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AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter XX.—Continued.

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's 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 portico of the *Palma sola*. Gathering up her riding skirt, she was conducted by Don Ramon to his wife's apartments. As they passed the corridor leading to the sick chamber, they were startled by the hurried tramp of feet within, and a shriek, loud, wild and piercing, thrilled to the heart of Agnes, causing the strong arm she leaned upon to tremble.

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, "Let us hasten, for God's sake!" Pushing aside the rose-colored curtains they came upon a scene that thrilled their hearts with grief and pity unutterable.

Angela lay upon the bed, cold and still as sculptured marble; the long lashes drooping on the now waxen cheeks. The rose colored curtains threw a mocking gleam of life around the silent sleeper, the sea breeze lifted the clustering jetty curls from the childish brow with caressing motion; but on that brow was set the impress of immortality achieved! A beautiful smile wreathed the faded lips, and the little hands were clasped as if in joyful thanksgiving for her admittance to the angel band! Across the foot of the bed, with disheveled hair, and disordered garments, warm and still, as the earth form of the admitted angel, lay the bereaved mother, and over mother and child, with fearful exclamations and piteous love, bent the attached servants, praying, weeping, calling upon their mistress, with the passionate earnestness and exaggerated expressions of their race.

Don Ramon tenderly raised his wife and carried her to a sofa; Agnes for one moment bent over the little Angela, with tear-filled eyes and prayerful heart, then she turned all her attention to her suffering friend. She administered restoratives in her own quiet, gentle way; with a few loving words soothed the clamoring women, and brought calmness and submission to their souls. Very tenderly she stroked back the veiling tresses from the closed eyes of Manuela, and sprinkled the pale face with water. The magnetism of her touch, more than ought else, seemed to restore the bereaved one's consciousness; she sighed, languidly unclinging her large black eyes, 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 husband'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 broke from the encircling arms of her friend and rushed towards her child. Ah! how crushingly falls the weight of unannounced sorrow upon buoyant and life-blessed hearts! Poor, undisciplined Manuela!

She burst forth into loud and piteous cries, standing erect with outstretched arms, and frantically calling upon the saints to restore her child to life. Her long black hair fell around her like a dense veil, even to her very feet; her glittering eyes and despairing attitude struck all hearts with terror; her husband trembled for her reason. Agnes shuddered as she listened to her frenzied supplications; her impious denunciations of God's justice, her prayers for death!

"Give my my child!" she cried. "I cannot live without my Angela. I will not give her up—Heaven has angels enough of its own! She was mine—let me keep my child!" Unheeding the prayers and entreaties of her husband, resisting the gentle appeals of Agnes, she threw herself upon the body of her child and kissed the sealed lips, the closed eyelids and the ice-cold hands. Don Ramon trembled in every nerve, yet manfully bearing his own great sorrow, only strove to soothe the wretched mother.

Faithful to his promise, good Doctor Walter called with his friend Doctor Vardon. He spoke a few words of cheer to the father, but on Manuela's ear his consolations fell unheeded. She accused him of negligence and tardiness, cried that her child might have been saved, and still kneeling by the bedside, determined never to be separated from her little Angela. Talking aside to Agnes, the Doctor left!

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 dismissed 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 pray, then return to his wife, vainly endeavoring 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 approaching dawn, the flickering lamp-light found Agnes, pale and weary, watching beside the sleeping Manuela. She had been induced to drink the cooling potion, and overcome by its narcotic influence, she had fallen into a deep sleep. The rose-colored curtains were closely drawn around the sleeping innocent; pale and wan the loving husband sat beside the sorrow-stricken wife, holding one of her hands, casting looks of anguish upon the little form so soon recalled to its heavenly birthplace, and gazing with love unutterable upon Manuela's pallid face. At first her slumber was unquiet, she tossed uneasily about on the rich lounge to which they had carried her, tears started from under her closed lids, and faint murmurs and broken words issued from her lips; but her sleep deepened, and her senses were steeped in forgetfulness, and the mighty sorrow was lifted awhile from her heart.

"Ah!" thought Agnes, amid her tears, "here is sorrow and death, but here is also life undying, in the love that survives, and cheers even bereavement's gloom. My loved ones live, and are as not to me!"

"Lady, do seek some repose," whispered Don Ramon, "Manuela will not awaken for some hours; I will remain with her; allow me to call Dolores to conduct you to a sleeping chamber. You will be overcome and ill, dear lady; do seek a few hours repose."

"Do you seek the needful rest, Don Ramon," replied Agnes. "You will have much to see to, to-day; 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 a messenger to the Castle, as soon as your people are astir, and let Mrs. Greyson and Eva know that I shall not return to-day—you will please mention why."

"I will do all you desire, dear friend; and at your request will take an hour's 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 asleep, promise to call me when Manuela awakes."

Agnes promised, and Don Ramon passing to the next room, threw himself upon the velvet rug spread before the Virgin's shrine. The light of the silver lamp was flickering and expiring; the sorrow-worn, wearied man soon slept.

The fading stars twinkled in the brightening heavens, rose clouds faintly tintured the horizon's misty verge, the ocean's lullaby came in a subdued whisper to the listening ear; the fragrant incense of earth's morning sacrifice was wafted to that silent chamber. Agnes extinguished the yet glimmering lights, and while the morning's rosy light advanced and illumined the distant mountain's side, her eyelids drooped in weariness; a sweet lulling sense of repose fell upon her troubled heart; softly gliding to the floor, her head rested upon the foot of Manuela's couch, her face was turned towards the bed, with its closely drawn rose-colored hangings. And Agnes slept, and before her inner vision passed a dream, so vividly distinct, so life-like and clear, that it seemed reality, and the life to which her un-closed eyes returned its faintest shadow.

A soft touch that electric-like awoke every slumbering and holy emotion of her soul was laid upon her shoulder; she felt a hand, life-warm yet spirit-like, infusing hope and confidence, and a voice, low, thrilling and musical, bidding her arise and follow. Agnes arose and followed the guiding, unseen hand, the sweetly alluring voice that bore no shape or form. Along the silent passages, past the sleeping negroes, down the broad marble staircase, over the verdant fields and upspringing wild flowers, past

flowering and fruit-laden hedges, till she reached the sea-shore that skirted her own domain. Moonlight, 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 abode, illumined 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 folds of the bridal veil lifted the waved chestnut hair 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 husband—my mother?" "You wish to know?" whispered the unseen angel. "Come!" The seraphic 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 Nature's temple, in those wilds greeted to the true God's worship. On, amid its solitary grandeur, while the silver moonlight streams overleaping water-fall, nodding tree and luxuriantly waving grass. The attendant spirit whispers, "Forsake not!" for a sense of desolation, a foreboding fear, was seized upon the faltering Agnes. There, in the midst of the forest, 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 elbow—his grey 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 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 eyes of midnight darkness and long unloosed hair, whose jetty 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 utterance. "See here thy friend!" and Agnes beholds her benefactor, her friend Malcolm Mackenzie. "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 Mackenzie 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 habiliments, neglected and abandoned, lies the once haughty woman, stricken with disease; from her lips issues a piteous murmur, she raises her wasted hands and cries "forgive me!" 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-enclosed portal, stands the radiant figure of a little child, its flowing, snowy garments streaked with silver light, an azure halo encircling the flower-crowned 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; 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.

With a sudden start, as if rudely awakened by an electric shock, her eyes unclose, and bewildered she gazes around. The first admitted sunbeam is playing on the dead child's brow; the sweet, smiling light, the placid countenance. Still the pale and weary mother sleeps a calm, deep sleep. Oh, my God! it was no dream, it was a prophet-

ic vision!" exclaimed Agnes, as she rose to her feet and recalled her singular dream. "And thou art surely an angel! ah, pray for me thou sinless one! and, by thy loving presence, oh! console thy afflicted mother!" she prayed, as she knelt beside the bed and gazed upon the smiling face of the "early dead."

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 clime, as regards the burial of children; and the truly religious, and deeply poetic spirit of Agnes, rendered homage to the beautiful usages of the country. The child was arrayed in spotless white; not a shroud, but a graceful, flowing dress, such as she 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 funeral trappings, no streaming, mournful crape appalled heart and eyes; only the subdued voices and tearful eyes of the faithful negroes gave notice of the presence of an angel in the house. As Dr. Walter had pronounced Angela's fever not to be contagious, 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 calmly 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 heart-wrenching sorrow, but her voice was no longer upraised in denunciation, or in impious demands for death. Agnes encouraged her to weep; fondly soothing her disheveled tresses; in simple and appropriate language she held forth to the sorrowing 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 yearning soul of the bereaved. Then she told Manuela how she had dreamt of her child, and with eager eyes and clasped hands, the mother listened, spell-bound. To her despairing grief and maddened 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!"

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 piteously 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 who 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 indisposed, but Don Felix accompanied her. Agnes, who

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 earnestly 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 sublimation. 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 sealed lids, threw a white lace veil over the coffin.

Six young girls, yet rosy 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, a burst of joyous, triumphant music rose upon the cool sunset air. It was the music that denoted an infant's burial. Manuela, starting from her prayers, cried: "that is earthly music, heralding my child's departure; the angels, ere this, have welcomed my darling with diviner strains."

In the distance, the joyous music died away; the motley company retired. Eva, kissing her step-mother'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 XXI.

"Cruel and false! I couldst thou find none amongst these fools thine eye engrossed, But me to practice falsehood on."

"That loved thee most!"

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

CORRO.

ANON.

We are writing of many years ago; but even then, glimmerings of the dawn now so rapidly spreading over this favored land, were dispensed upon 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 pressing touch of her angel child, that she appeared to her in dreams, radiant with exelling 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 crazed. But the consoling fact of spiritual communion dwelt in the soul of Manuela, 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. He was a noble-minded, enlightened man, despite of his somewhat pompous manner, and inherited Castilian pride.

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 yearning 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 Manuela 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.

Nolly, too, had called upon her young mistress, and Alita, 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 undefinable fear caused her to dread his coming.

He shook her violently, but she only looked piteously into his face, and struggled for utterance.

“No fainting, no sham hysterics, madam! No woman shall deceive me twice. This benefactor, this

His cruel hands released her, and she sank upon her knees, her long, unloosened hair falling around her, and veiling her deathly face. In her bosom, once by one, the glimmering stars of affection were extin-

occurred, is blith and happy; only troubled by the manifest anxiety and pallid face of Agnes; for her grand-

the warm blood to her fresh young cheek--loving him so passionately, so absorbingly devoted to this

"We will do what is right and just. . . After years

have passed since the ab

Many days have passed since the abrupt departure of Maurice Golding, and his family have not since heard from him. The heart of Agnes is racked with apprehension. Mrs. Greyson's manner is troubled and abstracted, her ill humor is increased tenfold. Eva, kept in total unconsciousness of all that has occurred, is blith and happy; only troubled by the manifest anxiety and pallid face of Agnes; for her grand-

married, there shall be no law, but my sweet one's will," said Don Felix; then, with renewed tenderness of manner, he entreated her to array herself in her bridal costume. He would see his angel, as the admiring 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!"

Bounding away with a light step, and still lighter heart, she hastened to her own room, summoning Nelly and Alita, (who happened to be at liberty,) to assist her to dress.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BERANGER'S "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

I saw fair Peace descending from on high,
Strewing the earth with gold, and corn, and flowers;
The air was calm, 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! 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, lo! your own crops blaze,
And, when the earth grows cold, a spade to wield
Where is the hand uncrippled by the frays?
Of every nation's boundaries in sight,
No ear of corn by blood unsullied stands.
Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,
In friendship firm, your hands.

Kings, seated on your smould'ring city-walls,
Dare with insulting scepter's point to tell,
Count and recount (with calmness that appals)
The human souls whose lists their triumphs swell.
Poor, helpless 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 murtherous course;
Founding blood-laws that tyrants may not burst;
Of your heart's blood no longer yield the source
To ingrate kings and conquerors still averse.
Fear no false stars! The terror of a night,
The morning sees them pale, like flick'ring brands.
Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,
In friendship firm, your hands.

Yea, free at length, the world may breathe and rest!
Throw o'er the past a veil 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 blest'd hail.
Vineyards of France, pour out your treasures bright,
To cheer the strangers low'rd their mother-lands.
Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,
In friendship firm, your hands.

The Footstep 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 life—then it was, and then alone, that the footstep 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 Grandons—always 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; while the thunder rolled above, and died away in low mutterings afar off, and while the wailing of bending trees, swinging to and fro in the strong 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 hall.

When sunshine and brightness smiled in the summer 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 re-echoing throughout the huge old hall within the ancient mansion of the Grandons.

And its history was said to have been this: Long, long years ago, Geoffrey Grandon was holder 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 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 display towards her his indifference—nay, even his aversion of her patient and enduring nature. And as day after day passed by and years rolled on, she became that most sorrowful of beings—a scorned, a martyred wife!

The time drew near when she was to become a mother, and she looked hopefully forward to the birth of her child, in the fond thought of its being the means of her gaining from her husband a tithe of at least his respect; his love, she knew now, she never had possessed. So she would sit in her own chamber looking out upon the sea, and watch the golden sun as it dipped its red beams into the waves, slowly disappearing beneath them, and would lose herself in glad visions of this pledge given to her to calm her tortured heart; and dreaming on and on, would rouse at length with a start, to find that she had lingered unconsciously until a gloom had gathered over the earth, seeming to mock the

air-formed visions of brightness in which she had thus indulged.

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 looked with something of pride upon the helpless little creature 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 iota 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 indignity, 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 impetuosity.

"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 school-boy 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 pondered 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, "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 laugh that sounded drearily, and echoed throughout the darkened chamber as though a troop of demons had caught it up and repeated it merrily among themselves.

"This deed," said he, after a moment's silence, "is to me a more fearful one than has ever before stained these hands. It would seem as though some dread calamity would befall our house; should it go 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 art thou turning cowering thus late in life, Geoffrey Grandon? Now, out upon thee! I grow awaried of this silly feeling. Since thou art no longer a man as once thou wert, 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 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 ever 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 bless her name."

"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 felt a presence pass swiftly by him, and could have sworn the sound of a whispered voice echoed through the room, "A curse then rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

And the tapestry upon the walls swayed mournfully to and fro, as though wailing for this anathema that had descended on the house. The night-owl shrieked without, and the sullen roar of the sea afar off seemed to repeat it, while the winds bore it to his ears again, "A curse then rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

In one of the vast chambers in the proud mansion of the Grandons, and extended in all the sublimity of death, lies the gentle woman who had borne the empty title of its mistress. None knew assuredly the cause of her death; but the servants exchanged frightened glances one with another, as though each bore a fearful suspicion in his or her mind, but yet

dared not give it tongue. For while she had lain upon her dying couch, and while they sorrowfully watched her fainting breath, and the dews of dissolution gathered upon her fair brow, they had all been startled by hearing at intervals a slow and solemn footstep on the stairs, echoing dimly through the hall without. And as they went to discover who this intruder might be thus pacing to and fro in the dead stillness of the night, they gazed in one another's faces in blank dismay at finding no soul visible.

And yet the door once more closed, and silence reigning through the apartment, again was it heard—that solemn, slow, and ghostly footstep. And until the family vault received the form of the unhappy lady, it was constantly heard pacing to and fro. Then once more all was quiet, and the guilty couple who had listened to it in undefined terror, breathed again with a feeling of deep relief.

They were married—the dark-eyed woman and he whom she had incited to crime, and there was royal feasting and drinking in and about the mansion. But though shouts and cheers greeted the pair as they appeared together, it was but the mocking semblance of joy that met their ears. No soul, as they passed by, murmured forth the cheering sound, "God bless them!" None beheld in Geoffrey Grandon a benefactor, or saw in her face the kindly heart that had beat within the cold breast lying so still within the burial vault of the Grandons. So the rude crowd feasted upon the good cheer spread out before them, but gave no thought of thankfulness for the hand that had bestowed the bounty.

And now it was late into the night, and the revels were hushed; the few invited guests departed for their habitations. In the chamber they stood together alone—the guilty pair, now made legally one by the ties of holy mother church. Her point was gained, and she was satisfied.

He sat and leaned his head upon his hand; and as his wife approached and laid her hand upon his shoulder, his thoughts reverted to that night when they had thus sat in the stillness and gloom, and conceived their plans together concerning her who was now laid at rest. And, as he felt her touch, he shuddered visibly, and fancied that again he heard that whisper breathed within the room, "A curse then rests 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 their hearts beat with painful distinctness? He grasps her hand, and feels it ice-cold as his own, and half rises from his seat to listen.

Without the chamber, echoing through the huge old hall, and sounding ghostly and fearfully in the silence reigning throughout the mansion, they hear it plainly—a solemn footstep on the stairs.

They had listened to it when watching by the death couch of their victim, and the sound had struck terror to their hearts as they heard it slowly pacing to and fro. What could it now portend? He arose, mastering, with a powerful effort, his emotion, and 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 along it, a shudder shook his iron frame as he saw that there was no one there; the hall was quite deserted. A dead, undefined fear fell upon them both as they re-entered the darkened chamber, and sat down without uttering a word. Scarcely were they seated, when there again—that footstep, slow, solemn, and distinct!

Now it is almost lost to the ear, as it seems to ascend and grow faint in the distance. Anon it comes again, descending, and each moment coming nearer, until it is even close beside the door of the apartment. This it passes slowly by, and goes towards that portion of the building wherein the future heir of Grandon's name is sleeping.

He loved his child; it was the one bright spot in his heart, and as he listened to that dread footstep slowly approaching the sleeping-place of his son, he cast aside all alarm, and hastened to him with a vague feeling of shielding him from harm. His wife followed, and together they entered the nursery.

A taper shed its faint light through the room, and fell upon the infant's face with a strange ghostly hue. He went softly towards it, and took gently with his grasp a little hand lying extended over the edge of the couch. Suddenly he reeled as though a fierce blow had been dealt him, as he felt that hand was cold as death. With a chill and terror at his heart, he looked closer on the little form, and the awful truth burst upon him—his child was dead!

Uttering a cry, he fell upon his knelt knees beside the couch, while his wife looked on with a bewildered gaze. And as he thus sank down and buried his face within his hands, again through the hall reverberated that unearthly footstep, pacing solemnly to and fro. And now he felt in that dread hour that the words were coming true—"A curse then rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

Four children were born to the name and fortunes of Grandon—not the types of that child, his first-born, who had possessed the blue eyes and fair-hued hair of the murdered lady resting in the family vault. These resembled his own swarthy brow and glittering black eye, and his wife's handsome but evil countenance. These, even in their tenderest years, foreshadowed their after wickedness and vicious tendencies. These were living witnesses that the everlasting course slept not, but lived daily in their young, but baneful natures.

Alfred, the eldest, was now past his majority, and was wandering in a foreign land. With some, a love of the beauties and novel sights, and with others, a desire for the depravities, which are not to be found at home, are the incentives to this wandering; with him it was decidedly the latter that urged him on.

They heard but little of him or his doings; for in those days man had not yet chained the lightning, bidding it journey to and fro as his messenger, and save only when the heir of Grandon stood in need of money, his whereabouts was most frequently a matter of conjecture.

In an obscure town on the borders of the Rhine, a young Englishman is living in retirement, awaiting remittances from home to disembarass himself from some heavy liabilities that hang over him, and prevent him, for the time, from continuing his usual system of dissipated pleasure. His single servant informs the curious that he is a gentleman seeking health and quiet from too close an application to study, of which he is extravagantly fond. And he smiles grimly as he makes this last assertion, recollecting that his master would be somewhat puzzled to read even the title of a book—an accomplishment somewhat rare in those days, even for staidler minds than his. The simple peasantry see that the young man's face bears marks of what might well pass for nights passed without proper rest, and ask no fur-

ther questions, but from their cottage doors, and amid clouds of smoke, give him "good den, Meinher Alfred!"—the name given by his trusty servant—as he walks moodily past. This is Alfred Grandon.

In one of these same cottages dwells the daughter of a small farmer, holding a rank somewhat superior to the bondmen and villeins of the neighboring baron, by name Veinhardt. Alfred Grandon sees the pretty Ernestine, and, struck by the extreme beauty of the simple maiden, contrives various devices, with the aid of his unscrupulous attendant for meeting and conversing with her. Dazzled by attentions from one so far above her, she listens to the insidious whispers he pours into her ear, believes his professions of eternal constancy and devotion, and—sins, as woman oft has sinned before, led on by a false villain to her destruction.

Shortly after this, Alfred Grandon was missing from the quiet German village, and Ernestine Veinhardt awoke to the terrible truth that she had been the victim of heartlessness and treachery.

A few short months pass by, and there lies within the churchyard, near the cottage wherein she had lived, and loved, and been deceived, the cold form of Ernestine Veinhardt, and on her placid bosom rests the equally quiet figure of a little innocent babe.

But an avenger is on the footstep of the destroyer, and though long months, even years, elapse before they meet face to face, the moment comes at last. "I think there must be some mistake in the person," said Alfred Grandon. "I would pass on;" and the words are cold and haughty as he speaks.

"But I know there is no mistake," was the reply. "Look you, Meinher Alfred Grandon, you may perchance remember this. You mislaid it on your sudden departure from the inn where you lived, when your vile presence blighted our peaceful valley."

The young man held up a small ivory miniature of Alfred as he spoke, and then taking a letter from his bosom, and opening it, displayed that it was from his father, and bore unerring proof of his identity.

"Now, sir, your answer to the brother of the outraged Ernestine! Ah!" he said, noting his start of surprise. "you thought not of such a champion rising to revenge the memory of the humble village maiden."

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

"No, thank Heaven! we are not equal," said the young man. "Cruelty and villainy can be but on a footing with him whose ministers on earth they are. But we lose time," he said, pointing to the sun, which was, slowly approaching the edge of the horizon. "Before you setting orb shall be hidden in the clouds of night, one or both of us shall be in eternity. We are, in this green spot, safe from intrusion; and, in the name of Heaven and of my murdered sister, I challenge thee, Alfred Grandon, to mortal combat; and nerve well thine arm, for thou hast one to deal with in whose veins the blood is flowing in streams of molten fire!"

And, in the quiet of the forest, with only one eye looking down upon them, these two men stand foot to foot and face to face, in the strife of deadly, mortal combat.

Another picture. A youth of about seventeen sits at a gaming-table, his whole attention wrapped up in studying the game. From the size of his adversary's heap of gold, and the few pieces that are lying at his own elbow, it would seem as though he had been a heavy loser. A moment more, and with an oath he rises from the board, and without his hat, rushes forth at a mad pace into the street. On he dashes, his black locks streaming in the wind, nor pauses for a moment, until he stands upon the verge of the black and rushing river. He murmurs forth in indistinct tones, "Dishonored and ruined! banished from my father's house, and, therefore, hopeless to look from him for the means of safety! an ignominious death in prospect on the discovery of the crime I committed to gain my last supply of gold! For the wretched Henry Grandon there is nothing left but this!"

Still another picture; A child of twelve years old wanders by the verge of a cliff, overhanging an abyss of some hundred feet in depth. Its attendant, seated beneath a pleasant shade, takes little heed of his wanderings, nor notes his near approach toward the dangerous spot. A noise of crumbling earth at length attracts his attention, and he sees, with horror, that his charge is but just sinking with the unstable earth, and as he gazes spell-bound on the sight, beholds him suddenly disappear from his view. With wild cries assistance is summoned, and the mangled form is borne to its home beneath the roof of Geoffrey Grandon, and laid tenderly upon a couch.

And now the last picture of them all: Geoffrey Grandon and his wife lean over the couch of their child. All is hushed! Without, the golden hues of the sun are fading from sight in the far west, and the beams just rest for a moment on the sufferer's couch ere they are slowly lost, and obscurity gathers over the earth. The labored breathing of the child on whose brow the dread seal of death is plainly laid, and the low sobs of the woman whose offspring it is, alone break the stillness, when suddenly the well-remembered sound reaches their ears—a solemn, slow, and ghostly footstep, echoing and re-echoing through the huge old hall in the ancient mansion of the Grandons; and, as it strikes upon their terror-stricken ears, a faint sigh from the little couch announces that their child is no more.

Darkness has gathered over the two combatants ere their strife of blood is ended. The brother of Ernestine Veinhardt leans exhausted against a tree, and upon the ground, writhing in the agony of death, Alfred Grandon ebbs out his life-blood. She is avenged!

A hollow plunge is taken in the black and rushing river, and beneath its flood the crimes of Henry Grandon are ended in this world forever!

One infant boy remained—his fate to bear that name down, accursed as it was, to posterity, and thus fulfill the dread anathema pronounced against it. This Geoffrey Grandon thought, as he received, one by one, the intelligence of his sons' deaths. He could have wished that his child too had died; but it was not so to be—the curse must still go on; the race had not yet become extinct.

The last of the name is long since dead; but until the hand of the dread messenger was laid upon him, the footstep was always heard in the hour when one that bore the name was wasting away. It was always heard in the huge old hall, pacing solemnly to and fro, slow, and ghostly, and echoing, ceasing not till the spirit had quitted its tenement of life; and the servants, as they heard it, told in whispers the story

they had been told of its origin, and whispered forth with trembling lips the old-time anathema, "A curse then rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

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 pines.
Red and fiery were the heavens,
Hot and arid all the air,
For the pestilence which wasteth
In the noontide hour was there.

All day had its dark-browed victims
Fallen before its mighty power,
Till at last its fearful shadow
Fell upon a beautiful flower.
She, who, in the Saviour's presence,
Now, a white-robed angel shined,
She, the gentle blue-eyed Jessie,
She, the Angel of the Pines.

In the cabins, rude 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 wail.

Men with strong hearts, dusky maidens,
Matrons, wrinkled, old and grey,
Children, 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 Magnolia
Blossomed in the evening 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 forehead
Pushed they back the golden hair,
And the mother shrieked with anguish
As she felt the death-dew there.

Ere the morrow's sun had risen,
Ere the darkness 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—there we leave her,
Jessie, Angel of the Pines.

Brookport, 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 isolated nature 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 dyspepsia, the wreck and defeat of body and soul, which a community deficient in out-door sports, genial society, or legitimate gaiety, 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 society. None are more truly interested—did they know their own duty and policy—in seeing the community properly amused, than the organized friends of morality and piety. They ought to know that nature avenges herself sooner or later—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, involve an inevitable derangement and sure decay the higher organs and faculties. Instead, therefore, of interfering with business, duty, sobriety, piety, with scholarship, economy, virtue, and reverence, amusement, viewed merely as a principle, advances and supports them all. The intellect plays a part of every day, works more powerfully, and to better 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, is more vigorous than the will that is always strained.

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 support, to buffet the elements of adverse fortune alone.

We are slow to acknowledge any womanly character, 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 devotedness—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 denies herself every comfort to give them an education. She would part with her heart's blood to make them happy.

This devotedness becomes more remarkable when by the death of the father the mother is left to struggle alone through life. If we were to set out to explore this city, we should find many a poor widow, with five or six children dependent upon her, struggling for her support with a patience and courage truly heroic. With no friends to help her, and no 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 soo 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.

Indignant will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality 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 prudence and merit.

face; but as for those mediums, who can tell, for the life of him, whether there is such an element as honesty anywhere within them? The perfect positiveness, too, of the Professor on the subject is particularly refreshing. He is not so certain about other people; but the business of mediumship he knows all about. Root and branch he is perfectly familiar with. There is not one among them all honest—no, not one. It is fearful to contemplate such a state of unbridled 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.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER, ESQ., AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 13, 1857.

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 investigator, either of the past or the present, is the blind reliance placed upon the teachings of the past, more especially in theological matters. If a new truth dawns upon the intellect of the present, it is rejected, because there is authority for it in the past; 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 embryonic condition, on account of this adherence to authority and to precedent.

In the long, dark catalogue of error which has characterized the ecclesiasticism of the past, and still casts a gloomy shadow over the developments of the future, there is perhaps no one feature, concerning which this complaint could be more justly made, than the point attempted to be established as based on the words of the text—the theory touching the character of Jesus Christ, as a member of the Trinity, his equality with God, and also the equality of the Paraclete, or Holy Ghost, with him and with the Father. With regard to this particular item of faith, which has been promulgated for fifteen hundred years, and many others associated with it, if you look philosophically at the history of the past, you will see how extremely injurious has been the effect of relying on past authority in theological investigations, and how it has retarded the development of new truth. This reliance on authority has been the stimulant of persecution in almost every age, both Catholic and Protestant; it sharpened the wit of Loyola, and from his brain sprang the Inquisition. He relied not only on the authority of the "Fathers," but on the authority of the old Jewish literature, which sanctioned all his persecution, and persecution by other tyrants, for opinion's sake, before him and since. In the history of your own land, during the past century, you will find abundant evidence of the baneful effects of this reliance on the authority of the past. The influence of the reformatory movements of the age, which have been commenced during the last twenty-five years, and of 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 gave them, to see for themselves what is truth, and 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 consequence? In the antagonism to Spiritualism in your city, you find that one of its chief sources of complaint from those who are opposed to it, is that it denies the divinity of Christ, and the Trinity, and they allege that they have all the authority of the past, and the Bible, to prove these to be true, and, therefore, all modern Spiritualists, as well as some other reformers, are infidels. Well, you must be willing, if you want to advance along the pathway of humanity, if you wish to rise into a loftier and holier appreciation of humanity, and through that of the Father, to become infidel to this monstrous mathematical absurdity of the Trinity. Modern Spiritualism does not consist in mere declamation, but in the attempt to introduce into the great body of God's children a recognition of their innate purity and their progressive tendency. It consists of magnificent, fundamental truths; that come forth from the great fount of the universe, and that have ever been sparkling in the coronet of nature, and it calls on humanity to lift its eyes from the dark influences of other days, to point its lens upwards, and reach far out to the beaming developments of the future, and read there the glorious divinity of man, as the legitimate heir of the Infinite Divine. This is modern Spiritualism; and while it assumes to do this through the channels of the expanding intellect of the present, it also brings to bear every truth of the past, to aid in substantiating these developments of the hour.

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 will find that for the first five centuries there was a constant disputation going on among the earlier 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 *ignis fatui*—whilst they persistently reject the beautiful moral exhortations of the present.

In the early part of the fourth century, there was 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), nineteen of which decided in favor of Arius, and nineteen in favor of Athanasius, and the dispute was terminated by the Council of Constantinople, in 381, and which decreed, in accordance with the Council of Nice, that the doctrine of the Trinity was true; and about the beginning of the fifth cen-

tury Arianism was forced into nonentity at the point of the sword, amid the Goths of Spain. During the time that these councils were held, there were over seventy different sects of Christians in existence, under different names, believing different tenets, and each one claiming divine authority for its belief. Now, are modern Spiritualists to be denounced in the nineteenth century, because they dare to assert that Jesus had some other mission than that of assuming 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, "those were the Catholics you have been talking about; we do not subscribe to them!" We say, in 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 claim that the fathers, so called, of the first five centuries, were able to interpret the meaning of the Bible better than some of the teachers of modern times—men whose great intellects have grasped the libraries of other ages, and who, reaching forward their speculative thought, are grasping, as it were, the libraries of the future. These men, 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 freedom of thought and investigation, and once Protestantism took a giant stride in advance of the hierarchy that went before it; but there is still a moral system of ostracism in operation, which, though it does not inflict physical torture, destroys the social and moral position of men, and many stand back and refuse to accept a glorious truth, for fear of the denunciations of the church, and of society, the oldest born child of the church.

In the reign of Henry the VI., Cranmer drew up the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, which were submitted to Parliament, and by it declared to be the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore infallible, and during the three hundred years since then, there have been several hundred alterations 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 in the first instance, why should he be necessitated to correct himself several hundred times? And yet these thirty-nine articles, with their various modifications, are relied on by the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of America, as the authority of the Holy Ghost, handed down from other ages, while the glorious truths touching the interior of man and the nature of God, which are being promulgated outside of these churches, are ignored by them.

Then there are other classes of Protestants who rely on other authorities. When these branches first manifested their independence, they declared 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, made a glorious beginning; but look at the alterations recently made in the form of discipline for the 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 the blind authority of the past, and have driven out from their midst some of the best minds, because they dared to be free, and declare the newer truths they had seen. Then does not the world need Spiritualism, or something else, to reform it from the dark influences of the authority of the past?

Now if the text does not mean that Christ was equal with God, what does it mean? Modern Spiritualism affirms that the proper interpretation of the text is this—that Christ intended to convey the idea that in purpose and principle and spirit, he was one with the power that sent him. This is not an arbitrary interpretation, because, in the text preceding, Jesus declares that the Father was greater than any. You must admit, as Spiritualism claims, that Christ had a spiritual meaning, or that he contradicted himself. Take the ground of modern Spiritualism, and Christ stands forth as the individualized representative of a firm principle, the divine inherent representation of the almighty impulses of being, moving upon the intellectual and affectional plane, demonstrating practically what he taught theoretically, reaching forth his arms in love to all humanity, regardless of persecution, and presenting a magnificent 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 stand persecution so can you, and as he was called upon to mount the calvary of physical persecution, so 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, more beautiful will be your conceptions of humanity and of God. Cultivate bright and pure thoughts, aim at moral perfection, strive to rise higher and higher, 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.

MASS STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—A Mass State Temperance Convention will be held at Fitchburg on the 7th and 8th of October. These meetings will commence on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 7th, at half-past two o'clock, with a grand meeting of the children—to be addressed by Mr. Sinclair, of Scotland—and will continue through Thursday.

Friends of Temperance of all organizations, are invited to be present. Questions of great interest will be before the meeting.

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

REMOVAL.

Bela Marsh has removed his book-store from 15 Franklin street, to No. 14 Bromfield street, where may be found a large assortment of spiritual publications. The *Banner* can always be had at this establishment.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

Written for the Banner of Light. FLASHES AND DASHES BY THE WAY.

BY PRESS.

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 himself, 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 merchandise, and chaffing with the store-keeper for an hour or more, he succeeded in effecting a small sale. The transaction being concluded, 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 very difficult to find that same keyhole.

"Curse the key-hole—where the devil is that key-hole! Confound that key-hole!" he exclaimed, as some of his wares tumbled off, and a half-dozen of the cloth caps went into the dust. And still he kept fidgeting 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 blown to pieces if I can!" answered 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 town so darned mean as to do it!" and then, as if struck again by a sudden thought, he suggested that—"it might have dropped out and fell down onto the ground!"

Pres said nothing, but still kept feeling for the keyhole.

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 slaves had been run ashore and burned between Cardenas and Matanzas.

Three cargoes of slaves had been landed within a week.

The Metropolitan Theatre, in San Francisco, was burnt on the 16th 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 Pompeii'?" Mrs. Grizzle, with a nervous twitch of the mouth, replied,—

"No, sir, I believe I never read any of Mr. Pompeii's works."

Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

Young men 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 called 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.

Simson 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 theatre seeing the play of "Macbeth." In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, "What is't ye do?" and they answer, "A deed with out a name," the phrase struck the sagacious lawyer 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 horses," 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 2:40! 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 seemed on her last legs) and drove four miles home, and clean into the barn, and all the time it rained into the hind end of my wagon and I never got a drop. And not more'n a month ago a chain of lightning' took arter her all over the lower pastur, and arter running two or three times round the lot she hopped the wall, and there the lightning' 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."

IGNORANT, MAY BE.—Traveler—"My boy where does 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 despatch for the Queen to send to the President, after the cable broke:—

Mr. Buchanan—On earth, peace—overboard, another piece.

A TYPE FOUNDER at Buffalo has completely encased a ripe pear in a coat of copper, by the electrolytic process, and expects to preserve the fruit for his children's children to eat.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

The California steamer, Central 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 \$200,000. 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.

The Buss World.

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 settlers in Argyle, taking up a tract of land about the year 1800, on the west bank of Penobscot 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 physicians 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 has received \$2400 for freight one day, at eight cents a basket, for peaches.

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. Sickles.

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 Curtis.

THE Connecticut State Fair will commence on Tuesday, Oct. 13, and hold three days. It is to be held 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 piano, 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.

ST. 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 snow.

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 YEARNOT of 6 1/4 cents has just been rendered against the New York Times in a suit for libel.

Late European Items.

The British steamship Persia has arrived, bringing dates from Liverpool to the 6th inst.

The underwriters on the cable of the Atlantic Telegraph Company had offered to settle the claims on them by paying 86 1/2 per cent in cash.

The American horse locomotive had been badly beaten.

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 Ledra Rollin, Mazzini, Massarenti and Campanella to transportation.

The Mexican Charge 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 Vienna 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. Reinforcements 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 occurred for more than a month since the last receipts.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

QUEBEC, 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 France 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.

J. S. POWELL, MICH.—We 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 poems you recently forwarded 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 other spirits you quote, written while in the form. We question the genuineness of the authorities you have quoted, and advise you to be governed in these matters by your own reason, remembering that spirits must be judged 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 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 sounding names. People who are always calling for Washington, Franklin, and like names, 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.

F. M. G. CHENESE.—Your communication in reference to the "Centurion Boy" is unavoidably deferred. It will be printed in our next issue.

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

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.—I respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square.

17-25 Sept. 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, September 27th, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. Anna M. Henderson will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall.

L. K. COOLEY will preach in Stoughton on Sunday, September 27th.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Lowell, September 27th.

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

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 Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls to lecture in the New England States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

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

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

Wm. B. JOSELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street) in a quiet and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers, at 3 o'clock P. M., and 7 1/2 in the evening.

Private circles if requested.

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

"Are these things so?" is the first question to be decided. Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence. Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XI.—Continued.

Letter from Sir Charles Isham, Lamport Hall, Northampton, to the Editor of the Leader.

SIR:—Having observed in your journal of the 8th inst. a statement respecting the alleged spirit manifestations, 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 servant—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 considering 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; I then attempted to help him, but got on with difficulty; 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 obtained my request, during the second interview, in so satisfactory a manner, that I consider time may be more profitably employed than in seeking a repetition of it; it moved out of the reach of Mrs. Hayden, and soon after regained its former position; it moved upon its axis in a peculiarly smooth, gliding manner; not the top only, but the whole table, as I 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 noble and mysterious organ 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.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, C. E. I.

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:

SIR:—Permit me, if you conveniently can, the opportunity 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 recorded by him be possible, what becomes of the "proofs" he so confidently relies on? Suppose, then, the spirits summoned to the scene, saw through Mr. Lewes' scheme, and felt disposed to gratify him with his proof?

Here is another hypothesis, which many as cautious critics as Mr. Lewes may be disposed to accept, quite as readily as his own. He does not hesitate 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 wagery: 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 sacred, 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! The father, or other near relatives of the person is present, and, from some peculiarity in it, disputes the genuineness 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 Greeley's paper, the Tribune, 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" experiments. I have, however, seen so much of other equally mysterious things, that I hesitate to accept an explanation of the "rappings," which implies so much credulity on the one side, and so much depravity on the other.

Having briefly thrown a new test before your accomplished collaborator, I await his ever genial, however trenchant, criticism.

And am, sir, yours truly, "A."

Liverpool, March 24th, 1857.

[To be continued.]

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 small pieces; the two following days three were given, and afterwards eighteen every day. In every case the water came off the seventh day.

Correspondence.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

We have sadly neglected some of our correspondents 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 disquietude 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 daguerotypes a new life upon his soul, which never cast its light there before. Oftentimes there is something 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 fan the spark into a flame.

We have as it were been isolated from all the teachings of our spirit friends, while around and about us, the workers in the cause, have stood forth and proclaimed the good news to anxious, listening 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 trance-speakers 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 to all who would listen to the words of truth and 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 matter, and in regard to the final happiness of all of earth's dwellers, or the eternal misery of a portion of the human family. This lecture was delivered by a spirit-friend, who designates himself as The Friend 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 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 will be others who labor for the cause who will come this way. They will find a ready welcome from the few tried friends of our beloved cause—please send them along.

I really wish that there was some of your invaluable papers sent here for sale; there are those who would buy, but are afraid to subscribe; who are yet ashamed to own their God as seen in his wonderful works. There are many in this place who read all that they get upon the subject, but are afraid to let it be seen. There are a number of the Spiritual Age and Telegraph sold here, but not one of the Boston papers. I have hastily written this, and 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 Banner. I am, respectfully,

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 periodical-dealer there, we will endeavor to see that the Banner floats there, as proudly as it does elsewhere. If the spirits communicate, we shall publish with pleasure.

Sometimes we are called upon to set a friend right, and clear up a lurking doubt which hangs over his mind like a pall. Of this nature is one from a friend in Philadelphia, who has some doubts 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 not induce me to keep any 'gammon' dark for its sake. The cause of truth is not to be forwarded by fraud."

We hold it to be the duty of the true friends to expose any fraud or imposition when well proven. But in this case it does not follow that there is a fraud, because your affair is not attended to. The gentleman you speak of would undoubtedly answer your letter, did the spirit see fit to prompt him. The fact that you have not received an answer is some evidence that there is no fraud intended. If he manufactured answers, he would be likely to attend to you. No medium is perfect in his powers, 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 proof 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 son. There was nothing in either letter giving any clue to names, and as the son does not reside in Boston and was a stranger to the medium, the test was considered very good.

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 poetry 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 beauties 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 careless 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 the beauties of a true and noble manhood or womanhood. J. C. R.

GOD HAS NOT MADE A HUMAN SOUL WITHOUT IMPLANTING IN IT SOME FLOWER OF RAREST BEAUTY; which, if cultivated 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 walk. If we could but feel this, what charity, what 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 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 unacquainted with you, to send a word of greeting from this section of the country. The good cause excites considerable interest here, and numbers some of the most intelligent of the population among its friends. We have been favored with visits from Mrs. Townsend, Miss Amedy, Conoley, and others, who have left a good impression; cheering and strengthening by the words of truth and counsel.

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 not prove entirely without interest.

Well, one pleasant evening last week, the quiet of our little village was broken by the noisy entrance 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 time, quite an audience having assembled, he mounted his wagon, and drawing from beneath the seat a violin, commenced by making a few remarks on most every subject, and no subject in particular. Next in order was a song, with violin accompaniments; then the introduction of his medicine, detailing the virtues it contained, and the vast benefit he was so 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 "Spiritualism," and delivered himself something after the following manner:—

"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 it attentively, we will find the 'good Book' gives accounts all the way through of the devil producing similar manifestations, from the time of the Witch of Endor, who was a medium, down to Christ's time. And then look at the mediums; who are they? Their characters will not bear five minutes investigation, but are worthless and mean; going about the country gulling money from the people, under the pretence of having a familiar spirit."

This, by the way, came with good grace from one who has spent most of his life gulling the community by his worthless traps, and has got rich by it; and he forgot to tell his audience whether Moses and Elias were sent to the mount by the devil, or if the same noted personage opened Peter's dungeon and knocked the chains from his limbs; and many other glorious proofs of spirit power were left unexplained, probably for want of time.

I have written a hasty sketch of what is going on around, and if it is of any use to you, use it, if not, throw it in your receptacle for waste paper. The Banner finds some readers here, and may it find still more, for it contains many gems of thought, and words of cheer, that have an influence for good, and help to raise the fallen, and like those of old, bind up the broken heart, and dry the mourner's tears with promises of immortality.

Yours, &c., 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 cry 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 recognise 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 pioneers in the last revelation to man.

INTERESTING FUNERAL.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Oft have I been called upon to be with the sick during the last moments prior to the spirit taking its flight to the more glorious sphere beyond. But the case of Mrs. Horace Bigelow, of Marlboro', whose spirit left the material form on Saturday morning, the 6th inst., was an occasion of

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 phenomena had buoyed up her spirit to the last; and although the material body was diseased in every part, in those last hours she had her consciousness, and called for each of her friends in the house, and taking each by the hand, had something to say to them in regard to her exit from this to the better land. She said, "I see many of my spirit friends bending over me, and they hold in their hands beautiful bouquets, and welcome me to come." She was very earnest that the friends around should see them. She said, "I see my brother George distinctly." (This brother passed on four weeks previous.) On the Monday following I attended the funeral, and the Unitarian meeting-house was thrown open for the funeral services, which were performed through the organization of Miss Rosa Amedy, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Alger, who, I have been informed, graduated from the same institution, at the same time with the Professor who is loudest in denouncing mediums. It did many souls good to see the liberal feeling exhibited on the occasion. The address through Miss Amedy was of the most exalting and soul-soothing nature, and upon meeting at the tomb, a large circle of friends being formed around the casket, Miss Amedy was entranced, and a beautiful poetical address was delivered, occupying some twenty minutes in its delivery. J. W. G.

THE "GANARGWA LETTERS."

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4, 1857.

SOMEBODY, I see, is writing letters to the Olive 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 April, and 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." It solemnly pretends to give a history of the origin of the 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 her—she is either ignorant of the whole matter, or a gross and wilful romancer. Hear her:—

"We place Spiritualism in the class of humbugs, 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 character."

Here the first falsehood is that it was got up as an "April fool," and the second is that when investigated it has been proved to be a humbug. It did not commence on the first of April or very near it. No history of it gives any grounds for such a statement. It is one of Bertha's fabrications.

The testimony of Michael Meekman and his wife, taken by E. E. Lewis, Esq., April 11, 1848, shows that they lived in the house afterwards occupied by the Fox family, and that they were disturbed by the same noises, about one year before the noise was heard by the Fox family. Others testify to the same thing; but they had not the courage to disclose the facts before, for fear of being ridiculed. Two witnesses testify that the same things occurred there as early as 1844. It is well attested that the "mysterious rapping" was heard in the house before the Fox family occupied it. The nearest truth Bertha gets is about the first of April, for the neighbors were first called in by the Fox family on the evening of the 31st of March; but this was after they had been repeatedly alarmed by the noise, and wished to have others assist in finding the cause. (See "Modern Spiritualism, its Facts and Fanaticism," chap. 2.) So much for the Olive Branch's correspondent on the first of April.

On the assertion that wherever it has been thoroughly investigated, it has proved to be a humbug, we will only say that the many searching tests that have been applied give this an emphatic contradiction. 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 of 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, the sounds did not "beg" at first, follow her, or any one 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. Nothing of the kind ever occurred. More falsehood could scarcely be crowded into the same space. The first idea of there being any intelligence about it, was from Kate striking her hand on the bed and hearing the sounds repeated. Mrs. Fox says, "I then said, count ten, and it counted." This was the beginning of intelligent communication. "Bertha" says:—

"Somehow the spirit gave them to understand 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 girlish name, expresses astonishment at the credulity of "respectable people," and says the ghost story was believed "by many even, who knew the character 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 Scotts, 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 slander about them.

Mr. Editor, it may not be thought worth while to notice such things as this; but the Olive Branch is a religious paper as well as literary, and it is supposed to endorse anything written against Spiritualism, and to cover up all such falsehoods with its mouth of sanctity. Hence it has an influence, and should be exposed when lending its columns for the spread of ignorance and falsehood.

MEDIUMSHIP OF J. V. MANSFIELD.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Sept. 24, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having heard of the powers of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, to answer letters unopened, and sealed with every precaution the writer might please to use to make it certain that the envelope had not been disturbed, I addressed a letter to the spirit of Rev. Isaac Knight, formerly a settled Congregational minister in this place, and who closed his earthly life about eight years since. My letter embodied several questions, a part of which concerned our mutual experiences while he was in the form. I folded it in the usual way, and ran my gluten brush round the two ends and the lower edge and placed it in a huff envelope, completely sealing the envelope to the letter; then closed it in the usual way by wetting the gluten. But to make it doubly secure, I applied sealing wax and stamped it with a stamp of my own design, and unlike, I think, any other in the world. Upon the envelope was simply the letter A. I enclosed this letter, so securely sealed, in a common envelope, and addressed it to J. V. Mansfield, Boston. Not having heard from my letter, and being in Boston some weeks after its date, I called on Mr. Mansfield and found him sitting at his desk, with three or four hundreds of letters lying before him to be answered. He was busy giving an answer to a letter before him. On its completion, I inquired for mine, 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, 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 in my letter to Mr. Mansfield.) I desired him to 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 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 served him, in relation to the matters about which I made inquiry. Thinking still he might have in his mind the attempt to reply when I was at Mr. Mansfield's in the morning, I said, "Do you mean to have me understand that there is a reply written out for me?" The answer was unequivocally given, "Yes, there is." After a somewhat protracted conversation with him, which was entirely characteristic of himself when in the form, and in which he evinced a knowledge of matters at Franklin, which could be possessed by no person who had not once been familiar with them, I went directly to Mr. Mansfield's office and found a lengthy communication addressed to myself, and signed properly by his own name, and with unmistakable reference to my interrogatories, answering some clearly and distinctly, and, in one instance, by repeating my question almost word for word, and then following with the answer. Others were answered in a more general manner, but when a distinct reply was wanting, the reasons were given. But what, perhaps, was more remarkable, he saw clearly my motive for addressing him these interrogatories, which was special, and replied to it distinctly, no allusion to which was contained in my letter to him.

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 my letter until after it was answered; and they were equally desirous with myself, to test the matter truly, and have, to my certain knowledge, never seen 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 well known character of Miss Munson as an excellent and reliable trance medium for communications. G.

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 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 was that his first name was James, to which she replied, "Yes, I think that is it," and while deliberating on what course to pursue, some unseen influence took possession of her hand and wrote mechanically—"I will give you the desired information—his name is David."

We did not think it quite advisable to entirely rely upon this statement, as we were both impressed 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 above-named 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.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 14, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I wish to place on record the following incident of what once was called "Scott's second sight," but which further researches prove to be a faculty possessed by some clairvoyant mediums. On Oct. 19th, 1856, Mr. Stevenson, a Scotchman, was walking from the fair grounds, when he hailed a carriage containing three persons. He said to one, "Is your name Tom Tallie?" (who assented.) Then he said, "I had a dream last night that you were in a carriage and horse, with three persons in the vehicle."

The Messenger.

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. MILLERBERGER.

STAFFORD, Conn., Sept. 21, 1887.

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 unseen. 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 to commune with us. I was allowed to be one of the 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, and who, moreover, have a large and known social influence. Every reader of your paper will of course know 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 progress of the age. The circle, however, will not abandon its mission, until the good it may be accomplished. Its members will live and pray in sympathy with the multitude which no man can now number of those who feel that they walk with God, and are surrounded by his blessed angels.

Yours, &c.,

D.

WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 24, 1887.

Messrs. Editors—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 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 afternoon of the day, August 20th. I placed my hand upon the tumor and made a few manifestations; then requested her to call on me the next morning, which she did, but the tumor was gone, leaving no traces of it ever having been there. I inquired of her to know what had become of it. She replied that "It all went off in the night after you rubbed it." It had not returned when I left, one week after.

C. C. YORK.

PROGRESSION.

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

All things are progressive. Nothing can be hastened, or made to improve faster; but each has its limited course—as the drop falls from the rock, forming a pool, and then a brook, and then a river, and lastly, the ocean. As the flower must first burst the seed, and display its tiny twin-leaves, from which cometh 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. Time bringeth all things; therefore wait patiently his footsteps, for he cannot be hurried; and whenever attempts to pass him must go back, or await his coming—and giving him the deference his age demands, allow him to precede him. Time truly bringeth all things: to one pleasure, to another unhappiness; to one a birth, to another a loss; to one flowers, to another disappointment, and yet he is by no means unjust, for in the end all are treated alike; therefore when thy gift is not what thou choicest, 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 evil things hereafter, for constant indulgence teaches not the heart charity or friendly feeling for another, therefore must the evil follow, not as a consequence of the good, but from the way it was received; but he who hath evil things on earth, or troubles and cares, is taught to feel for the misfortunes of others, and thus in being unselfish, in trying to relieve his fellow-man, he is made capable of receiving happiness 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 ill 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; like treading feet 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; for like a black cloud on a summer day, it cometh quickly and is quickly gone—leaving the heart refreshed by its chastened drops—making the sun of happiness more beautiful by contrast. Have pity for those who, in trouble, start their hearts and look downward, embracing sorrow as a dear friend who is unwilling to stay when her more brilliant sister happiness is hovering near—sorrow leaveth the heart almost as soon as she enters, while happiness abideth forever, and cannot be driven away. The memory of her is unfading, while sorrow shrinks away in the dim past and is forgotten. This alone should teach us our destiny, should shape our ends. To try and make ourselves worthy of all this is a small request for the great Father to make. And may all hearts be ready for the good seed which is now falling—and bring an abundant harvest, is the prayer of the spirit of

Written for the Banner of Light.

NECESSITY OF TRIALS.

Vicissitudes are buds 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 fight;
As pleasure sweeter 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 'tis better in the end,
The poor, than rich, can better judge of wealth.
Let this console who tread 'th' uneven way—
God, just and righteous, will the pure repay.

Bojars.

The population of the United States and Territories is set down as 26,984,212. The aggregate value of the real and personal estate, \$11,317,611,079.

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

The object of this department is, as its title partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *finis* beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that 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 necessities of life. Shall I come in vain, or shall I ask those who have plenty to bestow a portion of their gold upon him. He is sick and needs aid, and for that I come. I saw somewhat of Spiritualism, before I left earth, but I could not fully believe. Yes, yes, somewhat has been done, but not much. When I look abroad 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 I return.

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 Love and Charity upon Samuel Upham. He is a medium—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 sick. We shall inquire more particularly about it 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 about 30 miles east of Boston. I died of fever, and was between 60 and 70 years of age. If I had lived a few weeks longer on earth, I should have been seventy years old. I have a wife with me, or she who bore that title when on earth, and I have another also on earth. And to her I wish to speak. I wish her to deal honestly, soberly, and in the fear of God and his angels, with my child, my daughter, my Caroline. For many a long month, my child stayed away from me, and even when I lay upon my bed—my 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 she see after a storm.

Young man, I am unhappy, and I know not which way to turn to find true happiness, except it be to come back and administer justice to those who have not had it done to them.

I owned a farm—some money, and I wish my child Caroline to have one-third of my earthly possessions. 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.

I never heard of Spiritualism, knew nothing about it. I have told all I came to tell, now I'll go. It was very hard for me to get here. Your medium refused, on account of my unhappy looks, for her spirit said, I have unhappiness within my own doors; but I will now draw away a portion of her unhappiness, and thus try to repay her for her yielding to me. You print a sheet, my daughter reads it; I commenced my work before I came here, you see, and I have finished it here, and hope to pass away from earth. I was about east thirty miles from here and a little south, but bearing more to the east. My daughter lives near Blackstone, Mass.

May I do good in coming, and may those to whom we come know, that although we are dead, we live, that though we sleep, we are awake, and that though we have passed on, we can hear, and see, and do, and it is no use for mortals to think they do wrong, and nobody knows it, for there is more than one God to hear and see. For I am told He is in all His children, and if so, He sees all and knows all that His 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 blessings upon God's children when they ask.

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, sunk some in the estimation of themselves and many around them, they are ready to wrap themselves up in a cloak of Despair and sit down to mourn over the past.

Now if they would learn a lesson of past experience, and strive to profit by that lesson, Peace, Prosperity, Holy attainments might again settle upon their household.

I see before me a river, upon whose tranquil bosom many thousand crafts are sailing. Some of these crafts are men, but a bubble, which shall glitter a moment upon the waters of earth life, then sink 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 countenances. Others quiet—peace seems to be with them, for they know those they have sailing upon these waters 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 see hold many angels gathering cups of water, carrying them up the temple, and passing them one to another. Again I look upon earth, and find those golden cups darkened—the water is wasted and the work of angels seemed to have come to naught. But the water which is wasted apparently, shall become the fruits of the spirit resurrection of those who have tasted it.

Again I am upon earth, wandering among its inhabitants, finding my own, being them covered, yea, covered with Error and Folly. But I see many angels have been here before me, and I see there has been pure water from 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 Death.

I come to make peace—to unite 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, from 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 I am happy. Tell Lucy she was the last one I thought of. Tell Alfred I wish him to have my watch. Tell 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 am not dead.

HENRY SABINE.

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 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 it is that they are covered with a veil of mystery; for they fear to launch forth into the future, because they know not of it. They fear to be guided by those who have 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 higher. One after another of our family is coming here, and as one after another comes to us in darkness, we are led to earth, 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 receive it.

I have a great desire to speak to my friends in private; I have much to give them that I cannot give you. Oh, may I in time be received as I would receive those I love on earth. I do not come to destroy their peace of mind, but to add to it. My name was Olive Nickerson. Yes, I will tell you—my people live at Cape Cod—nearly all my friends.

This last paragraph was in answer to my mind, not to an audible question. Spirits talk not by sound with each other, but thought is conveyed from spirit to spirit. It is called Intuition.

Here is a clear case where the idea in our mind was conveyed to the spirit, and an answer returned audibly through mediumistic powers, but the answer could not have come from our mind, nor that of the 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 I am? 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 me, 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 yet—I expected 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 fooled 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 waiting, expecting to go somewhere—to hell, I supposed, and I began to think the Catholic religion 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 it 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. Something said to me: Bill, you can do better if you will, but it was not strong enough to help me up. Do you know where Bill Crocker is? Part of the time he tended bar—part of the time used to sport. He told me of Spiritualism once; said he had been to a medium by the name of Irish, and wanted me to go too, but I was a little frightened.

Well, where's Dave Spencer? Where's George Lewis? Is George dead? That is strange. Well, where is Jim Brady? Do you know him? He sported part of the time, and was on the stage part of the time.

I should like to talk to Lizzie, but I have got too much confession to make there. I am ready to confess, but not to the public; those things must be talked to her alone.

Tell all my friends I want to talk to them. I am as happy as I can be, under present circumstances; happier than I was when on earth, but not as happy as I wish to be.

Sept. 9th.

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. We 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 American river, about three miles from yourself. I only stopped there two or three days. I lived in Auburn before 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, and Marston, and Church, or Charles (his right name) were with me—we chanted together and swore fidelity, but some of these fellows are out-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 canvas bag with likenesses and other things valuable to a fellow away from home.

This medium is very desirous of regaining possession 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 say so.

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 the measles. I got cold, mother said, after they came out. Mother has gone to California; she talked of it before I died, for Uncle Charles wanted her to 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, tho' 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 mother lives close by Valley Forge, in California—that was 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 Henry, part after my father and my uncle. Such a nice time I had when I died! I saw lots of angels, and they treated me and fixed me, and gave me lots of things. I saw mother cry, and I could not see why she did it. Won't you please to send this to my mother. My Uncle Charles' name is Johnson, and he used to live in Henniker. My mother did not live there long, but she was born up there, and uncle, too; but he lived in Boston and New 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 pennyroyal tea, and I had got sixteen coppers she gave me for taking it—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.

Mother said when she made candy, I could always tell it, for I knew how to talk to people to make them buy it.

She will believe this, because she will know it's like me; but she won't believe everything, for I know when she went to meeting once, and heard George Pratt talk, she said she didn't believe a word he 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. I don'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 I 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 I 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 I will happen around this way again sometime, but I must go now. Write to the postmaster about me—that's what you should do.

John Stevens, Wells, Maine.

How d'ye do? Did you ever die? Don't know anything about it then? Well, I have, and I calculate I know something about it. They told me I had got to go, but I didn't believe it. Have I got any folks about here? I am in Boston, tho' I never was here before. Well, first of all, my name is John 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 thing is, you'll want to know what I did. Well, I used to do a little cobbling in winter, and in summer I worked on a farm. Sometimes, when harvest was over, I used to go fishing. That was all that I had to do. Sometimes I used to take shoes round from places to make. I couldn't get them until it was late, so I had nothing else to do but fishing. "I was asked to come here. I didn't know but I might see someone I knew. Know you? How should I? I have a father and mother, on earth. In Boston? He! he! he! the old man would have thought the world was coming to an end if he had got here. I

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; I never lived to be any older than that. What year is it now? 1847? Ain't you mistaken? I am very happy now; I didn't 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.

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 duties of spirit life.

William H. Lannan.

The weary men of earth oft 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 reposes 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 stay longer—I would if I could. My name was William H. Lannan. I told you I was, I believe, one of the middle class of people, sometimes called mechanics, 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 ago of a combination of tumors. I wish to communicate 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 will pass away, the morn will surely come. Then on the wings of gladness thy spirit, no longer a thing of earth, 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 beautiful 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 natures—love of kindred—beautified 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 develop 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 recognized 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 of 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 repeat with the fervor 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 tenderness the many anxieties of a loving and watchful father, and the forgiving, still loving 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 exceeds 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 children of the past—the pictured miseries of an eternity—but to fight an age-long deep in ignorance and sin, when to the scrutiny of progressed reason it is hostile 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 shortens 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 to this truth,

Pearls.

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

Friendship has the skill and observation of the best physician,
the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the
tenderness and patience of the best mother.

First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
The fingers of his hand where with 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 falling on my hair. Oh, beyond meet!
That way the cry of love, which leaved his own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did provide.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state! Since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own."

The light heart, like the vine, bleeds most rapidly 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 muscadine,
With anything for keys;
Beating tones 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 chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed: and across the porch
Thick jasmynes 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 Secclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristown's citizen: he thought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him up
With wiser feelings; for he passed and look'd
With a pious sadness, and gaz'd all around.
Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again.
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed 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 over 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 now,
As if his wily chariot sought the lowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb:
Now hush immersed, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then totally disappears.

The best mode of revenge is not to imitate the injury.

A SPANISH TRAGEDY.

"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" with 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 Signora 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 her own sin. 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 think goodness
I never had the awful ordeal to go through; give me
a polka, a händler, in preference), then she was
lost—she was a traitress; and with his pendent beard
and mustache, 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, dab-
bled 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.

Only one must not expect too much.
They had been wedded for some years, but, un-
happily, no child born to them had lived to bless
their union, to be the beautiful and sacred medium
through which hearts daily becoming estranged—the
one from petulant exaction and needless jealousy,
and the other from a sense of coldness and neglect—
might be brought to harmonize 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 re-
sponsibility, 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, sub-
missive, uncomplaining, meek, the very qualities
that mutely appealed to the forbearance of a sterner
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 em-
phasis of certainty comes. But it was also a part of
his punishment that he wanted proofs—proofs, and
no proof could be found—no satisfaction to his atrabi-
lous yearning did his evil genius yield him.

If he could only raise the devil, now (pray don't
be alarmed, I speak by hypothesis, if not by para-
ble), 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 mis-
ery—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-
cept but to be useful? Mr. Dryden, and some few
amusing variety of dramatists before and after him,
have shown how absolutely necessary these anoma-
lous beings were for the perfection of a plot. Don
Mical could not do without a plot; his life was a
kind of free-act play, and together with his wife's
duenna, companion, governess, whatever this re-

spectable stout lady might be, he consorted one, lack-
ing not a single element of perfection. One morning
the duenna, after a mysterious and half-whispered
interview with her master, in his own room, left
him—left him gazing upon a portrait which he held
in his hand, and on which, as he looked, his eyes dis-
tented, his peaked-moustaches took a still more sinis-
ter upward curve, and a baleful smile played about
his lips.

"So!" he muttered (jealousy always "muttered,"
"so!" this is the result of Donna Inez's search. The
signs and the sadness of the fair signora are here
explained. The portrait of an old lover, doubtless.
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
his hand, still eyeing the miniature, he seemed to be
holding a close "detective" debate with himself.
"Don Gonzales! no, he's too old. Pacheco! this
hair is black—Pacheco's brown. Alvaro! bah! this
nose is Italian—Alvaro's is Sancho Panza's. Who—
who, in the name of millions of demons, can it be?
But I'll have it lined—copied. I'll watch—I'll
watch! Hum! she comes. Good day, dear wife—
good morning, signora! How fare you after the gay
festival of last eve?"

"Why, very well, my dear lord," she replied—the
Signora Dolores entering—but with a sort of sad
smile, "we were very merry."
"Indeed, I think so," he remarked; "I thought
you enjoyed your company much. Don Giraldo is a
fine gallant, and I thought the witty Count Catho
pleased your fancy."

"My fancy! ah!" she sighed.
"And when you danced with Pacheco—"
"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—
your eyes sparkled, but when I came—"
"Well, when you entered?" she said.

"The smile faded—the joy died away," he said.
"Indeed, it was because you entered that I smil-
ed. I thought that—that you would be pleased—"

"Pleased to see my wife smile on another!" he
began, with a bitter look.

"Again perverseness, coldness, insinuations; my
lord, I beseech you, tell me what you mean."

"Not for the world, not for the wide world, would
I have her think me—jealous," he hissed forth to
himself; "that were to be laughed at indeed. But no
more—heed me not!—heed me not! I shall
learn; and Donna Inez shall observe what will hap-
pen when she misses the precious picture—hidden among
her most sacred treasures, in the most secret recesses
of her cabinet!" and, so saying, he flung on his
feathered heaver, 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 virtu-
ous as she was fair and good. It was mean and un-
manly this capital (only that my story couldn't get
on without it)—it was shameful this betraying of
her faith in her duenna, if such she had—it was pal-
try this prying into her cabinet—this foray upon
her trinkets—memorials, it may be, of the past. But
Don Mical said to himself as he strode forth to the
Alameda—

"The face is Italian, and she comes from Italy.
We shall see," and, saying so—barping upon this
string—and hoping, like many more, that "some-
thing 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,
where he cast himself upon a seat not far from a
fountain, and fell into a reverie.

"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
spectacle.

A man, tall, and large of limb, in a tattered cloak
and rusty breastplate, with a huge sword girdled on
his thigh. With his matted hair and beard he was
fierce-looking enough and gaunt as a wolf. He was
standing bare-headed before a passer-by and begging
with all the energy of hunger. The individual ad-
dressed gave a start, uttered an exclamation of fear
at meeting his ravening eyes, but, without bestowing
a marveled upon the outcast, only hurried on. The
poor wretch, with a curse and a groan, sank on a
stone beside the fountain, and his sinking head fell
upon his hands. Beckoning to his attendant to ap-
proach, Don Mical said—

"Go to that fellow," pointing to the man. "Bid
him follow you, but at a distance. Bring him, so-
cretely 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 neg-
otiations with the famishing bravo, Don Mical hasten-
ed back to his palace, which he entered unnoticed,
and waited there impatiently for the coming of the
grim stranger. To the duenna was now to be added
the dagger of the bravo 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 some-
thing 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; "all
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?"
Velasco laughed. "A disbanded soldier. I have
been in the Netherlands, cutting Low Country
throats. Since then I have been stealing and starv-
ing. Ugh! My trade's at a discount now. Can I
serve you, Signor Don Mical? Hol ho!"

His laugh was sardonic, half ferocious; and his
eyes kindled and lit up as if emitting baleful fires.
"How do you know me, then?" cried the other,
with a guilty start.

"Oh, your groom told me that—hol ho! He
wanted to be secret, but passing a quiet corner, I
threatened to strangle him if he did not speak. He
spoke. Your will, Don Mical."

"You are not tender—scrupulous—timid?"
"Tender? hal! hal! Scrupulous? hol ho! So
mocking, so bitter, so scornful was his laugh, that,
so far as any doubts of Velasco's fitness for any
wicked purpose was concerned, Don Mical was set
perfectly at ease.

"Who is it?" asked Velasco, jumping to the point
at once.

"A woman—my wife!" was the reply.
Velasco fell back with a cry, and whether it was
one of rage, anguish, or despair, or all three blended,
the noble knew not, but it made him shudder and
turn ghastly white.

"Your wife? your wife! She that was—was
called—I forget—she that was so fair and beautiful,
that the painter failed in his art—the sculptor's
skill eluded him to catch her lineaments! Thy
wife! Lo, how Nemesis works!"

"What meanest thou, knave? How knowest thou
—?" began Don Mical.

"Pardon, signor," said Velasco, changing his tone;
"I am delirious. I think. Long fasting—freshly
fed—the wine. In truth, I know not what I am
saying, save that I have heard of the signora as fair
and beautiful, and chaste as ice."

"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
must be purified—"

"What is the proof?" asked Velasco, quickly.
"Mine own convictions—this picture, found in
her cabinet!" and, in his haste and conflict of
passions, Don Mical tore 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
with a groan, and sank panting upon a chair.

"What means thy emotion, friend?" said the
nobleman, suspiciously. "What is there in that—
in her name even, to move thee so?"

"I know not—I know not," and if his voice was
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."

"So!" and Don Mical paused.

Bending down over the picture, the gaunt man
seemed to shiver and shake as one in agony. Don
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
last the long pause was broken.

A plan suited to Spanish jealousy, or Italian
revenge, and such as the inventive genius of Dumas
or Victor Hugo might have illustrated, and abso-
lutely indispensable to my story—a plan was speedily
concocted between the two worthies. Velasco was
to become a cowed monk, "shaven and shorn," to
visit her as a new confessor, to dig up the secrets of
that innocent, sad, troubled heart—to receive the
confirmation of every doubt the suspicious husband
cherished, and, if his worst fears were true, then—
then—But to anticipate is to destroy a climax.

"You had better leave me this picture for a time,"
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,
"that she is very devout. The Magdalen was so."

"The sinner prays the deepest, doubtless," said
Velasco, with a quiet, subdued manner; "and some
of us need to do so, or it will fare ill with us when
the dark hour arrives."

The evening came, and then the night. Instead
of starshine, and silver moonlight, and gentle breath-
ings through the trees, the sky was sullen, and
its golden fires were hidden, and the wind in long,
low, sobbing moans went by, as if singing a monody
or dirge, and quite in keeping with the ignoble plot-
ting that was in progress against a helpless woman's
peace, fame, and, perhaps, life.

In a chamber lighted with tapers, and beside a
table on which stood a crucifix, was a woman, whose
noble mien her deadly pallor could not conceal. It
was the Signora Dolores. Distress and anguish were
written on every feature.

"The picture, the picture!" she murmured.
"What can have become of it? Who has taken it?
Has my husband, in his vile suspicion, rifled the
very heart of my poor secret—dead and buried as it
has been for years past? If so, he will need no
more, and I know too well he will not heed my story.
Mother of sorrow, pity me! I have borne enough.
Oh, for peace, rest, a long, unbroken sleep!" and
she sank on her knees.

"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 Martelloni."

"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,
so fair, so good?"

"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 sor-
row?"

"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 her 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—however distant to some, it
cannot be so very distant to thee—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
fell dreamily.

"Loved! Dead?"
"Nay, father, be not angered," said Dolores, in a
subdued tone. "We were both young—had grown
up together. We plighted our faith and life-long
love to one another. What wrong was there in
this?"

"Wrong! None. The wrong would be in false-
hood, in the breaking of this truth-plight," was the
somewhat emphatic reply.

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

"Julio, Julio!" and the monk's tone softened
strangely. "Then you have not forgotten his
name?"

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

It seemed to take me back, so far, far happier days,
ere blight and sorrow fell upon me—ere I was parted
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 city—
and—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
so."

"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 fierce 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?"

"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 executioner; 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 reply, that it seemed she heeded not, or un-
derstood not, the dreadful charge. "I forget nothing;
I am reminded of my marriage vows daily. I loved
him too, I think, while my child lived. It is dead—
dead! and I—what says he, then?" she abruptly
added.

"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
so subdued a tenderness, that the man turned aside
his heaving frame, which was quivering with intel-
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 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
emotions of the man gave way to the touching
word.

"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 be-
wildered, and with death, too, so near, that I am un-
able 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
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, Do-
lores? Can you trace Julio, who loved you, in these
changed features?"

"Julio! Julio!" she tremulously exclaimed, a
light gathering with lambent flashes in her eyes,
which, but a moment before, were growing dull and
dim.

"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
wealthy 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, lost—
lost, 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 bravo, 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—here—here!" and, with a smile, and
a deep, shivering sigh, and hands outstretched, she
fell dead in his arms.

When these two men met after, and settled their
account 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.

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