

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. II.

{L. COLBY & CO., PUBLISHERS,
17 WASHINGTON STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NO. 2.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857, by LUTHER COLBY & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, of the District of Massachusetts.

AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER.

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"And thou, too, whose'er thou art,
That treadest this brief path,
As, one by one, thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm."

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

LONGFELLOW.

Don Felix returned not the next day, as he had threatened; he returned not for a week; Agnes expected him hourly with a vague foreboding in her heart. When he came, he was accompanied by the one-eyed lawyer of La Toma, Don Ignacio Estrecho, which surname signifying "narrow," was well adapted to the individual. He was narrow-minded, bigoted, and crafty; and what is seldom found among his generous and improvident countrymen, was a lover of money and extremely parsimonious. A more villainous face could not be imagined; his brow was one mass of wrinkles, his hollow cheeks were creased and hollow; his hooked nose drooped over tightly compressed, thin lips. His one black eye was brilliant with cunning, gleaming with malignity; the white eye-ball of the sightless orb gleamed a wild, ungainly object from this unprepossessing face. He was noted for his intimate knowledge of all the quibbles of the law, was daring and unscrupulous, crafty, and prosperous. Don Felix inquired for Mrs. Greyson, and the Senora Agnes Golding. Eva was in her stepmother's room when the summons came.

Since the evening of her last meeting with Felix, Eva had not given way to any violent outbursts of sorrow. But her wan cheeks, her languishing manner, her tear-dimmed eyes too well attested how crushing was the grief, how great the struggle within. She would sit for hours, gazing on the calm or clouded heavens, her hands crossed idly upon her lap, a mournfully reproachful expression upon her face, as if silently demanding of fate, the wherefore of this sudden blighting of her young life's prospects. The tears would course down her cheeks, a silent, bitter flood; but her lips would emit no sound of complaining or regret. She bore her grief silently, heroically; smiling sweetly upon Agnes, striving tenderly to soothe her old grandmother's grief and rage. She went about her usual routine of light domestic employments—feeding her birds, tending her flowers, teaching Alita, and some of the older negroes to read. The servants all knew of her great sorrow; with intuitive delicacy, they never mentioned Don Felix in her presence. In these humble hearts nestled a divine, a true human sympathy, a delicacy that forbore intrusion on the sacredness of sorrow.

Eva occupied herself with her drawings, somewhat with her embroidery, but her books were cast aside; her bird-like warblings were hushed; she had not opened her piano, or touched her guitar for a week. But often seated in a deep reverie, her pale face would become suffused with a sudden joy, her eyes would brighten as she gazed intently upon her piano, or touched her guitar for a week. But often seated in a deep reverie, her pale face would become suffused with a sudden joy, her eyes would brighten as she gazed intently upon her piano, or touched her guitar for a week.

But this great trial brought one solace; that brought a gleam of joy to the tried young heart. Her former affection for Agnes, all her love had returned, and with it a feeling of remorse, of deep regret, for having once misunderstood her. She, too, had caused suffering to that gentle heart; she, too, had unjustly condemned her; had harbored cruel thoughts, while she was busied in loving motherly effort, striving to win her from the fascinations of him who had so cruelly wronged her soul. Eva hated him not, her nature could not cherish so foul a sentiment; but she despised him!—she shrank from his idea, as from that of some contaminating horror! She feared him, as we fear sin and evil. She trembled when she heard his name announced; trembled, not with the rapturous welcoming love of yore, but with a sense of foreboding ill, that whispered: "He comes on an errand that bodes no good."

Half an hour elapsed ere Agnes returned to her room. Eva hastily rose to meet her. The face of her step-mother was crimson with excitement; her soft brown eyes emitted flashes of dancing, indignant light; her head was superbly erect, her figure queen-like with impressive dignity; her step was that of one stepping over royal purple, her whole appear-

ance indicated triumph! But it was no passing, empty triumph those gentle lips; that true woman's heart had won. She had spoken proudly, boldly, defiantly, in opposition to the heartless Felix to the fettered minion of the law! Secure in her innocence and integrity, she defended Eva, her husband, and herself from all unjust aspersions. She pleaded the cause of her aged, suffering mother-in-law. She stooped to no supplications, invented no excuses, plead for no reprieve, but demanded a just hearing. Losing or winning, she had done her duty; hence her air of triumph, her inspired mien.

She clasped Eva to her breast, the color died out of her cheeks, the fire of her eye was quenched in tears.

"For myself I can bear all," she cried. "But you, my child! you, my poor Eva! so tenderly reared, so unused to the harsh realities of life!"

"What is it, Agnes?" queried Eva, tenderly embracing her; "tell me, all that has befallen us. Fear not to tell me, I am strong—I can bear all now. Tell me, Agnes; that can be no calamity that but a moment ago rendered you so radiant and queen-like. Tell me, what tidings did that man bring us?"

"My Eva!" she replied, drawing the dear head upon her shoulder, and softly smoothing the waved hair, "your poor father, compelled by pecuniary necessity, has sold our house to Don Felix—he thought it would prove your asylum, none the less. He claims possession—it is his, by right of law; the lawyer, Estrecho, was with him—they have all the necessary documents—we cannot oppose them. Oh! if your father were but here. We must leave our home, and oh! Eva, we are no longer rich. I know not what remains to us. Your poor grandmother is nearly distracted! Oh, bear up, bear up, my child! lean on me! Frail as the support is, God will give me strength to think, to plan, to toil, if need be, for us all."

"Agnes," said Eva, raising her colorless but perfectly composed face, and again tenderly kissing her step-mother, "think not that I will sit down inactively, or spend the time in useless walling, when you have always done so much! I feel as if my life needs such a trial, now that my heart has been so cruelly crushed! I am very young, dear Agnes, very inexperienced, very timid sometimes; but I can be strong, and bold, and fearless. I always felt that some sorrow awaited me—the thunderbolt has fallen! henceforth I am to battle with life and labor; to it so, God's will be done! But first of all, before we plan anything for the future, I pray you to reiterate your forgiveness, Agnes! Good, generous heart, that has been so sadly misapprehended, oh, forgive me! for my folly, my infatuation, my great ingratitude! Kiss me, and call me daughter—henceforth you are my mother in name as in heart! Dear, innocent, injured Agnes, forgive and bless me! Your blessing will strengthen and sanctify me for every change. Bless me, mother! bless me!"

With streaming eyes and pleading hands, Eva knelt before her step-mother, who, speechless with emotion, with a holy triumph in the midst of her sorrow, tenderly embraced, and when she could speak for weeping, blessed the kneeling girl.

"But my father—my poor, disappointed father!" said Eva, as she again sat beside Agnes. "Will you not write to him—must he not be informed? Oh, that he were here now!"

"Dear child! I know not where he is; he left me without telling me his intentions; I have not heard from him, since your grandmother received the last letter. I will see to-day what our resources are, and settle everything. Eva, darling! I read in your countenance all the energy and resolve of your soul. Will you take upon you the unpleasant duty of informing our people of the sudden change? Thank Heaven! they are all free; and, well trained as they are, can soon obtain situations. Oh, that Manuela were here! She would at least take our poor, faithful Nelly."

"Must we part with Nelly, dear mother?"

"I fear we must, darling," replied Agnes, sadly. "I will do all you wish me. I will prove myself a help and not a burden to you," said Eva, with inexpressible tenderness in voice and manner.

"Poor Manuela! oh, that I knew of his whereabouts; troubles and difficulties have driven him from home. Your poor grandmother, 'tis for her I mostly desire his return; I can bear and suffer! Will you please, darling, assemble the servants and tell them? And then come to your grandmother's

room. Stay, love, throw this shawl around you, it is raining, do not pass out into the damp air without more covering."

The steady rains of the season had set in; the luxuriant vegetation bloomed and blossomed afresh. The swollen springs dashed roaringly down the mountains' side; the sullen sea murmured as it laved the pebbled beach, a doleful melody; the sky was leaden, the sun shone faint and glimmering; yet was the air oppressive, the breezes were stilled, the sea winds enchain'd. Gigantic leaf and gorgeous wild flower, crested cooas tuft and feathery palm inclined earthward, weighed down by the heavy air and the dropping rain; the jasmine and the orange flower, the sweetly scented *receda*, strewn the wet ground; many flowers were crushed and trampled upon by the descending flood.

Eva assembled the negroes in the dining-hall, and told them the existing state of affairs, without pro-variation or subterfuge. She told them they could remain, and seek situations with Don Felix; loud cries of "No, no, we won't even ask him, we don't want him for a master," interrupted her. She promised to each one a written certificate of good behavior. As she ceased speaking, there arose a loud wail among the attached servants; they wept aloud, they groaned and wrung their hands! Alita, who too was present, fairly rolled on the ground in the excess of her grief, pulling at her woolly locks, uttering loud cries. Eva was greatly distressed, she could not restrain her tears. "Am I to leave my *nina*?" (my child), cried Martina, kissing and bedewing with tears the small white hand of the gentle mistress. "My *nina*, that I've been with ever so long, before Alita was born!" "And the good new mistress!" sobbed Barbara, "that was to be my godmother when I got married—I feel as if I could shut myself up in a convent, and not marry Juan or anybody else!" and the handsome mulatto girl cried as if her heart would break. Juan looking very disconsolate, passed his handkerchief across his eyes. Louisa and Mariguita wept in each other's arms. Pancho looked very dismal, and Pedro hung his head. Baldwin blubbered aloud; the little Petro-nilla vainly endeavored to soothe him, while she cried bitterly herself. Old Socorro, a grey-haired negress, who had lived many years in *Castiglio del mar*, not having any department of labor assigned her, except giving news of the weather, and prognosticating the approach of storm or earthquake—but who like the rest was well clothed and cared for—was the loudest in her demonstration of affliction. She cried and hung over Eva, praying for and blessing her.

Jose, the old gardener, looked up to heaven, and said in a trembling voice: "It's to the *Campo Santo* old Jose will wander, and never to another place. With the few dollars I've saved, I'll build myself a rancho, and live out my days in prayers to the Virgin, and the blessed Saints. Old Jose is free, and shall never have another master, and as for mistress, I couldn't live with any, after being with the Senora Agnes, and this good, dear angel!"

With the heart-warm familiarity of the country, the aged negro pressed forward, and taking Eva's hand, pressed it to his heart and lips. Then with upraised, solemn voice, that thrilled his listeners with its prophetic energy and soulful eloquence, he raised his shrunken hand and rested it upon Eva's head, invoking blessings and joys upon her! imploring Heaven for a future, fairer lot; for her, so young, so good, so pure and sorrowful! Eva wept silently, and when the old negro ceased speaking, with a sudden impulse, with inimitable grace, she took his hand, and imprinted thereon her pure, red lips. All pressed forward to kiss the young mistress' hand; old Socorro, taking the privilege of age, folded the young girl in her arms, crying and praying over her. Eva told them they would remain at the Castle for some days yet, as Don Felix would not take possession until next week. In the meantime, they could be looking for situations.

Eva returned to her grandmother's room. She was not there. Agnes was seated in her large easy-chair; and Nelly was combing out her long, black hair. The eyes of the faithful little woman were swollen with weeping, her plump face flushed and paled alternately. Agnes had been telling her of the necessity that existed for the dismissal of the servants, that all were compelled to seek another home.

"An' is it me ye'd be ather sendin' away, musha, darlin'?" An' is it Nelly, yer own true Nelly ye'd be a sendin' inter the big world? Shure an' it's jokin' ye is, honey; though, to be shure, ye can't well be a jokin' wid all the troubles forinist ye! Misthress, I'll go wid ye to the inds of the arth, by me sowl! I will! I'll go barefooted, or rag-a-tattered, or in any shape, so ye takes me 'long. Honey, don't be a breakin' my heart, I've silver had a days' trouble since me mother, God rest her sowl, died! Don't be a fashin' me, Miss Agnes! ye knows, I want no wages, niver any more! only let me go, Miss Agnes, for the blessed Virgin's sake, let me go!" Implored the weeping little woman.

"Dear Nelly?" said Agnes, tenderly, "I know not yet what we shall do, or where we shall go to! But I cannot accept your disinterested offer; I cannot so warp your usefulness, dear, good soul! I wish my friend Manuela Gonzalez were here; she would prove a kind and generous mistress. No, no, Nelly! you must not follow us—you must seek some better place."

"Niver will I git the place nor the mistress, like the one I've got!" sobbed Nelly. "Shure, and the could—the old mistress, I mane—of she is queer-like sometimes, in the ind is all right, at the heart."

I could cry me eyes outen me head, seoin' her so broken down an' sorrowful, forinist me!"

"Where did you say your old mistress was, Nelly?"

"Ather havin' the talk wid ye, Miss Agnes, m'am; she said as how she'd take a turn in the garden, to compose her sperits like. Shure an' it were a queer notion, for the ground is wet, an' it's a rainin' down as if it weren't goin' to stop. But old mistress is pekuliar, as you ses, Miss Agnes; she says she were a goin' to the bath house, she couldn't breathe in the house, Musha! but me clapped a big shawl 'round her, an' put thick shoes on her feet."

"Leave her to herself awhile. She will best compose herself in solitude; Eva, dear, come with me to my room, I wish to consult you on various matters. Nelly, please gather together all the silver, it is included in the sale of the house."

Mother and step-daughter held a long consultation. The disconsolate Nelly descended to the kitchen, held a long, unintelligible confab with the negroes there assembled, and then with tear-swollen eyes, and hapless mien, proceeded to aid Mariguita in laying the cloth and preparing for the ten o'clock breakfast.

Agnes hearing the bell proceeded in search of her mother-in-law, but she was not to be found in the house or garden. Remembering that Nelly had said she had gone to the bath house, Agnes, folding a shawl around her, and putting on a pair of leather shoes, proceeded thither. The wet boughs struck playfully across her face; she passed over crushed flowers, and trailing vines, and clinging grass; it was not raining so heavily, but Agnes' dress was wet, and her uncovered head, (she had forgotten to take an umbrella), was saturated with the falling gentle showers, ere she reached the little bath house.

She opened the door and passed in. There on the very spot where mother and son once plotted, lay outstretched and still, the figure of her mother-in-law. Her face was dreadfully distorted, her mouth drawn on one side; life seemed extinct, but bending over her, Agnes saw her lips move in strange, horrible, pitiful efforts to frame a sound? The cold blue eyes were fixed in a glassy stare, her arms were powerless—she was stricken with paralysis!

Calling upon Him who never forsakes the troubled, Agnes bent over the stricken woman, chafing her cold hands, lifting the ghastly face, raining her pitying tears upon the sunken brow. She saw the returning intelligence animate the glaring eyes; she felt her struggle in ineffectual efforts to move her limbs, she succeeded in raising one hand; she looked piteously imploring on Agnes' face, who bent down to catch her whispered murmurings.

Then, amid the pattering music of the descending rain, amid the sullen sound of the ocean greeting, the waving of foliage in the rising breeze, Agnes heard a plaintive sound—low, indistinct, that falling from those stricken lips, wailed: "forgive! oh, forgive!" and as she bent over her, kissing her fondly, weeping over her regretfully, there flashed a memory athwart her soul!

CHAPTER XXV.

"Fear was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grow loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was low'd,
And men stood breathless in their dread,
And bated in their skill—
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, 'Be still!'"

MRS. HEMANS.

The Brig *Catalina* is standing out to sea, beneath a brilliant starry night; her full sails swelling with the gentle breeze that is laden with the mountain's fragrance and the forest's sweetest breath. The blue sea rippling in music-uttering waves, the twinkling stars amid the cloudless sky, the glimmering lights of the receding town, with its scattered houses and looming mountains, with its dense forest surroundings—all form a picture the eye delights to dwell upon—the heart to cherish as a pleasant memory. The white walls of *Castiglio del mar* are yet distinctly visible as it stands proudly prominent, amid its enrolling fruit trees, and surrounding woods, a white monument of buried hopes and departed happiness.

On the distant mountains, and the dense forest's mystery, on the flickering lights of La Toma, and on its far extended silvery beach, rest with a sorrowful farewell expression the eyes of Agnes Golding and Nelly. Eva looks not back to the home of so many joys and cruel sorrows; her eyes are uplifted to the starlit heavens, her lips are moving with a voiceless prayer. Mrs. Greyson has been assisted to the cabin by Agnes and Nelly; the night air is too chilly for her. Don Felix Rivero has not yet taken possession of *Castiglio del mar*; but its inmates determined to leave as soon as their arrangements were completed. They are now passengers in the *Catalina*, bound for Puerto Soreno, a small town, distant some twelve hours' sail. No lights gleam from the Castle walls, it is wrapped in shadow; but the glorious starlight, the distant lights of the country are visible. The heart of Agnes is sad, very sad and careworn; fears and apprehensions rack her soul; yet is she quiet, self-possessed and resigned, though she has made a discovery that has filled her with dismay. Opening her jewel-box, how great was her consternation to find it empty! She had not opened it since Christmas, when Manuela insisted on adorning her with some of the gems it contained. So deep was her reluctance to attire herself in festive garments for Eva's wedding, that she had not even opened the packet on the day that was to precede the marriage. The servants were honest; besides, no one knew

where the key of her jewel box was kept, but her husband. Agnes bitterly felt this additional proof of his cruel desertion, as she now came to look upon his protracted absence and silence. There was left to her but a small sum in money, the remainder of the last pocket money her husband had given her. Generous and benevolent as she was, there was but little of it remaining.

The ornaments that Eva had worn with her bridal dress, together with the few remaining jewels of Mrs. Greyson (she had voluntarily given the rest to her son, on the occasion of his last visit home,) were sold to a jeweler in La Toma at less than one quarter of their value. Out of the sum thus received, Agnes paid the servants' wages, (such being the express wish and desire of Eva,) and the salaries of the disappointed clerks, engaged in Mr. Golding's business. The warehouse was opened, and but little merchandise found there, and many empty boxes. The news of the sale of *Castiglio del mar*, had spread like wild-fire, and the failure of the rich merchant became a wide-spread fact. Agnes had to pass through many trying scenes, as the indignant creditors called upon her, besieging her with questions as to her husband's whereabouts and future intention. The noble woman could only reply with tears, and with touching humility entreat their forbearance toward the absent. Many left her presence with moistened eyes and heaving breasts, pitying and admiring her. But Agnes, owing to her husband's exclusiveness, had mingled so little with the natives of the country, that the female portion of the community looked upon her as proud, cold and reserved; and the sympathy and hospitality that might otherwise have been extended were withheld. The haughty, cold-eyed Madame Greyson, as she was styled, met with still less sympathy. Some pitied Eva, many condemned her for ever dreaming of an alliance with the Riveros.

In this emergency Mr. Olden proved a true friend; he kindly offered a home in his own domicile to the desolate family, until the delinquent husband and debtor was heard from. "But Agnes tearfully refused his offer; Eva must leave the scene of her sorrows; she feared for her step-daughter's health; she must remove her, and that immediately; for she was fearfully changed, although she never complained; and the first flush of awakened feeling that seemed akin to pleasure, passed over her face, when Agnes mentioned their removal from the Castle to Puerto Soreno. Mr. Olden saw the necessity, and sighingly acquiesced; entreating Agnes to command him in whatever manner she saw proper.

Mrs. Greyson, who, since the day of her attack in the bath-house, has been unable to walk without assistance, is obliged to sit propped up by pillows. One side is entirely paralyzed; she cannot move either hand or foot; she has regained her speech, but her voice is low, her utterance indistinct. The color has fled from her face, that face once so remarkable for its bloom, and freshness, and unwrinkled appearance, in one so aged. Now, her face is sallow and sunken, her eye's light is dimmed, and frequent, bitter, repentant tears have furrowed channels in her cheeks. Sorrow and sickness, above all, remorse, have done the work of years in a few days; the proud, erect, voluble Mrs. Greyson is a stooping, sorrow-stricken, wrinkled old woman. Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

The old lady requested an interview with Mr. Olden on the morning of their intended departure. That gentleman remained with her about an hour; when he left the Castle, his air was troubled, there was excitement in his manner; he often shook his head, as if in doubt or displeasure. On reaching home, he held some conversation with his wife, and then Miss Gilman was summoned to their presence. The next morning, that lady removed to another house, taking up her abode with a wealthy Creole widow, who, being aged and infirm, needed a companion. She never again entered Mr. Olden's doors; they were forever closed upon her.

Poor, manning Agnes! Many acts of justice she fulfilled, anxious of her straitened means. When one of the clerks presented himself before her with a troubled air, telling her how he had lent a small sum of money to Mr. Golding a year ago, and that it had never been repaid; moreover, that he had a wife and two children dependent on his efforts; with a burning cheek, and tear-filled eye, Agnes paid his demand, and released her husband's name from the imputation of that injustice. When a poor woman presented herself, weeping bitterly, and telling the Senora that her son had been a porter in Mr. Golding's warehouse, and that from the proceeds of his wages, she had been lying by to obtain his freedom, and that now her hopes were crushed, his master would reclaim him! Eva insisted on paying the small sum, that, added to the mother's savings, would win the boy from slavery, and lift the curse from her father's soul. The prayers and benedictions heaped upon her head by the grateful negroes, were as healing balm to the young girl's tortured heart. Poor Eva! her costly ornaments, part of which had been in her grandmother's keeping, part in Agnes' jewel box, were all gone! all, save the simple coral set which her father's rapacious hands had left.

These repeated acts of justice and benevolence, for the two instances we have recorded were by no means all, greatly diminished their slender store. But still Agnes held the sum generously bestowed upon her by her friend Mackenzie. She sold her costliest dresses, (there were plenty of mulatto women willing and able to buy them,) and packed away the rest, together with her books, and music, and drawing implements. Plate and ornaments, pictures and

household furniture, all were included in the sale of the house. But one article Agnes saved from the rapacious clutches of her enemies—her piano; it was not included in the deed of sale. Eva would not leave her birds and pet animals to the tender mercies of Don Felix and his sister. She gave them away among the servants, who promised to take care of them, and, if unable to do so themselves, to procure for them good masters and mistresses. Old Jose took charge of Eva's parakeets, vowing he would keep them as long as they lived. Loby was allowed to follow the altered fortunes of his mistress.

Nelly, after many prayers and entreaties, had prevailed on Agnes to permit her to accompany them to Puerto Sereno, to wait on the "old lady," sure, who couldn't help herself more nor a baby," she said, and Agnes consented, stipulating, however, that when a favorable opportunity presented itself, Nelly was to accept the situation. The faithful little woman had saved many a dollar during the many years service at *Catiglo del mar*; she offered it all to Agnes, who tearfully but decidedly refused its acceptance, much to the discomfiture of the worthy, humble friend.

Mr. Olden and his oldest son, Edward, accompanied the family on board the brig, both lamenting the want of convenience, the confused and overlaid aspect of the little vessel. There was deep sorrow in Edward Olden's heart as he gazed upon Eva's pale face, as he bid her farewell with a lingering clasp of the hand, with a moistened eye. He left a basket of fruit for their use, as they might be delayed on their voyage, and fruit was so refreshing, especially to an invalid.

It was, as before said, a beautiful starlit night. Agnes and Eva remained long on deck; Mrs. Greyson having long since retired to her berth, where she was sleeping soundly, the faithful Nelly watching beside her. Since the "old lady" had been stricken with sickness and feebleness, the pitying little Irishwoman had returned to her old allegiance, never once alluding to the "old un," but addressing her in the most respectful manner as "my lady," and the "old mistress."

The deck of the brig presented an aspect of variety, such as is seldom met with. Boxes and bales were piled upon one another; barrels of provision stood alongside of immense flower pots and water jars. Cages, with birds and monkeys, baskets filled with herbs and dried flowers, bales of bedding, trunks, wine casks, and little firkins of butter; boxes with shells, boxes and baskets filled with fruit and vegetables; hammocks and straw mats; willow chairs and piles of plantains, were thrown around and intermingled without regard to order or ownership. One trunk, containing their most necessary clothing, and their few remaining valuables, was placed in the little pent-up cabin; the rest of their baggage Agnes was content to leave on deck, as there was no room below, and the voyage would be short and smooth, bad weather being very seldom experienced on that serene coast, and as sunrise would behold them safe at their landing place.

The cabin was very small; the air in it was hot and oppressive. Agnes pitied her mother-in-law, compelled to remain for so many hours in such close, uncomfortable quarters. Seated beneath the starlit sky, mother and step-daughter conversed of their future plans and prospects; the energetic, hopeful soul of Agnes foretelling a happier life, and Eva lovingly acquiescing in all she says; yet, with all, Eva's manner is not natural; the bitterness of disappointed affection has poisoned the life-springs of her youth, rudely torn from the belief that formed her life's crowning glory, she listens meekly, attentively to her loving step-mother's conversation; but when she speaks of future happiness and joy for her, then Eva smiles, bitterly, incredulously:

"But, oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only true, should'st speak!"

At Eva's feet rested a large, black Newfoundland dog, who, having stretched himself there of his own accord, once in a while looked beseechingly into her face, wagging his bushy tail with great satisfaction. Eva, who loved animals, stooped down to pat the noble fellow, which proceeding called forth a sharp bark from the jealous Loby, who was reposing on Agnes' lap, and caused a smile upon the countenance of a young man, a passenger, who was leaning by the taffrail. With the native ease and habitual politeness of his countrymen, the young gentleman bowed to the ladies, and said: "My dog is taking great freedom, Senoras, and your little pet is determined to resent it. You, Senorita, are more indulgent, thanks for your notice of my favorite. My name is Enrico de Silva, my father is a merchant in Puerto Sereno. May I know whom I have the honor of being in company with, on this pleasant sea-trip?" Understanding the frank customs of the country, and in no way resentful of the stranger's self-introduction, Agnes gave her name, and that of her step-daughter, saying that her mother-in-law and attendant were down below.

"It must be excessively close down there," said the young man, with a sympathizing look, "very uncomfortable for an old lady, and you say she is very feeble, too."

He was a young man of about twenty-two years of age; dark and clear skinned, with black eyes of the most liquid softness and tenderness of expression; his hair was as dark as his eyes, and was soft and flowing, revealing a broad, wide brow, whereon was stamped the unmistakable impress of benevolence and genius. A sweet smile, half arched, half melancholy, nestled on his finely chiselled lips; his figure was slight, almost fragile; his voice sounded sweetly melodious. There was something so attractive in his manner, so winning in his smile, so graceful in his address, that unconsciously Agnes felt drawn towards him, and Eva made room for him among the bales and boxes near her.

Never had they listened to conversation more enchanting; the mind before them was uncontaminated by worldly contact, pure and transparent as an infant's soul; his heart glowed with heavenward aspirations, with noble ambition, with holiest aim! Agnes soon found that he owed his world-apart nature, his unpurported culture, to a good mother's care; he spoke of her with idolatry—with worship—with tears! for she had departed to the spirit land two years ago. Forgetting their own trials for the moment, listening delightedly to the young man's relation of his past and well-spent life—a life just blossoming, yet not devoid of trial; the evening sped on, and the late moon arose, throwing a line of silver light on the soft rippling sea. The past heavy rains had fallen for the last two days, and from the rooding clouds no more rain was to be expected. With all the feelings and wishes of the native islanders,

young Enrico told them that he was an only child; that his father had devoted him to the priesthood in early childhood; that, as he grew up, the idea became distasteful to him: "I did not love God the less," he said, "but I thought it unnatural to devote my young life to the austerities of the priesthood, to the recitation of formal prayers and petitions; to seclude myself from the beautiful world, from the payment of that homage which the heart of youth offers to beauty and grace. You may think these very heretical opinions, ladies, for one brought up so rigidly as I was, for my dear mother was very pious, my father is a strict observer of all the ordinances of mother church. But, I could not help it; the spectacle of domestic happiness, as I witnessed it beneath my parents' roof, caused me to aspire to a like happiness. I could not become a priest, and yet I knew it was my kind father's most fervent desire. I dared not disobey, and I could not so sacrifice my every hope. I grew pale and ill; my dear mother noticed my trouble, she sought my confidence, and, kneeling at her feet, I confided to her all my secret aspirations, my silent hopes, my wishes and my aims! She tenderly embraced me, consolingly promised me her intercession, and left me to seek my father." He could not resist her eloquent pleadings; he yielded to her solicitations. I was free. I am now in business with my father; I have not seen him for the last six months; I have been traveling in the interior, partly on business, partly to see new places. I am now about to settle in Puerto Sereno. In two weeks from this day I shall be married to the Senorita Carmela Nunez, the only daughter of my mother's dearest friend. Have you heard of the Senorita Nunez? She is one of the best and loveliest girls in Venezuela!" he said, with enthusiasm, his face coloring with joyful recollection, as the dim light of the binnacle lamp, and the trembling moon-ray, flashed athwart his spending countenance.

Agnes and Eva warmly congratulated him on his approaching marriage with the fair Carmela, saying that as total strangers in Puerto Sereno, they could not know the lady, but should feel gratified to become acquainted.

"You must honor myself and bride with your presence on the occasion of our marriage," he said.

Agnes bowed in acknowledgment of the invitation. She flatteringly inquired whether he had met her husband in his travels. He had not met with any gentleman answering to the description of Don Mauricio Goding.

Then Agnes inquired whether he knew the Senior and Donna Aranda, the parents of Donna Manuela Gonzalez, who lived in Valencia. He knew them well, had often been invited to their hospitable mansion. They knew of the death of the little child, and had greatly sorrowed for Manuela's departure. The Senora Aranda would have visited her daughter in her grief, and perhaps have accompanied her North, but the old Senor was getting very feeble, and his loving wife could not leave him to the care of strangers.

They lingered yet awhile on deck, conversing, interchanging thoughts on many subjects; speaking of heaven, of religion as the heart receives it; of love and friendship, as true souls feel its bounties. Agnes gave Don Enrico her hand at parting, which he respectfully pressed, saying gaily, "I pity you, ladies, in that close, uncomfortable cabin. I shall sleep on one of those hen-coops over there, or spread a sail in that boat there, for a curtain, and sleep like a king beneath it. *Buenas noches Senorita*, God be with you!" He smiled, taking Eva's proffered hand.

The heavens were brilliantly studded with the innumerable star worlds; the sea was softly rippled by a light breeze that filled the sails with a languid motion, and caused the fluttering pennon to soar upon the air one moment, and drop the next. A soothing calm pervaded the long troubled soul of Agnes; tender memories, lofty inspirations, nestled in the heart of Eva, chasing thence while the brooding bitterness, the apathetic coldness that shed a darkened pall over all things that lived.

As they entered the narrow little cabin, Nelly rose to greet them:

"Mush! but it's roasted alive we'll be, in here, bedad! there's about a million of musketeers, an' sivilty dozen of flyin' roaches," said the old lady, with pardonable exaggeration. "The old lady is a slavin', thanks to the Virgin; she's gin' out, poor soul, tired to death, bedad, with all the past botherations. Ooh! howly Saint Bridget, if I could only find out how to bring back cold times. It's me as wud cross fifty says as big as this, me wud, bedad!" The dark, whiskered and mustached countenance of their little old captain appeared at the door. Standing cap in hand, first dancing on one leg, then on the other, he delivered himself of a set speech, couched in polite phrase and highest range of compliment. "He was so sorry, so extremely sorry, that his vessel being honored by the presence of so much beauty, grace and talent, he could not transform the mean quarters that he now looked upon with shame, to accommodations suitable to the company honoring his poor brig. He hoped the ladies would put up with one night's discomfort; it would probably be the first and last night of their lives spent so uncongenially. But angels often crept into caves and prisons, and subterranean dungeons. Couldn't the ladies who *always* were angels, feel doubly angelic this night and patiently submit to what couldn't be helped? And wouldn't they, at the close of their prayers, pray a few words for him, and for the safe and speedy passage of the Catalina?"

Agnes could scarcely repress a laugh; even Eva smiled. Nelly muttered, "bad luck to yer gibberish," as the active little captain danced up the companion stairway and returned to his post on deck.

The windows were closed, blocked up by bales and boxes; it was insufferably hot; mosquitoes and flies abounded; but there was no alternative, they had to spend the remaining hours of night in that stifling atmosphere. Stepping over baskets, kegs and demijohns, (the cabin was as littered over as the deck,) mother and daughter sought their resting places. It was impossible to find an upper berth available; all were filled with merchandise and eatables. Eva crept into an empty berth, Agnes into one opposite. Nelly finding her way to the bedding on deck brought pillows for their accommodation, and securing a piece of dark calico to the companion doorway, she snugly composed herself to sleep on the floor, beside the "old mistress" on a pile of matting, enveloping herself, head and all, in a sheet, as protection "agin them torments, the skeeters." She was soon in the land of "dreams." Loby had coiled himself up at Agnes' feet. Sweetly lulled, musically soothed, the soft waves beat against the vessel's side; the stars beamed brightly through the upland curtains, and the rustling

breeze cast playfully aside. The night was sweet and calm.

Over Eva's senses spread a delicious repose; her heart's beatings were attuned to a divine melody than that which rippled the ocean wave; the sound of celestial harps and heavenly lutes. Standing on the vessel's deck, the dreaming girl beholds a near-shore, beautiful and verdant, decked with innumerable flowers; majestic mountains, glorious with eternal summer's crowning, enclose a sandy beach of silvery whiteness, whereon glisten the rose-hued shells of ocean; its coral stems, and amber treasures, its scattered pearl and gleaming gems clinging to the tangled sea-weed. Verdant, flowery uplands, impenetrable forests stretch; rainbow-tinted waterfalls gush down the mountain's side; the coffee-tree bends its ripe red berries and snowy blossoms to the fragrant breeze. The created coon and the giant palm, incline with a majestic motion, and thousand flowers exhale their rich perfume. And, mingling with the music of greeting wave and answering breeze, celestial melodies—harps played upon by unseen minstrels, lutes touched by no earthly hand, warble forth the welcome song. Words, thrilling to the soul of Eva, float upon the sunset air; spirit voices chaunt:

"Welcome home! and never more to part—
Heaven rejoices o'er the pure in heart!"

Vividly clear the vision is before her—the white, gleaming Castle walls, the flower encircled verandah, the broad marble staircase, the shady avenue of trees, the broad fields around, the ascending pathway to the nearest mountains; the singing stream winding amid the cedars that cast their shadows on its transparent waters. She recognizes her home, her once loved *Catiglo*; her faithful attendants await her coming. Now she steps on shore—they surround her, weeping for joy, kissing her hands, her white shoulders, her very garments. There again upon the flowery balcony sits her poor old grandmother, propped up by cushions, but in costly array, smiling gaily on all around. As she ascends the broad marble stairway, she becomes aware of a presence by her side, a tall, majestic, dark-robed woman, with fond and shadowy eyes, and hair of midnight blackness. She speaks not a word, but looks deeply into the eyes of Eva, and by the magnetism of that glance she is drawn to the stranger's bosom; she feels the loud throbbing of a kindred heart; the soft hand is laid upon her brow, and her soul, but not her lips, respond "Mother! dear mother! I found at last!" Held in that close embrace, the sweeping melodies of the celestial host unfold mother and child; the flowers at their feet expand and glow with a ten-fold beauty; the white walls of home glisten with a silvery radiance; the sea's scattered gems throw vivid rays of intensest light; messenger birds of peace and promise flit athwart the sky, and the deepening glories of earth's loveliest sunset are over all: the first star glimmers in trembling love-light amid the rosy, yet golden Heavens!

Eva sleeps, dreamlessly and profoundly.

But in a while her sleep grows restless and perturbed. There is around her a sound of rushing waters; falling rocks seem to encompass her, and the ground beneath her rocks and undulates as if upheaving with an earthquake's power. She grasps the waving branches of a tree; it yields beneath her trembling touch, there is a crash as of falling timber, and hurling stones; a blackened sky is overhead, a dark abyss yawns at her feet. A clear, ringing, musical voice, like that of a pitying angel amid a world's destruction, calls close beside her: "Awake! awake! there is danger, my child!" her feet totter, her arms sink useless by her side, she is about to be precipitated into the yawning gulf below.

Breathless, oppressed with a nameless dread, Eva starts from her troubled sleep, and gazes around her in bewilderment. She is tightly holding to the side of her narrow berth, her little hands are sore and cramped with the effort to sustain herself from falling. From the open skylight a flood of salt water is pouring down, showers of broken glass hurled with it; boxes, and bales, and trunks, and baskets capering madly about; fruit and vegetables, candles, piles of sugar cane, cakes of chocolate and loose grains of coffee floating about the inundated cabin. The little vessel rolls and pitches fearfully, the curtain has been torn away, but no friendly stars light up the midnight blackness, no moonbeam pierces the fierce storm's depth of sullen gloom. Lightning so intensely brilliant that it lights up the surrounding waste of waters with a configuration's power—thunder that shakes the little vessel from stem to stern, waves rising mountain's high, with their foam-crested, rolling manes, threatening to engulf the laboring brig, whose tattered sails are borne off as trophies by the victorious storm—oh! it was an awful change that had swept the brilliant sky and called into menacing action the slumbering voices of the great deep. Sea after sea, sweeps the decks of the poor little brig; amid the howlings of the wind, the pattering rain, and the lashing waves, the captain's voice was heard in tones of loud command, encouraging his men, for the love of God! the sound of prayers raised to loud supplication, the hurried tramp of feet, the startled neighings of a few horses on deck, the loud, defiant bark of the Newfoundland dog—all aights and sounds that "make night hideous" burst upon Eva's startled sight and hearing.

And yet, were it not for the thoughts of her suffering grandmother, for Agnes, Eva would have forgotten the storm and the danger, and would in presence of the most imminent peril have laughed outright at the solemn air of bewilderment at once intense and ludicrous, that was depicted on Nelly's broad, good humored face. She was still wrapped up in the sheet, her little hazel eyes dilated with fright, her face ashy pale, holding on to the table, (the only immovable article in the cabin) with might and main, and praying violently to all the saints in heaven; her feet are in the water; her trailing skirt and the sheet all dabbled with the briny flood that poured from the broken skylight.

Agnes was attending to her mother-in-law, who was helplessly clinging to her, the flood around having completely drenched her; the first manifestations of the storm having pitched her poor, feeble frame from the berth to the floor. With her bare feet in the water, Agnes is struggling with the feeble and heavy old woman, straining every nerve to convey her to a place of safety. Eva hastens to assist her grandmother; she is pale, but calm and collected as ever. Nelly, her sense of duty overcoming her fears, endeavors to lend her assistance also, but she trembles so that Agnes kindly bids her sit down, which order she obeys by nestling herself upon a box of candles, which box, obeying another tremendous lurch of the brig, conveys Nelly to the utmost limits of the cabin, there oversetting her, and causing her

to knock her poor, little powdered head against the panel. She screamed in terror, "Virgin mother, I'm drowned! help me, mistress darlin'! I is overboard! I is; oh! Lord, have mercy on me son!" Agnes losing her footing, she is precipitated to the other end of the cabin, and bumps her side against a protruding bed-post. Creeping into a vacant berth, which is half flooded with water, she holds on for dear life, confessing all her sins, and calling on the two young "mistresses and the old lady" to tell her where they are.

Agnes and Eva, by their united efforts, have succeeded in getting the old lady into a berth, but the waters have recklessly drenched her; her poor old limbs are well nigh frozen with cold and terror, for though the night is warm despite the raging storm, the sudden shower of mingled salt and rain water was 'aught but invigorating to a shattered frame. She has been badly bruised, too, poor old woman! by the rolling casks and boxes. But now they have succeeded in closing a door upon her, to preserve her from further mishaps. Agnes is drenched to the skin, bruised in many places, exhausted with the effort to find a place of safety for her feeble mother-in-law; but she bears up with unflinching courage; there is no fear within her eye; fatigue and not terror has so blanched her cheek; her heart is praying, but her lips move not. Loby has been scared from Mrs. Greyson's feet, from whence he is barking furiously. Terror, intense anxiety and suspense have hitherto silenced the old lady; but nature will prevail, and habit is strong. She burst forth at last; fright had restored her speech almost to its usual distinctness.

"Oh, dear, good Lord! Are we to be drowned this blessed night? Oh, Lord! Oh, blessed Saviour! take pity on an old, stricken, miserable sinner! Save me this once; dear Lord of the afflicted! and I'll never—no, never, sin again, by word or deed! I won't in thought, if I can help it, Lord! I'll never grumble against thy decrees, if I have to be buried under a castor oil bush! I'm a poor, broken-down, useless old lady; don't call me home this night, Lord! I ain't fit to go. I repeat of all my misdoings, dear Lord and Saviour! Oh! have pity upon us! have pity upon the innocent, and help me for their sakes, Heavenly Maker! Pity these young women, dear Lord! that haven't fulfilled their mission on earth—on my poor Nelly, that never told a lie for nist me—I mean that never lied to me in all her life! Save me for their sakes, Divine Redeemer! along with them, oh, Lord! Let me not be buried in the sea, and my poor, worn-out old body, become food for fishes. Don't permit it, Lord! Let me have Christian burial—I'll get ready to die as soon as I get on shore—only spare me this night, Lord! Oh, Agnes darling, pray! Eva, pray love! God will hear you, I can't pray right—I'm so topsy-turvy! Oh, my fate, my bitter fate, to be eaten by a shark, or swallowed by a whale! Oh, Lord, dear Lord!"

The old lady continued her supplications, while Agnes and Eva vainly endeavored to tranquilize her. Nelly, from the other side of the cabin, responded with groans, in short, gasping breaths, "That's right, old-mistress—only pray! The howly saints will take pity on us. Howly saints an' blessed marters, pray for us!—blessed Virgin, intercede for us—*Ora pro nobis*. Amen! Saint Barbara, as regulates the storm, do stop this lightning! Saint Patrick, as is me pathron saint, an' won't ye hald the thunder be still? Howly Saint Bridget! Saint Martha, an' the 'leven thousand virgins—all the lowly 'pistles an' marters—bishops an' lords, pray for us—so we needn't go to purgatory this night!—on the big say, where there's nayther praet nor confession!"

Eva, who had been sitting beside her step-mother, holding one of her hands, with the other striving to maintain her hold upon that only safe anchorage, the table, to which Agnes was also clinging, now arose and groped her way towards the companion ladder, there, if possible, to hail one of the sailors, and entreat him to fasten down the sky-light and cabin door, through which the waves were pouring. Tying her shawl tightly behind her, and pulling it over her head, the courageous girl proceeded to look out upon the storm. Agnes would have followed her, but Eva entreated her to remain.

Gropingly she reached the ladder, and holding on with all her strength, she looked forth upon the night.

A black, dense expanse of heaving, foam-crested mountains, that seemed to mingle with the inky sky above, from whose bosom the peaked lightning darted, sudden glimpses of the tattered sails hanging from the bending spars and creaking masts, torrents of foamy water sweeping the decks, carrying before them freight and woodworks, the fluttering birds, and the screaming animals. Human faces blanched with fear, floating, waves and drifting spars and barrels, met Eva's gaze. A vivid flash of lightning revealed the pale and beautiful features of Enrico de Silva; he was helping the sailors at the pump. Two men were at the wheel; the little captain was near them, clinging to the bulwarks, and encouraging them as best he could. Eva could not call him from his post, neither could her voice be heard, amid the howlings of the storm. But she succeeded in making one of the sailors hear her; he turned, and stepping on the ladder, bent his head to listen. Eva entreated him to put on the sky light and close the doors, if possible.

"Yes, yes, Senorita," he replied, "I'll do my best, if the wind don't to the sky-light; the glass is all broken, it won't be of much use; but if you'll go down I'll slam the cabin door right to."

"I will go immediately," said Eva; "but tell me, is there much danger?"

"Young lady," replied the sailor, solemnly, "if the wind don't abate in two hours, and the leak gains ground, we'll be fit Paradise before morning! This is the nearest to a hurricane that I've ever seen; there's been one somewhere, and this is a part, or the end of it. San Antonio, help us! I'll do what I can, Senorita," and the man returned on deck.

Eva was about to retrace her steps, going backwards down the wet and slippery ladder, when the storm burst forth with redoubled fury. A lightning flash almost blinded her; a prolonged and terrific peal of thunder, that shook the quivering brig from stem to stern, and a deluging flood of waters throw Eva off her feet and down the ladder, where she lay stunned, weak, and helpless. A heavy, dark, shaggy body, was thrown violently against her, the salt and bitter waves completely drenched her; she lay bereft of strength and motion, utter darkness around, a warm breath upon her face, a shaggy head, with two fiery gleaming eyes, pressed close to hers. As she lay there, almost of consciousness, she thought she heard a voice, raised to the loudest and most agonizing of human agony, crying: "Save me, Captain, save me!" Then came another whirling flood of waters, Eva heard that voice no more.

That fatal wave had swept the deck of the Catalina of her remaining floating freight; the poor horses were carried away by the remorseless mass of waters; the brig's boat was gone, provision and merchandise had followed, but oh! most sad of all—the young passenger, Enrico de Silva, was carried to a watery grave! It was his faithful dog, whom the rebounding waves had cast at Eva's feet, as he was following his master with a vain attempt to save him!

Amid the cries and prayers of the sailors, the encouraging tones of the old captain's voice calling on his men to stand by the vessel for the love of God! amid the howlings of wind and dashing of the monstrous waves, Eva felt herself upheld, by a strong yet gentle grasp upon her garments, and borne into the cabin. There all was utter darkness, the last dread wave had extinguished the flickering lamp, and shivered it to atoms.

Mrs. Greyson, clasped to the bosom of Agnes, confessed her guilt, implored that injured woman's forgiveness. Eva, having groped her way back, felt for Agnes' hand, saying in a broken voice: "I am here, mother! I am safe!" and Agnes embracing her, fervently exclaimed, "Thank God!" Nelly, more dead than alive, knelt beside them. All barriers, all forms and ceremonies, were cast aside in that hour of impending danger. Nature, alone beautiful or perverted, as the case might be, asserted her sovereign sway.

Amid the darkness and the storm, Eva listened in crouching fear, with trembling horror, to her grandmother's confession. "It was I, Agnes! that prevailed on Miss Gilman to write those letters. She can imitate any handwriting. I hated you, Agnes! Oh, God! I am severely punished. Forgive me! forgive me! let me not die with this weight upon my soul! I have led my son astray by my ambition, my unhalloved love of gain! I have led him to dishonesty and ruin! Eva! forgive your dying, old grandmother, who has brought you to this! Nelly, forgive your poor old mistress in her dying hour! Forgive, oh Lord! my stubborn pride, my cruelty, my curse-bringing ambition!"

Amid the horror and the darkness, Agnes sought the sunken cheek of her mother-in-law, tenderly imprinting thereon her forgiving lips; she kissed the disabled hand, assuring her of her perfect forgiveness; and, should they be saved, with forgetfulness of all the past. Eva's heart filled with terror and dismay. Her grandmother, her cherished, revered grandmother, guilty of so foul a plot! The impending danger was forgotten in this dread discovery. Amid the darkness, Eva wrung her hands in agony, and wept for another joy departed. But remembering that this might be their last earthly reunion, she embraced the miserable woman, and wept piteously upon her bosom, not from fear of approaching death, but with grief and terror at the discovery of her treachery.

They formed a loving group, these four sadly beating hearts. The near approach of death had restored poor Nelly's courage; she had grown silent and resigned. It was impossible to strike a light; the skylight had been put on, but the waters still poured down the broken sides. The kind sailors had removed some of the floating things, and had dived close together, little Loby whining piteously at Agnes' feet, the shaggy Newfoundland resting his head on Eva's shoulder—that desolate party awaited their impending fate. The storm howled on; the waves dashed recklessly against the laboring vessel's side; the fitful lightning illumining the bare decks and tattered rigging; the loud thunder shaking her from stem to stern; the rushing rain mingling with the dashing torrents, that over and anon swept the helpless vessel's deck and deluged the cabin, whose closed door was its only protection; and whose shivering inmates wept and prayed, and consoled each other, amid the darkness and the storm.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

The Summer has gone like a star from the sky,
By the golden-crowned Autumn she is driven away,
And the clouds like an army have formed them on high,
To gaze on the vanishing forces of day.
For she goes like a guest from a sweetest sojourn,
And not like the dying eternally forth;
But she brings us new joys by her yearly return,
And her kisses of glory with flowers gem the earth.

'Twas beautiful, the day, when she left the fair hills—
The shade of her going was rich on the sea!
And Nature's glad music pealed forth in the rills,
In the breeze, and the bush, and the whispering tree.
She left with such smiles, that some god must have wrought
them.

Her emerald mantle still spread on the plain,
And I felt that perchance she had wedded with Autumn,
And with him she would smilingly greet us again.

Harmonious sounds seemed to rise from the ground,
While in forest and valley the sunset did burn;
With welcome to Autumn the air did resound,
And with prayers for the joys of Summer's return.
The depths of the wild-wood seemed joyfully stirred,
Though they sighed that the Frost-king yet had not sought
them!

For when the faint footsteps of Summer they heard,
They had niled to appear in the Court-dress of Autumn!

The sun has gone down in his glory to rest;
Still over the earth is left richest perfume,
While the first star of eve shows its beautiful crest,
Bright over Summer in the night of her bloom.
The bright star of Pallas came mournfully forth,
The pale ray of Ceres seemed dimmer in light,
Tearfully sorrowful for Summerless Earth.

Wails o'er her bright altar bent Vesta—the night,
My footsteps I wended to the brow of the hill,
To lit to sweet Summer's enchanting farewell;
They came rich on the air, so silent and still,
Sadly, mutually bent with the Sabbath eve bells,
Harked to a Cicerone close to my view.

And called it to press upon Memory's leaf;
I returned its pale clusters, when diamonds of dew
Fell as tears for the Summer—brilliant but brief.

Homeward I turned from this solitude holy,
Over the sea wet with heavenly tears;
With the last view of Summer, descending now slowly,
The distant hill-side she had mantled for years;
With a sigh that he'd left us, I thought me my rest,
To dream "neath soft rays, for the starlight had fraught
them!

When the Glory of Morning next burnished his crest,
I rose 'neath the smile—the bright smile of Autumn!

HINT FOR THE HINTLESS.

The public parks in London are now enlivened, on the Sabbath, by bands of music playing "hallowed" melodies. The civil authorities there have come to the sensible conclusion that men and women who fill all sensible conclusion that men and women who fill all the week naturally seek recreation on the only day of rest they possess, and that if they are to become innocent enjoyments, they are very likely to become expensive to government through the tendency of human nature to seek amusement in illicit dissipation. The London authorities have therefore decided to allow bands of music to play in the parks on the Sabbath, and to the great joy of the people.

Poetry.

THE TELEGRAPH UNDEERED-NEPTUNE TRIUMPHANT.

With the seas of Earth, in the old time,
The gods waged war in a style sublime.
'Twas a contest for empire; the giants essayed
By mountain on mountain the heavens invade.
And though massive their forms, and mighty their strength,
And fiercely they warred, they were conquered at length;
And, crushed 'neath the pile they had reared 'gainst the
skies,
Deep buried forever their power now lies.

Thus the gods were the victors; the empire they gained,
Which, had they but wisdom, they might have maintained.
But, says the old proverb, most truly and sad,
Whom the fates would destroy they always make mad.
These strong powers of nature, which physical force
Though conquering the world, could not rule or, of course;
For this requires reason, sound judgment and thought;
And these the old deities never had sought.

Each strove to encroach on the rights of his neighbor;
When Ceres sowed corn Bacchus mocked at her labor;
Jove thundered in vain, nor would Juno be quiet;
Diana and Venus still kept up a riot;
Apollo's sweet music, made discord by Mars,
'Stead of cheering the earth, only frightened the stars;
And the other immortals got up such a pother,
None could distinguish himself from another.

But fiercer than all was the tumult that raged
When Vulcan and Neptune in combat engaged;
One bolting with anger, one bursting with ire,
They called all their powers up of billows and fire;
They charged on each other, and meeting pell-mell,
Full many a Triton and grim Cyclop fell.
Till Earth, who kept neutral, and took neither part,
Was rent with convulsions and sick to the heart,
But made a fair record and laid on her shelves
Of all that was suffered by her and themselves;
On durable rocks inscribed every deed,
For her own future sons to discover and read.

Thus strove the immortals, till now Titans rose,
Oligarchs in mind—not status—like those;
Not fifty hands needing, they made use of oars,
And what hands could not do they contrived to oar done.
When Minerva was born the maiden beguiled,
And Jupiter bound by the aid of his child,
Then seized on his lightning and made it their slave,
To run on their errands o'er mountain and wave;
Snatched from Hermes his wings, from Vulcan his fire,
From the Muses their song, from Apollo his lyre;
Forced Pluto, no longer his ore to withhold,
And fettered, or bribed, even Cupid with gold;
Reformed to some decency Venus's court,
And half won Diana to give up her sport;
Docked Earth with wheat sheaves, and crowned her with
bowers.

And inwrought her green robe with wreaths of gay flowers.
Diplomacy using, they made head with feasts,
That Ceres and Bacchus became friends at last;
Both agreed their best treasures to yield up to man,
And Alcohol's poison for his sake to ban,
Even Mars, half ashamed of his barbarous task,
Conceals his harsh features beneath Glory's mask.

Stern Neptune, alone, in his wide domains,
All compromise, parley or truce o'er disdains;
Yet lets the young Titans their artifice try,
And treats their proud ships as the ox treats a fly;
Ere fire-ships steamers let pass to and fro,
Nor asks whence they came, nor cares where they go.
But when they attempted the Sea-god to bind,
And fetter his limbs, he was started to find
They'd already extended their magical cord
Quite under one arm of some purpose abhorred,
And were wreathing another, like boa-constrictors,
About his huge loins, and thought themselves victors.
Then, conscious of danger, he rose in his bed,
And raised o'er the vast swelling waters his head;
Commanded the billows in silence to retire,
And try what the strength of that spell should prove.
Then rose the vast surges, nor rose they in vain,
One swell—and a second, has smothered the chain!
The spell is dissolved; the god of the main
Waves his trident on high, but soon lowers it again;
Not deigning to triumph o'er such feeble foes,
He lays the rude billows and sinks to repose,
Resolving for some greater cause of alarm,
The strength of his trident, the might of his arm.

WARREN, Sept. 6, 1887.

C. E.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HIGH LOW-LIFE.
AND
LOW HIGH-LIFE.

BY S. LEAVITT.

One can still find, even in the central parts of New York city, here and there tucked away in secluded side streets—little groups of bona fide wooden cottages, whose occupants often seem to choose them as residences from a lingering affection which they have for anything that will remind them of early days in the country.

In such a cottage, in such a street, (occupying, however, only the second story,) a pleasant looking matron was going quietly about her household duties, on the gusty autumn evening from which our story dates.

"I wonder how much those poor creatures up at the grand house have labored to-day to show their inferiority to my Jenny," muttered the fond mother; "if they don't mend, I'll advise her to refuse their patronage." And then she bustled about with increased alacrity, as if to expend the extra *virtu* which her righteous indignation at the recollection of her daughter's wrongs inspired her with.

"Well, how fared you, Jenny?" she exclaimed, as the young woman's graceful form appeared in the doorway.

"Not over well, mother; those Simpsons are an unbearable set. I came pretty near giving one of them a setting down, and cutting short my work."

"How was it, dear?" inquired the mother, passing her arm around her fatherless girl. "I expect there are some people in this world who don't love you as much as I do, eh, Jenny?" and the motherly eyes beamed full in her face.

"Oh, it's the old story, mother—not worth repeating," was the reply.

Thus 'twas the young dress-maker recoiled and trembled at home, and well, she deserved such treatment. She possessed a large share of personal charms, with a mind which, after the training of an uncommonly good district school, had received the special care of the village pastor, who had supplied her with all books which he thought of a healthful nature.

But how different her entertainment at most patrician houses. On the morning following, at precisely eight o'clock, she rang the door-bell of a magnificent mansion near the very centre of our democratic "West End." As she entered the door, a tall young man with a brow resembling those of the Argonauts, stood before the mirror of a richly carved hat-stand, alternately polishing his hat and admiring his necktie, for he surely found nothing else that was admirable about his headpiece. He looked a little puzzled, the decently-dressed, handsome, and intelligent, yet evidently poor young woman entered the door; but just then a young "squire," of about ten years growth, who had peered

from the distant dining-room, with his mouth full, and decorated as to its rim, with molasses—bawled out:

"Oh, pip! it's only the sewing girl," and slammed the door.

The exquisite thereupon gave Jenny a look that was intended to contain precisely that amount of hauteur, superciliousness, and sensuality, that is supposed to constitute the proper look of a gentleman, when the thing looked upon is only such as was this woman before him. But he made dreadfully awkward work with his gentlemanly look; for the piercing, though quiet eyes that met his, awed him, and the expression of his face dwindled into the mere sheepishness.

So she passed across the marble paved hall to the spiral staircase, sorrowing that such beautiful abodes were so frequently tenanted by the coarse and low, who could not appreciate them. In spite of the painfulness of her circumstances, she could not but glance around admiringly, although she had been there several times before. No money had been spared—everything was massive that massiveness could render imposing, and gorgeous that gorgeousness could render imposing. The house being a double one, you entered it about the middle. The large circular hall was but the bottom of the circular open space, crowned by a dome which occupied the centre of the building, and up through which the stair wound its serpentine way. Costly pictures hung around this hall. Great gothic chairs were ranged about it. Beautiful brackets, in the shape of lamp-bearing Apollos and Graces shot out from the walls. The dome over head was of the richest stained glass; the stairs and banisters, the latter being very substantial, were of dark oak.

Our friend's destination was a room on the second story, evidently occupied by young ladies. She entered and seated herself by the window, awaiting their approach. Presently a richly-dressed Miss Simpson came sauntering in.

"Well, Miss Peterson," she began, flinging herself full length on a couch, "I feel too lazy to lift my finger, but I suppose we must go about getting up that blue silk, as I've got to wear it to a party on Friday." (It was, by the way, because of an economical streak in the family, that they had their dresses made by that class of artists which Jenny represented.)

So at it they went, and through the day, wearisome enough to our intellectual sewing-girl, but quite pleasant to the animals around her—they fussed and they wrangled—that is, the different members of the family, who dropped in from time to time. Furious contentions were entered into about linings, trimmings, sizes of sleeves, &c., that a deaf overlocker would suppose were to decide the fate of nations. Coolly and skillfully wrought our dress-maker, yet with but half her mind upon the work and her patrons; and the other half in a lofty ideal world peopled by the living and the dead great ones—sages, statesmen, warriors, poets—the heroic and the good, whether men or women. Nor did she let escape her notice anything in the way of sight or sound that seemed profitable. One of the daughters had some musical taste, and a black-bearded fellow spent some hours with her that morning cultivating it; and as he did not fail to make use of the occasion to display his really fine powers—little supposing that his most appreciative auditor was the sempstress up stairs. Jenny drank in the rich tones of his voice and the melody he drew from the thousand dollar "Chickering," with exceeding pleasure.

"Bob," said the elegant young man we met in the morning, to one of an entirely different genus who sat with the family that evening at dinner, "Bob, we had a call from a devilish fine looking young lady, this morning; one whose's got what I suppose you phrenologists would call the *active mental* temperament—looked as sharp as a meat-axe."

"Who's that?" abstractedly inquired the other, who was no less than Mr. Simpson's wealthy ward, who found it convenient to stop with his uninteresting guardian at this time; and who was the more willing to do so, because he knew that he was not in the least danger of losing his heart by reason of the charms of any of the Misses Simpsons, much as they coveted it.

"Oh, ask Lina, here," it's one of her friends." "Friends, indeed!" retorted his Aztec sister; "you stupid fellow, to mention such a creature to Mr. Matthews." Then turning to the latter, she said, with her usual winning (?) accent when addressing him, "It's just one of his coarse jokes; he probably refers to a poor seamstress whom we sometimes employ;" and so the subject dropped for the time.

But the next day Robert Matthews, having occasion to go up to his room before going down town on some literary excursion, chanced to behold the poor sempstress through the open door.

"Umph!" said he, "active mental," with a vengeance; whole brain large, ideality, language, and a lot more uncommon. Entirely out of place. Worth a thousand Miss Simpsons; worth talking to, at all events. Let's see, then, I have it! There's that dress in there, that Lina was dying to have me see; as I see she's in her room, I will accidentally drop in there to look at it—entirely unconscious, of course, that it's where the sempstress is."

The ruse took admirably. Lina was overjoyed at his condescension, and lugged him into the sort of sitting-room where the dress-making operations were going on. Of course there was no such thing as an introduction of the wealthy Mr. Matthews to the poor sewing girl so much as dreamed of; but the silent self-introduction of that one upward look staggered the young aristocrat, as he inwardly confessed, more than all the formalities called introductions that he had ever gone through. He felt that no common soul looked through those eyes.

While lingering there, discussing silks and laces, and what not, in a manner that utterly amazed the Misses Simpson, he managed to bring it about that Jenny should have to be appealed to; and that without any direct effort on his part, she was quite against her will drawn into the conversation. He then found occasion to ask her a few questions, in a manner which he knew the young ladies would suppose quite supercilious enough; but which he knew Jenny would, with her quick perceptions, interpret as expressive of very different sentiments from those which either they or their brother entertained toward her.

Having accomplished his purpose, which was to get within speaking distance of this so interesting being—he withdrew, leaving the four Misses Simpson actually *morally* over "the address of said young man."

One balmy Sabbath afternoon, a few weeks after the above scene occurred, Robert, who had not had an opportunity to speak with the despised dress-

maker since that first interview, strolled into Washington Parade Ground. Whom should he see, before he had gone ten paces, but her whose out-of-place, he had been so impressed with, when he saw her at the Simpsons, and visions of whom had been frequent visitors of his brain ever since.

Now, the question was, whether it would be out of place for him to join her. It was certainly a serious step for a young man who had hitherto sustained an unblemished character for gentility, to show himself of a Sunday afternoon in this fashionable haunt, by the side of so inferior a person. "Some he knew would say one thing, and some another," but he was fast becoming quite indifferent to public opinion, and, therefore, very naturally came to the determination, during the few seconds he had to cogitate the subject, "to go in," without, however, any definite intention of "winning."

But let it not be supposed that there was no fluttering in the breast of the advancing fair one when she saw the inevitableness of the encounter. She had gone home on the evening of the first meeting, with some strange, new feelings in her breast. Hitherto she had been tolerably contented with her position, but this *testo-tide* with the rich and aristocratic ward had, more strikingly than any previous occurrence, impressed her with the fact that society was wronging her.

"Here I am," said she, as she walked, a perfect cipher, alongside of those silly girls; "How proudly my spirit rose and claimed kinship with that gentleman, when I at once saw that he was a gentleman and a nobleman; but they, forsooth, never dreamed of my having a right to so much as look at him."

Now, however, when she saw that she was about to meet him in this public place, urged by both maiden modesty and regard for his feelings, if, as seemed most probable to her, he was not free from the fetters of absurd conventionalities—she determined to pass him without the least sign that she recognized him. But to prepare her mother for any emergency, she whispered to her hastily, as soon as he came in sight, "Mother, there's that ward of Mr. Simpson's, who spoke so pleasantly to me."

He, having made up his mind, strode boldly up to them, well knowing that the timid girl would seek to evade him.

"Good afternoon," he ventured, turning to accompany them, "this I suppose is your mother?"

We could hardly give the name of wild-throbbing to the pulsation of Jenny's heart, at this unexpected turn affairs had taken. The blood seemed to force itself slowly but irresistibly in one compact volume, backward and forward, on through its natural courses, threatening to smother them at each throbbing.

"What torture has heaven in store for me now," she murmured inwardly; "my wild, impetuous heart will foster itself with a deadly clinging to this man, if he seeks my society; and yet I feel assured that whatever one with such an unmistakable countenance does, he will do conscientiously. I will not shun him. My earnest and wise soul tells me that I am his equal, and come what may, I will act up to that conviction. If any evil comes of it, I shall resign myself willingly to martyrdom in a good cause. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,' and so, also, the more people in my situation suffer wrong through following Nature's teachings in such matters, the faster will the good time come, when all people shall stand in just relations to one another."

These thoughts having darted through her mind, she found strength to murmur a feeble "Yes, sir."

"Do you know," he continued, "folks think me very odd, because I'm a little honest. Language, you know, is generally used rather as a cloak, than a vehicle for thought. I am in favor of a reform in this matter, and if I am not mistaken, both your mother and yourself will agree with me as to the necessity of it. In a word, then, I long since made up my mind that I would enjoy just such society as I found agreeable. Now, the other day I saw at a glance, being a phrenologist, physiognomist, and all sorts of *ist*, that you were pleasant company for me than a score of the Simpsons; and I vowed I would seek your society. But feeling that it was desirable that I should keep on good terms with the Simpsons, I did not know how to get at you without wounding all their *finest sensibilities*. Now, however, that I have met you, I speak for permission to visit you."

There was such an unspeakable honesty of purpose visible in the young man's face while he was getting off this extraordinary speech, that both ladies found themselves irresistibly drawn toward him, and into his style of speech.

"Really, sir, responded Mrs. Peterson, 'you talk a little different from any one I ever met; but as I can't doubt your sincerity, with a corresponding frankness I will answer, that we will be happy to see you (for I know that Jenny will agree with me in the matter,) whatever evening may suit you best, at No. ——— street."

"Well," he continued, "common folks would begin to be in a great stew to know 'what my intentions are,' as they phrase it—but you are not common folks, and will not, I think, give yourselves any uneasiness about the matter; and will be satisfied, when, in my *brusque* way, I say, 'confound it! I haven't any intentions.' I am merely acting up to my determination to seek such society as is agreeable to me. And I know, now, that you will see that it is not rudeness, but openness, on my part, when I say that I don't care a straw, beforehand, whether this or any other acquaintance ends in marriage. All that I ever try to do, is to do right from moment to moment, with a decent regard for future consequences, without fretting about anything. Is there plain enough talk for you, Miss Jenny?" he added, turning toward her with a smile.

"Indeed, sir," she replied, also smiling, "I don't wonder that your friends consider you odd; but I must confess that hearing you talk in this way brings into definite shape some ideas which have long floated indistinctly in my mind, with regard to the great desirableness of such openness."

While this conversation was going on, Robert's novel company, as he anticipated, did not fail to attract the notice of some of his *townish* acquaintances. Several pairs of eyes glared at him before he had reached the west side of the Park; to which, as the aide on which their home lay, his companions now naturally turned, not wishing to appear desirous of showing themselves in such distinguished company. The owners of these eye-glances, who were crossing the Park, bound homeward from various churches, all appeared doubtful, at first, as to the propriety of recognizing our hero under such circumstances; but the recollection of "that two hundred thousand dollars" overcame all their scruples, and they bowed to him most graciously.

Having accomplished the two *new* friends a few

blocks toward their destination, Robert excused himself and withdrew. The mother and daughter talked but little on their way home. Jenny drew her shawl tightly about her, and moved on with a quick, nervous step. How leaped her heart with honest exultation, as she murmured, repeating Robert's words, "You are not common people." Her blood danced merrily now through her veins; "She was no common person! she was a princess! she was a *lovable* soul! She was no longer a plain sewing girl, but a beautiful, gifted woman, who had, without an effort, drawn one of the noblest of men away from the society of his equals in rank and wealth. Ha! ye noble dames! ye proud, silken, jeweled, carriage-borne dames! I soar above the most of you at one swoop; I feel the goodly man! the pleasant man! oh, beating heart, be still; let not the wild tide of joy bear you out of bounds. Will the goodly man indeed come? will he? will he? Shall he sit with us in the little parlor? Shall I talk with him of all high and noble things? Shall my heart nigh burst with joy, when, finding its slight defences against the unconsciously conquering charms of my guest, (my guest! oh, joy!) all beaten down, and its poor fluttering self a prisoner—it shall also see the eye of the goodly man melting in uttermost tenderness? Yes, it shall be so! I have fed long on spiritual crusts and water; my soul shall have wine, nectar, and ambrosia. I demand this good thing of the destinies. From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" so with all other kingdoms of heaven beside that then spoken of. And now I stand thundering at the gate of this heaven. I will take it by force! He, forsooth, don't care whether it ends in marriage or not, and in the sense in which he meant it, I don't either. But, in another sense, I do care vastly—no doubt already more than he does; and with reason, for gratitude for his undeniable condescension puts me ahead of him in depth of feeling. Oh, ye whom I have so often watched! ye groveling, thoughtless women! whom I have seen as I met you in Broadway, striving to entrap some true and noble man—here's one whom I will rescue from you! One shall be made a happy man, whom ye nigh have made miserable. 'Tis all very well to talk of becoming maiden modesty and diffidence; what I feel of it I will manifest. I will not feign that which I do not feel, even of these becoming appearances. And now, I hesitate not to avow to myself that I want this man for my spouse. 'Tis not good for man to be alone; but it is terrible for woman to be alone; and ever must I be alone, except mated with him, or such a one as he. Nature should never be thwarted, except unavailingly; and now my whole being cries out for a *true mate*; if there is any power in the straightforward, spontaneous winsomeness of woman, he shall be mine. If my beauty best adorned, my loveliest flights of fancy, my unchecked outpourings of love and admiration for things good and beautiful, do win upon this pleasant friend, so that he is led to say, 'thou'rt all in the world to me, oh, be thou mine!'—I trow, if he proves what I think he will, I shall not say him nay."

Shall I not love him, love him, and foster all his noble parts? Shall I not take ever eager flights with him amid the higher spheres of literature? Shall I not see and hear all the glorious things, that hall of the rich seeing and hearing appreciate no more than swine would? Shall I not listen, seated by his side, in purple and fine linen, to all glorious harmonies of song and instrumentation? Shall I not walk with him in the Louvre and the Vatican? Shall I not gaze, leaning my head on him, at the stars and the moon, from the feluccas of Naples bay, the gondolas of Genoa and Venice? Shall I not dwell with him—no, not in such a palace as Simpson's, for the poor must be remembered; but in, oh, such a pleasant mansion? Shall not the poor rise up and call me blessed? Shall I not sing in rhyme of the joy of my heart, till men shall say 'what beatitude is here,' and discourse in prose of good and truth till they shall acknowledge my inspiration? And, oh, shall not his children?—but hie! mother will guess my thoughts. Did it so ran on the maiden mind. Fair reader, did it?

According to promise, Robert soon called at the humble cottage. No excuse for the plainness of its furnishings met his ear. He soon found that Jenny's natural and acquired charms far exceeded his anticipations, and his visits became weekly less angelic, so far as "finess and farness between" was concerned. But as yet he had not decidedly asked her to become his wife. An event occurred, however, about two months after that walk in the Park, which brought the matter to a decision. Once more Jenny was in demand at the Simpson mansion, and once more with strangely mingled feelings she walked thither. This time it chanced that there was something for her to do which would occupy her a whole week at home, without necessitating her making even a daily visit to the grand house. When she had accomplished the work, the low-minded Simpsons agreed among themselves, that since the young woman had appeared so mild and quiet, it would be a good idea for them to try to cheat her out of a part of the pay, on the pretence that she had almost spoiled several articles.

A painful scene was that in the "young ladies' sitting-room." The four Misses Simpson and their mother, as brazen-faced a set as a highwrought maiden might very safely encounter, stood before her, being "of one accord in that one place," pointing out the defects. She modestly but firmly demonstrated that the work was perfectly done. Just then Robert, who had heard an unusual commotion in the room, which was not far from his, and knowing that "the adorable" was there, *accidentally* sauntered by. The Simpsons, finding that they were getting the worst of it, and that there was more pluck in the quiet dress-maker than they had given her credit for—in the desperation of their situation summoned him to their help. Here, then, was a pretty juxtaposition. It must be one thing or the other with him now—disgraceful repudiation of his heart's queen, or a double acknowledgment of her heart. Does any one doubt as to which he decided for? We will not blame him; even Jenny doubted, so trying was the juncture. He hesitated a moment; his first impulse was to dash them all back, spring to her side, acknowledge his sentiments for her, and bear off in a whirlwind of wrath. But being a believer in the doctrine that we cannot know the full sweetness of prosperity, unless we first drink to the dregs the bitter cup of adversity; and being withal fond of tragedy, he concluded to "prolong the agony" a few moments.

"Ah!" said he to the Misses Simpson, "at once purposes with your interesting dress-maker, are you?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Simpson; "the impertinent baggage (Robert gave a nervous shudder just here) insists on our paying a full price for these things, that she has almost ruined; see here, and here!"

"Ah, yes, I see," he answered, trying to look sternly at Jenny, "not so well done as they might be, I should think. Do you mean to presume, young woman, to set up your will and judgment against that of these ladies? My word for it, they never will employ you again."

Jenny, who dared not ask herself how all this would end, replied, without lifting her eyes to his face, "I do, sir."

"Mrs. Simpson," said Robert, "how much were you to pay her for the week's work?"

"Five dollars! A big enough price, I'm sure."

"What, so much? Surely, Miss, you would not presume to demand so much for such work; this is downright robbery!"

How Jenny's cheeks burned at this, though she felt perfectly sure that he was not in earnest. But it was dreadful to stand there before those giggling and triumphant girls, and be so addressed by him above all others; especially when now she heard the one nearest her, (Lina,) whisper to her neighbor, "Wont he be the one to beat down trades-people for me?" But as for Robert, he stood as Joseph stood before his brethren, while he was upbraiding them. It seemed to him as if "the marrow of his bones" would melt, such an unspeakable longing did he feel to put an end to her pain, by catching her to his heart. Hardly, too, could he refrain from imitating Joseph, when on that same occasion "he lifted up his voice and wept."

There was, therefore, very naturally a tremulousness perceptible at least to her when he continued, "how much time did you spend on this work, may I ask?" and yet this time there was an attempt at hauteur that the Simpsons thought admirably aristocratic.

"About ten hours a day, sir."

"Five dollars for sixty hours work!" he exclaimed, with an expression of righteous indignation, so well feigned that the Simpsons' all noticeably lifted their heads, flung back their heads, and opened their eyes, in sympathy.

"Five dollars for sixty hours work!" Why, many a girl like you, (oh, what a pang it cost him,) works in the English factories, sixteen hours a day, for half that money!"

"Exorbitant hussy!" murmured Mrs. Simpson.

"I'll warrant, too, that it was not very trying to the eyes or fingers. Let me see," said he, advancing toward her, as she stood with downcast eyes, resting one hand on a chair. "Why, I can, but just discern the roundness about the eye, and the dark circle around it." How fiercely he anatomized those who strove to cheat her out of the reward of that labor that had so injured these orbs, which were fast becoming the lamps of life to him. How he yearned to kiss away all traces of the iron fingers of her cruel task-mistresses. But her trial was not yet over. He wanted to enjoy awhile the foretaste of the delicious reaction that he must soon inevitably bring about. There was, too, something wonderfully fascinating about the idea that he was making the fools around him believe, and making even herself suspect, that he considered himself in the act of brow-beating an insolent sewing woman; whereas, every cruel word he uttered pierced his own soul almost as deeply as it did hers; then, too, he knew that the harder he bore upon her, the greater would be the exultation of the Simpsons, and consequently, the greater their after disunity and humiliation.

So then he reached out to take her hand, (that hand which he, longing, had never touched before,) with a show of coarse familiarity that made the delighted Simpson girls nudge one another, and "snicker right out."

"Why see, too," he continued, as she resigned her hand passively to his, with Oh, what strangely mingled emotions—"these hands and fingers are almost ladylike!" and here he turned maliciously from hers, *truly* lady-like, to the coarse digits of the others, who knowing that they would come off second-best in the comparison, had put them out of the way. "There is even a velvety softness about them, where they are not stained by the thread and wounded by the needle, (hateful needle! cruel needle!) The fingers are shapely and pliant as a child's." (He knew the stupid Simpsons would not see through it all.)

"Why, most sewing women toll

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red;"

and such language cannot be with any justice used with regard to yours."

But Robert seeing that just here a tear was looking out of the corner of her eye, as a prisoner from a parapet before leaping, and that she began to tremble with emotion; seeing, too, that the Simpsons now nodded complacently to one another, as if assured that he had conquered the hitherto invincible dress-maker—he concluded that it was time to show them that he had conquered her, though in a very different way from what they supposed. So, turning toward the rest, that they might lose nothing of the bitterness of their cup—while still holding her hand and fixing his radiant eyes upon hers, still downcast—he said in a clear, low, musical tone, whose rich melody always after haunted her—

"Jenny dear! will you be my wife?"

Well did he cut short the painful scene; his darling could not have endured it much longer; and now with a full burst of tears and a convulsive sob, turning toward him, as he passed his arm about her waist, and leaning her head upon his hospitable breast, as he stood there supporting her, after pressing his lips to her forehead—she only answered him by this act and the quiet flowing of her tears.

The Simpsons were of course dumbstruck; but as there is nothing very interesting about the actions of such people at such times, we will not attempt to describe them. As for Robert, he turned upon them as they stood in various attitudes expressive of dumb amazement, and said to them, not in wrath, but in scorn:—"And now, you poor creatures, you called me to brow-beat your intended victim, as Balak called Balaam to curse Israel, and 'lo, I have altogether blessed her!' This glorious person whom you do despise, has long been as the apple of my eye, and this very night, if she consents, we shall be married. As for me, I will send a porter for my trunks; I cannot longer abide here. So trusting that you will take warning by this bitter lesson, and cease to try 'to grind the faces of the poor.' I leave you, having now no longer any need of Mr. Simpson's assistance, as he has surrendered to me my property. Come, Jenny, and hie away."

So without further parley, and without the slightest opposition from the family, who just began to

realize how utterly he had befooled them, he lead her leaning on his arm proudly down the spiral stairway, amid servants with uplifted hands and rolling eyes, and swiftly away to her home, with not many words, but many a loving pressure of the hand that rested on his own.

The common-place denouements that followed, we pass over in silence. Suffice it, that she did indeed have an opportunity and cause to "love him, love him!" took eagle flights with him amid the higher spheres of literature; saw the glories of the Louvre and the Vatican leaning on his arm; listened clothed in purple and fine linen to all glorious harmonies of song and instrumentation; gazed at the stars and moon from the feluccas of Naples bay—the gondolas of Venice and Genoa; dwelt long with him at home in a pleasant mansion. The poor did indeed rise up and call her blessed. She sang indeed of the joy of her heart, and discoursed in prose of good and truth till she gained the desired reward. And last, not least, his children, not a few, blessed the noon and twilight of her earthly existence.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1857.

LUTHER COLBY & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.

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

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

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

—VOL. 2, NO. 2—

FIRST PAGE.—Agnes, the Sep-tu-er, by Cora Wilburn.
SECOND PAGE.—Agnes, continued: Departure of Summer.
THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: High Love and Low High-Life.
FOURTH AND FIFTH PAGES.—Abstract of F. L. H. Willis' Address: Rev. John Pierpont's Remarks on Mansfield's Mediumship; News Items, &c.
SIXTH PAGE.—Extracts of Mrs. Henderson's Address on Sabbath evening, September 20th; Answers to an Inquirer; Seven Years with the Spirits; Mansfield and Miss Munson; A Fair for Solution; Want and Supply.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Messenger Department.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Pearls: Child in Heaven; Flashes of Fun, &c., &c.

WHO WILL DESTROY THE BIBLE?

Opponents of Spiritualism are continually asserting that its advocates reject the Bible, and in its rejection they see the destruction of all law, morals, or religion. And why is this cry going forth? Simply because we tell the church-man to believe nothing either in the Bible or other book, that does not commend itself to his own reason. There is little, very little, in the New Testament, which does not stand the test of the Spiritualist's reason; therefore he credits it. He sees similar acts transpiring about him as are there recorded; he hears soul-stirring truths so like those spoken by men in the early days of the Christian Era, that he accepts the statements they made, and the pure principles they strove to impart to the world. But his reason compels him to reject the literal interpretation which the church has placed upon some portion of the text; and as he goes farther back over the pages of the good Book, he finds still more which the same God-principle tells him might have been the word of God as men of other ages were capable of receiving it, but is no longer that to him. He fails to hear his God speaking through the stern, iron laws of Moses, and does not recognize the wisdom of his God, as displayed in the fabulous pages which commence the Book. Yet all throughout its pages he can glean some truths, many beautiful facts and imposing lessons; and he would not destroy even its darkest part with all its errors and display of passion, revenge, and records of arbitrary laws, for he sees that they were for those days all that man needed, all that his God could with good result lavish upon him. He feels, and sees, as book and chapter are added to former books, that steadily as wisdom has been developed in the race, more wisdom has been sent down from Heaven's Throne to satisfy man's needs; and that the supply has never been and can never be exhausted. Oh no! the Spiritualist will never seek to destroy the Bible.

This sin, if it were possible that it could be accomplished, will lie at the door of the opponents of our new and glorious word of God, which is being revealed, not in ponderous parchments, or in a changing, varying language, which to day means this, while to-morrow finds it necessary to call a diocese of Bishops to interpret to suit its varied tongue. Our word of God is being written in the hearts of men; His love is being read in the foliage of the forest, in the murmur of the shaded rivulet, in the creatures He has made. The vast universes that sparkle in the blue dome, present His glory and majesty and power to our view in stronger language than Sinai's Thunders. Nothing can throw the Bible into so much disrepute as the attacks of materialists, who deny almost the existence of spirit. A Harvard Professor in a very sophistical, yet well written article in the Courier, argues that the manifestations seen and related by Spiritualists are the results of fancies, or overwrought imaginations, which are not seen through, because the parties have not the power to penetrate the surface and look for causes. He tells us we do not commune with spirits, that they do not present themselves to our sight.

Why not say that all the visitations of angels, recorded in the Old Testament, were illusions—that Moses and Elias were not seen by Christ and the two disciples—that his spirit was not seen after it had risen from his mortal body—in short, that all such scenes are false, from the first chapter in Genesis to the Book of John, who distinctly declares it to be "the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave to him," and "he sent and signified by his angel unto John," thus showing a regular flow of inspiration from the Father to Christ, from him to his angel, and thence to John. Why not laugh at the story which says that angels rolled the stone from the sepulchre—at the liberation of Peter—at all the physical manifestations of spirit power with which the Bible is filled, as well as those of our own day? Why not say that John's mental faculties were disordered, when he saw the angel and sought to worship him? Was not John mad, when he wrote that the angel said, "See thou do it not, for I am one of thy brethren the prophets?"

It seems to us that the same argument which would have us believe that all our modern visions and visitations are, hideous fancies, will, upon closer examination, show that the same plain, recorded in the

Bible; and that done, the day is not far distant when the book itself would be totally disregarded and ridiculed. Wesley, Hall, and numerous other noted men-of-the church, have expressed their fears lest the denial of the ministrations of angels would tend towards a too gross materialism, which must result in a denial of very large portion of the text of the Bible, which is simply a relation of such ministrations, and finally imperil the whole truth in it.

We speak the sentiments of thousands when we say, that if the well-credited manifestations of Modern Spiritualism could or should be proved mundane, we should believe the Bible to be nothing more than a series of cunningly wrought fables. Nothing but spirit manifestations could have induced us to put the slightest confidence in the facts of the Bible, however much we might admire some of its teachings; and hundreds of men, once Infidels, now owe their faith in its records to Spiritualism. They doubted them on the same ground that the professors and churchmen now doubt spirit manifestations. Upon the same stern rule these professors hold up, we should deny all its miracles. By what known laws of science, pray you, gentlemen, if you believe the Bible, were they produced by Christ, and by his disciples and apostles after him?

Why does not the Church see this danger? Is it better that the Bible should thus be assailed in its truth, and its authority overthrown in the minds of thousands, than that church establishments, and fasts, and associations, should give way to a living faith in the Scriptures, a spiritual religion, which believes that God can now speak to Jesus, and he to his angels, and those angels to man, as did the Revelator!

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

The Arabia's news is very unfavorable to the English army in India, although it goes to show that they have fought their way and stood their ground like heroes. Delhi has not yet fallen. It was the general expectation that this town would have been taken long ago, but all predictions do not reach fulfillment as soon as calculated. The story of the massacres in India, especially those of Cawnpore, is confirmed in every horrible particular. These heathen excite in the mind, by their savage conduct, a deeper feeling than vengeance; we stand appalled before the very thought of their cruelties, almost wondering why Providence permitted such things to be done.

Women dishonored before the eyes of their husbands, brothers, and fathers, and afterwards mangled and slain; and young children slaughtered and thrown into wells after them, their tender limbs quivering on the still warm limbs of their mothers; these narratives fall on the heart with paralyzing power, and fill it with grief for humanity. We breathe with difficulty, and ask ourselves in a whisper,—Can these things be?

England will send out more troops, newly officered men, supply them abundantly with provisions, watch them tenderly as they go into this murderous struggle on her behalf, and deplete her entire treasury, if needs be, in order to reconquer the giant kingdom she has so unexpectedly lost. Not a nerve will she leave unstrained to retrieve her national honor, and sustain her high national pride. It will all be necessary. She will find that it is not such an easy matter to regain ground that has once been lost. She has climate, distance, religious superstition, native hatred, rebelliousness, and heathenism, to fight against. We are not of those who decline to believe that she will in the end prove victorious; her armies must prove invincible, with all their discipline and splendid equipments, unless Providence shall decree otherwise, and smite them with the breath of the pestilence or the destroying heat of the tropics.

But England and her ministry are still in the wrong. This rebellion, and this attempt to retake what has been lost, is an old story, familiar to all who have read the annals of the world. It is the story of the master and the slave over again. To subdue a foreign people, simply that their subsidized and stolen treasures may be employed for the enrichment of the English sovereign and her dependents, is a crime; and such a crime will not remain long unpunished. We may not be able to trace the fruit of it in a year, nor a generation; yet it ripens none the less surely at last. If the English Queen were going to conquer India, in order to teach the benighted natives the arts of peace and civilization, that would be one thing; but to order her armies to perform their work of devastation and destruction, only that taxes may be levied and collected to increase the splendor and wealth of the treasury, is a matter that Providence will not long permit to go without its adequate reward.

CHEAP LIVING.

We do not mean by this, living on old crusts, and well-picked bones; but living somewhat as our grandfathers and grandmothers used to do; within our means; on frugal and prudent principles; generously, yet not extravagantly; simply, yet with full room to gratify good, healthy appetites. The very thought of ever returning to the moderate and modest style of living in which some country people find so much quiet happiness, makes us homesick to go back into rural life, and try our hand contentedly with the rest of them.

The London Literary Gazette has been calling up pleasant reminiscences of these better times, in the course of its notice of a work on Syria; in which it says very feelingly, that "people who love to live well and cheaply at the same time, should go to Antioch. Mr. N. tried to be extravagant there, but found it to be impossible—house-rent, servants, horses board, washing, and wine, included—to spend more than forty pounds a year. Oh, that Antioch were London! Fancy seven and a half pounds of good mutton for one shilling! fat fowls for two-pence apiece! seventy pounds of fish for one shilling, and fruits and vegetables sufficient for one's household, for two-pence a week. If we remember aright, the Garden of Eden was somewhere near this place. Yes, and so was Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," for there is certainly no other spot on the globe where one could be "passing rich with forty pounds a year."

We would not wish to live any poorer than we do, only more cheaply. We can easily dispense with many dishes that are not relied upon, except from habit alone, and should be glad to exchange them for such pure articles as could be furnished in abundance back in the "rural districts." It brings a feeling of half melancholy over us to go to the markets, at an early hour on Saturday morning, and see the produce-men bringing in their bountiful loads. Nature is never stingy, whatever man may; prove himself to be. She discounts freely at all her banks, if we only make application.

Then the thought of how these men have it in their power to live, surrounded with such a wealth of produce—vegetables, fruits, and other things—forces us into a feeling of envy, when we look at their hardy frames and hearty manners. Oh, what a blessed thing it would be for the world, if the necessities of trade and commerce did not compel a great portion—much too large a portion—of the population to congregate in cities, and deny themselves the sweet and wholesome enjoyments that are spread so bountifully for all! What a truce would at once be sounded to these lamentable conflicts between passion, avarice, selfishness and pride, and how soon the nobler and more spiritual traits of the nature begin to exercise their beneficial sway! If this were but allotted to us as a fortune, we could in reason pretend to ask no more. We believe we should be content.

"BREAKING THE SABBATH."

The Courier, the special and universal organ of the fossiliferous part of creation, undertakes to give a sort of report of the meeting at Music Hall on Sunday last, at which Mr. Willis spoke. After giving a portion of one discourse with considerable exactness (for the Courier), it goes on to say—

In the evening another "Spiritual" session was held, Mr. Willis preaching a sermon about—no matter what it was about. But for the announcement that Mr. Willis would touch upon matters requiring notice, we should not have permitted our reporters to break the Sabbath by attending the meetings, or our columns to be occupied by such nonsense.

That is—if they had not expected to have been attacked in that place, as the recognized organ of Harvard College, they never would have allowed a reporter to "break the Sabbath" and go there. The expectation will of course, in their opinion, justify the deed in full. It was an awful thing to do, but the opportunity to "pitch into" Mr. Willis, and so into Spiritualists generally, was too good an one to be passed by.

Look at the falsehood in the above paragraph. "But for the announcement that Mr. Willis would touch upon matters requiring notice," they would not have allowed their columns to be "occupied with such nonsense." Well, when the report was brought into their office, they knew just what it was, and what it amounted to. If it did not "require notice," then why did they publish it? If it was something else than what they expected it would be, and so was unworthy of notice, then why did they "notice" it at all?

Simply because they had rather keep up their empty bow-wow than not. They would have published the remarks of the speaker, and they would have sent their reporter there, whether Mr. Willis was expected to narrate his difficulty with the Divinity School or not. They are leagued to hunt this man down; and if calumny aid, falsehood, assaults on motive and assaults on private life, slanderous words and lying charges, can avail through them to prejudice him with the community, the object of this "holy alliance," who will allow no one but themselves to defend the Christian religion, will have been answered. If this is a specimen of their religion, we openly charge that it is none of Christ's.

We hope, from our hearts, that the Courier will not let its reporters "break the Sabbath" again. To take all possible precaution against such a catastrophe, it would be as well for the editors of that pious paper to open an old-fashioned Sunday School in the establishment,—"formerly Old State House," State street. One of them, at least, might instruct in the Greek Testament; though we fear his familiarity with the text would be considerably greater than with the Testament. It's one thing to study the characters and the fly-specks on the page; to catch the hidden and the spiritual meaning, requires a very different sort of a man.

A TOUCHING STORY!

The melancholy end, heroic as it was, too, of the youthful first officer of the steamship Central America, Mr. Charles M. Van Rensselaer, is related by one of his companions in the columns of the New York Times, and is enough to draw tears from every eye. Mr. Van R. was the son of Hon. John S. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, and adopted the sea as a profession early in life. He was most devotedly attached to the person of Captain Herndon, and insisted in following him in all his fortunes, and, at length, to the grave.

At the time the vessel was in danger, and all through that most trying crisis, he proved himself the man for the hour. Mr. Frazer, the second officer, says that everything was done by Mr. Van R., that seamanship could devise. He aided in helping the women and children into the boats, and when the fatal hour came, he and Captain H. went to their state-rooms, put on their uniform, and took their places side by side on the paddle-box, the officer's post. Mr. Van R. then lighted a cigar, and was calmly smoking it, when the steamer reeled down beneath them into the depths below.

Mr. Easton, who rose to the surface with them, says, "Mr. Van R. told me, in the water, that he would not leave Captain Herndon, and thus we fear they died together. Yet it was for both a gallant death. The family of young Van R. have bled on many a battle-field from the old French wars to Queenstown Heights, yet none of them died more nobly than this young sailor at his post of duty. He was worthy of the friendship of Herndon."

While his friends mourn him, there are many who will miss his open-handed liberality. With fortune sufficient to his wants, his purse was ready for the needy, and there are families now in Albany whose rent he regularly paid, and ministered to their wants. He was generous and whole-souled, and when we first heard of the wreck, we felt that he was lost, for we knew that he and Herndon would be the last to quit the ship. And so it was. They died as they should, nobly.

THE WINTER'S SUFFERING.

From present appearances there must be a great deal of suffering this winter among the laboring classes, as so many of the leading manufacturing establishments of the country have stopped, and thrown persons out of employ, and business of all kinds must be nearly prostrated. The prospects are gloomy for them in the extreme; and their only hope is in the exercise of a general sympathy and friendliness that would make this world of ours, a very different tarrying place from what we know it to be now.

There is something good to be extracted out of every evil, and this may be the good thing to come out of the present crisis. Already the commercial papers are counselling forbearance, friendliness, and a kinder feeling among men of business, and this is a good omen. It promises well to begin with. Next let it be considered that all parts of society are

intimately connected with one another, and that if one suffers, the other must suffer also. The community is a great body; the arms cannot suffer pain; nor the feet, nor the head, unless the whole system suffers at the same time.

This is one of the vital truths that men have yet to learn. They must remember that the highest safety for one is the greatest care taken of all. There can be no such thing as separating one class from the other. The poor we have with us always, and they must be clothed and fed. If we have no higher motive, this at least might influence us, that we may one day come to be poor ourselves.

CALICO AND SILK.

Calico is a word that somehow suggests genuine ness, homespun qualities, downright sincerity, and all the other good things not now very much in fashion. Therefore we confess to a liking for calico, and hope it may yet triumph over coconery all over the world.

Last winter they got up Calico Balls in some places, to relieve the poor by that innocent and diverting device. They proved popular, went the rounds among people of wealth and position, and ostensibly did what good such inventions are generally capable of doing. And there ends that. The fine ladies who, for purely benevolent purposes, consented to wear the calico for just a single evening, have probably had nothing of the kind about their beauty since. Henceforth calico to them is what calico has always been before.

But suppose we suggest something to the ladies. We like to see people do an original thing sometimes, even if it turns out to be a little odd. Now silks are as common as dirt. Every female wears them on the street, and the more vulgar the manners the more gaudy the stripe and hue; so that to discover a true lady from one who is no such a thing, is the next thing, now-a-days, to an impossibility. The suggestion we propose is this: let the ladies all consent to array themselves in the prettiest prints and cheap dresses there are to be found, and in this way force every one to show her own colors, and not sail any longer under silken banners, whose glittering gorgeousness so dazzles the eyes and judgment of beholders.

This would be something new—something slightly original. If the other sex will but promenade the streets in the simplest attire, in habits of calico, then it will more truly appear who are the ladies and who are not. It is frequently very annoying for a lady to find that her true character has been misapprehended, simply because another at her side, of a very different character, presumes to clothe herself in quite as lustrous a style. Now in order to reduce the thing to a sound basis, let the ladies compel those who are not so, either to signalize themselves as such by tawdry over-dressing, or else by the real show of their breeding, in plain dresses like what they wear; and their sensitiveness about their position, as well as all possibility of mistakes of an unpleasant nature, will be cured and obviated with but little trouble further.

We wonder the sex never have thought of this themselves. If they are vexed by seeing everybody else imitate them, there is a 'cute way of curing the whole evil, and it is this. How long before we shall have the pleasure of seeing the sidewalks thronged with the fair wearers of ninepenny prints and pretty bonnets to match?

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

Times are not particularly favorable for the publishers just now, and the less said about the book trade, as it looks at present, perhaps the better. No branch of business is more sensitive to a pressure in the money market than this. Yet even in spite of hard times and general dullness, we are far ahead of England in the manufacture and sale of books. We produce more books than any other people under the sun. We sell more volumes yearly than Great Britain does in five years. A London publisher would put forth an edition of one thousand, and not stereotype it at that, where the publishers of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia would issue an edition of not less than five thousand. Here the mere announcement of a new book by a popular author—nay, the mere announcement of a book with a catching or popular title—will cause a large edition to be ordered in advance. They are more slow across the water. They wait to see what the critics say of it before they invest their money in the purchase. With us, too, almost every book is stereotyped—on the chance of continuous demand for it—whereby the cost of production, on a large sale, is greatly diminished. But a London publisher, afraid of the risk, (though stereotyping adds less than half to the expense,) rarely ventures to put the first edition of a book into stereotype.

All this speaks well for us as a nation. This excessive nervousness of ours is not for no end. We must needs read, when we are not permitted to talk; and if it be so that we read a deal of sorry trash, it is nevertheless in keeping with what our natural desires prompt us to. In time we learn the winning process. Then we read more appreciatively, with more discrimination, better books, and with more reflection and care. The book-trade of America is destined to be one of the greatest of our common interests.

OLD CLOTHES.

Not so bad as old clothes, after all, laugh about them as much as you will. There is nothing in the world so easy as an old coat, or an old shoe, especially when one comes home tired and jaded; and, therefore, we try to save them. If our wives have not by chance got rid of the greater part of them to the image-men or glass-women, then we must have accumulated a very pretty pile of them by this time, which will come exactly in play for the purpose we are about to propose.

Then we say—don't sell your old duds this season; give them to those who will have nothing wherewith to clothe themselves. Many and many a poor person will be grateful for the warmth they will bring this winter, and many and many a family of poor children may be made happy by so cheap and timely a gift.

What one gives is twice blessed indeed, if the gift is both appropriate and well-timed. In that case it is pith and beauty. To give a needy person what will be of no possible benefit to him, is to mock his sufferings; we can do better than that, if we are but thoughtful for those around us. And if such offerings as the clothes we have ourselves cast off can be of any profit to those less fortunate than we, and make them feel happy for the cold future that stretches before them, we are cruel in the extreme if we omit such little offices of kindness, and may come to regret our selfishness some day when we least expect it.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY MR. F. L. H. WILLIS, AT THE MUSIO HALL, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 4, 1857.

Mr. Willis commenced by stating that upon his return to the city at the close of the preceding week, he found that an entirely mistaken apprehension had gone abroad with regard to the subject on which he was to speak, owing to the misconception of a remark which he had made in conversing with Dr. Gardner on a previous occasion. He said that he regretted this circumstance, as it might occasion some disappointment on the part of the audience; but it had not been his intention to enter into any history of his mediumship on the present occasion, but he proposed to speak of the Present Aspect of the Times—the Present Crisis in Church and State, and the Relations of Spiritualism to Both.

When we are rudely awakened from our dream of hope, and the beautiful ideal creations of our young life are shivered into fragments and lie in sparkling ruins at our feet, we learn our first lessons of life's cold, hard realities. But it is not my purpose to obtrude upon your private griefs, or to allow the low hour which your patience affords me, to be filled with the story of crushing sorrow and disappointment. I will not speak of experience colored out of my heart's blood, nor need I deprecate the forces of conservative influence in learning and position, which have sought by ridicule to crush out a cherished faith in the spirit world, and by the sacrifice of individuals, have tried to avert the issue from resulting in their own discomfiture; and I dare not attempt to express the gratitude which I feel, for the rallying support of friends in the dark hour, friends who came forth spontaneously at every hand, to soften and share the great trial of my life, caused by some whom I loved, respected and honored. If they meant it for good, they have not failed; if for evil, it has come to be a benefit. Strange creatures are we, and our destinies are less in our own hands than we think—"There's a divinity that shapes our ends." I am here, who little thought a few months since that the seclusion of study would have been invaded by any change short of sickness or death; but this dream-life has many turns. Yet who would have supposed that the case of an humble student would have found an interest in so many hearts? Pledged to no doctrinal system, it was the joy and the hope of my life to have been permitted to pursue and finish, in the quiet retreats of Cambridge, that course of study which might have fitted me to perform the high duties of a Christian teacher in some humble parish, uninterrupted by the restless strife of the great world. Not a word of bitterness, not one unkind reflection shall escape me in respect of the Professors with whom I came in contact as student. If they did me injustice, I will not return the blow; I shall endeavor so to live as to confirm the judgment that enabled me to enter Cambridge Divinity School, and kept me there. I will not pause on these things.

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind." Yet there was a charm, amounting almost to fascination, in the still hours of quiet and delightful study, which I cannot well forget. That cloister life, those communings and blessed fellowship of hearts inspired by a common purpose and high aims, those dreams of all those "Castles in Spain" in which the humblest own a share—how have they faded and vanished! Yet all is not lost; some ties of friendship still abide, and will always live in grateful memory. I am content. When Gonzalvo was in sight of Naples, he said he would rather perish than purchase life by retreat, and I would not cowardly retreat from a position in which I was placed by no will of my own. I will not look back into the grave of the past. "Let the dead bury their dead"—the spirit leads, that will sustain and guide us; let us learn to "suffer and be strong." I think no one really lives in the spirit till the fair foundations of the outward and the temporal are broken up, and the ploughshare of Providence reveals the sub-soil of the soul. Conscious rectitude will bear a man bravely through a sea of troubles, and to that aid a consciousness of truth, and a high and unflinching faith in the unseen but Divine Force, and all things seem possible to the believing soul.—We need not fear what man can do against us. Let him babble of impossibilities and scientific absurdities—he may learn that he has not yet measured God and the possibilities of the spirit life, by his miserable analysis, when he attempts to limit and confine the Infinite in his little crucible and retort.—Thank God, the morning of liberty is breaking, and its full beams shall shine forevermore to believing hearts. Lying bigotry, scientific intolerance, and classic formality may not assume too much in this age, lest they lose all. All men have their place in the world; but it is the misfortune of some to live in the dead past, of others to become curious, in the study of insects, of others still to mope and pore over deceased but excellently well preserved bodies of divinity, mummies of a by-gone age; but it comes us, living in this active and moving world, to give some heed to the wide and sweeping currents of human life as they eddy and flow around us, and surge, reaching the immortal shores. I do marvel when I see men who have no spiritual culture, attempt to apply their little contracted and scholastic methods to questions and problems as much beyond them, as the living soul is superior to an anatomical preparation. Does it follow that a man has no common sense because he cannot talk Greek like a Cambridge Professor? Does it follow that you and I must not trust our common sense, because a man who is so accustomed to *animalcula* and *infusoria* and bugs generally, that he can believe in nothing but humbug, says otherwise? I have no objection to every one getting his own place and keeping his own place, but you remember of a certain person mentioned by Mr. Ingoldsby, who sought to travel beyond the record—

"Now, Sir Thomas the good,
Be it well understood,
Was a man of very contemplative mood—
He would pore by the hour,
O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black beetles, and Bumble-bees—Blue-bottle flies,
And moths were of no small account in his eyes;
An 'Industrious Flea,' he'd by no means despise,
While an 'Old Daddy-long-legs,' whose 'long legs' and
thighs,
Passed the common in shape, or in color, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize."

It is too much to expect of men who have been trained in certain narrow channels of special study that they will be able to decide with justice or judgment on matters quite wide of their domain, and the student of history may find curious parallels in the manner in which modern Spiritualism has been treated; he will find that "conservative" opposes all new truth, believing that men have all the truth they need, and that it does not know it. I have

knowing. The charm of men's culture and scholarship is broken when they permit themselves to characterize as impostors and dupes thousands of thousands of as intelligent, cultivated, and sensible people as can well be found. Such men are wholly unfitted by prejudice to see anything as they ought, and are so surcharged by conservative fanaticism that the plainest facts are entirely ignored by them. This is the pride of the intellect, a logical understanding bereft of the deeper revelations of intuition and of spiritual communion. It happens in every great era in the progress of humanity.

Let us glance at some of the external dangers to our civilization. If we look at our country at large, and especially the most important States, as to extent of territory and population, we shall be struck with the fact that ignorance is advancing. We glory in our system of popular education, and it is almost treason to doubt its efficacy, and yet the relative increase of ignorance is greater than that of population. Ignorance is power, which politicians have long since learned how to use to their advantage. This increase of ignorance is prophetic of future danger.

Another startling fact is that crime increases among the educated and intelligent, as the statistics of this subject will show; and this is true of Great Britain as well as of America. In the old world the highest culture was often accompanied by the worst vices that disgrace mankind; the Grecian civilization is evidence of this. At this day, who are the great criminals? Men who command fortunes, men who stand high in the estimation of the community, men who live in regal style, men who sometimes stand high on the roll of evangelical piety. Crime is considered almost one of the fine arts. Science in the hands of unscrupulous and intelligent men furnishes the means for doing a vast deal of harm. The law, while it punishes the little villains with exemplary alacrity, often allows the larger ones to escape. A splendidly wicked man commands the admiration of thousands. These things result from the education of the intellect, to the neglect of the higher faculties of the spirit.

Riots, amounting almost to civil war, frequently occur in our great cities. Life is insecure almost anywhere out of New England. The signs of the times indicate a revolution of the existing elements of society, or perhaps a military despotism. There is also a decay of home love, and a want of that reverence in the children which once characterized the domestic altar. Thence follows a decay of private virtue, and an increase of passionate crime, sapping the life of the rising generation. The laws of health are violated, and men decrease in stature, and are weakened throughout. All these are dangers.

Another danger comes from our extravagant modes of living, and wasteful prodigality, which is one of the causes of the present financial distress, filling the land with gloom and disaster. The spirit of feverish speculation has destroyed legitimate business, and rendered it a rush for wealth.

How is it with the church? The earnestness which marked our fathers' devotion, and promoted their zeal, is no longer found among its children, but, contention for technical dogmas and creeds has taken its place; even the form of church life, which always remains long after the principle is deserted, indicates now no progress. The churches decline; evidences of their weakness are everywhere seen; their members decrease, and their influence continually lessens. We are on the eve of a great movement in church affairs—God grant it may be in the right direction! Men truly religious and without cant, liberal in culture and loyal in truth, desire that freedom for the world which they enjoy themselves. The old theology has lost its hold on men because it has lost its hold on God. *Churchianity* has done its work, and lives only in memory; but *Christianity*, the Christianity of Christ still exists, and will ever exist in spite of forms and dogmas. Had the church of the past faithfully done its whole work, it might have been a moving force in the world to-day. I charge on the inefficiency of the church the want of spirituality which we see, the worldliness of the world, the persecution of man for opinion's sake, and the bitter, unholiness and denominational ambition and bigotry which so largely prevail. I revere Christianity, but Christianity is not theology, and the church is not Christ. When an institution fails to give life, as well as to receive it, it has accomplished its destiny. The life of the churches has departed, and they are held together by the eloquence of their preachers and not by the vitality of their doctrines. This decay of the church portends a new religious movement, which shall give us in place of the old forms, the pure and undefiled religion in all its divine unities and spirit entrancing melodies.

There seems to be but one method of recovery from the evils of the times of which I have spoken, and that lies in the internal, rather than the external, in faith becoming vitalized through spiritual force; no half-way appliances, no putting new wine into old bottles, nothing but heroic practice will assure us of the true life; nothing but a new, vital, energizing faith in the Spiritual world, spiritual entities, spiritual relations, a spiritual and present God will avail to purify human life. Is not human nature waiting for the word to be spoken? are there not hundreds who never believed before, but who now, by the grace of God, by revelation from the spirit world, have a faith that never falters, in the realities of the communion of spirits with tried and trembling hearts? Men may laugh, but ridicule cannot stop the onward march of truth.

I leave the results with God. What shall befall me lies not in me to know. With a firm and unshaken faith I shall go on, asking only for the guidance of the spirit to teach me what I ought most to know. Man may fall in the conflict, but truth shall never fall. It was easier to turn the tide of ocean backward, than to stay the onward march of one right principle!

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

A new Hall is fitted at up No. 14 Bromfield street, that will seat about two hundred persons, where it is proposed, to have religious lectures, every Sunday P. M. and evening on the subject of Spiritualism. We understand that various lecturers well known to the public have consented to supply this place of worship without the consideration of pay, and the admission will be free to all.

Dr. A. B. Child will have charge of these meetings for the present, and he proposes on Sunday afternoon, commencing Oct. 11th, to give in three lectures, three reasons for a belief in Spiritualism.

First, the evidence in profane history.
Second, the evidence in the Gospel of Christ.
Third, the total persuasion of the soul.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT AND SPIRITUALISM.

After the close of the regular service on Sunday, October 4th, the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, who happened to be present, expressed a desire to say a few words, and addressed the audience as follows:—

My friends—for so I regard you, though I do not see a face that I recognize here; I regard all men as my friends who are in search of truth. I never before had the pleasure of seeing or hearing the brother who has so deeply interested us on this occasion. How impressive are the words he has but just uttered, "No truth can ever die!" No fact can ever cease to be a fact! I have been for some years, quietly, and according to the measure of my opportunity and very humble ability, investigating this question of Spiritualism. I have reason to suppose that I have for years been receiving communications through a writing medium, one nearly related to me, and a member of my family, from our late lamented brother, William Ellery Channing. Laugh, if you please, my friends, but I stand here too old a man to have my convictions of truth laughed out of me; I have got beyond that; it is an old process, and need not be tried any more. About a month since, in the silence and quietness of my own library, I sat down and addressed this note to brother Channing:—

WEST MEDFORD, 27 AUGUST, 1857.

BROTHER CHANNING—Many times, and through various mediums, there has been communicated to me what purports to be an injunction or entreaty from you, since you departed from this mundane sphere, that I would give a more earnest attention to spiritual manifestations. If you in truth know anything of the state of my feelings in regard to the so-called spiritual manifestations, or if in your present state you are at all interested in the question whether I do or do not look into this matter and come to a knowledge of the truth in this behalf—you do know that it has been a subject in which I have felt, and still feel, a lively interest, and in regard to which I most earnestly desire to know what is the truth. Is it, my dear departed brother, asking too much of you, when I request you as I now do, by this note, to give me, through Mr. Mansfield, if in your power, such a reply as shall force on my mind, or on the mind of any religious man, the conviction that the interest thus repeatedly expressed to me, has been expressed by yourself, and you have wished, and still do wish me to pursue my inquiries in this direction? Do you as my friend and spiritual counselor advise me, with a view to my own spiritual advancement and welfare, to give myself more earnestly than I have yet done, to examining the phenomena, or the evidence bearing upon the truth or falsity of the doctrine of Spiritualism? Will you, brother Channing, if in your power, assist me in my inquiries, and through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, or any one else, please to give me directions what to do, and when, and where, and how to do it? On the other hand, if all this spiritual movement is a delusion, a humbug, the work of evil or mischievous spirits, in the body or out of the body; if it tends to evil, and will result in evil to me, or to the world, I hope I may rely on your brotherly faithfulness, to warn me thereof, in such manner as not only to convince me, but also to admonish others of the folly, danger, or wickedness of giving further heed to the arguments or statements of fact, by which the delusion is recommended to the attention of mankind. Is God in this movement, and is His kingdom to be advanced by it or not? Are He and his good Spirits for it, or are they against it?

Your friend and brother,

JOHN PIERPONT.

This note I copied, precisely as I have read it. I enclosed it, without any address, in a thick envelope which I here hold in my hand, and gummed down the edges, so that there might be no possibility of looking into it, and then with wax affixed my seal, as you perceive, and I have retained the seal in my possession ever since, and it is impossible, according to the ordinary laws of nature, for the contents of this letter to have been seen by human eyes, since it was thus sealed. [The letter was here passed round among the audience for examination.] Then I enclosed it in another envelope, accompanied by a one dollar bank-note, and addressed the whole to "Mr. J. V. Mansfield, No. 3 Winter St., Boston," requesting him at his earliest convenience to send me an answer. The other day, on returning from the State of New York, I found an envelope for me, containing the letter which I had sent to Mr. Mansfield, (whom I have never seen, to my knowledge) together with a reply to it, and a note from Mr. Mansfield, containing an apology for not forwarding a reply earlier, and saying that he had no power to attract the spirit which controlled him. The reply is as follows:—

MY DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER PIERPONT—I have long and anxiously waited for this opportunity, whereby I could come to you through the workings of a mortal organism, to assure you, if possible, of the immortality of the soul, the spirit, the God part of the man, or mortal. Not but that you have for many years been satisfied on this point in your own mind, that is reasonably so, yet at times your faith has been shaken somewhat; for I see spots in your life that wear strong indications of this. You tell me that you have often been told that I have spoken to you through medium source, since my departure from the earth. Yes, I have several times attempted to do so, though I have but poorly succeeded. Now, my dear brother, I would that you should understand how it is that we come to earth through certain conditions of medium source. Those conditions to us are perfectly inexplicable. Thus far can we go, and no farther. When the conditions of the medium are right, then we can talk much easier than otherwise. Sometimes the mediums are impassive, and rather inclined to reject our influence, and then we cannot control them satisfactorily to say that which we would; sometimes the atmosphere prevents the electrical workings; sometimes one cause, and then again another; many times we are called for when duties forbid us from communicating at once. Thus you see we have many obstacles in spirit life, inclining to mar our felicity, as well as that of mortals in the earthly sphere. Yet we learn to be content with whatever the conditions may be.

You ask me if I know anything of your state of feeling in regard to the subject of so-called spiritualism? I know that it is a subject to which you have given great thought. [Mr. Pierpont here requested the audience to excuse what might seem to be complimentary to him, but said he would read it presently as he put down.] Your whole life has been devoted to the study of the mind, and the principles which have a tendency to elevate the moral and intellectual condition of mortals, and to teach them to live a life of usefulness to the world, and to those rewards which

await the truly faithful in these celestial realms. You have always had honesty of purpose at heart, and you have during your ministry taught doctrines which have been more liberal than those taught by many of your brethren; yet you have lived to see your labors abundantly blessed; you have much to be thankful for, much to praise God for, for it is seldom that one whose head has become whitened, or silvered over, as yours, retains so much vivacity as you at your time of life. We have talked much of you—when I say we, I would be understood as speaking of the Wares, the Peabodys, and others that were co-laborers with you in the form; we are about you, and do all we can to impress you with our presence; sometimes we feel that we do so; then, again, we do not notice that we have made any impression on your mind of our particular presence.

Now my dear brother, I would that you take a more decided stand in defence of this great truth. Thousands are looking to you for one word of encouragement; they stand back and reason thus:—"We are told that Dr. Pierpont is a Spiritualist. If so, why will he not come out boldly, and let us know where he stands?" Such is the inquiry among many about you. Now, brother, as you have taken one step forward—perhaps I should have said many—step forward again, preach what you believe to be the truth, let the consequences be what they may! You will not regret it when you come to your eternal reward. Again I say, preach the whole truth! stand up fearlessly and boldly before your congregation, and tell them what you have experienced in your investigation. [The speaker here remarked that he had no congregation now, and therefore he had ventured to construe the audience before him into his congregation for the time being.] and that you consider it not only the privilege, but the duty, of every mortal to investigate this subject. I tell you, Brother Pierpont, that the day is not far distant, but at hand, even now, when the so-called Spiritualism shall shake the foundations of your earth, and superstition, bigotry, and error of every kind, shall tremble; but the mighty truth shall continue to spread, until the world you live in shall be revolutionized, to the glory of our common Father, God! Yes, I do, as William Ellery Channing, advise and beseech you as one who watches your movements, to continually investigate, more and more, this great truth—for the more you do so, the more you will be convinced of its usefulness! I am pained to know that the teachers of Harvard will stand in their own light, will say such things as are almost daily made public, the moral tendency of which is bad. Sooner or later these men will cover their faces with shame, for Spiritualism will prevail. It is founded on God's natural laws, and, like Himself, must eternally stand! Then take courage, and trust the consequences.

Believe me, my dear brother, true Spiritualism is productive of good, and not evil. Not that I would have you understand me to say that all that purports to be Spiritualism is truly such. No, no, you cannot reckon on more than seventy-five per cent, as being genuine. I would it were all genuine, but deception has always been practised upon the world, and churches have not been exempt from it. Then preach plainly; tell men that the eternal world will find them where the mortal leaves them; they will have just such a heaven as they have lived for on earth. Then try to do your whole duty, and so spend the remnant of your days as to attain the highest possible point in the grand scale of your progression.

I would say more, but the medium is becoming exhausted. I will come to you often, as you call for me. Your Spirit-brother and friend,

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

To JOHN PIERPONT, Medford, Mass.

HATTIE.

(LINES SUGGESTED BY THE COMMUNICATION FROM "MILTON.")

Like a shadow, like a sunbeam fading in the deepening night,
Passed her gentle spirit onward, up the paths of heavenly light.
As the sunset filled the westward with the dying smiles of day,
Ope the portals of the Dream-land, swung its massive gates away—
Gilding forth, a Guardian Angel sought the earth on noiseless wing,
As yearned the loved one for a draught from life's eternal spring.

Worn with watching, sick and weary, thro' the night the mother prayed,
And the cold wind moaned and murmured, and the moon its light displayed;
And it seemed a weary sentinel upon a beat of sky,
There stationed, looking down on earth, its grief and misery.
And the angel nerved the bed-side, and it smoothed her raven tress,
And the sufferer sweetly murmured at the unseen one's caress.

Far up the Heaven smiles the sun, and Morning's arrows play,
And the clouds, like curtains, part around the couch of rising day,
And the opal streaks advancing blend and mingling into one,
Flood the chamber of the sick, whose life wands slow and slower run,
And behold the angel, stooping, quickly struck the straining thread,
And upward rose two souls to God, and left the casket dead.

And the mother wept till evening wrapt the great world still in rest,
And a holy influence settled, like a dove upon her breast,
And a gentle spirit whispered, "Kiss the rod and bear thy pain,
A tiny bird hath fled to God.—He gave and took again,
I'll kiss thy tears of sorrow up,—weep not that I have down;
Still there are three, God hath one, thou'rt not alone!"
And deep within that mother's heart I pray that influence lives,
That all her life may profit by the truth the cherub gives.—
"Still there are three, God hath one, thou'rt not alone!"
What consolation to her heart those truthful words have shown,
That when at eve they gather, and speak of Hattie's heavenly birth,
She speaks from God on airy wings, and sits beside their hearth.

THE PACIFIC COAST.—The steamer Star of the West, from Aspinwall 24th inst., arrived at New York on the morning of the 4th inst., with 463 passengers, and \$1,268,784 in specie. The following are the principal consignees of the specie:—American Exchange Bank, \$245,000; Wells, Fargo & Co., \$239,000; Robb, Hallett & Co., \$125,000; James Patrick, \$107,000; Howland & Aspinwall, \$76,000; Duncan, Sherman & Co., \$50,000; Freeman & Co., \$41,000; Hawes & Crowell, \$4000; W. T. Coleman & Co., \$30,000.

Among her passengers are Senator Gwinn, Governor Foote, Hon. C. L. Scott, of California, and Col. Starkweather, late U. S. Minister to Chili. The steamer came off on the 2d of September, resulting in the election of R. Weller, and the whole Democratic ticket. The vote this day stands:

Weller, 40,000; Stanley, 27,000; Dowle, (American) 27,000.

In San Francisco the People's ticket, which sympathized with the Vigilance Committee, beat the Democrats 1800 votes.

The steamship Sonora, which connected with the lost steamer Central America, is reported to have had but a small number of passengers, including several prominent citizens from San Francisco; 132 mail bags, containing, besides newspapers, 83,000 letters, and \$1,595,497 in treasure.

The Busy World.

The latest authentic intelligence from India states that the Europeans were still before Delhi; but that they are rather the besieged than the besiegers. In fact, the British arms are pained on all sides for want of force.

The Olive Branch informs one of our correspondents that if he has anything reliable to say upon Spiritual matters, he may have the use of their columns.

THE BASS RIVER BANK.—The rumors afloat affecting the standing of the Bass River Bank, of Beverly, are entirely without foundation. This Bank stands on as firm a basis as any Bank in New England. So says the Journal.

A LONG NAP.—An Irish woman in Charlestown fell asleep one week ago Saturday, says the Bee, and her sleep has been so heavy that all attempts to wake her, up to Friday night, were unavailing. Such cases have been known to have occurred before, but they are not frequent. The sleep is attributed to apoplexy.

HOUSE ROBBER.—At an early hour on Thursday evening the house of Thomas Leland, in Somerville, was entered while the family were temporarily absent, and robbed of silver ware, coats and garments, of the value of fifty dollars.

TROT BETWEEN FLORA TEMPLE AND LANCET.—The trot at Springfield between Flora Temple and Lancet commenced on the 3d inst. at 2 P. M., Henry Fuller, of Springfield, Elijah Simmons, of Albany, and Peter Dubois, of New York, acting as judges. Flora was to harness and Lancet to saddle. Flora had the pole, and won in three straight heats. Time—2:39 1-2, 2:32, and 2:32. Lancet was hardly a length behind either time. There were eight or ten thousand people present.

STATE FAIR RACE.—On the 2d inst. the Maine State Fair closed its third exhibition at Bangor, Me., by a trotting match for \$200 premiums—first premium best two in three, free to all horses raised and always owned in Maine, was taken by Lady Buchanan, owned by A. Bodge, of Winthrop. Time, 2:45, 2:44, 2:46, best two in five. The second purse, free to all horses, was taken in three straight heats by Harry Walton, exhibited by J. D. Walton, of South Reading.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mary Jane Blackwell, wife of Seth Blackwell, died very suddenly Friday night, at her residence on Pine street. She had partaken of ice cream, soon after which she was suddenly seized with violent pain in the abdomen. A physician was called to her relief, but she died very soon after taking his prescription. She was twenty-eight years old, and leaves four children.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.—Mr. Everett will deliver his great oration on Washington, in Concord, N. H., on the 20th inst.

The receipts at the sub-treasury in New York, on the 3d inst., were \$444,000, and the payments \$233,000. The receipts include \$250,000 transferred from Boston.

We regret to announce that the well-known publishing house of John P. Jewett & Co., have yielded to the pressure of the times, and stopped payment. Their liabilities are, we understand, about \$100,000, with assets of about the same nominal value.

The Amoskeag Veterans have voted to make an excursion to Worcester, Providence and Newport, about the 12th of October.

The Brunswick (Me.) brick yards will turn out about 1,000,000 of brick this season.

The crops in the State of New York this year are estimated at 26,000,000 bushels corn, 14,000,000 do. wheat, 30,000,000 do. oats, 4,000,000 tons hay, 1,000,000 hogs, 3,600,000 cattle, 40,000 tons butter, and 25,000 do. cheese.

We learn that Messrs. Howes & Cushing, who took an American Circus to England in May, have, notwithstanding their enormous expenses, remitted for deposit in this country the sum of \$70,000.

When the reinforcements now on the way to India reach there, the British army in that country will number 87,000 men.

A million of swallows in one flock were seen in Hingham the other day, going to the south for their health.

Capt. McGowan, of the steamship Empire City, has been presented by the passengers of that vessel with a splendid gold chronometer watch with a highly wrought chain, as a token of esteem for his able and indefatigable conduct during the late hurricane encountered off Cape Hatteras.

Mr. J. F. C. Hyde, of Newton Centre, has his sugar mill and kettles now in operation day and night, grinding up Chinese sugar cane.

The price of milk has been advanced one cent per quart in this city, we understand; but we are unable to chalk it down as a fixed fact.

An English publication says that young men should walk six, and young women four miles in the open air every day. With some exceptions this is sound advice.

By the burning of the railroad depot in Brunswick, Me., a lady, who arrived in the evening train previous, lost her trunk, which she had left there over night, and which contained over \$500 worth of jewelry, besides a costly wardrobe.

A NOVELTY.—The Troy (N. Y.) Budget, of Tuesday evening, says, "For the first time in a period of years, a figure below \$5 is used to-day in the flour quotations."

While the overseer of the Albany poor was in the Commercial Bank the other day, he saw one person who had been frequently relieved at the county's expense last winter, draw out \$200, and another "out-door" pauper receive \$100.

Last Friday was a very busy day for ship agents, outfitters, &c., in New Bedford, eight ships having sailed from that port on whaling voyages.

THANKSGIVING.—The Governor and Council have appointed Thursday, Nov. 26, for Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire.

UTAH.

We learn from a Washington paper of Thursday last, the following:—

"A letter dated Fort Kearney, Sept. 5, received in this city yesterday, states that a party of returning Californians, who passed through Salt Lake on the 25th of July, report that the evening before they left that city, the Mormons arrested Mr. Wilson, whom the late Surveyor General Burr left in charge of the office, and with a rope around his neck and a pistol at his breast, compelled him to answer several questions which they propounded about Bell Mogo and others. Mogo was connected with the Surveyor General's office.

The Mormons made Wilson promise to bring Mogo to them during the next day, before they released him. Mogo obtained information of these proceedings, and immediately quitted the city, leaving his wife behind, so precipitate was his retreat. They went in pursuit of Landon and the other clerk, but Landon escaped by jumping out of a second story window. He went that night somewhere south, and the report is that he was overtaken and killed. As these Californians made but a brief stay, they were unable to ascertain what had become of Wilson.

They also say that the Mormons were making preparations for a fight, and did not conceal their hostile intentions. Elder Kimball, in his harangue in the Tabernacle, laughed at the idea of sending United States troops to Utah, and said he could "take his wives (30 or 40 of them) and whip the 2500 troops, and come back and do a good day's work afterward." He further said that provisions for the army would come into the valley, but the troops would never enter Salt Lake City.

Two companies arrived at Fort Kearney on the 6th of September, and the Fifth and Tenth Regiments of infantry were at that time at Fort Laramie, for the same destination.

The writer of the letter says that Col. Hoffman had seized five hundred kegs of powder in the Mormon trains.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MIDDLESEX MILLS OPERATIVES.—The Lowell News of Saturday afternoon says:—

"Yesterday afternoon, as about 150 operatives at the Middlesex Mills were assembled in the counting-room to be paid off, a message came from Boston to 'Keep on.' It went through the crowd like an electric shock. Countenances that were lengthened and desponding suddenly brightened with joy. The information rapidly spread that Samuel Lawrence had arrived from England, and that arrangements would be made so that the mills would not stop. Hundreds of hearts beat happily—hearts that had been weighed down with the desolate prospect of winter coming on, families to support, and no work."

T. G. FORSTER'S ADDRESSES.

Now published, and for sale at our counter, and at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street, the following discourses, delivered through the organ of Thomas Gales Forster, at the Music Hall, in this city:—

Sunday, July 26. Text, Job, 32, 8. "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

Sunday morning, August 2. Intercourse of Spirits with Mortals, as recorded in the Bible, and witnessed in modern days.

Sunday afternoon, August 2. Science and Religion their dependence each upon the other.

Sunday morning, August 9. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Either of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of four cents. Retail price three cents each at the above places. Postage is one cent.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HARRY, Lessee and Manager. T. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquette, Balcany, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. RETURN OF THE MARSH CHILDREN. The Curdins will rise at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. PILGRIM, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1-2. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

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

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth session—commencing Monday evening, August 4th. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 3-4 o'clock.

J. T. OILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, 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. (15-23) Sept. 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Boston.—THOMAS GALES FORSTER, the distinguished trance medium, will speak in public next Sabbath. Time and place will be announced in the evening papers of Saturday.

SPRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday forenoon and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission free.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Manchester, October 11th. He may be addressed at this city till October 15.

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL, Winthill street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

L. K. CONLEY will speak in Stoughton, October 11.

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

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. CROWELL, 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. CONLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

WM. R. JOCKLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

H. B. BROWN, 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 8 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 these manifestations do take place, leaving the question of their spirit origin to be settled after.

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

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY MRS. ANNA M. HENDERSON, AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1887.

"If by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? for they also shall be your judges."

We find evil existing among the most perfect religions of the present day. We find that devils have been in the midst of men in all the ages of the past, that men have been prone to worship them in their religious forms and ceremonies, as well as to worship the one living and true God. We find that in olden times there were evil spirits existing that came to earth and tempted men to do evil; that Christ in his time cast out devils, unclean spirits that took possession of men, and caused them to rave and tear themselves, and commit depredations on their fellows; we find that Jesus was the Saviour of men in this respect, as well as of setting before them an example of purity and excellence; he saved them from the evil spirits that took possession of them—evil spirits from another world, perchance, or such as existed around them in their own earthly sphere. But this was not all. If we go back to olden times, we find that prophets were raised up who saw spiritual things, beholding them through the outward vision, and we find those manifestations of spirits are analogous to the manifestations of the present day. These prophets saw angels, who communed with them, who gave forth their thoughts to the inhabitants of the earth, and these men received them and wrote them down in books, and they were taken as the revealed will of God; though some of those communications were far beneath the purest morality of men in the present state of existence, yet these communications were supposed to have been given in speech to man, for they read—Thus, and thus, saith the Lord! But they were in a darkened condition of existence, they only saw "through a glass darkly," owing to the imperfections of their own organizations, and they were enabled to comprehend only a part of the revelation of God. God spoke to man in various ways; not directly, for his thoughts live and float freely through the great universe of space, filling immensity, even as God himself, with his immense presence; and those thoughts come more directly to a man who dwells the nearest to him, upon the highest point of wisdom, knowledge and love, than to those who yet linger in the valleys of superstition below. Such cannot comprehend the divine messages of love and wisdom that come from the Infinite Mind to theirs, and therefore there must be mediums, and perhaps those communications must pass through many phases of mediumship, in order to reach those who dwell in the lowest plains and valleys of development. So it was in the olden time; there were many who were made the mediums of communication of the divine wisdom, and as they were imperfect, the communications were imperfect. The Urim and the Thummim, which the prophets of the Jews were as breast-plates, were composed of little crystal stones, corresponding to light and truth, into which they might gaze and behold spiritual things, and foretell events. This was one phase of the manifestations through which spirits communicated to mortals. We find that the spirits of olden time often prophesied falsely, that there were lying spirits, and one came up before the Lord, and said "I will put a lie in the mouth of thy prophets, that they may prophesy falsely;" and the Lord said unto him, "Go and be a lying spirit in the mouth of my prophets!" But this is contrary to the character and attributes which the Christians of the present day claim should belong to the God of love and wisdom; for he is filled with everlasting truth, and there could be no falsehood pervading that infinite, eternal mind, whose principles go forth like the rays of light, and sink into the soul of man, leading him onward to progress. But men possessed of the guilty and angry passions that belong to them in their perverted condition, pass to spirit life and return again, filled with the influence of that worldly desire which pervaded them on earth; they sympathize with the worldliness of those to whom they communicate, and therefore a spirit of this kind came of his own will back to earth and caused the prophet to speak falsely to those who surrounded him. Reason and nature conflict with the account of the action of Jehovah in this matter, and therefore it cannot be accepted as a philosophical truth. The Scriptures and revelations of old were given through perverted human organisms, and therefore necessarily partake of the imperfect character of those channels.

But we proceed still further on, only saying that in the manifestations of the spirit that put the lie into the mouth of the prophets, there was a principle of evil which men term the devil. It is supposed that there was a psychological impression made upon one of the prophets of olden time, so that he believed his own beast spoke to him, saying, "Why smitest thou me?" Wise men in the present day marvel that a spirit should speak through a human organism, that angels of the Lord can come back from their heavenly home, and make use of the organism of men and women; to communicate their thoughts to the inhabitants of the earth—yet those same men, perhaps scientific men, consider themselves bound to believe that Balaam's ass spoke to him, although this is not in accordance with philosophy or science.

Jesus cast out devils. Who and what were these devils? Is it possible that there is one great prince of darkness, supreme over all other principles of evil? Or, rather, shall we take the more reasonable theory, that evil is only a negative condition, that good is the eternal and all-pervading essence that proceeds from God, and will draw all men unto him, that the spirit of everlasting truth, as sent from God to man, must overrule all evil, for evil shall be overcome of good, and God the eternal is the all-supreme Father that dwelleth in the great universe of space? Man transgresses the law of nature, and suffering or evil is the consequence. We do not acknowledge the power of this prince of darkness. There are many evil things in the nature of man; Christ cast them out in his time; they live in the present day, filling man with worldly mindedness, malice and contention. "Follow thou me," said Christ, and in following him, men laid aside the evils of their nature, and were reformed, and, therefore, the devils were cast out; and so in this day, any man who becomes better and wiser, who leaves behind him one sin, has cast out a devil from his nature. Believing in Christ, you are enabled, by the knowledge you have of your own being, to cast aside these devils that are dragging you down to sin and ignorance. The creed of the sectarian denominations is founded on the idea of the devil, as much as on the idea of God; but modern Spiritualism rejects this supreme power of evil, and would have man redeemed by that glorious light and liberty which is manifest only in good. They need not fear this personal devil, for the only evil exists within themselves, and they have power

given them by the founder of Christianity, if they believe in him, to cast it out.

It is not natural for man to do evil; evil is only the negative condition arising from the perversion of the various faculties God has given to man; good is always the result of the right and proper use of those faculties, and evil the result of their abuse; and, therefore, we say it is not natural for man to do evil; but as he is governed by the higher and holier influences of his nature, or by those that drag him down to darkness, so does he exhibit the attributes of a God, or the power of a Demon—but he has the power to cast out the demon, and to become developed more and more in his higher nature. Man is influenced by the circumstances around him, and much of the evil which you see in some men's natures, is to be attributed to the iniquities of their forefathers, which are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.

Mediums also are susceptible to the peculiar influences by which they are surrounded, and their faculties are differently developed as they are placed in congenial or uncongenial circumstances; and therefore when the conditions in which they are placed are imperfect, the communications, which are given through them must necessarily partake of the imperfection. Therefore it is necessary to bring about a harmonious condition of mediumship; you should place your mediums in harmonious circumstances, deal out loving kindness to them, rather than bitterness, and defend them from the attacks of those who would place restrictions upon them, calling them deceivers, impostors and other hard names. We will not say that there are not impostors among mediums—we condemn imposition and deceit wherever it may lurk—but we would say—search deeply! It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, better to suffer wrong a thousand times than by one word of unkindness to wound the delicate feelings of the truly virtuous! Therefore deal justly, even with those who scoff and revile, owing to their ignorance, which leads them to treat the manifestations of modern Spiritualism with open ridicule. You must not condemn them, for you know not the bitterness of spirit by which they have been surrounded, the unholy influences that have fallen to them from their forefathers; you know not how many sins from others they may have to bear. Therefore deal justly with them; if there are devils in their nature, by your loving kindness cast them out, never by tyranny—ever by love and wisdom. Around the hearthstone and within the church there are many evils existing—malice, contention, and often desolation. Let men enter into their own dwellings and churches, and use the authority that Christ gave them, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not of the things that be of God!" If the spirit of evil lurks among the inhabitants of earth, is it not among those who do not follow the teachings of Christ? By the spirit of good cast out devils—then God shall be with you; no evil shall come to your home, no devil shall be in your church, the spirit of love shall be there, and the Father's smile shall be upon you! If the devils have been cast out by the true believers in Christ, the signs of truth shall follow. There are a few who are following, perchance, after Jesus, a few who are believers in earnest, dealing out loving kindness and charity, where before were malice, darkness and ignorance. We know there is good in the spirit of man that goodness shall overcome evil. Thus shall the earth become a heaven, so that when the heavens above are opened, the two may commune together in joy and gladness.

There is a world not all so cold,
And dark, and false, and vain,
Where minds are formed in wisdom's mould—
The peace and joy can never be told,
Which fill that heavenly plane.
There is a love that's deeper far
Than aught conceived on earth,
More pure than night's most brilliant star,
No worldly status its beauty mar—
In heaven it has its birth.
It is the spirit love—by God
To earthly mortals given—
Then cast all selfish thoughts aside,
'Twill visit you as you abide,
And make your life a heaven!

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

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. B. 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 B. HAYDEN.

Chapter XII.—Continued.

By invitation of Mr. Owen, we dined with him on his eighty-second birthday; he was in the best of spirits, with a mind as clear and lucid as a man of forty. He spoke of his past eventful life, remarking that he had done nothing that he could wish undone or regretted; his whole aim had been to improve the condition of his fellow-men; that until he came out against the clergy he was one of the most popular men in Europe, but he felt it to be his duty to oppose priestcraft, and that he did so, well knowing what the consequences would be to himself. In the evening he gave us an invitation to accompany him to St. John's Hall, where a large number of his followers were celebrating his birthday. On our arrival at the place the carriage was immediately surrounded by his friends, all eager to grasp him by the hand. As he entered the hall the women kissed and the little children clung about his neck as they would upon that of a loving and doting father. A man more beloved by those who know him than Mr. Owen I do not think exists on the earth. Always giving a kind word for a harsh one, never speaking ill or unfriendly of his detractors—ever striving to assist the down-trodden and the oppressed; yet for this he is called INFIDEL, ARISTOCRAT, and all the hard names that Christian tongues can find in their vocabularies—and for what? Why, simply because he would not consent to play the canting hypocrite, and profess to believe as they do! Shame! shame! upon this sanctified slander and long-faced wickedness. But thanks to the bright star of progress that now shines through the breaking clouds of error and bigotry, there is a new era of light and wisdom dawning upon the world. The time is not far distant when this great and good man shall have entered upon a higher sphere of man's immortal destiny; a greater than kings—an honest man—the noblest work of God—and coming generations shall erect a proud monument to his name and virtues.

On the occasion just alluded to we entered the Hall by a private door, and came at once upon the stage before the audience, Mrs. Hayden leaning upon the arm of Mr. Owen, who was received amid the most deafening and prolonged applause. Taking a seat on the platform he remained silent, until a gentleman who was speaking when we entered, con-

cluded. He then arose and addressed his followers in his usual calm and philosophical manner on his favorite theme of socialism, assuring them that he occupied the same ground as in times past—that he was still the unflinching opponent of PRIESTCRAFT in all its forms. "I have always," said he, "fought for what I understood to be the truth, and I always intend to. In regard to my former views I am only changed in two important respects. I believe in the individuality and immortality of the human soul. Second, that the spirits of our departed friends have the power, and do communicate with us." He then briefly alluded to his conversion to Spiritualism, stating the circumstance that led to his conviction. While he was speaking I looked around upon the audience and could see many a curling lip, some with scorn and others with pity that the old man who had for many years withstood and battled the great power and eloquence of the priestly army, should at last fall and be conquered, as they thought, by a cunning trick into a belief of *Spiritual Rappings*. It seemed very humiliating to their pride and the honor of their great champion. Mr. Owen, with his quick perception, was not blind to this fact, and just before he concluded his remarks he paused for a few moments and looked steadfastly upon his hearers, who had been listening to him with almost breathless attention. The silence was oppressive; a pin might have been heard to fall in any part of that large assemblage. I can but liken the momentary stillness to a lull of a tempest at sea when the elements seem to be concentrating all their forces for some grand and sublime climax. His hearers seemed to be perfectly aware that the old man was preparing for some powerful effort—nor were they doomed to be disappointed in their conclusions, for at the moment they had been wrought up to the most intense pitch of expectation, he broke forth in a firm and decided voice, and said—

"My children—you know that Robert Owen takes nothing upon credit, nor has he in this!" His words told with thrilling effect; the house was electrified, and for a few minutes the building rocked, and he was unable to proceed in consequence of the applause which followed. His eye sparkled with the light and fire of by-gone years, and for a time he was young again. The tempest of noisy approbation having become calmed, he then went on to express his opinion that, with the same amount of evidence that had been presented to him, they would have been compelled to have arrived at the same conclusion that he had; and that he believed the day was not far distant when all would be forced to acknowledge the truth of Spirit Manifestations.

We shall long remember the pleasant hours we passed in Mr. Owen's society; and trust that we shall profit by the wise counsels which we received from him.

In conclusion I will relate an anecdote of him as it is characteristic of the man.

One morning, as I sat reading a scurrilous attack upon us in one of the papers, Mr. Owen entered and I complained to him of the unfairness and falsehood of the writer, naturally expecting his sympathy, but to my astonishment he clapped his hands together in great glee, exclaiming "I am glad of it; and I hope they will continue to come out against you stronger and stronger every day." This was anything but consoling to my own mind, and I asked him if he would be kind as to explain.

"Explain! explain!" said Mr. Owen. "Why, they are capital advertisements for nothing, and your very salvation. Were they to remain silent you would die to no purpose, and you are bound to thank them for their efforts in your behalf. Opposition is the life of all progress. It has done me more good than all the praise in the world." Such were the words of wisdom from a sage philosopher, as I afterwards learned to regard them.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRER.

NUMBER SIX.

From your neglecting to write to me of late, in reference to the matters of our correspondence, for the past few months, I conclude you have unexpectedly been favored with "more light" on the subject of Spiritualism, than my letters afford.

I hope this is the case, and a letter from you, giving me assurance if it is so, would be at this time very satisfactory. If you will give me your attention, I will tell you something how I am at present situated as regards Spiritualism.

In a village comprising about 2000 inhabitants, many of whom are, or consider themselves, as well informed as may be found in places of this description, there are not any persons who take an active interest in the subject, and there are no persons known as *media* for the Spiritual manifestations. I am alone in this matter here. No one seems to care anything about it, because their attention has not been properly arrested. The position I am supposed to occupy, as regards religious matters, is such, that, judging from externals alone, people who have the fear of the minister before their eyes, or some other equally serious moral impediment to progression, pronounce me an *Infidel*!

Let me ask (Infidels means unfaithful, in what am I unfaithful? This question necessarily leads me to the consideration of a matter that was suggested to me to-day by some remarks that passed between a lady patient and myself, in relation to Spiritualism. But before I take that up, let me conclude my remarks on the charge of *Infidelity*.

I am an Infidel, in the opinions of some persons, because I do not go to church, and take off my hat, and look serious when the man who mystifies the people from the pulpit, makes his appearance!

I am supposed to be an Infidel, because I insist that there is nothing *supernatural*, because I insist that whatever phenomena, regarded by some minds as miracles that are mentioned in the ancient Jewish histories, and writings of various persons, embodied in the Bible, can be again produced by bringing about the same conditions under which they were exhibited—as a natural result of those conditions? Thus, I might go on *ad infinitum*, showing that an *Infidel* is one who follows the light of reason, instead of following a blind leader.

But I had presented to me a few hours ago this question:

"Do you believe in Spiritualism?"

My answer was—

"It is not a matter of Belief, but a matter of Knowledge."

It was thus suggested—

"I believe what I know. Is it not so?"

To which I replied:

"Belief implies uncertainty; Knowledge implies certainty. One who knows has no need of belief."

Belief is the inferior of Knowledge, and may not

properly be regarded as constituting any part of it."

Now this conversation on Belief and Knowledge suggested a long train of reflections to my mind, and among them arises the query. In all the various creeds and opinions on matters relating to man's destiny—how much of Belief and how much of Knowledge is there? Take into consideration the nature of Belief, how varied are the conditions or requirements for a manifestation of it, in the minds of various persons; consider, also, that Belief is too often based on assumptions, which are gratuitously advanced as a primary basis, whose stability is permitted to remain undisputed, or is lost sight of in following out the various deductions and conclusions drawn from them; now apply this to our existing Theologies. On the other hand, we shall find Knowledge to consist in well-established facts, the existence of which is apparent to our minds, through our perceptions, primarily and deductively through our reason; the prior facts, furnishing the analogies. Apply this to our Theologies, also—and when you have made the application there, apply it to modern Spiritualism—and when you have done, you too are an Infidel!

But, so far as regards Infidelity, I am free to admit, that at one time in my life, say from the time I was old enough to think that I knew as much as most fast young men go, until about six years ago—perhaps eight, I had no Faith—no knowledge, relating to man's future, and his relations to Deity. My ideas respecting Deity were about as near a blank as I can imagine a person could have. With such a vacuum in my mind, and a very strong distaste for *unnatural* Theology, I looked upon most people who professed to entertain religious sentiments, either as knaves, hypocrites or dupes. Pardon me if I say that modern Spiritualism has so much modified my views of these matters, as to enable me to understand that in some of my views I was probably very much in error—in others, very much in the dark. But I must say there lingers yet in my mind, perchance from habitual methods of thought, a very great distrust for those professions of religious sentiments, that are not accompanied by acts of "Friendship, Charity, and Brotherly Love," which are, in my estimation, the true religion of man, and which are so emphatically taught by Spiritualism.

Since I have said so much, I may, perhaps, have provoked in your mind a secret query.

"What ideas has this curious fellow of Deity?"

Let me assume a Yankee's privilege and ask you a question. Reasoning from established scientific facts, we may, without any violation of reason, conclude that some of the several planets of the solar system, besides the earth, have their appropriate inhabitants, and possibly among the beings inhabiting the habitable planets, are forms and intelligences who are to those planets as man is to this earth. We can suppose this is the case—and to familiarize the thing, I will ask, "What sort of a person do you suppose the man in the moon is?" I do not ask the question in any ludicrous sense, though, to be sure, it looks funny enough, taken in this connection; but I put a question to you respecting an unknown (but not impossible) existence, of a *finite* character, to show you how absurd the idea is, to suppose a person can have any just conception of an *infinite* existence, whose attributes, even in the most insignificant sense, we do not know.

Spiritualism, or the manifestations, together with the various evidences I have, teach me that man exists beyond this life. This idea, resulting from this knowledge, is of *Progression*.

It seems reasonable, that if man can progress to a condition superior to the one we enjoy, that he may, by the further operation of the same law, be developed another degree, and perhaps several degrees, or as far as matter is capable of refinement, and in all progressions he constantly acquires new powers, new attributes, suppose this to continue to *eternity*. Man will have acquired an infinity of new powers and attributes; and were he an *Infinity of form*, he would be Deity. But he is finite in form, and, therefore, cannot become more than *part* of Deity. Now, suppose we have man as the basis to which we add successively powers and attributes which we at present do not comprehend, (an infinity of them,) what sort of being do you suppose he would be? Suppose, when vested with this infinity of powers and forms, he were extended or developed infinitely in *form*, an infinity of powers, attributes and forms. Is this not Deity?

MEDIUMSHIP OF J. V. MANSFIELD AND MISS MUNSON.

September 24, 1887.

Messrs. EDITORS.—It seems to me but the simplest act of justice to the individuals named above, that all who can should testify to the successful exercise of that power which enables us, through them, to come so near our friends in the other life.

I shall therefore offer no apology for asking you to lay before your readers a short account of my experience in a single instance, which coincides remarkably with that of a correspondent from Franklin, N. H., which I find in No. 26 of your paper.

It was on the 14th of the present month that I directed a communication to the late Judge Hopkinson, containing four distinct questions in relation to as many different subjects, upon which I desired his opinion.

I placed the note in the hands of Mr. Mansfield, securely enveloped, and without any intimation as to whom it was addressed. I had not very great confidence that I should obtain a response, as I have known of a previous application which was unsuccessful. Therefore, after waiting about a week, and getting no answer, I proposed to withdraw the note. But I was persuaded to leave it for a short time further, still hoping that something might come, though not at all sanguine. I was, however, agreeably disappointed at the conclusion of a clairvoyant examination by Miss Munson, yesterday morning, (23d) by being informed by the physician in attendance, that my friend the Judge had left a message for me.

As I was about to leave, Mr. Mansfield placed in my hands what I found to be consistent, satisfactory answers to all my questions, taken up in their order, and as, in the case of your Franklin correspondent, some of the questions repeated.

I need not add, perhaps, that the envelope which I placed in the hands of the medium was returned to me without being opened or tampered with.

Now, I know that in this case there was no deception, and I have the very best reasons for believing that, in regard to both Mr. Mansfield and Miss Munson, there never has been any; that in fact there is no occasion, as the plain truth is much more wonderful than anything that the most ingenious character could possibly get up. I say this after considerable acquaintance with both, judging them and the manifestations in each case, in the light of an

experience, which commenced in 1839, and has been continued with but little interruption ever since.

I may be allowed to add, perhaps, for the benefit of some who have had more limited opportunities, that in all the phases of animal magnetism, pathetism, clairvoyance, and, more recently, Spiritualism, amounting, in all, to hundreds, if not thousands of cases, I have never found but one great principle operating. The cases are alike in kind, differing only in degree, and are uniformly in accordance with the great truth that there is a universal spiritual atmosphere in which, and by which, all spiritual beings act.

I wish, in conclusion, to advert to the question as to the identity of those who come to us, and state, in that connection, the fact that I have placed before Miss Munson, among other miniatures, one of a person whom she never saw in this life, but has frequently seen when in trance, and sometimes in her normal state, in the other life. The portrait was instantly recognised, and the person represented correctly named, as had previously been done by Mrs. Conant.

In the same manner, though not so readily, the resemblance of Judge Hopkinson, which will be found in the portrait of Lieutenant Maury, in one of the late numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, was seen by Miss M. this morning, when shown her in her normal condition. She said at once that she had seen a face like it, and, after a little pause, added, that it was like the Judge, except that the forehead was higher. And that is true, as almost any person will perceive who knew him.

But I need not multiply instances, as those who feel interested, and are disposed to learn, will prefer to investigate for themselves, as I have done.

Even such persons, however well disposed and free from prejudice, will sometimes fail to get satisfactory results. But generally with the mediums I have named, there is very little difficulty, certainly none for want of honest purposes on their part.

A FACT FOR SOLUTION BY THE PROFESSORS OF HARVARD.

A few evenings since, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cooledge accepted an invitation to accompany them to the rooms where the Davenport boys, tied and boxed up, make noise and music that requires more active and liberated hands and feet than they possess. The father, with whom I was acquainted, was not present, nor in the city; the boys did not know me, as I was aware, and which fact I took occasion to confirm before they entered the box. More than a dozen persons were in the room; I was among them, and took a seat near Mr. Dana, then the manager. The lights were extinguished, and the performance continued and varied several minutes, when a voice, sounded through a trumpet; (from some source, I knew not what, nor do I care, in this case, for mortals can make sounds through a trumpet, and, for aught I know, so can spirits, as I am not familiar with their structure or physiology,) this voice called Mr. Dana, and held some conversation with him, showing wit, levity and acumen. I leaned forward in the dark, watched Mr. Dana, and, in a soft whisper, requested him to inquire of the voice if any person was in the room, known to it, that had not been there before, (for it was my first visit.) The voice answered, naming some person; he again inquired if any other; a short pause, without an answer, when he inquired if it saw any person whisper to him—the room was totally dark—I was not next him, the box was ten or twelve feet distant, and shut, with the two boys in it, tied hands and feet—when, quick as thought, the answer came "I will Chase you Sunday night," with a stop on Chase.

Mr. Dana inquired what was meant by chasing the person, when again the reply was quick as thought, "the man who was killed on Bunker Hill." Now what I wish solved is, from what source came this intelligence and facts, when not a person to my knowledge in Boston knew I was named for General Warren, and when I knew the boys did not know me, and did not know I was present, or could not have known the other facts if they had known I was in the room. If we neglect and disregard these facts and phenomena now so numerous, how can we ever know their origin or importance; but is it not rather the duty of every student to note, observe, or detect them and their causes, even if it be attributed to the Devil, as printing once was? I have hundreds of facts like, and varying from this, all going to prove the presence of an intelligence and power not confined in, nor expressed by, mortals, and I call the intelligent power spirits, because I have with it abundant evidence that it is not a God-like nor a devilish power, or intelligence. WARREN CHASE. Boston, Sept. 25, 1887.

WANT AND SUPPLY.

We clip the following from the Age of Progress, a sensible and interesting sheet, published in Buffalo, N. Y. It is from a letter written by a medium, who was journeying through Canada West, and illustrates the interest manifested to see and hear from "the spirits."

"Arrived at Port Stanley at 5 P. M., and at seven took the steamer Mohawk, Capt. Holliday, for Cleveland. The captain, on hearing there was a medium on board, insisted on having a circle, to pass off the evening; and on his assurance it should be strictly private, we assented, and were soon seated at the cabin centre table. It immediately tipped into the captain's lap, and claimed to be the spirit of his nephew. There was a wedding party on deck, with music, &c.; but as soon as the alarm was given that there were 'spirits below,' they 'hung up the fiddle and the bow,' and descended en masse to the table, which was soon crowded, where they eagerly watched the movements of the table.

The alphabet being called, the spirit spelled out a name which the captain admitted was his nephew's, who was in the spirit world. He then questioned him about his family, occupation, &c., all which he answered correctly. Then the following questions were asked by Captain H.:

How long since you left the body?

About 11 years. Correct.

How did you come by your death?

I was shot by a cannon ball at the storming of Vera Cruz.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, moving back from the table to conceal his emotion, "that is true!" He then explained to the company that his nephew was the first man killed at the siege of Vera Cruz, a cannon ball shattering his body to atoms at the first fire. This, as you may well suppose, created no little sensation, as it was just as convincing to the crowd as it was to the captain.

Several others received communications during the sitting, which tested all the "travellers' tales."

and not a single error was made. To show the effect it had on the captain when we left the boat next morning, he shook us cordially by the hand, with a "God bless you," and said he saw his nephew in his sleep that night, and he had not thought of him before for years. Thus do we sow by the wayside, and we doubt not, there were minds present that night in whom the seed will take root and bring forth tenfold, after its kind."

The Messenger.

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

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

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their life to that beyond, and do so with the erroneous notion that they are anything but false, liable to error like ourselves. It is hoped that this will induce people to "try the spirit," and not do any thing against their consciences, because they have been advised by them to do it.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

Emily Loring, Liverpool, England.

I can't die, if I try ever so hard. The more I try the more I seem to live.

On the second day of July, 1857, I went away from earth by poison. My friends supposed I was poisoned by something given in bread, and I have come here this morning to tell you that I poisoned myself. It is morning now, I suppose, with you. Twelve hours ago I manifested in Liverpool, England, to my brother, sister and aunt, and many other friends who were present. I told them what I now tell you, and they called for proof, else they should say their manifestation came from a dark, undeveloped spirit. I told each one to call for any test they chose, and the one that called for something I could best do, should be gratified. My aunt was the lucky one. She said, "Go to America, Emily, and manifest, as you have here. Tell them the same as you tell us here, and I shall believe." Now I knew I could do this; for many of my friends had manifested here; so you see I've come. My name was Emily Loring. I had trouble as well as others, but it was not trouble that caused me to take my own life. No; but I had a desire to, from my earliest recollection, and at last it overcame me, who had always overcome it till then. I cannot tell why this was as overcame—only I wanted to, and at last could not resist the temptation; and now I do not know any better than when I was on earth how I came to do it.

Old Dr. Tucker pronounced the poison arsenic, but I pronounce it something else. I had about as much arsenic as you could hold between two finger ends. Then I had a poison of a dark brown color, which was used to poison insects on the trees. My brother used it, and I heard him say it was poison. I took it early in the day, and I lived until night. I was very sorry I had taken it. I told them as soon as they came to me what I had done, and it is very strange they could not cure me. I am sure I did not really do the wrong knowingly, but I am very unhappy in consequence. I see all my people have enough, and I have nothing. I think there must have been some power which caused me to do as I did. Father and mother are in the spirit land. They were good, pious, church-going people, and I never cared anything about it. I can never go to them. You say I'm my, but does not the Bible say no self-murderer can ever enter the kingdom of heaven?

I used to live in Liverpool, England. I was not born there, and did not go there till I was about seven years old. My father was a sea captain, and as he sailed out of Liverpool, he moved our family there. I was born in Massachusetts, in a town not far from Boston. I have heard my father, mother and brother tell the name, but I seem to lose recollection of it. I think it was about fifty miles from Boston. My father was Capt. Wm. Loring; my mother's name was Nancy. She died in Liverpool, my father at sea. My brother William is in the spirit land—my brother John on earth.

I have been looking back upon my past life, and I can't see anything very wrong. I was always called good-natured and happy, and I can't see that I ever committed any great sin on earth till I came here. I went to school until I was eighteen—then I kept house. Mother was dead then, and aunt came with us, and we all lived together.

My folks knew I died by poison, and supposed a girl from Dublin, who was angry with me, had done it; but they could not prove anything against her, and after a while she went back to her father. Poor girl! she suffered too much, for she never would have done me harm. Oh, I longed to come back and tell them about it; and finally a medium went to our house, and I did manifest. You see it was right that I should come back and relieve that poor girl.

Direct to Nancy Loring, No. 9 Park square, Liverpool, Eng. She told me to come here to you.

We have published this without any inquiries respecting it, and shall be glad to hear from it, if it proves true. Will the friends to whom we have sent a paper, address us on the subject?

T. Winn.

I have been listening to the spirit that has just manifested to you, Emily Loring. She declares her belief in this passage you find in the Bible, "No self-murderer shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." Now I do not wish to return to earth to overthrow the sayings of your Bible; neither do I wish to lessen the faith of any child of God in it; I wish to speak of myself, as connected with your Bible, and you may judge whether all things given there are placed there for your especial faith, or if you shall analyze their meaning and see if you cannot find some hidden Spiritual light. I took my own natural life; but I cannot say, as did our sister, that I am unhappy. When I first entered the spirit life I was excessively unhappy; but I found repentance and progression were going hand in hand; that I must become fully acquainted with one in order to reap the reward of the other; and as I bowed to the God of repentance, the God of progression beckoned me onward; he told me that Heaven was for judgment and I set my judgment upon myself, and saw that I had violated the laws of my being, and I was willing to suffer therefor.

Now you see, friend, by my experience I am obliged to change the light that is around these words at the present time, "No self-murderer shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." I have been taught here that after I have become daily penitent, and have seen my sin in all its blackness and wish to become holier, a child of God, I shall be no longer a suicide, a self-murderer, that stain shall be wiped out. Now these words are true, taken in connection with repentance and progression, after death; they are false when you deny these after death. God gives laws, and his children misinterpret those laws—his children look upon them in the outer sense, fearing to open the door, that leads into the inner tabernacle, there to find the hidden meaning. You must always learn by experience—the words of your brother or sister will never satisfy you—you must see, in order to know!

I am told that all spirits who are dwelling in happiness are surrounded by what suits them best. In regard to our sister, the case seems to be thus; that old belief that she bowed to, influences her now. Could she know there was repentance after death, she would march at once towards happiness; but unless you first break this icy coldness you cannot make the spirit move. She must first be taught that she is a child of God, and can progress now, as well as better than ever. "He was once placed in her position," Jesus said, "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned;" but is it damned eternally? No; but that would be

damned in the present, which signifies unhappiness. Could she believe she would be saved.

When I dwell on earth I was exceedingly fond of music; instrumental and vocal music. I was never happier than when listening to it, and now I have such music around me as mortals can never hear in their mortal state. Now can I be unhappy when I have the elements of happiness in my soul? I know it is not so. I am not as happy as I shall be, but I have passed from the low plane on which I stood when I left earth, and shall pass on higher and higher until my happiness is complete.

Doubtless you are sometimes led to wonder why it is that so many undeveloped spirits draw nigh unto you. But, my friend, if you will consider what you are here for, you will not wonder. You have placed yourself here to receive communications from all spirits, and who have need to come more than those who are striving to wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb—who have not yet seen the Father, but are striving to reach his throne? You are placed here that you may give the first ray of light that shall come to them. It is yours to root out the error that a parent has established in their minds, that there is no repentance after death—to lead them beyond the dark surroundings of such a belief to happiness, and those who have passed on to it. You mortals have great reason to be thankful for one thing, that is that our God was not fashioned by mortal hands. Hard indeed would be the lot of His children, were He a God after the minds of those dwelling on earth. When one passes from this number by suicide, remember that although in the spirit land, he must necessarily suffer for that sin, you in the earth have also sins that you must suffer for, and see to it that you stand free of sin when you leave the mortal body, and then your happiness will commence.

I have never told you that I committed suicide though I have been to you before. If you please you will withhold my Christian name, except by initials, not for my sake, but for that of a dear one. When on earth it was T. Winn.

Joseph Newell Knox.

Don't be alarmed. Suicides are not going to take you by storm, this morning, but you see I belong to that class of individuals. I for one can say I am truly sorry I committed suicide, but I saw no other way of escape, and I wished to end my suffering, and considered that it would be less in the other life. But I am sorry I did it, for it did not exactly agree with the laws of God; and I am sorry on another account—my friends suffer from it about as much as I do. Whatever we do to cause another's unhappiness is sin—it matters not what that is. We should strive to make everybody happy, as far as we can, and if we do that which we know will make them unhappy, we commit sin. Before I did my deed, I knew I could progress after it. I expected to suffer as much as I have suffered, and that does not meet with what I have suffered; but you see I have the sin and suffering together here, which sin I did not have on earth. I cannot say I am unhappy now, for I came bringing light with me, and began to progress immediately after I arrived at spirit life. I strived at once to progress, and returned, and did all I could to make my friends happy. I prayed just before I committed suicide, but that prayer did me no good. As quick as I entered the spirit land, I saw a good many of my spirit friends whom I expected to see. They frowned at me, and told me that their frowns originated with God, who was displeased with me. They did not dwell with me, but told me what I must do to be happy. It was like this: I had two ways before me, and one was right, the other wrong. I chose the path towards happiness, and have been slowly traveling that way, and in spite of all the sayings and doings of mortals, I do believe I shall one day be as happy as the brightest angel in heaven.

But I have many spheres to pass through. You see I am not in heaven, for no sin can enter there; but I shall one day be free from sin, and then I shall enter there by right. Every man is his own judge. When you cast off the mortal form, every sin you have committed on earth will be seen by you, and you judge yourself just the same as if God came down to judge.

Now you will say there are many dark spirits who seem not to care for God's laws. Good; but they judge themselves as much as any class of spirits. They are just like men upon your sphere that know the right, but never pursue it; no different. They know they are in sin, but do not repent of it—hence they cannot progress, but remain in that sinful state, and consequently in a state of misery; and here they must remain, until repentance follows judgment, when progression will come in its proper time.

I wanted to send a word to my friends, and as there seems to be a great many of the class I belong to here, I thought I would manifest. I never had so favorable conditions to aid me as now. I have brothers and a mother on earth that I am anxious about. I am anxious about my brothers, because they are in a sphere surrounded by temptation. They have light offered to them, but do not seem all ways to walk in its ways. I am anxious about my mother, because she seems to be removed from the organism which connects me with her; I mean the medium. She made a very loud call for me not long since, and I heard it, and when conditions were favorable I came. I have many friends here in spirit life, but they are far above me. I can go to them and they can come to me, but we cannot dwell together. Some time since I supposed I could, by repentance, jump the ladder of progression and dwell with them, but I found I was mistaken, and am content to tread every round in the ladder, as I found I had to do.

I want mother and the brothers to sit, and I will manifest as soon as I can, and as often. I want them to do right, and not do wrong because I did. Every sin brings its own punishment, and I shall not tell them that they can sin without suffering, for it is not so. Every sin must be repented of, and atoned for before man can be happy. I believe my friends take your paper—I see it there; but if you wish for directions I can give them. The name I bore on earth was Joseph Newell Knox.

David H. Kimball.

The Bible says the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Now I don't like to come back to dispute the Bible, but I shall dispute that passage, certain; and when I tell you all you will not wonder at it. About ten years ago I was injured by being thrown off a stage coach. I was injured about the back and head, and lay sick some weeks. And when I was told I had got to pass off, I began to fear God, and I feared Him some four years after I got into the spirit world. Now I should like to have that passage explained, for I did not get any good as long as I feared God. Now I don't believe God had anything to do with it.

Well, I'll go back to four years after my death. I told you I remained stationary, and fear kept me there. But after that a friend I had known on earth, came to me and said—Friend, you are in the dark, it is time you went as I dare to be. Friend, said he, you are wrong. You have been taught to fear God, not to love Him. Now I came to teach you to love Him and draw you nearer to Him. But, said I, I never belonged to any church, and never repented of my sins. I am very sorry for what I have done, but I never was born again, as they call it. He came to me some half dozen times before I would believe. But as quick as I began to love God, I began to get nearer, but I've been told that I had got to return to earth to get rid of a part of my prejudices. Well, I told you that my death resulted from a fall. I never was good for much after. I was in Exeter, N. H., at the time, at the Swampscot House—old Major Blake kept it. Yes, I think it was about ten years ago. I don't know whether he keeps it now or not. I have not many relatives on earth, and I don't suppose they know anything about this, for I did not before I came here. They may, but I don't believe it. My father and mother are here with me. I was a sort of traveling bird—here, there, and everywhere. I do not mean to say I was a sailor—nor a

traveling preacher—not a bit of that. My name was David H. Kimball—my father's was David Kimball. I was born in Exeter, very near the Swampscot House, in a house which was torn down many years ago. My father died when I was about twelve, or between ten and that age, though I'm not sure. I lived in Newburyport some time, and used to run an express from there up to Concord, etc. I was with a man by name of Harris. Now this I will reach some of my friends, for there is no sand that falls from us that don't hit somewhere. I was a horse jockey. An honest one.

This occasioned a laugh, at which he remarked:—Did you ever see one that wasn't? The last one I shaved was old Blake, and if he don't remember me I do him. He shaved me two or three times, I thought, and so I got square. He was a clever old fellow, very.

Well, now I suppose I have nothing to do but leave. As regards trading horses, I don't suppose I shall do anything in it. I am just now as I was on earth—can't stick to one thing long. I have been informing myself during the last few years—since I got over my fear of God, as I understood that word on earth. Perhaps I shall see you again—nothing more natural than that.

Sept. 27.

Clairvoyant View of a Lost Steamer.

Oh, dear, how many hearts will ache! There's a cold fog all round, so thick, you can see scarce a yard from you. I see twelve spirits here, that have been in the spirit land two days—and a half. Oh, dear, they seem perfectly paralyzed—do not seem to see me, or understand me. I see a large vessel completely dashed to pieces. I see millions of spirits hovering all around. Now I see another group—three children have been here the same time—there are many more, and all seem perfectly silent, paralyzed with fear. I hear a great many voices, but they all seem confused. No one speaks to me here, and I cannot tell where it is. Now some one says: Bear the news to earth, that more souls have left their earthly tenement, and have come to us, and a thousand more hearts will bleed. He tells me to go read the name, but I cannot see anything large enough to get at a name. Oh, yes, here is a boat which looks as if it had been cut in two—here is a barrel—a hat—the word "Boston" is on the boat. Here are three dead bodies—one an old man, hair white and long, and face pleasant—and beautiful. I think this is a large steamer. The spirit says she was blown off—they lost control of her. The name of the steamer was on one end of the boat, and "Boston" on the other end, the spirit says, who is a sailor.

Oh, I can see everything so plain here. I see no land—all sky and water, and many things are floating on the water—gift work, looking-glass frames, pieces of sails, curtains, one is blue and white damask, lined with blue silk, and torn all to pieces. I see a small cask, about the size of a half barrel, floating around.

Here the vision ceased, and a spirit controlled and said:—

I have got something to do in this world; have not lost all my faculties yet. I took the liberty of taking your medium away, and brought her back as safe as she was before I had to do with her. I was requested to take her to view the wreck of the last steamer that was lost in coming from San Francisco here. You don't understand me, I see; I mean the last one. You don't know all you might know, and it is not best you should; if you have gained any intelligence, it has been but little. There is a total loss of the vessel, but not of the souls on board. I am not used to coming here at all. I was formerly master of the ship Jasper, and I have my work to do, and I might as well commence it now as well as any other time. I carried your medium to this wreck, in order to save many souls who could be saved by spirit power, and no other way. You, I see, are filled with a mixture of doubt and fear. You do not yet fathom Spiritualism—you might as well fathom God as to fathom it. I might tell you all the particulars about this wreck—of many of my friends who will be saved, but it won't do. I can't tell you when you are going to die—I can't tell you before sorrow is to come, when it is to strike—for it will come in time. There is a winter in which it will not do to sow seed. There will be many saved who will be reported lost, and many lost reported saved. I should be disposed to tell you a great deal more, but I am not permitted to; and it was not to do you good I came, but those who are in sorrow. The scene described is what is at this present moment going on.

We publish the above, not because it throws any full light upon the matter it relates to, but thinking that it may be elucidated by something which will come to us by the time we issue our journal. No entreaties could prevail upon the spirit to give us more particulars respecting what we conceive may be a new and terrible disaster, his only object in taking the medium to view it, being the happiness of the immediate sufferers. We understand by it that there has been difficulty on the ocean with a steamer from California; that it began a few days ago and extends to the present time, and will for some time to come, as the news reaches us.

W. J. Higgins, Lost from the Central America.

I am glad to get here, but I don't seem to understand things exactly. To tell you who I am is more than I can, but I can tell you who I was. To tell the truth, I was one of the unfortunate on board the Central America. I was a Spiritualist, and was in the habit daily of consulting a spirit, and was a medium. I was told not to come home in the Central America; was begged not to come, and had great power with me laboring to hinder me. I had been told that my time had not arrived to come here, but I was bound this time to heed myself, and no one else. I was determined to come, and drove off all influences which hovered around me to deter me; and here I am a spirit. They were constantly promising me they would help me, and I should get along better, but all the inducements they held out to me were unavailing. Now, the first time the word came that we were in danger, I knew we should be lost, or that some of us would be. Spirits were around me, and I at once knew I should be lost, and then I saw why they bade me tarry, and regretted that I had disregarded their wishes. Now I had not much money, and I had to work my passage in part. Part of the time I assisted the stewardess, and part acted as a sort of waiter upon the gentlemen and lady passengers—anything to get away from California. Now I can see I was going very well there, but then I thought I was not. My name was W. J. Higgins. I was called Bill on board ship. I was rather below medium height, had dark hair, small features, was rather feminine looking, and twenty-two years of age.

Now I want to take your medium away with me. I wish to detain her ten or fifteen minutes—have you any objection?

Here the spirit in control seemed to relax a portion of his control, and the spirit of the medium to wander upon the ocean, describing scenes presented to her vision, as follows:—

I am on board a large vessel, and everything is confusion; there is trouble, great trouble. No one seems to know what to do. The ship is now on the sea; cleared from San Francisco some sixteen days ago; clearest from San Francisco. Close by her is another vessel, but smaller, and she is from England, bound for New York. What an awful racket they make—they are trying to speak to each other—everything is confusion and noise.

I see an angel here with his hand on the man's head who stands at the helm, and the other on the man's head who is at the wheel. The deck is crowded with spirits, and the people don't seem to know anything about them. The name of one of these vessels is the Adelaide. She has two masts—the large vessel has three. Oh,

spirits are using a mighty influence on all the people, and they don't know what it is—some are praying. There is one old man lying on the deck, sick. I see, now, another ship, much smaller than the other two, and the spirit who guided me here has two friends on board. He says they were saved and he was lost. One of them is asking the captain how long it will be before they get into port, and he says he hopes they will make land in ten days. They are anxious to get into port, they say. She is the Mary Louise, I believe, and she has only two who were saved by her. One belonged to the ship, and the other was a passenger, very kind to him who presents them to me. They are sick and look so. There is no land, no sky, but it is dark and stormy. The vessel is a black looking one, but has an American flag on board. The spirit guiding me, who lost his life on board, says he never knew the names of these people.

Here followed a scene which for particular reasons we do not publish, as it was a private test to a certain party, whose name we are not at liberty to use. After this was concluded, the spirit guiding, resumed control, and said:—

When I took your medium from you in spirit, I was not aware I should have produced so much excitement throughout her form. I can atone only in part for the error I made, by shutting from the mind all remembrance of the scene she has just passed through.

The captain was a man who would go to a far different sphere from the one I passed to, so I have not seen him in the spirit life, but I do not find him upon your sphere.

That was a time when human hearts are made of something more than steel; when man feels there is a God—and even the infidel clings to Him, though he is but a straw to His perception.

October 29th.

Wm. Talbot, Fall River, Mass.

To what church do you belong, friend? On earth I belonged to the Methodist Church, but I find there are no Methodists in the spirit land. Everything seems to be far different from what I anticipated. I died of consumption six years ago. My name was Wm. Talbot, and I resided at Fall River. I have many friends on earth, and I wish to say a word or two to them in regard to their faith. It will be better for them if they have faith in God and his creations; and it will be ill for them if they have no faith in Him, and all in their church. I thought I had faith in God, but I found on coming here that my faith was in the church, and the church was founded upon error. I see in the different churches many beautiful truths, but they are so surrounded by error, that it will be very hard to distinguish one from the other, while man is in his natural state of existence. I would say to my friends I am happy, but not so happy as I should have been if I had relied more upon God and less upon the Redeemer. I rejoice to know beyond a doubt that my Redeemer liveth, and lives to save such as I; I rejoice to know, that in time I shall enter Heaven. It is not a belief, with a thousand doubts clinging to it, as it was on earth, but is belief free from sin, from everything contaminating, that has passed into knowledge.

I have met all my friends since I came here, and they all teach me one thing—God is Love. I shall endeavor to manifest again, and hope to do better than now. I have friends in Dighton, Fall River, Taunton, and in South Boston—particular friends in those places, and many friends in other places.

Sept. 27th.

Samuel McIntyre.

You don't know me, I suppose? Well, I know you. I have been away something high five years. I've seen you before. My name was McIntyre. Do you remember me? Yes, I'm Sam McIntyre. When did you last see me? Well, I think it is likely. This is new business to me; I am a little confused, and don't see through it. How is it that I have been here so long and never found out about coming back? Why I was brought here by a person who came here since I came; Randall, a printer, brought me here. I happened to fall in with him about two hours ago. Said he, "Look here, Mac, don't you want to go back to earth to talk?" What the devil do you mean? I am a great ways beyond earth, said I. I supposed it was a joke, for he was always good for one. But he said it was true, and I went with him. He brought me here, and said to me, "Do you see that man? (pointing to you.) Do you remember ever having seen him? Well, that man is on earth." Yes, said I, it appears to be so, for he does not look like one of us. Well, said he, do you know him? If not, remain here, and when you hear him speak, perhaps you will. I'll go and return again." When you begin to talk, I knew you. When he came back, I said, Charley, that's Berry; are you sure he is on earth? "Yes, said he, I am." Well, said I, I want to talk to him. He replied, "You can. Do you see that woman near him? If you do, all you have to do is to memorize her—exert your will-power to cause her to sleep, and you can." Well, I went to work, and in less than five minutes I found I had perfect control of this body. She was dead, so far as she could use it, and I was master of it. But it was some minutes before I could talk. But I am perfectly astonished! I don't understand this at all—it is new to me. I don't know what to say. If I had anticipated this, I would have had something to say, but I have got to learn something about this. I am more puzzled than I was when I left earth. Then I woke up and found myself altogether different from what I expected; and now what can I say? If I had such a body as I once had, I should see how I could control this woman, but I have not such.

Well, how are all the boys—the crowd I used to go with? Who is dead, and who is married. Luther never will be. It was always a mystery to me, though. Tim Gerriah—is he alive? He is? I thought he had a better chance to come here than I had. I went to California, then went here, then and everywhere, and at last went to Central America and died. I suppose I lived too fast. I think if I had stopped in any one place, I should like San Francisco. But of all the things I ever saw or heard of, this is most wonderful. I have heard of witches turning into cats and dogs, but never heard of a man turning into a woman, as I am now. I know I am here, and can talk. To be sure, I am confused a little, because I did not expect this—it came upon me like a whirlwind. Here's Charley disposed to laugh, as well as you are. How is it, can I take this body round, or must I remain stationary? I am just the same as I was on earth. If I was a devil there, I am a devil here, and if they tell you that none but devils come back, you must judge for yourself whether I am likely to be or not. As for myself, I have not had a snuff of brimstone since I have been here. I have been punished for all my sins, I know I have—till now I have been growing gradually happier, though for some time I had fears that I should be punished for my sins a little more severely than I have been, and it made me miserable at first. But I have now no desire to do wrong since I have been here. Have not thought of drink, and care nothing about it. I used to know of that; but I don't know as there is such a thing here; at any rate I don't want anything of it now.

Charley says I must not use this machine (the medium), too long, but I must ask you to let me come again. I have not known what to say or do, this being the first I ever knew of such matters.

Tell Moses I want to talk with him. Sept. 24.

Emily Wells, Boston.

Oh, how beautiful the earth appears to me! When my eyes bowed to the beauties of the spirit life, everything was changed to me, even the friends I left behind. The glorious light which had burst upon my soul, seemed to cover everything I saw. They tell me I must return to earth and speak words of comfort to them I have left. Shall I tell them of my home, or shall I tell them how to live, that they may come to me in my home with light I did not have? I can only say, as did Jesus, seek and ye shall find.

Charley says I must not use this machine (the medium), too long, but I must ask you to let me come again. I have not known what to say or do, this being the first I ever knew of such matters.

Tell Moses I want to talk with him. Sept. 24.

Emily Wells, Boston.

Oh, how beautiful the earth appears to me! When my eyes bowed to the beauties of the spirit life, everything was changed to me, even the friends I left behind. The glorious light which had burst upon my soul, seemed to cover everything I saw. They tell me I must return to earth and speak words of comfort to them I have left. Shall I tell them of my home, or shall I tell them how to live, that they may come to me in my home with light I did not have? I can only say, as did Jesus, seek and ye shall find.

If I bring them all the wealth of heaven, how shall they enjoy it, if they do not seek for it as we have done? You are a stranger to me, yet I know you are seated here to convey messages from the spirit land to earth, for I have been told so. Many of my friends have communicated from here, but I never did. I did not know much about this Spiritualism before I came here. Oh, I would I had listened to that which was so often whispered to me. It was no fancy, I knew they were about me, but they did not come in my way, and I sought not after them. But now every error which floated in my earth existence has passed away, and I am happy. Shall I single out one from the number I left on earth to speak to? Shall I send a message to my mother, who, of all those, I love so well, stands the highest? Oh, will she be my mother in the spirit life? Yes, I know she will, for love never dies, and it will be more pure, for the love you have on earth is but a mixture of truth and error, while love with us is all true and beautiful. Oh, my mother, when you lay down to sleep at night, think of me, for I am near you, and as you think of me, be willing to receive me. Oh, do not cast away the pearls which angels cast towards you. Oh, if I could only speak with my mother alone, when she asks if there be any truth in this, that I may show her the truth; how my soul yearns to manifest to her, when there shall not be one shade of doubt thrown across my words. And I know I shall, for Jesus says, Ask and ye shall receive, although he does not say when—but we know it will be in God's own good time.

A word to all others who are dear to me, and a blessing, a prayer for all those whom I left on earth, is all I have to give at this time. My name is Emily Wells. I lived in Boston, and died in Boston.

Mary Dill.

It is a long time since I used a body like this—a long time since I made sounds like these—a long time since I left earth; but I am not far away from earth. I well remember the circumstance attending my death and burial. One cold day in the month of January, I went out for the purpose of purchasing some wearing apparel—something to keep the body warm. Feeling very sick, I left my purchases to be sent home, and went myself as quickly as possible. That is the last time I walked the streets of Boston, and that is some time about eighty years ago. About a month previous to this, a ship had landed some hundred or more passengers from different climes upon our shores, and a majority of them were sick. But nothing was thought of their sickness, until they were spread about the streets of our city. But they had the small pox, and the contagion spread rapidly, and I was among the last of the sick.

Now I feel sad in looking back upon that time. I had friends belonging to the middle classes of society, and I supposed they would stand beside me in sickness. But they all left me and fled. When my physician came to see me, he said: "Mary, they are all in sorrow, but nothing would tempt them to stand by your bedside as I do." His voice was so sweet to me that it sounded like heavenly music. Now most of my friends are in the spirit life, but I have some who are now on earth. They were small children then, now they are old, but I have not forgotten them.

I come to you to-day, not to benefit you, but others. For years after I entered the spirit world, I was unhappy, on account of their deserting me. I had many things to say to them which would have prevented much trouble, to which I have seen them. Let those who would desert their friends remember that God is just as able to protect them when standing near the bed of sickness, as He is when they have deserted it.

Now, friends, my body reposes very near what was called the Granary. My name was Mary Dill; and my body, or all that remains of it, rests beneath the sod. You will find an old stone in the centre of the churchyard, among many tombs. I have watched it, and shall always watch it so long as I am near earth, not because I care for the body which sleeps there, but because I wish to.

By and bye I suppose I shall pass beyond earth, where I shall no longer visit you. Now, prove this statement true, and I will come again in time.

William Hunneman.

What's the use of being sad? Well, I don't think any of you here know me, so as I came for business, I might as well attend to it at once. But I know you—yes I do. It may be that you know me. My name was Hunneman, and I lived in Boston. I was a druggist, and have bought medicine of you a thousand times.

(We were accompanied by a friend at this circle.)

Don't mistake yourself between the two. He was Henry and myself, William. He had the capital, I acted as assistant. I'm very happy in my present situation, but I didn't come to tell you that, but to answer the call of my friends. I want to ask you one thing—do you remember of selling me ten pounds of bonnet? You sold it to me for bonnet, but it wasn't that, by a good deal. It was a mistake, no doubt, but I only want to see if I can't bring myself more vividly to your mind. It was done up in pound packages—you sent them up. We did not find the mistake till we sold them, and they were returned. I went to you and asked you if you remembered the sale, and when you found out about it, you laughed very heartily. Now can't you remember it?

(The friend had a slight recollection of the fact.)

I was rather tall, full eyes, (they used to call me goggle eyes, when small,) and I stooped a little. I saw but little of you after that, for I was called away from the business. But two years ago I saw you, a long way from here. I saw you packing up a great many little articles. I don't seem to know how or why you were doing this. You were dressed in rather an unfashionable style, in a small room. There seemed to be two windows in the room. There were four persons there, one an American, and the others foreigners.

(This was in California.)

I died of consumption, so called. About five days ago, some friends of mine, in Liverpool, Maine, were sitting at a table, and called for me. They requested me to manifest so that they might get the communication. They wanted it published in the Banner, and said they should send it, and they requested me to have it published so that they might get it in the next paper.

Pearls.

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

THE DAWN OF SPIRITUALISM.

Thy power is gone,
To the back-ground, memories! No more shalt thou
With impious might dare cope with Heaven's hand;
For dust, uprising, buried the meteor forth,
And hurrying o'er a world in darkness lost,
It sent the midnight murmuring from the space,
And sealed the Nations' glory with its dawn.
On struggling man it called in thunder tones,
And bade him look beyond; then bursting bright,
It rent the veil which creeds had wrapt round God,
And bade the groaning world behold his face,
On which there never dwelt a frown.
Descending on the stairways of the clouds,
The upturned eye of Nations there beholds
A radiant army moving down to Earth,
To battle with the crime, and sin, and sorrow,
With the mighty engine—Love.

A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where
chastity and honor dwell.

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

Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance.

A shadow moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem—
That is, yet is not—though described—
Like skies beneath the stream;
A tree that's over in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe;
A wish for joys that never come—
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night,
A blank that will remain;
A waiting for the morning light,
When waiting is in vain;
A gulph where pathway never led,
To show the depth beneath;
A thing we know not, yet we dread—
That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky,
That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends;
A morning, whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon—
Such is Eternity.

The key of the day and the lock of the night is Prayer.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

"She was four years old when she died," said the weeping mother. "Many years have passed, and other children bloom around me, but I can never forget my Annie, my pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed Annie! She would be eighteen years she living."

"She is living, and she is eighteen years old, dear Mary," replied a friend, who was a believer in Spiritual intercourse. "Doubt it not! She blooms in the divine shades, a maiden angel, bright and happy."

"I wish I could believe as you do." Your faith is a beautiful and consoling one. It is a pleasant thought, that infant spirits obtain the stature as well as the knowledge of maturer life. Oh! my little Annie!" sobbed the mother.

"May I relate to you the occurrences of a life that were revealed to me but a week since? It is a case that beautifully illustrates the subject before us, the beauty and utility of spirit progression and guardianship."

"I shall be pleased to listen to you," said Mary Wade, and wiped away the tears evoked by the memory of her lost one.

Ellen Mansfield began her narrative.

"I have lately become acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Ellingby. He is widowed and childless, but calmly happy and contented with his earthly lot, which has been one of many trials and strange vicissitudes. He was born to wealth, to a spacious mansion, and a proud domain, was the only son of his dotting parents, with whom even his childish will was law. Petted and indulged, he grew up self-willed and imperious; but the haughty characteristics of his nature were redeemed by some noble traits—generosity, unbounded truthfulness, and a worshipping love of the beautiful in nature or in art. But pride, pride of birth and wealth, were the demons in his soul! His family were descended from some of England's proudest nobility, though their title had gone into oblivion; only their wealth remained.

His only sister, the delicately reared Selina, married beneath her station, married as her heart dictated, one of nature's noblemen; one with strong arm and inspired heart, who nerved himself for the battle with life and adverse fortune. She left her father's courtly mansion to live a self-devoted, love-blest existence. The proud parents cast her off. Struggling with pride and tenderness, the demon conquered, and the brother forgot the once cherished sister, nor ever mentioned her name.

But a few years brought retribution and remorse to that proud, unyielding household. The wealthy Horace Ellingby, having traveled much, brought to his parents' house a bride, a foreign and unimpeccable beauty, whose charms had won his heart.

Azelle was beautiful, majestic in figure, with deep, dark eyes and most luxuriant hair of gold, a rosy complexion and most fair complexion, and a smile of captivating sweetness. But her heart was cold, her temper was violent, her manner lacking in repose and dignity. Elevated from a humble position to sudden wealth and honors, she took upon herself a ludicrous state and gravity, became proud, imperious, irritable and insultingly overbearing. The Ellingbys were in despair; yet what was to be done? They had discarded their daughter—they could not live without their son. The authority of Mrs. Ellingby totally set aside, the household was ordered and ruled by the haughty stranger, whom the servants disliked as much as they feared. At last matters came to such a pass, that endurance ceased to be a virtue, and with tears and entreaties Mrs. Ellingby besought her son to seek a house and remove his wife. Much as he suffered from her ungovernable temper, he was yet so infatuated with her beauty and her supposed love of himself, that he forgot his usual respect and self-control, even towards his mother, and replied in bitter and indignant language. His stern old father, who had sat by, seemingly an unconcerned listener, now raised his voice and said—

"You have brought disgrace enough upon us, by

choosing such a wife; seek yourself another home, and never let me see you again, unless you come—without her."

Horace snatched up his hat, immediately left the house, nor returned until he had found a dwelling, whither he removed his wife the next day.

Two years after his marriage, Azelle gave birth to a daughter, which joyful event was duly heralded to the world by a grand fete given when the babe was two months old. But the grand-parents attended not the gorgeous festivity, beheld not the smiling face of their beautiful grand-child. It was named Violet, a strange and simple name for the child of so proud a mother. Not even the smiles and appealing helplessness of her child, could wear Azelle from a life of pleasure and extravagant display. The world was her idol—she could not sacrifice it even for maternal love.

On the day of their grand party, a female, dressed in deep mourning, attended by two children, demanded admittance to the Ellingby mansion. They were shown into a room, and a servant dispatched to summon the master and his lady. Mrs. Ellingby poutingly refused to leave her company, so Horace descended to the lower floor alone.

The dark figure threw back her veil and displayed to the astonished gaze of the proud man before her, the care-worn, pallid features, and tear-swollen eyes of his sister Selina! At that sight, his proud breast melted, and he caught her to his bosom, with tears and kisses.

In the beautiful joy of reconciliation, Selina reclined upon her brother's breast, telling him of the many privations she had undergone with a love-filled heart and a willing spirit; how she had toiled night and day for the support of her little ones, until her brave, noble husband, lost his life in saving that of a woman from a raging fire.

"And now," sobbed the heart-broken maiden, "my heart urged me to apply to you in behalf of my children. I can work, but they—I would not have them cast upon the great, unfeeling world. Oh, brother! help my innocent children!"

Remorsefully he bent over them, his hot tears falling on the upturned brow of the little George, his kisses raining on the dainty forehead of the little Alice, and the suffering mother, the long discarded sister, folded in his close embrace!

The door opened slowly, and Azelle Ellingby, with flushed cheeks and countenance distorted by anger, with flashing eyes and clenched hands, burst in upon that group of loving, reconciled hearts. In her blind fury she poured forth threat and invective upon the sorrow-stricken woman, rudely shook the little children, and in a loud voice accused her husband of faithlessness, and cried for vengeance!

Bitterly ashamed and humiliated, Horace explained to the beautiful fury before him, that she was insulting his widowed sister. Drawing a deep breath, she cast a glance of ineffable disdain upon the pale, imploring face, and murmuring "pauper," passed from the room.

Horace conveyed his sister and her children to a pleasant lodging, for Azelle would not permit them to remain; and with fluttering steps and a clouded brow returned to his cheerless abode. It was late at night when he returned; the party was breaking up; hastening through the yet lighted rooms, he went to the nursery; the attendant of his child was sleeping heavily in an arm chair; the babe rested in its gilded cradle; snowy lace curtains were drawn closely around it. The father stooped to gaze on the sleeping loveliness of his child; softly he put aside the curtain and looked upon the little sleeper; its long dark lashes drooped on the rounded cheek, the little hands were clasped over the bosom; he thought the face was strangely pale, the repose all too quiet. He knelt down and lifted the infant from the cradle. With a loud cry he replaced it; the little form was stiff and cold, the blue eyes closed in the last earthly sleep!

With hurried strides and frenzied mien, he rushed through halls and chambers until he reached the grand banquet room, where his wife, in costly array and glittering with diamonds, was receiving the adieu of a few lingering guests. Without apology or explanation, he seized her arm, and hurried her from hall and chamber to the nursery, heedless of her cries and her anger. "Look there!" he cried, "unnatural mother! unfeeling woman! While you were feasting and dancing, your child was dying! And you knew it not! you cared not!" With a loud shriek Azelle sank fainting to the floor, the bewildered nurse gazing on with disordered eyes.

From that day the veil was rent before the gaze of Horace Ellingby, and indifference and aversion usurped the place of passionate and blinded love. But a change came over his heart, ever since the night of Violet's departure, a blessed salutary change. His aristocratic pride bent beneath the sway of gentler feelings; he visited his sister daily, and plentifully bestowed upon them of his own abundance. Not a week passed but he dreamt of his little child, smiling tenderly upon him; cowering with infant glees, wreathed with flowers, and clad in white. Recovering from the shock of her infant's death, Azelle returned to the gayeties of the world, to its hollow pleasures. In vain Horace expostulated, plead, and threatened; the heartless woman had married for wealth—she was determined to enjoy its fruits. No other child came to bless their heart-solitude; he grew gloomy and wretched; she more and more infatuated with fashionable life. So passed three years, and not a week passed but Horace dreamt of his child, and she seemed to grow, as our earth children do, in stature and intelligence; but beautifully distinct beamed her clear, blue eyes, life-like was the fall of her golden hair, and the sad father's heart grew warm within him, as the angel whispered, "Father!"

The mother was not blest with these visitations, and the silent, miscomprehended soul of Horace revealed its consolations to the once discarded sister only, and she wept with, and beloved him. But sorrow and privation left their sight upon the form and heart of Selina; she departed this life, and the repentant brother, seeking to make all the reparation in his power, provided amply for her little ones, for he dared not take them home to his unfeeling wife.

The stern and sorrow-stricken parents wept above the grave of her they had sent forth into the bitter world. They would not admit Horace to their presence, as long as Azelle lived; and heart-broken and gloomy the wretched man returned to the gilded misery of his loveless home. His parents would have received their grand-children, but he refused to tell their whereabouts, reserving to himself the explanation due to his sister's wrongs.

One day there was a wild assault in the mansion of Mr. Ellingby, Jr. Azelle had fled, taking with her, her clothes and jewels, and a large sum of

money. The servants were dismissed, the mansion closed, and the master went abroad. Often he dreamed of Violet; as years passed on, she grew in stature, she emerged into blooming, happy childhood; she spoke to the solitary wanderer; her voice sounded sweetly familiar; her face wore its distinct look of recognition; the deep blue eyes were the same as the smiling babe's. Years passed on, but Horace married not again; once he returned to his native land and sought his parents' house. He was admitted, "as she was no longer with him" there was a reconciliation, somewhat constrained, yet a tearful, remorseful one on both sides. Horace again departed, leaving his nephew and niece at school. He traveled over many lands, and sailed over many a sea, with a bosom ill at rest, deriving his only consolations from the dream-visit of his angel child. His mother departed for the spirit land, his aged father soon followed. Years sped on; young George became an ornament to his country, one of her ablest speakers and profoundest thinkers; Alice grew up a beautiful, accomplished girl; she married the man of her choice, and was richly dowered by her uncle.

But, amid the varied scenes, still smiled upon the father the radiant countenance of the spirit child. A loving, romping child at play, she appeared to him. Then the impress of angel thoughtfulness, the light of gathering reflection, the sweet, soulful smile, illumined the seraphic face. The graces of girlhood dawned upon cheek and form, the waving ringlets assumed a richer dye, the blue eye beamed with a tender significance; Violet, his angel bud in the spirit realm, had bloomed and blossomed a glorious flower! And in these dreams, she would speak, and place her hand upon her father's brow. Violet, the babe he had wept over, was the angel maiden of a beautiful world.

Horace Ellingby met with many trials. Friends deceived him; his body was abused, his charitable feelings made sport of; his deep-seated grief was looked upon as haughtiness and misanthropy. He was solitary, uncomprehended—alone!

He passed through the gay cities and vine-clad Provinces of sunny France, resting awhile in the great metropolises of fashion and pleasure. Coming home late one night, (he had been indulging in a solitary walk by starlight,) he met a singing, shouting Bacchanalian crew. Amid the painted and bespangled woman, he recognized, by the faint glimmer of a lamp, the worn features and golden hair of the lost Azelle. With a cry of anguish he darted forward, entreating her to remain, to speak to him, to allow him to save her! She answered with a ringing, insane laugh, and fled with her companions. She was lost to heaven and to virtue. The shock of this meeting deeply unnerved him, fostered in him gloomy thoughts and views of life; and when to it was added the stunning announcement of the loss of his fortune, his weakened brain and despairing heart gave way—and he resolved upon suicide. At midnight he loaded his pistols, and without one farewell word to living friend, prepared to die! Listen, Mary, and deem it not superstition or imagination! The soul has power in its moments of intensest anguish to gather around it saving angels. As his hand was uplifted with the deadly weapon, he was struck from his grasp by an unseen power, and a shock as of an electric charge caused him to fall backwards in dismay and bewilderment! Then his eyes closed in heavy slumber, and upon his vision beamed a celestial visitant—Violet, his child—radiant in her heavenly beauty and maiden bloom. She spoke, cheerily, lovingly, reprovingly, as angels speak to men; and he heard her say:—

"It was I, my father, who took the pistol from your grasp. Self-destruction is sin; you must live to fulfill your mission!"

When he awoke, he was lying on the floor, the pistol beside him, and the gray dawn struggling through the open casement. Deeply impressed with the sinfulness of his intention, full of gratitude to God, of love for his angel daughter, he nerved himself anew for the battle of life. Reduced from affluence, he sought and obtained humble employment. Industry and perseverance crowned his efforts with success. He came to this country, and here, too, fortune has favored him; he is in comparatively easy circumstances. He has adopted the Harmonial belief, and now holds daily intercourse with his guardian child, and other dwellers of the worlds beyond. Mary, I have related to you a true history. Doubt not that your Annie lives and grows unto the full stature of angels!"

The mother of Annie was in tears.

PHILADELPHIA, August 29, 1887.

Flashes of Fun.

"Oh, Mary, my heart is breaking." "Is it, indeed, Mr. Closest? So much the better for you."

"Why, my idol?"

"Because, when it is broken out-and-out, you may sell the pieces for gun-flints!"

Prisoner, you are arraigned for the larceny of a pig; are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"No sir! I want after stealing it. I only asked him would he go home wid me, an' he said, co-weet, co-weet, and I took 'im for a week!"

An exchange suggests the removal of mortified flesh, as a cure for Black Leg in cattle. This never would operate with the Black-legs of State street, as they never reach a state of mortification.

Sam, Joe and Ned, three negroes, being caught in a thunder storm, took refuge under a tree, but the lightning, as Joe expressed it, getting vinder and the thunder louder, Sam ventured to ask Joe if he ever prayed?

"No, I never did," replied Joe.

"Did you, Ned?"

"I dun'no how."

"Well, by golly, dar mus' be some prayin' done, anyhow. Look a'dar, she's struck a tree," as a large oak fell shattered to the earth, "and now just keep yourselves sober!"

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.—The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon for a social toast, gave—

—Success to forgery!"

one night heard him praying to the "angel of de Lord," by the light of a tallow candle, "to spare him his time—to let him live a little longer, and don't take him to glory." But he concluded his prayer by professing perfect submission to the will of the "angel of de Lord," even should he be called for to go immediately on his long journey.

Sambo's master determined to test the sincerity of this last profession. He knoeked loud and distinct at his door.

"Who dar?" says Sambo.

"The angel of the Lord," was answered.

"What do you want?"

"I have called for Sambo!"

The master heard the candle suddenly extinguished with a whoof, and Sambo energetically answered: "He is not here! dat nigger been dead dis tree weeks!"

TO MAKE LAZER BEER.—Take a barrel, fill it with rain water, put in one pair of old boots, a head of last year's cabbage, two short sixes, a sprig of wormwood, and a little yeast:

Let it work
And when clear,
You'll have excellent
Lager Beer!

It is suggested that Proverbial Philosophy Tupper's last sonnet on the Atlantic cable was the real cause of the break. Nothing on earth could stand such a strain as that!

An old lady, being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news, she manufactured it.

"Are you fond of Hogg's Tales?" said a rather verdant young lady to a young shepherd.

"Yes, I like 'em roasted, wi' salt on 'em," was the response.

"No—but I mean have you read Hogg's Tales?"

"No," said the bumpkin; "our hogs are all white or black—I don't think there is a red one among 'em."

A sick glutton said to a doctor, "I have lost my appetite. All the better," said the doctor; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

The very cream of three of the October monthlies may be found on the fourth page.—Post

The skim-milk may be found in the Courier.

"You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," complained a member of the Legislature to a representative from the same town.

"Oh, yes I have," was the reply; "I yawned through the whole of your speech?"

HARD TIMES.—A walk up and down Broadway, says the New York Day Book, would show to a stranger anything but hard times. He would think that gold was dug out of the earth as plentifully as potatoes, and that the wealth of all the Indies was poured into the lap of New York. Our women are really a disgrace to the nation. They parade the streets with the fruit of their husband's and father's gambling and robbery displayed on their precious forms, as boldly and proudly as if there was merit in it. The poor earn all this wealth and splendor, and pay for it with their productive labor, but are robbed of it by speculators and traders.

They who read about everything, are thought to understand everything, too, but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.—Channing.

Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour.

Many a fine craft has been wrecked upon the shores of unhappiness.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of TEN DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thirteen times, or three months.

NOTICE.
L. K. COONLEY, of Portland, Me., TRANCE SPEAKER and HEALING MEDIUM, will answer calls to lecture in Maine, Massachusetts, or Connecticut, by answering Theological questions in the trance state. He may be addressed at this office. June 20

A LADY, HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED AS A LECTURER and HEALING MEDIUM, desires to find a home for herself and her mother, where the services of both would ensure them a comfortable and permanent residence. The younger lady would require the privilege of occasional absence in her capacity as a public Lecturer, and she could act as Organist in the neighborhood, if required. Highest references exchanged. Locality no object. Address S. Young, care of B. T. Munson, Publisher, 5 Great Jones street, New York. 11-25 Sept. 18

MISS R. A. HAYWARD, Unconscious Trance Medium, 45 Harrison Avenue. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. 11-25 Oct 8

S. W. GLEASON, DEVELOPING AND HEALING MEDIUM, 181 Meridian Street, East Boston. Terms, \$1.00 per visit. The poor considered. 11-25 Sept. 18

"WHAT'S O'CLOCK"—SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS. Are they in accordance with Reason and Revelation? Where on the dial-plate of the Nineteenth Century points most significantly the finger of God? Published this day by T. MUNSON, 6 Great Jones street, New York. 11-25 Aug 13

T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1 AVON street, Boston. Having for two years tested his power, will undertake the cure of all diseases, however obstinate. He will be assisted by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly developed mediums of the age. Patients visited in or out of the city. April 11-14

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—Professor HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 13 Albion Place, leading from Mount street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston. Lectures on the occult powers of the human mind, with such accounts of their PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed. Hours of consultation from 7 A. M., to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. 11-25 Aug. 11

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS, Labels, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest style of the typographical art, will be executed promptly, and upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 17 Washington Street. June 11

STAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS, and SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, the BANNER OF LIGHT, &c., Stationery and Fancy Goods; No. 886 Race street, Philadelphia. Subscribers served with Periodicals without extra charge. BIRPINE in all its branches neatly executed. GAMES, ORNAMENTAL, BILLS, HEADS, &c., printed in plain or ornamental style. 11-25 July 23

LIFE OF A BEER.—JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of JAMES W. DAVIS, entitled, "The Magic Story." One volume, royal 12mo. 623 pages. Price, \$1.25. BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street. August 4

D. C. ROBBINS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS., HAYHILL STREET, No. 3, has made the world his debtor by the discovery of New Remedies for Epileptic Fits, having treated successfully 400 cases out of less than 475—some of 20 years' standing. 11-25 Aug. 20

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOMS of No. 15 Tremont street, up stairs, (opposite the Boston Club), will be at the service of the afflicted, from 9 to 12 P. M. On Thursdays he will call at their homes. May 21-11

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPPORT, WRITING, TEST, &c., of the ARMED and CLAIRVOYANT, No. 5 HAYWARD PLACE, BOSTON. 11-25 July 14

MRS. T. H. TRABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 1 AVON street, Boston. 11-25 April 11-14

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF
ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published in Boston every Thursday, and contains in handsome Quarto form one of the largest size, FORTY COLUMNS OF ATTRACTIVE READING, comprising Capital Original Stories; Original Sketches of Life; Historical Pictures; Thrilling Adventures; Home Circle; Ladies and Children's Tales; Agricultural Facts; Mechanical Inventions, Art, Science, Wit, Wisdom, the Beauties of Poetry, and a General Summary of Political and Social News.

TERMS.
One Copy, Two Dollars per annum.
One Copy, One Dollar for six months.

SINGLE COPIES, FOUR CENTS.
Clubs of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half, each copy, per year.
Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies, will receive one copy in addition.
From the above there will be no variation.
Sample copies sent free.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
Those desirous of receiving this paper by mail, are informed that money sent in registered letters will be at our risk.

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

All letters must be addressed to the undersigned.
LUTHER COLBY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York City.
ROSE & TOWNE, 103 Nassau Street.
THOMAS H. HARRIS, 31 State Street, Albany.
J. F. HOTT, 540 River Street, Troy.
JAMES McDONOUGH, No. 1 Exchange Building, Ulster.
D. M. DEWEY, Arcade Hall, Rochester.

F. A. DROVIN, No. 47 South Third Street, Philadelphia.
DANIEL HARRIS, 835 Race Street.
R. TAYLOR, Baltimore.
R. DUKAN, 103 Vine Street, Cincinnati.
HAYNES & BROTHER, Cleveland Ohio.
N. & BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.
MCNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
J. HAYWARD, Watch Tower Building, Adrian, Mich.
A. D'APPELTON, New Orleans.
W. V. SPENCER, corner Washington and Water Streets, Boston.
Bella Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.
FREDERICK & CO., No. 9 Court Street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER & CO., No. 100 Washington Street, Boston.
A. WATTS, 100 Washington Street, Boston.
HITCHCOCK & CO., No. 29 School Street, Boston.
REDDING & CO., 8 State Street, Boston.
E. R. McDONALD, 78 Central Street, Lowell.
S. B. NICHOLS, Burlington, Vt.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE, HAVING NO SYMPATHY with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a combination of speculating individuals, having no higher object than money making. I have come to the conclusion that I may establish myself in an institution open, professing to cure all diseases, and in fact, curing more of the thousands of cases of disease in my locality, during the long period in which I have been thus engaged.

Will attend at office, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and will prescribe and apply for all diseases usually attended in office practice. MRS. E. DILLINGHAM, Assistant, who will be present at all times, for the reception of ladies, and will prescribe for them, when more consistent and desirable.

Will attend to calls personally in and out of the city; as usual, when more convenient in office.

Office is connected with a store of Eclectic, Botanic, Thomsonian, Patent, Medicines, of the best quality, which will be sold at wholesale and retail at S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones Street, New York, for two doors east of Broadway.

Mr. MUNSON is the general agent for New York and vicinity for THE BANNER OF LIGHT, a large quarto paper, each number containing 40 columns of articles on SPIRITUALISM, REFORM, and in advocacy of Progressive Values; in addition, each number contains FINE ART STORIES, SKETCHES OF LIFE, POETRY, ESSAYS, INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE, and a Summary of EUROPEAN and AMERICAN NEWS—these attractive features rendering it superior as a Family Paper for Spiritualists and the public generally. Subscription price \$2 a year.

Mr. MUNSON will also furnish all other Boston and New York Spiritual Publications, and will forward the following to one address for \$10 per annum; or, twenty for \$20; Banner of Light, Boston; New England Spiritualist, Boston; Spiritual Telegraph, New York; Spiritual Age, New York; Age of Man, Boston.

Mr. M. is agent for all other Spiritual Publications; also for THE PSALMS OF LIFE; a compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, Chants, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory Sentiment of the Present Age; by JOHN S. ADAMS, containing upwards of five hundred choice selections of poetry in connection with appropriate Music. It has been prepared with special reference to the already large and rapidly increasing demand for a volume that should express the sentiments and views of advanced minds of the present time, and meet the requirements of every species of Reform. It is entirely free of sectarianism, all the theological dogmas of the past, and fully recognizes the Freedom and Mission of Spirit, in every condition of Life on Earth. 223 pp. bound in cloth. Price 75 cts.; postage 14 cts.

All orders for books and papers promptly attend d to. June 18-11

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, Bridgeport Conn. Terms.—Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$3. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent features are given, \$2; if not given, \$3. Answering sealed questions. To ensure attention, the patient must be in all cases advanced.

"Dr. Stiles" superior Clairvoyant powers, his thorough Medical and Surgical education, with his experience from an extensive practice for over sixteen years, eminently qualify him to be the best Consulting Physician of the age. In all chronic diseases he stands unrivaled.

Office—No. 227 Main Street. May 7-11

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, EXAMINING AND PRESIDENT, MING MEDIUM, No. 12 Wilcox Street, Portland, Maine, having been more than three years in Portland and vicinity, in restoring many that were given up by physicians, now feels encouraged to offer her services to those who may need them. Mrs. D. will give special attention to female complaints. Examination and prescription free. It has been prepared with special reference to the already large and rapidly increasing demand for a volume that should express the sentiments and views of advanced minds of the present time, and meet the requirements of every species of Reform. It is entirely free of sectarianism, all the theological dogmas of the past, and fully recognizes