operating moves a hand to the letter the spirit desires to give, the medium sitting where the letters are not visible to her.

It will also be noted, that not one of the party was able to write or converse in French, with any success, and that the letters used in spelling words were thought to be without meaning. It was only when one word happened to be recognized, that the idea that a spirit was communicating in a foreign language, was given. It is such tests as these, given in private families by mediums belonging to their own family circle, which satisfy those investigating, that mind out of the material form can and does operate upon matter and mind in the material form. It would require more than Professor Felton's scholarship in ancient Greek, or modern English, to make these friends believe that this manifestation did not honestly occur, or that, occurring, it was given from their own minds.

A FINE TEST.

THE DROWNED BOY AND THE CHAIRVOYANT.—CURIOUS STATEMENT.—A day or two since we chronicled the death, by drowning, in Chelsea, of a boy of nine years, son of Mr. Samuel Ward, the foreman of the Chelsea Dye House. A well known State street business man makes the following statement, which we give as related in the Traveller. When the boy was missed, and before it was known what had become of him, a friend of the parent went to J. V. Mansfield, of 3 Winter street, known as the “Letter-Writing Medium,” and placing a letter securely sealed upon his desk, to prevent deception, asked an answer to the letter, which, in fact, contained a request for information regarding the lost boy. Without opening it, the medium wrote a reply, as follows:

The one you seek is not present, but I am come to answer your question. You are in search of the little boy, Ward; now I do not see him below, and I have not seen him in the spirit land. I think all will come right, and shortly his body will be restored to his anxious father. Should he be in the water then I could not see him, as we cannot see well in the water. I will look again.

At this moment a Miss Munson, who is another chairvoyant physician at the same locality, was asked by Mr. Mansfield to try and ascertain what the friend of Mr. Ward wished, and she was placed in the trance state without any knowledge of what the gentleman desired, when she gave the following information; and also, described the boy and his dress.

You are in search of a little boy. He is in the water, and dead. He lies on his back, with his hand

raised nearly as high as his face—then remarked—the spirit of the boy is on the wharf looking toward the body, as if guarding it. They are now reaching him; they will have the body before you return to Chelsea.

The gentleman in question, in since stating the particulars of the finding of the body, says they found it in the attitude described by the chairvoyant, and that the description given of the dress was very accurate.—Boston Herald.

The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

John Simmons, late of Boston.

The following was received some months ago:— Love is a mighty magnet. My friend, I am drawn to earth by love. I have friends here, and those friends are dear to me—so dear that I cannot refrain from striving to communicate with them. Some of them believe, yes, they know that their spirit friends do manifest to them; while others, many of them most near and dear to me, fail to see, to hear, and know.

You are a stranger to me, but I draw nigh to you that I may draw nigh to those dearer to me. A few years ago I was here, walking the same streets you now pass through, thinking little if anything of the higher life. Consumption, the destroyer of so many forms, seized upon mine. I sought to throw him off by visiting a sunny clime, but to no avail. I passed on to the higher life away from my home, away from my friends—no, not all my friends, for my companion was with me, my dear one—she whom I prized above all others.

I have two children here with me—yes, buds taken from earth and transplanted in heaven. I am anxious that my own dear friends should see and know that we do return and communicate; that we are not so far off as they would place us. Loved ones are ever near their earth friends; and if we are near, is it strange that we should devise ways and means to manifest to them? We are constantly availing ourselves of every possible opportunity to manifest to our friends. Sometimes they receive us, sometimes our labors are rewarded by a cold repulsion. The time is drawing near when we shall be able to do far more than mortals have any idea of our doing. In a few years, not many will be left to ask, “do you believe in Spiritualism?” We know this to be true, by what we see in nature. The world is daily throwing out some new spiritual truth, and soon these gems will be brilliant enough for all to see.

My name is John Simmons, Jr., of Boston. I passed away of consumption at the South, a few years since.

I must now leave; with your permission I will visit you again.

From a Husband to an Erring Wife.

“Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,” saith the Lord. Oh, how I wish that mortals would let God do His own work. How I wish they would not usurp the power that belongs to Him, for he distinctly says it is His to visit vengeance, not the work of mortals. Although I am free from the galling chains that for years bound me, although I suffer no pain, although I am a spirit, yet I cannot rest.

The secret agony felt by my children reaches me, and the terrible remorse of her who held the right of wife, reaches me also. Oh, she has hell enough without any further punishment. Can there not be something done to free her from the hell of earth? Place her in whatever position you may, surround her by all the wealth of earth, gratify every passion, still there will be hell enough left.

Four days ago I visited her in her desolate situation. And I found her actually cursing her Maker, because He had suffered her to be punished by a hell of Conscience. No prayer is offered to God for relief; although Remorse is like a viper in the soul, it brings no prayer. No, because the evil in her has overpowered all good, and she is lost to a sense of Truth. Oh, Heaven forbid that she should longer suffer for trespassing upon the laws of my natural life. My blood does not cry for vengeance; no, my soul cries for pity, and I thank God she has cut the cord which bound me to earth, and has made me free as I am.

But is there no way for me to benefit my children? Does not your channel reach them? Oh, can I not whisper peace to their souls? Can I not wipe away the stain upon their pure garments a parent has cast there?

‘Tis for that I return; I must accomplish it. And my mother! she who tolled for me from my birth; she who was ever ready to throw off her own cares and take mine upon her soul. Can I not enter her soul, and inspire her spirit with Hope, with Joy Immortal? Can I not satisfy her that I am happy? And her who, with a relentless hand, dealt me the portion of Death—can I not benefit her? Can I not avert the blow of that sword of Justice which seems hanging over her, ready to be dealt by mortals? Oh, you who now live in light, take heed lest ye fall, for sin brings death—death of the soul—that of the body is nothing.

Oh, convey this message to her; say to her I freely forgive, and all I ask is that she obtain pardon from the God of Heaven. All He asks is repentance, but as long as she continues in this God-defying manner, she will not find Peace.

Oh, tell my children to love their mother, to be the lamp which shall guide her soul to Peace; let sweet words of love from their lips reach her spirit, and guide her to God. They may guide her steps, she can never be a guide to them.

And the public; oh, ask them to deal gently with the erring; they yet may turn her with words of holy love from misery's thorny track.

God of Wisdom, God of Power! If they on earth forget to pray, oh, do thou hear the prayer of the disembodied one. Do thou, oh Divine one, visit vengeance in thine own way. Oh, send angels to guide those who are left without an earthly guide, and in thine own good time, give all to know, to see, and to praise Thee.

We suppress names to this, for the reason that we do not think they would do good. The parties spoken of had existence near Boston, at the time it was given. We publish it to show the true Christian spirit which is breathed through it from the spirit life.

Lewis Slewter.

Do you suppose there is any chance for a fellow to get to heaven? I have not seen God since I have been here. I expected to go up to Him.

What I learned on earth made me think I so learned to think that God was a great being set upon a throne, and we all went to him. When I came here I did not know what place I was in. I have been here but a little while, and suppose I came here by accident, though I know little about it, except that I fell.

Now here I am in control of this strange body. I know not how I came here, how long I have got to stay, nor what the sensations will be when I go away. I suppose it will be next to dying. My name was Lewis Slewter. I don't know anybody here, except my old grandmother, and she don't dwell with me. I have other friends, but it's the same there.

The whole body of religious sects are humbugging themselves worse than anybody. I never experienced a change of heart, and I am not in hell, and never shall be. I love my friends on earth just as well as ever. Are you a church member? because if you are, I don't want anything to do with you, for they do not know anything about a future life.

I got disappointed. I never did anything very bad. I have not got much to regret. I did not believe all the minister told me, and I am glad of it. I believed enough to think there was a heaven and a hell, and that I should go to one or the other—just enough to get disappointed, for here I am on earth two-thirds of the time, and the only difference is that I have lost my trumpet, as it were, so I can't speak to my friends.

Tell the ministers that I am not at all pleased with the knowledge I went away with. I don't like being sent here this way. Suppose you lived with an old man and placed confidence in him, and as he had wisdom, had studied into matters well, and you had every reason to believe him, and he told you all wrong, how would you regard him? If I could think he was honest I should have pity for him, but if he believes what he told me, too much worldly wisdom has made him a fool.

I came from Boston, lived there, and got killed there. I knew Briggs, a mason, and I was a mason. I saw a man here the other day that I knew. I used to know him on earth, and tried hard to speak with him. And here I am to-day, but I cannot tell, neither can I tell exactly how I came to this world—all I know is that it was an accident. I am all in the dark about everything, because everything is so strange here.

This spirit does not seem to have made much progress, as he says he is about earth most of the time. He speaks rather plainly of sects, and does not seem satisfied with the instruction he received of a future state. This we have not published before, because we could not prove it true. Perhaps some one will be able to verify it.

S. Cross, of Derry, N. H.

Time for all things—so they say. I wish I had lived on earth my appointed time. I am not unhappy really, but I should like to be happier. Stranger, can you assist me to manifest to my friends? My name was Samuel Cross. I used to live near Derry, N. H. I have friends there now, living down on the old road. This is the first time I ever came, and I hardly know what to say to you; if my own friends were here, I should know what to say. I am not crazy, neither was I crazy before I died, though they said I was. I acted strange, but knew all I did, so I don't think I was crazy. I used to talk strange, act strange, and eat strange things. I cannot tell how long I have been in the spirit land. The last thing I remember was going to the village when old Mr. Parker preached a funeral sermon. I did not live in the village, exactly.

Cameron used to keep a hotel at Derry village when I lived there. Old Squire Taylor lives close by Brickell's Corner—he knew me. Let me see, is it Squire? No, it's Deacon.

Tell my folks through your paper that I am not dead, and that I am happy; that I should like to have them come where I can manifest to them, and have them investigate Spiritualism for their own selves. Good bye.

We have not been able to test this. The spirit hints at being crazy, though he denies it. Perhaps some errors may be found in it, from this mental difficulty.

From the Boston Traveller.

HOW ARE THE RAPS MADE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRAVELLER:—

There are three classes of believers in the phenomena of the so-called *Spiritualism*. First, those who believe it to be utter,arrant fraud, imposture and jugglery, like the Cambridge professors and the most coterie of the Courier correspondents. Second, those who believe that there are, amidst some, and that, perhaps, no inconsiderable amount of deception and self-deception, various unprejudiced, extraordinary phenomena, contrary to all antecedent human experience, and embracing both mental and physical mysteries. Of these believers, President Mahan and various well known men of culture and judgment among us may be regarded as the types. Thirdly, those who have received it as a religious faith, a heavenly revelation addressed to their natures, and alike in harmony with their intellectual powers and their moral sensibilities.

I profess myself one of the second class of believers, who having faithfully devoted my best powers of perception and observation to the manifestations, through some years and under most of the phases in which they have been presented, carefully eliminating all recognized chances of error in observing and deducing conclusions, and calling to my aid some of the most sagacious, mechanical and philosophical minds of the country, am compelled by the force of evidence to the most unhesitating conviction that, if my own senses and reflections are to be trusted at all, they are to be so trusted in regarding certain of these things as realities.

At the same time I can see nothing which connects any class of the facts with any supernatural origin, and while some of them are explainable in the light of previously recognized phenomena of mesmerism, and others are dimly connected with other physiological principles, none appear to stand a moment under any tests adapted to determine extraneous production. I am most ready, too, to admit that very much deception and fraud have been intermingled with the real phenomena, for my own observation and that of much more sagacious persons has detected them. In view of the vast number and miscellaneous characters of those endowed with the medium power, it would be astonishing were this otherwise. There are many forms of manifestation which cannot be brought to anything like demonstration. The speaking in a trance state, as it is called, the prescription for diseases of the body, and the like, admit of no positive proof, and I never have seen any evidences of any reality in them. But there are other varieties which must, in my opinion, be admitted as facts, or the human senses must be literally repudiated as unworthy of trust. For example, if one question put mentally is answered correctly, it may be by accident or coincidence, but if twenty or fifty unspoken questions are so responded to, no such explanation will serve.

If the reply to the case assumed is that this is merely one of the long recognized phases of mesmerism, I would say, very probably it is, but it certainly is not fraud or delusion to believe that it actually occurs; that it is a fact.

Were I to throw aside all evidence derived from my own experiences, and weigh the testimony from an outside point of view, it seems to me that by refusing to accept these phenomena as realities, and regarding them as jugglery and imposture, I should only get rid of one set of mysteries, by substituting at least two miracles, as extraordinary and inexplicable as all the table movements, mental question answers and the like, of the so-called *Spiritualism*. The first of these miracles would obtain the facts that *spiritualism* has been recognized through the land for more than ten years since the first mediums were heard of; that it is not oversteering the probabilities, and more likely very much underestimating them, in saying that twenty thousand individuals have since presented themselves possessed of the “medium power,” in a degree at least equal to the producing of the convulsions of rapt upon sonorous bodies near them; that this great body of participants have included all sorts and conditions of persons, of all grades of intellectual strength and moral worth, no small proportion certainly being of those in the humble social positions, and of no peculiar claims to ability to resist the temptations of gain, to which all are more or less subjects that this army of witnesses neither profess to be, nor from the nature of things can be, bound to secrecy by any oath or by any common ties of agreement or of self-interest; that an exposure of the method in which the simplest of the *spiritual* phenomena, the A. B. C. as the rappings may be regarded, are effected, would give to any one of these exhibitions “wealth beyond the dreams of avarice”; that direct offers of large sums of money have been again and again made to any one of the mediums who would disclose the

method of effecting the raps, from Mr. Davis, the electromagneticist, some five or six years ago, down to Mr. J. J. Jarvis, in the papers of the past month; and yet no human being has yet been able to make any explanation, how this least of all the wonders is accomplished, which has had enough of vitality to last a week, or to carry conviction to one single individual who has made himself personally familiar with the phenomena. The “too-and-knee joint” explanation of the Buffalo doctors, and the “snappings of the peroneus longus muscle” of the German savans, have been the most intelligible of the explanations, and might have met the case, had it not unluckily happened, that while hundreds of mediums were being “developed” all over the land, no performer on the knee or toe joints, or on the *peroneus longus*, could be found from Eastport to San Francisco. We, that is, the world at large and all its component individuals, are just as liable to solve the *modus in quo* the raps are made, as when the “Fox girls” had their first confabs with Mr. Splitfoot,” in 1847.

The second miracle which the rejection of the phenomena as nothing but jugglery compels us to accept, is this: that all the sagacious, protracted, repeated investigations of thousands of quick-witted, sharp-sighted, gifted men, philosophers, men of the world and professors of science, under all the advantages of open day, selection of the weakest of the often weak sisters gifted with this endowment, and under even conditions most favorable to the detection of imposture, have resulted in utter discomfiture. No investigation has ever extracted the secret of making one rap, so that he could do it himself, or show others how to bring it about. The best imitated raps of the ungifted are as untrue to the character of the genuine ones, under the ears of the experienced observer, as are the miserable, foul-colored burnings of matches and phosphorus, without a point of identity with the delicate, ethereal, inimitable *oxy* or “spirit lights,” so readily witnessed by any who will devote themselves fully and fairly to the research, during an adequate period of time.

In view of this undoubted fact, that the mode of making the raps is yet among the undiscovered facts, in common with a host of our fellow-citizens, have waited with some impatience for a Report of the Committee of the Cambridge *savans*, which might throw some light upon at least the first and humblest of the *spiritual* phenomena—the little tickings upon the table. As a delusion so full of mischief “to the truth of man and the purity of woman,” as this Committee so solemnly denounce it in their *cauthedra* award, hurried out without delay as the *avant courier* of their more extended exposure, commenced with these petty raps, and has gone progressively on to much more astonishing things, the public might well have expected that this Committee would have started with it at its small beginnings and followed it up, piece after piece, until all its machinery of jugglery and imposture had been unravelled and turned out to open day, as the ingenious Fulton exposed the wretched humbug of Redbeffer's Perpetual Motion, until he had overturned the screen behind which sat a white haired wretch, gnawing a crust held in one hand, while he turned the crank, the motive point of all the apparatus, with the other!

I was led to look for an attempt, at least, of an explanation of the mode in which the raps were produced, from the fact which I learned in a manner which left no doubt of its truth on my mind, that Professors Pierce and Agassiz, at the close of the first day's session of the Committee, declared in the most positive and confident manner their perfect understanding of all that had been witnessed, namely, the rappings through the “Fox girls.” Prof. Pierce observed, as I have reason to believe, that “all that had occurred were physiological facts, and in accordance with natural laws, and that he could refer the different raps respectively to Mrs. Brown, or Miss Fox, as they occurred.” Professor Agassiz earnestly confirming Prof. Pierce's confidence, declared that “we will divulge all these things before we part. We shall show you that these things are simple, natural, and may be produced by no other agency than the will of the individual.” And on a remark from Major Barnes, (U. S. A.) that if Prof. A. should produce these phenomena as he promised, that it might be by “medium” power in the party, and thus using “stolen thunder.” Prof. A. rejoined, “I shall satisfy you that your thunder is unspoken,” that is, that the parallel manifestations should be effected by other methods than those which the Spiritualists claim. And, continued Prof. Agassiz, with a confidence of clearly detected truth gleaming from his expressive and animated countenance, “I will make my methods available to the eye, so that the very means shall be seen and flash upon the mind at once.”

After so direct and positive assurances that these gentlemen *savans* had succeeded in untying the Gordian knot, which had so long and so utterly baffled and confounded all previous investigators, it was natural that those to whom the assured promises of the Chairman and senior member of the Committee had been communicated, should be anxious for the proffered explanation. Those who believed the thing to be some new manifestation of natural science, but repudiated its theology, were desirous of seeing, however humiliating it might be to their sagacity, wherein and how they and the keenest friends they could invoke to their assistance, had been deceived and humbugged by jugglery and deception, so promptly detected by the Harvard philosophers;—those who had embraced the teachings of Spiritualism, as a new revelation from on High, which had commended itself to them as a source of unbounded enjoyment, as many are in the habit of declaring, inasmuch as it has taken away all fear of death, have been of course more intensely anxious in prospect of seeing the sandy foundations of their faith and hopes swept away into the ocean of exploded delusions and unreal fallacies; and even those who have believed the whole a mere fraud, without one fact for its basis, on the general principle that anything so wild and wonderful must eventually prove such, have been waiting to enjoy a triumph in not only finding their judgment correct, but in ascertaining how their confident guesses could be demonstrated to be true.

But days have passed away, weeks have passed away; the June in which the promise of exposure was made has passed into August; August is slipping towards September; discussion has followed discussion; the “*Spiritual*” newspapers have kept on issuing their matter so dangerous to “the truth of man and the purity of woman,” and yet no exposure has been made. The vast enormity of Spiritualism has been singularly enough made the topic of a public address before one of the Commonwealth's Normal Schools, by a colleague professor of these very gentlemen who have discovered the key to the whole mystery, when one would think they were bound to put him in the way to annihilate the terrible evil (as it unquestionably is, if a fraud) by exposing it, instead of denouncing it. Every day, every hour that a belief of so momentous importance is allowed to run on and widen and deepen its hold upon the community, throws an awful responsibility upon those who have it in their power to explain and thus dissolve it, but omit doing so.

On the other hand, scarcely less responsibility is incurred by those who, finding themselves unequal to the exposures of a fraud, if such it should prove to be, affect to hold its elucidation in their hand, but postpone all action. A more manly, Christian course would be, that, if incapable of exposing its jugglery, they should candidly admit that what has puzzled and confounded many others, equally as honest and sincere searchers after truth, and with mental habits perhaps not less adapted for the reception of evidence on such a topic as this than the most distinguished cultivators of mathematical and natural science, has also puzzled and confounded them.

The phenomena have been witnessed by too many thousands of individuals, to be given up as jugglery on the strength of the mere assertions or opinions of any men, however distinguished. Too many families, in the privacy of domestic life have found that their most truthful and loved members have discovered

themselves to be able to exert these “medium powers” in a greater or less degree, to assent to any suggestion of fraud or imposture in all cases, however it may be in some.

There is, in fact, but one class of methods in which the length, and breadth, and depth of the truth touching this, the most momentous topic of our time, can be measured. It will not be reached by violent denunciation and abuse; a man who has seen the table move before his eyes, time and again, with no human agency in contact with it, or who has had hundreds of unspoken questions answered, responsively and coherently, at least, if not always accurately, may be convinced that some of those wonders are done through the agency of mesmerism, others explainable under the duality of the brain; or by any other theory which admits his experiences; but to assure him bluntly and harshly that he is humbugged, can only reinforce his first impressions as to a supernatural agency. He that probably would have rested under these phenomena in the feeling that he had seen something that was in conformity to scientific or physiological laws, even if he did not distinctly comprehend them, is put into the road of becoming an avowed “*Spiritualist*,” in the theological sense of the term, by such injudicious opposition.

The correction of the enormous error of substituting the technical *spiritualist* faith for the old fashioned, long-tried tenets of Christianity, must be attempted, if any success is hoped for, in a spirit directly the reverse of the arrogant, self-assuming, ill-natured tone of many of those who recently have attempted to dogmatize, where it is apparent that they have not undergone the preliminary process of research and investigation. Men may be provoked by the insinuation that they are stupid, or that they are humbugged, but such are not the methods by which they are to be convinced. It is, indeed, strange that men who are educators by profession should so often have failed to recognize a truth so patent and palpable.

Spiritualism, whether regarded as a delusion or a truth, or a mixture, is totally unanalogous to any similar delusion or development that the world ever watched. A French philosopher, M. Calmeil, has written two volumes on the Epidemic Delusions of the world. None of the long catalogue in extent or intensity approach this, if this be a delusion. Three millions of our people, it is said, and, probably enough with a reasonable approximation to accuracy, are more or less the recipients of its belief. It seems rapidly undermining the faith of thousands; it is influencing men's lives to a tremendous degree. If a community ever required to be put in the true way, it is in relation to this. It is not running itself out, as most delusions do. On the contrary, each year it is not only expanding as regards the numbers who embrace it, but in the character of its recipients.

The recent crude, ill-managed attempts to demonstrate that it was wholly fraudulent, will, in the opinion of the writer, confirm hundreds in their belief. “If the Cambridge philosophers cannot fashion,” they will say, “the trifling secret of the raps, the greater miracle must require supernatural power.”

It would seem as if the investigation of this mysterious novelty should be one of the exceptional cases for the interference of the State. Its truth or falsehood is not to be reached by any committee in a three or four day's session. Months of patient, and, frequently, of successfully abortive attempts, are essential to its examination. Few private individuals, among those whose talents and habits of research would fit them for such duties, can afford to devote themselves thoroughly to this greatest of questions now before our community. Professors are paid liberally and permanently for learning and teaching the most infinitesimal eccentricities of planets, of languages, and of the animated creation. Are their functions of the mighty moment of those who might perchance dissipate, by satisfactory research, all the mysteries and miracles as yet covered with a veil of utter darkness, of the so-called *Spiritualism*?

In conclusion, the writer of these hasty views would declare it as his assured conviction, that all attempts to denounce the phenomena alluded to as frauds, jugglery and imposture, will prove utterly futile, until some person is sagacious and fortunate enough to explain at least the first and simplest of the phenomena so fully, that the means of their production shall be so clear as to “flash upon the mind at once.” In short, let no man who would avoid alike a serious responsibility and deserved burden of ridicule, venture to denounce the phenomena as fraudulent, until he can demonstrate to the common mind, by actual operation, the mode by which some at least of the manifestations are produced. Neither the insolent, arrogant, and unmanly sarcasm of the Courier, nor the wishy-washy village gossip and little-tattle of the Lynn Doctor, nor the high sounding alarmist *cauthedra* bull of the Harvard Professor, have satisfied, or ever will satisfy, one mind. People yet demand to know HOW THE RAPS ARE MADE.

CHARITY.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma A. Knight, Roxbury.]

Each man, woman and child have duties to perform, and it is of these I will speak. A man of wealth, of influence, has a great work to do, much more than one who has neither; all have it in their power to do something for the good of their brother man, and the greater the means the more required. The poor widow who gave her mite, was as great in the sight of the Lord as the rich man who gives his millions. Do not think because you are poor, because you have to toil for your daily bread, that you have nothing for charity, for you must divide your meal with the poor, and send none worthy away from your door empty handed, for he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord—who casteth his bread upon the water, it shall be returned to him ten fold. Be charitable in deed, but also in words; when you cannot give, speak a kind word, encourage and cheer up the faint heart; pour into its recesses the balm of soothing and friendly counsel, and its impress will never be lost. Remember that you belong to God, that each word, each thought, each deed is His, and for Him, and do nothing in dishonor to Him who has done all for you. Look up to Him for advice and guidance, and have faith and trust in His strength, for you have none of your own. All men are your brethren, all men His children, and remember all are precluded in His sight—nothing into which God has breathed His breath, His life, is unworthy of man's regard, man's sympathy, man's protection. If thy brother be unfortunate, have the more care for him; for he that is fortunate needeth not thy help or thy counsels. Remember the parable of the “Prodigal Son,” and do thou likewise; or that of the lost sheep, take the one unto thy bosom, the others need not thy help; purify thy heart of all selfishness; live not for thyself, but for others; think of the troubles of thy neighbor, and so forget thine own; relieve the distress of thy brother, and so cure thine own; have peace within thy inmost heart, and all will be peace without; have love for thy soul, and you will find plenty in return; be kind to all, and you will be kind to you; while you are a poor man, prepare to be a rich one; prepare your heart, so that it may be capable of containing riches—I mean not earthly, but those jewels which are priceless, and will last after the earthly tenement has passed away; and be reset in a spiritual diadem to deck your brow on your journey to eternity. The brighter that dawn, the more pleasant and easy will be your progress to the throne of grace. Think that each good deed and act adds another diamond to your fund of spiritual wealth, without which you will find it hard traveling in a path filled with rough stones and briars.

Pearls.

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

In my nostrils the summer wind
Blows the delicate scent of the rose!
Oh, for the golden, golden wind,
Breaking the buds and bending the grass,
And spilling the scent of the rose!
Oh, wind of the summer morn,
Tearing the petals in twain,
Wafting the fragrant soul
Of the rose through valley and plain,
I would you could tear my heart to-day,
And scatter its nameless pain!

There is no loneliness, there can be none in all the waste
or peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest compar-
ison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her
family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of
the dead—inspired with life, yet paralyzed with death.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk—dull make man better be!
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, laid, and scar.
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measure, life may perfect be.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon
the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the
rain drop that refreshes the spring of moss that lifts its head
in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled
sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than
upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of
creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has
written: "None liveth for himself!"

"Here she lieth, white and chill:
Put your hand upon her brow,
For her heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.
"Ah, the grave's a quiet bed!
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her—therefore weep!
"Weep—for you have wrought her woe!
Mourn—she mourned and died for you!
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true."

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and
he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek
happiness by changing anything, but his own disposition,
will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs
which he proposes to remove.

A charmed presence round me moves!
A glorious halo glides the air!
And in the radiant circle roves,
With loving watchfulness, a pair
Of precious idols, that I cherish;
As Christian martyrs, doomed to perish,
Never the faith they breathe in prayer!

The Only Gentleman.

"Adhesive plaster, Miss Wilson? Were you ask-
ing me for adhesive plaster?" asked Clara Stanhope,
glancing carelessly at a young girl who was making
loud lamentations over an almost imperceptible cut
in one of her pretty white fingers.

"Yes; have you any in your work-box, Miss Stan-
hope?"

"No, my work-box is not a medicine chest; but
here is Lieutenant Grey; he would do very well. He
possesses all the qualities of the best adhesive plas-
ter; it is almost impossible to get rid of him. And
the spoiled beauty under his rude speech with a
clear and ringing laugh.

Miss Wilson looked amazed, and the poor lieuten-
ant, after trying in vain to join in Miss Stanhope's
merriment, walked away.

"That is the seventh gentleman you have offended
within the last four weeks," said Mrs. Lee.

"But Mr. Grey is so dreadfully firesome, Mrs.
Lee! he wore out my patience long ago. Since I
came here, he has done nothing but keep up a per-
petual smiling and bowing at everything I said.
Wherever I turned, I saw him, and no matter whom
I spoke to, he answered. I could not endure it a
moment longer; and, besides, I confess it is a great
pleasure to me to say a cutting thing to conceited
people."

"You should remember, though, what Sheridan
says, somewhere, 'Let your wit be as keen as your
sword, but as polished, too.' The latter epithet would
hardly apply to all your severe remarks."

"People of a family like ours," said Mrs. Stanhope,
coming to her daughter's assistance, "are above the
conventionalities that ordinary persons hedge them-
selves about with. We are related to many noble
families; among others, to the Duke of Rutland; my
mother was a Manners; and, on my husband's side,
the Duke of Northumberland is a relative of ours;
and I have lately discovered that Robert Bruce was
an ancestor of mine in a direct line."

"Then I suppose we must pay you infinite respect,"
said Mrs. Lee. "But still I think if Miss Stanhope
would only consider the feelings of those gentle-
men—"

"Gentlemen!" said Mrs. Stanhope, with her usual
impetuosity. "Do you call these persons about here
gentlemen? According to my understanding of that
much-perverted word, there is but one gentleman in
the house."

"And who may he be?" asked Mrs. Lee, who, be-
ing a widow, did not feel herself called upon to re-
sent this sweeping denunciation.

"I do not know his name," replied Mrs. Stanhope;
"but he is that tall, elegant-looking man who sits
just opposite me at table."

"What, the one who comes in and goes out with-
out addressing a word to any one?" said Mrs. Lee—
"who is so exquisitely particular in his dress, and
in whatever he deigns to eat or drink—makes a
great parade about his wine and all the little et
cetera, and gives the waiters more trouble than any
other ten persons?"

"I have not observed all that," said Clara; "but
I must say he is my beau-ideal of a high-bred gentle-
man."

"And I must say, my dear, that I think you will
find out before long that you have made a great
mistake," said Mrs. Lee.

"Do you know anything about him?" inquired
Clara.

"Only that he gave his name as Manners," replied
Mrs. Lee.

"Manners!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanhope; "perhaps
he is a relation of the Duke of Rutland's. I will ask
him to-day."

"But, mamma, you do not know him," said Clara.
"I will introduce myself to him," said Mrs. Stan-
hope. "People of a family like ours can take such
liberties without being misinterpreted."

This conversation took place in the drawing-room
of a fashionable hotel at the sea-side, where people
prided themselves on their exclusiveness, and fancied
that they added greatly to their own importance by
refusing to recognize those who sat each day beside
them, if they did not chance to be members of their
own circle.

Clara Stanhope was a remarkably fine-looking
girl, with a spirited, dashing, and even daring look
and manner, always cool and unembarrassed, even
when she was saying the most astonishing things;
and with a laugh, whose clear and silvery melody
somewhat loud though it was, often beguiled those
who were suffering from her merciless sarcasm into
joining her merriment.

Mrs. Stanhope, panting by her reliance on her
"family," graciously condescended to take the ini-
tiative in making the acquaintance of her *vis-a-vis* at
table. "Might she ask," she said, with a bow as
stately as that of any Castilian dame, "if he were
of the same family as the Duke of Rutland?"

With an equally stately bow, and a calm indiffer-
ence of manner, that showed him to be a true-born
aristocrat, Mr. Manners replied in the affirmative,
and Mrs. Stanhope continued, with an air as though
she were conferring an immense favor, "Then I
must claim you as a relative, for we are members of
that illustrious house."

Mr. Manners merely bowed; the favor was re-
ceived, as unrequested gifts often are, as though the
acceptance was somewhat of an infliction. But this
indifference only heightened the admiration of Mrs.
Stanhope and her daughter. If he had courted them
they might have treated him with their usual haugh-
tiness; but keeping them as he did in the position
they first assumed as applicants for his notice, they
showed him, underneath their customary arrogance,
a constant deference and attention.

"I am happy to have found relatives where I
thought I had none," said the gentleman, as he arose
from the table with a languid air, as though he felt
it incumbent on him to say something, but thought
it quite a bore.

"What a coxcomb," said one gentleman to an-
other.

As days passed by, Mr. Manners relaxed somewhat
from his cold abstraction of manner, and conde-
scended to converse. It was evident that Clara
Stanhope felt more pleased by his attentions, few
and slight as they were, than she cared to confess.
The casual remarks he dropped influenced her
strangely. Her laugh, that had once been the music
of the house, grew still, and hushed, and was re-
placed by a tranquil smile. The change began on
the very day that Mr. Manners had made the remark,
that "no woman with a loud laugh could ever claim
to be considered a lady."

The gentleman evidently was not aware that his
words contained any personal allusions. Several
other sayings of his had great effect on the un-
restrained manners of Clara Stanhope. She was fast
becoming subdued and quiet, and even gentle. But
this transformation could not take place without be-
ing commented on, and the cause of it closely scruti-
nized. Thanks to her severe speeches, she had not a
friend in the house, but many watchful and criticiz-
ing observers.

"I believe that Miss Stanhope is in love with that
Mr. Manners," said Mr. Grey.

"Do you know who he is?" asked one gentleman.

All answered in the negative, and then commenced
a general discussion and conjecturing. It was late
in the evening; the ladies had all retired; the gen-
tlemen still lingered, "wasting more than an hour in
fruitless surmises. The only fact that was clearly
established was that there was some mystery con-
nected with Mr. Manners.

When ladies gossip, there is a vague uncertain-
ty in their utterances. There are innuendoes, hints,
wise looks, compressings of the lips, and shakings
of the head; but all these amount to but little;
the world needs something definite to rest on, and
so it shuts its eyes resolutely against the cloud of
smoke, and, if the fire is well hidden, takes no heed
of it. But when the sterner portion of the race put
their wise heads together, and they are not so slow
to do it as they would wish us to believe, something
comes of it. From that evening's discussion there
sprang up in the minds of two or three of the gen-
tlemen, all of them the victims of Miss Stanhope's
beauty and her railery, a determination to pene-
trate the veil with which Mr. Manners had enveloped
himself.

An old lady also had expressed a wish to know
"what that gentleman did for a living; for her part,
she never felt easy about folks till she knew what
their business was." But the lofty scorn with which
Mrs. Stanhope repelled the idea of its being necessary
for a gentleman to do anything for a living, quite
subdued the old lady, who said—"I only meant that
I have always noticed that those who did not follow
any business, but lived nobody knows how, were dis-
reputable, generally speaking."

"Mr. Manners is a gentleman?" said Mrs. Stan-
hope.

"Oh!" said the old lady; and Mrs. Stanhope looked
upon the matter as settled, though it would have been
hard for her to tell how she had made it out.

The point which the gentlemen were bent on dis-
covering was the same as that about which the old
lady had expressed such curiosity. One of the in-
vestigators was a lawyer, a keen, shrewd man, one
whose nature and practice had both combined to
make a "detective" of the first order. In two or
three days Mr. Hilliard (for that was his name),
said to Mr. Grey—"I have discovered one thing—
Mr. Manners has some regular occupation. His very
air betrays that as you meet him in the street; and
no gentleman of leisure would come in and go out as
regularly as he does."

"While I was reading the paper this morning,"
said Mr. Hilliard to Mr. Grey, "about a week after-
wards, 'I was struck by a remarkable coincidence.'
Mr. Grey opened his eyes wide; for though he had
by no means Mr. Hilliard's capability of seeing
through a millstone, even when it had no hole in
it, he appreciated all the more highly his friend's
powers.

"I observed," continued Mr. Hilliard, "that Mr.
Manners' engagements—you know he is engaged
three or four evenings in the week to the fashionable
parties of the season, Mrs. Stanhope thinks; well,
his engagements all occur on the nights when the
Ethiopian Band give their concerts; and also—"

Mr. Grey was opening his eyes wider every minute—
"and also at the time when Mr. Manners went on a
little trip, the band must have gone and returned in
the same train."

Here Mr. Grey shut his eyes—a reaction conse-
quent upon their having been so long strained to
their utmost limits of expansion.

"Grey, suppose we go to hear the Ethiopian Band

to-night?" suggested Mr. Hilliard. "They are said
to be very fine singers in their way."

Mr. Grey consented, and they were soon seated in
a corner of the concert-room, where they could see
without themselves being seen. When the troop of
serenaders appeared, they scrutinized them closely.
Three of them were in height and figure very much
like Mr. Manners, but so well disguised were they
that it was impossible for even Mr. Hilliard to de-
cide which one of the three, or whether any one, bore
any resemblance to the gentleman in whom they
were so much interested. Mr. Grey, after having
fixed upon each member of the troop in succession
as the individual in question, at last gave up in de-
spair.

The first part of the concert was over. Amid out-
bursts of applause the singers turned to leave the
stage for a few minutes.

"Look, Grey! look at that man with the tambour-
ine!" said Mr. Hilliard. "There he is—the gentle-
man himself!"

Few people think of disguising their backs; per-
haps it would not be so easy to do it; and so Mr.
Manners was discovered. The secret he had so care-
fully kept was his no longer. Not one who had not
tried it can tell how hard it is to keep a secret in this
age of the world.

If Mr. Manners was especially satisfied with any-
thing that belonged to himself, it was with his walk
and bearing; erect, stiff, and somewhat pompous.
That betrayed him.

"There goes the old gentleman Miss Stanhope has
seen!" said Mr. Grey, and he smiled with malicious
satisfaction.

"She must see him in his glory," said Mr. Hill-
iard.

But Mrs. and Miss Stanhope rejected with scorn
the idea of mingling with the crowd of undistin-
guished commoners, to listen to such low and base-
born melodies.

"I would not go nor allow my daughter to attend
such a place," said Mrs. Stanhope. "Not a fit place
for ladies, so Mr. Manners says."

Fortune favored Mr. Hilliard's purposes. The
very evening after making this assertion, Mrs. Mon-
gomery Fanshaw called, saying she had been per-
suaded into making up a party for the purpose of
hearing the serenaders, and wished to know if Mrs.
and Miss Stanhope would join them.

It was a kind of amusement particularly agree-
able to the young lady, who enjoyed a regular frolic
far more than any staid and proper recreation. She
openly expressed a desire to accompany Mrs. Fan-
shaw; her mother hesitated, glanced round the
room; then remembered that Mr. Manners had left
a little while before, pleading an engagement for the
evening. Mrs. Fanshaw was almost a stranger to her;
she was very anxious to turn their slight ac-
quaintance into an intimacy—and therefore she
ended by consenting.

Of course Mrs. Fanshaw with her party occupied
the most conspicuous places in the concert-room.
After the first half hour had nearly passed, during
a short pause in the singing, Miss Stanhope heard
herself addressed. Turning her head, she found that
Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Grey were sitting behind her.

A few remarks passed—criticisms on the singers,
the audience, and the crowd; and Mr. Hilliard said,
"I wish, Miss Stanhope, you would observe the man
with the tambourine. Notice him as he goes off the
stage. He reminds me very much of Mr. Manners."

"Mr. Manners, would you compare him to an
Ethiopian serenader?" said Miss Stanhope, with her
scornful smile.

However, her attention once turned in that way,
found so much to interest and perplex, that she
could notice nothing else. When he turned from the
audience the conviction flashed upon her that the
tambourine player was Mr. Manners, and no one
else. One glance at Mr. Hilliard revealed to him
that the discovery was made. He saw a long whis-
pering conversation between the mother and daugh-
ter. Mrs. Stanhope evidently refused to believe the
story, and she said, at last, "It is all your imagina-
tion, my dear." But before the evening was over,
she too was forced to acknowledge the truth of her
daughter's discovery. She could hardly command
herself sufficiently to sit through the remainder of
the concert. Her very dress seemed to share her in-
dignation, for it shook and rustled incessantly.

When they met at breakfast the next morning it
was no difficult matter for Mr. Manners to discover
that he had been recognized. He was treated with
cold disdain by both ladies. Silent contempt was
Mrs. Stanhope's forte, and she impressed the prop-
riety of the same course of action on her daughter.
But Clara Stanhope belonged to the class of demon-
strative young ladies. The impulse to speak was
too strong to be resisted; so she at once remarked,
"I was delighted with the concert last evening, Mr.
Manners; you acted your part most imitatively. You
have evidently not mistaken your vocation."

"Thank you, Miss Stanhope," he replied, "your
appreciation of my poor efforts gives me great pleas-
ure. But allow me to request you to say nothing to
our cousin" (with a provoking emphasis on the
word) "the Duke of Rutland, of my present em-
ployment. He might not think it a suitable one for
a member of his family."

A saucy reply was trembling on Miss Stanhope's
tongue; but, obedient to a glance from her mother,
she closed her rosy lips over it, and finished her meal
in silence.

"Manners, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanhope,
when they were again in their own room. "Clara,
my dear, his name is Boggs!—the keen-eyed Mr.
Hilliard found it out."

TEARS AND BLUSHES.—The poet, Goethe, being once
in the company of a mother who had occasion to re-
prove her young daughter, just budding into woman-
hood, when he saw the young girl blush and burst
into tears, said:—

"How beautiful your reproof has made your daugh-
ter. The crimson hue and those silver tears become
her better than any ornament of gold or pearls.
These may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but
those are never seen disconnected with moral purity.
A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew,
is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her
parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow
for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature
hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

Mrs. PARTINGTON, writing from the banks of the
Piscataqua in the columns of the Gazette, says—
"The river I regard as a sort of wet nurse of my
childhood, whose broad breast has borne me for many
an hour in the early days of my life."

THE NEW POTATOES are selling in Bangor at 45 cents
per bushel.

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 X.—Continued.

The other lady took the alphabet; I was sitting
by her side, and could follow her movements over the
card. The medium was sitting farthest from the
card, opposite, in an easy, unrestrained position, con-
fiding her activity to listening when the raps began
slowly or indistinctly, and addressing now and then an
admonition to the spirits, when continued raps
created some uncertainty, or when they were not
loud enough to be distinctly heard; as, "Would the
spirit say whether the letter is right?" or "Is the
spirit willing to answer the question?" and "would
the spirit rap a little louder?" Rap-tap-tap means,
in such cases, "yes"; no rapping means "no." I ob-
served repeatedly that the medium was not follow-
ing the movement of the questioner's hand over the
card, which latter the lady now in conversation was
hiding with her left hand. The raps came distinctly,
unhesitatingly, and the full Christian name and sur-
name of her brother were soon on the paper. Then
came his age, then the year of his death, then the
place where he died in a far distant country. Then
to a question, the purport of which I know not, the
answer, "Not now."

My turn came, and with it raps distinct in sound
from the others, as, in fact, to a quick ear, were
nearly all the raps we heard in the course of the
evening. My thoughts dwell on a friend who a few
months ago crossed the Atlantic, and died of yellow
fever a week after his arrival at one of the West In-
dia islands. I desired the spelling of his name,
leaving out the Christian name. Rap-tap-tap at the
W (wrong); I said so; but his Christian name be-
gins with a W. "Now try the surname." O (rap-
tap), right; H (rap-tap), wrong. I went on with a
remark. L (rap-tap), right; the following letter
wrong again, which I stated.

"Would the spirit spell his name?" (rap-tap-tap).
I began again; again wrong. I gave it up, asking
the name of the vessel in which he went out. It was
given right—not an English, but a German name,
and there was no mistake no wavering in the spell-
ing. I dismissed this friend, summoning (mentally)
the spirit of another whom I had known years ago.
A distinct, but rather faint knock. "Please to spell
your name." It was spelt correctly, always, as I
need not mention, through the aid of the alphabet,
in the above manner. "Would you tell me the cause
of your death?" (I knew the specific cause most pos-
itively). "Yes." "Give me your answer in German."

"Yes." I took the alphabet. C-O-G-N-E. I grew pale.
That was the cause of his death; Cognac did kill
him, poor fellow! But the Wound was not anticipated
in my mind. I expected intemperance, or a similar
general expression. I continued, and the raps gave
the letters O-U-L, the word was Cognac, not Cognac.
Rather excited, I asked aloud, but in German—"Is
that the true cause of your death?" "Yes." "Is the
word spelt correctly?" "Yes." Now Cognac is not
the correct spelling, and I knew, also, too well, how
correctly and how distinctly he used to spell it Cog-
nac. But the answer was most startling. Every
one in England and America calls that spirit brandy;
to most people in these two countries it is hardly
known by its original French name, under which it
goes on the continent. "Where did you die?" The
name of the place was correctly given, though with
some hesitation, and I had to go several times
through the alphabet for the fourth and fifth letter.
The number of the house in which he died was first
given as 33 (wrong), then 35 (right). Poor ghost!

I felt, perhaps, uneasy at the confession he had
made, and was nervous in following my pencil. Per-
haps I was so myself; but altogether the spelling of
names was not quick and straightforward with me
as with the two ladies. Single raps were constantly
being heard from other spirits in the course of these
conversations, but they mean nothing, except, per-
haps, a desire to put themselves in communication.

My neighbor—my friend's nephew—had now to
begin. There were rap-tap-taps, certainly. He
tested the spirit by spelling, but only confused an-
swers came, and he gave it up.
The master of the house now began a series of
questions, most of them answered quickly, and with
decided rap-tap-taps. He asked (always mentally)
his grand-father the Christian names of his grand-
father, who was born and lived in a foreign country,
where each person generally has three Christian
names. Three were given, and one of them seldom
or never used in England, but as my friend after-
wards remarked, then and later very frequent in his
family. Dates were asked and given, and some
proved correct, some not. The year of the death of the
above remotest ancestor was asked, but no an-
swer came. The medium remarked that the spirit
would, perhaps, at a later hour, be able to give it;
questions might be addressed, and answers would be
given in any language, the knowledge of the spirits
in this respect being as universal as they were inde-
pendent of space and time. A spirit was asked
at what place a living relative of my friend was at
that moment; the answer was, "Ginkade; and again
(loud) whether the name and spelling were correct,
a very decided rap-tap-tap-tap admitted of no
further question. No such place being known, and
very unlikely to exist in that part of Europe where
the relative is living; the answer (given to a mental
question) was suspiciously withheld; whether true will
be known in a few weeks. I make no mention of
answers to questions which required a simple "yes"
or "no." Such answers being, besides, only of some
doubtful value, when corroborating facts known to us.

There was once a confusion and some hilarity
created by a play-up on my part with my dear old
grandfather's spirit. I saw my friend pausing, and
hearing no raps for a few minutes, I thought he
had ceased his conversation, and took the opportu-
nity of conversing rapidly with my grandfather.
Rap-tap-tap, then he was. I wished him merely to
tell me the year of his death, to convince me of his
presence, missing the 18. I went over the numerals,
which I had written down on my paper, and 35 was
given. My grandfather died in 1835. His raps,
however, had been put down by my friends, who
resumed his spelling; but of course the result was
nonsense, and only cleared up by my confession of
having broken into his proceedings.

Whilst thus holding intercourse with the spiritual
world, conversation between ourselves was not slacken-
ing in the intervals, and the medium having
mentioned that the spirits were able to move furni-
ture, we expressed our wishes to see it done.
"Would the spirits move the table?" asked the
medium, in an insinuating tone, lowering down her
head over it. A series of raps answered, and we
were requested to touch the table's edge with the
tops of our fingers, in order to feel the vibration
caused by some electric, magnetic, or other "fluid-
um," with which the spirits would presently ap-
pear upon the table. We all thought we felt it. I should
not like to assert it positively, but what I am pre-
pared at any time to swear to, and what I now do
most solemnly assert and tell you, is, that the table
first slowly, then quickly, moved, in a circular direc-
tion, as if it was going to whirl round.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The secret sorrow of the mind—a sorrow which
must be kept—how it wilts away the whole man,
himself all unconscious of its murderous effect! He
cannot feel that he is approaching death, because he
is sensible of no pain; in fact, he has no feeling, but
an indescribable sensation perceived about the phys-
ical heart.

It has been said that grain is treated like infants.
When the head becomes heavy, it is cradled; and it
is generally well thrashed to render it fit for use.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, EXAMINING AND FREQUENTLY
ING MEDIUM, No. 12 Wilcox Street, Portland, Maine,
having more than three years in Portland, and vicinity,
in referring many that were given up by physicians, now
feels encouraged to offer her services to those who may need
them. Mrs. D. will give special attention to the following
complaints: Examinations private and confidential. Con-
sultations, and the cause of treatment cleanses the blood,
Mrs. Danforth's course of treatment cleanses the blood,
circulation to the fields and vitalizes the system. Ky-
clopædia, Urinary, Scrophulous, Herpes, Cancer, Paralysis, Sci-
atic Affections, Gravel, and those subject to Fits, have all yield-
ed to her treatment. Persons from the country are request-
ed to give their name, address, and the nature of their ail-
ment, a description and prescription sent, and medicine, if
requested. The fee for examination enclosed will, assure
attention. Medicines all vegetable.
Terms.—Examination and prescription if present at the
house, \$1.25; in the city, about \$1.50; out of the city, \$2.
June 11, 1887.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE. HAVING NO SYMPATHY
with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a
combination of speculating individuals, having no higher ob-
ject than money making, I have come to the conclusion that
may establish myself in an Institution alone, professing
that I have cured more of the thousands of cases of dis-
eases by which mortals are afflicted, than any other physician
in my locality, during the long period in which I have been
thus engaged.

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

Office, No. 227 Main Street.
A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT,
Bridgeport Conn. Terms.—Clairvoyant Examination
and prescription \$3. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent
symptoms are given, \$2; if not given, \$3. Answering sealed
letters, \$1. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be
advanced.

"Dr. Stiles' superior Clairvoyant powers, his thorough
Medical and Surgical education, with his experience from an
extensive practice for over sixteen years, eminently qualify
him for the best Consulting Physician of the age. In all
chronic diseases he stands unrivalled."
Office—No. 227 Main Street. May 7-11.

REMOVAL. J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WRITING MEDIUM,
(ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS), gives notice to the
public that he may be found on and after this date, at No. 3
Winter Street, near Washington Street, (over George Furn-
bull & Co.'s dry goods store) the rapidly increasing interest
in the phenomena of spirit communion rendering it necessary
for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of visi-
tors.

As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely
necessary that all letters sent to him, for answers, should be
accompanied with the small fee he charges. Consequently
no letters will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied
with \$1. (ONE DOLLAR), and three postage stamps.
Audience hours from two to three o'clock each afternoon,
Sundays excepted. June 16, 1887.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY
LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MAIN,
Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at
No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommo-
date patients desiring treatment by the above process on
three floors. Patients are received on the basis of a donation
in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before
their arrival.

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

A NEW BOOK BY DR. WILKINSON—THE SUB-
SCRIBER'S BEG leave to announce that they will
publish early this month, simultaneously with its publication
in London, a new volume of "Familiar Explanations
FROM THE SPIRITS," by J. J. Garth Wilkinson, M. D., of
London, England.

Dr. Wilkinson is well known as one of the most elegant
writers of the English language, and this work is pronounced
superior to anything ever given to the world through his
pen. The day upon which the work will be ready will be
advertised in the New York Tribune and Daily Times.
The book contains 41 pages, 32mo. Price, plain muslin,
\$1.25; gilt, \$1.50. Early orders are solicited, which should
be addressed to the New Church Publishing Association,
No. 447 Broadway, New York.