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AGNES, THE STEP-MOTHER: OR THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER-XXVI.

"Let thy love forever shine,
Filling me with power serene,
My soul, my utmost soul is thine—
Thine hath ever been."

Fold me then within thy heart,
Set thy seal on all that's mine;
Make my life some little part,
Nobler soul, of thine!"

AGNES.

The afternoon sun was beaming brightly, the sky was serene and deeply, dazzlingly blue, the sea rippling melodiously as ever, when the brig Catalina entered the harbor of Puerto Sereno. Unlike La Toma, where the vessels anchor in the roadstead, they here approach the very landing, so close that the waving trees upon the beach mingle with the vessels' spars. The picturesque surroundings of La Toma are wanting here; the grandeur of its towering mountains; the ruined fortresses and deserted battlements that overhang the azure waters; the mysterious forest's depths, inspiring feelings of grandeur and elevation. Here, the scene is smilingly verdant, flowery, serene; fertile plantations, well cultivated fields stretch along the coast, with here and there a cluster of forest trees; the mansions, gleaming hospitably white, amid environing fruit trees and ornamental foliage. The spot chosen for the site of the town has been named Puerto Sereno on account of its tranquil and accessible harbor, which, never visited by storms, offers so secure a resting place. The storm at sea, which has been felt for miles around, and has caused some damage to the wharves and shipping at La Toma, has passed lightly over this favored spot; a heavy fall of rain, a somewhat unusual gust of wind is all they experienced of the furious storm that had so badly battered the little brig, that with hanging spars and tattered sails, and part of her bulwarks swept away, is sorrowfully gliding to her moorings.

There was, as usual, quite a crowd assembled to witness her arrival, and to receive the latest news; the inhabitants being dependent upon the papers published in the Capital for news of the great world, and their own dear country. Among the crowd assembled at the landing, two persons were most conspicuous. One was an elderly gentleman, of tall commanding presence, the other a young lady of exquisite beauty and faultless form, who was leaning upon his arm. She pointed to the brig, and whispered something to her companion, looking anxiously into his face. A perturbed expression settled upon his countenance, but he smiled reassuringly at the now trembling maiden, and passing the plank that had been cast from the deck to the shore for the accommodation of the passengers, he stood on board of the Catalina and approached her Captain.

Agnes and Eva, Mrs. Greyson and Nelly were on deck; the old lady in a pious state of feebleness, the result of the past night's excitement. She had been nearly arrayed, and sat up, supported by pillows. Agnes was very pale, and Eva's eyes were dimmed by bitter weeping. Nelly was subdued and quiet, an expression of intense thankfulness on her plump face; which was manifested by many a fervent look to Heaven. The tears started to the eyes of all, when they looked at the dog, who ever at Eva's side, would look up into her face with so imploring, so human an expression—then look out upon the sea, and whine so piteously!

But their eyes were now directed to the young girl on the landing, who with pale cheeks and straining eyes was waiting for the reappearance of her companion. "Eva whispered to Agnes, 'Oh, mother! that must be poor Enrico de Silva's bride—and the gentleman talking to the Captain, his father—oh Agnes! and Eva hid her face and wept. 'God give them strength!' said Agnes fervently; Nelly wept for sympathy; and Mrs. Greyson groaned aloud."

"Ya tita el perro!" (there is the dog) cried the young girl on shore; "pero donde esta Enrico?" (but where is Enrico?) Captain Rodriguez and the father had descended to the cabin; the hearts of those on deck throbbled painfully, the sailors wept for sympathy; those on shore gathered together in anxious groups, whispering and gesticulating. Not a sound came from the little cabin; but at length pale, haggard and tottering, the bereaved father came forth, leaning upon the little old captain, who with great tenderness and a most sorrowful countenance assisted him ashore. The young girl looked wildly in both their faces, but her quivering lip refused to emit a sound. Friends and acquaintances gathered around, large tears rolled down the father's cheeks, deep sobs broke from his breast, and he silently pressed their extended hands. Regardless of all surrounding her,

Carmela Nunez flung herself upon her knees, and entreated him to tell her all—Enrico could not come, he was sick—drowned perhaps? he would come next day, next week? She read the fatal truth in their averted glances, in the poignant anguish depicted on his father's face! With a shriek that echoed along the verdant shores, like the last wail of a broken heart—thrilling the hearts of the bystanders with pity and terror—she fell back insensible; her mantle falling off, revealed her death-like face, and the long, drooping lashes veiling the tender eyes, that would unclothe to weep; her long, dark, unbound hair, her white robes trailed in the sand beneath her. They bore her through the pitying, tearful crowd, the bereaved father following. Eva and Agnes wept in each other's arms; Nelly sobbed and prayed, and Mrs. Greyson, lifting her dim eyes to Heaven, cried: "Oh! dear, Heavenly Father! if such is the fate of the good, how can I be sufficiently grateful that I have been spared? miserable sinner that I am! But Maurice, my poor, misguided son, if I could but see him once, once more!" The old lady was conveyed on shore in a large arm-chair, accompanied by two negroes. The little captain accompanied his passengers to the house prepared for them; with many compliments to their bravery, in so silently enduring the terrors of the storm; he entreated their indulgence for the uncomfortable and sorrowful transit, and with many bows and hand-shakings, took his leave.

The home that greeted Agnes and her once exacting mother-in-law, the house prepared for the beautiful, fastidious Eva, was a strange contrast to the home of luxury and comfort they had left. It was a humble little tenement, owned by a mulatto woman, to whom Agnes had proved a benefactress. Truly had she "cast her bread upon the waters"; two years before she had aided the woman in purchasing the freedom of her son. The grateful mulatto never forgot the benefit. Agnes had written to her desiring to rent the house for an immediate answer was returned, placing the house, herself, her liberated Santiago, and her daughter Zaira, at the entire disposal of the Senora Agnes and her family. She met them in the street leading to the house.

"Dear Senora!" she cried, respectfully kissing Agnes' hand, "how rejoiced I am to see you. Excuse me for not meeting you on the wharf, but I just this moment heard of your arrival, and something about a storm. You look pale and fatigued, dear Senora! And this is Madame Greyson?—welcome to Puerto Sereno, Madame! I am very sorry to see you so feeble. Senora Eva, I am your respectful servant. Here is Santiago, Senoras; my son, go and kiss the Senora's hands; the lady Agnes first, she is your benefactress! Ah, here is my old friend, Nelly! welcome, good, kind Nelly! How sorry I am, that my poor quarters are no better—you have lived so different."

The kind-hearted woman led the way; a few paces brought them to the house. Zaira was waiting on the steps; she dropped a deep courtesy, she kissed each of their hands as they entered, even performing a like ceremony with Nelly.

Agnes looked around; very different indeed were the humble surroundings from the luxurious environments, the rich appointments of *Castillo del mar*; but cleanliness, and order, a certain air of refinement, breathed a home-welcome from the freshly whitewashed walls, the plain muslin curtains, the fresh looking chairs, and easy table covered with its snowy cloth, on which stood a vase with freshly gathered flowers, and a lamp with oiled oil. A large, plain, old fashioned looking glass hung between the windows of the little room; a large arm chair was drawn near the table for Mrs. Greyson's accommodation. The brick floor looked bright and shining. A curtain of crimson gauze, coarse and scanty, veiled the door of Agnes' bedroom, which was fitted up with a plain cot bedstead, overhung with pink curtains of a coarse material; a small washstand and a looking glass, with a couple of chairs, completed the arrangement. It led into another room fitted up in the same manner; this, with a small kitchen, was all the accommodation the house contained. Eva and Nelly proceeded to disrobe the old lady, and place her on the bed for a comfortable nap, which her wearied and excited frame craved more than meat or drink. The shaggy Newfoundland dog who had followed Eva, threw himself at the foot of the bed. When her grandmother was asleep, Eva threw herself upon her knees, and prayed long and fervently, rendering thanks to God

for their escape from storm and shipwreck, and imploring his aid in the coming battle with life and toll.

Meanwhile, Agnes held a consultation with Odulia, the friendly mulatto woman, giving her the particulars of the fearful tempest and their narrow escape from a watery grave. Odulia wept on hearing of the fate of young Enrico de Silva; she knew his bride, the Donna Carmela, well; she was one of the most beloved, most gentle and most beautiful of Puerto Sereno maidens.

Agnes had brought with her a quantity of clothing and beds, but, alas! the remorseless sea had swept all away, but the one trunk left in the cabin. In view of another's great bereavement—of the young, precious life so cruelly lost—Agnes could not bewail her losses; she felt more for Eva, for her helpless mother-in-law, even for Nelly, than for herself. Fortunately, Nelly's trunk was safe; it had been stowed away, among sundry kegs and boxes in the cabin, and together with Agnes, was sent to the house.

The active, bustling, and above all, grateful Odulia, hurried away to procure a bed for Nelly, which was sent before night, and duly arranged for the little woman's comfort. Agnes did not deem it safe for Mrs. Greyson to be left alone, night or day; so the new bed was placed beside hers; Eva, Nelly, and herself, were to take their turns in sleeping near her. Odulia had promised to return at sundown. Worn out with fatigue Agnes sought a few hours' repose; Eva lying down beside her, folded her arms around the slender figure, watching the pale face while she slept, with deep and yearning tenderness. Eva could not sleep; in that proud and sensitive nature, abhorrence of treachery and guile battled with lingering love and pitying duty. Her grandmother, whom from childhood she had revered as the embodiment of every womanly virtue, had proved so foul a flatterer, so deadly a hater, so unscrupulous an avenger of fancied wrong! She had accused herself of leading her son into the paths of dishonesty! Was her father, too, guilty, and base, and false? She had heard the rumors in regard to his unaccountable absence and sudden failure, but filial love and hope—

—Agnes' silence—had exculpated him from all imputed crimes. But she had heard that he had absconded with heavy sums—this was his own! Her stepmother when questioned regarding her jewels, and her own missing ornaments, had faltered and blushed with a moistened eye! Could he have been guilty of—? Bitter tears coursed down Eva's cheeks. "It is my fate to lose faith in all I love," she thought; "only you are true," she murmured, kissing the pale sleeper's brow; "only you, pure saint! and you are no kin to me. You only of all the world!" As she turned to wipe away her tears, the large head of the Newfoundland dog was thrust in between the curtains; nestling close to her cheek, his big tongue licked the tears from her streaming eyes, and his expressive looks spoke a human sympathy with her sorrows; the sadly tried girl kissed his shaggy head, and her plentiful tears sparkled on his glossy coat like dew. Lively colic up at Agnes' feet, reposed from the fatigue and dangers past.

At sundown Odulia returned, followed by Santiago, and her daughter Zaira, all three bearing trays with covered dishes; she had prepared a nice dinner, which she now arranged upon the table in the front room. She had brought some guava jelly of her own making, for the dessert, and a pot with coffee, that never-failing finale to a Venezuelan dinner. The grateful Agnes looked her surprise and pleasure; the half famished Mrs. Greyson heartily enjoyed the repast; but Eva could not eat; her heart was too full, too sad. But her stepmother glanced at her sweetly reproachful, and said pleadingly, "Eva, dear! and ever submissive to those she loved, Eva smiled her obedience, and took her seat at the humble table. No entreaties could prevail on Nelly to join them at table; "she knew her place, and wasn't a goin' to be disrespectful, no how, that she wasn't." The little woman was not to be moved from her senses of right and fitness.

Agnes offered to pay Odulia for the furniture, or at least to pay her a certain sum, weekly or monthly, for the loan of the articles, but the good woman would not hear of such a thing; the furniture was all her own, and the Senora was welcome to it. As the Senora had Nelly to wait upon the old lady, and attend to indoor affairs, Zaira should attend to their errands, and Santiago should be at their service any time he was not engaged on the wharves. If the Senora liked, she would cook their meals, the trouble wasn't anything; she had to cook for herself, and it would be a pleasure to do anything for one that had given the blessing of liberty to her son. When Agnes declared her intention of giving lessons in music and drawing, Odulia wept for sorrow and wounded feeling, that she—the beautiful young Senora, so rich and respected, whom she had seen two years ago, surrounded by all the charms and elegancies of wealth—should be brought so low! Agnes smilingly expostulated with her, endeavoring to impress upon her, that no labor is degrading, no honorable pursuit derogatory to the dignity of human nature. She agreed to Odulia's offer of preparing their meals, and gave her a sum sufficient for the week's expenditures.

But poor, well meaning Odulia, although earning her own living by ironing the finely embroidered dresses, and elaborately worked robes of the infant community, (for which business she was famed throughout Puerto Sereno and the neighborhood), could not divest herself of her reverence for the white folk; and her prejudices against Negroes, for them, her domestic being close by, she brought in their

meals, her ten year old daughter helping her, and that maiden and Santiago were invariably posted, one behind Mrs. Golding's chair, one beside Eva, to fan away the intruding flies, Nelly performing that service for her "old mistress." Agnes expostulated with Odulia on this unnecessary state, so unbefitting their fallen fortunes; but Odulia would not be convinced; "the Senora must not think her impertinent, but she knew her duty, and was going to fulfill it," and so at every meal-time they were obsequiously waited upon by their faithful friends.

For some weeks Agnes could not enter upon her self-imposed duties; the heavy rains deluged the streets, rendering walking impossible, postponing business and pleasure. Mrs. Greyson groaned in agony of spirit when informed of her daughter-in-law's plan, and bitterly accused herself, as the cause of all their miseries. Her pride was sorely bent; her impulsive, impatient, haughty spirit quelled effectually; her garrulity was gone, she seemed to have but one hope in life—once more to behold her son! to accuse herself before him, to vindicate Agnes, and obtain his forgiveness. Not a word or a look of reproach did Agnes ever address to the repentant woman; she waited upon her with a truly filial devotion; with unceasing care and tenderness she ministered to her wants. They often mingled their tears for the absent one. The idealizing love and worship with which as wife she had once regarded him—that love had flown; he had proved unworthy of so intense an affection; she had mistaken the seeming for the reality! But still she wept and prayed for him; a regretful yearning, a sorrowing pity, paternal, pure, and unflinching, usurped the place of the once glowing love, the passionate worship of the woman's soul!

Eva could not love her grandmother as in the days gone by; bitter, thronging memories held up the mirror of the past, the sufferings of Agnes, her father's cruelty, her grandmother's malicious triumph, joining with strangers in diabolical effort to crush so pure a heart! When Eva waited upon her grandmother, it was with downcast eyes, with quivering lips, and burning cheek; but, she schooled her voice, and imposed silence on the upbraidings of her heart. The miserable old woman, helpless and near sighted, attributed her grand-daughter's silence and subdued manner to her recent trials. She was spared the sight of her own heart's secret.

Agnes often found Nelly in a state of deep abstraction, either crouching on the floor with rosary in hand, or seated in some corner, intently gazing on vacancy, her finger upon her brow, in a fit of deep musing. When questioned by the gentle mistress, her reply was always something to the effect, "that she was a thinkin' of by-gones, an' a prayin' to all the saints as her lived, to 'lighten her, one bit.'" When desired to tell the nature of the enlightenment she required, she shook her head, and earnestly said, "Niver you mind, darlin'; me don't know meself what I wants."

Agnes' piano had been sent from *Castillo del mar*, that being the only article saved from the rapacious clutches of the *Riveros*; her drawing implements were all safe in the trunk. In a few weeks she had several pupils. At first she resisted Eva's solicitations, and determined to bear the burden of toil alone; but her step-daughter was so positive and earnest, she said that her mind and health craved for employment, for reprieve from thought and seduction, that finally Agnes consented; but Eva was to receive her pupils at home, while she would attend them at their residences. The large, well toned instrument was placed in the little parlor, and there at stated hours during the day, the once wealthy and exclusive Eva Golding employed herself in giving lessons. She taught drawing too, three mornings in the week. Agnes, accompanied by Zaira, went her daily rounds, her gentle dignity and imposing self possession quelling all attempt at humiliation or undue familiarity; her air of resignation inspiring many a heart with sympathy. She wore the plainest dresses, and no ornaments save a slender gold chain and time-piece, her husband's first love-gift; but even in the humblest apparel, her dignity, and grace shone forth. As her sweet voice warbled the melodies of her native land, many listened, spell-bound, with moistened eyes and beating hearts.

Agnes would willingly have carried her music herself, but here again Odulia successfully resisted her. "Zaira had nothing to do all day, she was too little to earn money yet, she was better employed carrying the Senora's books than idling at home." And there, too, Odulia was victorious. The retirement of their finances, their humble mode of life, necessarily brought Nelly into closer contact than ever with the family; Mrs. Greyson, whose aristocratic pride was entirely subdued and broken by adversity, spoke unreservedly before her. "Had not Nelly heard her confession the dreadful night of the storm? Nelly was true and faithful; need she have any secrets before her?" And so repentance and complainings, regrets and hopes, were freely uttered in the dapper little woman's presence; who presented no symptoms of verifying the adage—"that familiarity breeds contempt;" she was as respectful, as deferential and obliging, as in the palmiest days of the past.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Greyson, one day, after long bawling the unaccountable silence of her son, "If young Frank Wyllie were but here now! He loved Eva truly, didn't he, Agnes? one could see it in his looks, let alone his writing. We should soon be out of this scrape—not, but what I deserve my share, but it kills me to see you tell from morning till sun, set, and poor Eva, wearing her little fingers to the

bone, drumming music into big and little block-heads! There! she's at it now, poor child! She, so beautiful a player, drumming quavers and semi-quavers, and minuets, and crotchets, into half a dozen dumb noddies, some half black at that! Oh, Agnes, dear! don't look at me so reproachfully! you never say a cross word to me, and I've done you so much wrong! But I'm not complaining on my own account! But I'll soon be called home, and I've wronged that young man, too; I see his reproachful eyes before me now; and she hid her face in her handkerchief and wept.

"Mother!" said Agnes, soothingly, "you repent your errors; endeavor not to recall the past; it enfeebles and excites you. Frank Wyllie, I trust, is happy; he is released from the pressure of poverty, and is prospering in his native land."

"Oh, that Eva loved him! Oh, if he would but come back!" cried the old lady, with streaming eyes. "I can never die in peace while my grand-child is drudging, toiling for me, who have made her miserable! my darling, gold pet! that I should live to see the day! If my Eva were but married—if Frank Wyllie loved her yet."

"Mother!" said Agnes, with a gentle accent of rebuke in her tone, "do not hint at this subject before Eva. She is too crushed, too much overwhelmed by her recent sorrow; it will take time, perhaps a long time, before she is restored to her natural condition. She may never love again; her's is a proud and deeply sensitive nature; let us respect her sorrows, and strive not to wound her feelings."

"I won't say one word before her! I've kept my promise as you desired me—and never mention that Felix in her presence. I'll do all you tell me, Agnes, only don't be angry with me!"

Agnes smilingly assured her that she felt no cause for anger against her. The poor old woman had become so utterly helpless and dependent; moreover, so repentant of her past injustice, that she watched every expression of her daughter-in-law's face, as much as her dimmed eyes could distinguish; watched every inflection of her voice, asking her many times a day "whether she was vexed with her poor old mother?"

Nelly had been a silent witness to the conversation; a sudden flash of intelligence passed across her rosy face, her little eyes twinkled with a sudden gleam, a gleam of intelligence, a gleam of intelligence, playing over some of her favorite airs, Nelly entered, and glancing hastily around the room, approached her lady. Agnes stopped her playing, and said, smilingly, "Well, Nelly, what is it?"

"I don't want to be impudent, nor 'quisitive, mistress," said the little woman, twirling the ends of her apron, and looking up with a deprecating glance. "But me wants to ax a question, if ye'd be after tellin' me, about Mr. Frank Wyllie; it's a favor ye'd be showin' Nelly, shure."

"What do you wish to know about him, Nelly? You have seen him often, at our *Castillo*; you know him. He is truthful, honorable, and grateful; that is all I can tell you about him."

"An' he loved our Miss Eva? Did he, mistress, darlin'?" tell your own faithful Nelly, as-wud sarve you to the world's end! An' dy'e think, Miss Agnes, ma'm, he's a thinkin' of her yet?"

Agnes smiled at the earnestness of her humble friend; "I think he loves our Eva yet, Nelly; but we may never hear from him again. He is unaware of the changes that have taken place in our family."

"An' he is livin' in New York, the big 'Merican city, mistress?"

"Yes, Nelly."

"An' the old mistress sez he's rich, an' isn't a clobber may more; an' he's got a rich auntie?"

"All true, Nelly; fortune has favored him as he deserves. I believe he will yet rank among the great names of earth; there is much in him that time and experience will unfold."

"I often seed him a lookin' at Miss Eva, jist as a good Catholic looks at the patron saint; but thin, I don't onderstand them kind o' things, an' he loved our Miss Eva, bled?"

"Yes, Nelly," said Agnes, whose heart expanded towards the faithful, long-tried friend; "as loved Eva, truly and devotedly, but her heart was captivated by Felix Rivero, whom she thought so good and noble."

"Bad luck to him!" cried Nelly, indignantly, "the mane, doatful haythen! the hyperkrit and big-eyed divil, as he is! A livin' in our beautiful *Castillo*; oh, honor, but me could cry whin I thinks on it!"

"Do not recall the past, dear Nelly. Don Felix will eventually be punished; in his own conscience, if not by the stings of adversity."

"An' the Senora Manuela, yer friend, is it in New York she's a livin', mistress?"

"Yes, Nelly. Dear Manuela! I must soon to hear from her; when she returns you hope go and live with her. You will not accept any salary from me; I cannot permit you to pass your life thus, without benefit to yourself."

Nelly replied not, but suddenly remembering something the "old tiddy" wanted, she left the room.

The little woman demanded permission of Agnes to go out every afternoon; thinking that she needed exercise and recreation, her lady willingly gave the desired permission. At the end of a week, Nelly presented herself, with the startling announcement that she was going to the United States; "wid a rich Creole family, as needed a waitin' maid." There was such an air of importance and mystery about

Nelly, that Agnes could not forbear questioning her. Nelly gave incoherent and unsatisfactory replies; completely bewildered herself by attempted apologies and explanations; and finally bursting into tears, sat down upon the floor, wringing her plump little hands, exclaiming amid sobs and great embarrassment: "don't ask me many questions; I isn't ongrateful, misthress, though I looks so! It's a breakin' me heart, I is—bedad, I is! for lavin' ye—an' a goin' on the big, wide sea, me is so afear'd of—liver since that same arful night we comed here! Ooh, misthress, of me sowl! don't distress yerself, nor be a fashin' me, it's half crazy I is wid trouble, any how! Oh! honey, don't be afther forgittin' yer poor, faithful Nelly—honey, ye won't forgit to pray for me, will ye, darlin'?" An' ye'll give me the direction of the Senora Manuela in New York, so I can see yer friend, an', maybe, ye'd be afther givin' me a scrap of a letter, or a paper, shure!"

Agnes was bewildered with contending emotions. Nelly, the faithful, long-serving Nelly, to leave her thus suddenly, for a strange country, and with strangers! The matter was incomprehensible; the little woman must have some hidden motive; she could not leave her for mercenary motives. But Nelly could not, or would not explain.

Eva, on being informed of her intention, smiled a bitter, incredulous smile, and said, "that was another proof of the world's sincerity and faithfulness." But when the little woman hung around her with tears and blessings, her heart gave way, and her tears mingled with those of the hitherto so faithful friend.

Mrs. Greyson alone remained impassive; she coolly remarked, that it was natural for Nelly to seek to better her condition; she did not blame her; besides, who knew what the future might bring. Zaire could wait upon her, when Agnes did not want her, and Eva would attend to her at other times. But Odilia was indignant; "to desert the family that she had served so long! Such ingratitude she had not thought Nelly capable of! She would never speak to her again!" Poor Nelly replied with tears, with a fervent upward glance.

Many tears were shed on all sides, the day of Nelly's departure, but true to her promise, the indignant Odilia coldly turned away from her proffered hand; Zaire and Santiago, duly instructed by their mother, cast indignant glances upon her. But with the soft kiss of Agnes upon her cheek, the weeping little woman passed the threshold and followed the negro who was carrying her trunk to the vessel. In her bosom she carried a letter from the "young misthress" to her friend Manuela Gonzalez.

Looking under Nelly's bed that night, Agnes found a basket which had belonged to her in *Castiglio del mar*; her mother-in-law said: "Nelly left that basket of yours, and told me not to tell you where it was, until she had left. There is something inside for you, she said; see what it is, Agnes."

An exclamation of surprise burst from Agnes' lips; the basket contained a purse with gold pieces, and a letter addressed to herself. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MISTHRESS:—I can't rite, and I gets somebody to rite a line fur me. I be a leavin' you fur yer own good; don't fret about me. I'll cum back to ye, all if the saints will lit me. I have takin' part of my saviors, the rist I laves with you for yer own use and that of the family. Do, misthress, honey, aksept it from yur own faithful

NELLY O'FLANNIGAN.

N. B.—Black Petro, what spakes and rites english, rote this for me."

Nelly's fidelity; Mrs. Greyson made no comments, but Eva, being called in, and reading the farewell of Nelly, was deeply moved, and confessed that she had unjustly condemned her. The hard-earned gold so generously left in her care, Agnes carefully put away as a sacred trust, confided to her charge by an absent friend.

A week after Nelly's departure, a letter came from Manuela Gonzalez, that had been directed to *Castiglio del mar*, and there long delayed. Her health was fast improving; she was regaining strength and good spirits; her husband was well, so was her dear little Ramon. They intended to remain during the Summer, and return home in the Autumn. She often dreamt of her departed child; little Angela spoke to her, and said she was happy amid the angels.

The letter was filled with expressions of the warmest friendship; with sweet, confidential outpourings, with friendly queries and sympathizing reflections. Was Eva married, and were they all happy at *Castiglio del mar*? Agnes sighed as she thought of the changes that had befallen her since last they met.

She wrote in reply a long, long letter, passing over her altered circumstances, and the treachery of the Riveros, with a hopeful spirit, and no superfluous comment. She wrote cheerfully; not a complained word fell from her pen; it grew sorrowful only when she spoke of her helpless, stricken mother-in-law.

They had sent the large Newfoundland dog Fidelo to Don Eduardo de Silva, but the animal returned after a few days' sojourn with his master's father. One day Don Eduardo called on the Goldings. He entreated the ladies to repeat to him the conversation they held with his son. "You were the last on earth that he conversed with," he said, "so Captain Rodriguez told me; kind Senoras! grant a bereaved father the consolation of hearing, almost, perhaps, the very last words of his only son." Agnes and Eva, often interrupted by their own emotions, repeated the words, and related the gentle confidences of the departed. The poor father wept bitterly; pressing both their hands at parting, he entreated them to keep the dog, as he seemed so attached to the young Senorita. This gentleman proved a true and steadfast friend; he procured Agnes some wealthy pupils, and would have offered to all a far more sumptuous home, and rich gifts in money, but mother and daughter proudly, yet most gratefully, declined the acceptance of favors, determined to live by their exertions, from the proceeds of their own toil. But he often sent his slaves with presents of fruit and delicacies for the sick old lady, and such gifts always met with grateful and prompt acceptance. Fidelo became the constant companion and petted friend of Eva.

One day a heavy letter was brought to Agnes, "but as she was preparing to go out; she trembled, and tears quivered on her eyelids as she recognized the handwriting; it was from her husband! Written in a conciliatory and half-remorseful spirit, he announced his intended departure for Europe in a few weeks, there to retrieve his fallen fortune, and strive for a better future. He would not return

until fortune smiled upon him. He hoped Eva was married, and all her expectations realized; that his mother was comfortable, and all living happily in *Castiglio del mar*; she doubted not that Don Felix, although by this time the rightful owner of the house, would yet render it an asylum for his wife and mother, as he had vowed to do. He was sorry for the harsh treatment he had subjected her to; he began to feel his injustice; solitude and reflection were doing much for him, for he was much alone. He entreated her forgiveness; and, if they ever met again, he would endeavor to make her forget the past. He hoped she was not suffering from any need; he had written frankly to Don Felix, who would surely render all proper honor and respect to his wife and aged mother. Thus far the letter; and it enclosed a note for Eva; another for her grandmother; but it contained, besides, several sheets of paper, closely written upon, in which he confessed to the heart of Agnes, much of his past life. As she read, her cheeks paled and flushed alternately; wonder, dread, surprise, indignation, finally a triumphant joy lights up her soft, brown eyes. She trembles with emotion, with intense gratitude! The papers fall from her hand, as she raises her love-lit eyes towards Heaven. She kneels and prays, long and fervently. A great discovery is hers, a discovery that will bring joy to her stricken mother-in-law, and fill Eva's breast with rapture.

"But if —" Again a pensive shadow nestles on her face; she casts her eyes to Heaven, and cries, "Thy will be done!" and hastens to deliver the son's letter to his mother, to give Eva her father's missive, the first lines from his hand she has ever received.

Mrs. Greyson wept for joy; she knew that her Maurice was living, was well, even if she never again beheld him!

Eva, with a newly awakened feeling of tenderness, kissed the letter and pressed it to her heart.

Agnes could not communicate her discovery to the enfeebled old lady in her present state; the physician had cautioned her against all undue excitement, as it might bring on a second attack of paralysis. Towards Eva, too, she would be silent, until she had obtained certainty; but her countenance was luminous with a deep, inward joy; it sparkled in her eyes, glowed upon her cheeks, and irradiated her winning smile. Eva could not refrain from exclaiming:—"Dear Agnes! how beautiful you look!"

When her mother-in-law and daughter slept, she stole into the front room, and by the light of a dimly burning lamp, wrote a long letter, which she took herself on board of a vessel, bound for England the next day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Forget thee?" If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day—
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay—
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Heaven's protect-
ing power—
If wing'd thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an hour—
If busy fancy, blending thee with all my future life, lo!
If this thou callest "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be forgot!
A SON.

The skies of November that beam intensely blue and brilliant over the unchanging tropical landscape in this land of the varying seasons, glows with a subdued and mellow radiance; there is a paling of the sunshine's fervid ray, a softening of the sunset's gorgeous coloring; changing hues upon the trees, and a delicious, melancholy charm broods o'er the forest's depths. A contemplative spirit is abroad, that dips its variegated wings in the singing stream, so sweetly murmuring the lingering sun-
blinking spirit's voice is heard, showering music from the leafy boughs, fluttering amid the waving, drooping foliage, rustling from among the fallen leaves. The gorgeous beauty and vivid coloring of the autumnal landscape has inspired many a glowing song, fresh from the poet's heart, or minstrel's soul; and in the deep woods, beside the singing waters, beneath the mellow skies, Nature's votaries have bent the knee and lifted the heart, in boundless worship and Nature's holy God! Beside her felling altars, stricken hearts have renewed their allegiance; tear-dimmed eyes have brightened with purest rapture; long since departed angels have returned to the yearning bosoms' invocation, crowned with the hawthorn and the rose!

In the parlor of a fashionable hotel, in the city of Philadelphia, sits our friend Manuela Gonzalez beside her husband. She looks well and happy; her eyes have feasted on the rural beauties of the country; the Northern breezes have bestowed a rich rose-glow upon her clear, olive cheek; her dark eyes sparkle with life and vivacity, the winning smile nestles upon her red lips, and the bird-like warble of her voice rings forth, clear and melodious as of yore.

Reinvigorated with health, and buoyant with recovered spirits, she is sitting on a lounge near the window, a dress of black satin fitting closely to her fine form, diamonds gleaming upon her neck and arms, long pendants of the same within her ears; her small, dark, but beautiful hands covered with kid mittens, and rich rings sparkling on her fingers; a crape shawl, of a deep crimson color, is lightly cast around her shoulders, for the tender Creole is very sensitive to the chilliness of the atmosphere.

"Dear Ramon," she says, affectionately placing her hand on his shoulder, "do you not begin to feel anxious to be at home again? We have been away so long! True, we have seen nearly all that is to be seen; but I feel to-day as if my beloved country were calling me with myriad voices! I can hear the beatings of the sea on the beautiful sanded beach at La Toma, and the sighings of the palm and cocoa, as they bend to the whispering waves. I dreamt of our dear home last night, of my beloved parents, from whom we have heard but once since our long stay in this country. Oh, let us go home soon, Ramon! Something is calling me!"

"You dear, faithful soul!" said her husband, "I cannot chide you for your dreams, they are always so beautiful. But set your throbbing, unquiet little heart at rest; we will leave for home by the first opportunity; from this port, if you wish it, and we can find a vessel. But first we must see the wonders of Philadelphia, as we have seen the beauties and celebrated sights of history and invention elsewhere."

"Well, dearest; but let us begin to-day, and then we shall be ready when an opportunity offers to convey us home."

Don Ramon smiled at his wife's earnestness, and promised acquiescence.

"You will acknowledge, dear Manuela," he said, affectionately taking her hand, "that this trip has been of incalculable benefit to you. Look at your rosy cheeks! your bright, lustrous eyes! Be grateful to these refreshing Northern breezes, that have so restored my Manuela to the bright, blooming

beauty she is so famed for. Now you are again the loveliest woman in all La Toma, as you were the flower of Valencia."

"In your partial eyes, you incorrigible flatterer!" replied Manuela, smiling; "but I do long to be at home again. This life is pleasant, exciting; but I prefer the secluded charm, the poetical tranquility of my own home, the aspect of my own dear native land!"

"What a good patriot! what an unspoiled child of nature you are, Manuela!" laughed Don Ramon. "So you really prefer our humdrum tropical life, to the bustle and gaiety of fashionable American watering places; to the festivities of great New York city, and the demure, aristocratic propriety of this Quaker city? But I know," he added gaily, "you are feeling from the coming winds and chilling days of winter. You fear they would chase the roses from your cheeks. You have heard so much of the unbecoming effect of cold, in pinching cheeks and noses blue, that you meditate an escape from such evils; is it not so, Manuela?"

"No," she replied; "you have guessed wrong this time, Senor. But I am weary of traveling and sight-seeing; weary of being among strangers. I long for the freedom, the frankness, the hospitality of my country; the people here are so reserved, so proud, so inaccessible!"

"But the glorious institutions of this country! its freedom, its blessed privileges and civilization. It's energetic spirit!"

"For the blessed Virgin's sake stop, love!" interrupted Manuela. "What care I for all that? Settle all that between you politicians and philosophers. I love peace, comfort, and happy faces 'round me—and that I enjoy in La Palma Solo to my heart's content."

"And not here?" queried her husband.

"No, love, decidedly not—no, by Saint Anna, my patroness! I am in mortal fear, whizzing along in those racing steam-cars and puffing steamboats; the cries and noises in the streets distract me! Then all the vaunted comfort of hotel life sinks into insignificance beside the comforts of my home, where I can be myself; laugh, jump, sing, and caper about, without being told that it is unbecoming my station in society, and my place as a married woman! Call this liberty, Ramon? I have not known a moment's liberty since I left La Toma!"

Don Ramon laughed heartily. "And who made so bold as to censure my lily flower, for being free and merry?" he inquired.

"Oh! it was that stiff-necked old Mrs. Marshon, that flattered so many airs and French phrases at Saratoga; always compelling her daughters to sit in unnatural positions and to say unnatural things. Besides, Ramon, dearest, my heart aches for the misery I see around me. I cannot alleviate all; and the pale faces and bent forms of the suffering poor, haunt me continually. Oh, my husband! the lowliest negro on our plantation fares better, enjoys more physical comfort than many a laboring white man here—than many a toiling needle-woman! I shall do what charities I can before I leave, but how alleviate so many hopeless thousands? In our own sun-blessed land such a thing as starvation, cold, hunger, is unknown; the very beasts are happy in the glorious climate; Nature yields abundantly for all!"

Tears glistened in her benevolent eyes; her husband regarded her with respectful admiration. "I long, too," continued Manuela, and a pensive shadow flitted on her face, "to behold once again my little Angela's grave."

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touch the myriad chords of feeling with a master hand, awakening in his brother's heart the responsive sympathy, in his sister's soul the high resolve! but for himself he felt no joy! He brooded not idly over his vanished hopes; he shed no useless tears; he uttered no vain complaints to the ear of night. He walked the path of duty, with brow erect, and with unflinching feet, scattering blessings as he went. He wept with earth's mourners, and smiled with the happy; but in his heart of hearts one cherished image dwelt, enshrouded with sacred, loving care; guarded with holiest aspirations, consecrated to the life beyond.

"Welcome, friend Wylie. How long have you been gone? Was my little Ramon very troublesome?"

"Not at all, Senora; he enjoyed his walk very much," said Frank.

"Amigo!" interposed Don Ramon, "you are again forgetting your promise, and Manuela also has forgotten the conditions. Have we not resolved to waive all formalities and call each other friends, as we are accustomed to do when in our own dear Venezuela? Vamos, make a beginning, and call me Ramon henceforth."

"I cannot call him anything but Francisco; that's our word for Frank, I believe; well, I'll obey my husband, of course," said Manuela, gaily, "now mind you call me by the name my godfathers and godmothers gave me at baptism."

"Well Senora—Manuela, I mean—I agree," said Frank, as Don Ramon held up his finger in mock warning.

"Is it not strange, Francisco, that we have not heard anything from our place for so long? In all our wanderings we have not met with one countryman! not an atom of news, excepting the two old *Diarios* we picked up in New York. Our place may be swallowed up by an earthquake, or deluged by the rains, for what we know," said Don Ramon with perfect serenity.

"Oh! don't say such terrible things, Ramon! you'll make me quite uneasy," cried Manuela.

"Don't be alarmed, love! We shall find La Toma in the same place, and La Palma Solo as safe as ever, and everything as you left it, no doubt. Francisco, you have been with us so long, we cannot give up our dear traveling companion. Manuela, and little Ramon here will break their hearts if you leave us. We shall return home by the first opportunity: come brother! make up your mind and embark with us," said Don Ramon; Manuela looked pleadingly into Frank's face.

"That is the only request of yours that I am unable to comply with," he replied.

"Why not, friend? Come with us! your literary fame will not diminish by a short absence; you can gather fresh inspiration from the aspect of our mountains and ever blue seas; do go with us, dear Francisco! it will seem so strange, so lonely without you!" entreated Manuela.

Frank sighed deeply. "I cannot—I must not return," he faltered.

"Francisco," said Don Ramon, taking the young man's hand, "I know your thoughts; we are friends, let there be no false reserve between us! I think it would be for your benefit, could you resolve upon this voyage. Your aunt is dead; you are bound by no ties; fortune has prospered you; fame has smiled upon you. Wherefore brood over one unavailing thought? Don't start, Francisco! you have once told us all; do not retract your confidence. You are gifted with noble talents; you can do an incalculable amount of good, by taking a close and thorough survey of the resources and needs of our country; and with your clear judgment and depth of reasoning, you could suggest progressive ideas, and help our dear, indolent countrymen in their onward march. You command influence and respectful attention here; I have influence with our government. You may attain to a high social position, in which you may benefit mankind."

Frank stroked back the golden-brown hair from his brow as he replied, "I would dedicate my life and its every pursuit for the benefit of my kind—but I have no ambition."

"But you should have!" interrupted his friend; "man should possess a high, a noble, a laudable ambition! But I know the reasons that prevail with you. You decline re-visiting Venezuela, on account of a certain lady?"

Frank colored, cast down his eyes and remained silent.

"Forget her, Francisco!" said Don Ramon, slapping him heartily on the shoulder.

There was a sudden moisture in Frank Wylie's eye, a melancholy cadence in his voice, as he replied:

"It is my duty to forget her—she has long been another's wife! But I do not wish to meet her again; should I behold her suffering and unhappy, all my future usefulness would be impaired. I could not look upon her, as I have looked upon her stepmother, so pale and calm, so nobly resigned! so deeply suffering! I could not bear the sight. I could never myself to behold her, as I have always pictured her, radiant and happy, but to see her tearful and broken hearted—No, friends! deeply as I feel the separation—I must not return with you. I dare not, for my soul's peace!"

Manuela looked upon him in tearful silence; her husband, to control his feelings, walked up and down the room. Some one knocked; "come in," said Don Ramon. It was one of the waiters, who said there was a woman down stairs requesting an interview with the gentleman and lady from South America.

"Let her come in here," said Don Ramon carelessly, while Frank Wylie walked to the window; the little boy had fallen asleep on the sofa. A little figure, attired in a dark grey gown, and wrapped in a large plaid shawl, with a queer little bonnet on her head, and a large umbrella in her hand, stands in the doorway. For an instant Manuela curiously regards the little figure, that tremblingly advanced towards her. With a loud cry of joy, she rises and flings her arms around that humble form, clasps it to her bosom, exclaiming breathlessly: "Nelly!—dear, faithful Nelly!"

The true-hearted little woman is totally overcome by the joyful meeting—she weeps and vainly endeavors to render herself intelligible. Don Ramon, pompous and haughty as he sometimes is, has his heart in the right place; he fetches a chair for the faithful creature while Manuela quickly unties her bonnet and gives her own embroidered handkerchief to wipe away the streaming tears of the faithful friend of Agnes. Pale and agitated with contending emotions Frank Wylie has fallen into a seat, and is covering his face with his hands. Don Ramon finds it necessary to act as interpreter, for Nelly cannot convey her meaning in Spanish. Frank listens intently, with his hand to his heart, and quickened pulses

Manuela's first thought was that Agnes, with her family had arrived at the North.

"Where was the Senora and family?" was therefore Don Ramon's first question.

Answering to the point, Nelly replied, "In Puerto Sereno."

"On a visit there, of course?" "No, a living there, shure," and Nelly's tongue once loosed, she proceeded to tell of the strange vicissitudes that had befallen the family; of Mr. Golding's unaccountable absence and total failure; of Mrs. Greyson's attack of paralysis; of the Riveros' purchase of *Castiglio del mar*; of the terrible night at sea; of all, everything, excepting of herself, the little woman spoke.

The bewildered Manuela listened aghast to her husband's interpretation. "*Castiglio del mar* sold to the Riveros! that beautiful spot no longer the home of Agnes! her husband ruined, and herself deserted! Oh! Ramon, for the blessed Virgin's sake! hasten to tell me how Agnes is situated, why she is not with her daughter, what are her circumstances?" Don Ramon turned pale, when Nelly told him that Mrs. Golding was earning a livelihood by teaching music in Puerto Sereno. Frank Wylie started wildly up. Manuela's indignant sorrow knew no bounds.

"*Virgin Sanctissima!*" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and pacing up and down, excitedly. "My Agnes! my best friend! my sister! she a music teacher, in sorrow and loneliness, and I away! Why did she not write to me? Oh, she may have written, and I not know it! My friend, my Agnes! Oh, Ramon! bid Nelly tell you why is she not with Eva at the *Castiglio*?"

"But Nelly said that Eva had left the *Castiglio* with her stepmother, and now was aiding her in her efforts to obtain a livelihood."

"Holy Mother of Heaven! I am bewildered; what does she say, Ramon? Is not Eva married to Don Felix Rivero?"

"Divil a bit," answered Nelly; "the snake-eyed

hathrun, as he is! when he pushes as how Miss Eva's

fortin' wasn't to cum to him, mused, but he laved

her, and wouldn't marry her at all, at all; jist plase

tell the leddy that."

More pale and bewildered than Manuela herself,

Frank Wylie started from his seat and approached

Nelly, who on beholding his uncovered face exclaimed,

"An' it's the blessed Saints as is goin' to Nelly

O'Flanighan! An' this is misher Frank Wylie,

shure! God bless you, sur! how are ye? and, mu-

sha, but it's me two eyes as is glad to see ye! An'

here be a scrap of a letter the old misthress guv

me, four months sence, be bad!" and she pulled the

letter from her bosom and handed it to him. Hold-

ing her hand, and gazing intently into her face, with

a voice that trembled, despite of all his efforts,

Frank entreated her to tell him, whether he had

heard aright, that Eva Golding was with her step-

mother, and that she was not married to Don Felix.

Nelly repeated her words. Gently leading her to

another part of the room, he questioned her over and

over, as regarded the proceedings at *Castiglio del*

mar, the rupture of Eva's engagement, and the de-

parture of the family from their splendid mansion,

into obscurity and toil. As the faithful woman re-

lated the sufferings of Agnes, her reconciliation with

her step-daughter; Eva's great sorrow and noble

fortitude; Mrs. Greyson's late but sincere repen-

tance; their changed life and clouded prospects,—as

she related all this, in her own quaint unassuming

manner, the big tears of feeling rolling down her

cheeks,—the heart of Frank, glowing with renewed

hope and tenderness melted before the proofs of the

unhappy woman's devotion to the family she loved.

As she wept, recounting their hardships, the young

man drew her closely to him, and thanked her for

her attachment to them. Overcome by his goodness,

she would have fallen at his feet, but he placed his

arms around her; the humble serving-woman wept

upon the bosom of the young poet!

With the tender reverence he would have evinced

towards mother or sister, he sustained her trem-

bling form, and bade her confide in him and hope for

better days! When she was somewhat composed he

led her to Manuela, who was weeping bitterly upon

the sofa, and in a voice often broken by emotion, he

related to them how Nelly had been in the country

for four long months; how she had failed in finding

them in New York, and not knowing whither to

look for them, she had come to Philadelphia, being

informed at the Hotel that they intended making

some stay in that city, after their return from

traveling. She determined to wait, and renting a

cheap lodging, she took in sewing to enable her to

meet her expenses. She had written several times,

but feared her letters had never reached them.

Once only she had heard from them from an old

Captain trading to Puerto Sereno. Mrs. Golding and

Eva were well, the old lady very feeble. He related

how Nelly had hurriedly confessed to him that her

resources were nearly exhausted; she had been vainly

endeavoring to hoard the small sum necessary for

her passage back, which she had brought with her.

has so many questions to trouble you with. 'Pray consider yourself one of our family, you deserve to be so entitled. Friend Francisco, will you ring the bell?' 'I will order supper in here for all of us.'

Manuela still agitated and in tears, bewailed the altered fortunes of her friend. "Oh!" she cried, she is telling me, while I am proud and happy! Oh! Agnes, shall I not soon embrace you, my suffering angel? I detest myself for my long negligence! I detest these glittering diamonds that remind me of her fate!" and the impetuous but true-hearted woman, threw off her costly bracelets and the gleaming gems from neck and fingers.

Frank Wylie, with much difficulty deciphered Mrs. Greyson's letter; his hot tears splashed the paper, as he read her sorrowing repentant acknowledgments of the wrong she had done him, and her entreaties for his forgiveness.

Manuela ordered a room for Nelly, and despite of her resistance she was obliged to take her seat at table beside them. They conversed till late into the night; Don Ramon, good humoredly striking Frank on the shoulder exclaimed: "You will go with us now, will you not, Francisco?" and filling their glasses he proposed, "The health of Agnes and of Eva, the old lady's too—and here's to a speedy voyage home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.
THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.
That field is veiled from mortal sight,
The only seen by one
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.
One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.
His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.
Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there with an unequalled force
These warriors firmly stand!
Their leader is of God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple cross is seen.
His captains, Faith and Hope and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it all receive
Strength from a source divine.
They feel it speak a glorious truth,
A truth as great as ours,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.
That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.
And when they win that battlefield,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot.
A spot where fountains of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

At the moment Joseph opened the door, and announced that the carriage was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. "It is not yet too late," said they; "give up your journey—stay with us."

"Mother, I am now a man—I am twenty. I must not waste my life in obscurity; I must make my way either in the army or the court."

"But what is to become of me, Bernard, when you are gone?"

"You will be happy in the success of your son, and proud of him."

"And if you should be killed in battle?"

"What matter? What is life? Who thinks about it at twenty, when fame is to be won? I will come back to you, mother, in a few years, Colonel or Field-Marshal, or with some fine situation at Versailles."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, then, I shall be treated with respect and consideration, and every hat off as I pass along."

"And what then?"

"Why, then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta, get good husbands for my sisters, and we will all live with you in our fair domain of Brittany, as tranquil and happy as the days are long."

"And what prevents your beginning from this very moment? Has not your father bequeathed to you one of the finest properties in the country? Is there within ten miles of us a richer domain, a more lovely residence, than that of Roche-Bernard? Are you not respected, honored by your vassals? Have you any lack of salutations as you pass through the village? Be contented, my son; stay among your friends, with your sisters, with your aged mother, whom, it may be, you would not find here on your return. Waste not in vain glory, or shorten by care and disquiet of every kind, those days which even now pass swiftly on. Life is sweet, my son, and sunny are the skies of Brittany."

"As she spoke, she drew me to the window, and pointed to the broad glades of the park; to the old chestnut trees now in full foliage; the lilacs; the honey-suckles embowering the air and glistening in the sun. In the ante-room were waiting some of my dependents, whose sorrowful silence seemed also to say, 'Do not go, master, do not go.' Hortense, my elder sister, embraced me in an agony of tears, and my little sister, Amelia, clung to me with convulsive sobs. I tore myself from them: 'I am twenty—I must seek fame, glory—I must go!' and I darted into the hall. A female form stood on the staircase; it was Henrietta. She spoke not a word, shed not a tear, but she was as pale as death, and trembled till she could scarcely stand, while with her handkerchief she wiped a last adieu, and then fell back senseless. I ran to her, I raised her, pressed her to my bosom, swore to her eternal love; but as soon as I was assured she had revived, I left her to the care of my mother and sister, and ran to the carriage, without venturing a second look. One glance more at Henrietta, and I could not have gone. A few moments, and the carriage was rapidly pursuing its way along the high road.

For a long time I thought only of Henrietta, of

my sisters, of my mother, and of all the happiness I was leaving behind me; but as the turrets of Roche-Bernard were lost to my sight, these ideas began gradually to fade away before the brilliant visions of glory and ambition that now presented themselves to my mind. How many plans did I form!—how many castles in the air did I build!—how many exploits did I perform in that one day's journey! Riches, honors, dignities, success of every kind—nothing was too high for me; I deserved everything, and I granted myself everything; and gradually rising in rank as I proceeded on my way, by the time I arrived at the inn where I was to stop that night, I was Duke, and Peer, Governor of the Province, and Marshal of France. The voice of my servant, addressing me by the more humble title of 'sir,' roused me from my dream, and compelled me to abdicate my newly-acquired dignities.

The next day, and many following days, the same dreams, the same intoxication. I was going to Sedan, to the Duke de C—, an old friend of my father, and a patron of the family. He was to take me with him to Paris, about the end of the month, to introduce me at Versailles, and by his interest, obtain for me a company of dragoons. It was dark when I arrived at Sedan, and knowing that at that hour I could not intrude upon my patron, I deferred my visit till the next day, and took up my abode in the smallest hotel of the town, but that which was the usual resort of the military; for Sedan is a garrison town—a fortified place; the streets have a warlike aspect, and the very citizens a martial air, that seems intended to give strangers to understand, 'We are the countrymen of the great Turenne.'

I supped at the table-d'hôte, and in the course of conversation, inquired the distance of the residence of the Duke de C— from the town. "Three leagues," was the answer, "and any one will show you the way; it is well known in the country. It was there the great General, the illustrious Fabert drew his last breath." And then the conversation turned upon Marshal Fabert. This was quite natural among a set of young officers. His battles, his achievements, were discussed, and honorable mention was made of the modesty which induced him to decline the patent of nobility and the collars of the several orders offered him by Louis XIV. But more especially did they dwell upon the marvellous good fortune which had raised him from the private soldier to the rank of Marshal of France. Being at that time the only instance of such a wondrous elevation, popular report attributed it to supernatural agency. It was whispered, even during the lifetime of Fabert, that from his childhood he had dealt in magic, and had made a compact with the demon. And our landlord, who possessed no small share of Breton credulity, attested, in the gravest and most solemn way, that at the chateau of the Duke de C—, where Fabert had died, a black man, whom no one knew, had been seen to enter the room of the dying man, and then disappear, carrying with him the soul of the Marshal, which he had formerly bought; nay, more, that in the month of May, the very time of Fabert's death, the afore-said black man appeared every night bearing a light. The time passed in laughing over this story till we separated for the night.

Early the next day I repaired to the abode of the Duke de C—, a large Gothic manor-house, that at any other time I should not have particularly remarked, but which I now looked at with a peculiar interest, as I remembered our landlord's story of the preceding evening.

The servant, in answer to my inquiry for the Duke, said he would go and see if his lordship was at home, and left me in a kind of armory filled with crosses, hunting implements, and family portraits. I waited some time; no one came. I grew somewhat impatient, and asked myself, 'Was my career of glory to begin by dancing attendance in an ante-chamber?' I had already reckoned three times over the family portraits, and every joint in the ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscoting. It was a door which the wind had half-opened, and which now gave to my view a very handsome boudoir, with two large windows and a glass door looking out upon a noble park. I was advancing into the apartment, when my steps were suddenly arrested by an object hitherto unperceived. It was a man lying on a couch, with his back to the door by which I had entered. He suddenly started up, and without perceiving me, ran towards the window. Tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and dark despair seemed stamped on every feature. He remained motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then with hasty strides began to traverse the apartment, till he came close to me. He started as he perceived me; and shocked and confused at my intrusion, I stammered out a few words of apology.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" cried he in a loud tone, and setting me by the arm.

"I am the Chevalier Bernard, of Roche-Bernard, and I am just arrived from Brittany."

"I know, I know," said he, throwing himself into my arms; then making me sit down beside him, spoke to me so warmly of my father, and my whole family, with whom he appeared to be so intimately acquainted, that I had no doubt I was speaking to the master of the house.

"You are Monsieur de C—, I presume?" said I.

He arose, and with a look of great agitation and excitement, he said, "I was once—I am no longer—I am no longer." Then, seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, "Not another word, young man; I must not be questioned."

"I have been the involuntary witness, my lord, of your emotion, your sorrow; and if attachment, if friendship could be any solace to you, gladly would I offer it."

"Yes, yes, you are right; not that you can in any way avert my fate, but at least you can be the depository of my last wishes; it is the only service I can ask at your hands."

He carefully closed the door, then returned, I waited beside me. Almost trembling with emotion, I waited for him to speak. When words came, they were grave and solemn. His countenance had an expression which I had never before seen in any human face. He was pale, ghastly pale, while his black eyes glared upon me at times with an unearthly fire, and his lips contracted into a bitter, I had almost said an infernal smile.

"What I am about to tell you," said he, "will be wilder, amaze you. You will doubt; you will disbelieve. Little marvel that you should, when there are moments when I, too, doubt. Oh how gladly would I always doubt! But the proofs are too strong, the facts too stubborn; and is there not in every thing that surrounds us, in our very organization, many other mysteries which we are bound to acknowledge, even though, to our darkened minds, they are inexplicable?"

He stopped a moment, as if to collect his thoughts;

then passing his hand over his forehead, went on, "I was born in this chateau. I had two brothers, both elder than I, to whom would devolve the family estate, the family honors. I had nothing to expect but the gown and band of an Abbe; and yet thoughts of glory, of renown, of ambition, fired my brain, and swelled my throbbing heart. Unhappy in my obscurity, panting for celebrity, I thought only of the means of acquiring it, and this one idea engrossed me, to the exclusion of every pleasure, every other object in life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and that future presented itself to me under the darkest of colors. I was nearly thirty, and was yet nobody. At that time many were the brilliant literary reputations attained in the capital, and reaching us even in the provinces. How often did I say to myself, 'If I could but make a name in the republic of letters, it would still be fame, and in it only is happiness.' As the confidence of my career, of my aspirations, I had an old negro servant, who had been in the chateau long before my birth; he certainly was the oldest peon in the house, for no one could remember his living come into it. The people of the country who far as to say he had known Marshal Fabert, and attended him on his death-bed."

At this instant he paused on itself my involuntary gesture of surprise, and asked what was the matter. "Nothing," I suddenly said, I replied; but I could not help thinking of the old man of our landlord's tale.

My de C— continued: "One day I was abandoning myself, in the presence of Yago—such was the negro's name—to paroxysms of despair, to lamentations over the inglorious obscurity in which I was condemned to waste existence, and at length exclaimed, 'I would cheerfully forego years of my life to be placed in the first rank, celebrity as an author.' 'Ten years,' said Yago; 'that is a great deal, and a dear purchase for a trifle of so little value. No matter; I accept it ten years.' 'I take them. You must remember your promise; I will keep mine.' I need not tell you, surprise at his words; but taking for granted age had disordered his faculties, I only shrud my shoulders, and thought no more of his folly. A few days after, I left the chateau, for Paris. To I obtained admission into literary society; and by example, and encouraged by my first successes, I gave to the world several works, which soaped me on the pinnacle of fame. The journalists lauded me till all Paris re-echoed with my name; it was but yesterday, young man, that you put to it the tribute of your admiration."

Another gesture of surprise my part interrupted this strange recital.

"You are not, then, the Duke de C—?" I exclaimed.

"I am not," answered he, "I am not."

"It must be," said I to myself, "some celebrated author. Can he be Marmont d'Almeida, or Voltaire?"

The stranger sighed; a sort of mingled disdain and regret just played upon his lips, and he resumed his recital.

"The literary reputation, so coveted soon became insufficient for so ardent a disposition as mine. I aspired to noble triumphs; I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, was my constant attendant, 'There is no reality, no true fame, to be acquired, save in the eyes of arms. What, after all, is the man of letters? poet? A mere nothing. Give me the great aim, the great general; what is the destiny I covet for a high military renown, I would be glad to part with ten of the years that yet remain.' 'I accept them,' answered Yago. 'I taken; they belong to me. Do not forget that they mine.'"

The unknown assented, seeing the uneasy surprise, the hesitations, which my every feature expressed.

"Did I not say I had been so, young man? You cannot believe me seems to you a dream, a wild illusion. So it do me; and yet the rank, the honors I obtained; no illusion. The soldiers I have led on to the citadels I have stormed, the victories with France has resounded, all this was my worth; this glory was mine."

While he spoke apartment with hasty step, and spoke with vehemence, a passionate excitement, that shook his whole frame, I stood petrified with amazement. "Who, then, was this man? Coligny, Richelieu?—Marshal Saxe?"

Deep depression succeeded the excitement; and the unknown approaching me, said gloomily, "Yago had truly—he kept his promise; and when, later, I turned in disgust from that vain shadow, my glory—tired of grasping at smoke, at a vapour asked of him to give me the only thing real positive in the world—when I offered to barter wealth, for gold, five or six years of my life, he at to my wish. Yes, young man, yes; I have secured second surpass all my desires: lands, castles; this very morning all these were mine; if you doubt me, if you doubt Yago, only wait; you will soon be here, and you shall see for yourself your own eyes, that what is so bewildering to me is: unhappily but too sad a reality."

The unknown to the mantelpiece, and looking at the clock, he started back in terror; and said in a falter, "This morning, at break of day, I felt so exhausted, so weak, that I could scarcely get to bed. I rang for my valet; Yago answered me. 'What can be the matter with me?' I said, 'nothing, but what is quite natural. It is come, the moment is at hand.' 'What ho! Can you guess? Heaven has destined me sixty years of life; you were thirty when began to obey you.' 'Yago, you do but jest; I am in terror. I just met, master, in fact, you had expended in fame twenty-five years of age. You gave them to me; they belong to me; that portion of your life which you barter is now to be added to mine.' 'What! the price of your services?' 'Others have paid for them; you may be satisfied.' 'Silence!' 'Be it so. But prepare; you have but four hours to live.' 'You are deceiving me—mocking!' 'Not at all. You need only calculate your thirty-five years that you have actually lived; your twenty-five years that you have bartered; your number; every one has his own; I was about to leave me. I felt my strengthening, my life escaping from me.' 'Yago, I cried in agony, 'give me but four hours—five hours.' 'No, no,' answered he; 'it will take them from myself, and I know better to do the value of life. I would not give it of for all that tempted you. Gold would tempt them.' 'Give me four hours, and I will

reign to you the wealth for which I have sacrificed so much. Only four hours, and I renounce my gold, my riches, my broad lands.' 'Well, you have been a good master, and I care not if I do something to please you.' 'I consent.' 'I felt my strength returning, and I cried, 'Four hours! but four hours! After all, what are they? Yago, Yago! give me but four more, and I renounce my literary fame—those works which placed me on so high a pinnacle of glory.' 'Four hours for a puff of smoke!' said the negro, contemptuously. 'It is too much to give you; but no matter, I will not refuse your last request.' 'Not the last! Oh, no, not the last, good Yago!' cried I, clasping my hands imploringly. 'I conjure thee, give me till night—twelve hours—the whole day, and let me achieve my victories, my military renown, pass forever into oblivion—be forever obliterated from the memory of man! This one day, Yago, this one whole day, and I shall deem myself too happy!' 'You abuse my compassion,' said he, 'and I am making a fool's bargain. No matter, I will give you till sunset. Then you must ask no more. To-night I come for thee.'"

"And he left me," pursued the unknown, in a tone of agonized despair; "and this is the last day of my life!" Then approaching the glass door, which opened on the park, he exclaimed, "No more shall I behold that beautiful sky, the murmuring rivulet—no more breathe the balmy air of spring! Fool that I was! For twenty years longer I might have enjoyed those common blessings that God gives to all, those blessings to which I was insensible, and which now, when too late, I estimate at their full value. Look there, look there!" and he pointed to a group of peasants who were crossing the park, and singing on their way to their work. "What would I not give now to share their toils and their poverty! What would I not give, that the motive which impelled me to action had been the desire to be useful to others, not to gain vain glory for myself! But I have now nothing more to give, nothing more to expect here below: nothing—not even misfortune!"

At this instant a sunbeam, a ray from the bright May sun fell upon his wild and laggard countenance. He seized my arm in a kind of delirium, and said, "Do you see your bright sun? And I must leave it all! Then let me enjoy it at least for a while; let me taste the full beauty of this cool, calm day, which for me has no to-morrow!" Then darting from the room into the park, he rushed down one of the avenues, and disappeared from my view before I had time to detain him, which, to say the truth, I should not have had the power to do. I had fallen upon the couch bewildered, overwhelmed, by what I had just seen and heard. I now arose; I shook myself; I walked about the room, to convince myself that I was awake, and not under the influence of a dream. At that moment the door of the boudoir was thrown open, and a servant announced the Duke de C—.

A man about sixty, with a striking expression of countenance, advanced towards me with extended hands, and apologized for having kept me waiting so long. "I was not at home," he said. "I have but just returned from the next town, where I went to consult a physician about the state of my youngest brother, the Count de C—."

"I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him, that you have no fears for his life."

"Thank heaven his life is not in danger," answered the Duke; "but in early youth ambitious hopes, aspirations after fame, after the bubble reputation, excited him to a degree that amounted to a disease; and lately a severe fit of illness, which had nearly proved fatal, has left a kind of delirium and alienation of mind, the effect of which is to persuade him that he has but one day to live. This is his mania."

Here was a full explanation.

"And now," continued the Duke, "we must think of your affair, and see what can be done to promote your object. We will go to the end of this month to Versailles; I will present you."

"I am not the less grateful for your kindness, my lord, though I am under the necessity of declining to avail myself of it."

"What! have you given up the court, and all the advantages awaiting you there?"

"Yes, my lord."

"But bear in mind that, with the interest I can command, you would make rapid way; and with a little assiduity and a little patience, you might, in about ten years!"

"Ten years!" cried I.

"Well," he resumed, in some surprise, "is not this a cheap purchase for fortune, honors, fame? Come, come, my dear young friend, we will start for Versailles."

"Pardon me, my lord, I will start for Brittany; and I beg again to offer you warm thanks for myself and family."

"This is absolute folly!" exclaimed the Duke.

But, for my part, I recollected what I had just seen and heard, and I said to myself, "It is true wisdom."

The next day saw me on my way home. With what delight did I see once more my fair domain of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of the park, the sunny acres of Brittany. I greeted once more my vassals, my sisters, my mother; and once again did I find happiness, never more to part with it, for the next week I was married to Henrietta.

A MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns in Germany, the celebrated pianist Listz arrived at Prague in October, 1816.

The day after he came his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man—whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not perhaps have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live in Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—peniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purses in common, and if fortune neglects some, in order to

assist others better than they deserve, it only makes

it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Listz opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! why there's scarcely anything!"

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Listz, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me; I have credit, and I can make money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria; his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Listz would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city to dispose of the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty, and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Listz hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me, immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question; for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," said the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Listz."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician."

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You must be a magician."

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Listz had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to musicians.

As he sounded the first chord, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melancholy continued she remained speechless and immovable; then as the last note died away, she cried with irresistible enthusiasm, "Bravo, Listz! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she, "but I know that none living save Listz, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Listz withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter who appeared, no less touched at the generosity of Listz than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most of the distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Listz continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Listz:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter, please you, you please my daughter. Her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Listz.

The most amiable and benevolent use that we can make of our past follies, vices and miscarriages, is, by the experience thus acquired, to warn others against them.

God sometimes calls us to stand still when we are most anxious to proceed; this is mortifying, but we generally find it is to see His salvation.

The relations of the Soul to the Divine Spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps.

Nelly, that Agnes could not forbear questioning her. Nelly gave incoherent and unsatisfactory replies; completely bewildered herself by attempted apologies and explanations; and finally bursting into tears, sat down upon the floor, wringing her plump little hands, exclaiming amid sobs and great embarrassment: "don't ask me many questions; I can't be grateful, mistress, though I look so! It's a broken heart, I am—behold, I am! for Javin' ye—an' a goin' on the big, wide sea, me is so afraid of—liver since that same awful night we comed here! Ooh, mistress, of me sowl! don't distress yersef, nor be a fashin' me, it's half crazy I am wid trouble, any how! Oh! honey, don't be after forgittin' yer poor, faithful Nelly—and ye won't forgit to pray for me, will ye, darlin'?" An' ye'll give me the dejection of the Senora Manuela in New York, so I can see yer friend, an', maybe, ye'd be after givin' me a scrap of a letter, or a paper, shure!"

Agnes was bewildered with contending emotions. Nelly, the faithful, long-serving Nelly, to leave her thus suddenly, for a strange country, and with strangers! The matter was incomprehensible; the little woman must have some hidden motive; she could not leave her for mercenary motives. But Nelly could not, or would not explain.

Eva, on being informed of her intention, smiled a bitter, incredulous smile, and said, "that was another proof of the world's sincerity and faithfulness." But when the little woman hung around her with tears and blessings, her heart gave way, and her tears mingled with those of the hitherto so faithful friend.

Mrs. Greyson alone remained impassive; she coolly remarked, that it was natural for Nelly to seek to better her condition; she did not blame her; besides, who knew what the future might bring. Zaire could wait upon her, when Agnes did not want her, and Eva would attend to her at other times. But Odulia was indignant; "to desert the family that she had served so long! Such ingratitude she had not thought Nelly capable of! She would never speak to her again!" Poor Nelly replied with tears, with a fervent upward glance.

Many tears were shed on all sides, the day of Nelly's departure, but true to her promise, the indignant Odulia coldly turned away from her proffered hand; Zaire and Santiago, duly instructed by their mother, cast indignant glances upon her. But the soft kiss of Agnes upon her cheek, the weeping little woman passed the threshold and followed the negro who was carrying her trunk to the vessel. In her bosom she carried a letter from the "young mistress" to her friend Manuela Gonzalez.

Looking under Nelly's bed that night, Agnes found a basket which had belonged to her in *Castiglio del mar*; her mother-in-law said: "Nelly left that basket of yours, and told me not to tell you where it was, until she had left. There is something inside for you, she said; see what it is, Agnes."

An exclamation of surprise burst from Agnes' lips; the basket contained a purse with gold pieces, and a letter addressed to herself. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MISTRESS:—I can't rite, and I gets somebody to rite a line fur me. I be a leavin' you fur yer own good; don't fret about me. I'll cum back to ye's all, if the sainte wull lit me. I have takin' part of my saviors, the rist I laves with you for yer own use and that of the family. Do, mistress, honey, akcept it from yur own faithful

NELLY O'FLANNIGAN.

N. B.—Black Petro, what spakes and rites english, rote this for me." Nelly's fidelity; Mrs. Greyson made no comments, but Eva, being called in, and reading the farewell of Nelly, was deeply moved, and confessed that she had unjustly condemned her. The hard-earned gold so generously left in her care, Agnes carefully put away as a sacred trust, confided to her charge by an absent friend.

A week after Nelly's departure, a letter came from Manuela Gonzalez, that had been directed to *Castiglio del mar*, and there long delayed. Her health was fast improving; she was regaining strength and good spirits; her husband was well, so was her dear little Ramon. They intended to remain during the Summer, and return home in the Autumn. She often dreamt of her departed child; little Angela spoke to her, and said she was happy amid the angels.

The letter was filled with expressions of the warmest friendship; with sweet, confidential outpourings, with friendly queries and sympathizing reflections. Was Eva married, and were they all happy at *Castiglio del mar*? Agnes sighed as she thought of the changes that had befallen her since last they met.

She wrote in reply a long, long letter, passing over her altered circumstances, and the treachery of the Riveros, with a hopeful spirit, and no superfluous comment. She wrote cheerfully; not a complained word fell from her pen; it grew sorrowful only when she spoke of her helpless, stricken mother-in-law.

They had sent the large Newfoundland dog Fido to Don Eduardo de Silva, but the animal returned after a few days' sojourn with his master's father. One day Don Eduardo called on the Goldings. He entreated the ladies to repeat to him the conversation they held with his son. "You were the last on earth that he conversed with," he said, "so Captain Rodriguez told me; kind Senoras! grant a bereaved father the consolation of hearing, almost, perhaps, the very last words of his only son." Agnes and Eva, often interrupted by their own emotions, repeated the words, and related the gentle confidences of the departed. The poor father wept bitterly; pressing both their hands at parting, he entreated them to keep the dog, as he seemed so attached to the young Senorita. This gentleman proved a true and steadfast friend; he procured Agnes some wealthy pupils, and would have offered to all a far more sumptuous home, and rich gifts in money, but mother and daughter proudly, yet most gratefully, declined the acceptance of favors, determined to live by their exertions, from the proceeds of their own toil. But he often sent his slaves with presents of fruit and delicacies for the sick old lady, and such gifts always met with grateful and prompt acceptance. Fido became the constant companion and petted friend of Eva.

One day a heavy letter was brought to Agnes, "just as she was preparing to go out; she trembled, and tears quivered on her eyelids as she recognized the handwriting; it was from her husband! Written in a conciliatory and half-remorseful spirit, he announced his intended departure for Europe in a few weeks, there to retrieve his fallen fortune, and strive for a better future. He would not return

until fortune smiled upon him. He hoped Eva was married, and all her expectations realized; that his mother was comfortable, and all living happily in *Castiglio del mar*; she doubted not that Don Felix, although by this time the rightful owner of the house, would yet render it an asylum for his wife and mother, as he had vowed to do. He was sorry for the harsh treatment he had subjected her to; he began to feel his injustice; solitude and reflection were doing much for him, for he was much alone. He entreated her forgiveness; and, if they ever met again, he would endeavor to make her forget the past. He hoped she was not suffering from any need; he had written frankly to Don Felix, who would surely render all proper honor and respect to his wife and aged mother. Thus far the letter; and it enclosed a note for Eva; another for her grandmother; but it contained, besides, several sheets of paper, closely written upon, in which he confessed to the heart of Agnes, much of his past life. As she read, her cheeks paled and flushed alternately; wonder, dread, surprise, indignation, finally a triumphant joy lights up her soft, brown eyes. She trembles with emotion, with intense gratitude! The papers fall from her hand, as she raises her love-lit eyes towards Heaven. She kneels and prays, long and fervently. A great discovery is here, a discovery that will bring joy to her stricken mother-in-law, and fill Eva's breast with rapture.

"But if —" Again a pensive shadow nestles on her face; she casts her eyes to Heaven, and cries, "Thy will be done!" and hastens to deliver the son's letter to his mother, to give Eva her father's missive, the first lines from his hand she has ever received.

Mrs. Greyson wept for joy; she knew that her Maurice was living, was well, even if she never again beheld him!

Eva, with a newly awakened feeling of tenderness, kissed the letter and pressed it to her heart. Agnes could not communicate her discovery to the enfeebled old lady in her present state; the physician had cautioned her against all undue excitement, as it might bring on a second attack of paralysis. Towards Eva, too, she would be silent, until she had obtained certainty; but her countenance was luminous with a deep, inward joy; it sparkled in her eyes; glowed upon her cheeks, and irradiated her winning smile. Eva could not refrain from exclaiming:—"Dear Agnes! how beautiful you look!"

When her mother-in-law and daughter slept, she stole into the front room, and by the light of a dimly burning lamp, wrote a long letter, which she took herself on board of a vessel, bound for England the next day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Forgot thee?" If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day.
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay—
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power—
If wing'd thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an hour—
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou callest "forgetting," thou indeed shouldst be forgot!
AKON.

The skies of November that beam intensely blue and brilliant over the unchanging tropical landscape in this land of the varying seasons, glows with a subdued and mellow radiance; there is a paling of the sunshine's fervid ray, a softening of the sunset's gorgeous coloring; changing hues upon the trees, and a delicious, melancholy charm broods over the forest's depths. A contemplative spirit is abroad, that dips its variegated wings in the singing stream, so sweetly murmuring the lingering summer's spirit's voice is heard, showing music from the leafy boughs, fluttering amid the waving, drooping foliage, rustling from among the fallen leaves. The gorgeous beauty and vivid coloring of the autumnal landscape has inspired many a glowing song, fresh from the poet's heart, or minstrel's soul; and in the deep woods, beside the singing waters, beneath the mellow skies, Nature's votaries have bent the knee and lifted the heart, "in boundless worship and Nature's holy God! Beside her fading altars, stricken hearts have renewed their allegiance; tear-dimmed eyes have brightened with purest rapture; long since departed angels have returned to the yearning bosoms' invocation, crowned with the hawthorn and the rose!

In the parlor of a fashionable hotel, in the city of Philadelphia, sits our friend Manuela Gonzalez beside her husband. She looks well and happy; her eyes have feasted on the rural beauties of the country; the Northern breezes have bestowed a rich rose-glow upon her clear, olive cheek; her dark eyes sparkle with life and vivacity, the winning smile nestles upon her red lips, and the bird-like warble of her voice rings forth, clear and melodious as of yore. Reinvigorated with health, and buoyant with recovered spirits, she is sitting on a lounge near the window, a dress of black satin fitting closely to her fine form, diamonds gleaming upon her neck and arms, long pendants of the same within her ears; her small, dark, but beautiful hands covered with kid mittens, and rich rings sparkling on her fingers; a crape shawl, of a deep crimson color, is lightly cast around her shoulders, for the tender Creole is very sensitive to the chillness of the atmosphere.

"Dear Ramon," she says, affectionately placing her hand on his shoulder, "do you not begin to feel anxious to be at home again? We have been away so long! True, we have seen nearly all that is to be seen; but I feel to-day as if my beloved country were calling me with myriad voices! I can hear the beatings of the sea on the beautiful sand beach at La Toma, and the sighings of the palm and cocon, as they bend to the whispering waves. I dreamt of our dear home last night, of my beloved parents, from whom we have heard but once since our long stay in this country. Oh, let us go home soon, Ramon! Something is calling me!"

"You dear, fanciful soul!" said her husband, "I cannot chide you for your dreams, they are always so beautiful. But set your throbbing, unquiet little heart at rest; we will leave for home by the first opportunity; from this port, if you wish it, and we can find a vessel. But first we must see the wonders of Philadelphia, as we have seen the beauties and celebrated sights of history and invention elsewhere."

"Well, dearest; but let us begin to-day, and then we shall be ready when an opportunity offers to convey us home."

Don Ramon smiled at his wife's earnestness, and promised acquiescence.

"You will acknowledge, dear Manuela," he said, affectionately taking her hand, "that this trip has been of incalculable benefit to you. Look at your rosy cheeks! your bright, lustrous eyes! Be grateful to these refreshing Northern breezes, that have so restored my Manuela to the bright, blooming

beauty she is so famed for. Now you are again the loveliest woman in all La Toma, as you were the flower of Valencia."

"In your partial eyes, you incorrigible flatterer!" replied Manuela, smiling; "but I do long to be at home again. This life is pleasant, exciting; but I prefer the secluded charm, the poetical tranquility of my own home, the aspect of my own dear native land!"

"What a good patriot! what an unspoiled child of nature you are, Manuela!" laughed Don Ramon. "So you really prefer our humdrum tropical life, to the bustle and gaiety of fashionable American watering places; to the festivities of great New York city, and the demure, aristocratic propriety of this Quaker city? But I know," he added gaily, "you are fleeing from the coming winds and chilling days of winter. You fear they would chase the roses from your cheeks. You have heard so much of the unbecoming effect of cold, in pinching cheeks and noses blue, that you meditate an escape from such evils; is it not so, Manuela?"

"No," she replied; "you have guessed wrong this time, Senor. But I am weary of traveling and sight-seeing; weary of being among strangers. I long for the freedom, the frankness, the hospitality of my country; the people here are so reserved, so proud, so inaccessible!"

"But the glorious institutions of this country! its freedom, its blessed privileges and civilization. It's energetic spirit!"

"For the blessed Virgin's sake stop, love!" interrupted Manuela. "What care I for all that? Settle all that between you politicians and philosophers. I love peace, comfort, and happy faces 'round me—and that I enjoy in La Palma Solo to my heart's content."

"And not here?" queried her husband.

"No, love, decidedly not—no, by Saint Anna, my patroness! I am in mortal fear, whizzing along in those racing steam-cars and puffing steamboats; the cries and noises in the streets distract me! Then all the vaunted comfort of hotel life sinks into insignificance beside the comforts of my home, where I can be myself; laugh, jump, sing, and caper about, without being told that it is unbecoming my station in society, and my place as a married woman! Call this liberty, Ramon? I have not known a moment's liberty since I left La Toma!"

Don Ramon laughed heartily. "And who made so bold as to censure my lily flower, for being free and merry?" he inquired.

"Oh! it was that stiffest old Mrs. Marston, that flouted so many airs and French phrases at Saratoga; always compelling her daughters to sit in unnatural positions and to say unnatural things. Besides, Ramon, dearest, my heart aches for the misery I see around me. I cannot alleviate all; and the pale faces and bent forms of the suffering poor, haunt me continually. Oh, my husband! the lowliest negro on our plantation fares better, enjoys more physical comfort than many a laboring white man here—than many a toiling needle-woman! I shall do what charities I can before I leave, but how alleviate so many hopeless thousands? In our own sun-blasted land such a thing as starvation, cold, hunger, is unknown; the very beasts are happy in the glorious climate; Nature yields abundantly for all!"

Tears glistened in her benevolent eyes; her husband regarded her with respectful admiration.

"I long, too," continued Manuela, and a pensive shadow settled on her face, "to behold once again my little Angela's grave. I wish to see the willow tree I ordered to have planted there. I know my angel is not there, in the dark, cold ground; but yet I wish to honor her earthly resting place. I dream often of our child, dear Ramon! and always I behold her happy, smiling, crowned with flowers, and she tells me she is so happy among the blessed angels!"

Manuela's head drooped on her husband's shoulder.

"Dear, dear wife!" he murmured, lovingly kissing the tear-filled eyes.

"My poor, dear Agnes!" sighed Manuela, "her silence is unaccountable; she cannot have forgotten me. But I fear she is in sorrow—in trouble! I know she is unhappy! I saw it in her manner—she half confessed herself. Oh! Ramon! Agnes, my best friend, may be sick and suffering, while we have been traveling for pleasure! For her sake I wish to return speedily. What may not have happened in so many months!"

"Do not accuse yourself, beloved! We have written often; our letters may not have reached her; she may have written to us, and on account of our fittings from place to place, her letters may have remained by the way. Cheer up, Manuela! we shall soon be home again, and you will see your friend!"

"Come in!" said Manuela, as a light knock at the door was heard. A young man entered, whose husband and wife cordially and familiarly greeted; he led the little Ramon by the hand. It was our old friend, Frank Wylie; the same open countenance and candid brow, the same deep blue eyes, with the veiled expression of unfathomable tenderness and melancholy, the same sadly expressive mouth and varying cheek, that had inspired Agnes Golding with confidence; the same amiable traits of character had admitted him to the friendship of Don Ramon and Manuela. They had met in New York, having previously been slightly acquainted in La Toma. Fortune had smiled upon the young man; his aged and infirm aunt departed for a better sphere, and bequeathed to him her entire property, as she was childless and a widow. In an incredibly short space of time fortune had favored him, and Fame showered her laurel gifts upon him. No longer bound in the galling chains of necessity, his freed spirit found sublime utterance; his love-yearning, heaven-aspiring soul, gave to the world his glowing thoughts and most cherished prayers; thoughts that boldly, nobly asserted man's universal right to the Father's world-wide blessings of liberty and peace, and love and light! In melodious verse he gave forth his boundless aspirations, heralding the coming dawn of fraternal union, truth, and equality. Fraught with the power of a fervid eloquence, imbued with the holy spirit of unperverted liberty, thrilling the soul with their intense earnestness of purpose, these heart-lays found a response in the souls of thousands, an echo in the hearts of the toiling millions! But on the face, as on the heart, of the gifted young poet, nestled a deep shadow; the flood of hopeful sunshine illumining his inspirations, failed to chase the brooding shadow thence. Wealth had been showered upon him—he was grateful, humbly, sincerely grateful, for the boon it brought him joy for others, whose wants and desires he relieved; for himself it brought no joy! Fame's envied crown dwelt on him; her trumpet voices bore his humble name from cot to palace; he thanked Heaven for the power allotted him to

touch the myriad chords of feeling with a master hand, awakening in his brother's heart the responsive sympathy, in his sister's soul the high resolve! but for himself he felt no joy! He brooded not idly over his vanished hopes; he shed no useless tears; he uttered no vain complaints to the ear of night. He walked the path of duty with brow erect, and with unfaltering feet, scattering blessings as he went. He wept with earth's mourners, and smiled with the happy; but in his heart of hearts one cherished image dwelt, enshrined with sacred, loving care; guarded with holiest aspirations, consecrated to the life beyond.

"Welcome, friend Wylie. How long have you been gone? Was my little Ramon very troublesome?"

"Not at all, Senora; he enjoyed his walk very much," said Frank.

"Amigo!" interposed Don Ramon, "you are again forgetting your promise, and Manuela also has forgotten the conditions. Have we not resolved to waive all formalities and call each other friends, as we are accustomed to do when in our own dear Venezuela? Vamos, make a beginning, and call me Ramon henceforth."

"I cannot call him anything but Francisco; that's our word for Frank, I believe; well, I'll obey my husband, of course," said Manuela, gaily, "now mind you call me by the name my godfathers and godmothers gave me at baptism."

"Well Senora—Manuela, I mean—I agree," said Frank, as Don Ramon held up his finger in mock warning.

"Is it not strange, Francisco, that we have not heard anything from our place for so long? In all our wanderings we have not met with one countryman! not an atom of news, excepting the two old *Diarios* we picked up in New York. Our place may be swallowed up by an earthquake, or deluged by the rains, for what we know," said Don Ramon with perfect serenity.

"Oh! don't say such terrible things, Ramon! you'll make me quite uneasy," cried Manuela.

"Don't be alarmed, love! We shall find La Toma in the same place, and La Palma Solo as safe as ever, and everything as you left it, no doubt. Francisco, you have been with us so long, we cannot give up our dear traveling companion. Manuela, and little Ramon here will break their hearts if you leave us. We shall return home by the first opportunity; come brother! make up your mind and embark with us," said Don Ramon; Manuela looked pleadingly into Frank's face.

"That is the only request of yours that I am unable to comply with," he replied.

"Why not, friend? Come with us! your literary fame will not diminish by a short absence; you can gather fresh inspiration from the aspect of our mountains and ever blue seas; do go with us, dear Francisco! it will seem so strange, so lonely without you!" entreated Manuela.

Frank sighed deeply. "I cannot—I must not return," he faltered.

"Francisco," said Don Ramon, taking the young man's hand, "I know your thoughts; we are friends, let there be no false reserve between us! I think it would be for your benefit, could you resolve upon this voyage. Your aunt is dead; you are bound by no ties; fortune has prospered you; fame has smiled upon you. Wherefore brood over one unavailing thought? Don't start, Francisco! you have once told us all; do not retract your confidence. You are gifted with noble talents; you can do an incalculable amount of good, by taking a close and thorough survey of the resources and needs of our country; and with your clear judgment and depth of reasoning, you could suggest progressive ideas, and help our dear, indolent countrymen in their onward march. You command influence and respectful attention here; I have influence with our government. You may attain to a high social position, in which you may benefit mankind."

Frank stroked the golden-brown hair from his brow as he replied, "I would dedicate my life and its every pursuit for the benefit of my kind—but I have no ambition."

"But you should have!" interrupted his friend; "man should possess a high, noble, laudable ambition! But I know the reasons that prevail with you. You decline re-visiting Venezuela, on account of a certain lady."

Frank colored, cast down his eyes and remained silent.

"Forget her, Francisco!" said Don Ramon, slapping him heartily on the shoulder.

There was a sudden moisture in Frank Wylie's eyes, a melancholy cadence in his voice, as he replied:

"It is my duty to forget her—she has long been another's wife! But I do not wish to meet her again; should I behold her suffering and unhappy, all my future usefulness would be impaired. I could not look upon her, as I have looked upon her stepmother, so pale and calm, so nobly resigned! so deeply suffering! I could not bear the sight. I could nerve myself to behold her, as I have always pictured her, radiant and happy, but to see her tearful and broken hearted—No, friends! deeply as I feel the separation—I must not return with you. I dare not, for my soul's peace!"

Manuela looked upon him in tearful silence; her husband, to control his feelings, walked up and down the room. Some one knocked; "come in," said Don Ramon. It was one of the waiters, who said there was a woman down stairs requesting an interview with the gentleman and lady from South America.

"Let her come in here," said Don Ramon carelessly while Frank Wylie walked to the window; the little boy had fallen asleep on the sofa. A little figure, attired in a dark grey gown, and wrapped in a large plaid shawl, with a queer little bonnet on her head, and a large umbrella in her hand, stands in the doorway. For an instant Manuela curiously regards the little figure, that tremblingly advanced towards her. With a loud cry of joy, she rises and flings her arms around that humble form, clasps it to her bosom, exclaiming breathlessly: "Nelly! dear, faithful Nelly!"

The true-hearted little woman is totally overcome by the joyful meeting—she weeps, and vainly endeavors to render herself intelligible. Don Ramon, pompous and haughty as he sometimes is, has his heart in the right place; he seizes a chair for the faithful creature while Manuela quickly unties her bonnet and gives her own embroidered handkerchief to wipe away the streaming tears of the faithful friend of Agnes. Pale and agitated with contending emotions Frank Wylie had fallen into a seat, and is covering his face with his hands. Don Ramon finds it necessary to act as interpreter, for Nelly cannot convey her meaning in Spanish. Frank listens intently, with his heart throbbing, and quickened pulses, to the tale of her wanderings.

Manuela's first thought was that Agnes, with her family had arrived at the North.

"Where was the Senora and family?" was therefore Don Ramon's first question.

Answering to the point, Nelly replied, "In Puerto Serezo."

"On a visit there, of course?" "No, a livin' there, shure," and Nelly's tongue once found, she proceeded to tell of the strange vicissitudes that had befallen the family; of Mr. Golding's unaccountable absence and total failure; of Mrs. Greyson's attack of paralysis; of the Riveros' purchase of *Castiglio del mar*; of the terrible night at sea; of all, every thing, excepting of herself, the little woman spoke.

The bewildered Manuela listened aghast to her husband's interpretation. "*Castiglio del mar* sold to the Riveros! that beautiful spot no longer the home of Agnes! her husband ruined, and herself deserted! Oh! Ramon, for the blessed Virgin's sake! hasten to tell me how Agnes is situated, why she is not with her daughter, what are her circumstances?" Don Ramon turned pale, when Nelly told him that Mrs. Golding was earning a livelihood by teaching music in Puerto Serezo. Frank Wylie started wildly up. Manuela's indignant sorrow knew no bounds.

"*Virgin Sanctissima!*" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and pacing up and down, excitedly. "My Agnes! my best friend! my sister! she a music teacher, in sorrow and loneliness, and I away! Why did she not write to me? Oh, she may have written, and I not know it! My friend, my Agnes! Oh, Ramon! bid Nelly tell you why she is not with Eva at the *Castiglio*!"

But Nelly said that Eva had left the *Castiglio* with her stepmother, and now was aiding her in her efforts to obtain a livelihood.

"Holy Mother of Heaven! I am bewildered; what does she say, Ramon? Is not Eva married to Don Felix Rivero?"

"Divil a bit," answered Nelly; "the snake-eyed hathun, as he is! when he mused as how Miss Eva's fortin' wasn't to cum to him, much as he loved her, and wouldn't marry her at all, at all; jist plase tell the lady that!"

More pale and bewildered than Manuela herself, Frank Wylie started from his seat and approached Nelly, who on beholding his uncovered face exclaimed, "An' it's the blessed Saints as is good to Nelly O'Flannigan! An' this is mister Frank Wylie, shure!" God bless you, sur! how are ye? and, misha, but it's me two eyes as is glad to see ye! An' here be a scrap of a letter the ould mistress guv me, four months sence, be dad!" and she pulled the letter from her bosom and handed it to him. Holding her hand, and gazing intently into her face, with a voice that trembled, despite of all his efforts, Frank entreated her to tell him, whether he had heard aright, that Eva Golding was with her stepmother, and that she was not married to Don Felix. Nelly repeated her words. Gently leading her to another part of the room, he questioned her over and over, as regarded the proceedings at *Castiglio del mar*, the rupture of Eva's engagement, and the departure of the family from their splendid mansion, into obscurity and toil. As the faithful woman related the sufferings of Agnes, her reconciliation with her step-daughter; Eva's great sorrow and noble fortitude; Mrs. Greyson's late but sincere repentance; their changed life and clouded prospects,—as she related all this, in her own quaint unassuming manner, the big tears of feeling rolling down her cheeks,—the heart of Frank, glowing with renewed hope and tenderness melted before the proofs of the unchangeable devotion of the family and loved. As she wept, recounting their hardships, the young man drew her closely to him, and thanked her for her attachment to them. Overcome by her goodness, she would have fallen at his feet, but he placed his arms around her; the humble serving-woman wept upon the bosom of the young poet!

With the tender reverence he would have evinced towards mother or sister, he sustained her trembling form, and bade her confide in him and hope for better days! When she was somewhat composed he led her to Manuela, who was weeping bitterly upon the sofa, and in a voice often broken by emotion, he related to them how Nelly had been in the country for four long months; how she had failed in finding them in New York, and not knowing whither to look for them, she had come to Philadelphia, being informed at the Hotel that they intended making some stay in that city, after their return from traveling. She determined to wait, and renting a cheap lodging, she took in sewing to enable her to meet her expenses. She had written several times, but feared her letters had never reached them. Once only she had heard from them from an old Captain trading to Puerto Serezo. Mrs. Golding and Eva were well, the old lady very feeble. He related how Nelly had hurriedly confessed to him that her resources were nearly exhausted; she had been vainly endeavoring to hoard the small sum necessary for her passage back, which she had brought with her. She had been enjoined by her old mistress to seek him, and deliver her letter to him. She had heard that he was the traveling companion of Don Ramon and Manuela, and she determined to await their return, fulfill the old lady's bidding, and tell the Senora Manuela know all about her friend. Poor Nelly's rosy face had paled with anxiety and the long weary watching. The requirements of labor in our exacting country had undermined her health, and fear and anxiety had depressed her spirits. "She is a noble creature!" said Frank Wylie to his friends; "how seldom do we meet with so beautiful an instance of devoted attachment! In that humble breast beats a heart exalting a queen's in worth, in power of endurance, in disinterested love!"

The impulsive Manuela again clasped her in her arms; she had been perusing Agnes' letter, the one confided to Nelly's charge. "But how did you find us, you best, faithful, loving friend, you patient angel that you are?" and again she kissed and wept over the little Irishwoman. Frank interpreted.

"Musha! but me wint round to all the big hotels, the big city, shure, and they telled me as how 'twas printed in the newspapers whin ther was any arrivals. An' so me promised the waiters, a silver dollar if they cummed an' told me of the Senors Gonzalez an' liddy an' Misher Wylie's cummins, an' meesal walked round, every once in a while an' axed at all the hotels, and this mornin' bleasin' on the saints! up comes a soot-faced boy, one, as me ould mistress wud call 'a ragamuffin messenger, shure, an' sez, gentleman, an' liddy and 'nother gentleman from South America be a stoppin at this big place. I comes up all in a frustration and thanks to the Holy Virgin I fide ye!"

"Now, Nelly," said Don Ramon in his well-spoken, somewhat pompous English, "you must not think of removing from us; make yourself at home, give us your confidant, a favor so early, remaining Manuela,

has so many questions to trouble you with. Pray consider yourself one of our family, you deserve to be so entitled. Friend Francisco, will you ring the bell? I will order supper in here for all of us."

Manuela still agitated and in tears, bewailed the altered fortunes of her friend. "Oh!" she cried, she is telling and weary, while I am proud and happy! Oh! Agnes, shall I not soon embrace you, my suffering angel? I detect myself for my long negligence! I detect these glittering diamonds that remind me of her fate!" and the impetuous but true-hearted woman, threw off her costly bracelets and the gleaming gems from neck and fingers.

Frank Wylie, with much difficulty deciphered Mrs. Grayson's letter; his hot tears splashed the paper, as he read her sorrowing repentant acknowledgments of the wrong she had done him, and her entreaties for his forgiveness.

Manuela ordered a room for Nelly, and despite of her resistance she was obliged to take her seat at table beside them. They conversed till late into the night; Don Ramon, good humoredly striking Frank on the shoulder exclaimed: "You will go with us now, will you not, Francisco?" and filling their glasses he proposed, "The health of Agnes and of Eva, the old lady's too—and here's to a speedy voyage home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Poetry.

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,
"Tis only seen by one
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thrashing for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there with an unequal force
These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his noble breast
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it, receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speak a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

At the moment Joseph opened the door, and announced that the carriage was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. "It is not yet too late," said they; "give up your journey—stay with us."

"Mother, I am now a man—I am twenty. I must not waste my life in obscurity; I must make my way either in the army or the court."

"But what is to become of me, Bernard, when you are gone?"

"You will be happy in the success of your son, and proud of him."

"And if you should be killed in battle?"

"What matter? What is life? Who thinks about it at twenty, when fame is to be won? I will come back to you, mother, in a few years, Colonel or Field-Marshal, or with some fine situation at Versailles."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, then, I shall be treated with respect and consideration, and every hat off as I pass along."

"And what then?"

"Why, then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta, get good husbands for my sisters, and we will all live with you in our fair domains of Brittany, as tranquil and happy as the days are long."

"And what prevents your beginning from this very moment? Has not your father bequeathed to you one of the finest properties in the country? Is there within ten miles of us a richer domain, a more lovely residence, than that of Roche-Bernard? Are you not respected, honored by your vassals? Have you any lack of salutations as you pass through the village? Be contented, my son; stay among your friends, with your sisters, with your aged mother, whom, it may be, you would not find here on your return. Waste not in vain glory, or shorten by care and disquiet of every kind, those days which even now pass swiftly on. Life is sweet, my son, and sunny are the skies of Brittany."

"As she spoke, she drew me to the window, and pointed to the broad glades of the park; to the old chestnut trees now in full foliage; the lilacs; the honey-suckles embalm the air and glistening in the sun. In the ante-room were waiting some of my dependents, whose sorrowful silence seemed also to say, 'Do not go, master, do not go.'"

"Hortense, my elder sister, embraced me in an agony of tears, and my little sister, Amella, clung to me with convulsive sobs. I tore myself from them: 'I am twenty—I must seek fame, glory—I must go!' and I darted into the hall. A female form stood on the staircase; it was Henrietta. She spoke not a word, shed not a tear, but she was as pale as death, and trembled till she could scarcely stand, while with her handkerchief she wiped a last adieu, and then fell back senseless. I ran to her, I raised her, pressed her to my bosom, swore to her eternal love; but as soon as I was assured she had revived, I left her to the care of my mother and sister, and ran to the carriage, without venturing a second look. One glance more at Henrietta, and I could not have gone. A few moments, and the carriage was rapidly pursuing its way along the high road.

For a long time I thought only of Henrietta, of

my sisters, of my mother, and of all the happiness I was leaving behind me; but as the turrets of Roche-Bernard were lost to my sight, these ideas began gradually to fade away before the brilliant visions of glory and ambition that now presented themselves to my mind. How many plans did I form!—how many castles in the air did I build!—how many exploits did I perform in that one day's journey! Riches, honors, dignities, success of every kind—nothing was too high for me: I deserved everything, and I granted myself everything; and gradually rising in rank as I proceeded on my way, by the time I arrived at the inn where I was to stop that night, I was Duke, and Peer, Governor of the Province, and Marshal of France. The voice of my servant, addressing me by the more humble title of 'sir,' roused me from my dream, and compelled me to abdicate my newly-acquired dignities.

The next day, and many following days, the same dreams, the same intoxication. I was going to Sedan, to the Duke de C—, an old friend of my father, and a patron of the family. He was to take me with him to Paris, about the end of the month; to introduce me at Versailles, and, by his interest, obtain for me a company of dragoons. It was dark when I arrived at Sedan, and knowing that at that hour I could not intrude upon my patron, I deferred my visit till the next day, and took up my abode in the smallest hotel of the town, but that which was the usual resort of the military; for Sedan is a garrison town—a fortified place; the streets have a warlike aspect, and the very citizens a martial air, that seems intended to give strangers to understand, 'We are the countrymen of the great Turenne.'

I supped at the table-d'hôte, and in the course of conversation, inquired the distance of the residence of the Duke de C— from that town. 'Three leagues,' was the answer, 'and any one will show you the way; it is well known in the country. It was there the great General, the illustrious Fabert drew his last breath.' And then the conversation turned upon Marshal Fabert. This was quite natural among a set of young officers. His battles, his achievements, were discussed, and honorable mention was made of the modesty which induced him to decline the patent of nobility and the collars of the several orders offered him by Louis XIV. But more especially did they dwell upon the marvellous good fortune which had raised him from the private soldier to the rank of Marshal of France. Being at that time the only instance of such a wondrous elevation, popular report attributed it to supernatural agency. It was whispered, even during the lifetime of Fabert, that from his childhood he had dealt in magic, and had made a compact with the demon. And our landlord, who possessed no small share of Breton credulity, attested, in the gravest and most solemn way, that at the chateau of the Duke de C—, where Fabert had died, a black man, whom no one knew, had been seen to enter the room of the dying man, and then disappear, carrying with him the soul of the Marshal, which he had formerly bought; nay, more, that in the month of May, the very time of Fabert's death, the aforesaid black man appeared every night bearing a light. The time passed in laughing over this story till we separated for the night.

Early the next day I repaired to the abode of the Duke de C—, a large Gothic manor-house, that at any other time I should not have particularly remarked, but which I now looked at, I confess, with some little interest, as I remembered our landlord's story of the preceding evening.

The servant, in answer to my inquiry for the Duke, said he would go and see if his lordship was at home, and left me in a kind of armory filled with crosses, hunting implements, and family portraits. I waited some time; no one came. I grew somewhat impatient, and asked myself, 'Was my career of glory to begin by dancing attendance in an ante-chamber?' I had already reckoned 'three times over' the family portraits, and every joint in the ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscoting. It was a door which the wind had half-opened, and which now gave to my view a very handsome boudoir, with two large windows and a glass door looking out upon a noble park. I was advancing into the apartment, when my steps were suddenly arrested by an object hitherto unperceived. It was a man lying on a couch, with his back to the door by which I had entered. He suddenly started up, and without perceiving me, ran towards the window. Tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and dark despair seemed stamped on every feature. He remained motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then with hasty strides began to traverse the apartment, till he came close to me. He started as he perceived me, and shocked and confused at my intrusion, I stammered out a few words of apology.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" cried he in a loud tone, and seizing me by the arm.

"I am the Chevalier Bernard, of Roche-Bernard, and I am just arrived from Brittany."

"I know, I know," said he, throwing himself into my arms; then making me sit down beside him, spoke to me so warmly of my father, and my whole family, with whom he appeared to be so intimately acquainted, that I had no doubt I was speaking to the master of the house.

"You are Monsieur de C—, I presume?" said I. He arose, and with a look of great agitation and excitement, he said, 'I was once—I am no longer—I am no longer.' Then, seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Not another word, young man; I must not be questioned.'

"I have been the involuntary witness, my lord, of your emotion, your sorrow; and if attachment, if friendship could be any solace to you, gladly would I offer it."

"Yes, yes, you are right; not that you can in any way avert my fate, but at least you can be the depository of my last wishes; it is the only service I can ask at your hands."

He carefully closed the door, then returned to sit beside me. Almost trembling with emotion, I waited for him to speak. When words came, they were grave and solemn. His countenance had an expression which I had never before seen in any human face. He was pale, ghastly pale, while his black eyes glared upon me at times with an unearthly fire, and his lips contracted into a bitter, I had almost said an infernal smile.

"What I am about to tell you," said he, "will bewilder, amaze you. You will doubt; you will disbelieve. Little marvel that you should, when there are moments when I, too, doubt. Oh how gladly would I always doubt! But the proofs are too strong, the facts too stubborn; and in there not in everything that surrounds us, in our very organization, many other mysteries which we are bound to acknowledge, even though, to our darkened minds, they are inexplicable."

He stopped a moment, as if to collect his thoughts;

then passing his hand over his forehead, went on: "I was born in this chateau. I had two brothers, both older than I, to whom would devolve the family estate, the family honors. I had nothing to expect but the gown and band of an Abbe; and yet, through glory, of renown, of ambition, fired my brain, and swelled my throbbing heart. 'Unhappy in my obscurity, panting for celebrity, I thought only of the means of acquiring it, and this one idea engrossed me, to the exclusion of every pleasure, every other object in life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and that future presented itself to me under the darkest of colors. I was early thirty, and was yet nobody. At that time many were the brilliant literary reputations attained in the capital, and reaching us even in the provinces. How often did I say to myself, 'If I could even make a name in the republic of letters, it would still be fame, and in it only is happiness.' As the confidant of my cares, of my aspirations, I had an old negro servant, who had been in the chateau long before my birth; he certainly was the oldest person in the house, for no one could remember his leaving come into it. The people of the country went so far as to say he had known Marshal Fabert, and attended him on his death-bed."

At this instant he paused on seeing my involuntary gesture of surprise, and asked what was the matter. "Nothing; a sudden start," I replied; but I could not help thinking of the black man of our landlord's tale.

M. de C— continued: "One day I was abandoning myself, in the presence of Yago—such was the negro's name—to paroxysms of despair, to lamentations over the inglorious obscurity in which I was condemned to waste my existence, and I at length exclaimed, 'I would cheerfully forfeit ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of celebrity as an author.' 'Ten years,' said Yago coolly; 'that is a great deal, and a dear purchase for a trifle of so little value. No matter; I accept your ten years. I take them. You must remember your promise; I will keep mine.' I need not tell my surprise at his words; but taking for granted that ago had disordered his faculties, I only shrugged my shoulders, and thought no more of his folly. A few days after, I left the chateau, for Paris. There I obtained admission into literary society; and incited by example, and encouraged by my first success, I gave to the world several works, which soon placed me on the pinnacle of fame. The journals lauded me till all Paris re-echoed with my name; it was but yesterday, young man, that you paid to it the tribute of your admiration."

Another gesture of surprise on my part interrupted this strange recital.

"You are not, then, the Duke de C—?" I exclaimed.

"I am not," answered he, coldly.

"It must be," said I to myself, "some celebrated author. Can he be Marmontel, D'Alembert, or Voltaire?"

The stranger signed; a smile of mingled disdain and regret just played upon his lips, and he resumed his recital.

"The literary reputation I had so coveted, soon became insufficient for so ardent a disposition as mine. I aspired to noble triumphs, and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, and was my constant attendant, 'There is no real glory, no true fame, to be acquired, save in the career of arms. What, after all, is the man of letters? the poet? A mere nothing. Give me the great captain, the great general; this is the destiny I covet; and for a high military renown, I would be content to part with ten of the years that yet remain to me.' 'I accept them,' answered Yago. 'Take them; they belong to me. Do not forget that they are mine.'"

The unknown again paused, seeing the uneasy surprise, the hesitating doubts, which my every feature expressed.

"Did I not say it would be so, young man? You cannot believe me; it seems to you a dream, a wild illusion. So it does to me; and yet the rank, the honors I obtained, were no illusion. The soldiers I have led on to the fight, the citadels I have stormed, the victories with which France has resounded, all this was my work, all this glory was mine."

While he paced the apartment with hasty step, and spoke with a vehemence, a passionate excitement, that seemed to shake his whole frame, I stood petrified with astonishment. "Who, then, was this man? Coligny? Richelieu?—Marshal Saxe?" Deep depression now succeeded the excitement; and the unknown, again approaching me, said gloomily, "Yago had dealt truly—he kept his promise; and when, later still, I turned in disgust from that vain shadow, military glory—tired of grasping at smoke, at a vapor—and asked of him to give me the only thing real and positive in the world—when I offered to barter for wealth, for gold, five or six years of my life, he acceded to my wish. Yes, young man, yes; I have seen fortune second surpass all my desires: lands, forests, castles; this very morning all these were mine; and if you doubt me, if you doubt Yago, only wait; he will soon be here, and you shall see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what is so bewildering to you and to me is unhappily but too sad a reality."

The unknown went to the mantelpiece, and looking at the clock upon it, he started back in terror, and said in a faint whisper, "This morning, at break of day, I felt so much exhausted, so weak, that I could scarcely get out of bed. I rang for my valet; Yago answered the bell. 'What can be the matter with me?' I said. 'Master, nothing, but what is quite natural. The hour is come, the moment is at hand.' 'What hour?' I asked. 'Cannot you guess? Heaven has destined for you sixty years of life; you were thirty when first I began to obey you.' 'Yago, you do not jest,' I exclaimed in terror. 'I jest not, master; but in five years you had expended in fame twenty-five years of existence. You gave them to me; they belong to me; and that portion of your life which you bartered away is now to be added to mine.' 'What is this the price of your services?' 'Others have paid still dearer for them; you may be satisfied.' 'Silence—silence! I command you. It is not possible, it is not real.' 'Be it so. But prepare; you have but half an hour to live.' 'You are deceiving—mocking me!' 'Not at all. You need only calculate yourself. Thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five that you lost, make a total of sixty. That was your number; every one has his own.' And he was about to leave me. I felt my strength diminishing, my life escaping from me. 'Yago, Yago!' I cried, in agony, 'give me but four hours—four little hours!' 'No, no,' answered he; 'it would be to take them from myself, and I know better than you do the value of life. I would not give two hours of it for all that tempted you. Gold would not buy them.' 'Give me four hours, and I

reign to you the wealth for which I have sacrificed so much. Only four hours, and I renounce my gold, my riches, my broad lands.' 'Well, you have been a good master, and I care not if I do something to please you. I consent.' I felt my strength returning, and I cried, 'Four hours! but four hours! After all, what are they? Yago, Yago! give me but four more, and I renounce my literary fame—those works which placed me on so high a pinnacle of glory.' 'Four hours for a puff of smoke!' said the negro, contemptuously. 'It is too much to give you; but no matter, I will not refuse your last request.' 'Not the last! Oh, no, not the last, good Yago!' cried I, clasping my hands imploringly. 'I conjure thee, give me till night—twelve hours—the whole day, and let my achievements, my victories, my military renown, pass forever into oblivion—be forever obliterated from the memory of man! This one day, Yago, this one whole day, and I shall deem myself too happy!' 'You abuse my compassion,' said he, 'and I am making a fool's bargain. No matter, I will give you till sunset. Then you must ask no more. To-night I come for thee.'"

"And he left me," pursued the unknown, in a tone of agonized despair; "and this is the last day of my life!" Then approaching the glass door, which opened on the park, he exclaimed, "No more shall I behold that beautiful sky, the murmuring rivulet—no more breathe the balmy air of spring! Fool that I was! For twenty years longer I might have enjoyed those common blessings that God gives to all, those blessings to which I was insensible, and which now, when too late, I estimate at their full value. Look there, look there!" and he pointed to a group of peasants who were crossing the park, and singing on their way to their work. "What would I not give now to share their toils and their poverty! What would I not give, that the motive which impelled me to action had been the desire to be useful to others, not to gain vain glory for myself! But I have now nothing more to give, nothing more to expect here below: nothing—not even misfortune!"

At this instant a sunbeam, a ray from the bright May sun fell upon his wild and haggard countenance. He seized my arm in a kind of delirium, and said, "Do you see yon bright sun? And I must leave it fall! Then let me enjoy it at least for a while: let me taste the full beauty of this cool, calm day, which for me has no to-morrow!" Then darting from the room into the park, he rushed down one of the avenues, and disappeared from my view before I had time to detain him, which, to say the truth, I should not have had the power to do. I had fallen upon the couch bewildered, overwhelmed, by what I had just seen and heard. I now arose; I shook myself; I walked about the room, to convince myself that I was awake, and not under the influence of a dream. At that moment the door of the boudoir was thrown open, and a servant announced the Duke de C—.

A man about sixty, with a striking expression of countenance, advanced towards me with extended hands, and apologized for having kept me waiting so long. "I was not at home," he said. "I have but just returned from the next town, where I went to consult a physician about the state of my youngest brother, the Count de C—."

"Trust there is nothing serious the matter with him, that you have no fears for his life."

"Thank heaven his life is not in danger," answered the Duke; "but in early youth ambitious hopes, aspirations after fame, after the bubble reputation, excited him to a degree that amounted to a disease; and lately a severe fit of illness, which had nearly proved fatal, has left a kind of delirium and alienation of mind, the effect of which is to persuade him that he has but one day to live. This is his mania."

Here was a full explanation.

"And now," continued the Duke, "we must think of your affair, and see what can be done to promote your object. We will go at the end of this month to Versailles; I will present you."

"I am not the least grateful for your kindness, my lord, though I am under the necessity of declining to avail myself of it."

"What! have you given up the court, and all the advantages awaiting you there?"

"Yes, my lord."

"But bear in mind that, with the interest I can command, you would make rapid way; and with a little assiduity and a little patience, you might, in about ten years—"

"Ten years lost!" cried I.

"Well," he resumed, in some surprise, "is not this a cheap purchase for fortune, honors, fame? Come, come, my dear young friend, we will start for Versailles."

"Pardon me, my lord, I will start for Brittany; and I beg again to offer you warm thanks for myself and family."

"This is absolute folly!" exclaimed the Duke.

But, for my part, I recollected what I had just seen and heard, and I said to myself, "It is true wisdom."

The next day saw me on my way home. With what delight did I see once more my fair domain of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of the park, the sunny skies of Brittany. I greeted once more my vassals, my sisters, my mother; and once again did I find happiness, never more to part with it, for the next week I was married to Henrietta.

A MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns in Germany, the celebrated pianist Listz arrived at Prague in October, 1816.

The day after he came his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man—whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not perhaps have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live in Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purses in common, and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes

it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Listz opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! why there's scarcely anything!"

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Listz, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me; I have credit, and I can make money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria; his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Listz would hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city to dispose of the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty, and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Listz hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me, immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," said the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Listz."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician."

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You must be a magician."

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Listz had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to him.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melancholy continued she remained speechless and immovable; then as the last died away, she cried with irrepressible enthusiasm, "Bravo, Listz! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she, "but I know that none living save Listz, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Listz withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter who appeared, no less touched at the generosity of Listz than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most of the distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Listz continued to go to his house, and, to the merchant's great joy, he perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Listz:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter. Her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Listz.

The most amiable and benevolent use that we can make of our past follies, vices and misadventures, is, by the experience thus acquired, to warn others against them.

God sometimes calls us to stand still when we are most anxious to proceed; this is mortifying, but we generally find it is to see His salvation.

The relations of the Soul to the Divine Spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpret helps.

shudder to think what a horrible scene would be enacted, could they but lay their hands upon him now.

It is instructive, morally considered, to study the state of feeling among the English people as they contemplate these massacres in India. In a moment they seem to have forgotten Christianity, and their civilisation. The very Gospel they have caused to be preached among the natives, they would forget, and put the lie upon. So hollow are men's professions of goodness, when passion or interest stands in their way. The monster Nana Sahib may yet be captured; but beyond holding him up as an example to his tribe, all treatment that savors of vengeance, great as the provocation was, savors of the same barbarity that is practised by the natives of India themselves.

SUNDAY MEETING, NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

The new hall was well filled last Sunday, during the day and evening, with a deeply religious and intelligent congregation. The exercises were devotional and instructive. The morning was occupied by the development of mediums and spiritual manifestations. In the afternoon Dr. Child gave good reasons for a belief in Spiritualism, which he gathered from profane history alone. And, in addition, accepted Christ as the criterion of beauty and perfection, whose teachings are all spiritual, and whose example shall lead us to a clear perception of spiritual forms and spirit communion that is certain, and can be depended upon.

He said that "Pythagoras, Homer, Socrates, Cicero, Plato, Aristotle, Thales, Plutarch, Confucius, Zeno, Numa, Mahon, and a host of others, whose words of inspiration live to-day in our hearts, have concurred, in their own words, that unseen powers of intelligence incited their thoughts and incited their long-lived effusions. And what are these unseen powers of intelligence if they are not spirits? And in this age of greater light shall men of feeble powers stand forth and say that they were deluded men? that they mistook the source from whence their thoughts of beauty sprung? The reason why their utterance is more enduring than that of thousands of others now lost in oblivion, is their prayerful invocations, their earnest aspirations, commanded unseen intelligences, spirit thought, and spirit power.

He asked, "Why Pope's description of the dying Christian was accepted in the Palmody of the Christian world, if it was not a true picture?" which is this—

"Hark! they whisper" angels say,
Sister spirit—come away!"

He quoted from Mrs. Hemans:

"To the dusty slayer's couch they come,
The early lost, the beautiful, the dead,
They come in spirit, and they say,
Sister, still we love thee—come away."

From Wesley—

"And where'er we go attend,
Our steps—

From Blanchard—

"The dear departed of our love,
What ministry so fit could be,
Of all the shining ones above,
As theirs who once were such as we."

From Perkins—

"Ever round our head
Are hovering on noiseless wing
The spirits of the dead."

From Mrs. E. Oakes Smith—

"Angels with ministerial zeal
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away on heavenly wing."

From Mrs. Mokey—

"Guide us, angels, O, instruct us,
Gently guide us to our room,
When our death arrives, conduct us
To the blissful spirit home."

From Cunningham—

"I love to know that not alone
I meet the battle's angry tide,
That sainted myriads from their throats
Ascend to combat at my side."

From Henry Kirk White—

"When darkness veils the heavens,
My voice is mixed with joy,
For then I talk and sing and praise,
Aerial voices answer me."

From Wordsworth, who describes the fervent supplication of Laodamia to have the spirit of her slaughtered lord presented to her sight, and her solemn and earnest invocation brought his spirit

"In his shape and mein appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace."

And he said—

"O faithful consort! beloved wife!"
He spoke of love, such love as spirit feel
In worlds whose course is equal and pure,
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unguiled for, and the future sure."

From Homer, who puts the following words into the mouth of Achilles, after the death of his beloved Patroclus—

"This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Gloom by my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost,
Even now, familiar as in life he came,
Alas, how different! yet how like the same."

Again, he says—

"Then death, so called, is but old matter dress
In some new figure and a varied vest,
Thus all things are but altered, nothing dies,
And here and there the immortal spirit flies."

In all these quotations is a recognition of communion with unseen intelligences with angels and spirits of the departed.

In the evening, Mr. H. G. Cole, of Portland, Me., spoke from the following words of Christ: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep."

Mr. Cole, in a pleasing and eloquent manner, argued that Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, and he urged upon the convictions of his hearers the necessity of obedience to Christ's commands, and an imitation of his example, in order to become better and truer men, in order to unfold and progress in the light and truth of Spiritualism.

FROM CHINA.

Despatches received by government from Commodore Armstrong, dated Shanghai, July 15th, states that the Chinese and Portuguese had had an engagement at Ningpo, which resulted in favor of the former, who destroyed the Portuguese vessels, but committed no outrages on other foreign shipping. No fear of any further disturbances was entertained, as quiet was completely restored. The Chinese offered no obstruction to commercial pursuits at Shanghai, where everything remained tranquil. Some of the senior officers of the San Jacinto had been suffering from peculiar climatic diseases, which induced Commodore Armstrong to leave Hong Kong and seek a colder climate. The change had proved beneficial. The San Jacinto had been ashore, but with assistance from the San Jacinto, had been got off without having sustained any apparent damage.

SPIRITUALISTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

Several ladies have associated, for the purpose of doing all they can to relieve the distresses of the poor, coming winter. Persons having cast-off clothing, do well to collect it, and make the best known at Melrose next Sabbath. Lib. and Adm. 25c.

HUME, THE MEDIUM.

This gifted medium, for physical manifestations, has been sojourning at Baden-Baden, a celebrated watering place of Germany.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says that when he goes to the gaming-table and stakes on a color the aristocratic gamblers place their money on the same, thinking that he can read the wayward course of fortune. Russian and German nobles have showered on him rings, breast pins, chains, robes, and diamonds, while the Princess Bulcers gave him a set of pearl shirt-buttons, worth about \$800, for one evening's attendance at her palace.

At the above place he gave gratuitously an exhibition in the rooms of M. Dollfus, when the following achievements were witnessed:—

"He wound up his watch, and placed it upon a table; the noise made by the winding lasted ten minutes after Mr. Hume took the key out of it and placed it on the table. You may think, he said, that my watch was prepared for the experiment, wind up yours and put it on the table. M. Dollfus wound up his watch, and it also continued to make a noise like that produced when a watch is wound up. M. Dollfus put his watch in his pocket. When you last looked at your watch, said Mr. Hume, it had its crystals and hands, hadn't it? See if it still has them. M. Dollfus pulled the watch out of his pocket; it had neither crystal nor hands, and his waistcoat pocket was filled with fragments of the glass crystal, and the hands which were broken into five or six pieces. Mr. Hume rarely appears except in Russian or Polish society; he is very fond of both these nations. The first exhibition he gave was in a Russian house; the room was full of incredulous ladies and gentlemen. Judge of their astonishment when the first thing he did was to make an immense table in the middle of the floor rise perpendicularly on two of its feet (it had four legs) until its slab was almost perpendicular with the floor, two large crystal lamps were on the table, and in a horizontal position, but they did not move! After one or two experiments, quite as inexplicable as this, had been made, several ladies asked him to perform one of his wonders for them in particular. He instantly complied with their request. The Princess Obolenskiskaya in vain to retain her fan in her hands—it was snatched from her by invisible hands, and thrown with violence against the breast of Prince Tolstoy. The Countess Ugachoff wore very tight gloves—they were drawn off she knew not how."

KANSAS.

Advices from Leavenworth to the 8th inst., state that Leavenworth County is the only one thus far heard from giving a Democratic majority. Doniphan County gives a Republican majority of 23; Atchison, Republican majority of 44; and Douglas a Republican majority of 1600. These returns are given as authentic. Topeka 190 and Leavenworth 160. Delaware and Kickapoo give Democratic majorities of 60 and 450. In the latter precinct the troops voted, at the instance of Gov. Walker.

Johnson County is conceded to the Democrats, but it is thought that Douglas County will give a sufficiently large Republican majority to carry the district.

P. M.—Later advices state that the majority for Parrot, the Republican candidate for Congress, over Ransom, the Democratic candidate, is from 5000 to 8000. According to the estimate of Free State men the Council will stand 9 Republicans to 4 Democrats, and the House 24 Republicans to 16 Democrats. Johnson County gives a Democratic majority of 250.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE FAIR.

The State Board of Agriculture is about to revive the old practice recently discontinued in Massachusetts—although followed up with good success in almost every other State—of holding a State Fair. The first held in this State for many years will occur on the 20th inst., and the three succeeding days, upon the grounds occupied by the United States Exhibition, two years ago in this city. Already the Secretary of the Board has received a large number of entries, many of them of the animals which took premiums at the County Shows. The promise is, therefore, of a full and excellent show of neat stock; and in the equine department there is no fear of a meagre display. All the best horses in the State will undoubtedly be present, and as the afternoon of exhibition days are to be devoted to testing their speed, much interest will be imparted to that branch of the exhibition. We have no doubt that the whole Fair will be a new laurel in the crown of Massachusetts industry.—*Courier*.

Messrs. Editors—Allow me, through your columns to call the attention of Spiritualists and the public generally, to the wonderful physical manifestations daily made through the Mediumship of the Davenport boys, at their rooms, No. 6 La Grange Place, where they continue to hold circles every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half past seven o'clock. Spiritualists are often asked by inquirers where they can go to see these kind of manifestations, and now they can inform them, and I know of no place where more wonderful things are done. The mediums are tied hand and foot, so that there is no possible way of their making the manifestations themselves, and then musical instruments are played, from one to five pieces at a time. Spirit hands are shown, and Spirit voices heard, and thousands have been convinced of Spirit power through these truly wonderful mediums. They certainly should be sustained and encouraged in their noble work. O. P. Q.

EXODUS OF NEGROES FROM CANADA.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says the steamer Telegraph brings back from Canada on every trip, families of negroes who have formerly fled to the Provinces from the States. They describe the life and condition of the blacks in Canada as miserable in the extreme. They are principally from Canada West. Ohio and Michigan are likely to have large accessions to their negro population from that source. The Canadians have shown a disposition in their Parliament and in their every day transactions, to discourage the negro population coming to or remaining in the Provinces.

Col. Richard J. Knowlson, a resident of Sand Lake, N. Y., and formerly an extensive and wealthy business man in Troy, committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity on Wednesday. He first cut his throat and then threw himself before a train of passenger cars on the Hudson River Railroad. His body was dreadfully mangled.

A teacher, in endeavoring to convey an idea of the antipathy, asked a little girl what was on the opposite side of the globe.

"Don't know, sir."

"Well, suppose a hole were bored clear through the earth, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir."

Gambie, the noted New York waiter, has failed.

Dramatic.

THE BOSTON THEATRE has done a fair business the past week, but not as good as the talent at that house should demand. "Married for Money," a Comedy, and "Patter vs. Clatter," a farce, "The Game of Speculation," a comedy, by Lawrence, and "Cool as a Cucumber," a farce, by W. B. Jerrold, have been the attractions. Mr. Matthews is a beautiful actor, from the fact that he is no actor, but nature itself. His popularity is on the increase; for he is one of those very few artists, who, upon a first appearance, does not strike you as extraordinary; until you have studied him, you cannot justly appreciate him. There is so much of ease and nature in his impersonations, that you are obliged to yield him the title of a great artist. The company at this house sustain him admirably, which adds to the effectiveness of the plays in which he appears.

Miss Ida Vernon is rapidly improving; let her study to acquire a little more ease, a sort of at-home feeling, and her acting will be much more effective. Miss Vernon possesses a good form, and a pretty face, two important endowments for a young actress success.

Mrs. Abbott we like better and better every time we see her; she is gaining a strong hold upon the Boston public. She is graceful and easy in her carriage upon the stage, and her enunciation is so clear and distinct, that he must be a very inattentive auditor, who loses one word of her author's text. In regard to personal attractions, if this lady were a "Miss" instead of a "Mrs." she might be besieged with suitors, for her personal attractions are by no means mediocre; but that terrible prefix "Mrs." puts up the bar, and says, "stand at a distance," so we must admire Mrs. Abbott's grace and beauty as she sits before us in the mimic scenes of the stage.

Messrs. Curtis, Gilbert, Howe, Andrews, Cowell, Johnson, &c., have fully sustained their reputation during the past week, and have added new confirmation to the good opinions entertained of them by the Boston public.

This week, "Used Up," "Little Tiddiekins," and other novelties, will present Mr. Matthews in his role of gentle and eccentric comedy.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE has done a tolerable business the past week with the stock. Mrs. Charles Howard, who appears in a series of her characters the present week, will undoubtedly secure good audiences at this house. Mr. English is an indefatigable caterer, and his right hand man, Mr. James Pilgrim, can put a piece upon the stage and manage it in a manner second to no other man; and as for Lewis, he is too well known to need any commendation from us.

The "Forty Thieves," as produced at this house, was put upon the stage in good style, and the parts were very creditably sustained.

THE MARCH THOU, at the Howard Athenaeum, are likewise doing a fair business. "The Golden Axe," a new pantomime, by Warden, was very well performed, and elicited no little applause. The author is evidently familiar with the "Ravels' Pieces," and has appropriated portions of them, and derailed them, and produced this piece; nevertheless, it is attractive, and well adapted to the "Javelines."

A new place of amusement was opened on Saturday evening last, in Howard street, at what is called, we believe, "Howard Temple." The performances on Saturday evening consisted wholly of sentimental and comic singing, and were given to a densely crowded audience.

ORDWAY HALL shares largely in the public patronage, and many, on a Saturday night, seek refuge in this temple of Momus, to drive away the blues, and forget the pressure in the money market. The public have not suspended specie payment at this bank, and though John may get cornered up (in his ticket office), whenever he cries "quarters," he gets them. All right: success attend him.

Late European Items.

The Collins steamship Atlantic, from Liverpool, Wednesday, 30th ult., arrived at New York, October 12, at 10 o'clock A. M. She brings one hundred and twenty passengers, including Charles S. Spencer, of Baltimore, bearer of the ratification of the commercial treaty with Persia; F. Schroeder, late Minister to Sweden; W. R. Ashburn, President of the Illinois Central Railroad; and G. F. Train, of Boston.

The Atlantic brings seventeen thousand dollars in specie.

East India dates by this arrival are from Calcutta 23d, Bombay 31st, and Delhi, 12th of August.

There had been many sharp encounters, in which the rebels were defeated. European reinforcements were arriving before Delhi, and the assault was looked for on the 20th of August.

General Havelock, in the second attempt, reached Lucknow after having had two more victorious encounters with the rebels, but the weakness of his force compelled his return to Cawnpore.

A doubtful dispatch says that he reached Lucknow, the garrison at which place still held out.

The garrison at Agra was still secure, but its condition was precarious.

Admiral Seymour has proclaimed the blockade of Canton river.

The Imperial meeting at Stuttgart extended over four days. There were several private interviews between the Emperors.

The Czar and Emperor of Austria were en route for Weimar.

In England a meeting of Parliament, shortly was talked of.

LATEST.—Per Overland Mail.—The Bombay Times does not mention the arrival of General Havelock at Lucknow, which indicates that the intelligence from India is of a disastrous character.

A letter from Aboe says that the King of Delhi has offered to make terms, provided his annual stipend was increased largely, but was informed that nothing but unconditional surrender would be accepted.

Numbers of the mutineers were leaving Delhi unarm.

The organization of Sikh regiments for the relief of Delhi was rapidly progressing.

The King's magazine at Poldipore had been struck by lightning. Nine hundred persons were killed, and one million sterling property was destroyed.

The whole province of Bengal was alarmed. All civilians in Gajah had fled to Palamoo, leaving the treasury in charge of the 66th regiment, which is in a precarious situation.

Calcutta was becoming crowded with fugitives from all parts of Bengal.

The Busy World.

ELEVEN PERSONS FIVE DAYS ON A WRECK.—The brig Jerome Knight, Capt. Hiram Perkins, was wrecked on the 23d ult., off the coast of North Carolina. The vessel belonged to Messrs. Whiton, Brown, and Wheelwright, of this city, and had left Wilmington, loaded with lumber, for Marselles and a market. There were eleven persons on the vessel when she was wrecked—the captain, mate, steward, five seamen, and the captain's wife and two children, one of them an infant nine weeks old. Five days after the brig was wrecked, the parties were picked off by the brig Allevella, from Rio Janeiro, bound to New York, and brought safely to that port. The Jerome Knight was valued at \$11,000, and was fully insured in Boston.

AMERICANS IN CALCUTTA.—There were in August last about eight hundred Americans residing in Calcutta, and in this number were included many women and children. There was a good deal of anxiety among all classes of the inhabitants, and the Americans were thinking of sending their women and children home by the ship Daniel Webster, which was in port, loading for Boston.

CALCUTTA CLUB.—The fifth annual Shinty Match of this Association will take place on the 30th inst. The ground has not yet been selected, but we presume it will be held in West Roxbury. The Club will turn out with full numbers. A lively and happy time may be anticipated.

The New York yacht Charter Oak was disposed of by raffie at Liverpool on the 10th ult. She was put up in two hundred shares at 11. each, and was won by Mr. G. H. Fletcher, ship broker, of that place.

Samuel Winslow, a brakeman on the Old Colony Railroad, was knocked off the freight train by a bridge near Kingston, and fatally injured.

PROVIDENCE BANK STATEMENT.—The following is a statement of the condition of the Providence banks, October 5:—Circulation, \$2,085,713 75; deposits, \$2,255,755 24; bills receivable, \$18,361,361 61; specie, \$268,744 10. Compared with returns made Sept. 23, this shows an increase of \$126,328 25 in circulation; \$330,613 64 in deposits; \$20,837 67 in specie; and a decrease of \$138,823 in bills receivable.

EARTHQUAKE AT THE WEST.—St. Louis, October 8.—About four o'clock this morning, a violent shock of an earthquake was felt here. Seven minutes later another shock, less severe, was felt. They made the most substantial buildings tremble, and overturned several articles in dwellings. The shock was also felt at Springfield, Ill.

Centra, Ill., October 8.—Three distinct shocks of earthquake was felt here at four o'clock this morning. Several chimneys were demolished, and all our citizens awakened.

Now flour is down, every body but bakers think that baker's leaves ought to increase in size, or diminish in price. Molasses is down, two, yet some retail grocers run of a notion that they ought to get 80 cents a gallon for it, because they happened to buy it when it was high.—*Post*.

"Uncle Sam" has in his breeches pocket at this time about twenty millions of loose change. The old chap don't mean to be stuck by the banks.

The Postmaster General has recently decided that if postmasters do not give publishers of newspapers notice, when their papers remain in the Post Office without being taken out by subscribers, within five weeks, they are liable for the pay.

Gen. W. T. Inawell, of Tennessee, who recently gave up politics and announced that he was about to start everywhere on a lecturing tour, has been pronounced insane and sent to the asylum.

Near Heart Grove, Illinois, a person can stand on an eminence, and at one view see 30,000 acres of growing corn. Four years ago the same ground was unbroken prairie!

A gentleman named Ward, who owns a large number of tenements in Chicago, has, in view of the hard times, visited all his tenants and reduced their rent twenty per cent. each.

SEXUALITY.—Owing to the present "financial pressure," the Boston Light Infantry have postponed their contemplated visit to New York.

It is said that excellent wine can be made from tomatoes. We think 'twould make a man white to drink it.

The Salem Mechanic Light Infantry's fiftieth anniversary will take place on Tuesday, the 27th inst. In the evening there will be a levee at the Mechanic Hall.

INSURANCE COMPANY ENJOINED.—Justice Merriek has granted an injunction against the People's Mutual Insurance Company, of this city, on the petition of the Insurance Commissioners. The company owes over \$70,000, with but small assets.

The ship Sultana, from New York, arrived at New Orleans on the 10th inst., and reports passing on the 23d ult., off the coast of North Carolina, the corpses of four men, and a piece of wreck, supposed to belong to the Central America.

QUESTION FOR "CYCLOP" OF THE POST.—Do you think it proper for a man of polished manners to stoop so low as to block his own boots? Who takes?

FROM DAY CHALLENGER.—A vessel arrived at Gloucester on Friday last, from the Bay. She reports that the Massachusetts fishing vessels have done but little during the last four or five weeks. Mackerel were scarce, and the weather very rough; during one fortnight but two days were obtained in which the vessels could go out to fish. Some of them were coming home with half fares.

MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION. This Association will celebrate its 18th Triennial Festival at Faneuil Hall on Wednesday afternoon, by a dinner, followed by speeches, songs and sentiments.

George Washington Parke Custis, the last surviving member of Washington's family, died at his residence, Arlington, Alexandria County, Va., on the 10th inst.

HOMECOME.—A difficulty took place on Friday evening between Jeremiah Agin and John Mead, and at the instance of Mead, Agin was arrested, but Mead afterwards declined making any charge. Late in the evening, Agin, with his brother John, met Thomas Mead, a brother of the other party, at a saloon, corner of Court and Stoddard streets, and striking him, asked him to drink. Mead replied that he didn't drink with thieves, whereupon Agin throttled him, when Mead drew a pistol and shot him dead. Mead was on the point of giving himself up, but being dissuaded by one of his brothers, went to a sister's house at Cambridge, where he was arrested at

one o'clock, on Saturday morning. He was arraigned in the Police Court, and, waiving an examination, was ordered to be committed, to await the action of the Grand Jury in the matter at the November term of the Municipal Court. Mr. Mead has retained, Hon. Rufus Choate and Henry F. Durant, Esq., as his counsel.

RACE BETWEEN FLORA TEMPLE AND LANCET.—On Saturday last, this race came off at the Trotting Park, Hartford, Ct. It is estimated that over four thousand persons were present on the occasion. The match was for \$1000, mile heats, best three in five. Flora going to harness, and Lancel to saddle. Lancel won the 1st, 3rd and 4th heats, and consequently the race and purse. Time, 2:34 1-2; 2:28; 2:28. Flora won the second heat in 2:29.

THE TWO GIANTS.

"What can we two great Forces do?"
Said Steam to Electricity,
"To better the case of the human race,
And promote mankind's felicity?"

Electricity said, "From far lands sped,
Through a wire, with a thought's velocity,
What tidings I bear! of deeds that were
Never passed yet for atrocity."

"Both land and sea," said Steam, "by me,
At the rate of a hundred men fly over;
But the quicker they speed to kill and bleed,
A thought to lament and sigh over."

"The world, you see," Electricity
Remarked, "thus far is our debtor,
That it faster goes; but goodness knows,
It doesn't get on much better."

"Well, well," said Steam, with whistled and scream,
"Herein we help morality;
That means we make to overtake
Rebellion and rascality."

"Sure enough, that's true, and so we do,"
Electricity responded,
"Through us have been caught, and to justice brought,
Many scoundrels who had absconded."

Said Steam, "I hope we shall get the rope
Round the necks of the Sneyj savages,
In double quick time, to avenge their crime,
And arrest their murders and ravages."

"We've been overworked," said both; we raised
Two sanguine expectations;
But with all our might, we haven't yet quite
Regenerated the nations."

"We're afraid we shan't—'s we suspect we can't
Cause people to change their courses;
Linguistic powers alone are ours;
But the world wants motive forces."—*PUNCH*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. L. W. JOSTA.—We can send all the back numbers of the Banner, if you wish them.

C. L. M. GOSWILL.—We can answer your call.

F. M. G.—M must have been lost. We have not been able to find it.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquette, Halcouy, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 1:45; performances commence at 7:15 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—R. G. Mansie, Lessee and Manager. Returns of the MARCH CHILDREN. The Carnival will rise at 7:15 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. P. HARRIS, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7:15. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. T. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7:30 o'clock.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ELECTRIC 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. (18-23 Sept. 18.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Boston.—THOMAS GILES FORSTER, of Buffalo, will lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

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

WARREN CHASE lectures in Buncham, October 14; in Chelsea, at Town Hall, Thursday evening, October 15; at Lawrence, Friday evening, October 16; in Lowell, Sunday, October 18; in Manchester, N. H., Monday evening, October 19; in Lebanon, N. H., Oct. 20; in Montpelier, Vt., Wednesday evening, October 21; in Burlington, Vt., Thursday evening, October 22; in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Sunday, October 23; in Milwaukee, Wis., Sunday, November 1, and in Fontaine, Wis., Sunday, Nov. 8. Friends wishing to subscribe for our paper, at the above, or other places, can do so through Mr. Chase.

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

MEETINGS IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL, Winthrop 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.

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.

Banner of Light.

Reported expressly for the Banner of Light.
ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS GALE FORSTER, ESQ., AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1857.

I am to speak of man physically, mentally and spiritually. As the basis of my remarks I have selected the beautiful words of the Psalmist:—"I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth full well."

In the past, dark materialism has overshadowed the intellect, and as a consequence the history of man appears clothed with mystery. But little care has been taken in the investigation of the organization of man; his physical mechanism has been studied with some degree of truth, but far less attention has been paid to his spiritual nature; so little indeed that but few seem to consider whether man has a spirit at all, or not. The theological teachings of the past have added but very little to the knowledge of the interior of man, they have rather served to withdraw the mind from the proper investigation. And yet the spiritual part of man is the ultimatum of his being, and when the circumstances and surroundings of that spirit are such that it can set forth its true condition, then alone man becomes beautiful, and the representative of his Father. Independent of the positive and direct influences of the spirit on the being, man is but a representative of all that went before him; but associated with the spirit, he is not only a microcosm of all that has existed, but he becomes embryotically a representative of all that is to exist; he is situated midway between the materialism of the past and the rising spiritualistic developments of the future.

Look at man as he stands physically! Well might the Psalmist exclaim that he was fearfully and wonderfully made—referring only to the human anatomy; but the latter part of the text goes to demonstrate the fact that the Psalmist comprehended the fact that there was an actuating impulse of interior capacity within the anatomy of which he was speaking. Comprehended within the physical organization, throughout its varied faculties are to be found all the conditions of materialism that went before man, rendering him then physically, as he is associated with the interior of his being, the ultimatum of creation. The osseous system of man, as explained by one of the physical sciences, stands forth a wonder of itself. There are more than two hundred and fifty bones in the adult frame, all united beautifully together, and so arranged that they serve as an agency to the locomotive powers of the body. How wonderful, too, is the muscular system! you find over four hundred muscles in the adult, generally operating in pairs, and about equally divided into voluntary and involuntary. Add the entire nervous system, those little electric wires passing through the physical organization in every direction, communicating between the brain and every portion of the body. Then take into consideration the veins and arteries performing all their beautiful functions through the law of affinity and attraction. Look at the still more intricate revelations given in the interior brain with all its various revelations and manifestations, telegraphing to, and sympathizing with, every other part of the being.

But what a poor use has been made of the intelligence that the physical sciences have developed with regard to the material organization of man. The materialist, when he reaches this point, concludes that the animal brain is the seat and generator of thought, and that the extermination of the brain itself, or the harmony that seems to exist within the brain, is the extermination of man. He has not looked deep enough to see that independent of the material organization, and resulting from the mere convolutions of the brain, there is an interior source of thought, a great motive power, that moves and controls the vast conditions of being.

But what definition does the spiritual philosophy give to what is denominated the mind of man? It makes a distinction between mind and spirit. That portion of being which is capable, as the result of its conformation, of relative development, through the agency of the senses, in looking upon the phenomena of nature, and judging of them as they pertain to mere material wants, we denominated the animal mind; but that portion of the being that is capable of looking at the relations of life, and judging with respect to them, and of taking into cognizance the conditions of the soul and its relation to God, we denominated spirit, and this is the interior power that results from the convolutions of the animal brain. In the interior of the being are faculties, conditions, or whatever you may term them, correspondent, refined, spiritualized conditions, that have their relevancy to the inner world, to the reservoir of eternal, everlasting being, to the essential and absolute; and these faculties go forth into the vast arena of the inner world, as the faculties that relate to the outer being go forth into the arena of the outer world.

Thought, then, relatively speaking, is dependent on the condition of the animal brain; and in proportion to the development and exercise of the animal brain, in the legitimate walks of investigation, will be the beauty and capacity of the channel through which the spirit is to operate on the outer world. Therefore the advantages of the cultivation of this outer mind are perceptible. It is the primato of the interior proximate; but it is the proximate of all the primates that went before, and the material mind is as positive to the material organization as the spiritual mind becomes positive to the material mind and all below it, and consequently there is a progressive chain of development in the being, and reasoning analogically, if these progressive manifestations are developed in matter and then in man, the corollary cannot be avoided, that the primates and proximates must continue, and man, therefore, is forever a progressive being. Therefore, it is demonstrated that man is not only wonderfully made with respect to mere physical conformation, but also with regard to the beautiful convolutions of the brain and the generative capacity, and also with regard to this inner mind or spirit, with all its vast capacities—the highest manifestation of human power and grandeur and glory, a connecting link between man and heaven, and setting the seal of condemnation upon the assumption that anything within the realm of creation can possibly die. The manifestations that this interior spirit gives forth, beautiful and exalted though it is, must correspond to the channel through which they pass, so that however wonderful and beautiful this inner spirit, if the

animal brain be not sufficiently developed and refined, the demonstrations may be inharmonious. Through the influence of adverse circumstances, and misdirection of the human faculties, the animal system may become positive to the intellectual, and both negative to the spiritual, and so the man will run flat in the field of passion. But take such an one, even the worst, and bring to bear on him some of those refining influences that predominated when he was a child, while the little spirit was free, and positive to its conditions; talk to him of his mother, his sister, of the endearments of his early home, and you will find that you have struck a cord of his inmost being, and that the better spirit yet lives in him, though so long overclouded as to seem annihilated. From a misapprehension of these grand laws of man's beings, the great error has been promulgated that man's nature is evil. If you will but control the conditions so that there may be a channel by means of which the spirit may become positive to all beneath it, then you will find that the entire manifestations throughout the range of human existence will become more and more spiritualized; and man will become holier and better continually as the spirit becomes more and more positive to the conditions below it. Then seek to cultivate the relations that pertain to the finer sensibilities of your nature, resist those unnatural influences which tend to lead man to act outside of the sphere of legitimate manifestation, and thus by harmonizing the more external mind with physical matter, you will be aiding the human race to advance, from the fact that you are opening a clearer channel; by means of which the spirituality of the race will be enabled to develop itself.

In the dark ages of the past, the manifestations on the human plane were chiefly of a physical kind; force was the great lever in social life and governmental policy; but as man progresses, you find the intellect begins to assume, here and there, its legitimate function; that is, it becomes positive to the more animal, and the result is seen in the various systems of jurisprudence which you have; and when, as man progresses farther, the spirit begins to manifest its powers, and is enabled in the sphere of manifestation, as well as in the sphere of existence, to demonstrate its positive character to all that went before it, then will jurisprudence improve, far beyond its present condition; then indeed will man become a law unto himself, and the human plane will begin to demonstrate some of the grandeur and glory, and beauty to be found throughout all the varied relations that exist in the mansions above—and a condition of things will appear, where materialism has been left out of the question, where the intellect is subject to the more refined spirit, where the intellect and the spirit united can bring to bear all the wisdom of the earth on the affairs of men, and man's soul becomes continually more and more expanded, rising higher and higher in the scale of being, as he expands in the scale of appreciation, mounting on the wings of aspiration, and launching forth into the great reservoir of being, and calling from thence the magnificence and glory that adorn the brow of the Everlasting himself! Such is the destiny of man, to advance forever spiritually towards glory of which he has yet no conception. Oh, then! expand the intellect, to such an extent that it will become positive to the physical, and constitute the intellect and the physical organizations beautiful demonstrative agencies in the scale of being, by means of which the spirit will declare its glory and magnificence. Then death will be an addition of glory, for you will but close your eyes in the darkness of the material world, and open them to the splendor of the spiritual, and men will look forward to that glad hour when the portals of the heavenly world shall open to their entrance.

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

NUMBER EIGHT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8th, 1852.

Last evening the Circle of Hope met, Mr. Finney, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Shepherd, of Albany, were present. Mr. F. was influenced and said:—

Here is a piece of poetry for the spirits' paper. You may call it

CELESTIAL TRUTH.

It cometh! See, it comes on the wings of the wind,
 In beauty, and glory, and power, to unbind
 The hard features of error, superstition and sin,
 And set free man's god-like and glorious mind.
 It is breathed in sweet tones, by bright spirits above,
 Whose voices are rich with the music of love;
 Those voices shall sing in man's charmed ears,
 And roll in sweet concord in the music of spheres.
 It shines—see, it shines like the bright orb of day,
 Whose glory-clad beams chase night's darkness away,
 Rolls in deep thunder throughout the arched skies,
 And calls on earth's down-trodden children to rise.

It asks not for glory,—it seeks not for fame,
 It calls for the lowly, the poor and the lame;
 It exalts the down-trodden, gives sight to the blind,—
 The lame it makes whole, and purifies mind.

Then arise, ye down-trodden! Leap for joy ye lame!
 Let Love, Truth, and Wisdom, your freedom proclaim,
 And ye blind to the Truth, behold the pure light
 Of the spiritual day that shall end not in night.

No dark cloud of error shall longer obscure
 The vision of man to the true and the pure,
 But upward his eyes shall be turned to the light,
 And wrong yield its sway to the power of the right.

No more shall the tyrant, with hands dipped in blood,
 Grasp the throat of his brother, in the name of his God!
 The war demon no more shall stride o'er the main,
 But the bright form of Peace in its glory shall reign.

The bright flag of Freedom, on his standard unfurled,
 Shall float in calm grandeur wide o'er the world;
 The nations shall hail it, and about it waves
 O'er Oppression's dead form and tyranny's graves.

The wide-sweeping anthem of peace on the earth,
 Radiant in Truth, and bright in its birth,
 Shall roll its calm joy from the East to the West,
 And man universal, in the song shall be blest.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

After a while he added—There is a great work begun on earth. *Mene, Mene, Tihel, Upharin*, shall no more be written on the human soul. These words made Belshazzar shake in the height of his power; no more shall this writing on the wall throw its pall o'er man's interior vision, but o'er the throne of tyrants, in its own flaming characters, shall it break. Then, o'er thrones and chains and prisons, and all earth's proudest thrones, shall swell the universal hymn, "Peace on earth and good will to man." Yea, to God-like man, who, struggling through the dark ages of the past, has reached the millennium's morn.

The death of the old, heralds the birth of the new; the decaying shell which enveloped the living germ dies, but the germ unfolds, and on its stalk shall bloom the flowers of Peace and Happiness.
 The end is of the old. The judgment is rolling.

together the dark theories of the past like a scroll. The falling of the stars is the falling of those who have been set up as authority; and the opening of the Book of Life is the opening of man's interior.

(Some one in the circle remarked that this seemed to be an interpretation of the book of Revelations; when the spirit said:—)

That was an allegory which its author himself did not understand fully in his normal state.

Have ye not beheld the faintness—oh! how faint! of the lights which have been set up as the stars of Heaven—Earthly Heaven as it is? They shall fall, and the elements melt with fervent heat. Error and its elements are like stubble to the fire of Truth, and shall be consumed.

Judgment is now for those whose interior is unfolded, so that they can read their own souls, and those of others, too.

The Book of Life! What is it? Shall the race live longer without a history of the past? Man's origin, history and destiny shall be unfolded by the new Philosophy, founded on nature itself, sending its tall spire up until it is bathed in the glory of the celestial world.

That is a ponderous volume—the Book of Life—but it shall be read. Yes, friends! Ye shall read it. All the past is written in it. How man, struggling from his low condition, arose to his splendid form and developments which hailed the dawn of Earth's Eden time.

Who will not read that book? He who buries his face in the dark folds of mythology, and refuses to open his eyes. But to him who will read, it shall be made plain. God, the Great Spirit Father, has not left his race destitute of the means which shall emancipate the world.

Oh! that ponderous volume! Its title-page, how portentous of coming events! In it are the truths of every age, and the misconceptions of those ages. Out of every page will ye behold the living form of man as he then was. It is delineated there in all its outlines; on every page of that history behold it; each successive page unfolds progressive life.

There, too, stand on every page the manifestations of his mind, as embodied in the coarse materials about him. There, too, are the gross and huge machines his hands first formed, living evidence, as it were, of his internal thought. Yes, man has stamped himself on all he has made. The external form of his creation is but the earthly shadow of the internal creations of his soul. Throughout is a correspondence between the inner and the outer, and this is the key that opens that book.

Oh! how have new thoughts, at every succeeding age, of his life, been born! Born within, they struggle to outer life, and embody themselves in outward forms. We will read to you that volume. Yea, every page.

Think not the Book of Life of the past is a sealed book. Are not all the spirits that have lived, living still, and think you they have forgotten? If not, having come to earth, shall they not reveal it to you? Yes, as far as Wisdom will.

Now we say—Cheer up! Let your hope roll its anchor upward till angels seize it, and then you are safe; not because they seize it, but because, in the celestial sphere, it finds a hold where it stays the barque of life secure.

That Book of Life will, we say, be a living, realized reality. The world is in darkness as to its own history. Historians but gather up dust, and get it in lumps, and only occasionally gather gems of human life and thought. But they have little dreamed that beneath that settled dust, there live the truths of man's inner life, written there, not in language misconstrued, interpolated or effaced, but in the living characters of Nature, and her universal language, that all may read.

Nay! those historians have been playing with the bubbles floating down the stream of time, filled with empty air; but they have not dived beneath the surface of its running waters, nor brought up from its shining bed the brightest pearls—the truths of man's inner life. Why, they seemed to float along that stream, wondering and admiring those bubbles which reflect the colors of light, but have not drank the waters of the stream itself.

THE BLESSING OF SORROW.

How beautiful are the ministrations of sorrow! When Nature, in her sad moods, weeps away her sorrows, the earth drinks up the cool refreshment, and sends it forth in blossoms which beautify, and fruits which enrich the world. So the sad heart pours its tears into the soul, parched with too much worldly prosperity, and dried up with selfish, earthly heat; and in the alchemy of the soul, the bitter tears are turned into beauty—spiritual fruits. The sad heart, bent with the weight of its sorrows, finds itself springing like a wild flower relieved from its dew, springing up to meet the sun in all his beauty and majesty. Oh! there is a blessedness and purification wrought in the heart of man by its agencies, by all its deepest sorrows. With sorrow comes the hope of consolation, and with that hope the longing for communion with Him who alone consoles us. As the tempest clears the air, so does grief the spiritual atmosphere, and when the storm has passed, our nature looks up like the reeds the storm has bent, not broken. Would you be the arid region, bearing no fruits, worthless to all, or would you be a valley inundated and tempest-swept, but bringing forth fruit an hundred fold?

Bless your sorrows, friends—they are the guardian angels of your perilous paths.

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD: BRING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCES AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XIII.—Continued.

LETTER FROM ROBERT OWEN.
 The following is from the pen of the venerable Robert Owen, a man who has devoted the most of a long life in endeavoring to improve the condition of his fellow men, without the hope of a reward, here or hereafter, and however much the majority of people may differ from him in his views, we feel confident that no one who knows him, or has enjoyed the honor of his personal acquaintance, will for a moment question the purity of his purposes, or the childlike simplicity and goodness of his heart.

Until within a few weeks Mr. Owen has always doubted the conscious existence of the soul after death. But now, as it were, when he stands on the threshold of eternity, a new light breaks upon him to illumine his silent pathway to the world of spirits, and he is convinced of the glorious immortality of the soul after the mortal clay has again returned to

the bosom of the earth. He, who has withstood the eloquence of the clergy, and all the arguments which have been used to convert him to the belief of a future state, finds in the abused and despised Spiritual Manifestations or rappings of the present day, those beautiful proofs of a bright world beyond the "valley of the shadow of death," and he has the courage and honesty to acknowledge it to the world, without fear of those whose only cry is humbug and collusion, and who laugh with scorn and contempt upon all who dare to think or act in any way different to their own narrow and bigoted belief.

"It is unavoidable that those who will not fully investigate a subject entirely new to them, and who rashly give a crude opinion respecting it, must remain incompetent to express a sound or useful judgment respecting it."

"Such has been the case with those who have yet opposed the truth of the manifestations made by the spirits of our departed relatives and friends. I have patiently traced the history of these manifestations, investigated the facts connected with them, testified in innumerable instances by persons of high character, have had fourteen sittings with the medium, Mrs. Hayden, during which she gave me every desired opportunity to ascertain if it was possible there could be any deception on her part."

"I asked many of the spirits of my own family, questions to test their identity; also from several of my long departed friends, and from some well-known characters known to me only by their writings, and in all these instances the answers have been true, prompt, and direct, and always rational. Incoherent, and often absurd replies are sometimes given to strangers at the first or more interviews; but from my own experience I am induced to believe that these false replies proceed from the unprepared state of mind of the inquirers; from their desire, known to the spirits, to deceive, or from the inexperience of the questioner, how distinctly to put the questions so as to obtain correct replies."

"I am not only convinced that there is no deception with truthful mediums, in these proceedings, but that they are destined to effect, at this period, the greatest moral revolution in the character and condition of the human race; and that these wonderful manifestations are the promised second coming of Truth or Christ to the inhabitants of the earth."

"The intercourse which I have had with the spirits of members of my departed family and others, has been of the most gratifying and delightful character."
 ROBERT OWEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Complimentary "Seance" to the Literati.—A Gallery of Stars.—Robert Chambers.—The Author of the "Veilings of Creation."—Spirits Come to Town.

Tuesday evening, March first, we gave a complimentary seance to our most esteemed friend, Spicer, the poet, and a party of distinguished ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the following persons, whose names, we presume, we may mention without any breach of confidence, or fear of giving offense, as the majority of them are well known to literary fame, and were only present as investigators of the phenomena. Robert Chambers, Esq., of Chambers Journal, Rev. J. E. Smith, M. A., editor of the London Family Herald, and author of "Nature's Divine Drama," Hugh Doherty, Esq., London correspondent of the New York Tribune, Cooley Grattan, Esq., late British Consul at Boston, author of "Highways and Byways," Mr. Treseccott, Esq., Wm. Daniels, M. D., John Ashburner, M. D., Charles W. Hoyland, M. R. C. S. L., John Malcom, M. D., Dr. Dickson, author of the "Follies of a Physician," Captain W. Smyth, Henry Spicer, Esq., Post Auditor, Mrs. Catherine Crow, authoress of Susan Hopely, Night Side of Nature, etc. etc., Mrs. Gibson, wife of Milner Gibson, M. P., Miss Daniels, and our very humble selves.

The seance, as a whole, gave very general satisfaction, nearly, or quite all of the parties being well known in London, as persons possessing high literary and scientific attainments, and occupying responsible positions in society. As a partial account of the phenomena which occurred on that occasion was given in Chambers Journal, of May 21st, we have taken the liberty to make some extracts from the same:—

THE SPIRITS COME TO TOWN.

In our late article on the Rappings, or so-called Spiritual Manifestations of America, it was anticipated that they would soon be heard of in England; and such has proved to be the case. In the Times newspaper throughout the last month, there were advertisements from three different Mediums, offering opportunities of witnessing these wonderful phenomena in London. They had not up to that time attracted much public attention. The press had taken hardly any notice of them; and such notice as it did take, was chiefly in the way of scepticism and derision. Nevertheless, a considerable number of persons in the outer circles of society had been to Mrs. Hayden's, or had had her at their houses. The other two Mediums were as yet comparatively obscure and little resorted to. It was at the same time rumored, that a lady of rank and a baronet had severally had spiritual communications in their own homes. Hearing of these things, we requested of a gentleman, who is accustomed to contribute to our pages, the favor of his going to the various Mediums, and communicating to us exactly what he saw going on amongst them; judging that our readers could not but feel some curiosity regarding what appears as a singular retrogression into effete superstitions. He has complied with our wish, and we publish his communication without any comment of our own.

In attempting to gratify you in your wishes, I deemed it proper to go first to Mrs. Hayden's, as she has had the honor of being the first to introduce spirit-rappings into this country. I found her at No. 22 Queen Anne street, Cavendish Square, attended by her husband, who was, till lately, the editor of a Boston newspaper. She is a good-looking woman, of about thirty; self-possessed, but of not unpleasant manners. Three or four other persons having assembled, we sat down at a round table, along with the medium, Mr. Hayden sometimes lounging at the fireplace, but often engaged in his own affairs in another room. When the company was settled into perfect quietness, the lady, stooping down towards the table, asked: "Are there any spirits present?" If so, will they be pleased to manifest themselves?" In a minute or two, a faint ticking noise, hardly distinguishable at first from a creaking of furniture, was heard, as if in the body of the timber constituting the surface of the table. By the medium's instructions, one of the company, a lady, asked if the spirit wished to communicate with her. No tapping being heard in reply, a negative is inferred. Then another, and another, asked the question in succession, till at length a slight tapping implied an affirmative. I need not describe how various individuals in the company obtained communications through the alphabet, as you have already explained the process. I may mention, however, a few of the results. One lady entered into communication with the spirit of a deceased infant daughter, who, after stating the place of her death, and the disease of which she died, both truly, said: "I hover around you like an angel, trying to make you happy." An old gentleman, having evoked the spirit of a person he thought of, had her name spelled out—"Harrison" (or some such name), which he explained to be that of a lady deceased thirty years ago, and the dearest friend he had ever had in life. A medical gentleman obtained a communication from the spirit of a nephew of Dr. Channing, with whom he had once carried on a correspondence on metaphysical-religious questions, and

who stated that he had died at Boston, about three weeks ago—an event of which the experimenter had not yet heard. This spirit was asked various questions on religious matters, to which sensible answers were given. I can only remember, that the views of Swedenborg were spoken of with peculiar approbation. A spirit was good enough to communicate with myself. "Was it a relation?"—Yes. "My father (who is long deceased)?"—No. "A brother?"—Yes. "In what year did he leave this earthly sphere?" (words directly expressive of mortality being unpleasant to the spirit).—"1833. "The initial of the month?"—"F. "The day of the month?"—"16. All this was right. Then an address from the spirit to me was spelled out, expressive, however, merely of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the grace of God towards his creatures. Afterwards this spirit gave himself a wrong Christian name, gave his father's correctly, and then his mother's erroneously. I was not conscious at the time of acting in such a way, in my points at the letters, as to give any hint of which were the true ones; but I became fully convinced next day, on reflection, that a clever person, in the capacity of medium, might, in most cases, detect a significant pause at the letter which the experimenter knew to be the right one, and would thus be able easily to spell out the expected words and sentences.

[To be continued.]

Correspondence.

PRE-VISION.

MONROE, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1857.

Among the wonderful faculties of the human mind may be ranked as the most wonderful, the faculty of pre-vision. A careful analysis of this faculty, if a possibility, no doubt would relieve mankind of many erroneous conceptions they have in regard to it. The exercise of this faculty is dependent upon a function of the mind that is so imperfectly understood, that any explanations offered in relation to it can scarcely be regarded other than suggestive. The various teachings that have recently been presented to the world, as emanating from higher spheres of human intelligence, inculcate the undeviating sequence of cause and effect in all things, whether pertaining to that form of matter which is most obvious to the external senses, or higher forms of matter relating and pertaining to spiritual conditions. It is also taught that the knowledge of higher spheres is an ultimate of the knowledge of all lower spheres, as all forms and qualities of matter are. And only by regarding causes and effects in their relation to the several spheres, can we arrive at any satisfactory explanations of the faculty of Pre-vision.

Pre-vision may be defined to be that form of action of the mind in which the combined results of causes and effects, together with the causes and effects, are presented to the mind at one glance, or are received by the mind by influx, in such manner that the mind is not conscious of the details or particulars involved, but is conscious of the final result. For want of a better word or phrase in which to embody this idea in language, men apply the term *intuition* to such mental phenomena when exhibited in the human mind, or *instinct* when exhibited by lower organisms.

There are various forms in which such actions of mind are observed. The mechanic by his intuitions discovers the relation of forces and principles to each other, and by their relations to particular uses he is able to invent a new machine. In like manner the Chemist, the Geologist, the Philosopher, resolves his intuitions into external forms and applies them to uses.

The world has often been astonished by similar exhibitions of intuition by unlearned persons, in the field of Mathematics, and in the demonstration and solution of intricate problems by the instantaneous exhibition of results, by which the ordinary process would require the exercise of minds prepared by years of training, for hours or days for their solution. Although this phenomena and the phenomenon of Pre-vision are thus susceptible of a similar explanation, such however is the limit of the powers of the human mind that it would be impossible to understand, if it were possible to explain in detail the methods by which these phenomena are developed. In general terms however, they are explainable in this way. Minds harmoniously developed in the proper directions, are variously capable of receiving impressions or knowledge, by influx from the spheres of causes and of uses. (Vide Davis' Revelations.)

From the earliest ages there has existed in the human mind, a belief that certain persons have the power of foretelling future events by interpreting various signs and omens, (which being derived from an independent series of causes and effects, do not appear to the reasoning mind to have any relation either by correspondence or otherwise, other than incidentally and contemporaneously with the series of causes and effects whose results or uses are sought to be understood.)

The design of this article is to impress on the minds of persons who seek to know the future by any of the supposed arts of Astrology, Palmistry, Gnomancy, Divination, or other mysterious systems not sustained by the reason of man, the inadequacy of the means sought for the accomplishment of the purposes in view.

All these supposed methods for ascertaining the future when submitted to rigid analysis, are found to be defective for the following reasons. If reliable, they would be invariable and accurate in their results, for in the idea embodied in the method can plainly be seen the supposition that that series of cause and effect which is presumed to indicate the legitimate result of another series of cause and effect, must be a reflex of the latter, a supposition which in all cases, a careful examination would show to be fallacious. For no two series of cause and effect having each a separate origin at no very remote period, can by any process of reasoning be shown to have an inductive or reflex relation to each other, only so far as they actually mingle or blend with each other to produce another series, which shall result from them both.

MRS. OORA L. V. HATCH IN OHIO.

LEONA, N. Y., Sept. 16th, 1857.

This most extraordinary and interesting trance-speaking medium, who has astonished the people of the East by her wonderful exhibition of intellectual powers, has been in Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, awakening there the same deep interest she excites wherever she moves. She announced to meet the people upon any subject of Divinity or Science they might propose, which she did most satisfactorily. I conclude, from the fact that the committee chosen by the audience for the proposition of subject, when solicited by the controlling intelligence to question anything which was doubtful, had nothing to offer but their approval.

An invitation was also extended to the city especially, which they did not avail themselves of.

The Messenger.

we suppose, for the very good reason, that they did not feel competent to do so—competent to reflect any honor upon themselves, their erudition, or their doctrines; and yet they pretend to scout the idea of present inspiration. How is it? If they do really, in their hearts, feel the contempt for this idea which they express, why do they not come to the rescue of their position, and meet this uneducated girl of seventeen? They certainly would not hesitate to do so, if they did not believe her possessed of a knowledge superior to any which one of her years could possibly have acquired. It is a fact admitted by all that she certainly performs wonderful things, whether under the control of disembodied spirits or not.

Let those who think her wonderful knowledge is the result of devoted and exhausting study,—those who think she argues from what she has read and observed,—attempt to perform these same things, which she accomplishes with so much ease, and see what success they meet with. Would any such dare announce to speak extempore upon any subject, moral or scientific, before the most learned of the age, and then submit themselves to the questioning of their hearers? If any such dare do so, we fear they would only cover themselves with ridicule and confusion. To us she seems at once a bright, pure spirit, endowed by angels with heaven's richest gifts; her manners, so easy and graceful, at once attract the beholder. Her impressive invocations to the Great Source of Life, which generally precede her lectures, seem almost to bear one near the highest courts of heaven. Their thrilling, their enchanting solemnity; their deep earnestness, and tenderness of thought and expression, breathed forth in a voice of deep melody, cannot fail to leave the impression, that she is a child of richest inspiration. Who can look upon this lovely child of nature, in her pure simplicity, and talk of "humbug," of "deception," and "trickery"? To us the position is simply absurd,—sure, her youthful countenance bears no expression of the rigid discipline she must have passed through, to acquire the knowledge she possesses. I decline speaking especially of her lectures in those places, as I can do them no justice,—her lectures best speak for themselves. Able critics have spoken in first terms of commendation of her superior talents, and captivating oratory and eloquence. Her lectures were universally conceded to be profoundly scientific and philosophical, and were received with much satisfaction by many who had previously manifested little interest in the cause of Spiritualism.

In haste,

L. L. A. D. A.

Boston, Sept. 30th, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—Having been engaged in the cause of Spiritualism for a few years past, in different localities, I find drawn about me very many individuals to whom I feel myself bound, by the very strongest ties of sympathy and affection, and from whom I have, in times past, and still more recently, received tokens of unmistakable interest in my own personal welfare, as demonstrated in their acts of benevolence in supplying my needs, while I have given my physical organism as an instrument through which an invisible power might reflect a ray of light, small though it may be, for the elevation and benefit of humanity. Recently my health has been prostrated, and again I receive fresh proofs of their disinterested kindness. It would give me much pleasure could I have the privilege of taking each individual by the hand, and of bidding each a God speed in their investigation and development, in a truth or principle whose legitimate mission is to purify and redeem mankind. But as, by the present condition of things, I am denied that privilege, I have taken this method of expressing my gratitude to them, through the columns of this paper, earnestly desiring for them a rapid progression in the great principles of light and truth, as they become unfolded, and are more clearly seen to exist in their own nature.

SAMUEL UPHAM.

Written for the Banner of Light.
IN REMEMBRANCE OF A. A. B. W.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Three years have passed away since ALMA left
Our heavy hearts, to show
How sad the soul might be of love bereft
It never more might know.

The loss that opened wide the fountain-jet
Of tears, within our breast;
Calls forth a sigh of sadness and regret,
Though she is with the blest.

The sun was slowly going down to rest
Behind the sloping hill,
While golden clouds fast crowded to the west,
All beautiful and still.

The forest leaves in pensive sadness hung—
Still blended there a sigh,
As though a requiem and were being sung
By heavenly angels nigh.

The flowers seemed to droop silently in prayer,
"Heaven's distant dome;
While unseen murmurings filled the perfumed air,
Around our loved one's home.

How sadly quiet were our steps within
Upon the sick-room floor!
How oft we checked our sobs, as 'twere a sin
To break her "weep no more."

She drew her hands within her pulchrous grasp,
And raised her eyes above;
And bade us let our struggling to the last,
Be for the Father's love.

Oh! sweet the child that breathed her pallid lips,
And Heaven's own light seemed there,
While shadows that the golden sunset tips,
Were waving in the air.

Quicker grows her breathing—paler grows her face;
Alas! for mortal strife—
She's gone; but through God's never-ending grace,
Eternal is her life.

Alas! now give away to tears, for well you might,
A star on earth was given;
Alma thou art gone, I'm looking for that light—
'Twill surely shine in Heaven.

I gazed upon the trembling stars for hours
After thy spirit fled;
Like flowers on fields of Heaven, they seemed, that lustre
Instead of perfume shed.

I singled out the brightest beaming star,
A flower from the loe;
I've pressed the bud, I view thy face afar—
Both emblem and of thee.

ALMA, dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
And though I weep for thee,
This thought arising checks the willing tear—
It is, that thou art free.

Not one who saw thee smile in Death's sad hour,
Could wish thee here again;
Each learned the worth of that consoling Power,
Which more than soothes our pain.

The city authorities of St. Louis, Mo., propose to purchase three small steam fire engines for the use of this city, at a cost of about \$2500.

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

The object of this department is, as far as possible, to publish the communications of 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 earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but future beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirit," and not do any thing against their Reason, because they have been advised by them to do so.

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.

"And he hath the keys of Hell." And he hath the "key of Heaven." And he saith unto you whatsoever I do, ye may do also. Whatsoever I have ye may have. Therefore I behold in the hands of mortals the keys of Heaven and Hell also. And unto every man that seeketh to gain Heaven, glorious light from the celestial spheres shall come; and unto him who seeketh for Hell, within his soul the fires of Hell shall burn. Christ was fashioned in the image of Purity, and Wisdom sat enthroned upon him. The image of the present day are also fashioned in the image of God, and Wisdom sitteth upon them also. But the signs of the times have been fitting upon the smooth face of the waters, and like so many bubbles, are leading the children of God on after that which will vanish like them. Nature, or the God of Nature, has endowed all her children with purity, and all mankind are again destined to become pure. However dark the clouds which clothe the soul, Nature shall carry far into oblivion those garments, and he shall stand pure before his Creator, his Father. You children, who are traveling through the dark wilderness below, have a guide within which will point you home. Home! where is the home of the spirit? Do we find it in haunts of misery, do we find it among those who present a direful spectacle? The body may for a time grovel there, but the spirit will soar upward to meet its God. I look upon the sphere of earth, and I find growing there many beautiful plants; within some of these plants I find a poison, and in others a balm. Now they all present a like appearance to me in the external, but I look within with a spiritual eye, and quickly I detect a good or evil beneath it. And thus it may be with you children. So live that you may penetrate far beyond the act, the look, and read the souls of men. For each child is going on in spirit, while the body oftentimes keeps it entombed within a sepulchre. I see groups of angels around you mortals, who seek to benefit you, and I find upon the brows of those angels the word Love; and as they draw nigh unto you, I find pure waters gushing out from the fountains of their soul, flowing down to you, teaching you to hope for better things, and calling for power to come down upon you from above.

Oh that you mortals could see yourselves as ye are seen—that ye could see the changes which are going on in Spirit life for you. You would then realize the full import of my words, when I tell you ye have the keys of Heaven and of Hell in your own hands.

James Elliot Hamblin.

It is a very mysterious thing that you call death, and for one cannot fully understand its meaning. Although I have changed, passed away with that grim messenger, yet I cannot understand it. If a man die shall he live again? That was the last text I heard preached upon when on earth, and it was the first thought which came before me when in the spirit land. Surely, I said, I am alive, not dead. All things around me are blessed with life, nothing is marked with decay; and yet I cannot see why we are obliged to lay down the bodies we have on earth, and take those that are to us as nothing, for we are but phantoms here. Oh, it is strange, very strange to me. I had my natural birth in Rhode Island, and lived there until I was ten years of age. Then I removed to the eastern part of Massachusetts; from thence I went to the lower part of Canada, and from thence I came to the land where I now dwell. I am told you dwell in the year 1857. Then it seems I have dwelt here seventeen years, and have not yet found out what death is—have not yet seen God—have not yet seen hell, nor that personage you and those around you call the devil. No, we have not heard of him here. I find here trees, flowers, birds, vegetables—everything I find on earth, and yet decay is marked on nothing. I crush the flower, yet it remains the same. It would not be so with you, for the flower with you withers and decays at the rude touch.

This is the first time I ever manifested here, excepting by sounds. Now I am told that in years to come, away in the future, you mortals are to become so purified, so spiritualized, that you shall recognize us in your natural state. That time will come when he you call Death shall be swallowed up in Life. These new developments that are coming on, after another, so like stars studious your firmament, will all harmonize, and by their light ye shall see as we see you. Now I was taught when on earth that I should be eternally damned if I sinned on earth. But I never believed it, for I never believed in a personal devil or a personal God. Don't charge me with being an infidel—but if you do I do not know if I care. I saw so much of error, darkness and superstition mixed up with Christianity, that I knew it would take a wiser head than mine to pick it out from the thousand errors mixed with it. I believed the flower grew from the earth, and sent forth its fragrance for the good of man, but I could not tell whence that flower came, or who sent it. And yet I had something within me telling me that there must be a superior power somewhere. I came to the conclusion that such a power pervaded all nature, and felt sure that I should some day progress so far that I should know from whence the kingdom of nature proceeded.

Now I passed from earth in just such darkness. But I stood upon my own reason, and I said if I be a hereafter, I shall see it; and if so, then I shall know of God. I thought that when the time of my dissolution came, I should see all this, and I did—for many angel friends were gathered about my bedside, and they told me they were happy that I was to come to them, and bade me have no fear of the sea over which I was to pass.

Now I have friends on earth to whom I wish to manifest. I care not whether they wish me to manifest to them, but I do my duty to them by manifesting. I am very happy. I discard all Christianity as you understand it, or as the great mass of mankind understands it. I was a cabinet maker by trade, worked at my trade in the various places I have named; the last place I dwelt in on earth was Broomfield, in Canada. I had a very limited education, but was a sort of what you might call natural scholar. I studied nature, and ceased not for my book-room fame. I left a father on earth—his name came to me. I have two brothers, one residing in the western part of New York, one in Upper Canada. One is two years older than myself, the other four years younger. My name was James Elliot Hamblin. Now I want my brothers to know a part of what I know. That is, that death is no death at all. As far as I can understand it, it is simply a change from one state of existence to another, which all must pass through. If you do the best you know how, you shall be happy hereafter; if you do the worst you can, you shall suffer. And you shall be your own judge—no one else shall judge you. I suffered intensely for all my sins, for I saw what gloriifying beauty I had failed to reach, which I might have done had I lived in wisdom. But I had not the light you have, and had I, I should have lived as near purity as possible. Be sure you are perfectly safe if you do the best you can.

Now my youngest brother has good medium powers, and is manifesting to him. He is naturally kind. But if he will manifest all the courage he can, I will manifest to him in such an unmistakable

manner that he cannot doubt me. We cannot manifest to mortals to their injury. I say we, because I stand as a plain where spirits do not desire to do wrong. There are those below us, who have evil in their nature, and they manifest to those who are evil or ignorant, and by so doing they work out the evil in their own nature—it must be so, and you may as well carry off a part of the load. But the time will come, through this very means, when evil will cease to dwell with man. Good day.

Dr. Steven Winslow, Ludlow.

Friends, there seems to be doubts in the minds of mortals in regard to the existence of animals after they are dead to your sight. Now, we in the spirit life are taught to believe that all the creatures of God are subjects of eternal life. The worm first crawls upon the ground, to your sight, but it has many stages of existence prior to that. Behold that worm as it were dead, but lo! the beautiful butterfly comes forth and flits in your air, to live but a season in that state of existence. Then we find it passing on to a higher state, which is this. The small butterfly of this season, we find the next season still more beautiful, although it still retains, to a certain extent, its own identity. In it you find that which corresponds to the worm in the first season; in the second you find what corresponds to the prior butterfly and the worm too. And what, then? Why, in this, you find that this butterfly, after change, has become a sonneteer of the forest. And you may find, on examination, that he once was a creeping thing on the earth. Again, look at that noble animal, the horse—gifted, to a certain extent, with intellect, which you call instinct. Man, in the creation, was pronounced the king of animals, the lord of all created things, and of all intelligences below him.

Now, what has made him that lord? Wisdom. He is endowed with what the lower animals are endowed with. They have instinct, intelligence, but not wisdom. Now, as the horse dies to your sight, it passes on to another sphere, as you do; but it never can pass into the wisdom sphere, because it has not wisdom—it would be a moral impossibility.

Now man passes on from one beauty to another, as the butterfly does, gathering as he goes, through a series of eternal progressions. The man who loves the horse on earth, clings to what pleased him on earth, until he is progressed to enter the wisdom circle, when things of earth no longer please him. You have been taught that these noble inhabitants of the forest, the raven, once sustained the man of God in the forest. Now, what think you impelled those birds so to do? Was it not God, through His numerous channels, and if He could make them the servants of His servants, will He annihilate them? Oh, no, not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice.

And what think you this means? We think it means that not even a little sparrow falls from your sight, but it is recognized in the land of the Father. After they cease to be visible to you, they cease to be subject to decay, but still they undergo one change after another, until they come near the wisdom circle. They are given to teach and to please mankind. Now there are many dwelling in your sphere, whose sole heaven is formed by the animal, without your help. I should be excessively unhappy without my horse. Now if he enters the spirit world, will that object of his love be cut off while he still retains that love? No, but when his heaven is beyond that object, it will not be long; but as long as his heaven is with that animal, so long it will remain with him. The animal, the insect, the bird, all live after this changing, fleeting season. Should you never believe without a doubt while you are in this sphere, you certainly will after you have passed through the change called death.

I am unable to control this organism as I can some organisms, else I could give you almost positive proof of the statements I have made.

William Holmes, Manchester, N. H., to P. Stewart, Teacher, of Boston.

Gentlemen—I tried to use your medium well, but I felt delicate about coming; she was much against it, yet I can see no reason why I should be cast aside. I regret very much that there are no colored mediums, then they would not object to one of their own color.

These remarks were made in consequence of a clairvoyant sight the medium had of the spirit wishing to control, ere he had obtained influence over her. Being of color, she objected to it, hence he found it difficult to influence her.

I shall object to your classing me among the low colored people. I came to you this morning, that I might communicate with a friend. My name was William Holmes; I was a colored barber in Manchester, N. H., and I wish to communicate to one P. Stewart, of Boston, school teacher, at the west end of your city. You may send your city over to find a gentleman, and I doubt if you find one more so than he is. I am no particular acquaintance, but I have seen him frequently, and he is the only one I know of now who will receive these things. I was born of respectable parents in Montreal, who died years before me. I received a fair education, and, as I told you, I received a living by shaving the multitude, which, by the way, I consider an honest occupation. I am requested to say that friend Stewart has many friends who are anxious to communicate to him, and if he will visit some suitable medium, they will be most happy to see him. I am told I am to progress out of my present state, by and through him, and I wish him to sit at his table to converse with me, that I may hear certain truths through him, which will enable me to progress on my way to happiness. Perhaps he will think it a little strange that I do not come to my near relatives, but let him consider that he is the only one who will receive me. I presume you are a stranger to him, as you do not often mingle with those who are not of your color.

I was twenty-three years of age, and died of fever, about five years ago. I hope I have your forgiveness for intruding upon you. In the land where I now dwell it is goodness that elevates the spirit, it is not color. By the emotions of the soul the spirit forms his own surroundings; drawing to himself those which are beautiful, if he is good, or ill-shaped forms, if otherwise. It were well if goodness did the same on earth, but gold, color and station are marks of character with you. Good morning. Sept. 25.

George Henderson, Hartford, Ct.

I was told to come here to work, but I don't see anything to do. I am told to say to you that the spirit who last manifested was a hermit, who lived in the year 1721; as he says. Well, I have been sent here; my name, to begin with, was George Henderson. I lived in Hartford, Connecticut, and died there. I have been here, as next as I can count time, between seven and eight years. I was sent here by some friends I have on earth. They did not tell me to say, only to come and communicate. I was twenty years old, and had a brother by name John Wiggins, or a half brother, for we had two fathers and one mother. I bear my own father's name, and he is here with me. My brother bears his father's name. Some one here was just suggesting that I give you my history, but I do not care to. I can see now that I was not exactly right on earth, but I am satisfied with my condition. I am willing to come and talk, but I don't want anybody to talk to me about the Bible or Jesus Christ, for I never did believe in it. I am independent, and don't lean on anybody. I am willing to do all I can for anybody, but I want to be let alone.

Now, I was sick with fever, and I suppose if I had taken the medicine, I might not have died, or come here, but I chose to do for myself. My mother was a good woman, and I could have been dependent on her, but nobody else. I had money, and always liked to give it when I thought it was right. I always told me I was different from anybody else, and if they had told me I was like anybody, I should have been mad about it. I had three spirits come to me, and ask me if I did not want to see the place where they lived, and I told them no, I wanted to be let alone, and told them to go their way. Oh, I have

plenty of folks round me, and I do all I can for them; if they want to go to Heaven, why they may go, and then I'll be a sort of Solikirk. I want to have everything dependent upon me. I was told months ago that I might come here and talk, but I didn't come; but at last they called for me, and I went to see them, and they asked me to come here, and I have done it to oblige them.

Now, I left some money on earth, and I gave away all but a certain sum that I left to bury myself with. Well, they thought it to go into more extravagance than I provided for, and I am unhappy about it. That is the only thing I am dependent upon anybody on earth for, and I don't like it. They tried to argue me out of it, but it's no use. I like to see my mother when she sees fit to come to me, but I never call for her; if she sees fit to come, I like to have her, if not, I don't want her to come.

I had some books sent to me when I was sick, and I am pretty sure they all went back; if I had sent for them, I should have been dependent; but they sent them, so I was not.

Talk about going to God—if he wants me he can come for me, but I shall never go to him. Oh, I'm an original—there's nobody like me, and if there was, I should be unhappy. I'm just like a stone, you can't turn me unless you get power, and I don't think you can.

Now, if I can do anything for you, I am ready to do it; if not, I'll go.

The strongest marked character we ever had present to us. Of course the reader will understand that he speaks only for himself, and we report just as he said it, for the reason that his manner proves his identity in all probability beyond a doubt.

H. Eager.

Do you ever consider what a position it is to sit around a table, and call for those who have crossed the Jordan of death to manifest to their friends?

Now you should be exceedingly cautious that your thoughts are all ascending—that you have cast off all earthly cares as much as possible, for you know not how difficult it is for us to manifest when the storm is raging with fury in the souls of those to whom we draw nigh.

When I was on earth I did not realize this. I would sit at the table and call for my friends, and perhaps, my thoughts were on earth and things of earth, or perhaps some joke was upon my lips. Were I on earth now, I should do far different in this respect.

It is now near one year since I left earth, and I have seen many new and beautiful truths regarding Spiritualism. I sometimes wonder that those who draw nigh to mortals do not chide them for an overflow of earth. A spirit may have something of sorrow about them, and it is difficult for them to manifest when all is frivolity in those they wish to manifest to. You should strive to be evenly balanced in everything, neither mournful or sad, but at rest.

I have been requested to manifest here. I have many friends on earth—dear friends, kind friends, and I have enemies also, and I daily pray for them; for if they have not charity for me, I am sure I have for them. The sin of ignorance God winks at, and I am sure I am forgiven. Many of the world's people spoke harshly of me when I left earth, but in the spirit life we know God rules, and the harsh words of mortals fall like oil upon the spirit's ear. I would not be a medium on earth for all the wealth of the world. I look upon them with pity when I look upon the mediums of earth, for I once stood where they now stand; and who should pity if not I?

I have a dear friend on earth whom I shall call Maria. She seems to be encompassed about at times by sorrow, and that sorrow seems to be caused by dear friends. But she has many angels watching for her, one of whom is a dear sister; and if friends chide her, she must remember that they are in darkness, and she in light, and that one day they will greet her with joy. You cannot understand this, but my friend will.

Oh, I wish you were all with me, but I would not have you come to us as I came, especially if you have the reasoning powers which God has given you. I have numerous friends I would like to send special messages to. Tell Mrs. Haynes I see a thousand beauties around her, and I often wish I could come to her at night, and tell her of the glorious prospect assured of a lively, buoyant spirit,—could cast off sorrow easily, yet there was something within that was always a source of trouble, a perfect hell I might say.

We were not in proper condition to sit for manifestations this morning, and found it impossible to follow the spirit to a conclusion. She gave the name of Mattie Eager.

Mary Vinton.

Eyes hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the beauties of spirit life. A thousand plants have their natural existence upon earth, and as the flower dies out on earth, it enters the spirit life; but has it no attraction for kindred flowers on earth, will it not return to see them, or will it grow on, on never thinking of those who surrounded it whence it came? I have dear friends upon earth, and to them I am drawn by an irresistible power. To them I draw nigh, and I strive to present myself to them in the way they may see, and in seeing, believe; and that in time their belief may turn into knowledge.

Many of those dear ones, who once welcomed us with a smile, when we opened their arms and bade us enter, now say I never knew you—you are dead, go rest in peace! Oh, what is death! It is but the body that dies, while the spirit hovers near those it loved, striving to be recognized by their friends, that they may teach them of the home beyond the tomb. Oh, will they then discard us, or will life rules above send us power that we may present ourselves in form, as did Jesus of old, that they may have knowledge, edge without doubt? A few years ago I walked the earth in mortal form; I was loved by many, who now love me perhaps, but afar off. I am now a spirit, and I knock at the door of the human soul, and ask to enter, that it may no longer sit in darkness.

I thank the Giver of All Good that I have been permitted to manifest to some, so that they cry out, it is well, I believe. But those so dear to me, around whose souls I have twined that which is undying, pure affection, have out those beautiful cords, and I come once more asking to be received, once more asking to be believed. One dear brother I have residing in your city—and oh, I would to God I could lift him above all that now draws him down to earth, I would I could show him the beauties of my home, and draw him nigh to those loved ones to give him cheer. I pray that God will send power from above, through the numerous channels of his love, that I may reach them.

Oh, dear ones, do not let me appeal so strongly to you without effecting my object. Oh, may he heed those sacred counsels, and know that we do really inspire her with truth. I speak of the wife of him who is so near and dear to me.

My name on earth was Mary Vinton.

Mary Frances Wilson.

I cannot rest. Oh, that I had lived different. Oh, that I had done as I ought to have done! And yet the world thought me good. How shall I speak to my mother and my sisters? They think I am afar off in Heaven, when the most of my time is passed with them. If I appeal to them they do not hear; if I take hold of them they do not notice me, but pass by me as if they knew me not. Two nights ago I was with my mother, and she partially recognized me, and was very much frightened; and I was very much astonished, for my mother was never afraid of me before. And how is it that she filled the house with her loud cries, for I did so much want to speak

to her. Ah! it seems strange to me! I feel sad when I am near those I love and cannot speak to them. I was told to come here, and my mother might see she was in error, and would not longer be frightened at my coming. I was told I must take other means to reach them, and must not seek to manifest direct to them, else I should frighten them so it would be impossible. They told me to come here, and send them word through you at first.

I died in the early part of last fall of brain fever. My mother's name was Mary Wilson, mine Mary Frances Wilson. I was nineteen years of age, and lived in Boston. My father is with me.

September 26.

Wm. Henry Bartlett, Eastport, Me.

I am strangely confused. I don't understand it. I see you, hear you, but I don't know you. You say this is the first day of October, 1857. Then I've been dead two days—only two days? Do you suppose I shall ever get to Heaven? I was brought here by spirits; my friends don't know I'm dead, and I want to tell them. They will never see my body—that is the mortal body. I sailed from Cranston in Russia, with a partial load of hemp, and a little iron. It's about, in good sailing, thirty-nine days passage from there here. We were bound to New York, and were lost after being twelve days out. There are always hard times this season of the year on the sea. Four went down with me—the wreck will probably be saved—she may stand the sea and run into New York, but I don't know. The brig bears the same name as my sister—Julia Ann—and was built in Bangor, I believe. I never sailed in her before. Four were washed overboard, the remainder were left on the wreck. My name was William Henry Bartlett. John Lewis clung to me, and we were down together. Henry Spencer was lost with us. My sister lives in Eastport, Me. I was born there, but never lived there after I was ten years old. Walker was the captain's name, and we sailed for New York. I have a mother in Eastport. I heard of Spiritualism before I left earth, and I had presence of mind enough to think I would test it as soon as I came here. We threw everything overboard that was moveable, so if I had been saved, I should have stood in my shirt and trousers, and had nothing but them to my name.

Well, I want to let my people know that I am dead to them in this world, and that is all I wish to say at present. If I should happen this way again shall I be welcome?

Oct. 1.

It will not be said by the skeptic that this comes from our mind, and although we are aware that it is necessary to test spirits who are invisible to us, and often unable to control mediums properly, we publish it, and await intelligence to prove it true or false. If true, we shall publish it—if false, the same; if the former, it will prove that spirits can give intelligence in advance of all human appliances, as far as the ocean is concerned—if false, it will only prove what we now know, that all spirit communications are not reliable, any more than is the word of mortals. We have found the former more reliable than the latter.

Dr. Wm. Stevens, St. Augustine, Fla., and Henry Robinson.

God's ways are mysterious—almost incomprehensible to mortals. You who live in the earth sphere have but little conception of that which is constantly given from you to us in the spirit sphere. The earth cannot exist without the Spiritual Kingdom, and the Spiritual Kingdom could not exist without the Material. They are united, bound together by their Creator, and it is strange that one after another or who comes to us from you should return to take the first ray of light from you who dwell on Earth life!

The spirit may remain unconscious, until his Creator, by his interposition, sends back that one to Earth, that he may commence his career of progress. You have just witnessed a manifestation which needs explanation to you.

That spirit inhabited a form some 29 years of age. It was first ushered into existence in Kentucky, and it was wanted to us, or that part you call the Spirit, from Central America. He has a parent living in St. Augustine, and he first thought of her. In the latter part of June he came to us, and she is probably unconscious of his coming. Since that time he has remained unconscious, until now, when the wave of progression has rolled him upon the Shores of Earth, that he may travel around in the great road before him.

It is your duty to teach such ones of their God, of their life, and lead them to peace, love and the joy of their Father.

The manifestation alluded to was the representation of the death scene of some person who died of a shot which must have taken effect in the forehead. The personation was complete, but the only intelligence we could obtain from the spirit was as follows:—

"Henry Robinson, Kentucky. Oh, my mother!"

September 26.

Dr. J. W. Chapman, Boston.

You told me to come, and I am glad to do so, for I am unhappy. All seems new, strange and incomprehensible to me. I did not expect to be ushered in to a land of—I scarce know what, so suddenly. When they carried my body to the grave, the rain was falling slow and steadily, and I thought to myself it is like unto the sorrow I must pass away through—slow and steadily must I weep itself away, like the dark clouds which then hung over the earth.

Months previous to my dissolution I was called upon by a lady, whose family I had attended. She spoke to me of spiritualism, of the beauties, the joy she had found in it; I told her she was in error, but I thought much of what little she said, and in my last moments I prayed God if it was true it might be proved to me. And he did, for he sent many who had passed away before me, who told me I could not remain much longer upon earth. That it was well, for earth had many sorrows; that I should see some sorrow in the spirit life, but in good time it should pass away, and I should ever progress.

I tried to tell my friends what I saw and heard, but could not. I was perfectly sensible, but was so paralyzed by fear that I could not. Now I return to tell my friends that spiritualism is true, and pray for forgiveness of all I may have wronged.

I am told that I shall, in God's own time, be in happiness. I ask for but little, receiving it as fast as I deserve, and that is it, and for it I shall pray now and evermore. Yes, as drops of rain fell one after another upon my coffin, I thought, let these be like tears of repentance I should have shed years ago. Tell Dr.—I have been almost constantly near him since I heard he had been investigating this new truth, and whether have been my faults, oh, let forgiveness shine in upon me. Oh learn a wise lesson from those who come to you, and let not the light you have be thrown away.

Caroline Wilson, New York.

My name was Caroline Wilson when I was on earth. I lost many new things when I was sick. Mother said, Caroline, you come back to me; and I told her I would. I can't speak through Lucy, my sister, so I came here. I want mother to give my things, my clothes, all to my cousin Caroline. They will fit her nicely, and she's poor. I told mother to do it, but perhaps she'll forget it. I was thirteen years old, and had the typhus fever. I lived in New York, Montgomery street. Mother said when you come back I want you to repeat the verse you used to repeat to me when you was a little girl, and then I shall know it's you. It was in the Bible,—the first verse I ever learned in Sabbath School. It was this: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." I used to be a medium. Good bye.

