

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857, by LUTHER COLEY & COMPANY, in the Clark's Office of the United States District Court, of the District of Massachusetta.

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

Chapter XX .--- Continued. Jacking

The first stars were twinkling in the calm depths of Heaven, the rosy sunset light yet lingering, when Don Ramon returned to his home, accompanied by Agnes Golding. A heavenly stillness reigned, and a solemn quiet pervaded the lovely landscape, and was reflected upon the spirit of Agnes as she ascended the broad flight of steps leading to the portice of the Palma sola. Gathering up her riding skirt, she was conducted by Don Ramon to his wife's apartments. | pray, then return to his wife, vainly endeavoring to As they passed the corridor leading to the sick chamber, they were startled by the hurried tramp; of feet within, and a shrick, loud, wild and piercing, thrill. ed to the heart of Agnes, causing the strong arm she leant upon to tremble. He had a set and

and here a streeting

Succeeding that cry of anguish there reigned a stillness, ominous and profound. Controlling, in some measure, the agitation that shook his frame, Don Ramon passed on saying in a husky voice to Agnes, " Lot us hasten. for God's sake !"." Pushing scene that thrilled their hearts with grief and pity unutterable.

soothing potion for her unfortunate friend, and with

his companion then left the house. The lamps were lighted in Manuela's room, and the pitying stars and the silver-gleaming crescent moon peeped into the silent chamber. Agnes dis. missed the weary attendants, and patiently watched beside the departed child, and the living, maddened mother. Don Ramon's grief was nobly and silently borne. He would go into the adjoining room to soothe her ravings and win her to tears. She repulsed his loving efforts, turned aside from her friend's caresses, with blood-shot eye and clenched hand defying Heaven and shrieking, "Give me back my child !"

When the paling stars yet glimmered in the heavens, but sounds of awakening life proclaimed the ap proaching dawn, the flickering lamp-light found Agnes, pale and wearied, watching beside the sleeping Manuela. She had been induced to drink the aside the rose-colored curtains they came upon a cooling potion, and overcome by its narcotic influence, she had fallen into a deep sleep. The rose-colored curtains were closely drawn around the sleep-Angels lay upon the bed, cold and still as sculp- ing innocent; pale and wan the loving husband sat tured marble ; the long lashes drooping on the now beside the sorrow, stricken wife, holding one of her waxen cheeks. The rose colored curtains threw a hands, casting looks of anguish upon the little form mocking gleam of life around the silent sleeper, the so soon recalled to its heavenly pirthplace, and gazsea breeze lifted the clustering jetty curls from the ing with love unutterable upon Manuela's pallid childish brow with caressing motion; but on that face. At first her slumber was unquiet, she tossed brow was set the impress of immortality achieved ! uneasily about on the rich lounge to which they had A beautiful smile wreathed the faded lips, and the carried her, tears started from under her closed lids. little hands were clasped as if in joyful thanksgiv- and faint murmurs and broken words issued from ing for her admittance to the angel band ! Across her lips; but her sleep deepened, and her senses the foot of the bed, with disheveled hair, and disor- were steeped in forgetfulness, and the mighty sorrow

flowering and fruit-laden Hedges, till she reached is vision !" exclaimed Agnes, as she rose to her feet the sea-shore that skirted her, own domain. Moon. and recalled her singular dream. "And thou art light, bright and peaceful illumined the Castle walls; silence, charmed and unbroken, brooded above its sleeping beauty.

"Behold !" again whispered the celestial voice. Agnes beheld the marble stairway of her abodo, il- | dead." lumined with fantastic, colored lamps, and Eva in bridal array smiling upon her from amid the encircling vines and blooming flowers. The soft, grey eyes of Eva were illumined by the love-light of yore; she felt herself drawn to the loving bosom, and the youthful heart palpitated against her own with love and joy! She felt the warm impress of the loving lips, and the sweet breeze that played amid the rich from the candid brow. A celestial expression of happiness irradiated the placid countenance; she pointed with her finger, and Agnes beheld Frank Wylie kneeling before her, a wreath of laurel encircling; the manly brow; she felt his grateful kiss upon her hand; she saw the beaming love-glances of Eva, bent in worshipping homage upon him, the true and gifted, kneeling there. Then the thought arose in the joy-filled heart of the happy dreamer, "Where, amid all this happiness is my husbandmy mother ?" You wish to know ?" whispered the unseen angel. "Come!" . The scraphic countenance of Eva faded into shadowy indistinctness, the blue eyes of Frank faded from before her vision, the gleaming fantastic lights were gone. Following the guiding spirit, she passed again the flowery meadows and fruit-lined hedges, and entered the great mountain passes; up, up, the wearisome ascent. Up, to where the mountain foot-path winds in gorgeous grandeur, leading the seeking spirit to Na ture's temple, in those wilds erected to the true God's worship. On, amid its solitary grandour, while the silver moonlight streams overleaping water. fall, nodding tree and luxuriantly waving grass. The attendant spirit whispers, " Feory not !" for a sense of desolation, a foreboding fear has seized upon the faltering Agues. There is a fine hit bella anit the overhanging cedar and the waving willow. Agnes enters, and by the moon's light discovers a rough couch on which reposes a human form.' Pale and blood-streaked the face appears by the glimmer of a flickering lamp, and the matted hair overhangs a bandaged brow. He raises himself upon his elbewhis groy eyes glare wildly upon the intruder. Merciful Heaven! it is her husband's face !

The soft hand of the guiding angel is laid upon her throbbing heart, and the tempest there is stilled as by a holy mandate." From the pale lips of the recumbent figure issues a plaintive sound, he murmurs the one imploring word; "forgive !"

Agnes' hand is clasped in his, her lips are on his forehead, sealing there a loving pardon; and as the grey eyes glaze in death they are fixed with a look

surely an angel! ah, pray for me thou sinless one ! and, by thy loving presence, oh I console thy afflicted mother !" she prayed, as she knelt beside the bed and gazed upon the smiling face of the "early

Manuela, still in deep sleep, was removed to another room, her husband watching beside her there. With serene and solemn feelings, Agnes arrayed the lifeless form for its earthly resting place. Beautiful and spiritual, are the customs of that flowery olime, as regards the burial of children; and the truly religious, and deeply poetic spirit of Agnes, rendered homage to the beautiful usages of the counfolds of the bridal weil lifted the waved chestnut hair, try. The child was arrayed in spotless white; not a shroud, but a graceful, flowing dress, such as sho had worn and played in. Her chubby little feet were encased in white silk slippers, her neck and arms left bare, and adorned with her favorite coral ornaments. Her hair was smoothly arranged and allowed to fall unrestrainedly upon her shoulders, as at her childish play. On her brow they placed a wreath of flowers, not alone the pale flowers consecrated to the purity thus early recalled, but the rich and glowing flowers of garden, mount and forest, mingled their hues and fragrance upon the still brow of the angel child. A beautifully assorted bouquet was placed in her right hand ; flowers were strewn upon her couch and perfumed her pillow; garlands and festoons of evergreen and mingling roses were twined in among, and looped up the rosy curtains; flowers were scattered with a lavish hand around the room and trodden under foot upon the matted floor. No one would have thought that a dead child rested beneath that flowery canopy, so life-like was the attitude, so cheerful the surroundings; no darkened chamber but the heavenly sunshine pouring in upon the lavished wealth of flowers, the blue skies' glory visible from the uncurtained windows. No funereal trappings, no streaming, mournful crape appalled heart and the faithfur negroes gave notice of the presonce of an augel in the house. As Dr. Walter had pronounced Angela's fever not to be contageous, the little Ramon was admitted to the silent chamber, and gazed wonderingly at the still form of his little sister, asking his tearful nurse " when she would awake ?"

> All awaited anxiously the return to consciousness of the bereaved mother ; they feared for her life, her reason. But Manuela awoke caluary in the arms of Agnes, and with a patient, heart-broken meekness, listened to her gentle friend's religious consolations. Upon that faithful bosom she wept floods of heartwrung sorrow, but her voice was no longer upraised in denunciation, or in impious demands for death. Agnes encouraged her to weep; fondly smoothing

knew not of his return, was startled by his sudden appearance, and the shudder she could never totally suppress in his presence, again thrilled her frame, as his dark glance met hers."

The good Father Anselmo spoke long and carnestly with the mother. His venerable countenance put on no lengthening sanctimoniousness for the occasion, as he spoke of an angel's translation to a sinless clime. He told her of the guardianship of unseen angels, of the beauty and holiness of submission. Subduing her rising grief, Manuela bent over her child and kissed the brow, the lips, with a long, lingering pressure; she took a rose-bud from the wreath, and placed it carefully in her bosom ; then casting her eyes reverently upwards, she fervently exclaimed: "I shall behold my child in Heaven!" and threw herself weeping into her husband's arms. He had already taken farewell of his child, and Agnes, kissing the scaled lids, threw a white lace veil over the coffin.

Six young girls, yet roseate with childhood's freshness, were to bear the coffin to its resting-place. Attired in white, the thick plaits of their jet-black hair descending to their knees, each one carrying a fragrant bouquet, and smiling in their unconsciousness of death or sorrow, they stood around the bed. The snowy coffin was placed upon a stand with poles, and gracefully lifted by the innocent bearers, the cortege moved along. It is not customary for women to attend funerals, so the throng of visitors grouped around Agnes, and the affianced bride of Felix Rivero. Manuela had retired to her oratory to pray alone.

When the funeral train reached the garden gate, burst of joyous, triumphant music rose upon the col sunset air. It was the music that denoted an nfant's burial. Manuela, starting from her prayers, cried: "that is earthly music, heralding my child's departure; the angels, ere this, have welcomed my larling with diviner strains."

In the distance, the joyous music died away; the motley company retired. Eva, kissing her stepmother's brow, returned to the castle. Agnes and Manuela were alone; the murmurs of the sea, and the sighing of the night breeze, alone responded to the heart's prayerful invocations.

CHAPTER XXL

"Cruel and false ! could'st thou flud none Amongst those fools thine eye engrossed, But me to practice falschood on, That loved thee most ?"

"Ahl and it is when lips have spoken, And love on one hath set his token, To find the heart we deemed our own, Vibrates not with a single tone Of these horses on the starts have Of those intense and passionate lays, It feigned so well in other days!" ANOX.

We are writing of many years ago; but even then, glimmerings of the dawn now so rapidly spreading over this favored land, were dispensed unto the dwellers of that tropic region. Spiritual development, then, as now, passed on its progressive march, though its manifestations were few and unacknowledged. A beautiful faith took possession of the heart of Manuela Gonzalez, since the day of her child's burial. She said she felt the presence, the caressing touch of her angel child, that she appeared to her in dreams, radiant with excelling loveliness, wreathed with immortal flowers. Agnes, who felt the truth, the beautiful reality of these revelations, did not gainsay her friend's belief. To the friends who called upon her, Manuela presented a grave, calm aspect; and she spoke with tender reverence, but without any violent manifestations of sorrow, of her little angel daughter. Many were astonished at the sudden change in the gay, fashionable lady; they were those incapable of maternal feeling. Others wandered at her sudden calmness and apparent resignation, and thought her violent grief soon exhausted. When she spoke rapturously of her spirit child, many deemed her orazed. But the consoling fact of spiritual communion dwelt in the soul of Manucla, and threw its heavenly attractions around the heart of Agnes. Deeply, Don Ramon mourned his lost one, but he bore his sorrow manfully, and appeared calm and self-possessed in his wife's presence; sharing her beautiful belief, listening delightedly to Agnes' exposition of her soul's formed faith, her loving spirit's philosophy. Hewas a noble-minded, enlightened man, despite of his somewhat pompous manner, and inherited Castilian pride. Sec. Sec. Agnes remained for some days with her friend; Eva visited daily at Palma sola, and with a deep sense of joy, the long neglected step-mother read in the young girl's face the returning affection and the vearning trust. Eva brought fragrant offerings of flowers, and her beaming smile and gentle manner illumined as with rejoicing sunshine the solitude of the mansion, for Manucla refused to see many visitors. Calm and resigned as her heart had grown, and elevated as was her spirit by the stroke of misfortune, her nervous system had received a shock, and her hitherto firm health was impaired. Doctor Walter called daily, and recommended a change of scene, as the best means of the lady's restoration. But Manuela refused to leave her home, and its dear, though painful memories. Nelly, too, had called upon her young mistress, and Allta, escaping from the "old one's" vigilance, contrived to capture Loby, and took him to his mistress. as an excuse for presenting herself. The old lady haughtily abstained from visiting "those heathenish Gonzales'," but she sent several messengers, with her ceremonious compliments, and inquiries after the health of the family. Agnes wondered at the protracted absence of her husband, and yet, an 10 H Dhi my God I it was no dream, it was a prophet posed, but Don Fellx socompanied her. Agues, who undefinable fear caused her to dread his coming. an eo feretoso consentas estates findas suara

dered garments, warm and still, as the earth form of the admitted angel, lay the bereaved mother, and "Ah !" thought Agnes, amid her tears. " here is over mother and child, with fearful exclamations and sorrow and death, but here is also life undying, in pitying love, bent the attached servants, praying, the love that survives and cheers even bereavement's weeping, calling upon their mistress, with the pas- gloom. My loved ones live, and are as not to me !" sionate earnestness and exaggerated expressions of of a prime with Sorred their race.

her to a sofa ; Agnes for one moment bent over the conduct you to a sleeping chamber. You will be little Angela, with tear-filled eyes and prayerful overcome and ill, dear lady; do seek a few hours heart, then she turned all her attention to her suf. repose." fering friend. She administered restoratives in her own quiet, gentle way: with a few loving words and submission to their souls. Very tenderly she stroked back the veiling tresses from the closed eyes The magnetism of her touch, more than aught else, she sighed, languidly unclosing her large black eyes. | why." now so wildly mournful in their expression. She raised herself upon her elbow, gazed searchingly into the face of Agnes, then her eyes wandered to her busband's face; he was kneeling beside her; then around the room her seeking glances wandered, finally resting upon the bell. With a wild cry, she asleep, promise to call me when Manuela awakes." broke from the encircling arms of her friend and Agnes promised, and Don Ramon' passing to the rushed towards her child. Ah! how crushingly falls the weight of unannounced sorrow upon buoy- before the Virgin's shrine. The light of the silver ant and life-blest hearts! Poor, undisciplined Manu- lamp was flickering and expiring; the sorrow-worn, ols l

She burst forth into lond and piteous cries, standing erect with outstretched arms, and frantically heavens, rosy clouds faintly tinctured the horizon's calling upon the saints to restore her child to life. misty verge, the ocean's fullaby came in a subdued Her long black hair fell around her like a dense veil, even to her very feet; her glittering eyes and de- of earth's morning sacrifice was waited to that sispairing attitude struck all hearts with terror ; her lent chamber. Agnes extinguished the yet flim. husband trembled for her reason. Agnes shuddered mering lights, and while the morning's rosy light as she listened to her frenzied supplications; her advanced and illumined the distant mountain's side. impious denunciations of God's justice, her prayers her eyelids drooped in weariness ; a sweet lulling for death ! Press Progenting on another and "Give my my child !" she oried. - "I' cannot live gliding to the floor, her head rested upon the foot of without my Angela. I will not give her up-Heav. Manuela's couch, her face was turned towards the en has angels chough of its own ! She was mine bed, with its closely drawn rose colored hangings. let me keep my child!" Unheeding the prayers and And Agnes slept, and before her inner vision passed entreaties of her husband, resisting the gentle ap a dream, so vividly distinct, so life-like, and clear. peals of Agnes, she threw herself upon the body of that it seemed reality, and the life to which her un her child and kissed the sealed lips, the closed eyes closed eyes returned its faintest shadow. lids and the ice-cold hands." Don Ramon trembled in every nerve, yet manfully bearing his own great A soft touch that electric-like awoke every slum. sorrow, only strove to soothe the wretched mother. . bering and holy emotion of her soul was laid upon with 'his' friend Doctor' Vardon. ' He spoke a few like, infusing hope and confidence, and a voice, low. words of cheer to the father; but on Manusla's ear thrilling and musical, bidding her arise and follow. his consolations fell unliceded. She scouled him of Agnes arose and followed the guiding, unseen hand, negligence and tardiness, oried that her child might the sweetly alluring voice that bore no shape or have been saved, and still kneeling by the bedside, form. Along the silent passages, past the sleeping determined never to be separated from her little An. negroes, down the, broad marble staircase, over the

was lifted awhile from her heart. "Lady, do seck some repose," whispered Don Ramon. "Manuels will not awakon for some hours: I Don Ramon tenderly raised his wife and carried will remain with her; allow me to call Dolares to

t ial an

"Do you seek the needful rest, Don Ramon," replied Agnes. "You will have much to see to, to-day: soothed the clamoring women, and brought calmness melancholy duties will devolve upon you. Do not be troubled on my account. I could not leave Manuela. and can rest very well where I am. But please send of Manuela, and sprinkled the pale face with water. a messenger to the Castle, as soon as your people are astir, and let Mrs. Greyson and Eva know that seemed to restore the bereaved one's consciousness; I shall not return to-day-you will please mention and the second second a

> "" I will do all you desire, dear friend, and at your request will take an hours' rest, though I know I cannot sleep! Oh, my little Angela! my poor wife!" he sobbed, kissing the unconscious brow. "I will retire to the next room, Senora; If I should fall next room, threw himself upon the velvet rug spread 1.1.1.1.1.1.1

wearied man soon slept. The fading stars twinkled in the brightening whisper to the listening ear; the fragrant incense sense of repose fell upon her troubled heart ; softly

approved a set of the set of the set Faithful to his promise, good Doctor Walter called her shoulder ; she felt a hand, life-warm yet spiritrela. Talking aside to Agnes the Doctor lat al reedant fields and upspringing wild flowers, past

of love unutterable upon her face. And now Agnes' beholds, standing beside the couch, the tall, majestic figure of a woman dark-robed and silent: with eves of midnight darkness and long unloosed hair, whose letty luxuriance is interwoven with silver threads. This woman approaches Agnes, solemnly joins the hands of the departed husband and living wife, and murmurs "peace." Her touch upon the brow of Agnes leaves there a soothing influence, a strengthening power; her voice is sweetly familiar, second only, in dream-like music, to the unseen angel's utterrance. "See here thy friend!" and Agnes beholds her benefactor, her friend Malcolm Mackensie, "Come!" says the thrilling spirit voice, and Agnes followed submissively, a strange calm within her breast: again they tread the mountain pathway, the flowery meadow, and stand before the Castle gates.

"Come !" whispers the unseen intelligence, and unwearied Agnes follows. In the shade of the flowery bath-house, on the very spot where husband and mother plotted, where she and Mackensie met, reclines the figure of her mother-in-law; but ah | how pale, and changed and wasted. No costly silks enveloping the shrunken form, no lace adorning the pallid face; in coarse habilimonts, neglected and abandoned, lies the once haughty woman, stricken with disease ; from her lips issues a piteous murmur, she raises her wasted hands and ories " forgive ! forgive !" As Agnes stoops to kiss the sunken brow, the angel whispers "Come!" and again she submissively obeys.

Past her own Castle gates, past the verdant fields. up the well-known path to Manuela's abode. In the flower-encircled portal, stands the radiant figure of h little child, its flowing, snowy garments streaked with silver light, an azure halo encircling the flowercrowned head. It is the little Angela, distinct in form and feature, but exceedingly beautiful, endowed with the infant glory of immortal life.

"Come !" whispers a sweet, low voice, but it is not her guardian angel's; it is the voice of Angela; the infant immortal takes her hand, and leads her along the silent corridor, and the yet darkened chambers. to the room wherein the earth form reposes and the mother sleeps. " Tell mother I am happy," she says and smiles, and drops a fragrant blossom from her wreath upon the sleeper's brow.....

A soft breath, warm and balmy, fans the brow of Agnes; delicious music lulls her soul to rest: she sleeps profoundly.

t faleto de projectel O una D una D . 0. With a sudden start, as if rudely awakened by an electric shock, her eyes unclose, and ; bewildered she gases around. The first admitted suppeam, is , playing on the dead child's brow; the sweet. smile lingars on the placid countenance. Still the pale and weary mother eleeps a calm, deep eleep.

her disheveled tresses; in simple and appropriate language she held forth-to the serrowing mother the delights of the heavenly reunion, the unbounded love and wisdom of the Universal Father, who looked benignantly pitying upon human woe, unheeding creed or dogma, loving all his children with a Father's guiding love; enfolding their souls with reflections of his own light and joy! .

The countenance of Agnes glowed with inspiration, with spiritual power and beauty, as she portrayed the glories of immortality to the yearhing soul of the bereaved. . Then she told Manucla how she had dreamt of her child, and with eager eyes and clasped hands, the mother listened, spell-bound. To her desparing grief and maldened outcries succeeded an intense desire to behold her child in the spirit, to hold converse with its angel form ! "It was no dream !" she cried, sobbingly clinging to Agnes ; "it was my child's blest spirit, and you are the favored messenger to whom my child appeared! Oh. leave me not, Agnes ! stay with me, that I may behold my child P

When Don Ramon entered the apartment, Manuela threw herself upon his breast, and amid her tears implored his pardon for her repulsion of his faithful love. When the little boy was brought in, she pressed him to her bosom and fervently prayed for him. She re-lighted the Virgin's lamp, and entreating her husband and Agnes to assist her, called in the servants, and offered up the usual prayers. The customary devotions concluded, Manuela improvised a prayer, so poetically sorrowful, so passionately maternal, so resigned and beautiful in its fervent. supplicatory spirit, that the women burst out into sobs and cries, the men wiped their eyes and hid their faces. Long after the glowing inspiration left the lips of Manuela, she was clasped to her husband's breast - weeping there repentant, hopeful tears. With head bowed almost to the marble floor, Agnes held the little Ramon to her heart, and prayed in heart and spirit, that the "bitter cup might pass away; and the summoning angel call, ere, sorrow and misery gathered around those she loved !

That afternoon, a motley company assembled at Palma sola. Messengers had been sent to all the friends and acquaintances of the family, informing them of the sad and sudden event. The little form was placed in the snow-white coffin, a pillow covered with lace, placed beneath the head, and strewn with orange blossoms and pure white roses ; flowers were scattered over her white robes. The sympathizing and the curious, the tender and the unfeeling young. and old, thronged around to see the little Angela attired for the grave. Eva, too, was there; a sweetly mournful expression shadowed her face ; her gentle sympathy fell like healing dew upon the mother's heart. Mrs. Greyson could not come, she was indis-

BANNER OF LIGHT

It was the seventh day of her stay at La Palma tola, that Pancho appeared with the news of the master's arrival, and his desire for her immediate presence. A deep shadow fell upon her spirits, a tremor shook her frame at the summons ; her check paled as she arese to her feet and questioned the messenger.

"Senor Golding had arrived half an hour ago, looking very pale and tired; he had spoken a few words with the old madam, and was now sitting in the dining saloon." Master had refused all refreshment, and appeared very angry when he bid him go for the Senora Agnes. Miss Eva had not seen her father-he gave orders to admit no one to his presence but the Senora. I have brought the Senora's horse," said the man, respectfully. And Agnes hastened to take leave of her friend, and equip herself for the ride.

Manuela and her husband accompanied her to the garden gate; both pouring forth protestations of friendship and gratitude. Manuela, tenderly embracing her, entreated her to come soon again, and consider Palma sola her second home. Agnes gratefully responded to these true souls' offerings, and assisted by Pancho, vaulted lightly into the saddle, and with a heavy heart, returned to Castiglio del

Nelly met her at the gate, and said disconsolately: "Shure, an' it's glad me eyes is to behold ye forninst me, misthress, darlin', but musha! it's all a kind o' topsy turvy, ye'll find the ould place. Miss Eva's jist gone to town wid the 'ferret-eges,' Miss Gilman, I manes ; as comed to fotch uer to go to the Donna Isabella's. She brunged a blackamoor an' a meule of the Donna's for our young leddy. An' the ould 'un, beg pardin, misthress! it jist slipped out on the ind o' me tongue, bedad! I manes the ould misthress, is a kapin her room wid the headache, or sum kind of an ache, anyhow! Miss Agues, honey! the masther looks as if the divil was in him-oh, misthress, darlin'l do forgivo me for spakin' disrespect. I didn't mane to, shure !"

Deeper settled the foreboding shadow upon the heart of Agnes. She trembled as she ascended the staircase-she gasped for breath as she passed the portals of her hame.

"Where is my husband now, Nelly ?" she inquired in a faltering tone.

"In yer own room, misthress," answered the faithful little woman. Agnes gathered up her riding skirt, and giving her hat to Nelly, proceeded to her chamber.

Mr. Golding was seated in an arm chair, a small table drawn up before him, on which his elbows rested, both hands supporting his brow. On the matted floor lay scattered books and papers, torn and rumpled; a costly vase was overturned and broken, and the flowers it contained strewed around. He had not observed his wife's entrance, so soft was her footfall, so deep his abstraction. It was the sunset hour, and Nelly had lighted the alabaster lamp, which now shed its rays upon the disordered surroundings of the usually neat and pleasant room.

Agnes stood beside her husband's chair, trembling, irrosolute , for the first time in her life unknowing what to say, or how to greet him. Her cheek flushed and paled alternately, tears filled her eyes and choked her voice. Lingering love and dutiful resolve, pity and abhorrence, stirred within her soul. At last, with a supreme effort controlling her agitation, she spoke, gently touching his shoulder: "Welcome home, Maurice." He started, removed his hands from his face, and gazed full upon her. Pale and haggard was his face, and wild and bloodshot glared his eye; his usually well-arranged glossy hair hung matted around his brow; his voice sounded strange and hollow.

"Welcome home !" he repeated; "you, too! all

fatherly friend," he continued, with stinging sarcasm, is he the one you love? nay, no starting and strug- ever. gling, madam ! is he the one you refer to in Frank Wylie's letter ? You blush at last, shameless wo- and the olinging love, Agnes beheld life's future pathman 1 "Twas, for this you so eloquently defended way spreading before her, cold and drear, but duty the disgraced Emilia. Will you speak ?" and he blessed and God-illumined. The woman's weakness released his hold.

The blush that dyed the cheeks, and crimsoned the pure brow of Agnes, was a noble spirit's remon- ers, and vain endeavors to win the love, whose false strance against calumny and oppression. That holy semblance alone had ever been hers. Crushed and inspiration-freedom, filled her soul with courage : disfigured lay the broken idol at her feet. The infuand conscious innocence illumined the soul-fires of her soft brown eyes, rung out in the clear; unfalter- and suffering brother, deserving her pity and forgiveing tones of her defence.

"She drew herself up; proudly and fearlessly confronted him who dared accuse her.

"You have yourself acknowledged those miserable letters to be a forgery," she said, "and you ought to know them as such. You know me too well to loves a father, as a sister may revere a noble brother, s gratitude cherishes its best earthly friend. How dignant scorn. and and he

Know that you were tracked and seen -----"

that your mother's spies surrounded me. My faithful dog startled the treacherous negro who tracked my footsteps. And you allow your wife to be thus tracked and hunted by your mother's spies? Oh, Agnes.

Maurice ! I deemed you too noble, too proud to stoop so low, to bend so yieldingly to calumny against one I did not harm a hair of her head, but I hated her. you swore to love and cherish."

her husband, pacing the matted floor with hurried strides.

"I never deny the truth," replied Agnes, with more than regal dignity in look and tone. " Listen, Agnes !" said her husband, ufter a pause

not now what follows-but I want your confession. man, at such an hour? Why did you meet? What you, I want no angel by my side !" had he to tell you? What confidences did you repose in him? Agnes, you shall not leave this room before

know !" "Maurice!" replied Agness, now speaking gently and low, "I wanted to speak to my early friend, and your mother watched and prevented it. So I met him at our garden gate, and conversed with him in the bath-house."

"I demand to know, madam ! the subject of your conversation ! Speak, before tproceed to violence. effort! Tell me what to do for you, for Eva, for your. tell you I am desperate-beware !"

"Oh, do not press upon me," pleaded Agnes, clasping her hands. "You are troubled-distressed. I will, I solemnly promise, tell you, all some future you." time. Oh, Maurice, you have never confided to me

your sorrows-why not tell me what disturbs you "" " Am I at confession before you : "Ones more will shall provide for my mother, she is all or organization you tell me, or shall 1 wrest your secret from you?" as to the means. You-will see; you will reap the he cried with renewed fury, seizing her arm.

"Oh, do not force me to give you pain-to recall | contempt. the cruel words "----- His hold tightened upon her

was taken.

guished, the rosy blinding veil was withdrawn for-

Thoroughly awakened from the haunting dream, fied, and the angel's might descended upon the bruised and unloved heart. No more tears and abject prayriated man before her, was an erring, self-deluded ness, but she loved no more! The hands that had grasped her neck with a murderous clutch, could never again enfold her with the loving warmth of yore; the lips that had cursed and maligned her. could no more approach her with a husband's kiss; the spell was broken, the enchantment fled, the illusuppose me capable of dereliction of my duties. I sion dispelled forever! Agnes rose to her feet, calm love my early friend and benefactor, as a daughter and resolute; and turned to leave the room. . He interrupted her. "Stay!" he cried, "I shall not harm you. You will be punished soon and severely enough, dare you accuse me of harboring an unhallowed sen- but," he continued, with exulting mockery, "as you timent," she said proudly, her eyes darting flashes know so much, you may as well know a little more. of light, her cheeks crimsoning still deeper with in- You know that by dishonesty I have risen to wealth and station? Know, then, that I robbed my em-".Ha! ha!" he laughed hoarsely. "And you ployer, in whose house I had found the treatment of think to blind me by that show of virtuous indigna- a son, and through me he was reduced to poverty; tion 2 The time is past, I am your dupe no longer. his wife died broken hearted-his daughter-the youngest, was to have been my wife, she is the in-"I know it," calmly responded Agnes. "I know, mate of a lunatio asylum! My mother knows all this, but there are some things even my mother does not know, or ever shall. Emilia ____"

"Oh, my God! you did not kill her!" shrieked

- "Not quite so had as that, you conscientious fool ! the moralist-the dreamer-the seer of visions! I "So you do not deny your nocturnal visit?" said revenged myself fully 1 But you, too, shall not boast of your superior holiness, your unimpeachable integrity ! I will bow your moral pride to the dust! Know that I am branded with forgery, that the name I bear-the name I have given you is a false one! I loved you for your youth and beauty. I thought I am desperate, reckless-standing on the very you a gentle, pliant spirit, and I would have had you erge of ruin. My fortunes are shattered-I care share my plans and ambitions! You are not the woman I sought. You are a trembling, superstitious What induced you to appoint a meeting with that fool! Were you all you assume to be, I would hate

"My God!" oried Agnes, recoiling from him. "I thank thee that I have borne no child to bear a father's guilt and a mother's shame! Maurice [I no longer seek your love, I should despise myself if I did: but 1 implore you, by all that man holds sacred ! turn from the evil path ! Maurice, a prophetic spirit is upon me! listen to me this night, as you would to

a sister's pleadings, henceforth I can be nothing else to you. Be honest, retrieve the past by present noble mother, for us all. Give up your costly living, the luxuries surrounding you! Be an honest man ! happiness will await you, friend Mackensie will assist

"Silence! prating, hypocritical dissembler!" he thundered. "I want no man's charity! I want no woman's advice. Eve will marry as she desires. I' reward of your honesty," he cried, with withering

To behold her there, so pale and horror-stricken. arm, his other arm was uplifted, as if to strike her yet nobly striving to wean that misdirected sould to the earth. Agnes quailed not, moved not; but from evil; to behold him so fiend-like and exulting gazed steadily, mournfully upon him; the worship- in his degradation; his power lost upon the heart ping love of truth swelled her breast, her resolution once bending to his lightest behest-oh! it was a sight rejoicing the angel's hearts-that principle and

"Release me, and I will tell you all you desire to holy effort triumphed over earthly love and its atknow," she said, in a calm, determined voice. Man tendant weakness! Glorious struggle between the rice Golding released her arm, and his uplifted hand soul and its highest attribute, when uplifted from

was far from feeling. Eva often visits Donna Isa- every feeling, an unconscious dignity, a sweet rebells, and Felix is a daily visitor at the Castle. Ag- serve, that upreared itself, an impossible barrier nes and Eva often converse about their absent friend between them. Innocent of every wile and artiflee, Mackensie, wondering why he had not fulfilled his Eva never hid her glowing face to conceal the blushpromise of writing to them.

me. Shocked at the deception of my husband, the had even wept before him tears of joy, tears of feel. want of principle in his mother, he desires no further ing, tears of gratitude to Heaven! But Eva was intercourse ; I shall never behold him again !" Poor not demonstrative, and be mistook her shrinking suffering heart ! it was thy lot to wrestle alone with | delicaoy, her pure reserve for pride, for affectation. thy grief and thy bitter wrongs.

The fast failing health of Manuela Gonzalez compelled her to What much dreaded step, a removal horse in charge of the awaiting Pedro. He hastened from home. Poor, timid Manuela ! she had never land journey. The wide ocean was to her a new and dreaded realm of unexplored fears and wonders. Sad was the parting between the friends ; Agnes and Eva accompanied Manuela on board the ship, that his face with a worshipping glance; then those dewy was to convey her to the North. With many tears orbs of grey were modestly veiled, and the little and fervent protestations of gratitude, the tenderhearted Creole hung around the neck of Agnes, bewailing her cruel fate, that ordained them to sepaand when the final moment came, she was borne to own, and his admiring glance rested upon her blashher cabin, insensible from excess of grief. Don Ra- ing face, as he seated himself beside her. The rosemon promised to write, and inform Mrs. Golding of tint blossomed into the richest crimson on the face the change in his wife's health; he left with her a Embracing the little boy and heartily shaking hands | with a joyful rapture; not for worlds could she with Don Ramon, the ladies descended to the boat have lifed those star-bright eyes, but in a low voice and were rowed back to their mansion.

This parting from her friend was a bitter trial to Agnes, lonely, almost forsaken as she was. But one consoling ray illumined the darkness of her solitude : Eva's returning tenderness and confidence. An irresistible attraction brought the young girl near her step-mother; and then, her eloquent eyes and beamthe happy girl; she could not unveil to her her fa- cease to love me ?" ther's guilt and her grandmother's treachery.

Eva's wedding day drew nigh: it was fixed upon the 16th of April, and it wanted but three weeks of that day when Manuela left. The dressmaker. and young colored assistant were installed at Castiglio ma had his orders; Madame Pring, the French modiste, was fashioning an entirely novel head dress for she were living to behold our happiness ! oh, Felix ! Mrs. Greyson, and one of a more youthful style for I have been sad to-day, I know not why. To-morrow Miss Celestina Gilman. The wedding was to take I _____ place at Castiglio del mar; the Britisn Consul, Mr. Oldham, being invested with the power of uniting hands and hearts. Then the wedding cortege were to proceed to the Ermita del Carmen, the pretty forest church, and there conform to the rites of the Roman | lifting her eyes to his face for a moment, continued Catholic Church by having Father Anselmo to join their hands. There was to be a sumptuous breakfast at the Castle, then they were to proceed to town, life, this surrendering of one's being! I am very and remain a few days with Donna Isabella, then young; but I seem to myself unlike the maidens of proceed to their home in Valencia. Mrs. Greyson, if she would so make up her mind, was to accompany them. With a heavy heart, Agnes assisted in the in this enthusiasm, the world calls folly. You worpreparations; she reflected deeply, what was to be ship with me at Nature's shrine, in Brafarence to come of this proud, noble-minded girl, once informed of her father's treachery? what was to become of her, so accustomed to elegance and comfort, if reduced to poverty, and compelled to toil? For herself the task would be comparatively easy; but for Eva. so tenderly reared, so totally inexperienced, so ignorant of life's stern realitics! There was no alternative; she must marry Felix ; yet Agnes could not repress | loving souls-an eternity for the pure wedded spirits a shudder as the certainty drew nigh. But then, he to live and love in ! And there-oh, beloved of earth! loved her, he appeared so tenderly solicitous, so passionately devoted; perhaps, he would prove true and

mother, in her presence, pretended a csimness she embodied ideal; there was yet mingling with her es his praises evoked ; she never veiled her smiles or "Alas !" thought Agnes, "he too has forgotten strove to express her emotions in his presence. She for Northern coldness.

At the garden gate he dismounted, and gave his up the steps and advanced towards his befrothed been farther than the capital city, or some little in with admiring glances and beaming, fascinating smile. Eva rose from her scat, the rose-tint deepened upon her cheek, a sweet, arch smile curved her ripe lips; she held out her hand and looked up to hand softly withdrawn.

Tenderly pleading, in his own fascinating tones. he entreated for the restoration of that little hand. rate. She threw around her friend's neck a chain, Eva. smiled, and extended it with a loving confiwith a locket attached containing her miniature; dence; he held it long imprisoned between both his; of Eva, as she sat there, an image of confiding purity card of the Hotel they intended to live in, in New York. beneath his ardent gave. Her heart was beating she spoke :--, . . **,** ,) "I

"What find you so attractive in my face to-day, dear Felix?"

She intended the tone to be light and bantering; but her mind had previously been engaged in a seri-. ous train of thought ; despite herself, it was tender and mournful. Felix still gazed upon her, still held ing smile, expressed far more than words. Agnes the little fluttering hand. Unbeeding her question, could not nerve herself to crush the buoyant spirit of he whispered, low and tenderly : "Could you ever

"Never! oh. never ! Felix." she replied with fervor ; " you are so good, so nable, so superior ! I feel my soul elevated when I listen to you-to your relations of heroic deeds and noble achievements. It is for your exalted sense of honer, your true moral code, del mar, busy with their varied preparations for the your unperverted, beautiful views of existence, for ventful day. Several boxes filled with laces and your charitable heart, and loving, benevolent spirit, satins and other indispensables of the toilet had been that-that-I love you so much !. I have never had received from the city. The confectioner at La To- any one to love me, as I would be loved-you only! My mother ! oh, that I could remember her ! that

"To-morrow you are to be mine forever ! my angel wife! my best and beautiful one!" he responded, clasping her to his breast. Gently Eva released herself from his embrace, and in low. fervent tones:

"Felix! it is a solemn thing, this dedication of a my age. I think much, oh, so much! Dear Felix ! you have never yet called me a dreamer. You share ship with me at Nature's shrine, in proforence to man's formed temple ; you love, with me, the murmured hymns of ocean ; they whisper music to both our hearts! You, too, read a language in the wind, as it sings or wails; you love the spiritual-the holy-the unseen, but felt! You know and feel with me, that there is an immortality beyond that which priests or creeds reveal; that there is a heaven of we shall forever dwell-and love-as now !".

The soul of 'the beautiful enthusiast glowed from

trickery and deception! You and all the rest in league against me! You welcome me home, you?"

This was spoken in a tone of such withering contempt, mingled with so bitter a tone of desolation that it struck a pitying chord in Agnes' breast, and forgetful of the accusation implied, she answered, gently and sad:

"Why not I welcome you home, Maurice? Wherefore should I use deception? What has accurred to trouble you, my husband? Your looks are wildyou are ill-distressed -----"

"Silence! I want none of your mandlin pity," and he rudely thrust aside the little hand that lay upon his shoulder.

"I want an explanation-hark you! an immediate one-none of your tears-your fainting spells-I want to know why Mackensie left so suddenly."

"He received a letter from a dying sister-surely your mother has informed you -----?"

"That may have been all a made up plot-tell mo the truth, Agnes. I am desperate! deceive mo not !"

"As I live, and hope for God's mercy !" said Agnes, solemnly, "I have told you the truth. Ask your mother."

"Shall I ask mother what took you at midnight to seek a meeting with Mackensie? Say, shall I ask hor, and call up Pedro for a witness? Confess! what took you there, treacherous, deceitful viper! Speak I"

He had risen suddenly, and placing both hands on her shoulders, looked down upon her face. Poor Agnes I. dark clouds encompassed her, and amid their oppressive denseness gleamed a white and haggard countenance distorted by malignant passions, with glaring, fettering glance of hatred and loathing-a face all animate with cruelty and revenge-a face, oh, so unlike her husband's !

His hands weighed heavily upon her slender shoulders ber eyes closed in terror from that fascinating, cruel glance. She sunk down upon her knees, those rude hands still weighing down her fragile form, that infuriate face gleaming closely to her own. But consciousness forsook her not. Amid her terror and despair glimmered the soul-light of resolution, rose the freed spirit's claim against man's oppression and destroying tyranny 1 Yet sho uttered no word, though life seemed ebbing from her heart.

"Speak !" hissed the strange and altered voice. close to her ear. "Speak! make up some story, toron have had time enough to plan it. What did Ayrant, a monster; that you were a lamb, a martyr, an angel, did you not! Speak, faithless de women i bas your assurance forsaken you. Plotter! i notres that you are I exculpate yourself. I am here

and Heinhook, her yielently, but she only looked pitemonaly into his face, and struggled for utterance. No faining; po sham hysterics, madam !

was lowered. "I see that I am compelled to speak, and I know too well that Likall anen incur your anger, but it is the stars, beams a beckoning watcher amid the heav-

God's will that I should suffer! Oh! Maurice, if enly constellations! you would comprehend me aright! oh, if I had the power to lead you into the paths of rectitude and wild-despairing; your heart is not in your cruel, peace, from which your footsteps have wandered ! I sarcastic words. Tell me, I implore you, for your would -----"

"What mean you?" sternly interrupted her husband, what know you-what dare you accuse me of ?"

"Maurice!" solemnly replied his wife; "I am not your accuser .- I. pity-I sincerely pity you-mis- those reproachful eyes, that lingering, saving preguided, erring as you are. I know that your past sence! But misery and supprse, desperation and life —

"What do you know? from whence your knowledge-woman! fiend! accursed demon!" cried the excited man, as he again laid his iron grasp upon her slender form, and shook her violently. "I pity you !" moaned the suffering wife. "I yet

can pray for you !" With an oath that startled the trembling woman, he flung her from him, exclaiming : " Pity me ! pray not ?"

He advanced threateningly towards her, brandishing a heavy walking stick. Agnes again stood be- friend, and passed along the darkened corridors to fore him proudly erect and fearless; her arms folded upon her breast, a steady light within her eyes.

"I will tell you. Put down that cane," she com manded, "and listen to me. Though you forever the "swate purty young misthress." She arranged hate me, though your cruel mother torture me, I will confess the truth. I will not live beneath unjust accusations, beneath a suspicion so vile! Maurice, I know of your past life; impelled by an unseen

power, I was led to the bath-house the night you held a consultation with your mother. I heard all-I

know you have been guilty of defrauding the innocent-you have been dishonest through your own mering stars were fading from the sky, while a rosy perverted ambition. I felt it my duty-my sacred duty to God. to warn my friend, and save you fur her husband emerged from her chamber, and, passing ther guilt and misery. I would redeem you, lead by where she sat, crouching amid the encircling you into the paths of peace-work for you, eat with vines and twining flowers, passing by, without fareyou the hard-carned bread of toil-but oh ! never sin with you, and that against a friend-a guest!" | steps, and, mounting his awaiting horse, galloped Agnes could not proceed; his gruel hands were madly away.

around her throat, choking her utterance! while bit ter imprecations, horrible threats poured from his

lips. " You know me as I am! you betrayed me to a stranger! I punished one woman-your punishment shall exceed hers ! Hypocrite and viper! think you I believe you ? You betrayed my secrets because you loved him. You have destroyed my last chancecut off my every hope ! Spy ! and beggar ! whom I have raised to be my downfall. I would kill you, but of Maurice Golding, and his family have not since my soul is burdened enough. Scream, and I will heard from him. The heart of Agnes is racked with silence you forever !"

her knees, her long, unloosened hair falling around Eva, kept in total unconsciousness of all that has op-

its earth born form, the imperishable spirit of the love this world had desecrated, rises to its home amid

"Maurice !" said Agnes again, "your looks are sake, not mine, what plan you ----"

"Begone, leave this room, I would be alone."

Yet Agnes lingered, but again his fury burst forth. Alas | alas! for the bitter memories to be recalled hereafter, of that poor wife's supplicating attitude. impending ruin, had well-nigh crazed the wretched man. Seizing Agnes by her unloosened tresses, he dragged her across the floor; rudely tearing down the gauzy curtain that served for doorway, he thrust her beyond the threshold, showering curses and invectives upon her! Upon her knees, crouching, trembling and listening, Agnes remained, unwilling to retire from thence, bound to the spot as by some potent influence. It was only when she heard apfor ME, and you will not tell me why? you will proaching footsteps that she rose to her feet, and met

the advancing Nelly. Without a word or a murmer she threw herself into the arms of that faithful the little woman's sleeping-room. Here Agnes wept long and bitterly, and the sympathising Nelly wept

with her, and prayed the Virgin's intercession for the bed for her, and insisted upon sleeping on the floor herself.

Silently, slowly wore on the watches of the night; faithful Loby finding his mistress, (he had run over from the Palma sola,) coiled himself up at her feet. Agnes could not sleep; long before dawn she arose and hastened to the verandah. As the last glimstreak on the horizon's verge announced the dawn, well word or sign, he descended the broad marble

> CHAPTER XXIL "Talk not to me of love! The doer that dies, Knows more of love than I, Who seek the skies. Strive not to bind my soul. With chains of clay l I scorn thy poor control. Awayl awayl" BARRY CORNWALL.

Many days have passed since the abrupt departure apprehension. Mrs. Greyson's manner is troubled His cruel hands released her, and she sank upon and absrtacted, her ill humor is increased tenfold.

tender. And then she loved him so, exclusively : it. was such worshipping homage that young heart ren upraised to the sunset heavens. With inimitable dered! he could not but return so deep a love, so nure a faith!

A letter arrived from Mr. Golding, dated from a distant province of the interior : it was addressed to his mother, and enclosed a slip of paper for Agnes, with these words-" I wish Eva to be married on the mured, as his arm enciroled her slender waist; 16th of April, as was arranged. See that all is properly done. I have written to Don Felix, stating the reasons why I cannot be present. You shall soon hear from me. M. Golding." No other word of explanation. not a message for Eva; but private instructions to his mother, did the letter contain. Not an expression of repentant love, not an intimation of his future destiny.

The swarthy messenger who delivered Mr. Golding's letter to Felix, was submitted to a regular cross-examination by that gentleman, for there were

sundry doubts and curious suspicions lurking in his worldly heart. The messenger, who was a vender of shells and feather flowers, came direct from the place the letter was dated from; and had himself received the missive from Mr. Golding's hands. After kind to her, let us firgive, if there be need of forgivea lengthened examination the man was permitted to ness-'tis so beautiful to forgive !.. I fear-but I dare depart, and Don Felix, reading the letter to his sis- not intrude upon her sorrows. I have never spoken ter, held consultation with her. The result of their to you as I have to-night, but I am so full of conficonference was, that Don Felix called Pierre Malin, dence, of joy, of heaven! And my dear father! I his trusty and orafty valet, and giving him his in- did not see him when he left home last time-I was structions, despatched him on a mission to a certain at your sister's, He will not be here to marrow; province of the interior. The Frenchman departed; oh, how I shall miss him! But Agnes, dearest! full of his newly acquired dignity of confidential spy. Don Felix walked into Commercial street, he

a matter of no moment. Merchants often closed voice: "My love | business requires your father's their stores when absent themselves on business or pleasure. The Creoles do not eat, drink, sleep, talk avoidable; he will probably soon return. But I have and dream of business like their money-adoring somewhat changed my mind about our journey; sup neighbors of the North.

Don Felix met with two of Mr. Golding's clerks. They believed he would return in a week or two, commands." perhaps in a month; he continued paying their salaries, of course, he had not discharged anybody-oh. it was all right." Don Felix smiled, whistled; and returned to his sister.

Time passed on, and it was the day before the wedding. The young girl, deep in thought, is sitting here, it will be such a proof of our respect the will within the flower-encircled verandah, her book has dropped upon her lap, and her leyes rest dreamily you have postponed the journey, because father is dropped upon her isp, and her sys iss droamly absent-is it not dear Felix ??" upon the blooming landscape(. The sound of horse's absent-is it not dear Felix ??" hoofs caused her to start; she sees her betrothed "For my best beloyed for my adored for and riding hastily. From afar he waves a blue scarf, replied, kissing her hand. his favorite signal. With a throbbing heart and a heightened color, Eva waves her handkerchief in and thoughtful, that mine will be a happy lot return, magodi duad a Good seens

Loving most devoutly, with confiding fearlessness clinging to the heart she deems so pure, so true ; theiling at the sound of his voice, worshipping the glances of his eye, every shadow of his brow reflect. I would the mandate of a saint " fue another and the mandate of a saint " fue another of a s wind finites pop and struggied for interaction. No her, and willing her deathly face. In her borom, one ourred, is blith and happy; only troubled by the man the warm blood to her fresh young check loving loves sake," and willing her deathly face. In her borom, one ourred, is blith and happy; only troubled by the man the warm blood to her fresh young check loving loves sake," and willing stars of affection were extin. If is a mining smile calling is a start of affection were extin. If is a mining smile calling is a start of affection were extin. If is anxiety ind pallid face of Agrices; for her grand. I him so passionately, so absorbingly devoted to this and will do what is right and just After and the start and is a start of affection.

her speaking face; her large, spiritual eves were grace she lifted his hand to her lips, and imprinted

upon it a long and fervent kiss of holiest love. Felix gazed upon her with a mocking smile, that, seen through the rosy mist veiling her eyes, appeared a smile of approving love. But 'his false voice mur-

"Yes, my beloved Eva! my sweet angel! there is a heaven of love for true wedded souls, such as ours, and its felicities are foreshadowed on earth."

"It is in my heart now;" responded Eva. "I was sad; strange, gloomy feelings were in my breast a while ago. But now, as the sun dispels, the mists, your presence has restored me to the fullness of eristence. Oh, Felix! this is a beautiful world; oh, why, beloved ! are there tears and suffering beside so much love ?"

Tear-drops glistened in the tender eyes; a pensive shadow settled on the glowing face. Felix looked at her inquiringly. "I mean my step-mother ; she suffers from some hidden sorrow. Something within tells me that she is innocent. Oh, dearest I let us be shall we not ask her to accompany us to Valencia?" A frown darkened the brow of Felix Rivero, but found Mr. Golding's warehouse closed, but that was he averted his face, as he replied, in the same tender presence elsewhere; we must submit to what is unpose we remain at Castiglio del mar until your father's return ? what says my angel ? it shall be as abe

"Oh I gladly, joyfully I dear, kind Felix I. Oh, e us remain and welcome father. You have refused to postpone our marriage," she faltered, "but you say you have father's orders that he desires us, to be married to-morrow. But if we await his return so appreciate our thoughtfulness [It is for my sake

"Oh! I know that, you are good, and murmured the confiding girl "But Agnes, dearest -you will make friends with her? I neven ventured to ask you before ; I do so now !", used to that All that, my Eva, desires | ordain and | oby, is

married, there shall be no law, but my sweet one's air-formed visions of brightness in which she had will." said Don Felix ; then, with renewed tenderness thus indulged. of manner, he entreated her to array herself in her bridal costume. He would see his angel, as the idmiring crowd would behold her on the morrow. Would Eva indulge him in this whim? With a smile, the young girl responded. "Wait

for me here, I shall soon return !"

Nelly and Alita, (who happened to be at liberty,) to assist her to dress.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BEBANGER'S "ENTENTE CORDIALE." I saw fair Peaco descending from on high, Strowing the earth with gold, and corn, and flowers; The air was caim, and hush'd all soothingly

The last faint thunder of the War-god's powers. The goddess spoke : " Equal in worth and might. Sons of French, German, Russ, or British lands. Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,

In friendship firm, your hands.

Poor mortals I wearied out with strife and toll, But vex'd and broken slumbers are your doom : More wisely share your crowded planet's soil. And 'neath the sun, for all there would be room. You quit the paths of happiness and light, Lashed to the car of Power with galling hands; Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite, In friendship firm, your hands.

You light the torch to burn your neighbor's field: A gust of wind-and, lol your own crops blaze, And, when the earth grows cold, a spade to wield Where is the hand uncrippled by the frays? Of ev'ry nation's boundaries, in sight, No ear of corn by blood unsuilled stands. Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite, In friendship firm, your hands.

Kings, seated on your smould'ring city-walls, Dare with insulting sceptre's point to tell, Count and recount (with calmness that appals) The human souls whose lists their triumphs swell. Poor, heipless lambs ! of all your tears in spite. You quit your pens but for the shamble-stands. Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite, In friendship firm, your hands.

Let not Mars vainly stay his murd'rous course ; Found binding laws that tyrants may not burst; Of your heart's blood no longer yield the source To ingrate kings and copqu'rors still athirst. Fear no false stars! The terrors of a night, The morning sees them pale, like flick'ring brands. Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite, In friendship firm, your hands.

Yes, free at length, the world may breathe and rest! Throw o'er the past a voll that none may turn, Till the glad plain to dance and song and jest; 'On Peace's altars let Art's incense burn. . Hope, smiling on the breast of Plenty bright, Awaits the fruit of such a union's bands. Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite, In friendship firm, your hands.

Thus spoke the sainted nymph; and many a king, Taught by the past, took up the cheering tale; The earth was deck'd as in the early spring ; Old Autumn flower'd, the advent bless'd to hall. Vineyards of France, pour out your treasures bright, To cheer the strangers tow'rds their mother-lands Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite, In friendship firm, your hands.

The Footstey on the Stairs. AN OLD-TIME HISTORY.

Only in the hour of grief and sorrow-only when desolation and death had fallen upon the house, and when another soul was about to quit its hold on was heard upon the stairs. Generation after generation had passed away, and for the space of nearly two hundred years - so said the records handed down-it had existed, throughout the huge old hall. echoing and 're-echoing a solemn, slow, and ghostly footstep in the ancient mansion of the Grandonsalways the forerunner of a death to one of the name.

When the wind howled around the house, and the rain dashed wildly against the windows, like some invisible, troubled spirit, seeking for an entrance; laugh that sounded drearily, and echoed throughout

And so he came at length .-- the lovely infant boy, with his mother's blue eyes, and her own soft golden hair, and as she held him up before the gaze of her stern husband, she watched eagerly his face as he took him from her. It was plain to see that he was pleased after his own rough fashion, and that he Bounding away with a light step, and still lighter looked with something of pride upon the helpless heart, she hastened to her own room, summoning little oreature that he held with such unwonted gentleness within his arms. But alas! there was no change in his manner towards herself; the little comer was no bond to draw him one iots to herself.

She gazed long and fixedly upon him as he stood playing with the child; and as she read her doom of a lifetime of further wrong and indigity, she sank helplessly back upon the pillow with a sigh of utter woe.

She saw it still more when, some time after, he brought into the house a woman, who seemed to rule all things by the power of her will. . It was a long time before she even dreamed in her guiltlessness of the deep wrong transpiring beneath her very eyes. But it was all laid open before her at last.

This woman-how she shuddered to meet her gaze fixed upon her when she chanced to meet her, for she seldom left her own apartments since the birth of her boy, scarce letting him from her sight for even a moment, and heeding nothing that was else transpiring around her. But the wrong so deeply displayed, could not be hid forever from her, and the half-dropped hints of a favorite domestic, at length aroused her from her sleep. As she listened to the woman's words, the light dawned faintly at first, and then burst suddenly upon her like a flash, and she knew herself not only as the scorned wife, but as the deceived and dishonored mother of his child.

And she refused indignantly-for the first time throwing aside her blind obedience-to appear again at the board where sat this woman, who, by her husband's sanction, so disgraced the roof beneath which she alone was entitled to sit as mistress. Entreaties and commands were alike unheeded in persuading or compelling her to countenance this last and greatest indignity, and so she was at length suffered to rest in peace. On the last occasion of her husband's attempting to gain, her to his point. he had been brute and coward enough to use even violence; but finding it would be as easy to move a rock from its solid bed within the earth as to coerce her in this matter, he had left her with a red spot on his swarthy brow, and a heavy black frown settled on his countenance, dashing the door fiercely to with a terrible imprecation.

"Now, Heaven, support me in my hour of need !" murmured the unhappy lady, as she listened to his heavy footstep 'echoing along the hall until it was lost in the distance. Heaven support thee, indeed, poor lady! for this is but the beginning.

In another chamber in the mansion was the woman he had brought into the house. "I tell thee. Geoffrey Grandon," she said, "I tell thee that the veriest schoolboy hath more courage than thou showest in this matter."

He sat in the shadow of the room, with his cheek resting upon his hand, and his heavy eyebrows were knit together as though he nondered deeply on some weighty thought that occupied his mind. She had risen as she spoke, and approaching him she laid her hand upon his shoulder, saying, as she did so, life-then it was, and then alone, that the footstep "Thou wert not always wont to be so fearful in removing from thy path an object which offended thee. Why, then, dost hesitate now ?"

"Must blood again stain the walls of the house of Grandon ?" murmured he to himself, musingly. "I had thought there was enough shed within them now."

"Then what matter for a few drops more or less? If that there be a perdition for past crimes, this cannot sink thee deeper in its gulf, Geoffrey Grandon!" And as she spoke she laughed with a low mocking

dared not give it tongue. For while she had lain ther questions, but from their cottage doors, and they had been told of its origin, and whispered forthupon her dying couch, and while they sorrowfully amid clouds of smoke, give him "good den, Meinherr watched her fainting breath, and the dows of disso- Alfred !"-the name given by his trusty servitor,lution gathered upon her fair brow, they had all as he walks moodily past. This is Alfred "Grandon. been startled by hearing at intervals a slow and . In one of these same cottages dwells the daughter solemn footstep on the stairs, echoing dismally of a small farmer, holding a rank somewhat superior through the hall without. And as they went to to the bondmentand villeins of the neighboring baron, discover who this intruder might be thus pacing to by name Veinhardt. Alfred Grandon sees the pretty and fro in the dead stillness of the night, they gazed Ernestine, and, struck by the extreme beauty of the in one another's faces in blank dismay at finding no simple maiden, contrives various devices, with the soul visible.

fro. Then once more all was quict, and the guilty villain to her destruction. couple who had listened to it in undefined terror, breathed again with a feeling of deep relief.

whom she had incited to prime, and there was royal the victim of heartlessness and treachery. feasting and drinking in and about the mansion. But though shouts and oheers greeted the pair as the churchyard, near the cottage wherein she had they appeared together, it was but the mocking sem- lived, and loved, and been deceived, the cold form of blance of joy that met their cars. No soul, as they Ernestine Veinhardt, and on her placid bosom rests passed by, murmured forth the cheering sound, "God | the equally quiet figure of a little innocent babe. bless them!" None beheld in Geoffrey Grandon a But an avenger is on the footstop of the destroyer, benefactor, or saw in her face the kindly heart that and though long months, even years, clapse before had beat within the cold breast lying so still within they meet face to face, the moment comes at last. the burial vault of the Grandons. So the rude crowd feasted upon the good cheer spread out before them. son," said Alfred Grandon. "I would pass on ;" but gave no thought of thankfulness for the hand and the words are cold and haughty as he speaks. that had bestowed the bounty.

And now it was late into the night, and the revels were hushed; the few invited guests departed for chance remember this. You mislaid it on your sudtheir habitations. In the chamber they stood toge- den departure from the inn where you lived, when ther alone-the guilty pair, now made legally one by your vile presence blighted our peaceful valley." the ties of holy mother church. Her point was gained, and she was satisfied.

He sat and leaned his head upon his hand ; and his bosom, and opening it, displayed that it was as his wife approached and laid her hand upon his from his father, and bore unerring proof of his shoulder, his thoughts reverted to that night when identity. they had thus sat in the stillness and gloom, and "Now, sir, your answer to the brother of the out-

was now laid at rest. And, as he felt her touch, he of surprise. "you thought not of such a champion shuddered visibly, and fancied that again he heard rising to revenge the memory of the humble village that whisper breathed within the room, "A curse maiden." then rest upon thee and upon thy house forever !"

Hark! Why do they thus start, and in the gloom strain their eyes to gaze in one another's blanched faces, while the blood is leaving their pulses, and young man. "Cruelty and villainy can be but on a their hearts beat with painful distinctness? He footing with him whose ministers on earth they are. grasps her hand, and feels it ice-cold as his own, and But we lose time," he said, pointing to the sun, which half rises from his seat to listen.

silence reigning throughout the mansion, they hear are, in this green spot, safe from intrusion; and, in it plainly-a solemn footstep on the stairs.

They had listened to it when watching by the to and fro. What could it now portend? He arose, of molten fire !" mastering, with a powerful effort, his emotion, and And, in the quiet of the forest, with only. One eye sprang to the door, throwing it open.

The lights still burned in the great hall, so that its remotest recess was visible; but as he gazed tal combat. along it, a shudder shook his iron frame as he saw solemn, and distinct l

of Grandon's name is sleeping.

He loved his child; it was the one bright spot in an ignominious death in prospect on the discovery. his heart, and as he listened to that dread footstep of the crime I committed to gain my last supply of slowly approaching the sleeping place of his son, he gold ! For the wretched Henry Grandon there is nothing left but this !" stened to him with Still another picture ; A child of twelve years old vague feeling of shielding him from harm. His wife wanders by the verge of a cliff, overhanging an abyss followed, and together they entered the nursery. A taper shed its faint light through the room, and of some hundred feet in depth. Its attendant, fell upon the infant's face with a strange ghdstly seated beneath a pleasant shade, takes little heed of hue. He went softly towards it, and took gently with his wanderings, nor notes his near approach toward his grasp a little hand lying extended over the edge the dangerous spot. A noise of crumbling earth at of the couch. Suddenly he reeled as though a fierce length attracts his attention, and he sees, with horblow had been dealt him, as he felt that hand ror, that his charge is but just sinking with the unwas cold as death. With a chill and terror at his stable earth, and, as he gazes spell-bound on the heart, he looked closer on the little form. and the sight, beholds him suddenly disappear from his awful truth burst upon him-his child was dead ! view. With wild ories assistance is summoned, and Uttering a cry, he fell upon his bended knees be- the mangled form is borne to its home beneath the side the couch, while his wife looked on with a be. roof of Geoffrey Grandon, and laid tenderly upon a wildered gaze. And as he thus sank down and buried couch. his face within his hands, again through the hall And now the last picture of them all: Geoffrev reverberated that unearthly footstep, pacing solemnly Grandon and his wife lean over the couch of their to and fro. And now he felt in that dread hour that child. All is hushed ! Without, the golden hues of the words were coming true-"A curse then rests the sun are fading from sight in the far west, and the beams just rest for a moment on the sufferer's upon thee and upon thy house forever !" Four children were born to the name and fortunes couch ere they are slowly lost, and obscurity gathers of Grandon-not the types of that child, his first- over the earth. The labored breathing of the child born, who had possessed the blue eyes and fair-hued on whose brow the dread seal of death is plainly hair of the murdered lady reposing in the family laid, and the low sobs of the woman whose offspring vault. These resembled his own swarthy brow and it is, alone breaks the stillness, when suddenly the glittering black eye, and his wife's handsome but well-remembered sound reaches their ears - o colomm, evil countenance. These, even in their tenderest slow, and ghostly footstep, cchoing and re-echoing years, foreshadowed their after wickedness and vicious through the huge old hall in the ancient mansion of tendencies. These were living witnesses that the the Grandons; and, as it strikes upon their terroreverlasting curse slept not, but lived daily in their stricken cars, a faint sigh from the little couch announces that their child is no more. young, but baneful natures. Alfred, the eldest, was now past his majority, and Darkness has gathered over the two combatants was wandering in a foreign land. With some, a love of the beauties and novel sights, and with others, a ere their strife of blood is ended. The brother of desire for the depravities which are not to be found Ernestine Veinhardt leans exhausted against a tree, at home, are the incentives to this wandering : with and upon the ground, writhing in the agony of death, Alfred Grandon ebbs out his life-blood. She is him it was decidedly the latter that urged him on. They heard but little of him or his doings : for in avenged! those days man had not yet chained the lightning, A hollow plunge is taken in the black and rushing bidding it journey to and fro as his messenger. and. save only when the heir of Grandon stood in need of river, and beneath its flood the crimes of Henry money, his whereabout was most frequently a matter Grandon are ended in this world forever 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 of conjecture. One infant boy remained—his the fate to bear that In an obscure town on the borders of the Rhine, a young Englithman is living in retirement, awaiting name down, accursed as it was, to far posterity, and remittances from home to disembarrass himself from and thus fulfill the dread anathema pronounced some heavy liabilities that hang over him, and pre- against it. This Geoffrey Grandon thought, as he vent him, for the time, from continuing his usual received, one by one, the intelligence of his sons' system of dissipated pleasure. His single servant deaths. He could have wished that his child too had informs the curious that he is a gentleman seeking died; but it was not so to be-the curse must still health and quiet from too close an application to go on ; the race had not yet become extinct. The last of the name is long since dead ; but until study, of which he is extravagantly fond. And he smiles grimly as he makes this last assertion, recol- the hand of the dread messenger was laid upon him, lecting that his master would be somewhat, puzzled the footstep was always heard in the hour when one to read even the title of a book-an accomplishment that bore the name was wasting away. It was always somewhat rare in those days, even for steadier minds heard in the huge old hall, pacing solemnly to and than his. The simple peasantry see that the young fro, slow, and ghostly, and echoing, ceasing not till man's face bears marks of what might well pass for the spirit had quitted its tenement of life; and the nights passed without proper rest, and Ask no fur servants, as they heard it, told in whispers the story | dence and merit.

aid of his unscrupulous attendant for meeting and And yet the door once more closed, and silence conversing with her. Dazzled by attentions from reigning through the spartment, again was it heard one so far above hor, she listens to the insidious - that solemn, slow, and ghostly footstep. And whispers he pours into her ear, believes his profesuntil the family vault received the form of the un- sions of eternal constancy and. devotion, and-sins, happy lady, it was constantly heard pacing to and as woman oft has singed before, led on by a false

Shortly after this, Alfred Grandon was missing from the quiet German village, and Ernestine Vein They were married -the dark-eyed woman and he hardt awoke to the terrible truth that 'she had been

A few short months pass by, and there lies within

"I think there must be some mistake in the per-

"But I know there is no mistake," was the reply. " Look you. Meinherr Alfred' Grandon, you may per-

The young man held up a small ivory miniature of Alfred as he spoke, and then taking a letter from

conceived their plans together concerning her who raged Ernestine ! Aha !" he said, noting his start

"I cannot challenge you," said Alfred, "we are not equal."

"No, thank Heaven ! we are not equal," said the was, slowly approaching the edge of the horizon. Without the chamber, echoing through the huge "Before yon setting orb shall be hidden in the clouds old hall, and sounding ghostly and fearfully in the of night, one or both of us will be in cternity. We

the name of Heaven and of my murdered sister, I challenge thee, Alfred Grandon, to mortal combat; death couch of their victim, and the sound had struck and nerve well thine arm, for thou hast one to deal terror to their hearts as they heard it slowly pacing with in whose veins the blood is flowing in streams

> looking down upon them, these two men stand foot to foot and face to face, in the strife of deadly, mor-

Another picture. A'youth of about seventeen sits that there was no we there i the hall was quite use an in studying the game. From the size of his adverboth as they re-entered the darkened chamber, and sary's heap of gold, and the few pieces that are lysat down without uttering a word. Scarcely were ing at his own elbow, it would seem as though he they seated, when there again-that footstep, slow, had been a heavy loser. A moment more, and with an oath he rises from the board, and, without his' Now it is almost lost to the ear, as it seems to as. hat, rushes forth at a mad pace into the street. On cend and grow faint in the distance. Anon it comes he dashes, his black locks streaming in the wind, again, descending, and each moment coming nearer, nor pauses for a moment, until he stands upon the until it is even close beside the door of the apart- verge of the black and rushing river. He murmurs ment. This is passes slowly by, and goes towards forth in indistinct tones, "Dishonored and ruined! that portion of the building wherein the future heir banished from my father's house, and, therefore, hopeless to look from him for the means of safety !

with trembling lips the old-time anathems, "A curse . then rests upon thee and upon thy house forever !"

8

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE ANGEL OF THE PINES.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Darkness was o'er all the south land, O'er the land of flowering vines, While the night wind moved but faintly Through the music breathing pincs. Red and flery were the heavens, Hot and arid all the air, For the postilence which wasteth

In the noontide hour was there.

All day had its dark-browd victims Fallen before its mighty power, Till at last its fearful shadow Foll upon a heautoous flower. Bhe, who, in the Saviour's presence, Now, a white-robed angel shines, She, the gentle blue eyed JESSIE, She, the Angel of the Pines.

In the cabins, rade and lowly, She had soothed the bed of death. While the stricken ones had blest her With their last expiring breath. And when now upon her pillow, She lay dying, cold and pale, Broken was the midnight stillness With the negroes' mournful wall,

Mon with strong hearts, dusky maidons, Matrons, wrinkled, old and grey, Ohlidren, too, with tear-stained faces, All for her, the loved one, pray. But in vain, for where the waters In the bright green pastures flow, There a countless throng of children Wait for her, and she must go.

And as if she heard them calling Her to join their shining band, "Sing to me," she faintly whispered, "Tell me of the Happy Land." Softly then the tall Magnola Rustled in the ovening breeze, While the mocking-bird's wild music Echoed through the distant trees.

And amid the south wind's sighing. 'Mid the wondrous night bird's lay, 'Mid the tears and lamentations,-Passed she from the earth away. From her white and blue-veined forchead Pushed they back the golden/hair. And the mother shricked with auguish As she felt the death-dew there.

Ere the morrow's sun had risen, Ere tha darksome night had fled. A little grave beneath the cypress, Made they for the early dead. Where the whispering pines sing to her, Where the moonlight softly shines. There they lay her-there we leave her JESSIE, Angel of the Pincs. Brockport, N. Y., 1857.

RECREATION.

To work best, man must play a due proportion of the time ; to bear the heaviest burdens, he must have his heart lightened now and then; to think so profoundly, he must not think so steadily. When the world, on any plea of prudence, or wisdom, or conscience, has overlooked those principles, religion and morality have suffered. In former times, monasteries and nunneries, caves and pillars, held the pure fanatics and ultraists, the idiots and hypocrites, whom torated mature sent there. Now insane asylums and hospitals shelter the victims furnished for their cells by the headlong sobriety and mad earnestness of business which knows no pleasure, or of study which allows no cessation, or of conscience and piety, which frown on amusement : while the morbid morality, the thin wisdom, the jaundiced affections, the wretched dyspépsia, the wreck and defeat of body and soul, which a community deficient in out-door sports, genial society, or legitimate gayety, exhibits to the thoughtful eye, are hardly less saddening than the hospital or mad-house.

Amusement, then, is not only defensible, the want of it is a calamity and an injury to the sober, and solid interest of soclesy. None are more truly interested-did they know their own duty and policy-in ceing the community properly amused, than the or-

ganized friends of morality and piety. They ought

to know that nature avenges herself sooner or later-

and better sooner than later-for the violation of the

laws of physical and moral health; and that the

suppression of the sportive, careless, and pleasure

craving propensities or aptitudes of our nature, it

volve an inevitable derangement and sure decay

the higher organs and faculties. Instead, therefor

with scholarship, economy, virtue, and revery amusement, viewed mirely as a principle, wances and supports them all. The intellect the plays a

part of every day, works more powerfull and to bet-

ter results for the rest of the time; the heart that is

gay for an hour, is more serious for the other hours

of the day; the will that rests, i more vigorous than

THE MOTHER AND WIDOW.

If there is any situation which deserves sympathy

and commands respect, it is that of the mother left

by the loss of her husband, her earthly stay and sup-

port, to huffet the elements of adverse fortune

We are slow to non non-lige any womanly charac-

acter, living or dead, as superior to that of a good

mother-such as we find her in all our communities.

She is perhaps called to no single great act of devo-

tedness-but her whole life is a sacrifice for the good-

of others. How she works to bring up her children.

No labor is too hard. She denles herself every com-

fort to give them an education. She would part with

This devotedness becomes more remarkable when

by the death of the father the mother is left to strug-

gle alone through life. If we were to set out to

plore this city, we should find many a poor widow,

with five or six children dependent upon her, strug-

gling for her support with a patience and courage

truly heroic. With no friends to help her, and no

her heart's blood to make them happy.

the will that is always strained.

alone.

of interfering with, business, duty, sobriety, pier

bending trees, swinging to and fro in the strong themselves. grasp of the spirit of the storm, could be heard without, then, if death hovered over the ancient mansion of the Grandons, it echoed through the huge old stained these hands. It would seem as though some · · · hall

mer sky, and the sweet voices of wood songsters making music beneath the tabernacle of heaven. filled pleasantly the air; when Nature was decked out in her robes of verdure, and aught save joy and cheerfulness seemed strangely out of place, then, too, if death hovered over that house, it echoed through the huge old hall.

In the stillness of night, in the broad glare of day. whether death approached beneath the shadow of the home-walls, or far off in a foreign land-no matter; when the Destroyer's hand rested on the brow of one of that family, so surely resounded that footstep, slow, solemn, and ghostly, echoing and reechoing throughout the huge old hall within the ancient mansion of the Grandons.

And its history was said to have been this: Long. long years agone, Geoffrey Grandon was holden of the name and possessions of the family. He was a stern, swarthy man, upon whose brow evil passions had left their deep impress, and in whose glittering black eye might be read a cruel and malignant disposition. 'Mabel, his wife, was one of those gentle beings whom Fate at times sees fit to tie for life to some such extreme opposite as was her husband. She had sweet blue eyes and golden-hued hair, and bless her name." her voice was like unto music wafted over the

waters on the breath of the evening wind. The marriage of these two had been like many of

old, and even some of the present-an ambitious father's will overruling the feelings and happiness of his child. Possession soon tired Geoffrey Grandon of his sweet young wife, and he scrupled not to disbecame that most sorrowful of beings --- a scorned, a thy house forever!" martyred wife !

The time drow near when she was to become a fully to and fro, as though wailing for this anathema mother, and she looked hopefully forward to the that had descended on the house. The night-owl nover had possessed. So she would sit in her own thy house forever !" chamber looking out upon the sea, and watch the golden sun as it dipped its red beams into the

while the thunder rolled above, and died away in the darkened chamber as though a troop of demons low mutterings afar off, and while the wailing of had caught it up and repeated it merrily among

"This deed," said he, after a moment's silence. "is to me a more fearful one than has ever before dread calamity would befall our house, should it go When sunshine and brightness smiled in the sum- on. I know not what mean these fancies, but they do weigh most heavy upon me."

> "Then shake them off. and be thyself." said the woman. "What I art thou turning canter thus late in life, Geoffrey Grandon ? Now, out upon thee! I grow awearied of this silly feeling. Since thou art no longer a man as once thou were, mine shall be the hand to accomplish the task."

A pitying angel, hovering over that guilty pair, approached and whispered in his ear a word-it was of his boy. The spark of mercy lying deep within that man's stern bosom was fanned into a gentle life, and he murmured forth, "She is the mother of my child!"

> "And if she is," hissed the temptress in his ear. "he shall not need her care, for I will be to him

all that she should, and more. Enough ! Choose, Geoffrey Grandon, and quickly, between her and me. See, my hand is on the door; once past its threshold. and I return no more. Speak, thy choice !"

Tearfully the angel pleaded, "She never harmed thee in word or deed, but was all that a loving wife should get be to thee !" Yet the words rung in his ear, "Thy choice !" At length he replied, "She hath lived a pure and gentle life, and all who know her

"Thy choice !" exclaimed the woman.

"By withholding now thy cruel hand there will be hope for thee in the dread hereafter," he replied. "Thy choice-thy choice !" she repeated.

He sprang to his feet, and between his clenched teeth cried out, "It is made! Do with me as thou wilt, demon that thou art! I am thine!" And he play towards her his indifference-nay, even his felt a presence pass swiftly by him, and could have aversion of her patient and enduring nature. And sworn the sound of a whispered voice echoed through as day after day passed by and years rolled on, she the room, "A curse then rests upon thee and upon

And the tapestry upon the walls swayed mourn-

birth of her child, in the fond, thought of its being shricked without, and the sullen roar of the sea afar the means of her gaining from her husband a tithe off seemed to repeat it, while the winds bore it to his of at least his respect; his love, she knew now, she lears again, "A curse then rests upon thee and upon

o o o o o o

In one of the vast chambers in the proud mansion waves, slowly disappearing beneath them, and would of the Grandons, and extended in all the sublimity lose herself in glad visions of this pledge given to of death, lies the gentle woman who had borne the her to calm her tortured heart; and dreaming on empty title of its mistress. None knew assuredly "and 'on, would rouse at length with a start, to find the sause of her death; but the servants exchanged "that she had lingered unconsciously until & gloom frightened glanges one with another, as though each "had gathered over the garth, seeming to mock the bore a fearful suspicion in his or her mind, but yet

means of support but her needle, she undertakes to provide for her little family. She makes her home in an attic, and there she sits and struggles with poverty. No one comes to see her. She hears only the cry of those hungry little mouths, which call to her for bread. And there she toils all day long, and over half the night, that they may not want. And yet she does not complain. If only her strength holds out and her efforts are successful, her mother's

heart is satisfied and grateful.

INDUSTRY will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as fragality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to pruand the latent of the

BANNEROFILIGHT

'Amusements.

<u></u>

BOSTON THEATRE.-THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquetto, Balcong, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents.

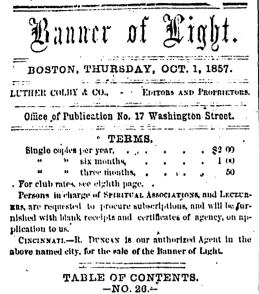
HOWARD ATHEN ZUM. -R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Retorn of the MARSH CHILDREN. The Curtain will rise at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely. Prices of ad-mission: Dress Circle and Priquette, 50 cents; Dress Boxes. 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE, -W. R. ENGLISH, Lesson and Manager: J. Piloina, Acting Manager. Engagement of the KELLER TROOP. Doors open at 7, o'clock; to com-mence at 7-1-3. Boxes, 50 cents; Fit, 25 cents; Gallery, 15

BOSTON MUSEUM. - Engagement of Mrs. D. P. BOWLES. Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock; performances com-mence at 7 1-2. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

ORDWAY HALL, ---Washington Street, nearly oppo-site Old South. Night season--commencing Monday eve-ning, August 31. Manager, J. P. Ontway, Open every evening, Tickets 23 cents--children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.3-4 octoock.

MELODEON .- Last week of Dr. KANE's ARCTIC VOY Adds. List week of Dr. Kane's Adds. The great Polar Bear—The cel-brated dog "Etah"—Eropianux Costumes —Kayak, Elfe, &c. Every evening at 3 o'clock—Wednes-day and Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.



FIRST PAGE-Agnes, the Step-mother, by Cora Wilburn. SECOND PAGE-Agnes, continued. THIRD PAGE-Poetry, by Beranger; The Footstep on the

Stairs, (4 very heautiful story;) Recreation; The Mother and Widow; The Angel of the Pines. FOURTH PAGE-Editorials.

FIFTH PAGE-Abstract of Thomas Gales Forster's Lecture News ; Dramatic, &c., &c.

SIXTH PAOR-Seven Years with the Spirits ; Correspondence. The Ganargwa Letters; J. V. Mansfield's Mediumship; A Good Test; Pre-vision, &c.

SEVENTH PAGE-Progression: The Messenger; Communication from a Son to his Parents.

EIGHTH PAGE-Pearls ; "A Spanish Tragedy," a well written

THE END OF VOL. 1.

We acknowledge with gratification the receipt of the favors of our friends to whom we transmitted hints that their terms of subscription had expired, and we have no doubt that the promptness of those subscribers living near us will be emulated by those whose remitances have not had time to reach us.

We happe to be able to annause to the readars of our First Number of the Second Volume, that THOS. GALES FORSTER, the excellent Trance-speaking Modium, has made such arrangements as will permanently place him with us in the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT of the Banner.

As we have before said, if the friends of the cause will put their shoulders to the wheel, and give us a subscription list which will enable us to do if, we will place before them every week a paper that shall not be surpassed by any in this country. The Banner is now standing upon a basis which insures its success, and places it beyond an ophemeral existence. It has been found to be exactly what was needed, and the marvel among Spiritual-

Hard judgments and hasty words never conciliate, never win over, never achieve any victories; they arouse the bitterest hatred, and to put the cause professedly served, in the greatest peril.

The only way, and the surcest way to advance the holds, thus arousing the deepest feelings of its supporters and defenders-but to set forth the truth in for that only. The lesson, or moral, is the secondary characters of living light," and let it do its own consideration altogether. sure work silently. Wherever truth goes in, error Error dare not hold up its head in the presence of as they would like, must look to themselves to discover the fault, and learn humility in learning also that they have not set about their work in the right way. Truth must be placed before the mind in its appropriate form and dress, or it is mistaken for something else, and so falls short of the expectations raised concerning its mysterious power.

Fanaticism, or blindness to any but one side of truth, arises from many causes.". But whatever its origin, the harm it works on the human mind i incalculable. Generally fanaticism springs from an over zeal, which again is the fruit of an uninformed and poorly, balanced reason. Whenever a new view of truth has dawned on the world, fanatics have sprung up in plenty. They are your men and women who profess to know the whole, when, in fact, they know nothing. They have got an inkling somehow of the novelty, and straightway their senses are intoxicated. Unless others see as they see, know as they know, and believe as they believe, they visit them unsparingly with denunciation and

ridicule. A fanatic is a mushroom, of sudden growth, and as sudden disappearance. He apprehends nothing truly and solidly, but trusts all to half impressions. hasty glimpses of truth, words caught up from others, and a poorly furnished reason. His temper subject of courtesy, and kindliness, and magnais ill managed. It lacks charity. His faith. like his insight, is small indeed. He has a great lack of charity, alike with a knowledge of the cause he espouses. He is impatient of the unbelief of others but would work his work upon others with the same haste that has characterized its operation upon him- that it is quite as much out of place and character self. - His influence, if any, is not direct, solid, or enduring. His words excite opposition and dislike for himself, rather than sympathy for the cause he believes hinself to have espoused.

Spiritualism has much to be wary of in these causes and influences. Enough charlatans and and its mysterious experiences, but they are to be shunned and avoided. Let everything of professed letter. Let more than what is seemingly the mechanism of the new truth be studied; let its inner and far-reaching philosophy be investigated, and familiarity he thus obtained with the grout relation chill underlie human life and happiness.

The same errors are to be avoided in this, as in all things else. Fanaticism is to be especially shunned. Indeed, no true Spiritualist, who under- Christian religion as he ought, and of course is stands in any proper degree the laws and ordinances of his own being, can possibly be a fanatic or a radical. Already he has experimentally been taught belief in which he has subscribed. purity and patience, charity and meckness, and all the other graces that adorn the Christian character. but his view is large, his thoughts all-related, and | in the possession of ordinary common sense--simply his faith as extended as the blue deep of heaven that reaches up and away to the Throne of all power itself.

persuasion to think to force others into the fold see things as they are, but rather as his overtasked in which he claims to have found his own safety. imagination would have them. The exemplars of goodness, of love, of charity, and of benevolonce, that he paints for our eyes, are too impossible for everytend rather to excite the most violent prejudices, to day life, and such as we never find among our acquaintance for the hunting. The illustrations of evil-hatred, malice, and uncharitableness-that he offers us, are well understood to be equally out of the interests of truth is, not to attack error in its strong. pale of probability. Everything has been observed, set up, put together, and tricked out for effect, and

You never find a man or a woman, whose 'way of must go out. The two cannot occupy the same life is quiet, silent, and without fuss of any sort, who dwelling together. When truth confronts its ancient would make a " character " in any respectable work enemy, the latter slinks away abashed into the dark. of fiction ; and yet, strange as it may sound to those who never thought of it before, these are the only truth. Hence those who are so impatient because persons who over exhibit true and intense devotion, truth does not work its own perfect work as speedily martyr-like patience and faith, or any of that rare benevolence and charity which is the very blossoming of human character. It is your still folks that afford the best examples of the better and lowlier qualities of human nature; those who are always up for show never forget themselves long enough to be true to anything. They live only for effect, and furnish no fair examples of the true and transparent life, whose beautiful character it is one of the selfappointed offices of the novelist to set forth. Hence, novel reading for young persons, to the neglect of books of other sorts, cannot but be injurious; and the mind of the professional novel-writer cannot fail

to be so warped and stretched in one direction, by the pursuit of his art, that his views of life are often worth little or nothing, and his estimates of public institutions are as baseless as the fabrications with which he delights his readers.

COURTESY, ETC.

The Praveller having decided to make a change in its management and form of publication, as soon as announcement to that effect was made in its columns, the Courier takes the occasion to give it a plain talking to, explaining vory frankly what was the reason of its failure to accomplish certain results sooner even than it had thought to reach them itself, and reading off a lecture generally on the nimity, and truth, in the way of conducting newspapers. This work of which the Courier has taken all the charge upon itself, is manifestly so very, appropriate for the conductors of that model sheet to undertake, that we must be excused if we say as it would be for Professor Felton to decide upon the nature of Spiritualism.

But the better to explain what we mean by this, we ask the readers of the Harvard Organ to look back only two days in their file, and see what style of manners it indulges in towards the venerable quacks show themselves ready to become notorious Professor Hare, whose lecture in Salem on Spiritualby professing familiarity with its high principles ism so effectually sickens them with the thought of ever trying to make headway against its positions and arguments. How does the Courier treat Dr. spirit origin be tried and proved to the very last | Hare, we want to know? With courtesy? With respect even? With decency? Farthest from either of the three. It calls him a superannuated, driveling old man; heaps all kinds of infamous epithets upon him; charges him with Maring, always hean

an Infidel, and, now that Spiritualism has interested him in God and the future, it insists that he has never weighed the evidences that go to sustain the utterly incapable now of weighing similar evidences that sustain the spiritual doctrines, to a saving.

The.Courier writer, who of course understands all science as well as all Greek, hesitates not at all to He follows after no superficial and momentary ex- brand Prof. Hare as an old fool, as being deceived, citements ; he swallows hastily no crude impression and as being utterly inchpable of judging for himof other men, who have but fractionally seen and self in a matter whose proofs are so strong as to known what they profess to have seen and known; be patent to everybody, and hitherto denied by none

..... Biddy IDUGENE NUE The recent death of this well-known French writer of fiction, whose two works in particular, the " Mysteries of Paris" and "Wandering Jew," will keep to come, has called out many comments and narrawe believe, he was admitted to be a man of high, representations. though not the highest literary ability. His works general intricacy, truly wonderful.

of his writings. Paris must always have something prospect that now opens up before him. to lionize, or worship, and Eugene Sue took his turn that would bring another instalment of his "Mys- spectable manner."

tories of Paris." They crowded about the office of could apparently equal the disappointment of the this assertion. thousands of readers, but their profound pity for him in his trying and unexpected sidkness.

A letter-writer from Paris contributes some stateumns :----

The death of EUGENE SUE passed almost unperceived in France. The illustrious decensed had been long banished his native soil; he was not a member of any of the learned bodies of savans of the capihemiplegia, following. upon an attack of intermittent fever. The ague in turn was preceded by a premonitory symptom ; Wednesday he took quinine and was slightly better ; Thursday he was considerably better, and commenced the skeleton of a new novel, but his work was so badly done, that in a fit went out to take a walk with Col. Charras, but found himself too weak to continue far, and returned. That night he had a return of the neuralgia, and in an aggravated form. That night he was struck with paralysis, and thus lay unconscious till early morning, a period of thirty-six hours, when he died Just before his death, however, he threw his eyes upon his two domestics, who were standing near comprehending himself that his disease was assum-Reg a dangerods form, he said to his friend, Col Charras, "I wish to die as I have lived, a free think er." He insisted upon the accomplishment of this performances. desire, and it was respected. His body was em-holmed, and for the preant is placed in a vault at Annecy, in Savoy, where he lived. An immense mulitude of republicans and exiles attended the funeral.

TOO LATE!

Italia's vales I've wandered through; Seucath her skies unchanging blu 've watched the golden sunlight quiver Upon the breast of Tiber's river But of her valiant youths could find No heart to love, no spell to bind.

For they had but an outward form-The flame that lights, but cannot warm ; As often words of passion spoken, No feeling of the heart betoken-Like tropic waves that brightly glow When all dark and cold below.

Through distant lands I've wandered far.

on al. Inder othis beingnas Tamatic, ad forde orders befrenar પાક કેમીબર પાછ and the second

THE BOSTON THEATRE has done a very good busithe public recollection of him alive for a long time ness the past week. Mr. Edwin Booth has been the bright particular star, and has won new honors at tives from foreign letter-writers, all of whom set an artist. He has appeared as "Bir Giles Overeach," him down pretty much as their own fancy and mode the "Cardinal Richlieu," "Iago," "Shylock," Sec. of estimating men seem to dictate. On all sides, in all which he has given us correct and artistic

Mr. Booth is, without question, the most promising were of the exciting sort, and in the two fictions we young actor upon the American stage; he has behave cited, his plots were, for variety, mystery, and fore him a brilliant career, a glorious future; let him look well to himself, that he does not overtax Paris was at one time completely under the sway his physical power, and by indisorction, destroy the

Mr. Booth has been very well supported during with the rest of the celebrities. There was not a the week; Messrs. Vandenhoff, Howe, Donaldson, man or woman in that gay emporium, but waited in and Davidge, and Madames Davenport and Abbott. feverish excitement for the Saturday to come round have sustained the young tragedian in a most re-

The renditions of Mr. Davidge this week confirm publication till the streets were blocked up; and us in the opinion that we have already expressed. when at one time it was announced that the gifted that he is a most excellent comedian, a judicions author was suffering with a brain fever, and was of actor, and an accomplished artist, and let us assure course unable to finish his usual feuilleton for the him, stranger as he is, that Bostonians are not blind newspaper that week, the excitement was repre- to his merits, but will give him, the longer he stays sented to be almost beyond description. Nothing among us, unmistakable proofs in confirmation of

THE NATIONAL has produced a new translation of a French opera, entitled "Los Amours de Diable," which is anglecised into "Uriel, the Demon Lover." ments to the New.York Times, concerning the life The principal attraction of this piece consists in the and last moments of this champion of Socialism, as magnificent tableaux of the Keller Troupe, which, it is received among Frenchmen; and as the closing for grace, elegance, and classic beauty, cannot be days of such a man's life possess much more than surpassed by limner or sculptor. "The Chariot of ordinary interest for all readers, we extract the fol- the Sun," "The Shower of Gold," and "The Queen lowing for the purpose of inserting in our own col- of Flowers," are splendid beyond description, and need only to be seen, to be admired.

The part of "Uricl, the Demon Lover." was sustained by Miss Lucille Weston, and that of "Lilia" by her sister Helen. Both these young ladies are tal, and since '48 had produced no work that excited frequently described as very beautiful; charming. any emotions in Franco. Thus his memory and his fascinating, and all that, which may be very well glory had been partly effaced. Sue's disease was a for those who consider such soft sodder criticism-we do not. Personal appearance we have great regard neuralgia. Thus Sunday and Monday he had neu- for, but at the same time we recollect that an ralgia. Tuesday he was seized with intermittent actress may be very beautiful and possess very little fever, of which neuralgia is not unfrequently the talent, and on the other hand be very plain and possess the talents of a Siddons, or a Rachael. Fulsome flattery is sickening, and is often disgusting to those who are the objects of it. Miss Lucille, of irritability he orushed the paper in his hand, and and her sister Helen, are very pretty girls, but as threw it down. Friday he felt much better, and actresses they are both overrated, we would write actresses they are both overrated; we would write nothing in disparagement of them; they have both much to learn, and with care and study will unthe next day, Saturday, another attack of the ague doubtedly ultimately attain a position in the profession tolerably prominent.

Mr. Hampton as "Hortensius," and Mr. Boniface as "Count Frederick," are deserving of great credit for the judicious manner in which they rendered im, with an expression of affection, and reaching their parts; Mr. Hampton was comic enough, and out squeezed their hands. On Saturday morning, did not overdo his author; Mr. Boniface was judicious and did not overact, and he avoided that boisterous manner, which has sometimes marred his

The chorus was bad; they were behind the time of the orchestra, and did not, sing together. A repetition of the piece, however, will correct these failings.

AT THE MUSEUM, Mrs. Bowers has been drawing audiences very respectable as to numbers. She is, unquestionably, a lady of talent. We think her style is not so well calculated to please our impulsive Boston audiences, as the styles of other ladies in the profession. Boston audiences are very peculiar in some respects; they have witnessed the feeling delineations of Mrs. Mowatt, the terrifically sublime personations of Miss Charlotte Cushman, the pleasing, dashing style of Mrs. Barrow, &c., and amidst all these we have become fastidious ; the fault may be in us. However, Mrs. Bowers is careful and judicious, and pleases as well as any lady could coming a stranger among us, and unacquainted with our peculiarities. There has been an evident desire on the part of this lady, to please, and she has not been wholly unsuccessful. We earnestly wish her a warm reception, and brilliant success, wherever she goes. Messrs. Warren, Smith, Keach, &c., must consider themselves as receiving a favorable notice, from the fact that we have said nothing unfavorable. These gentleman are established favorites with us, and require no laudation from us, to add to there already hard earned and just fame.

ists now is, that a similar paper was not before issued. But we do not belong to a stationary craft, and have so much pride in her, that we want to see her in as trim a sailing condition as any of her size that floats upon the broad sea of literature.

FANATICS AND FANATICISM.

There is a golden mean in all things. Life is constantly holding out two sets of motives to a man ; the one, to advance to the enjoyment of the future, ind the other to hold on by the pleasant associations ⁶ he past. Between these two the human mind is div.d. Society consents to divide itself likewise in the sa e way. There is a cass who have no sort of pationoc .ith things old, or things even as they are, but condense everything indiscriminately, because , they do not realize the good which they think it capable of yielding; and there is another class who hold themselves down to the plane of life by the strong and intertwined pots of feeling and sentiment, of old associations and pleasant memories, and even of darling and favorie prejudices.

In all religious matters, there is a manifest tendency on the part of those who are young and fresh in their experiences, towards radicalism. They fall into the habit of exaggerating the new truths that have just begun to show their glimmering light across their souls, and behold them in different proportions and outlines from what they really possess. The delight of what seems to them to be a new discovery intoxicutes their judgment. They imagine they have found what no living soul has over found before ; and in their eagerness and haste to impress their discoveries as vividly upon others as they were originally impressed upon' themselves, they become impatient of all delay and restraint, and betray a apirit of partizanship that entirely defeats their original and well-meant design.

"There is no such professor as a new convert makes. All the rules and by-laws be insists on living up to, to the last letter. He will consent to abate nothing by way of charity, or benevolence, or forgiveness. "His virtues lean rather to the side of justice than of mercy. Every little slip and peccadillo that he sees in others, he is ready to snatch up with a greed, and a desire for its proper punishment, that betokens the heart not yet half truly converted. This disposition to judge others, and to see that others get their deiserts, is a signal proof that a person has not yet judged himself. It is enough to satisfy us that he thas never yet experienced what he deludes himself that he was familiar with long ago. and its

A radical, and a radical only, can help no cause forward. Especially is this true of religion. Precept, ezample, persuasion, love, gentleness, patience, faith, charity-these are the weapons by which a man is to conquer, if at all, in a spiritual warfare. "They weapons are never tarnal weapons." All the -pristories won are! silent / victories, trasen except, in their slow and certain outworking results - It is & fatal mistake for a religious man of any creed on forming one's opinions or impressions. He does not nate results appertaining to our sphere.

DICKENS AND THE REVIEWERS. A late number of the Edinburgh Review contains

pretty thorough review of the present system of novel-writing, which, while it assumes many positions that are hardly warranted by truth, nevertheless asserts many important facts and principles.in relation to the craft of the professional writer of novels, that are well worth seriously considering The author of the article has apparently studied the philosophy of his subject to advantage, and seems desirous of understanding, first of all, the object and aim of the novel proper. An able and well-considered article has since appeared in the New York Evening Post, in relation to the attitude so recklessly assumed by Mrs. Gaskell, in her. Life of Charlotte Bronte, which, in the main, bears in the same direc tion with that of the Edinburgh.

The objections offered by the writer of the Edin burgh article to Mr. Dickens, and others of his school or rather of the school which is called modern, are chiefly that he treats with flippancy topics about which his knowledge is of the most general charac ser, and copecially topics that most intimately concorn Government and society. The writer charges him with having selected such few errors, misjudgments, dolays, and examples of ill-working as he has been able to pick up from a hasty observation, and with the desire of effect constantly uppermost in his thoughts, and making these examples illustrate the character and operation of the institutions of the country.

Much of this is extremely well said. It is a fact, that writers of fiction are too much in the habit of looking only at those, traits, incidents, scenes, and events, that will strike most impressively on the minds of readers. Little is their thought for the ant, which animadverts upon a Clairvoyant Spirit inculcation of what some of them facetiously torm | medium in that city, and her treatment of a special moral lessons," unless they are able first to create case, which case resulted fatally. We shall endeavor the "sensation." Dickens is a man of genius, and to see if there be not two sides to this question, as to his conceptions in the way of character are not only almost all others in which mediums are involved, inimitable, but will remain engraven on the mind of and publish both statements. the reader as long as he lives. Yet the genius of Dickens runs to exaggeration altogether. Neither and if there be imposture it should be exposed. he nor any other modern novelist will give you life just as it is-just as you find it every day around uscless the science of men, who know the uses of you.' Unless it is stretched in one way, and highly medicine and the nature of diseases to which man is seasoned in another. and puffed up and padded out heir, but still there are times when men may fail to in all its parts, it has no taking qualities for the see causes which the spirit is better enabled to mass of readers, and hence will not "sell." Hence, reach, and there are many authenticated instances to make a work popular, the popular love of exagge- of miraculous cures on record, which go to prove ration and effect must be closely studied; and, in that there are such beings as spiritual advisers. And studying this, and nothing but this, the writer of at no time, and under no circumstances would we fiction soon comes to look at life only through his suggest to any one to forego the application of their own peculiarly colored spectacles.

teach the noblest lessons, is still not a safe guide in and caution we may run clear of almost all unfortu-

because he happens to be believe what the writer says he does not believe. Possibly he expects his readers to place confidence enough, in his word to trust him, when he claims that he disbelieves anything ; we demand, then, that he first shows equal confidence in the men and women whose means of judging are just as good as his, and better even, and whose judgments are a great deal more reliable, rational, and fixed. and the second second

nd fixed. This abuse of the venerable Dr. Hare, a man whose name is honorably known wherever science is studied by its votaries, is a fine commentary on the style of courtesy which the Courier would seek to introduce into the conduct of a newspaper. Coolly asserting that the Traveller has proved a failure on account of its utter lack of this essential quality in its management, it gives us a sample of its meaning by traducing and vilifying a man whose white hairs. if nothing else, ought to have appealed to its veneration. But it is useless to look for, decency there. Any writer whose sense of thame would not hold fast the pen that sought: to defame a man whose sincerity, and truth, and purity of life, and acquisitions, for science, are as widely known as those of Dr. Hare, is past being taught even the rudiments of a system whose practice would be impossible with him. The notice we have taken of the matter is only to call attention to the way in which those who profess the most, and brag the loudest, and bully the most incessantly, see fit to carry out the principles they so zealously preach up for other people to pattern from in their conduct. >

We speak of Dr. Hare, as a man, and not of his lecture, or the sentiments therein put before the people, of which we know nothing, except from the onesided "Organ." i en

REASON AND CAUTION.

An article is published in the Hartford Cour-

We think Spiritualism can stand all such shocks,

We do not like the practice which seeks to render reason in matters of such importance, as are all the The novelist, therefore, though he may artfully developments of Spiritualism. for with due reason

Neath Southern sun and northern star: To sweetest music I have listened, While prightest eyes with rapture glistened; But at I how soon they cease to thrill The moment that the lips are still.

Whe pale moon coldly shines on high ; " She lights, but cannot warm the sky ; BUT SNILES OF THINE, like sunbeams glowing, Forever round thee radiance throwing, Rivel the light and warmth of day, And shame the moon's pale frozen ray.

Too goon, alas i, too soon has gone Tha joy that inded with its dawn : Still must I dream while broken hearted, Too LATE WE MET, TOO SOON WE PARTED. An adverse Bar hath ruled MX fate; WE'VE MET, ALASI TOO LATE, TOO LATE,

TIS NOT "TOO LATE!"

If in Italia's realms of art. No kindred throb'impressed thy heart : If in the passioned, souls afar, No soul was to thy soul a star; Alas! chide not, nor think that love Alike in every land shall prove.

'Tis true that through the outward form The heart seems cold when often warm ; And words of love seem barsh and chill-The children of a heartless will; But ne'er " too late " a heart to prove. Nor once found true " too'late "'to love.

And what though stranger hearts should be To theo still cold-thy destiny ! Lot nature give the golden truth-Love lives with the as well as Youth ; And thus, while love our hearts would mate, Hence shun the voice that cries " too late!"

To mo o'er thee I saw, the world A plain where strife her flags unfurled; And cold the moon that graced the skies, And so the heavenly countless eyes ; BUT SMILLES OF THINE, with power sublime. Breathe to my soul-THERE XET IS TIME !

And though "too soon" the joy has fied- 111 The peace unto thy presence wed ; and atted y. Still shall I hope, nor yet in dreams, That time will "real" the love that seems ; For time bath said-with patience wait, She loves, you love--'TIS NOT " Too LATE !" rests from parts

8.

contents is CHARITY. In our Messenger Department we publish another appeal made from the spirit world for charity. We umns of the Boston Courier. I would get the sick.

envelope to our office. Mites not objected to.

HOWARD ATHENEUM .--- The card at this theatre has been the Naiad Queen, which has been put upon the stage in an artistic manner, and has been very oreditably performed by the troupe of juveniles.

ORDWAY HALL has been favored with the usual number of attendants; of the performances we have nothing new to say. No see No. 7 To be apply a constraint THE AROTIC PANORAMA .- We desire to call the public attention to this fine Panorama, now on exhibition at the Melodeon Those of our citizens who have not seen it, should embrace the first: opportunity to do so. It leaves us soon. Be assured that vou will pass a most pleasant evening. Some parts of the story, which is recited as the exhibition progresses, are very thrilling, and the whole is exceedingly interesting. The scraps of history, the ancodoes of Dr. Kane and his adventurous companions, which are interspersed throughout the explanations of the different scenes. presented, are amusing and intensely interesting. The exhibition is to be removed soon, hence an early opportunity should be improved to witness it. 2 aning port.

ค่อ พระสอพ Werter and MEDIUMS, NEVER Press of Bervants are generally honest : trades people may commonly be relied on. Mediums, never .--- Courier, There it is, all in a nut-shell. If anybody ought to know, after such an oventful experience, as he has had, where truth is not, that person should be the distinguished Grecian who digs "roots" for the ool stated beneath it that we knew nothing of it, but Spiritualists, after this, will begin to feel bad. They would inquire. We have since called to mind the must feel bad, for that is the way the Professor calcufact that we were once introduced to Mr. Upham, as | lated to make them feel ; and is he not as accurate a medium, by Mr. F. Pope, a respectable mason, of as any astronomer in all his calculations ?. No more this city, and that 'we were informed some two reliance are they to be permitted to place on madimonths since that this medlum was at his house, ums. All the tests, that so thoroughly establish the perfect impossibility of fraud on the part of the me-Here is an opportunity to practice Spiritualism, not dium, must go for just nothing. : They must not trust talk it, and if our readers have anything to spare, any longer to their own reason-believe their and and we know they have, they can enclose it in an senses listen to anything, they can as well hap hearing but rather trust any sort of a man, who calls himself a Professor, before they are imprudent J. H. W. Toonin, of Salem, well known in the Spir | enough to rely on their lown eyest and millio at 3967 Itualistic world as former editor of the Christian Work can tell easily enough, when, your stower and Spiritualist," bontemplates a lecturing tour to the ceives you; if a tradesman fries to gonge, my ten

life of him, whether there is such an element as hon- of the sword, amid the Goths of Spain. During the esty anywhere within them ?! The perfect positive | time that these councils were held, there were over ness, too, of the Professor on the subject is particu. seventy different seats of Christians in existence, larly refreshing. He is not so certain about other under different names, believing different tenets, people ; but the business of mediumship he knows all and each one claiming divine authority for its belief. about Root and branch he is perfectly familiar Now, are modern Spiritualists to be denounced in with. There is not one among them all honest-no, the ninetcenth century, because they dare to assert not one. It is fearful to contemplate such a state of that Jesus had some other mission than that of asunmixed depravity, but we have hopes of a great reformation some day, if the Christian-like Professor does but keep on writing, as now, for the Courier.

GALES FORSTER, ESQ., AT THE MUSIC about; we do not subscribe to them !" We say, in HALL, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEM-BER 13, 1857.

the second I and my Father are one. John, x: 30.

One of the most striking features of the mental condition of mankind, presented to the philosophic claim that the fathers, so called, of the first five ceninvestigator, either of the past or the present, is the turies, were able to interpret the meaning of the blind reliance placed upon the teachings of the past, Bible better than some of the teachers of modern more especially in theological matters. If a new times-men whose great intellects have grasped the truth dawns upon the intellect of the present, it is libraries of other ages, and who, reaching forward rejected, because there is authority for it in the past; their speculative thought, are grasping, as it were, and, during the last century or two, many a bright truth, not only in theology, but in science, in philosophy, and in mechanics, has been compelled to continue for years in an embryotic condition, on account of this adhesion to authority and to precedent.

In the long, dark catalogue of error which has characterised the ecclesiasticism of the past, and still casts a gloomy shadow over the developments of the future, there is perhaps no one feature, con- freedom of thought and investigation, and once Procerning which this complaint gould be more jastly testantism took a giant stride in advance of the made, than the point attempted to be established as hierarchy that went before it; but there is still a based on the words of the text-the theory touching moral system of ostracism in operation, which, the charactor of Jesus Christ, as a member of the though it does not inflict physical torture, destroys Trinity, his equality with God, and also the equality the social and moral position of men, and many stand of the Paraclete, or Holy Ghost, with him and with the Father. With regard to this particular item of of the denunciations of the church, and of society, faith, which has been promulgated for fifteen hun- the eldest born child of the church. dred years, and many others associated with it, if you look philosophically at the history of the past, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. you will see how extremely injurious has been the which were submitted to Parliament, and by it deeffect of relying on past authority in theological in- clared to be the work of the Holy Ghost, and therevestigations, and how it has retarded the develop- fore infallible, and during the three hundred years ment of new truth. This reliance on authority has since then, there have been several hundred alterabeen the stimulant of persecution in almost every age, both Catholic and Protestant; it sharpened the wit of Lovola, and from his brain sprang the Inquisition. He relied not only on the authority of the in the first instance, why should he be necessitated "Fathers," but on the authority of the old Judean literature, which sanctioned all his persecution, and persecution by other tyrants, for opinion's sake, be- cations, are relied on by the Church of England and fore him and since. In the history of your own land, during the past century, you will find abun- of the Holy Ghost, handed down from other ages, dant evidence of the baneful effects of this reliance on the authority of the past. The influence of the man and the nature of God, which are being proreformatory movements of the age, which have been commenced during the last twenty-five years, and of them. the spiritualistic inculcations, which are given through isolated minds which have risen from the miasma of general ignorance and superstition, has been comparatively of little avail, owing to the fact that the great body of men look back, relying on authority, doubting every new truth, because it is new, neglecting to exercise the faculties which God made a glorious beginning; but, look at the alteragave them, to see for themselves what is truth, and tions recently made in the form of discipline for the so are overshadowed by the darkness of the past.

To speak more particularly of the idea supposed to be conveyed in the text, this doctrine of the Trinity has been promulgated by all the various systems of theology in Christendom, until within little more than half a century since, and the Orthodox churches still promulgate it, and not only through the pulpit, but its effect has been so psychological on the general mind, that even intellects developed on other platforms are still controlled by it. What is the the blind authority of the past, and have driven out consequence ? In the antagonism to Spiritualism in from their millst some of the best minds, because your city, you find that one of its chief sources of they dared to be free, and declare the newer truths complaint from those who are opposed to it, is that they had seen. Then does not the world need Spiritit denies the divinity of Christ and the Trinity, and ualism, or something else, to reform it from the dark

face : but as for these modiums, who can tell, for the tury Arianism was forced into nonentity at the point suming the character of the living God?

You see what little reliance is to be placed on the authority of the Fathers, touching this important point. "But," say some of our Protestant friends, ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS "those were the Catholics you have been talking reply, that, Protestantism is based on the authority of the Catholic fathers; it accepts, in its system of theology, the teachings and the interpretation of those fathers. And by what right do the Protestants the libraries of the future. These mon, of new thought, may claim to be equal at least to the others in their estimate of the teachings of Christ. If you' want authority, take that which has the best means of informing and developing itself, and accept the new thought proclaimed by the genius of your age, so far as it comports with your own highest conception of right, and no farther. Protestants claim back and refuse to accept a glorious truth, for fear

> In the reign of Henry the VL, Oranmer drew up tions of these articles, all by act of Parliament, and each alteration was declared to be the act of the Holy Ghost. Now if the Holy Ghost was infallible to correct himself several hundred times ? And yet these thirty-nine articles, with their various modifithe Episcopal Church of America, as the authority while the glorious truths touching the interior of mulgated outside of these churches, are ignored by

Then there are other classes of Protestants who rely on other authorities. When these branches first manifested their independence, they doulared themselves free, but as soon as they acquired popularity, they ceased to develop newer and brighter truths, and fell back on authority. Methodism, for instance, government of the church, handed down from Wesley, in favor of slavery and of intemperance, and you see the effect of popularity. Towards the end of the last century, Unitarianism and Universalism were introduced into the United States, and they were met by the cry of "Infidelity !" from the Orthodox churches, but the shout has become less and less, until it has almost died away, from the fact that Unitarianism and Universalism have become subjected to nfluences of the authority of the past? Now if the text does not mean that Christ was aual with God, what does it mean? Modern Spiritalism affirms that the proper interpretation of the ext is this-that Christ intended to convey the idea hat in purpose and principle and spirit, he was one with the power that sent him. This is not an arbitary interpretation, because, in the text preceding, lesus declares that the Father was greater than any. You must admit, as Spiritualism claims, that Christ and a spiritual meaning, or that he contradicted himself. Take the ground of modern Spiritualism. nd Christ stands forth as the individualised repreentative of a firm principle, the divine inherent reresentation of the almighty impulses of being, movng upon the intellectual and affectional plane, denonstrating practically what he taught theoretically, eaching forth his arms in love to all humanity, reardless of persecution, and presenting a magnifient picture of moral courage in his antagonism to error-and in this light he is seen in a far more glorious aspect than if you look at him as a God. If he was divine by nature, so are you, and if he could tand persecution so can you, and as he was called ipon to mount the calvary of physical persecution, to may you be called on to mount the calvary of moral persecution-for there are those who would sacrifice the modern Spiritualist between the two thieves of fanaticism and superstition. Follow in the steps of Christ, and onward will be your course. and of God. ' Oultivate bright and pure thoughts, aim and there is not an angel that looks through the snowy clouds that are rolling over the blue depth. beyond, but will thank you, and aid you in your onward march.

Written for the Banner of Light FLASHES AND DASHES BY THE WAY. erhaire fair a drivelant **ALDE**.

Bulle aufen Liefenster PBBB.

THE MYSTERIOUS KEYHOLE.

About thirteen years ago, the writer of this article was engaged as a pedlar of cloth caps, neck-stocks. gloves, etc. In one of his excursions he found him self, at the close of the day, in front of a country store in the pleasant village of West Boylston-not far from Worcester. After displaying the principal portion of his merchandize, and chaffering with the store-keeper for an hour or more, he succeeded in effeeting a small sale. The transaction being conclud ed Pres. commenced re-loading, (for during the time the larger part of the wagon had been transferred to the store.) and in so doing he begged the assistance of a small boy who stood near by, which was cheerfully granted. . On going to the cart, Pres made many ineffectual efforts to find the keyhole, and as it had grown quite dark, and the keyhole very small, and he being at the same time quite overloaded with his wares, it was vory difficult to find that same keyhole.

"Curse the key-hole-where the devil is that keynole! Confound that key-hole !" he exclaimed, as fingering for the keyhole.

"Now," said Pres., in a manner that indicated just a small degree of excitement, as he shoved the key all over the side of the wagon, but found no keyhole-"I'll register an oath that, just one hour ago by any well regulated clock, I saw a keyhole here and used it, and now it is gone ?"

"Can't you find it, sir ?" asked the boy, evidently becoming weary by the weight of his armful. "No; I hope to be blowed to pieces if I can !" an wered Pres. "Now can it be possible that any one

could have stolen it ?" This question seemed to strike the boy quite forcibly for an instant, and then he replied, saying "I shouldn't think that there could be anybody in this

teown so darned mean as to dew it !" and then, as if struck again by a sudden thought, he suggested that-"it might have dropped cout and fell deown ontew the greound !" Pres. said nothing, but still kept feeling for the

keyliole.

The Pacific Coast.

The Southern mail from all points, as late as due has arrived.

The brig Black Squall picked up a boat on the Great Bahama Bank, with three men in it, who stated that they belonged to and were the sole survivors of the brig Albion Cooper, which was wrecked. One of them afterwards stated that the captain, mate. and one seaman were murdered by the other two and the vessel burned. They were all in prison at Havana.

Two slavers had been run ashore and burned be ween Cardenas and Matanzas.

Three cargoes of slaves had been landed within a week. The Metropolitan Theatre, in San Francisco, was

ournt on the 15th of August.""

In Washington Territory 20 Democrats and 5 Republicans had been elected Representatives. Stevens' majority for Governor was 519.

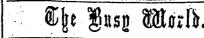
Sandwich Island dates are to July 9th. The cane crop promises abundance; the coffee crop had been attacked by blight, and the yield would be reduced one third.

Flashes of fun.

"MRs. GRIZZLE, have you ever read the Last Days of Pompeil?" Mrs. Grizzle, with a nervous twitch for freight one day, at eight cents a basket, for of the mouth, replied,----"No, sir, I believe I never read any of Mr. Pomneii's works." WHY is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light. Young mon who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take ardent spirits. THE botanists tell us that there is no such thing in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the " coal black Rose." THERE is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be call-Sickles. ed the widow's mite. The greatest organ in the world, some old bachelor says, is the organ of speech in a woman---it is an organ without stops. Simpson says the ladies do not set their caps for the gentlemen any more; they spread their hoops. Nor long ago an eminent special pleader was at a Curtis. theatre seeing the play of "Macbeth." In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, "What is't ve do ?" and they answer. " A deed with out a name." the phrase struck the sagacious lawver as singularly defective, and he immediately remarked to a friend, " Pooh! nonsense ! a deed without a name is void, of course." "Talk of yer fast hosses,-said a tall. raw boned Yankee, to a travelling pedlar alive for a swap, "who cares if your'n can git over the road in 2:401 Why. only last week when it rained so like jehu I' started from the village just as the shower came on with that old mare, (pointing to the old white animal that seem ed on her last legs,) and drove four miles home, and clean into the barn, and all the time it rained into the hind eend of my wagon and I never got a drop. And not more'n a month ago a chain of lightnin' took arter her all over the lower paster, and arter runnin" two or three times round the lot she hopped the wall, and there the lightnin' hit a stun, and stopped it short. Your hoss ain't nowhere." A GENTLEMAN who has a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hooped skirt the other day. With a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, "I'm sitting on the style, Mary." loes this road go to ?" Boy-" This road, oh ! 'tain't never bin no whar since father lived here. SOMEBODY, we believe Punch, wrote the following snow. despatch for the Queen to send to the President, after the cable broke :--Mr. Buchanan-On carth, peace-overboard. ano

THE GREAT CALAMITY. The California steamer, Contral America, formerly

the George Law, foundered at sea off Cape Hatteras, on Saturday evening, the 12th inst., having on board 626 persons, and treasure amounting to over \$2,000,-000. By the latest advices, 178 passengers and crew have been saved, including all the women and children on board. This is by far the most appalling disaster we have been called to record, and sends a thrill of horror through the heart of every reader of the melancholy tale. . . .



'CANAL TOLLS .--- There has been a very great falling off this season in the amount of tolls received on the New York canals, from the amount received last year. The decrease of receipts is owing mainly to the fact that the West has had comparatively little freight to send forward, because, as is alleged, Western traders have been unable to pay their debts to Eastern merchants, and but small purchases have been made for Western consumption.

ISAAC FREES died in Argyle, September 10, at the age of 78 years and 17 days. Mr. Frees was one of the first ettling in Argyle, taking up a tract of land some of his armful toppled off, and a half-dozen of about the year 1800, on the west bank of Penobscot the cloth caps went into the dust. And still he kept river, in the then almost unbroken wilderness, which he ever after made his home. He had much influence with the Penobscot tribe of Indians when their numbers were numerous, and often preserved the settlers from their hostile attacks.

> MR. PHILIP CLARK, formerly of Iowa city, returned to that place a day or two since, from California, after an absence of eight years. He left a wife, children, and a valuable farm, when he went to California. - He finds, on his return, that his wife has long since married, having first secured a divorce and a decree, giving her the farm for her support. The farm has been sold, and is now in other hands. and his former wife is in some other part of the country.

> REPORTS FROM WASHINGTON state that the administration has determined to enforce the neutrality laws, and has issued orders to U.S. Marshals and District Attorneys to prevent any expedition leaving the United States that may be supposed to be in opposition to the neutrality laws. The order aims at the expeditions of General Walker.

> THE Madison (Wisconsin) Journal says that Hon. C. C. Washburn, M. C., from that district, has presented to the State Historical Society the books which have come to him as a member of Congress. They

> number several hundred volumes, many of them of great value.

THE family of Mr. Thomas E. Brightman, of Fall River, were aroused on Tuesday night by the cries of a child, which was found to be covered with blood, which was flowing from its hand. It had been severely bitten by some animal, probably a weasel.

THE 17TH OF SEPTEMBER .- The marshals who acted at the inauguration of the Franklin statue, held a meeting at the Tremont House, and voted hereafter to make the day the occasion of an annual celebration.

On Monday night the city of Portland was lighted with gas obtained from peat. . The experiment is said, to have been the first of the kind ever made in America, and was entirely successful, the light being clear and brilliant.

The death of Senator Rusk is attributed to a tumor at the back of his neck, which produced inflammation of the brain, and caused insanity. His phycians had previously expressed their opinion that he could not live long.

The enormous quantity of peaches received in New York, in one day, may be judged from the fact that the Camden and Amboy Railroad as received \$2400

Late European Stems.

The British steamship Persia has arrived, bringing dates from Liverpool to the 5th inst.

The sunderwriters on the cable of the Atlantic Telegraph Company had offered to settle the claims on them by paying 36 1-2 per cent'in cash. The American horse Lecompte had been badly

heaten.

Rumors of a Ministerial change in England.were rife.

The Emperor Napoleon had abruptly left the camp at Chalons, and it was rumored that he was having a secret interview with the Czar, preparatory to the formal meeting at Darmstadt on or about the 17th instant.

A dispatch from Paris, of the 3d inst., says that the Court of Assizes had condemned Ledru Rollin. Mazzini, Massarenti and Campauella to transportation.

The Mexican Chargo d'Affaires had left Madrid in consequence of the rupture in diplomatic relations.

The Emperor of Austria's journey through Hungary is said to have been a perfect triumph.

The Gazette de la Bourse of Vienua states on good authority that diplomatic relations will soon be resumed between Naples, and England and France, Austrian mediation having been at work to accomplish that object.

Advices from the Caucasus state that Schamyl still held eleven out of the twelve blockhouses which he took from the Russians. Re-inforcements of 20.000 men are to be sent against him.

Large bodies of Russian cavalry have marched toward the Austrian frontier with a view of preventing Austrian interference in the affairs of the Danubian Principalities.

The next mail from India is awaited with intense interest. It will bring intelligence of all that has courred for more than a month since the last receints.

FOUR DAYS LATER

QUEREO, Sept. 19 .- Steamer Indian passed River du Loupe at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The news brought by this arrival presents no feature of striking importance.

ENGLAND .- The English underwriters have settled all claims growing out of the loss of the Atlantic Cable.

Additional troops 'are under orders for embarkation to India, which will make a total reinforcement from Great Britain of 40,000 men.

SPAIN .- It is said that Spain has suspended preparation, for the expedition against Mexico, and that the difficulty is to be submitted to the arbitration of France and England, with Bavaria as umpire.

ITALY .-- It is rumored that Mazzini is organizing another Italian Revolution.

CHINA .--- The most perfect understanding exists between England and Franco on the Chinese question. If Lord Elgin fails to get satisfaction, war will be simultaneously declared by both governments.

CAPE DE VERDE .- The U: S. frigate Cumberland, and the corvette St. Louis, were at Cape de Verde, August 26.

Intelligence from Rome is highly favorable to the arrangement of the difficulty between the Holy See and Mexico. The sales of church property and the suppression of convents already effected, are to be recognized.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO COHLESPONDENTS. J. S., PONTLER, MICH.—Wo are thankful for your kind wishes for our success, and trust you will yet live many years to do much for the good cause. The poens you recently for-warded to us do not come up to the true standard of pure poetry, as you may yourself see if you will but read the poems of olther the spirits you quote, written while in the form. We question the generalized the autorities you have quoted, and advise you to be governed in these mat-ters by your own reason communicate that another much be ters by your own reason, remembering that spirits must be this by your own reason reacting and spins hult by tried by it, as well as mortals. By so doing you may easily separate the chaff from the wheat. We always distrust spirits who come to us bearing such names as you speak of. If they cannot come to us bearing such names as you speak of. If they cannot come up to their standard of intellect on earth, it is better even if you believe it to be true, to receive truth, not paying so much attention to high sound-ing names. People who are always calling for Washington, Franklin, and like magnates, are very apt to be imposed upon by other spirits anxious to commune with Earth's children, but who, if they gave their true earth names, would be sent away. We do not mean by these remarks to be your judge, for it is enough for us to judge ourselves, but merely to give you a few hints, which may assist your judgment. M. G., CHELSEA.-Your communication in reference to the "lavenport Boys" is unavoidably deferred. It will be printed in our next issue.

-they allege that they have all the authority of the	li
past, and the Bible, to prove these to be true, and,	
therefore, all modern Spiritualists, as well as some	e
other reformers, are infidels. Well, you must be	l u
willing, if you want to advance along the pathway	t
of humanity, if you wish to rise into a leftier and	Įţ
holier appreciation of humanity, and through that	۲
of the Father, to become infidel to this monstrous	t
mathematical absurdity of the Trinity. Modern	J
Spiritualism does not consist in mere declamation,	j
but in the attempt to introduce into the great body	b
of God's children a recognition of their innate purity	1
and their progressive tendency. It consists of mag-	a
nificent, fundamental truths; that come forth from	8
the great fount of the universe, and that have ever	P
been sparkling in the coronet of nature, and it calls	i
on humanity to lift its eyes from the dark influences	n
of other days, to point its lens upwards, and reach	r
far out to the beaming developments of the future,	8
and read there the glorious divinity of man, as the	c
legitimate heir of the Infinite Divine. This is mo	e
dern Spiritualism; and while it assumes to 'do this	r
through the channels of the expanding intellect of	۲
the present, it also brings to bear every truth of the	8
past to aid in substantiating these developments of	Ú
the hour.	۱B
	ł

There is nothing in nature to demonstrate the assumptions of ecclesiasticism touching the Trinity, nothing in the Bible, nothing warrantable in the history of the Fathers.' Look back to the history of the earlier developments of Christianity, and you more beautiful will be your conceptions of humanity will find that for the first five centuries there was a constant, disputation going on among the earlier at moral perfection, strive to rise higher and higher. Christians, so called, particularly among the body of ecclesiastics, touching the character and interpretation of what was supposed to be divine revelation. The result was many different systems of ethics. You will find that many of the "Fathers of the church" disagree with each other touching what are denominated the truths of theology, and that further, concerning many of these so-called truths there never was any legitimate decision, and, consequently, many of the minds of modern Christendom are stumbling along the dark pathway of theology to-day, guided, or misguided, by ignes fatui-whilst Sinclair, of Scotland-and will continue through they persistingly reject the beautiful moral coruses | Thursday. tions of the present.

commenced the famous controversy between Athanasius, who promulgated the doctrine of the Trinity. and Arius, who attempted to inculcate the idea of the unity of God-which led to a long series of councils or conversations, (including the celebrated Council of Nice,) ningteen of which decided in favor of Franklin street, to No. 14 Bromfield street, where .: Arius, and nineteen in favor of Athanasius, and the dispute was terminated by the Council of Constanti- ostions. . The Banner can always be had at this nople, in 881, and which decreed, in, accordance with establishment. and it would be and the state of the sta inthe Council of Nice, that the doctrine of the Trinity of was true ; and about the beginning of the fifth gen- Nothing can bring you peace but yourself,

MASS STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION .--- A Mass State Temperance Convention will be holden at Fitchburg on the 7th and 8th of October. These meetings will commence on the afternoon of Wednes. day, the 7th, at half past two o'clock, with a grand meeting of the children-to be addressed by Mr.

Friends of Temperance of all organizations, are In the early part of the fourth century, there was invited to be present. Questions of great interest will come before the meeting.

Fares on the railroad from Boston to Fitchburg will be reduced.

REMOVAL. Bels | Marsh has removed his book-store from 15 may be found a large assortment of spiritual publinet etaniolog 3

٠. ·

For the task of the distance ther piece.

A TYPE FOUNDER at Buffalo has completely encase a ripe pear in a coat of copper, by the electrotype process, and expects to preserve the fruit for his children's children to eat. it aning our galantes | against the New York Times in a suit for libel.

FAILURES have been very common during the past two weeks, not only in this city, but in the other cities of the country. It is a hard pinch for the mercantile community.

JUDGE CURTIS' resignation of his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court has been accepted by the President, and his successor has already been selected. but not named.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, editor of the New York Herald, on Tuesday, gave bail in the sum of \$1000 to answer the complaint of libel, brought by Daniel E.

MR. WISE is shortly to make a balloon ascension in Newburyport. The citizens are getting up a subscription for the purpose.

It is thought that Rufus Choate will receive the appointment of Judge of the U.S. Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Judge

THE Connecticut State Fair will commence on Tuesday, Oct. 18, and hold three days. It is to be holden about one mile west from the city of Bridgeport, on the road to Fairfield.

ELI THAYER has purchased seven steam engines. equal to 540 horse power, for the saw and grist mills to be erected at his free soil city, Ceredo, in Virginia.

A WASHINGTON letter says that a grand plano, of Chickering's make, has been placed in the White House. Old Buck is determined to face the music.

F. L. OLNSTEAD, author of The Seaboard Slave States, has been appointed Superintendent of the New York Central Park.

The ball worm is committing ravages in the central counties of Alabama, destroying, in some instances, whole fields of cotton.

Sr. Louis is noted for the quantity and quality of her flour. Her capacity for manufacturing is said to be 1,000,000 barrels annually.

SIXTY.NINE new members entered Amherst College at the commencement of the present term.

ROBBERIES are reported to be quite common in suburban towns of late.

Five thousand boxes of herrings were caught at Newport, in one week, recently.

SNOW ON THE WHITE MOUNTAINS .--- The summit of Mount Washington was, on Thursday, covered with a na star phy

THE failures in all parts of the country come thick and fast. No one can tell who will go next.

The weather, during the past week, has been very fine, though at times rather cool.

THERE will be the usual cranberry crop this fall. in spite of the early worms.

A vEBDIOT of 6,1-4 cents has just been rendered

. T. C., PHILADELPHIA.-Your letter is acceptable, and will be printed seen. We are grateful for your kind words of encouragement.

T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLEOTIC PHYSICIAN, J. T. GILMAN FIRE, P. D. AND STREET TO THE OFFICE TO THE CHIzens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. Bept, 18 tf-25

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON .-- SUNDAY BERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, n Bunday, September 27th, at 3 and 7 1-9 o'clock P. M. Anna M. Henderson will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall. L. K. COONLEY will preach in Stoughton on Sunday, September 27th.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Lowell, September 27th. CANDRIDGEPORT .- Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Bunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'-

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

Lecturers and Medlums resident in towns and citics, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commis sions, and proper notice in our columns.

CHABLES H. CROWELL, Tranco-speaking and Healing Me ilum will respond to calls to lecture in the New England States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

H. N. BALLARD, Locturer and Healing Medium, Burling on. Vt.

L. K. CoonLEY, Tranco Speaker. Portland. Me. WM. B. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philidelphia, Pa,

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

II. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medlum. Address New Haven, Conn.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Medlums 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 quiot and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers, at 3 o'clock P. M., and 7 1-2 in the evening.

The Private circles if requested. This is one of the best opportunities to witness this class of Spiritual Phonomena, ever presented to our citizens. Every man can now satisfy himself as, to whether these manifesta tions 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 man-Restations, as they are given at a private residence. Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the

Corcles and direction of the second to the self care yiard

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 BARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

6

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XI .-- Continued.

Letter from Sir Charles Isham, Lamport Hall. Norhampton, to the Elitor of the Leader.

SIR: --Having observed in your journal of the 8th inst., a statement respecting the alleged spirit man-ifestations, from a correspondent who appears to have but partially investigated the matter, I take the liberty of transmitting to'you a few additional particulars. The writer of the article appears to have had but one interview ; he called the spirit of an old serwant-whether an intelligent one or not is not stated -and obtained to the several questions put apparently incoherent affirmatives or negatives, which he probably elicited by dwelling upon certain letters of the alphabet, and by obtaining raps through that means, or by discarding the alphabet and consider ing a rap to signify yes, and silence no. My own case, sir, was somewhat similar to that of your correspondent.

I, upon the first occasion, called the spirit of an old servant-the experiment was unsatisfactory ; 1 Pthen attempted to help him, but got on with difficul-ty; had I had the inclination, I feel confident answers could have been obtained equally absurd as those your correspondent prides himself with having

so ingeniously succeeded in obtaining. I, however, did not throw discredit on, or treat with scorn, the experience of others; I therefore determined to try again the next evening, believing that the failure rested either in myself or some other unknown cause. I called the spirits of two of my own nearest relations, who might, naturally, be supposed to be more intimately connected with myself they both presented themselves, giving proofs of their identity which could never have occurred to me to seek. I tested them in various ways. I was also anxious to ascertain whether by willing strongly, and dwelling upon wrong letters, I could obtain false answers, but failed to influence them in any way whatever, whether the alphabet was placed upon, or concealed under the table, and at each of the several successive interviews the rapport appears to be more thoroughly established ; whether I ask questions mentally or audibly, concise and clear answers will be given, excepting in some few instances, when no reply can be obtained.

So far as the moving of tables is concerned, I ob tained my request, during the second interview, in so satisfactory a manner, that I consider time may be more profitably employed than in seeking a rep etition of it ; it moved out of the reach of Mrs. Hav den, and soon after regained its former position ; i moved upon its axis in a peculiarly smooth, gliding manner; not the top only, but the whole table, as particularly observed, commencing with an almost invisible motion until it gained a rapid pace, and stopped suddenly. I immediately endeavored myself to produce a similar motion, but was unable.

I will conclude by stating that I have reason to consider Mrs. Hayden to be a lady possessed of courage, but, having a delicate and sensitive mind, any insults directed against her, whether personally or through the medium of the press, may be likely to have a tendency to disarrange and interrupt that ubtle and mysterious agency so intimately connected with our higher nature, which we may look forward to as promising to become, sooner or later, according to its reception, an additional grand and sublime source of enlightenment to all sober-minded persons of our own and future ages. May I venture to recommend those who determine to investigate for themselves, to refrain from publishing the crude ideas of an hour's experience, especially should they arrive at conclusions opposite to those of the thousands who have been making the subject their earnest and constant study during the past five years. C.E.I.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, The following letter, which was addressed to the Editor of the Leader, we insert, because it contains some excellent thoughts and much sound, practical wisdom : ·

Sin :--Permit me, if you conveniently can, the op-portunity of affording Mr. Lewes a peg on which to hang a few shreds of additional comments, in defence of his "hypothesis," relative to the Spirit-rapping "imposture."

Mr. Lewes considers that he has proved his hypothesis; but, if another explanation of the facts re-

BANNER OF INGHT. Correspondente.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

We have sadly neglected some of our correspon dents of late, but not because we did not appreciate their favors. Oh, no! for we find many an encouraging word penned therein; and kind words are lubricators to the machinery of the spirit, absolutely indispensable to an editor's happiness. They are so many assurances that his toils are appreciated, and with each signature he feels that his friends are increasing-friends he so much needs. They keep him acquainted with the movements of the busy world, and he sees where he can make a move to increase the sphere of his usefulness. An intimacy springs up between him and his correspondents which supplies a void in his heart, and if the budget of letters grows less in numbers, he feels a dis quietude as if all was not right in the great family he draws about him. Many a bright thought or a pleasing hint is given, and the world of humanity daguorreotypes a new life upon his soul, which never cast its light there before. Ofttimes there is some thing noted which will cheer the hearts of many absent and distant friends, and then these letters are public property. Friends in the West will glean something from the first on our list in reference to the movements of one of their mediums.

New London, Sept. 10, 1857.

BROTHERS OF THE BANNER-I have been induced to sit down and pen a few lines to you, for we have groped so long in darkness in this place in regard to spiritual things, that it is a matter of rejoicing to the friends of the cause of humanity, to see a faint spark of light glimmering, and they are anxious to ing in it some flower of rarest beauty; which, if fan the spark into a flame.

We have as it were been isolated from all the cachings of our spirit friends, while around and about us, the workers in the cause, have stood forth walk. If we could but feel this, what charity, what and proclaimed the good news to anxious, listening 5 1 . crowds.

But at last I believe the spell is broken, and we have been permitted to listen to four lectures given by the spirit through the organism of Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, of Albion, Mich., one of the best trancespeakers in our land. She endears herself to all who may come in contact with her by her amiable and retiring disposition. We would recommend her soberness. She gave two lectures on Sunday last: the one in the afternoon-subject given to her by the audience-was with regard to Christ's casting out the devils, and their entrance into the herd of swine. The lecture in the evening-subject given by the audience-was the proofs of the immortality of the soul, the existence of mind independent of acquainted with you, to send a word of greeting matter, and in regard to the final happiness of all from this section of the country. The good cause of earth's dwellers, or the eternal misery of a portion of the human family. This lecture was delivered by some of the most intelligent of the population among a spirit-friend, who designates himself as The Friend its friends. We have been favored with visits from to Humanity. A vast audience listened with profound attention to this lecture, and as it was finished. there seemed to be one long drawn breath from all strengthening by the words of truth and counsel. within the sound of her voice.

I think these lectures have awakened an interest in the cause, which will not be suffered to die out. We are in hopes that now the ice is broken, there not prove entirely without interest. will be others who labor for the cause who will come this way. They will find a ready welcome please send them along.

I really wish that there was some of your invaluable papers sent here for sale; there are those who time, quite an audience having assembled, he mounted that they get upon the subject, but are afraid to let in order was a song, with violin accompaniments; it be seen. There are a number of the Spiritual then the introduction of his medicine, detailing the Age and Telegraph sold here, but not one of the virtues it contained, and the vast benefit he was so

The next friend who writes us, reads us a lesson from nature, in this wise :---

BRYAN, Ohio, July 26, 1857. MESSRS. EDITORS-Being passionately fond of the poctry of Nature, I have this day been rambling amid the fields and woodlands of this north-western portion of Ohio.

In my meanderings, I wandered amid a dense mass of wild rose bushes in full bloom. The beautiful display of flowers begot in my heart the sweetest spirit of inspiration, and I reflected much upon the moral teachings of Nature in the lesson now open before me. These flowers are charmingly beautiful, but the stalks on which they grow are rough and thorny.

Prior to the outgrowth of the beautiful foliage which adorns them, they were as rude and uninviting as the lonely haunts of the wilderness: They are a fitting emblem of human nature in the immaturity of its development, before the graces of the spirit of love and wisdom come forth to shed their beautics and fragrance to all who may delight to witness the unfolding of the loveliness of human character.

When mankind live in the lower developments of avarice, selfishness and fraud, there is but the rude, thorny bush-and the carcless observer little dreams that there is an internal element in that thorny scrub, which will bring forth flowers and fragrance to "make the wilderness blossom as the rose." There are no examples of human nature, however rude and uncultivated, but may be, in the source of an unfolding future, formed to blossom with all thebeauties of a true and noble manhood or womanhood. J. C. R. a the la___

God has not made a human soul without implantcultivated as He designed it should be, would impart its fragrance and its loveliness to all around, adding to the splendor of that garden in which God loves to love we should bear our brother; and how we should seek to aid him in unfolding the petals of roses which are destined to bloom in immortal glory.

Now comes an account of a ludicrous manifestation of an opponent of Spiritualism, who probably learned his lesson from some of those Divines (divinity is scarce when titles are conferred by Colleges,) who exalt the devil so far above God and power, that men will soon begin to worship the old gent with to all who would listen to the words of truth and the cloven foot, who displays his prowess so extensively, in preference to a God who cannot, or will not, manifest to his creatures

FELTONVILLE, MASS., Aug. 10, 1857.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER :- Dear Sir-Perhaps it may not be deemed intrusive in one personally unexcites considerable interest here, and numbers Mrs. Townsend, Miss Amedy, Coonley, and others, who have left a good impression; cheering and

We have also been favored with a solution of this " mysterious delusion," from the other side, and perhaps a short account of the way it is settled will

Well, one pleasant evening last week, the quiet of our little village was broken by the noisy entrance from the few tried friends of our beloved cause- of an itinerant medicine pedlar, who rode through the town, announcing an out-door entertainment in front of the hotel, at seven o'clock. At the appointed would buy, but are afraid to subscribe; who are yet his wagon, and drawing from beneath the seat a vioashamed to own their God as seen in his wonderful | lin, commenced by making a few remarks on most works. There are many in this place who read all every subject, and no subject in particular. Next Boston papers. I have hastily written this, and anxious to confer upon suffering humanity, all for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents. After having exhausted everything else, he turned his attention to "Sniritualism." and delivered himself something after the following manner :---

great interest to all who witnessed the scene. She had been an invalid for a number of years, and had suffered much; but the belief in the Spiritual phepart, in those last hours she had her consciousness, ly." (This brother passed on four weeks previous.) time with the Professor who is loudest in denounctomb, a large circle of friends being formed around twenty minutes in its delivery. J. W. G.

> THE "GANARGWA LETTERS." PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4, 1857.

Branch from Mud Creek, under the caption of Ganargwa Letters. I saw number one, in which some allusions were made to the origin of the spiritual manifestations at Hydesville, N. Y. Among the falsehoods, I remember, was the statement that the whole thing was concocted as a trick for the first of Apriland was not intended to be carried any farther at the time. These letters are under the name of "Bertha Mortimer," and, as I supposed the first one to be written by some school Miss, (like much of the gossip in the same paper,) who wanted to say something on the order of fiction, I did not deem it worth noticing.

Now, here comes "Ganargwa Letter, No. 2." manifestations as first noticed at Hydesville. We don't know who Bertha Mortimer is or where she lives, but one of two things we know concerning herand wilful romancer. Hear her :-

"We place Spiritualism in the class of Humburs. first-because it was started for an 'April fool,' and second, because wherever thoroughly investigated it has been proved to retain a large share of its original served him, in relation to the matters about which I haraoter.

Here the first falschood is that it was got up as an It is one of Bertha's fabrications.

The testimony of Michael Meekman and his wife, same noises, about one year before the noise was heard five and found a lengthy communication addressed have others assist in finding the cause. (See " Mod- to him. rn Spiritualism, its Facts and Fanaticism." chan, 2.)

MEDIUMSHIP OF J. V. MANSFIELD. FRANKLIN, N. H., Sept. 2d, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS-Having heard of the powers: of nomena had buoyed up her spirit to the last; and Mr. J. V. Mansfield to answer letters unopened, and although the material body was diseased in every sealed with every procaution the writer might please to use to make it certain that the envelope had not and called for each of her friends in the house, and been disturbed, I addressed a letter to the "spirit" of taking each by the hand, had something to say to Rev. Isaac Knight, formerly a settled Congregational them in regard to her exit from this to the better minister in this place, and who closed his earthly land. She said, I see many of my spirit friends life about eight years since. My letter embodied bending over me, and they hold in their hands beau- several questions, a part of which concerned our mutiful bouquets, and welcome me to come." She was tual experience while he was in the form. I folded very earnest that the friends 'around should see it in the usual way, and run my gluten brush round them. She said, "I see my brother George distinct | the two ends and the lower edge and placed it in a buff envelope, completely sealing the envelope to the On the Monday following I attended the funeral, and letter; then closed it in the usual way by wetting the Unitarian meeting house was thrown open for the gluten. But to make it doubly secure, I applied the funeral services, which were performed through scaling wax and stamped it with a stamp of my own the organization of Miss Ross Amedy, assisted by design, and unlike, I think, any other in the world. the Rev. Mr. Alger, who, I have been informed, Upon the envelope was simply the letter A. I enclosgraduated from the same institution, at the same ed this letter, so securely sealed, in a common envelope, and addressed it to J. V. Mansfield, Boston. ing mediums. It did many souls good to see the Not having heard from my letter, and being in Bos-Aberal feeling exhibited on the occasion. The ad- ton some weeks after its date, I called on Mr. Mansdress through Miss Amedy was of the most exalting field and found him sitting at his desk, with three or and soul soothing nature, and upon meeting at the four hundreds of letters lying before him to be answered. He was busy giving an answer to a letter the casket, Miss Amedy was entranced, and a beau- before him. On its completion, I inquired for mine, tiful poetical address was delivered, occupying some and looking over the pile of letters before him I found it, unanswered. He placed his left forefinger upon it for a few minutes, and then observed that he thought he would not be able to answer it at that time. I proposed to take it and change the questions, Somebody. I see, is writing letters to the Olive but he preferred to have me leave it, as he thought he might be able to answer it at some subsequent time. I decided to do so, and left his office, thinking the probability was very small that I should ever receive answers to my questions, and with no intention of calling on him again while I remained in the city, as I was to leave the next day.

This was in the morning. In the afternoon I called on Miss Munson, a trance medium in your city, and while receiving a communication from a spirit child, I inquired whether there were any other spirits present, and received the response that there was a gentleman there, and immediately the name of Isaac Knight was given. (This was the name addressed It in my letter to Mr. Mansfield.) I desired him to oberly pretends to give a history of the origin of the | take possession of the medium, and after a little conversation, I said, "Are you aware that I have addressed a letter to you through Mr. Mansfield ?" He replied that "he was, and did the very best he she is either ignorant of the whole matter, or a gross could to answer the interrogatories, but that it was very difficult for him to control the medium to write." I then inquired, " Have you actually answered my letter ?" He said he had, so far as his memory made inquiry. Thinking still he might have in his mind the attempt to reply when I was at Mr. Mans-April fool," and the second is that when investi. field's in the morning, I said. " Do you mean to have gated it has been proved to be a humbug. It did not me understand that there is a reply written out for commence on the first of April or very near it. No me?" The answer was unequivocally given, "Yes, history of it gives any grounds for such a statement. there is." After a somewhat protracted conversation with him, which was entirely characteristic of himself when in the form, and in which he evinced taken by E. E. Lewis, Esq., April 11, 1848, shows a knowledge of matters at Franklin, which could be

that they lived in the house afterwards occupied by possessed by no person who had not once been familthe Fox family, and that they were disturbed by the liar with them, I went directly to Mr. Mansfield's ofby the Fox family. Others testify to the same thing : to myself, and signed properly by his own name, and but they had not the courage to disclose the facts be- with unmistakable reference to my interrogatories, fore, for fear of being ridiculed. Two witnesses answering some clearly and distinctly, and, in one testify that the same things occurred there as early instance, by repeating my question almost word for as 1814. It is well attested that the "mysterious word, and then following with the answer. Others rapping " was heard in the house before the Fox were answered in a more general manner, but when family occupied it. The nearest the truth Bertha a distinct reply was wanting, the reasons were given. gets is about the first of April, for the neighbors But what, perhaps, was more remarkable, he saw were first called in by the Fox family on the evening clearly my motive for addressing him these interrogof the 31st of March; but this was after they had atories, which was special, and replied to it distinctbeen repeatedly alarmed by the noise, and wished to | ly, no allusion to which was contained in my letter

I cannot publish my letter, or the reply, without an unwarrantable interference with the sacredness of private relations. There were but two persons, besides myself, who knew anything of the contents of we will only say that the many searching tests that were equally desirous with myself, to test the matseen or communicated with Mr. Mansfield. This, however, is not only confirmatory of Mr. Mansfield's powers as a medium in answering letters, however closely sealed. but it is another proof of the already lent and reliable trance medium for communica-tions. G.,

corded by him be possible, what becomes of the "proofs" he so confidently relies on? Suppose, then, the spirits summoned to the seance, saw through Mr. Lewes' scheme, and felt disposed to gratify him with his proof? Here is another hypothesis, which many as cau-

thous critics as Mr. Lowes may be disposed to ac-cept, quite as readily as his own. He does not hes-itate to impute, by anticipation, imposture to others, nor, in the realization of his hypothesis, to "act" an imposture himself; why should the " spirits " be denied their revenge upon him? Are there no wags out of the body as well as in it? Are we to dictate to the wag above how he is to treat the wag below?

Again, sinking the idea of waggery : concede that there is quackery, ignoble imposture, in the Spirit-medium profession-that the base and unworthy have, in this as in most other relations, however sa ored, become mixed up with the pure and true-may not Mr. Lewes' crucial instance, and its results, have been seen to be needful, as a caution and a guide to inquirers, and on this ground, "acted" by the spirits?

But further. Mr. Lewes' hypothesis does not cover the whole facts of the phenomena. It does in no way explain the unexceptionably attested cases, recorded in the American literature on the subject, and in the records of private investigation into which the vulgar notion of imposture, besides being excluded by the very nature of the occurrences described, is, on other grounds, wholly inadmissible. How, for instance, does it apply to the following case :-- A pair of scissors are held by the points, by a "medium," over a sheet of writing paper. One of the persons present drops a pencil into the thumb-hole of the scissors. Presently the pencil begins to move, and the signature of a person known to be dead appears! father, or other near relatives of the person is present, and, from some peculiarity in it, disputes the ganuineness of the signature. The recent letters of the person are appealed to, and in these the very same peculiarity is found, and the exact correspondence of the two signatures demonstrated.

This case is reported in Horace Greely's paper, the Thibune, and, if I mistake not, he vouches for the honor and capacity of his correspondent, who gives the original letter of the father, or relative of the alleged spirit writer. I mention it from memory, but am certain the main facts of the record are as stated.

I have myself seen nothing of the "rapping" ex-periments. I have, however, seen so much of other equally mysterious things, that I hesitate to accept an explanation of the "rappinge," which implies .so much oredulity on the one side, and so much depray ity on the other. Having briefly thrown a new test before your ac-

complished collaterateur, I await his ever genial, however trenchant, criticism. " A."

And am, sir, yours truly, Liverpool, March 24th, 1853. [To be continued.] A start in all to

Lemons are recommended for dropsy, in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial "in the most hopeless cases. The first day one, lemon was "given, after taking the peel off, and cutting it up into mail pieces; in mgar ; the two following days three of following civen, and atterwards eighteen every days in were given, and atterwards eighteen every days every case the water came off the seventh day.

therefore you must excuse the mistakes, and take the will for the deed.

By the way, there are two friends who have been seeking a test from a spirit friend by a communication through Mrs. Conant, to be published in the I am, respectfully, Banner.

Yours in the cause, H. C.

New London is supplied with papers from New York; but if our friend will send us the name of the it attentively, we will find the good Book gives acperiodical-dealer there, we will endeavor to see that the Banner floats there, as proudly as it does else- similar manifestations, from the time of the Witch where. If the spirits communicate, we shall publish with pleasure.

from a friend in Philadelphia, who has some doubts of having a familiar spirit." of the honesty of a medium in this city, and asks if "the friends in Boston are satisfied that he is dealing honestly." He adds, "My love of the cause will nity by his worthless traps, and has got rich by it; not induce me to keep any 'gammon' dark for its and he forgot to tell his audience whether Moses and sake. The cause of truth is not to be forwarded by Elias were sent to the mount by the devil, or if the fraud."

expose any fraud or imposition when well proven. glorious proofs of spirit power were left unexplained, But in this case it does not follow that there is a probably for want of time. fraud, because your affair is not attended to. The gentleman you speak of would undoubtedly answer around, and if it is of any use to you, use it, if not, your letter, did the spirit see fit to prompt him. I throw it in your receptacle for waste paper. The The fact that you have not received an answer is Banner finds some readers here, and may it find still some evidence that there is no fraud intended. If more, for it contains many gems of thought, and he manufactured answers; he would be likely to words of cheer, that have an influence for good, and attend to you. No medium is perfect in his powers, help to raise the fallen, and, like those of old, bind and some spirit may find that lacking in the organism, which is necessary for him to manifest through, He does not guarantee answers, and no medium can do so, or will, if he understands the nature of communication between the two states of existence. We think he honestly attends to his letters, and transmits answers when received. It is his interest so to do-it is his business to submit to spirit control for this purpose. We have seen some fine tests given through him. We have heard some complaints, not of dishonesty, but of failure to completely satisfy the parties applying to him. And what medium is successful under all circumstances? We have never seen one-and in the present state of the matter, the thing is not to be had. About four fifths of those who address him receive answers, many of them really surprising in their nature.

A stranger has called upon us and given us proo of the medium's powers, just as we finished the above sentence. A father, from whom nothing had been heard since the son was an infant, answered a letter giving his own name, and, addressing it to the

"I believe in Spiritualism, and I do not believe it. I am satisfied, after due investigation, that the raps are caused by something, more than human agency. Now, the question is, what is it? Let us go to the Bible for a key to unlock this mystery; if we study

counts all the way through of the devil producing of Endor, who was a medium, down to Christ's time. And then look at the mediums : who are they ? Their

Sometimes we are called upon to set a friend characters will not bear five minutes investigation, right, and clear up a lurking doubt which hangs but are worthless and mean, going about the country over his mind like a pall. Of this nature is one gulling money from the people, under the pretence

This, by the way, came with good grace from one who has spent most of his life gulling the commusame noted personage opened Peter's dungeon and

We hold it to be the duty of the true friends to knocked the chains from his limbs; and many other

I have written a hasty sketch of what is going on up the broken heart, and dry the mourner's tears H.

Well, if this devil continues to give us as good counsel as he has for some years past, we don't see but what mankind will be the gainers in the end by transferring their allegiance from the Unknown God. But what if those who ory out "devil," should some day find that it was only the ugly film which ignorance and bigotry had placed before their eyes, and through which they looked, which clothed their loving Father in hideousness, while he looked on with pity at their misconception of his character? This day will come, if all who recognize the True God in Spiritualism will only live in his love, as did His beloved Son, showing that they are of God as he was, because they do the work of Him who sent them forth as pioncers in the last revelation to man.

INTERESTING FUNERAL.

MESSES. EDITORS-Oft have I been called upon to be with the sick during the last moments prior to son. There was nothing in either letter giving any the spirit taking its flight to the more glorious sphere clue to names, and as the son does not reside in Boston | beyond. But the case of Mrs. Horsee Bigelow, of and was a stranger to the medium, the test was con- Mariboro', whose spirit left the material form on

So much for the Olive Branch's correspondent on the first of April.

On the assertion that wherever it has been thor. oughly investigated, it has proved to be a humbug, my letter until after it was answered; and they have been applied give this an emphatic contradic. ter truly, and have, to my certain knowledge, never. tion. Hear Bertha again :----

"The account which they gave of its appearance is nearly as follows: In the early part of the Spring, the youngest daughter, being confined to her bed by indisposition, was disturbed by strange noises, and well known character of Miss Munson as an exceloft repeated raps, which increased in violence until the poor girl begged to be removed. The noises followed her through different parts of the house, until. wearied out, she made some impatient remark; as if addressed to the cause of the disturbance, when lo! a response of three distinct raps was heard ! Again she addressed it, and again received the same response."

False, every word of it- "The youngest daughter (Kate) was not sick, she did not beg to be removed, else in particular, and the family never gave any such account. The story about her addressing the sounds and getting three distinct raps, is equally false. then said, count ten, and it counted." This was the name is David." beginning of intelligent communication. "Bertha" 80.V8 :---

that a negative answer was indicated by silence, and by three raps an affirmative was to be understood."

So far from this being true at this time, this system was not arrived at in two years from the commencement.

This same girl, or silly man, disguised under a zirlish name, expresses astonishment at the credulity of " respectable people," and says the ghost story was believed "by many even, who knew the charac ter of the originators." Let us ask the public to institute a comparison between the family of Mr. Fox and Bertha Mortimer. Let her come out from her ambush, give her real name and go with us to the Hydes, the Scottons, and other well-known families in that neighborhood. They will tell us of the standing of the Fox family up to the time of this occurrence. We presume they never attempted to injure any person by publishing falsehood and slan. der about them.

·. · · · ·

A GOOD TEST.

. . .

Somerville, Sept. 9, 1857. MESSRS. EDITORS-A short time since, while on a

visit, with my wife, at my father's house in Northfield, Mass., she received a letter from a cousin in New Hampshire. Some time after she remarked that the sounds did "not; at first, follow her, or any one she would like to answer the letter, but had entirely forgotten the Christian name of the gentleman with whom this cousin resided, and inquired of me if I remembered the name. I told her my impression Nothing of the kind ever occurred. More falsehood was that his first name was James, to which she recould scarcely be crowded into the same space. The plied, "Yes, I think that is it," and while deliberfirst idea of there being any intelligence about it, ating on what course to pursue, some unseen influwas from Kate striking her hand on the bed and ence took possession of her hand and wrote mechanihearing the sounds repeated. Mrs. Fox says, "I cally-"I will give you the desired information-his

We did not think it quite advisable to entirely rely upon this statement, as we were both impressed "Somehow the spirit gave them to understand that could not be the name, but still thought it was James, when her hand was again seized as before, and wrote out-" His name is David." and signed it "Cousin Horace." This spirit, "Cousin Horace," was a cousin of the one addressed, as well as to my wife, and known by her to be a reliable spirit, through whom she had before received good tests; consequently the letter was written and directed to the care of David, instead of James. After our return home, a day or two since, the subject came to our minds, and my wife went in search of some of her former letters, received from the abovenamed cousin, which she found, and one read thus-"Direct my letters to the care of David _____," thus confirming the truth of the statement of "Cousin Horace." C. F. F.

PRE-VISION.

Sr. Louis, Sept. 14, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS-I wish to place on record the Mr. Editor, it may not be thought worth while to second sight," but which further researches proves to notice such things as, this ; but the Olive Branch is be a faculty possessed by some clairgoyant mediums. a religious paper as well as literary, and it is sup On Oct. 19th; 1856, Mr. Stovenson, a Sootchinan was posed to endorse anything written against Spiritual- walking from the fair grounds, when he halled ism, and to cover, up fall such falsehoods with its carriage containing three persons. He said to une, mouth of sanctity. Hence it has an influence, and "Is your name Tom Tallis ?" (who assented.) (Then should be exposed when lending its columns for the he said, " I had a dream last night that dies within sildred very good and falsehood (and and a dream last night such and occasion of spread of ignorance and falsehood. (carriage and horse with three persons in the valide

with promises of immortality. Yours, &c., and that I should stop it and say to a person just like you-that your name is Tom Tallis, and that you will be a dead man within eighteen months."

Of course Tom Tallis does not believe this; but we shall see what will come of it, and you shall be informed of the result, whatever it may be.

A. MILTENBERGER.

STAFFORD, Conn., Sept. 21, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS-It may interest some of your readers to know that several persons in this village are interested in the new doctrine of Spiritualism. For several months a circle has met weekly .- One among those comprising the circle is a medium, through whom advanced and genial spirits communicate thoughts and instructions to the incarnate. freely and profitably. Others in the circle are being developed, some in one way and some in another, into a state of susceptibility to receive impressions from the unscen. Some frequent the circle simply "as inquirers after facts which may be adapted to convince them that the spirits of departed loved ones do linger around us, and seek for opportunities I saw somewhat of Spiritualism, before I left earth, to commune with us. I was allowed to be one of the but I could not fully believe. Yes, yes, somewhat circle for a single evening, and was pleased to see has been done, but not much. When I look abroad circle for a single evening, and was pleased to see among the disciples to the "good tidings," some of those in the community who have great love for the truth, great boldness in avowing what they believe, 1 return. and who, moreover, have a large and known social influence. Every reader of your paper will of course infer that this circle is much spoken against by those who "don't know, and who don't want to know," anything about the new point reached by the pro gress of the age. The circle, however, will not abandon its mission, until the good it may do is accomplished. Its members will live and pray in sympathy with the multitude which no man can now num. ber of those who feel that they walk with God, and Love and Charity upon Samuel Upham. He is a medi-'are surrounded by his blessed angels.

3

Yours, &c.,

WALTHAN, Mass., Sept. 24, 1857.

D.

MESSAS. Eprrons-I wish to state the facts concerning a girl about twelve years of age, who called on me while in Sutton, Canada East, for my advice and assistance in removing a scrofula tumor the size sick. We shall inquire more particularly about it of a common saucer, that projected upon the surface of the stomach. It had been located there one year and a half, and all the efforts to remove it had failed. She called on me in the after part of the day, August 20th. I placed my hand upon the tumor and made a few manifestations; then requested her about 30 miles east of Boston. I died of fever, and to call on me the next morning, which she did, but was between 60 and 70 years of age. If I had lived the tumor was gone, leaving no traces of it ever a few weeks longer on earth, I should have been having been there. I inquired of her to know what seventy years old. I have a wife with me, or she had become of it. She replied that "It all went off

PROGRESSION.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. Exma A. KNIGHT, Roxbury.]

All things are progressive. Nothing can be hastened, or made to improve faster; but each has its Young man, I am unhappy, and I know not which limited course-as the drop falls from the rock, form- way to turn to find true happiness, except it be to ing a pool, and then a brook, and then a river, and come back and administer justice to those who have lastly, the ocean. As the flower must first burst the seed, and display its tiny twin-leaves, from which child Caroline to have one-third of my earthly poscometh the stalk, branch and flower-as stone by stone is laid to form the building-as weeks follow days, and so on to eternity; as the child makes the man, so everything in life, in nature, is progressive. I never heard of Spiritualism, knew nothing about Time bringeth all things; therefore wait patiently it. I have told all I came to tell, now I'll go. It his footsteps, for he cannot be hurried; and whoever was very hard for me to get here. Your medium reattempts to pass him must go back, or await his fused, on account of my unhappy looks, for her spirit coming-and giving him the deference his age de. mands, allow him to precede him. Time truly bring- and thus try to repay her for her yielding to me. eth all things: to one pleasure, to another unhappi- You print a sheet, my daughter reads it; I comness; to one a birth, to another a loss; to one flow- menced my work before I came here, you see, and I ers, to another disappointment, and yet he is by no means unjust, for in the end all are treated alike; a little south, but bearing more to the east. My therefore when thy gift is not what thou choosest, daughter lives near Blackstone. Mass. wait patiently his movements and he will surely bring it at last-all gifts are evenly divided. He who hath his good things on earth must have his he who hath evil things on carth, or troubles and cares, is taught to feel for the misfortunes of others, and thus in being unselfish, in trying to relieve his ness hereafter: the ground is ready to receive the good seed, which shall take root and flourish. yielding some sixty and some an hundred fold. Happy is the man who receiveth the ills of earth in this manner, but misery to him on whom the lesson is lost. in whom it causeth bitter and revengeful feelings. for such meet with no good until the heart is capable of receiving it. Time has no limit, no end; therefore all may be made happy at last-all may progress. though it take ages. Therefore have patience through all evils : how triffing they will seem when you look back upon them in the dim past. Look forward to happiness, and never see sorrow until it is upon you ; freshed by its chastened drops-making the sun of happiness more beautiful by contrast. Have pity is unwilling to stay when her more brilliant sister happiness is hovering near-sorrow leaveth the heart dim past and is forgotten. This alone should teach us our destiny, should shape our ends. To try and spirit of A. F.

evil things hereafter, for constant indulgence teaches it is no use for mortals to think they do wrong, and not the heart charity or friendly feeling for another, nobody knows it, for there is more than one God to therefore must the evil follow, not as a consequence hear and see. For I am told He is in all His chilof the good, but from the way it was received; but dren, and if so, Ho sees all and knows all that His fellow-man, he is made capable of receiving happifor like a black cloud on a summer day, it cometh sunk some in the estimation of themselves and many quickly and is quickly gone-leaving the heart re- around them, they are ready to wrap themselves up for those who, in trouble, shut their hearts and ence, and strive to profit by that lesson, Peace, Proslook downward, embracing sorrow as a dear friend who almost as soon as she enters, while happiness abideth | crafts, I find, are built strong and substantial-some forever, and cannot be driven away. The memory of her is unfading, while sorrow shrinks away in the make yourselves worthy of all this is a small request for the great Father to make. And may all hearts nances. Others quiet-peace scems to be with them, be ready for the good seed which is now falling-and for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for they know those they have sailing upon these for the sailing the sail bring an abundant harvest, is the prayer of the

The Messenger.

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

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

their friends and relatives on earth. By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that be-yond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but Fixitz beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will induce people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their Exacon, because they have been advised by them to do it. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted-only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

An Appeal for Charity.

I come for good, not for evil. Two years ago, I was on earth, one of your number. I died of consumption in Randolph, Mass. I have a brother here in your city who is suffering for the necessaries of life. Shall I come in vain, or shall I ask those who have plenty to, bestow a portion of their gold upon He is sick and needs aid, and for that I come. him. upon those who are blessed with plenty, and then look at my own and see them suffering, I can but bear with me some leaves of sorrow, of anxiety when

You ask, or-perhaps will ask, is he able to work? I answer, no. You ask, does he love to be independent? I answer, yes. But the hands of those who have supported him are too weak.

I cannot tarry long, because I am not acquainted with controlling your medium. I have blessings for my parents, blessings for my friends, but I came particularly to crave blessings for my brother. Publish this in the columns of your waving Banner, that mortals may see it, and each one give their mite.

Yes, bestow a little human kindness in the way of um-you know him; go seek him out. Your pardon for coming, but the great spirit teaches us in the spirit life to do good, and why should we not? Marvel not at my coming, for I am sent here, and I could not resist the power which sent me.

This communication was given without any thought on our part of the circumstances, and all we know about it is, that a medium by that name is in time to notice it in our editorial columns.

Jesse Haskell.

I said I will persevere, peradventure I may succeed. I am an old man, and sorrow seems to be my lot. Near three years ago I left earth, in a place who bore that title when on earth, and I have another also on earth. And to her I wish to speak. I wish in the night after you rabbed it. It had not return-her to deal honestly, soberly, and in the fear of God and when I left one week after. C. C. YORK. oline. For many a long, long month, my child stayed away from me, and even when I lay upon my bedmy last sickness, her presence was denied me. And when I left, all that I left was taken from her, from my child, who is in need. Can I rest? So can the sea after a storm.

I owned a farm-some money, and I wish my sessions. Should this be effected, I can rest ; should it not, I cannot, unless it pleases Divine Wisdom to bestow the comforts of life upon that child in some other way.

said, I have unhappiness within my own doors; but I will now draw away a portion of her unhappiness, have finished it here, and hope to pass away from earth. I was about east thirty miles from here and

May I do good in coming, and may those to whom we come know, that although w that though we sleep, we are awake, and that though we have passed on, we can hear, and see, and do, and children do or think. Good day, young man, and remember that God will answer your prayer if it is made in Faith-for that is the only messenger which draws down bles sings upon God's children when they ask.

I come to make peace to units that which has been divided-to gather golden sheaves of wheat around that which is starving for spiritual food, that they may hunger no more ... thirst no more,

I am at work silently for those I love; slowly and in time I shall overcome all folly, and bring all where the great Creator would have it. I shall establish Love there, and the morning of the first Resurrection shall in time dawn upon my loved ones. Send my epistle to William Cash, as coming from Joseph Cash. rom the spirit land. Sept. 10th.

Henry Sabine.

This spirit endeavored to throw the medium into the trance state, but was unable to do so, although he seemed to have very strong possession of her. He wrote very easily and plainly, as one would who was accustomed to using the pen. He wrote :---

I am Henry Sabine. I died from the bite of a rattlesnake, in California. I was bitten while asleep. I belonged in Boston. I want to tell my friends that had a river, about three miles from yourself. I only I am happy. Tell Lucy she was the last one I stopped there two or three days. I lived in Auburn thought of. Tell Alfred I wish him to have my before going there. I went out from York State in watch. Tell them that everything was done to save me. I blessed God for the relief I found in death. Tell them I have met mother, our dear mother, and HENRY SADINE. am not dead. 🧳 🦿

This influence was very powerful, and rather injurious to the medium. She seemed to be affected with stagnation of the blood, and partial paralysis of the left side, more especially the left arm, where it was said he was bitten. It was with difficulty, and by the use of restoratives, that the pulse could be brought and Marston, and Church, or Charles (his right name) up to a proper movement, and proper warmth be restored to the body. If any one thinks the position of a medium an enviable one, it would be well for them to witness such a manifestation. During the time this influence was being thrown off. Dr. Kittredge, the controlling spirit, had the most complete possession of the medium which we ever witnessed. using her form with much more ease than did the medium, on recovering consciousness. He used the organs of sight to measure the restoratives, the arms to force taking them with the system, to watch the movements of the pulse, and carried on conversation at intervals.

It was a manifestation such as is to be seen only occasionally, and by patient attendance at circles where all spirits are permitted to control.

Olive Nickerson, Cape Cod.

We come to earth to hold converse with our friends. We come to teach those we love to walk in Wisdom's ways. We come to lead them away from Temptation, and lead them beyond sin. How true it is that mortals are prone to doubt. How true that they live covered with a veil of mystery; for they fear to the measles. I got cold, mother said, after they launch forth into the future, because they know not came out. Mother has gone to California; she talked of it. They fear to be guided by those who have of it before I died, for Uncle Charles wanted her to passed into the future, because they cannot see us. They are led to doubt the existence of a Creator, because they cannot see that Creator. I, at this time. come to bear love to my children. I come to scatter buds of peace in the pathway of all I love on earth. and to inspire them with Hope, and teach them that the life they now abide in is passing, and soon they must come up hither. One after another of our family is coming here, and as one after another comes to us in darkness, wo are led to earth, that ther lives close by Valley Forge, in California-that they may no more come here in darkness, when there is so much oil to be had for their lamps. I wish them to seek and find ; I wish them to make themselves acquainted with the great truths that are coming down from Heaven; I wish them to pray constantly for light, and I am sure they will reoeive it.

receive those I love on earth. I do not come to de- ther did not live there long, but she was born up stroy their peace of mind, but to add to it. My there, and uncle, too; but he lived in Boston and New name was Olive Nickerson. Yes, I will tell youmy people live at Cape Cod-nearly all my friends.

This last paragraph was in answer to our mind, not to an audible question. Spirits talk not by spirit to spirif. It is called Intuition.

Here is a clear case where the idea in our mind was conveyed to the spirit, and an answer returned Mother said when she made candy, I could always have come from our mind, nor that of the

Ben Collier, a California Miner.

At this sitting we were attended by a physician who was in California at the time this spirit speaks of, and it was he whom the spirit recognized. So many cases like this came under the observation of the Doctor, that he could not call to mind the circumstances, but the names of places alluded to were correct, and times mentioned.

I cannot understand how to produce sound. It is very hard to do so. You stopped with me four hours in 1853, thousands of miles from here. I had a hard time-rain, wet, cold, and in misery-like to hell. I can't manage well. I want you to help me now. I don't know where I am to go-heaven or hell. Shall I go to heaven? Then I am safe. You don't know me, doctor, at all., I was called nothing but Joe-my name was Ben Collier-that's my honest, right name. You were called to see me about four or five hours before death. Bill called you. There was four of us together, and I took sick. I was forty-five years old, had a small river tent, on the North Fork of Ameribefore going there. I went out from York State in-1851.

I left something like two thousand dollars in gold dust, well washed. Bill had it-I thought him to be honest. I have one sister-my wife died since me. The sister is poor, and needed all I had-that's what I came for. Bill was, the last time I saw him, settled in San Jose. There is nothing like trying to get that money for my sister. I came because I could not rest about it. Do you remember saying to me, 'I'll do the best I can, and you must be quiet." Bill, were with me-we banded together and swore fidelity, but some of these fellows are cut-throats. We met on the Isthmus.

My sister's name is Martha Lewis-she is a widow, and when I was there she was in Brooklyn, N. Y., and takes care of children, or did then. I do not know where she is now. I had a letter before I was taken sick, and I wrote her. Her letter was in a canvns bag with likenesses and other things valua-ble to a fellow away from home.

This medium is very desirous of regaining posses. sion of her body. I do not want to go for myself, but for her. Now how shall I go without doing injury ?

You should know Bill; he went for you and told me you was coming; if you should ever see him, straighten him out. Well, then, I will go, if you Bay 80.

Sept. 8th. John Henry Emerson.

I want to talk, but it's hard to get here and get fixed right. You see, sir, I have been dead about two years; I know there is a way for dead folks to talk, and I want to do it.' I used to sell candy. Mother used to make it, and I used to sell it. I see my sister among the folks around here, but I can't speak to her. She has been dead a long time. I died of come out to him. Father went away, and we never heard from him. I was six years old in January, 1855, but I don't know what time I died, they it was in warm weather. Mother used to learn me to make figures on the slate, and those are the figures, I think. You see father did not leave us any money, and she used to wash until she heard from Uncle Charles, who wrote to her to come to be his housekeeper, and said he could make use of me. My sister says mowas not where she was going before I died. My mother's name was Emerson. My father's name was John, and my uncle's, Charles Henry ; mine was John Honry, part after my father and my uncle. Such a nice time I had when I died! I saw lots of Such a nice angels, and they rested me and fixed me, and gave me lots of things. I saw mother cry, and I could I have a great desire to speak to my friends in not see why she did it. Won't you please to send private; I have much to give them that I cannot this to my mother. My Uncle Charles' name is give you. Oh, may I in time be received as I would Johnson, and he used to live in Henniker. My mo-

York. Soon as I died I saw angels; I did not know I was dead at all, but I expected to die, for they all said so. Mother used to make me take pennyroval tea, and I had got sixteen coppers she gave me for taking itsound with each other, but thought is conveyed from a cent at a time-I guess she has got them now. I've been here lots of times, but I could never get any help; but to day I got help, and am here.

audibly through mediumistic powers, but the answer buy it.

had \$50 when I was sick, and I don't believe they used it all. We raised wheat, corn, potatoes, squashes and all such kind of things. We had 25 sheep, and six of them were mine. I came here in 1841; I think so, because I was 25 years old in that year, and I ... never lived to be any older than that. What year is it now? 1847? Aint you mistaken? I am very happy now; I did not like to work very well, only when I wanted to. I should like to have Polly read this. Mary is her name, but I used to call her Polly, to hector her a little.

7

They say I must learn to write-that's more than I learned on earth ; we poor folks can't always learn as much as rich ones. I could read a little, though. Well, I think I had better be going, and as you say I must always do what I think is right, I'll bid you good bye. Sept. 16

Here we have a communication from a spirit who shows a very easy disposition, well contented with small things, and not disposed to exert himself to progress even while on earth. He passed to the spirit life with the same emotions, and has been there sixteen years, with the same contented feeling, amounting to indolence, so that he has remained stationary, as it were, until this morning, when a spirit who controls our circle, asked him if he did not want to converse. In conversation, we have not written. he said he did not know but what he was happy enough-never had thought about being any more so, but finally concluded he would try to do a little better, and endeavor to desire more happiness, and deserve it.

Spirits often come to earth to learn their first lesson in the dutics of spirit life.

William H. Lannan.

The weary men of earth ofttimes sigh for repose. So it was with me; when worn out by fatigue, and my physical body seemed fast giving away beneath it, I sighed for a home-a home beyond earth. Now I have found that rest, and I now return to speak with my friends and ask them to so acquaint themselves with that future, that they shall rest without fear. I was a mechanic when on earth. I toiled hard for my daily bread ; I succeeded in laying up a small amount of worldly goods, and then I left. I had children, and I come to them. I was born in New York State, near Buffalo, and was reared there. I have children living in that State now. My body roposes beneath the earth, and I repose beyond the skies and beyond sorrow. This is my first coming, and I think I shall be pleased to come again. I have had hard calls for me, but have never had the way clear for me to do so until this time, and now I find it difficult, owing to the medium's condition. I cannot stny longer-I would if I could. My name was William II. Lannan. I told you I was, I believe, one of the middle class of people, sometimes called mehanics, those who puzzle their brains to find articles for those who have no brains at all.

Mrs. Trott to her Husband.

I am the wife of George Trott. Died about a year igo of a combination of tumors. 🛩 wish to commulicate with George and my sister Maria. I lived in Washington street, Boston. My husband keeps a store corner of Milk street and Washington street. Make inquiries concerning me.

Irene, to R. W.

Rest, dear one, rest on earth awhile. The night vill pass away, the morn will surely come. Then on the wings of gladness thy spirit, no longer a thing of carth, will soar to meet its own in the celestial life.

From a Son in the Spirit Life to his Parents.

Truly dear parents it has been, calculating by the gliding of the moments in your weary, yet beautiul world, quite a lengthy period since I last indited anything of the nature of a communication to you. If it has been long to you, it has not been less so to me. On your part the desire to hear from me has been promoted and augmented by that governing principle of your n tures—love of kindred—beauti fied and developed as it was by my short stay with you in the form. The attributes qualifying my own affection were created and fostered indirectly from the same materials which created your love for me, therefore the attraction is harmoniously mutual between us, promoting my desire to come and yours to receive me, unseen, to your hearts. I have unceasingly watched you, and I have not been dilatory in my attempts to increase any desire within your hearts, as far as I could wield the wand of impression, that tended manifestly to develope you in the various considerations of the cause. And I have found that my power has been above my highest expectations, that I have been enabled to keep alive although, perhaps, not directly perceived and recog-nized by you, the flame I had lighted, and which has warmed what was cold and cheerless, in the hearts you once thought hopelessly bereft. It is a source f gratification to take from the shelf of time the book of the past, and to peruse its leaves, however blurred many of them may be, for there I read evidence of the deep love you bore me, whose gentle admonitions, had I followed them, would have proved salutary angels guiding me aright, telling by their attentions the depth of your affection as tells nature of the wisdom of the Deity. Your labor for me shall be rewarded. I know to whom I owe a love whose influence has successfully aided me in reaching the stand-point of the present, and I can never forget or fail to repay with the tenfold that is in my power such unselfish tenderness—such righteous forbearance as you evinced towards me during my life time, rife as it was with trying circumstances. I can never review without feelings of more than ordinary ten-derness the many anxietics of a loving and watchful father, and the forgiving, still doting nature of a mother, whose united energies were for me alone. I am still increasing in those pursuits and employments which fall to the share of the progressing, and my condition far excels my most elevated hopes. Of those pursuits and employments and of that condition I preserve a silence, except in the ambiguity of allegory, which should confirm the truth that there must be a future to all men alike. I find you freed from the false idea of an eternity of misery held in store for the wayward of God's creatures, and I am happy. Why cling to the chil-dren of the past-the pictured miseries of an eternity -but to fright an age sunk deep in ignorance and sin, when to the scrutiny of progressed reason it is hosile from the beginning? Learn from the majesty of departed wisdom the policy of immortality--its conditions, rewards and punishments. Its rewards are pleasant, its punishments just, and what suffering you incur refines the original, and obliterates what your own shortsightedness has wrought upon you, for evil is not an essential of man's nature, nor was it created in him as was the principle of good, by his Creator. The one promotes the end for which he was created, while the other baffles it. Thus precluding the slightest possibility that they were both placed in him by God. Ah, truly the whole necessary requisites of redemption for each individual were wisely placed in his own organism-fitting him both for solitude and society-rendering him capable of receiving inspiration and instruction from superior powers, if he chooses so to do. Without those attributes he would not be as he is, complete within himself, a unit. identifiable as the world. Continue to make a proper application of your reason, time and investigation o this truth, that you become prepared to sustain what you accept, so as not to risk the assertion that you believe something of which you know comparitively little or nothing-but apply proper considcration and I will aid you all I can to comprehend what shall appear difficult, and continue to open new ways of comfort aud consolation to you. God's blessing rest upon you, purifying and clevating your souls until they shall awaken to a perfect comprehension of life and immortality, time and eternity GROBAR.

Written for the Banner of Light. NECESSITY OF TRIALS. Vicissitudes are bude that certain bloom, And line man's path all through his varied life, And sorrow doth at every heart consume, And sin stalks forth and fills the world with strife. If difference comes from contrast, then 'tis plain That with no vice we need not virtues' light; As pleasure aworter is, if judged by pain, As day seems brighter issuing forth from night. When friendless do we know what is a friend. And sickness maketh known the worth of health. Though hard our lot 'Us better in the end. The poor, than rich, can better judge of wealth, Lot this console who tread th' uneven way .---God, just and rightcous, will the pure repay. Bouinn.

" Ten population of the United States and Territo ries is set down as 26,964,212. The aggregate value of the real and personal estate, \$11,817,611,072. market on a particular, E. M. Market, Santza 1:-11 2015

Joseph Cash, to William.

Years have passed away since I was called home, for the spirit finds a home when it passes from earth; sometimes that home is hell-sometimes it is heaven. After so much time having passed on since I left earth, I do not know that I shall be recognized by my friends, but I hope to be. Darkness and desolation have settled upon the home of one who is dear to me on earth. This might not have been, had not some in earth been swallowed up in the foolish trappings, the gaudy ornaments, that the people are wont to decorate themselves with.

Many on earth are led astray by the fickle goddess of show, Fashion-without Wisdom ; and when they find themselves humiliated in many respects, in a cloak of Despair and sit down to mourn over the past.

Now if they would learn a lesson of past experiperity, Holy attainments might again settle upon that household.

I see before me a river, upon whose tranquil bosom many thousand crafts are sailing. Some of these of them are but a bubble, which shall glitter a moment upon the waters of earth life, then sinks beneath them to rise no more. This beautiful river is surrounded by the spirit world. Upon either side I see groups of angels watching these barks, some of them with anxiety plainly pictured upon their countewaters are freighted with Hope, and have the pilot, Love, on board. I see far away a temple, and I see a thousand channels leading to that temple, and the people are gathering there-slowly coming up the hill. And there is music coming thither, and those coming up the hill are drinking in its sweet sounds until their souls are filled. I see an angel standing within the temple, and upon his brow I find the word Truth. By that word all of these thousands, thousands, thousands, coming to that temple, must walk. or they stumble and fall by the wayside. Now I be-hold many angels gathering cups of water, carrying them up the temple, and passing them one to anoth er. Again I look upon earth, and find those golden cups darkened-the water is wasted and the work of angels seems to have come to naught. But the water which is wasted apparently, shall become the fruits of the first resurrection of those who have tasted it.

Again I am upon earth, wandering among its inhabitants, finding my own, seeing them covered; yea, covered with Error and Folly. But I see many an-gels have been here before me, and I see there has been pure wates, for the fountain of Life here; and I know it will in time bring those I love to life, which is Life, without the sting of Deather and 111

medium, for neither of us had any knowledge of the spirit, or where she resided when on earth.

William A. Dame.

Do you know where I am? Do you know who l Well, I don't think you do. I have come to tell you about myself, and I want to talk to my friends, but you are not one. I know you, but did not expect to see you here. I was told I could talk to my friends by coming here.

Well, I am not in heaven or hell-I am as happy as when I was on earth, but not happier. There is one thing which troubles me-I can see my friends. but they don't seem to see mp, and I can't talk to them; I know I am dead, but this troubles me.

I did not do exactly right on earth, yet I am not in hell. I used to live in Boston, and left that place for the spirit land. I have not found God vetexpected to. I feel now just as I did before I stepped out. I can't see how it is I happened to die-how it is I am here.

I tell you what it is, a fellow that has not done right on earth, and goes to the spirit land expecting to be sent to hell, has not much idea of this. Just tell my friends that I am all right now, and the best they can do is to do right on earth-I did not do half as well as I might. Tell them to go to some medium, for I want to talk to them. I don't know what to say to you. A woman brought me here-one who foole me many times when we were both on earth, and I thought she was fooling me again, when she told me to come here. This was the Countess, Louisa Willacy. But she has told the truth, and seems altered. I am Bill Dame. Now do you know me? Well, I should like to see the boys I used to know on earth.

If I mistake not, I died in 1850. I have been was right, for I seemed to be in purgatory, and I still think that part of it to be true.

When I look back upon my earth life, I seem to have been a small speck whirling amid countless thousands, now up, now down, swallowed up in the great whirlpool of life.

I looked at my body when I left, and concluded i was not much good to me; then I thought I had two bodies—then I knew that could not be. After awhile I said: Well, the die is cast, and I will take things easy, and go to hell as happy as I can. How d'ye do? Did you ever die? Don't know Something said to me: Bill, you can do better if you anything about it then? Well, I have, and I calcuto go too, but I was a little frightened.

Well, where's Dave Spencer; where's George Wells. Do you know where that is? The next Lewis? Is George dead? That is strange. Well, thing is, you'll want to know what I did. Well, I where is Jim Brady? Do you know him? He used to do a little cobbling in winter, and in summer of the time.

much confession to, make there. ' I am ready to con- from places to make. I couldn't get them until it fess, but not to the public; those things must be was late so I had nothing else to do but fishing. talked to her alone.

She will believe this, because she will know it's like me; but she won't believe everything, for I know said, for he did not do right, and she thought he had better stay away, or not talk. Well, good bye.

Samuel Nichols, Derry, N. H.

I can't talk well, but I can say something. I have been dead about four years; I was a little afraid to die, but have got past all that now. I was between fifty and sixty years old. My name was Samuel Nichols, and I belonged in Derry, New Hampshire. I died of cancerous humor and affection of the heart. Although the body is gone the feelings remain. I left a wife and family. I was a farmer, and owned a small place in Derry, N. H. Joon't care for that now--it's gone, and so am I, but I do feel anxious about my friends. You have all got friends, and you would feel anxious about them, if you were in one place and' they in another, and you had no chance to write to them. I could not shut the medium's eyes, though I was told to, that she might not feel any ill effects. You will please say to my friends that I am very well off, very happy, and they may do just as they please with earthly affairs: It seems to me as though I had been here but a moment, but they say it's longer than that.

I committed sins when on earth, and suppose shall have to answer for the same, and it's all right I should. I suffered on earth, and I have suffered some here, not half so much as I expected.

Now I am a stranger to you, as you are to me. Well, I'm a spirit, but you are not afraid of me, I suppose. It's new business to me; this body does not look like the one 4 had, I assure you. I believed in all men's being eventually happy, and now I know it; still there is a hell.

I don't want to get back. I think I shall see perfect happiness sometime, and see God, too.

I want my children to know that there is not an hour of their lives that I don't know what they are about. They don't always do right, I am sorry to say. I want them to always do right. Perhaps will happen around this way again sometime, but I must go now. Write to the postmaster about methat's what you should do.

John Stevens, Wells, Maine.

will, but it was not strong enough to help me up. late I know something about it. They told me I had Do you know where Bill Crocker is? Part of the got to go, but I didn't believe it. Have I got any He told me of Spiritualism once is said he had been here before. Well, first of all, my name is John to a medium by the name of Irish, and wanted me Stevens-that is, I mean to say it used to be. Next thing that comes is, that I died in a place called Wells. Do you know where that is ? The next

sported part of the time, and was' on the stage part I worked on a farm. Sometimes, when harvest was the time. I should like to talk to Lizzie, but I have got too had to do. Sometimes I, used to take shoes round

'I was asked to come here! I didn't know but I Tell all my friends I want to talk to them. I am might see some one I knew. Know you ? how should . as happy as I can be, under present circumstances; [19] I have a father and mother, on earth., In Bos-happier than I was when on earth, but not as happy ton?, Ha I ba, the old man would have thought the self wish to be, in the self wish to be the self the self with the self with the self wish to be the self with the self the self with the self with the self the se

. 5. g 281 S ¹

BANNER OF LIGHTI



8

Friendship has the skill and observation of the best physi-- ----c.an, the diligence and the vigilance of the best nurse, and the Underness and patience of the best mother.

First time he kissed me, but he only kissed The fingers of this hand wherewith I write: And, ever since, it grew more clear and white, Slow to world-greeting, quick with it, "Oh, list !" When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst I could not wear here plainer to my sight Than that first kiss. The second passed in height The first, and sought the forehead ; and half missed, Half failing on my hair. Oh, beyond meed ! That way the crysm of love, which love's own crown With sanctifying sweetness did precede. The third upon my lips was folded down In perfect purple sinte 1 Since when, indeed, I have been proud, and said, " My love, my own."

The light heart, like the vine, bleeds niest fipidly when warm.

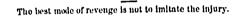
Millions of massive rain drops Have fallen upon all around ; They have danced on the house tops, They've hidden in the ground. They are liquid-like musicians, With ANYTHING for KEYS; Beating tunes upon the windows, Keeping time upon, the trees.

where there is emulation, there will be vanity; where there is vanity, there will be folly.

Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose Peep'd at the chambdowindow, We could hear, At silent noon and ove, and carly morn, The sea's faint murmur. In the open air Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch Thick insmines twined : the little landscape round Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye. It was a spot which you might aptly call The Valley of Seclusion ! Once I saw (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness) A wealthy son of commerce saunter by, Bristown's citizen : methought it calm'd His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse With wiser feelings ; for he paused, and look'd With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around. Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again, And sighed, and said, it was a blessod place, And we were blessed.

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

Low walks the sun and broadens by degrees Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train. In all their pomp attend his setting throne. Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And new, As if his weary chariot sought the howers Of Amphitrite, and her tending pymohs. (So Grecian fable sung.) he dips his orb; Now half immersed, and now a golden curve, Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.





"Once upon a time" there lived a certain Spanish nobleman, very handsome, very dark and swarthy, and exceedingly sinister of eye, very suspicious and very jealous, very fond of getting up a private grievance upon his own personal account, and of "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." He was " blest in a most fair wife," a fine, noble, beautiful woman, and of her he was inordinately jealous. I shall call him Signor Don Mical, and his lady Siguora Dolores. His age might be about forty, while hers was some five and twenty. Possibly this disparity displeased him. By the constant habit-no matter how arrived at,

or how groundless-into which Don Mical had fallen of looking with a 'jaundiced eye upon his wife, he came at last to consider her a guilty woman-guilty of he knew not what. If she smiled, he frowned; if she spoke to any of the nobles, who on occasions thronged her husband's halls-and she had a cheerful spirit-straightway he rolled his eyes, bit his lip, thought of dungeons and daggers; if she danced, and she was accomplished in the stately dances of the court (they were so stately that I thank goodness I never had the awful ordeal to go through; give me a polka, a handreel, in preference,) then she was lost-she was a traitress; and with his peaded beard and moustache, and gloomy Spanish face, and dark velvet dress, and with his hand playing on his dagger, he certainly looked like a gentleman worked up into repressed fury, such as the great Edmund Kean would have represented, till the terrible explosion followed, and a ghostly figure, clothed in white, dabbled with blood-a lonely gallery-" the castle clock tolling twelve "---and a husband overwhelmed with remorse, and tearing his hair, might then have been very naturally expected.

spectable stout lady might be, he concocted one, lackapectable stout lady might be, he concours one, and at once the first of the first interview with her master, in his own room, left tented, his neaked-moustaches took a still more sinis- turn ghastly white. tral upward curve, and a baleful smile played about his lips.

"Soh !" he muttered (jealousy always "mutters,") that the painter failed in his art-the soulptor's sch! this is the result of Dogana Inez' search. 'The skill cluded him to catch her lineaments! Thy sighs and the saduess of the fair signora are here wife! Lo, how Nemesis works!" explained. The portrait of an old lover, doubtless. "What means thou, know? How knowest thou Young, handsome, hum ! hum ! Add a dozen years to these features, and whom do they resemble? Let

me think, let me see," and, supporting his chin on "Don Gongalves! no, he's too old. Pacheco! this and beautiful, and chaste as ice." hair is black-Pacheco's brown. Alvaro ! bah ! this

nose is Italian-Alvaro's is Sancho Panza's. Whowho, in the name of millions of demons, can it be? But I'll have it linned-copied. I'll watch-I'll must be purified..... "What is the proof?" asked Velasco, quickly.

good morning, signora ! How fare you after the gay festival of last evo ?"

"Why, very well, my dear lord," she replied-the Signora Dolores entering-but with a sort of sad smile, "we were very merry."

you enjoyed your company much. Don Giraldo is a fine gallant, and I thought the witty Count Colho pleased your fancy."

"Dance! did I dance ?" she said, in an absent

manner. "Oh, fine dissembling!" he muttered apart, with a tragic air. "Your eyes were lighted up with joy Bending down over the picture, the gaunt man

"Well, when you entered ?" she said.

"Indeed, it was because you entered that I smiled. I thought that-that you would be pleased-"

began, with a bitter look.

lord, I beseech you, tell me what you mean."

lutely indispensible to my story-a plan was speedily " Not for the world, not for the wide world, would concocted between these two worthies. Velasco was I have her think me-jealous," he hissed forth to himself: "that were to be laughed at indeed. But to become a cowled monk, "shaven and shorn," to visit her as a new confessor, to dig up the secrets of no more-heed me not !-heed me not ! I shall that innocent, sad, troubled heart-to receive the learn ; and Donna Inez shall observe what will hap confirmation of every doubt the suspicious husband when she misses the precious picture-hidden among cherished, and, if his worst fears were true, thenher most sacred treasures, in the mos secret recesses then- But to anticipate is to destroy a climax. of her cabinet !" and, so saying, he flung on his "You had better leave me this picture for a time." feathered beaver, and stalked forth.

It was but shabby conduct on his part, it must be owned-this groundless suspicion-for I need not say that the Signora Dolores was as pure and virtuous as she was fair and good. It was mean and unmanly this espial (only that my story couldn't get on swithout it)-it was shameful this betraying of her faith in her duenna, if such she had-it was paltry this prying into her cabinet-this foray upon

Don Mical said to himself as he strode forth to the Alameda-"The face is Italian, and she comes from Italy.

"Charity, most noble signor; for the sake of the Virgin a small coin. I am famishing. I have been gnawing my old sword-belt for very hunger-" Don Mical lifted up his eyes and beheld a strange peace, fame, and, perhaps, life. spectacle.

A man, tall, and large of limb, in a tattered cloak table on which stood a orucifix, was a woman, whose

"Who is it ??" asked Velasco, jumping to the point It seefhed to take me back, to far, far happier days, t once.

Velasco fell back with a cry, and whether it was him-left him gazing upon a portrait which he hold one of rage, anguish, or dispair, or all three blended, in his hand, and, on which, as he looked, his eyes dis- the noble knew not, but it made him shudder and

"Your wife! your wife! She that was-was called-I forget-she that was so fair and beautiful

-" began Don Mical.

"What means thy emotion, friend?" said the

"I know not-I know not;" and if his voice was

or Victor Hugo might have illustrated, and abso-

"Pardon, signor," said Velasco, changing his tone; "I am delirious," I think. Long fusting-freshly his hand, still eyeing the miniature, he seemed to be fed-the wine. In truth, I know not what I am holding a close " detective " debate with himself. . | saying, save that I have heard of the signora as fair

> "Beautiful! Yes, so is the adder coiled beneath the rose bush ; but it poisons, it taints, it kills, for all that. I tell thee she is guilty, and my honor

watch! Hum! she comes. Good day, dear wife-"Mine own convictions-this picture, found in her cabinet!" and, in his hasto and conflict of

passions, Don Mical toro the miniature out of his breast, and handed it to the bravo. " This !" and glaring upon it with eyes nigh starting from their sockets, the man staggered back

"Indeed, I think so," he remarked ; "I thought with a groan, and sank panting upon a chair. nobleman, suspiciously. "What is there in thatin her name even, to move thee so?"

" My fancy ! ah !" and she sighed.

"And when you danced with Pacheco-" harsh before, it was broken and tender now. "I

know not," he repeated; "but if she be false to--thee, she must, she ought to die." "Soh!" and Don Mical paused.

-your cycs sparkled, but when I cameseemed to shiver and shake as one in ague. Don

"The smile faded-the joy died away," he said. Mical himself was too much occupied with his own thoughts to remark him; but the entire inner being of Velasco seemed shaken to its foundations. At

"Pleased to see my wife smile on another !" he last the long pause was broken. A plan suited to Spanish jealousy, or Italian revenge, and such as the inventive genius of Dumas

"Again perverseness, coldness, insinuations; my

said Velasco, in a hollow tone. "It may make her reveal what else she may keep hidden." "True," responded Don Mical; "keep it; I have no great love for it. It will very likely astonish her when she discovers it in other hands than her own." And very likely it would. "After midnight I will join you here. In the chamber you are like to find her at devotions. I

understand," continued he, with a bitter laugh, her trinkets-memorials, it may be, of the past. But 'that she is very dovout. The Magdalen was so." Velasco, with a quiet, subdued manner; " and some

We shall see;" and, saying so-harping upon this of us need to do so, or it will fare ill with us when the dark hour arrives." string-and hoping, like many more, that "something would turn up," he rambled on, followed by an attendant, saluting here and there an acquaintance, until he arrived at a more retired and secluded spot, of starshine, and silver moonlight, and gentle breathwhere he cast himself upon a scat not far from a ings through the trees, the sky was sullen, and its golden fires were hidden, and the wind in long, fountain, and fell into a reverie.

low, sobbing moans went by, as if singing a monody or dirge, and quite in keeping with the ignoble plotting that was in progress against a helpless woman's

from him-ere he quitted the old home-" "How came this parting, daughter ?" demanded

the other. ."My father was poor; he had not strength to endure reverses. A nobleman came to our cityand-and-loved me, I believe. It mattered very little.' I sighed and wept for Julio, who, they told me, had given me up-surrendered his pledge, and gone to the wars. I heard, I knew no more. I only thought, had I been Julio, I should not have done 80.?

"And your father sold you to this rich man's arms, and belied your young lover? Ah! the double treachery !" and the monk's tone became deep and stern, as his fiorco eyes flashed from under his muffled mask.

"Spare my father. The old man loved me. He is dead now. I think, at times, that I shall soon follow him. Have you seen my husband? Does he speak of me?"

"He sent me hither to you," was the grave reply. "Wherefore ?" the signora asked.

"To take your shrift. And yet I am no monk."

"No monk! He sends -- my husband sends to take my shrift ?" -i .

"And this, and this," the stranger continued, as he drew from under his garb a stiletto and a cord, and cast them on a table beside him. "Wherefore are these?" she demanded, with a

blank look. "I am thy excoutioner; and he, he says that she

who has forgot her marriage vows must take her

choice." "He wrongs me!" So quiet, so unimpassioned was her roply, that it seemed she heeded not, or un-deostood not, the dreadful charge. "I forget nothing; I am reminded of my marriage vows daily. I loved I am reminded of my marriage vows him too, I think, while my child lived. It is deaddead ! and I-what says he, then ?" she abruptly added.

"That you still cling to this lost, forgotten, be-"That you still cling to this lost, forgotten, be-trayed lover—that you still worship his picture, which has been found. You start—he gave it to me as witness, evidence, proof. Behold, it is here !" and he held the simple picture up in his hand, his own eyes scanning the fair, youthful lineaments, with something between surprise and sorrow in them. "Poor Julio ! and you were wronged, after all," said Dolores, softly, as she took the portrait in its plain frame, with such a simplicity of action, with his heaving frame, which was quivering with intol-erable agony. "And who, then, are you—my executioner? I know not that I care to live. Let me hold the pic-ture in my hand, and then strike or struggle. I shall not stir nor ery. Say I forgive him, and pray

shall not stir nor cry. Say I forgive him, and pray for him. It is not wrong to love the dead."

"Not the dead, but the living-the living-" "The living ?" and her interrogation and look be-

trayed a nameless dread. "Aye, the living !. Were Julio living," cried the monk, or executioner, "what then ?"

"Why then he would be dead indeed to me; more so than in his grave. Strike! All I ask is to take this with me; wrap it near my heart, under my folded hands, under my grave clothes," and she pressed the picture to her pallid lips.

"Alas! Dolores! Dolores!" and all the pent-up amotions of the man gave way to the touching words.

"There's something in your voice," she said, "that strikes upon my ears like the chord of an old air-a half-forgotten melody. But I am so tortured, so bewildered, and with death, too, so near, that I am unable to follow the train of broken thoughts, to gather the disconnecting links together. It hardly matters. Yet you weep-you tremble-who, then, are you?" and, slowly rising from the chair on which she had sunk, she stretched out her hand towards him with

BANNER OF LAGHE MAN A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF Lad - INT MIT ROMANCE. LITERATURE AND, GENERAL, IN-

TELLIGENCE, TELLIGENCE, TELLIGENCE, Is published in Boston every Thursday, and contains in a handsome Quarto form of the largest size, FORTY COLUMNS OF ATTRACTIVE READING, comprising Capital Original Stories; Off-hand Sketches of Life; Historical Pictures; Thrilling Adventures; Home Circle; Ladles' and Ohidrens'. Department; Agricultural Facts, Mechanical Inventions, Art Science, Wit, Wisdom, the Beautics of Poetry, and a Gen-oral Summary of Political and Social News.

TERMS. TERMS. Two Dollats, per annum. One Dollar, for six monther. One Copy, One Copy Clubs of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half, each

Close of four and arrest the Dollars, for eight copies, will Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies, will receive one copy in addition. From the above there will be no variation.

Bample copies sont free. PARTICULAR NOTICE. Those desirous of receiving this paper by mall, are informed that money sent in recistrated letters will be at our tak. BOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

BOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. In order to protect the public from imposition, every agent who is anthorized by us to collect subscriptions, is furnished with receipts signed by us. The public are cautioned against paying subscriptions to any persons not having the same. LECTURERS and Agents furnished with these receipts on application to us.

LUTHEB COLBY & CO., 1 LIST OF AGENTS. Set al Parts

ti neti

NEW YORK. E. T. MUMSON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York City, Ross & Touser, 103 Nashau Street, Tuomas Haering, 31 Stato Street, Albany, S. F. Horr, 240 River Street Troy. JAMES McDonouou, No. 1 Exchange Building, Utles. Charter D. M. DEWEY, Arcade Halt, Rochester.

F. A. DROVIN, No. 47. South Third Street, Philadelphis. F. A. DEOVIN, NO. 4. South Thind Bacos BARBY & HENOK, 836 Raoo Street, H. TAYLOR, Baltimore, R. DUNCAR, 169 Vine Street, Cincinnati. and the second second

FEDERHEN & Co., No. 0 Court Street, Boston. JOHN J. DYRE & Co., No. 11 Court Avenue, Boston. A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington Street, Boston. Horchkies & Co., No. 29 School street, Boston.

Proping & Co. 8 State Street, Boston.

REDDING & CO., 5 State Street, Boston. E. S. McDoward, 78 Central Street, Lowell, S. B. Nichols, Burlington, Vt.

C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CHARACTERIS, and prescription \$3. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent symptoms are given, \$3; if not given, \$3. Answoring saided letters, \$1. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be

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

Offico-No. 227 Main Street. May 7-1

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, EXAMINING AND PRESCRIE ING MEDIUM, No. 12 Wilmot Street, Portland, Maine, having been more than three years in Fortland and vicinity in restoring 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 female com-plaints. Examinations private and prescription if present at the boune 23: absent \$200 house, \$1,25; absent, \$2.00. June 11, 1857. 1.1

A N ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted st No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommo-date patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms. Patients desiring board, should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

their arival. 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

Only one must not expect too much.

They had been wedded for some years, but, unhappily, no child born to them had lived to bless their union, to be the beautiful and encred medium through which hearts daily becoming estranged-the one from petulant exaction and needless jealousy. and the other from a sense of coldness and neglectmight be brought to harmoniso with each other. And so the law of love and kindness, arising from the principle of knowing how to bear and forbear. might spring, and give to life a deeper sense of responsibility, and so, for higher aims, put all minor crosses aside.

Dolores seemed to lose, ere, long, whatever energy (if any) of character she possessed. Subdued, submissive, uncomplaining, meek, the very qualities that mutely appealed to the forbearance of a stornor 60 nature, only seemed to irritate the gloomy Spaniard the more. As is usual with men of Don Mical's stamp, once desiring a conviction, an obstinate emphasis of certainty comes. But it was also a part of his punishment that he wanted proofs --- proofs, and no proof could he find-no satisfaction to his atrabilious yearning did his ovil genius yield him.

If he could only raise the devil, now (pray don't be alarmed, I speak by hypothesis, if not by parable.) if he could only conjure up some handy agency that would find, invent, contrive some proof. some sign, some something. Gnawing his fingers, the jealous Spaniard, wanting a good "go in " for misery-desiring to taste the full " luxury of woe," and then complete the first act of a grim tragedy-didn't know precisely what he wanted.

Suddenly it dawned upon him. He kept a duenna for his wife's-torture, I assume it-as became his name, state, and rank. What was a duenna for, ex. ospt but to be useful ? Mr. Dryden, and some few amusing variet of dramatists before and after him, Have shown how absolutely necessary these anoma-"Ious beings were for the perfection of siplot Don Mical could not do without a plot his life was a kind of five-act play, and together with his wife's duenna, companion, gouvernante, whatever this re-

and rusty breastplate, with a huge sword girdled on his thigh. With his matted hair and beard he was was the Signora Dolores. Distress and anguish were fierce-looking enough and gaunt as a wolf. He was written on every feature. standing bare headed before a passer-by and begging with all the energy of hunger. The individual addressed gave a start, uttered an exclamation of fear Has my husband, in his vile suspicion, rifled the at meeting his ravening eyes, but, without bestowing very heart of my poor secret-dead and buried as it a maravedi upon the outcast, only hurried on. The has been for years past? If so, he will need no poor wretch, with a curse and a groan, sank on a more, and I know too well he will not heed my story. stone beside the fountain, and his sinking head fell Mother of sorrow, pity mel 3 I have borne enough. upon his hands. Beckoning to his attendant to ap- Oh, for peace, rest, a long, unbreaking sleep !" and proach, Don Mical said-

"Go to that fellow," pointing to the man. "Bid him follow you, but at a distance. Bring him, secretly and unseen, into my private chamber. I will go before. Give some food first, and lose no time. Above all, be secret."

The attendant bowed, and, while he opened nego tiations with the famishing brave, Don Mical hastened back to his palace, which he entered unnoticed. and waited there impatiently for the coming of the so fair, so good ?" grim stranger. To the duenna was now to be added the dagger of the brave very likely, and the poor. lady, the Signora Dolores, was likely to fare very ill. indeed between the three.

In somewhat better trim, fed, and clad in a fresher garb, but wild and brigandish in look, with something of the grandeur of a mighty ruin stamped upon his ample brow, the stranger was ushered into Don Mical's chamber, and they were there left together.

The nobleman looked upon his new acquaintance with a mingled feeling of curiosity and interest. Bold, audacious, and reckless, the man confronted Don Mical without quailing. His face was not one to blench before any human eye.

"There is wine," said Don Mical, pointing; "fill and drink. What's your name?"

Emptying a goblet without ceremony, the man, in a deep, strong voice, replied, "They call me Velasco."

"What are you?"

Valasco laughed. "A disbanded soldier. I have been in the Netherlands, cutting Low Country fell'dreamily. throats. Since then I have been stealing and starving. Ughl My trade's at a discount now. Can I serve you, Signor Don Mical? Hol ho!" His laugh was sardonic, half ferocions; and his up together. We plighted our faith and life-long eyes kinned and lit up as if emitting baleful fires. love to "How!" You know me, then?" cried the other, this?"

with a guilty start. "Oh, your groom told me that-hol hol He wanted to be secret, but passing a quiet corner, I somewhat emphatic reply. (1) 1911 1911 threatened to strangle him if he did not speak. He spoke. Your will, Don Mical."

"You are not tender scrupplous timid ?" "Tender 9, hal hal, Sorupulous 9. hol ho !" So mocking, so bitter, so scormful was his laugh, that, so far as any double of Velasco's fitness for any wicked purpose was concerned, Don Mical was set perfectly at his case.

noble mich her deadly pallor could not conceal. It

In a chamber lighted with tapers, and beside a

"The sinner prays the deepest, doubtless," said

The evening came, and then the night. Instead

6 0

0 0 0 0

a

"The picture, the picture !" she murmured. What can have become of it ? Who has taken it ? she sank on her knces.

"Benedicite, my daughter !" said a voice close at hand.

"Welcome, holy father !", she said, rising hastily. "But you-you are not my confessor-you are not the Padre Bartolomeo.??

"I am here to-night in his place," was the evasive reply. "You appear unhappy, my child. Can trouble, and sorrow, and unrest visit one so young,

"If I have been either of these. I am neither now." she replied, listlessly. "Whom does sorrow spare? Do youth or innocence give immunity from sorrow?"

" Hast thou committed any great sin. daughter ?" "I know, not that I have," was her simple answer; I have lost my husband's love and won his hate, I fear, and I know not wherefore.

"Art thou sure? Is there nothing in the past that, brought here, to the living present, might do this ?"

Pausing, he gazed curiously from beneath his cowl into hor eyes. "If it be so," he murmured, "she never loved, and I only deceived myself!"

"Speak daughter, is there nothing in the long ago, however distant and however distant to some, it cannot be so very distant to theo-nothing which might bring thy sorrow and his hate, as thou callest it to pass ?"

"I know not, I am not sure. Methinks-and no -I once loved, but he I loved is dead," and her eyes

" Loved 1 Dead 1" 1971

"Nay, father, be not angered," said Dolores, in a subdued tone. "We were both young-had grown love to one another. What wrong was there in

"Wrong! None. The wrong would be in false hood, in the breaking of this troth-plight," was th

"Aye, I fear me so !" and her hand passed wearily across her brow; " and possibly poor Julio though 80."

"Julio, Julio!" and the monk's tone softene strangely. " "Then you' have 'not forgotten th name ?" dem of the

"I could not. Thave lost his picture, I know not how; I hope there was no wrong in looking upon is.

an air of question.

All broken and bowed down, stricken with the great dumb pain throbbing at his huge heart, the stranger, casting his cowl back, said brokenly, "Have you forgotten me? Am I so changed, Dolores? Can you trace Julie, who loved you, in these changed features ?"

"Julio ! Julio !" she 'tremulously exclaimed, ight gathering with lambont flashes in her eves. which, but a moment before, were growing dull and filmy.

"I dare not tell you all that helped to change "I dare not tell you all that helped to change them," he went on," "but I thought you faithless. I thought you saw me in another light when the realthy noble came and dazzled you. But they lied to me, they lied to you, they belied us both ; and see to what they brought us, wrecked-wrecked, lostlost and broken-hearted," and his sobbings, deep and bitter, broke anew upon her ears. .

"They have not gained much, Julio," she gasped sinking, as Julio Velasco-monk, stranger, soldier. or brayo, all in one—sprang up in turn and caught her. "They have lost as well as we have, Julio. I am at peace now, Julio, quite at peace. My little child is here have lost at make at the state of the state of the state of the bar. bare here here here been by and the state of the state of the bare at peace now, Julio, quite at peace. My little bare at peace now, Julio, quite at peace. My little child is here-here-here!" and, with a smile, and fell dead in his arms.

When these two men met after, and settled their ecount together, I leave you to guess the nature of the scene, and whether Don Mical was effectually cured of his jealousy or no. Certainly, the cord and dagger was not wanted.

Adbertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING .--- A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of

Aug. 81 A. LADY. HIGHLY ACCOMPLIBHED AS A LEOTURET A and Teacher of Singing, the Plano, Organ, and Elocution, desires to find a home for herself and her mother, where the services of both would ensure them a comfortable and perma-neut residence. The younger lady would require the print-lege of occasional absence in her capacity as a public Lociurer, and she could act as Organist in the neighborhood, if required, Highest roforences exchanged. Locality no object. Address S. Young, care of S. T. Munson, Publisher, & Great Jones stroot, New York. Labels, and Labels, and Labels, and Labels, and the officer strange. W. GLEASON, DEVELOPMENT

W HATS O'CLOCK T'-SPIRITUAL MANIFESTA-TIONS. Are they in scondard MANIFESTA-WHATE O'CLOCKT' BEIMTUAL MANIFEDIA-TIONS. Are they in scoordance with Reason and Revelation? Where on the dial-plate of the Minuteenth Century points most significantly, the finger of God? Pub-lished this day by T. MUNSON, No. 8 Great Jones street, New York. Aug 18

The PEADODY, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1 AVON Place, Beston. Having for two years tested his power, will undertake the ours of all diseases, however obstinate. He will be makined by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly developed mediums of the age " hetents visited in or out of the cirr, science is an in the age . April 11-if

MES. T. H. PRABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. T AVON Place, Boston. April 11-4

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; st No. 3 . Whiter Street, near Washington Street, (over George-Turn-bull & Co.'s dry goods store.) the rapidly increasing interest in the phenomens of spirit communion rendering it necessary for him to occupy larger rooms for the acommodation of visit-ors.

As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is sheouldly necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be accompanied with the small fee he charges. Confequently no letters will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied with \$1, (ONE DOLLAR,) and three postage stamps. Audience hours from two to three o'clock, each "afternoon, Sundays excepted. June 16, 1857.

tinues to administer it from the most approved modern appa-ratus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of discasses he gives his special attention. J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 25 Winter street, Boston, July 2 tf

A GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE CURE."—Pre-Scribod through the mediumship of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, the Clairosympathist, Jund Sth, for the cure of Chronic Dis-cases, particularly those of the HEAD, LUNGS, LIVER, STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, and for the cure of Humors,

Camination and prescription, writton out, with all requisite directions. Mr. A. also cures the sick by the laying on of hands, and will, when desired, visit the sick in person. "Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent \$2. Payment strictly in advance. t = 9

NATURAL ASTROLOGY. — PROFESSOR HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 13 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, leader Ladies and gontlemon will be favored by him with such sc counts of their PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

Hours of consultation from 7 A. M., to 9 P. M. (Terms to ents each looture) tt-21 Aug. 21 conts each looture.

D. C. BOBBINS, OHARLESTOWN, MABS, HAYEBHILL Braxmy No. 8, has made the world his debor by us discovery of New Remedies for Epilepide Fis, having treated successfully 400 cases out of less than 475-some of So rear bandless out of less than 475-some of So rear standing. 4w -29

TAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOMS No. 15 Tromont Street, Up Stairs, (opoalte the Boston Museum.) Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 F.M. Other hours he will visit the slok at their hours.

MEL W. R. HAYDEN, HAPPING, WRITING, 2001 I PRINTING, (LEURY ON HE AND AN CLIMONT PATHIO MEDIUM, S Hayward Place Boston. May le-