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AGNES, THE STEP-MOTHER: OR THE CASTLE OF THE SEA. A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

With many tears and subject entreaties, the once proud man implored Mackensie's pardon for the premeditated treachery and wrong. That true friend of humanity strove to soothe the gnawing remorse that bound his soul, as pain now racked his body; assuring the poor wreck before him of his entire forgiveness and brotherly sympathy.

"Oh!" he cried, gazing imploringly into Malcolm's benevolent face. "If I could once more behold the woman I so cruelly wronged—so cruelly maltreated and accused! Oh! to hear her voice once more! I would not look—upon my stricken mother—I have bowed her grey hairs to the dust!—my hand inflicted disease and sorrow upon her—this accursed, sinful, branded hand! I would not quail beneath my daughter's eye—nor leave this sad spectacle impressed upon her memory. I have wronged my only child!—driven her from home and home—your child—Eola—tolling for a livelihood—while a stranger lords it the halls that rightfully are hers! My cursed ambition has brought me—has brought them low! But Agnes! oh, could I once more behold her, I should die in peace—one last look at her—and my forgiveness obtained—I can leave this world!"

Emilia questioned her brother by a glance. "He may live some days," he whispered; "but his recovery is impossible. I will hasten to town," he said, loud enough for Maurice to hear; "and procure a physician. You will not be afraid to remain here? If possible we will remove you to town, brother, or to some near plantation. I will go for Agnes to Puerto Sereno, or send for her."

"Go, go! hasten to town, dear brother; I will remain, I know no fear. Return with the first physician, and bring some refreshments with you. I will attend to Maurice."

"You will go for Agnes? You will obtain for me one sight of her blessed face? Oh, injured brother! more than friend, you will do this for me? Oh, my heart feels it—there must be a God—to have formed such souls!"

The soft blue eyes of Malcolm Mackensie were steeped in compassion's heart dew. "Take courage, friend," he said, pressing the sick man's wasted hand, "I go now to procure a physician and some necessary refreshments, and shall soon return. This evening I embark for Puerto Sereno, and shall return with Agnes!"

Emilia accompanied him to the door, she pressed a loving kiss upon his forehead, then with a pale cheek, but no apparent signs of weakness, resumed her place beside the sufferer's couch. Malcolm, mounting his impatient mule, galloped towards the town.

The injured and forgiving woman sat on the rude, damp floor beside the wrecked form of one, once her deep heart's idol. As a sister, she ministers unto him; cooling the fever on his brow by the magnetic touches of her soft, cool hand; assuaging the late remorse of his spirit by consoling, solemn words of spiritual faith and hope. Two long hours elapsed; the sun had risen high, inundating the mountain's densest pass with its vivifying glory, penetrating even the rock-built hut, with its thatched roof, and low-built doorway. Emilia took the lace kerchief from her bosom and spread it over his face as he slept. Mackensie returned with Doctor Walter, and a negro bearing a basket of provisions from the hotel; he himself carried a pair of blankets to place beneath his suffering brother. Doctor Walter bowed in reverence to the stately, sweet voiced lady, and then proceeded to examine the patient's wounds. He told Mr. Mackensie that his friend might live three or four days, but that he would not answer for his life one hour if he were removed. With their united efforts they spread the blankets, and otherwise comfortably arranged him. Doctor Walter was inexpressibly shocked to behold the rich merchant brought so low; he expressed his sorrow and condolence.

"Do not pity me, kind Doctor!" murmured the sufferer—"pity my wife—my daughter—my infirm old mother!—do not tell any one in La Toma—they would look to look upon me—out of curiosity—and I should die—without beholding Agnes! Don't say where I am, dear doctor!"

Doctor Walter promised compliance with his request; he gave some simple directions to Emilia, and with a moistened eye, and a heavy heart, the good man departed.

All that day the wounded man rested with the hand of his first wife clasped in his, pouring forth

his sorrow and penitence—and calling upon the absent Agnes. The fever was preying inwardly upon him; he would be delirious at intervals, and wildly accuse himself of every crime and treachery. Emilia wiped his haggard face, from which a clammy perspiration oozed, and replaced the cooling bandages upon his lacerated brow, often placing a draught of lemonade to his parched lips. Malcolm sat on the other side, gently fanning him. Brother and sister partook sparingly of some refreshment, and sent the negro to town with a note for Frank Wylie.

But the day declined, and the messenger returned not. Don Ramon and Manuela, with Frank and Nelly, had gone to the *Palma Sol*, immediately after breakfast, and did not return to the hotel till close upon the hour of embarkation. Great was their surprise to find their friends not yet returned; they resolved to wait for them, upon the wharf, Frank having vainly sought them in every direction but the right one.

In the meantime, Malcolm endeavored to prevail on his sister to allow him to send a nurse and attendants from town, while she accompanied him to Puerto Sereno. But Emilia declared her intention of remaining with Maurice, fearing that the sight of strangers might shorten his life through shame and remorse. She at length consented that Nelly might be sent to her, as she thought the sight of her kind, familiar face, might be productive of good. Maurice was sleeping when Malcolm left the hut; he parted from his heroic sister, with a fond embrace, promising to send Nelly, and a couch or easy chair for her convenience, and to return with Agnes by the first opportunity.

Sunset was past, the sudden twilight of the tropics spreading over the rosy sky in which already the first stars beamed. The Catalina's boat was anxiously awaiting her passengers, Don Ramon and Manuela, expressing their growing alarm, Frank and Nelly whispering anxiously, when Mr. Mackensie was seen rapidly approaching, valise and umbrella in hand. He hurriedly drew Nelly aside and conversed for a few moments earnestly. She threw up her hands in astonishment, while every vestige of color departed from her face. This very morn, sur, you tell the Senora an' mister Frank. Without preface or apology she snatched up her umbrella and ran towards the hotel at a flying speed, pursued by the prolonged ha, ha! of the lounging negroes on the wharf. Mr. Mackensie's face was flushed with haste and excitement; he took Frank Wylie's arm.

"Come, friends," he said, "let us embark. I will not now apologize for my delay and seeming rudeness in thus snatching Nelly away from you. Donna Manuela, I know, will not object when she knows that I have sent her to my sister, who cannot embark with us. Do not look alarmed, Mr. Wylie, she is well. I will explain all, as soon as we get on board. I cannot now. They entered the boat, which was vigorously propelled towards the vessel by four of her jolly crew.

Under a full press of canvass, with a fair breeze, and a bright moon, the Catalina stood out to sea; and next morning, while the stars were yet twinkling overhead, came safely to her anchorage at Puerto Sereno.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh, call it by some better name, For Friendship is too cold, While Love is now a worldly flame, Whose shrine must be of gold; And Passion, like the sun at noon, That burns o'er all his foes. Ah! who as warm, will set as soon—Then, call it none of these."

We return to the gentle Agnes and the sad young Eva, who, forgotten by the rich and gay, are pursuing the "even tenor" of their toilsome, useful lives. But there are pensive shadows upon the face of Agnes, there is a weight of gloom upon her spirits, an unaccountable oppression upon her heart. She thinks much of her husband, so long unheard from; and she beholds him in dreams, pale, wounded, expiring before her. Her soul preaches some fearful calamity, for her premonitions have been ever true. Eva, pale and tranquil, and outwardly resigned to her lot, fulfills her daily duties unshrinkingly; but the

motherly heart of Agnes mourns for the young girl, though no complaints issue from her lips, though never a murmur escapes her. The eye of watchful affection beholds a change that has rendered a sunny, buoyant heart, indifferent to all the blessings of existence; that has darkened faith and hope, and spread a dense pall of skepticism over the glowing, heavenward aspirations of girlhood, the rose-tinted joys of youth. Eva sings no more with the light-heartedness of yore; the fountain of song is troubled, and responds to the spirit's call by mournful lays, and sorrowing refrains; deception has banished love, disenchantment repelled confidence; the wounded spirit fears to trust! With her best affections mingled ever an exquisite sensitiveness, that once, enhancing her every joy, now caused her keenest suffering. Her pure, aspiring, trustful heart shrinks from the degrading memory of the love so unworthily bestowed. She accuses herself for the faith so blindly yielded, for her soul's treasures poured on one so vile, so base!

Then, too, mingling with the yearning and oft-rejected filial love for the absent father, came thoughts of shame; he too, could sacrifice his manhood's honor at the shrine of gold, when she deemed him so full of truth, so lofty in principle, so pure of heart! Eva looks gloomily upon life, and oft in fervent prayer implores for a speedy reunion with the mother she deems long since a dweller of the spirit land. Often, folded to the heart of Agnes, she whispers, tearfully: "You only of all the world are true!" She waits upon her infirm old grandmother, with feelings of the deepest pity, with a conscientious sense of duty; but the all-absorbing affection, the deep reverence has fled from her heart; that silver-haired, sorrow-bowed woman, has been treacherous and cruel, while she deemed her so good and true. Eva's all of affection, faith and gratitude, is concentrated on the long-neglected step-mother, to whom she clings with more than filial devotion, with true, childlike obedience and trust. Poor old Mrs. Greyson weeps bitterly over the supposed desertion of Nelly, and loudly wails her own credulity, in believing Nelly's promises of return. But Agnes believes in Nelly's truth, and sacredly guards her little fortune. They live in the same humble house; Agnes teaches music and drawing, going her daily rounds accompanied by the faithful Zaire. Eva receives her pupils at home; much of her time is spent with her sadly-changed grandmother. Odulia bestows all her spare time upon her benefactress' family; prepares their meals, and serves them when she can.

One sunny morning in December, Eva, returning from bathing in the sea, beheld the brig Catalina at her usual moorings. The dark eyes of the lovely Creole filled with tears, but the first great anguish had passed away; time, the great comforter, had soothed her stormy grief; the gentle ministrations of friendship had strengthened the battling soul. For Eva she had conceived a deep affection, for Agnes an unbounded reverence. She often sat at Mrs. Greyson's feet, and had become a great favorite with her; but she loved best to converse with Eva, whose melancholy spirit so well accorded with her own. Often, sitting on the beach, at early morn, gazing out upon the calm ocean, Carmela would say, in heart tones of conviction: "My Enrico sleeps beneath, but it is his earth form only, his spirit lives above; from Heaven he sees and loves me still." If the pure heart of Eva ever harbored a sentiment of envy, then she entertained it for the young Carmela, who wept for the nobly loved, the worthily remembered. She, alas! wept for the lost ideal, and distrusted her own soul!

Carmela and her attendant accompanied Eva home, and partaking of a cup of coffee took their leave. Eva noticed the more than usual abstraction, the anxious, troubled manner of her step-mother, but she forebore from questioning her, deeming her sorrows too sacred, even for her loving intrusion. It was Agnes' custom to commence her rounds of lesson-giving immediately after the first repast. She was often importuned to stay to breakfast in the houses of the wealthy, but she invariably returned home to her frugal table, to the society of her poor old mother-in-law, and her beloved child. Accompanied by Zaire, having first duly kissed Mrs. Greyson, and embraced Eva, Agnes set out upon her daily routine of monotonous toil.

Leaving her grandmother reading in her prayer-book, Eva passed into the little parlor and sat down to the piano. Her clear, ringing voice was deeply imbued with mournfulness, her eyes filled with tears, and there were "immortal longings" in her soul as she sung:

"Thou art no dream of fleeting joy, sweet hope of future rest, The angel of the future points unto thy portals blest, Where dear, remembered faces gleam, and beckon loving hands, Where sin and sorrow enter not the sun-blast angel lands. Land of love eternal, bright visions nightly come, Forthwarding thy glories, my radiant spirit-home!"

"Mid childhood's crowning splendor, my spirit soared afar— Past nature's summer beauties, unto Eva's watching star: In deepening twilight shadows came gleams of glory bright, And melodies of angels thrilled on the air of night. Oh! realm of light and beauty—sweet voices whisper, come! From the sorrow and the thralldom—to the radiant spirit-home!"

She did not see the shadow in the doorway, she heard not the voice that softly called her name; but Elda, who was resting his shaggy head on her knees, uttered a low growl. Eva dashed away her tears, looked up; she beheld Malcolm Mackensie standing before her. The sudden joy crimsoned her sweet, pale face; loving memories, gladdening and soothing, flooded her heart; she uttered no word, but sprang into the outstretched arms of her friend, and wept upon his bosom, in the fullness of her joy! He strained her to his breast, this long sought-for child of his sister, pressed holy, welcoming kisses upon her brow

and cheeks; and Eva, securely folded in his arms, hung round his neck in speechless affection, and pressed her pure lips to his hands and face. Oh, nature! holy and unpurged! how beautiful are thy manifestations when the kindred ties of blood are those of spirit also.

"My darling Eva! where is Agnes? I must see her immediately," said Malcolm, leading her to a seat.

Just then, entered Don Ramon and Manuela, who had discreetly remained standing outside. The affectionate Creole clasped Eva in her arms, weeping over her for joy, Don Ramon gallantly kissed her hand.

"Where is my beloved Agnes? Oh tell me, and I will find her!" cried Manuela.

"She is not in the house, dear Senora, but I will immediately send for her. How rejoiced she will be to see you all! I will go across the street, and send a boy for Agnes."

"Stay, my child," said Malcolm, as Eva, throwing a shawl around her, prepared to leave the room; "I will go with you, and accompany the messenger; it is important that I see Agnes alone—and that immediately. I will not make any apologies," he said to Don Ramon and Manuela; "you know my business here." He followed Eva to Odulia's dwelling, where the smiling Santiago expressed his willingness to conduct the Senora to the house, where the Senora Agnes was teaching music. He accompanied the smart mulatto boy, while Eva returned to her visitors.

She led Don Ramon and Manuela to her grandmother's room. The poor old lady was trembling with excitement and impatience, she had heard familiar voices in the adjoining room, and wondered who was there so early. Her pale face crimsoned with joy as she beheld the visitors; the tender-hearted Manuela was much shocked at her altered appearance; with much affection she kissed the withered cheek, and took a seat beside her, holding her poor, shrunken hands. Don Ramon, acting as his wife's interpreter, spoke encouragingly to the old lady, bade her look upon himself and Manuela as true friends, desirous of promoting her comfort and happiness to the utmost extent in their power; Mrs. Greyson sobbed forth her thanks; when informed of the arrival of Mackensie, she clasped her hands and thanked the Lord!

"He will be a true friend of Agnes, and he'll be kind to us for her sake," she cried. "Eva, did you ask him about his sister?" She had forgotten, her in the joy of meeting him, but he would soon be with them; he had gone to fetch Agnes."

"The poor dear won't have to give any more music lessons," sobbed Mrs. Greyson; "he won't let her, I know."

A pleasant hour elapsed, and Mackensie returned with Agnes; she was very pale, her eyes were dimmed, as with much weeping. Her friend had told her all, for the urgency of circumstances compelled it. She was prepared to meet her dying husband, humbled and repentant; prepared to meet his first wife, Eva's mother; prepared to fulfill woman's holiest mission of forgiving love.

High heart of Agnes! martyr, soul! loving heart transfixed with the keenest arrows! bear up yet awhile. Gird thy slender frame with thy spirit's inmost strength; abide the heavenly power, amid thy own deep suffering to bind up the bleeding hearts of others; to soothe and console amid thy own harrowing grief, the dependent spirits reclining hopefully on thine!

Tenderly supported by her girlhood's friend, she entered her dwelling, and was received into the outstretched arms of Manuela, upon the threshold; this true friend wept over her in mingled joy and sorrow, caressing her in her own impetuous way, showering kisses and tears, prayers and benedictions upon her. Agnes proceeded to her mother-in-law's room, firmly controlling her agitation, striving to appear calm and cheerful. She announced her intention of returning to La Toma, with Mr. Mackensie, that very evening, to meet there his sister, and if possible, prepare for the return of all. The physician had cautioned her to keep all undue excitement from the enfeebled old lady, as any violent shock of sorrow might prove fatal. Eva's health too had waned. Time and change, the influence of cheerful society and brightening prospects could restore the rose-tint to her cheek, the lightness to her step; she too, was to beware of strong emotions, of all surprises not of a pleasurable kind. So said good Dr. Walter, when they left La Toma; he told Agnes that a sudden shock of joy might arouse her spirit from its brooding gloom, her crushed heart from its despondency, while intelligence of a sorrowful kind might arrest the current of her life at once. Agnes, therefore, needed all her courage and self-possession, and nobly she fulfilled her task.

Mrs. Greyson manifested no surprise at Agnes' decision; she encouraged her to do all her friend desired, and implored her daughter-in-law to prevail on him to visit her. She feared he was angry with her or despised her!

He entered, smiling benevolently. The stricken old woman bent over his extended hand and kissed it; he most soothingly reassured her, and promised his continued friendship, and undiminished good will. Truly the good angel had touched the once flinty heart of that once imperious woman; bodily infirmity had brought around her the compassionate influences, the ministering spirits of holiness and peace. She spoke of Agnes with fervent, exalted gratitude; of herself with humility and sorrow. Mackensie prayed with her—not a formal, studied prayer, but offered up a fervent, spontaneous petition, from his

benevolent soul, unto the Dispenser of all Good. He then told her, as he had before told Agnes, that Frank Wylie was with them, but would not intrude upon the first meeting; that her faithful Nelly was in La Toma, with his sister, who, on recovering from her long illness, had resolved to make her home in the Tropics.

Mrs. Greyson wept for joy; forgetting her lameness, she attempted to start to her feet, but Mackensie gently restrained her, promising that Frank would call upon her that evening, and assuring her of his good will towards her. The poor soul wept for regret, that she had ever harbored one doubt of Nelly's devotion; "so the good, faithful, dear little woman, has come back, and will not desert her poor, forlorn old mistress," she cried.

There was a deep sorrow in Mackensie's benevolent heart as he gazed upon the afflicted form of the once so stately Mrs. Greyson; and thought of her son, whom she would never behold on earth again; and when the tumult of her joy subsided, and she spoke of the absent one, and prayed once more to behold him, Mackensie struggled with his tears, and to that fervent prayer could return no hopeful response. Yet he dared not reveal the fearful truth. Mother and daughter must remain in ignorance of his fate, at least awhile.

With her characteristic unselfishness, Manuela determined to remain in Puerto Sereno, until Agnes' return, for she would necessarily return for her mother-in-law and Eva; but all had agreed that her life of toil must cease. There was quite a friendly dispute as to who should first claim possession of Agnes. Mackensie declared it his own and sister's intention, to purchase *Castillo del mar*, if its present owner would part with it; or if he would not, to purchase a plantation in the neighborhood and spend their lives together. Manuela insisted on carrying off the family to the *Palma Sol* for an indefinite period, including Mr. Mackensie, his sister, and Frank Wylie, in the invitation. During their short voyage from La Toma, Mackensie had confided to his Creole friends the secret of Emilia's relationship to Eva, also the unfortunate condition of Mr. Golding.

Don Ramon engaged rooms for himself and Frank at a hotel, and Manuela declared herself an inmate of the humble dwelling of her friends, until Agnes' return. She held a long conversation with Odulia, and gave her a liberal sum of money for the present expenditures of the family, and a handsome compensation for past services. This caused another friendly wrangle with her *amigo* Mackensie, he insisting that, as Eva's uncle, it was his place to defray the expenses of his family; Manuela declaring that friendship also had its rights, which she was determined to stand by. She had left her little boy with his nurse, and now devoted herself to attending upon Mrs. Greyson, and seeking the comfort of all. She superintended the arrangements of the breakfast table, placing a fragrant bouquet in the centre; she wheeled the old lady's chair to the most convenient place, and all partook of a social meal together. Don Ramon gazed upon her radiant, benevolent countenance with all a lover's rapture, and whispered, as she handed him some wine, "you are more beautiful than ever!" Eva was tranquilly, calmly happy; a soft color tinged her cheek, her smile was brighter, her eyes were lustrous with a glimmering joy. Mrs. Greyson was flushed with happiness, almost as voluble as ever. But Agnes was pale and sad; though she bravely strove to appear cheerful, her yearning heart throbbled with pain, with reawakened love for the absent, dying husband! Even Malcolm, gazing upon his sister's child, anticipating the mother's joy, felt for Agnes' sorrow, for the sad spectacle awaiting her tried and suffering heart. No presentiment clouded Eva's present joy, though she, too, thought of the absent father; but that afternoon, while Agnes was preparing for departure, Mrs. Greyson wept upon Manuela's bosom, and cried aloud for her erring, wandering son!

Mackensie had chartered the brig Catalina for immediate return; at sunset that evening they embarked. Agnes had wept in the arms of Manuela, but had taken a tearless farewell of her mother-in-law and Eva. On the deck of the brig she met Frank Wylie; again he kissed her beneficent hand, and rained his sympathizing tears upon it; from her presence he departed with a throbbing heart and quickened step, to seek the home of Eva.

She knew of his coming; Mackensie had told her; he would also have told the young girl of the relationship between them, but he could not again see her alone that day. But he requested Frank to tell her, as gently as possible, of the tie that bound them, of the living mother longing to clasp her to her breast. All thoughts of self disappeared from Frank's elevated soul, as he came in view of the humble tenement wherein she dwelt, who was his day-star of light and love. He was about to confer upon her a knowledge inestimable, a priceless boon, the knowledge of her mother's existence! She would be happy, and he felt an angel's joy in ministering to that happiness, even should she look coldly upon him, nor ever return his love.

Beautiful and mighty seraph! holiest messenger from realms divine! Star-crowned glory of the immortal spirit! Life-draught of eternal bliss, and harbinger of angelic joy! Thou livest, as in earth's fabled age of gold; thy accepted might is wielded by the "pure in heart;" thy showered radiance enfolds the aspiring soul; and thy white wings gladden in the twilight hour of memory, roses with heaven's reflected glory, at the earth's life's close, as in thy first revelation to youth's seeking eyes.

Love! white-robed seraph of Heaven's inner courts! Source of the purest joy and the loftiest inspiration! thou art yet the world's saving angel, its true, regenerating power, its holiest principle, and safest guide to the eternal life beyond the stars!

Often, alas! too often desecrated, pure angel of humanity! thy chaste wings have drooped in weariness, thy glowing heart has been chilled, and scalding tears of bitterness have blinded thy clear-seeing vision, oh, most Pure and Beautiful! But in some favored hearts thy altar-fires are gleaming, for ever bright, to Heaven ascending with the incense of pure desires and holy self-forgetfulness. In some spiritual natures, thy worship is eternal as thy existence; and the vows once spoken by the recording angel are stamped with the impress of eternity! Such a love, pure and fervent, unselfish and exalted, as ever glowed in mortal breast, was Frank Wylie's love for Eva; conceived while his heart expanded and his spirit bathed in the sunshine of earthly youth; blending all human hopes, the purest of earth's joys with the ideal, foreshadowed bliss of Heaven; that deems the union of hearts on earth, but a faint revelation in its supremest happiness of the enduring joys of the hereafter, the blessedness of the angel's privilege; "to love, and to be loved again."

And Eva?—She had loved the early formed ideal of her soul; as he appeared embodied in her partial eye, the impersonation of manly honor and truth, endowed with the superior beauty, that was sanctified by the spirit's power. She had loved the revelations of a soul, manifest in an outward form of majesty and grace; the inner harmony revealed in the voice's music tones; she had deemed the beautiful a revelation of the true. Young, guileless, inexperienced, she had been attracted by fair outward semblance; pure as an angel's offering was that young girl's love, yet was it doomed to a return of falsehood and deceit. And, suddenly, rudely, awakened from her dream of life, her heart recoiled in bitterness at the mention of another love; she had suffered from its falsehood, she disbelieved its existence, and wrapt her fresh young heart in melancholy shadows, determined to love and trust no more. But angels are around thee, young girl! and holy powers are forever striving for the advancement of good, for the fulfillment of every heavenward desire; the morning dawns for every human heart, as for an awaiting, long-darkened world.

Manuela was sitting with Mrs. Greyson; and Eva was alone in the little parlor when Frank Wylie entered. By a strange coincidence she was dressed in white, and wore the coral ornaments, thus appearing as he had last beheld her, on the flower-circled balcony of her own home. She rose to meet him, with a dawning blush and a sweet smile; there was a yearning feeling at her heart, as of welcoming joy. He silently pressed her hand, and gazed upon her face with love and sorrow unutterable, for that sweet face had paled in the darkness of a crushing grief; he saw the unmistakable traces of that early sorrow, now that the glow of welcome faded; the deep gray eyes wore a mournfully subdued expression; their love-light had been dimmed in the burning tears of the soul's bereavement! A pensive charm nestled on the rosy lips; her step had lost its fawn-like bound; she moved with a majestic grace, borrowed from her spirit's thoughtfulness. Gently releasing her hand, Frank took the proffered seat.

Young, and of prepossessing appearance, though not of majestic figure and imposing carriage; eloquent, and famed and wealthy, a courted visitor in the aristocratic saloons of New York, he was everywhere a sought for, welcome guest; many high-bred maidens would have deemed themselves blest with his love; the road to eminence lay open before him; youth, and beauty, and talent, smiled upon the gifted young poet, the far-famed orator, the rising reformer; but Frank Wylie turned from fame, and wealth, and beauty, to the solitary, discarded girl, whose faithful memory ever pictured, so spiritually lovely in simple robes of white, a crimson flower in her chestnut-brown hair, ocean's ornaments adorning the white arms and neck. In that humble abode, beside the unassuming beauty of Eva Golding, Frank Wylie trembled, as he had not before assembled thousands, trembled with true love's timidity, with the fullness of a benevolent soul, about to impart an undreamt of happiness. Emotion held him silent long, he had so much to tell her, and now her presence bound him with a reverential spell. Eva gently inquired how he had met Manuela and her husband in New York. He told her of their meeting and subsequent travels, of their return to Philadelphia, and their meeting there with Nelly.

"Good, faithful Nelly!" said Eva. "Mr. Mackenzie had not time to tell us much about her. Please, Mr. Wylie, tell me all. Why have we not heard from her in so many months?"

Frank explained, Eva listened intently, her soulful eyes fixed upon his face; as he proceeded, the large tears gathered in those soulful orbs, the bitterness was departing from that gentle heart. She wept for joy and gratitude. "Our dear, faithful Nelly! Oh! there are some true hearts on earth!"

"Eva—Miss Golding—can you, so young, hitherto so blest, have learned to doubt of human worth? Allow me to speak to you frankly; I have your step-mother's sanction; have you never thought of me as one who, although absent, never hoping to behold you again, was over faithful, over devoted? Eva, have you ever doubted me?"

"I never have," she answered frankly. "That is—once" she stopped and colored. "I know what you would say, Miss Golding; when false accusations placed me in a cruel light before you; you see, I know all, and you may trust me with the knowledge. But since you know me guileless—"

"I have never doubted you," she replied.

"Thanks, thanks!" he fervently responded. "It will not be given to me," he continued; "to prove to you, even the friendship which once you honored me by accepting. There are those near you who will renege you in your former position; you will be blest and happy, but you will not discard me if I bring good news?"

"Of my dear father?" cried Eva, gazing earnestly upon him. Frank's countenance clouded. Ah! he dared not tell her that her poor outcast father lay dying in a wretched hut in the mountain's densest pass.

"No," he replied; "not of your father, Miss Golding, but of one near and dear to you. They tell me that joy cannot injure—but your health is delicate—I would not for worlds cause you a moment's trouble—oh, Eva, Miss Golding I know—"

A vague, indefinite feeling of joy; the nearness of a mighty revelation thrilled her soul.

"Tell me, tell me, what you know!" she cried, bending eagerly forward—good news for me? The only joy I have experienced for months, was mine in beholding our friend Mackenzie to-day, in welcoming Agnes' friends; now, in meeting you. But if I could hear from my poor father, that would indeed be joy!" she sighed deeply. "Can there be other joys in store for me?" So young, so lovely, already deeming that happiness had passed away, Frank Wylie could have knelt at her feet, and at once have revealed the coming joy; but he forbore to overwhelm her, even with the certainty of so great a happiness.

"Miss Golding," he said, taking her hand, "I shall never again, on earth, behold my mother; yet have I become resigned. But heaven sometimes sends unspeakable, undreamt-of happiness to none for sorrows past. You have suffered much—you have been cruelly deceived—nay, do not be offended—I speak with reverence; I will not revert to the past. I have tidings of great joy! Oh, Eva! forgive me! my heart is full, and I forget the conventionalities of custom; let me call you Eva—this night. I will not offend again."

"Call me Eva, always," she said, softly; "I like my friends to call me so. But what have you to tell me?"

"Eva, have you ever dreamt—do you often think of your mother?"

"Oh! daily, hourly, always! she is ever present, my early lost, my angel mother!" cried Eva, with an adoring, upraised glance.

"And have you never thought of her—as living?"

"Not on earth; she died when I was an infant. She lives, I know, in heaven! I feel her presence oft."

"Have you any remembrance of her?"

"A shadowy, indistinct remembrance, for I was but some four years old when she left me. But fancy, or a heavenly reality, places her vividly before me, just as my grandmother described her: a tall, stately lady, with dark, lustrous eyes, and raven hair, an ever youthful expression upon her face, which is calm and beautiful, not with the strict beauty of feature, but with the soul's expression. Oh, yes! I often see my mother."

"Eva!" said Frank Wylie, low and tenderly. "I would lay down life itself for you. I would immolate my heart and happiness to gain for you earth's choicest blessings. Eva, you know—you have read my heart! I speak not now of the past or future; my life, with its aims, and hopes, and triumphs, is consecrated to you. You may reject the offering, but it is yours, irrevocably yours! Fear not, Eva! I will not trespass upon the sacred precincts of your affections. I will stand aloof, till your own sweet voice bids me approach, till your heart awakens. Only this once let me repeat my farewell words to you in *Custodio del mar*; Eva, I love you! unselfishly, purely, devotedly love you! and to prove that love, I would forever see your presence, if mine brought you one moment's pain. I come not here to speak of myself—to sue for a return; I will never again breathe the words, if their utterance disturb you; but oh, Eva! I have loved so long and silently, forgive the overburdened heart! forgive its weakness!"

An expression of pain, a shadow of regret passed over the face on which he was gazing with so pure an idolatry. A soft blush mantled the pensive countenance—her voice was low and sad, as she replied:

"Do not speak so to me, Mr. Wylie—do not speak to me of love. I trust and believe you, but my heart is dead to all affection. I live for duty, for my step-mother, for heaven! Be ever my friend, my brother, if you will—'tis all I can say." She extended her hand, while she averted her blushing face.

"Will you not call me Frank? Fear you that I shall presume by so sisterly a concession?"

"No, Frank, I do not fear," she replied, raising her innocent eyes to his face.

"I am your friend and brother, Eva," he said, raising her soft hand to his lips, "until you yourself ordain otherwise. And your filial love is centered on your step-mother, on the suffering, noble Agnes?"

"Yes, Frank, and on my dear, departed mother; I love my father, but not as I love them."

"But, Eva, if I were to tell you that your mother is living—that I have heard—that I know—"

again he paused, lingering caution keeping back the joyful revelation.

Eva gazed upon him with distended eyes, the color forsook her cheeks, a sweet presentiment stole to her heart. She arose and grasped his hand, bending eagerly forward: "Frank, you have heard from my mother! she is living! Oh, tell me, tell me, I implore you!" She breathlessly awaited his reply.

"I will, dear Eva! but be calm, oh, be firm! Joy is sometimes overpowering. Your mother lives—'tis well." A loud cry of rapture escaped Eva's lips; with bending figure and clasped hands she stood awhile, trembling with a joy before unknown, breathless, stunned with happiness, wrapt in a trance of bliss! The crushing weight of sorrow seemed removed from her heart; the loneliness, the solitary cravings of her heart seemed all responded to. She fell upon her knees before the joy-bringing messenger, her spiritual beauty irradiated with its sudden blessedness, gratitude in her kindling gaze; a pleading, hopeful earnestness upon her countenance; his heart filled with transport, with thronging angel hopes, as he gazed upon her.

"My mother!" cried Eva, in thrilling tones, as Frank tenderly and respectfully raised her; "My mother living! the mother I have dreamt of, prayed to—for years! the mother I love so dearly! Oh, Frank! my friend, my brother! where, where is my mother?"

She looked pleadingly, tenderly into his face, while his arm sustained her. In that one rewarding glance his love felt repaid for all past sorrow. "She is in La Toma," he replied.

"And you have come to tell me? You have seen her—she is well—happy? knows she that I live, where I am?"

"She knows all, my—Eva. I have seen her, conversed with her; she is well, and were it not for untoward circumstances, she would have embarked with us. But I have a few lines from her, to deliver to her daughter, when she is prepared to receive them; here is the note."

He took it from his pocket-book, and gave it to her. She pressed the paper to her lips, unfolded it reverently, as though it were some pious relic, and by the lamplight read—

"My beloved daughter—Before this is delivered to you, you will know that your mother lives. My child! I have sought you for years, while you thought me a demon of the spirit world. Be calm, be joyful, my child; in a few days we shall meet. My

brother, your Uncle Malcolm, will tell you all; Frank Wylie, also. I can write no more now, my child, but soon, soon, I shall press thee to my heart. I will not greet my mother-in-law, as she may not yet know of my existence. God bless you! my child, soon to be with your loving mother.

EMILIA DALTON MACKENZIE.

"It is my mother's name! my mother's hand—my mother's heart! dictated these words! And Mr. Mackenzie is my uncle—oh! my heart was always so strongly drawn towards him. Oh, Father in heaven, thanks! Frank, pray with me! pray with me, my brother! To God be all thanks rendered!"

And the young girl knelt and prayed most fervently; Frank whistled with her in spirit, rendering thanks unto the Bestower of happiness.

When she had finished her prayer, she arose, and stood before him, her features illumined with a heavenly joy, her brow all radiant, her deep eyes kindling with the joy he had brought to her heart; thanked him in tones so eloquent, with a gratitude so deep, that Frank's heart ached with the fullness of its bliss, in thus ministering to her peace. True, he read no love in her fearless glance, no tenderness for him in her pleading, music voice; all was rapturous joy for the found mother; her expressions of tenderness, her hoarded wealth of affection was all for her; yet Frank Wylie smiled and was supremely blest. They conversed long together, till the night was far advanced, Eva never wearying of questioning him regarding her mother, Frank never tired of replying, happy once again to behold her radiant smile, to bask in the star-rays of her deep grey eyes, to press her soft, white hand, and commune with her gentle, lofty spirit.

At length Manuela Gonzalez entered the room, with a message from Mrs. Greyson, who would not retire to rest before she had seen Frank Wylie. She wished to see him alone; Manuela accompanied him to the door of the old lady's chamber, then she returned, and clasping Eva to her bosom, shed tears of joy, while she told her of her mother.

"My darling Eva," she cried, "you have found a mother that is a saint—an angel! oh, *querida*, I love her as a sister, she is so good, so beautiful! My Ramon, too, thinks her an angel. You will be so happy, my little flower! only to think that my Agnes' early friend should prove your uncle! *Virgin santissima*, have thanks! And, Eva, you will be grateful to the messenger? Your mother sent her note to Francisco, in preference to any of us. You will be grateful, dear Eva?"

Eva made no reply, but she kissed Manuela's hand. Frank remained with Mrs. Greyson, about half an hour; he was much agitated when he returned to the little parlor; the stricken, silver-haired old woman had wept, and entreated his forgiveness; he could not look upon that bowed, repentant figure, without emotion; his tears of sympathy and forgiveness had mingled with her penitential sorrow. They parted friends. Manuela, playfully bidding Frank good night, returned to the old lady. "May I come to-morrow?" he timidly inquired, holding Eva's hand, as they stood at the door.

"Certainly, Frank. Come to-morrow, my friend; come often," she replied. And, with a lingering pressure of her hand, the young man returned to the hotel, where Don Ramon awaited him.

The blissful sleep of Eva was visited by loving dreams; the pale, beautiful mother clasped her to her heart, and pointing to Frank Wylie, said: "Behold thy friend!"

Before the soul's vision of Frank beamed the stately lady, smiling benignantly, and leading the radiant Eva by the hand, to where he stood awaiting her heart's awakening, the sweet fiat to be issued from her loving lips.

With a conscience more at rest, with true penitence and profound humility, Mrs. Greyson lay down that night, and dreamed that an angel smiled upon her, and said, "Thou art forgiven!"

Far out at sea the Catalina ploughs the wave; beneath the midnight sky sits the weeping Agnes, with her early friend beside her. The holy stars look down in pity on the suffering love of a pure woman's heart, but their inspirations whisper of the life where love is eternal.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARY.

As the moistened eyes of early morning
In brightness ope'd beyond the distant hills,
Where sunny clouds, like lashes drooped, adorning
O'er winking earth, o'er sighing streams and rills,
I wandered forth where flowers bowed down with tears
Of dew, seemed whispering the coming day;
And where the sunlight, as it gently nears,
Forms rich dew-diamonds on the leaf-dew spray.
Mary! sweet name, a thought, a flower, a tear!
'Twas thus I felt—behold, the dews of Heaven,
Like tears, had fallen full on every flower,
And trembling in the early morning clear—
And bathed in sunlight, every flower there,
Revealed the name upon its painted page.
Mary! sweet name—a thought, a TEAR, a prayer;
And blessed are those to whom the name is given.

Ripe thoughts of other days to come no more,
Came up as pearls upon the sea-washed shore;
And deep within my heart a sense of grief
Sent tears down founts long pent; and rich relief
Came too—and thus a weary weight of pain
From off my heart seemed lifted—down my cheeks,
And in the early sunlight, tear by tear
Went coursing, till the heart which truly speaks,
And memory, which alone revives the past,
Replied, Weep on, grieve, yet not alone,
For typified is Mary in thy tears.

And then I thought that coming years would bring
The past's dim flowers to bloom like buds in spring;
And all my being brighter grow with trust
And hope; but brightest emblems turn to dust.
I plucked a flower, but from its united cup
The coming sun had kissed the moisture up;
And where thy name was writ in tears of dew,
Naught but a half-repelling shade of blue
Entranced my gaze; and thus when heart of mine
Shall seek to realize our mutual prayer,
Which each hath clung to, trusting still in love,
It may find its object gone, and barriers there,
Which shall eternal separation prove;
But like the flower bereft of dew, forlorn,
I'll wait thy coming in the Heavenly morn.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every penciled sheet that slumbers in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself!"

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES PAST TWO!

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplex'd in the extreme.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Very well, Mr. Dewdney," said my wife. And she quitted the room.

Now, had there been nothing more than the "very well," her willing acquiescence in what had proceeded might have been inferred from it. But it was the "Mr. Dewdney!" And it may safely be taken as a rule, that when a woman Mr. Dewdney's husband, or a man Mrs. Dewdney's wife, there is some dissatisfaction in the case—so, at least, was it in the present. And all about what? Why, about so dull a companion—no; an un-companion, as Brumby.

We had been married nearly two years, and this disagreement, slight as it was, was the first that had ever occurred between us. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? My dear Clara's temper is the sweetest in the world; as for mine—but ask Clara. She had left me alone in the parlor, (where we had just finished breakfast,) brooding over this, our first quarrel—away with the hateful word! misunderstanding? even that is too strong a term. She had left me, then, brooding over our little tie—ay, that's it; I had borne it for nearly two minutes—I was in agonies—I could endure it no longer. I rang the bell.

"John," said I, "go to the drawing-room—"

I heard her pacing the room above; and the state of her mind, poor dear! was painfully indicated by her hasty and irregular step.

"John," said I, "go to the drawing-room, and tell your mistress I wish to see her."

She came, her smiles shining through her tears—she knew that 'twas for reconciliation I had summoned her. We rushed into each other's arms.

"Clara!" cried I.

"Clarkson!" exclaimed she—Charles Clarkson Dewdney is my humble servant, when styled at full length; but she always calls me Clarkson.

"Never, never again," said I, "let such a scene occur between us, dearest."

"Oh, never, love," said she.

Such a couple! Adam and Eve before they partook of that unlucky dessert, perhaps—but since then nothing like us!

"Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day?" said my wife.

Observe the significance. Never is that pronoun so applied, whether to man, dog, woman, cat, or child, but it is intended to convey the idea of dislike. See—

"Send that dog out of the room."

There is nothing in that which any dog—excepting some very thin-skinned dog indeed—could take as an offensive personality: the dog is momentarily in the way—that's all.

But—"Send that dog out of the room."

Here the dog is unequivocally marked as an object of dislike—it is pointedly insulted—and no dog of becoming spirit but would quit, not the room, only, but the house; nor ever return to it, though it should see the whole town placarded with a guinea reward for its recovery.

By, "that Mr. Brumby," then, it is clear that my wife has no extraordinary regard for Mr. Brumby.

"Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dinner here to-day?"

(I had previously said I would ask Mr. Brumby to dinner; and that it was which provoked the horrid "very well, Mr. Dewdney.")

"I won't now," replied I.

"Very well," said my wife; and, instead of quitting the room, she patted my cheek. Adam and Eve, indeed!

"If you must ask him to dine with you," continued she, "take him to the Pangrowleon—he is very disagreeable."

"I will, my dear Clara," said I.

Not the least of the advantage of belonging to a club is, that if you happen to have an acquaintance, who is in any degree disagreeable or disreputable, and whom, therefore, you would be unwilling to invite to your own house, you can take him to your club. No great harm can come of that.

"And now, my love," said I, "tell me why it is you so much dislike Brumby?"

"The reason is," replied she, "he is such a bore. I never give up any one hastily, so I made as stout a fight for him as it was possible to make."

"Granted," said I; "he is a bore—an intolerable, an insufferable bore; but then you must acknowledge that he—he—in short, my love, he is a very good man."

"No doubt he is," said she, "he may possess every virtue under the sun; all that may qualify him for going to heaven; but he is not qualified for pleasant society on earth."

"You must allow," said I, (for I was resolved not to give him up), "you must allow that he talks a great deal."

"Call you that talking?" exclaimed she. "He's a dull, drowsy proser; his talk is like the buzzing of a bee in a bottle. And then he has but one subject to talk about—prints, prints, prints, eternally prints! his collection of prints! his Marc Antonio! his Albert Durer! his Bartolozzi! Pagani would play divinely upon one string for a quarter of an hour at a time; but then he could play upon the other three quite as well. Now your Mr. Brumby has but one string to his fiddle, ad even upon that he's a very bad fiddler. Then, not only can he talk of nothing else, but he will not allow any other person a choice of subjects—he cuts through them—rudely and impatiently interrupts them with a something or other about his eternal engravings. A little of that subject would do very well in its way; but to run it to death as he does! Oh, the tiresome man! The best conversers—and he has met some good ones at our table—are killed by him. One is anxious to listen to them, but no; no chance for conversation where Mr. Brumby is."

"But, my love," said I, (still resolved not to give him up), "he does not always interrupt it. On the contrary—he will often, when another person is in possession of the attention of the table, politely pretend to fall asleep."

"It was upon such an occasion," said my wife, laughing, "that poor Hook" stopped short in the midst of one of his liveliest sallies, and cried—Pray, silence, ladies, and gentlemen, for a snore from Mr. Brumby!"

"But, really, my dear Clara, you must allow," said I, (determined not to give him up), "you must allow that he is a perfect master of that, the only subject he ever opens his lips upon—that he is a connoisseur of the first rank—of taste, refined, of judgment, unerring!"

"Now, Clarkson," said she, "is that really your opinion? Come; speak honestly."

"Why," said I, (more and more determined not to give him up), "my opinion upon the subject of engravings is of slight value, for I don't pretend to understand much about them; but Dom. Colnaghi, whose opinion is unquestionably first-rate, assures me that he knows little or nothing of the matter; that he has merely got by rote the terms of the art, and a string of names of the most eminent artists, from Marc Antonio to Charles Heath, which are perpetually in his mouth; and that if he should escape purchasing, on his own judgment, an H. B. for an Albert Durer, he would be a lucky fellow. However, my love, I must, in justice, to him, say that that is not my opinion of him—it is only Dom. Colnaghi's."

Having thus gallantly defended my friend, I sat down and wrote him the following note—

"MORNINGTON CHESWENT,
Wednesday, 8th June.

"Dear Brumby—Mrs. Dewdney, I am sorry to say, is not very well; so, instead of coming here, pray meet me at the Pangrowleon at seven. It is an open day there for visitors.

"Yours faithfully,
C. C. DEWDNEY."

"At what time, dearest, do you think you shall get rid of your lively guest?" inquired my wife.

"Oh, at about nine, or half-past," replied I; "but I will not remain out later than I can help, love."

"It was not for that I made the inquiry, dear," said she; but I—you—"

I did not particularly remark it at the time; but it afterwards struck me forcibly, very forcibly, that she hesitated.

"Well, Clara, but what?" inquired I.

"Why, Clarkson, you are engaged with my brother Richard, at Hammersmith, to-morrow, to go up the river for a day's fishing. Now, instead of getting up at five in the morning, (as you talked of doing), which will be so uncomfortable, so very uncomfortable for you, do get into an omnibus or a cab, and go down to-night. Richard, you know, will give you a bed."

"But, sweetest," said I—

"Now, dearest," said she, "you shall—you must—I implore—I entreat. You will oblige me by going. I can't bear the thought of your hurrying out at such a barbarous hour as five. I shall be miserable if you refuse me."

Sweet, considerate soul! Could I refuse her anything! and a request, too, whose object was my own convenience, my own comfort. Yet she pressed the request with an earnestness that—

Now I call every star, every planet, nay, the chaste moon herself, to witness that I am not jealous. Had my Clara ever given me cause for jealousy? Never—not the slightest. I knew that little Timberman of the Grenadier Guards had, within the last few days, returned to England—What then? My wife knew not of his return; and had she known it—what then? 'Tis a long four years since he paid his addresses to her—she liked him a little—Yes! what of that? Did she not reject him—and for me! Besides, he is married. No; I am not jealous; yet there was an earnestness in her entreaty that I would not return home that night! Shame upon me for the unworthy thought! I promised to go that night to Hammersmith.

In due time (John having placed my night-bag in a cab) I drove down to the club to receive my friend Brumby—first taking an affectionate leave of my dear little wife. Our leave takings, though but for a single night, were always of a nature—But these scenes must not be dwelt upon.

It so happened that Brumby and I were the only persons in the visitors' room—we had it entirely to ourselves. What an opportunity for an easy, unconstrained confabulation! And what a variety of pleasant topics were open to us! Parliament and the income-tax: the opera at the most brilliant period of its season, and all the fingers quite well enough to sing; morning concerts, Thälberg, and the projected Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Piano Fortes; our English theatres-royal, and the crowds that nightly rush—to the French play; the Royal Academy exhibition, and Mr. Hume's patriotic suggestion that the R. A.'s should be compelled to throw open the doors gratis, and pay all the expenses of the establishment out of the "tittle of the whole" copyright, and the rights of every body in it except the author—together with "crown-er's-quest-law" upon the subject; the—in a word, topics were endless.

But Brumby had just purchased a Rembrandt etching, and—Oh, my stars! . . . Here, be it observed, that my wife truly characterized the talk of Brumby when she compared it to the drowsy, monotonous buzzing of a bee in a bottle. A word is occasionally detected; the rest is one unmitigated brum-brum-brum.

"Brum-brum-brum early impression, brum-brum fine preservation—"

"Brumby, you'll find that asparagus-soup very good; put down your print, and take it while it's hot."

"Brum-brum-brum early state brum-brum—"

"Now, Brumby, do put aside that print, or neither those flounders nor the stewed eels will be worth eating."

"Brum-brum my Marc Antonio brum-brum undoubted specimen brum-brum—"

"Here's a outlet and a chicken-salad, and that's your dinner; but, pray, Brumby, pray have done with that print. Here—try this Moselle."

"Brum-brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum, my collection brum-brum, Duke of Buckingham's brum-brum—"

The cloth was removed. And now for a little talk.

"Brumby, fill your glass. A curious circumstance occurred at the opera last night; at the very moment that—"

"Brum-brum left leg a little out of drawing brum-brum—"

"Now, for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow! Well! at the very moment—"

I know not, for he was gone. I was alone in the room. I looked at my watch. Twenty-three minutes past two!

Magnetism? Mesmerism? For a provocative of sleep trip a *telepathy* with a Brumby.

Twenty-three minutes past two! I rushed out of the house; a cab was passing at the moment; I jumped into it. It was too late to think of going to Hammersmith, so I ordered the driver to take me home. By the time I should arrive there it would be three o'clock! I must disturb the servants, but there was no help for it. As for poor dear Clara, who has been in bed these three hours, who sleeps lightly, and is disturbed by the slightest noise! But John sleeps in a small room near the kitchen, so I will ring the kitchen-bell. The drum-brum-brum was still in my ears, and I fell asleep; nor did I awake till the driver stopped on this side of this turnpike, as I desired him to do. My house was hardly twenty paces beyond it, and the toll saved would pay for a couple of letters. Cheap postage has taught us the use and value of odd pence.

I walked towards my own door, when—oh, horror! My hair stood on end—my throat became parched—my knees bent beneath me—perspiration fell in large drops from my brow! Now was the hesitation explained; now was the anxiety to be rid of me for the night accounted for!

The canvass blind of the large, single, parlor window was drawn down, and the lamp burning on the table (at that hour of the morning) was so placed as to throw upon it, with awful distinctness, the shadows of two persons; one was—yes, it was that cockatrice, my wife; the other was a man, a little man—it was no other, it could be no other—for twice had I seen him look up at the windows as he passed—than little Timberman, of the Grenadier Guards! There they sat, one on each of the table. I could see their every movement in the same manner as the action of the figures is shown in the *Ombres Chinoises*. I could hear their laugh, too—yes, they were laughing—oh, torture! laughing, no doubt, at me! How admirably well she had contrived it! "You must go to Hammersmith to-night—you shall—I implore—I entreat—you will oblige me by going." And all this was repeated to him!—d—nation!—it was at this, perhaps, they were at that very moment laughing. I saw him raise a goblet to his lips—my wife pushed a bottle towards him—(regaling him with my choice whiskey, perhaps)—he shook his head in a sign of refusal (prudent, at least, at that time of the morning)—he rose—he rose—they approached each other—he—yes, by my wrongs! he kissed her! He put on his hat—he resumed her seat and took up a book. He quitted the room—and now I have the villain!

No sooner had he opened the street-door than I rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the throat, dragged him into the parlor. My wife started from her seat.

"Half-choked, as well as by rage, I cried, "Oh, Clarkson, dear Clarkson!" cried she, "what is the matter with you? But I see how it is; he has been dining at the Pangrowleon with Mr. Brumby, and is tipsy."

Here, of course, she burst into tears! But the absurdity of the notion of getting tipsy in such company as Brumby's! However, I was in anything but a laughing mood.

"Madam," cried I, "I desire you will quit my house; instantly quit my house and go to your father's. As for you, Captain Timberman—"

These words I uttered in a tone which must have sounded in his ears like the whizzing of a brace of bullets. At the same time I shook him violently.

"He is tipsy," continued my wife. "Oh, Frederick, dear Frederick—"

"I was not aware that his name was Frederick; but to 'dear' him to my very face! I had well-nigh strangled him.

"Frederick," she continued, "I thought (as I said in my note to request you would come to me this evening) I thought he would have been at Hammersmith by this time. But—"

"Oh, infamy!" exclaimed I, "by your invitation, was it! But quit my house, and never more let me behold you. And now, Captain Timberman—"

"Oh, Frederick," said my wife, "I'll ring for John, who shall assist you to carry him up to bed."

"Desist, base woman," said I, as she took hold of the bell-rope; "desist! the servants shall not be disturbed at this late hour, nor shall they be admitted to witness your vile conduct."

"Oh, gracious powers!" cried she, "he is mad! Late, dearest! Why, it is not yet eleven. For Heaven's sake, Clarkson, release your brother-in-law; release him, I implore you."

These words restored me to my senses. I looked the villain full in the face, and calmly—it was, indeed, my own true, ever dear, Clara's brother, Freddy!

The clock on the mantelpiece pointed at seven minutes to eleven! I looked at my watch—it was un wound—I had omitted to wind it up on the preceding night—it was still standing at TWENTY-THREE MINUTES PAST TWO!

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's feelings; not to be blind to them; that is either an impossibility or a folly. We must see and feel them; if we do neither, they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need for forbearance, but to throw the mantle of affection around them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good tempered forbearance, because it is the only way of mitigating the present evils, always with a view to ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection, but the imperfection of human character, that makes the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admit, the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than other? It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature, that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, and calm forbearance.

Married persons should be pre-eminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here is not a weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest method of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection.

The man who is proud of his money, his ready anything better to be proud of.

From the Baltimore Weekly Dispatch.

NATURE'S HIGH MASS.

BY LEO T. HATHE.

"Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early."—Ps. 67, v. 8.

Wake harp and lute! The amber gates Of roseate morn are opening wide; Expectant, all creation waits To bless the daylight's circling tide. Wake, psaltery, wake! Apparal bright Come all the harbingers of light; The burnished hill-tops smile and gleam Like fountains in a fairy dream.

Wake harp and lute! The math prints Of joy's celestial reign are here; The day-star's gush of rainbow tints Comes wooing praise and worshipper. The valley breathes a benison From early dews and petals won; The dancing streamlets echo forth The vocal wealth of gladdened earth.

Wake harp and lute! The waves are bright, That swell the universal sea Of life, of beauty and delight, Of blessedness and harmony. The sunny earth this lovely morn, Though mortal, seems immortal born, And things inanimate seem dressed As if with life's tuition bloom.

Wake harp and lute! Wake, while the day His first primeval glory wears; The eastern portals far away Soom throng'd with vocal charioters. Awake, my soul! Right early hie To bless the onglings of the sky; The forest warblers, waylaid crowned, Are winging up melodious sound.

Wake harp and lute! Eternity Is music's holy zest prolonged; The shining courts of Dely With tuneful worshippers are thronged. Wake psaltery, wake! I am awake, Unto my soul the day doth break; An emblem and a pledge divine Of all the heavenly hosts combine.

Wake harp and lute! Exulting strains Have touched creation's wide domain; "Hosannah" warbles o'er the plains,— All earth is musical again. From upland, grove and mountain stream Joy's picture jubilant doth gleam— Each hue, each voice, each breath declares The blessed morning light is fair.

Wake harp and lute! Wake jubilant! Sweet anthems, written in the sky, To earth's resounding choirs have lent Breathings of heavenly harmony. Wake and rejoice! The daisies are rife With psalmody of beautiful life; Through wind-torn tresses flows a stream Of praise-borne ecstasies supreme.

Wake psaltery, wake! A math psalm The ocean, earth and air repeat; Beating sounds have broke the calm, With notes of praise the winds are fleet. From distant rills a voice ascends; The woodland's choral tribute blends The theme of human praise, upborne On roseate wings of hallowed morn.

Wake harp and lute! The oral trees Are whispering worship's melody; Oblation breathes the buoyant breeze Through dells and mountain gorges free. Gladness and praise the streams proclaim; The verdant hills reveal His name— His name, who made the morning smile Heavenward our footsteps to beguile.

Wake harp and lute! His praise rehearse Who made our habitation bright, Who bade the shades of night disperse— How sweet, how beautiful is light! All nature's choral hosts repair To fill with praise the balmy air; All earth, ten thousand tongues, seems meet To bless this Sabbath morn complete.

Wake harp and lute! The landscape glows Inspiring, radiant with delight; Whencever life and being flows, Sweet voices unto praise invite. Sound, sound, ye chords of Him above, Whose tabret is Eternal love, Whose seated on a glorious throne, Makes earthly harmonies his own.

Wake harp and lute! Wake, psaltery, wake! The dawn of immortality Through gates of burnished gold doth break, Eternal soemeth harmony. With beauties of the better land Earth's holy aspirations blend; A mighty unison prepares The noontide of celestial air.

Wake harp and lute! Wake, songs, awake! Adoring soul, thy psalmody Earth's morning wings of glory take, An offering unto Dely. With adoration comes the morn; Celestial and heavenward borne Be all the echoing chords of thine, Sweet sounding tabret, lyre divine.

My Wife's New Friend.

BY SMITH JONES.

Mrs. Jones has quite a habit of cultivating sudden friendships, which have every appearance of blooming eternally, but which soon wither in the world's cold blasts. I used to think this characteristic was confined to school girls, who swear immortal fidelity in letters crossed and re-crossed, but forgot each other as soon as they have caught a lover.

My wife's last acquisition, in the way of a bosom friend, is Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray, with whom she became acquainted last summer, while we were boarding out of town. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray had her carriage with her, and created quite a sensation; in fact, every lady in the house was eager to become her confidant; but the amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, combined, I doubt not, with her intellectual accomplishments, rendered her the favorite, and she it was who daily occupied the spare-seat in the coach, and had the honor of advising Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray in those thousand grave perplexities under which women suffer.

We returned to the city after the Mowbrays; but my wife, though usually very firm on questions of etiquette, waived her privileges on this occasion, and made the first call. She was graciously received, and came home in high spirits. All that evening she could do nothing but talk of Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray. "Such an elegant establishment," she said; "a footman, with manners like a prince, waited at the door. The drawing-room was the perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mowbray had on such a sweet cap, and altogether looked so lady-like; her manners were, indeed, most aristocratic—just what one would suppose those of a countess to be."

In a few days, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray returned my wife's call, coming in a shining new carriage, and with a few pairs of horses. Her equipage created quite a sensation in our street.

Mrs. Jones, soon after this, began to act as if something over her was fast design, which not being yet quite matured, she seemed it wisest to be silent re-

specting. At last, however, the mighty secret was broached.

"I was thinking, Jones," she said, one night, just as I was composing myself to sleep on my pillow, "that we ought to give a party. Nor a regular ball, indeed, but a select entertainment where a few congenial minds may be brought together. I should like to introduce by dear Mrs. Mowbray to some of the choicest of our set."

Now I detect parties, small or large, but as the delicacy of my wife's nerves does not allow of her being thwarted, I made no objection to this proposal, though I sighed to myself.

"Of course, my dear," I said, "you know best."

"We'll ask about thirty," continued my wife, warming with the subject. "There's Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn, and Mrs. Price, and the three Misses Trelawneys; and thus the dear creature ran on until she had mentioned about forty names, and I saw that her 'select party of congenial souls' was going to be, after all, a crowded rout.

"You have forgotten the two Misses Howell,"—I said at last, when my wife stopped for want of breath.

The two Misses Howell were amiable, intelligent and pretty girls, in whom I took a particular interest, because their father had once been an extensive shipping merchant, but having become reduced and died bankrupt, the sisters were compelled to earn a livelihood by becoming governesses. They had numerous rich relations on whom they might have billeted themselves; but, with a spirit of proper independence, they preferred to work for their maintenance, instead of eating the bread of charity. I had long nourished a romantic idea of seeing them married well, and had consequently made it a point always to invite them to our parties; to praise them highly to the young gentlemen there; and, in every other direct way, to assist in realizing my pet scheme.

My wife, heretofore, had seconded me in my benevolent plan; but on the present occasion, she hesitated to reply; and I knew, at once, that there was something the matter.

"Ahem!" she said at last, clearing her throat. "Ahem! the Misses Howell are very nice girls, to be sure—that is, in their place—but as it is to be a select party, and as I have already mentioned too many, and as Mrs. Mowbray may not want to meet all sorts of people, and as—"

"Stop, my dear," said I, with a sigh, for I saw that my favorites were not to be invited, "you have given reasons enough; it is a great pity, though."

I sighed again—a sigh eloquent of passive resignation.

My wife heard my sighs, and her tender heart was touched. She paused a moment in embarrassment, and even resolved the idea of yielding to my wishes; but in the end she raised herself on her elbow, and said:—

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They're been unfortunate, to be sure; and they're very passable, indeed; but there's a prejudice you are aware, against girls who are governesses; and who knows but what Mrs. Mowbray would take offence at my inviting such persons to meet her. I shouldn't like to do it, indeed, without first asking her, and I can't do that this time. She's very particular, and so excessively high bred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear," I ventured to say, "for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Patty and Lizzy Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied my wife, flinging herself to the other side of the bed; "at your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies. She was very choice, as you saw, whom she admitted to her acquaintance this summer; I may say, indeed, that I am the only one, of all she met, whom she recognizes now."

To have protracted the conversation would have excited my wife's nerves, and deprived her of sleep, so I said no more, but closed my eyes and courted slumber anon. I have no recollection of anything after that, till I woke the next morning, and, leaving Mrs. Jones in bed as usual, went down to see that the fires were right, and to do the marketing while the breakfast was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued that week, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray graciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell, the color rose to her face with expectation, but guest after guest entered without Mrs. Mowbray's appearance. Her nervousness soon began to change to anxiety, and this, as the hours wore on, to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour, thinking that her new friend might yet arrive; but in vain.

"What can be the matter, I wonder?" she said to me, as soon as we were alone. "I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep for anxiety. The first thing I'll do tomorrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?" I ventured to ask. "It seems to me that Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note, or message, or something of that sort, at least, to apologize for her absence."

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she gave me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation which her outraged bosom felt at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home that day, I saw, at a glance, that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me, but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I knew that Mrs. Jones, if she thought it best, would tell me; and if not, that questions would only aggravate her secret troubles.

But the next day, having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when I came home.

"Did you ever hear, my love," I said, as I began to carve the turkey at dinner, "that the Misses Howell had a married sister?"

Mrs. Jones looked sharply at me, as if she suspected I meant more than I said; and then answered laconically:—

"I heard it casually, but never asked further."

"It seems," I continued, "that Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray is that sister."

"I've heard so since," said Mrs. Jones, sharply; and, turning to our second child, who was asking for the wing-bone, she rapped him over the head, exclaiming, "Nasty, haven't I told you to wait till you're helped? Take that, now, and learn manners."

I allowed a minute or more to elapse, in order

that my wife's ebullition might subside, when I remarked:

"Mrs. Mowbray, it seems, expected to meet her sisters here?"

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," snappishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down in her plate, and apparently absorbed in parting a wing-joint.

"When she found," I continued, "that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant. She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend, Mrs. Wharton, whom you had made a confidant, told some lady, who told her; and hence her anger."

"I am sure I don't care if I never see the proud thing again," said my wife, reddening very much, but still without looking up. "One could not have supposed that she was a sister to the Misses Howell."

After another pause, I said:

"Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether; but finally she blurted out the reply as follows:

"Yes, I did, since you must know; and she wasn't in—so, at the footman said; but if I didn't see her at the drawing-room window," (and here she burst into tears of mortification and rage) "may I never eat another mouthful."

I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation; so I quietly at my dinner, kissed the children, and, like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "went my way."

Of course the intimacy of my wife with Mrs. Mowbray ceased from the date of that fatal party; and, I am sorry to say, that the Misses Howell also have, as the phrase goes, "cut our acquaintance."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF FRATERNAL LOVE.

We have never read a more touching and beautiful incident than the following, which occurred a short time since in one of the French Courts. The natural ability of the brother and the affectionate fate of the sister, are examples worthy to be followed by the unfortunate youth of every country. However dark the day, an honest heart and firm resolve will overcome the greatest obstacles:

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James; but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister; here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a lively countenance started forth from amidst the crowd, and stood before the Judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid."

"Oh, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate.

"The court is disposed to do all they can for your sister; but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," exclaimed the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. When I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and when I have a trade I will support my sister. I went an apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears that she did not have enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, come my boy, things cannot last so, you must do something better. I soon found a place, where I am fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

A GLASS OF BRANDY.

It can't hurt any body. Why, I know a person, yonder he is on high change, a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six-footer. He has the bearing of a prince, for he is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of health; and now, at the age of fifty odd, he has the quick elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and none more full of mirth and wit than he; and I know he never dines without brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living example and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effect of a temperate use of good liquors.

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy drinking was a relation of ours. He died a year or two after that, of chronic diarrhoea; a common end of those who are never drunk and never out of liquor. He left his six children, and he had ships at sea, and credit at every counter which he had never occasion to see.

For months before he died—he was a year in dying—he ate or drank nothing without distress, and at his death, the whole alimentary canal was a mass of disease; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition. This is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which we did not mention. Scrofula had eaten up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the mad house; the third and fourth, of unearthly beauty,—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty, but they blighted, and faded into heaven in their sweetest teens; another is tottering on the brink of the grave, and one

is left with all the senses, and each of them as weak as water. Why, we came from the dissecting room and made a note of it, it was so horrible.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HUME, THE MEDIUM, AND THE ACADÉMICIANS AND JOURNALISTS OF FRANCE.

That Spiritualism, and the various phenomena which have introduced it, is exerting a marvellous influence in the old world, as well as the new, may be read in the fact that M. Viennet, member of the French Academy, has, simultaneously with Felton, one of our American savans, seen fit to make it of such importance, as to notice it in a poem delivered before the five Academies, at their annual meeting, August 17, 1857. From the *Journal du Magnetisme* of September 10, the *Age of Progress* translates the following allusion in the poem to the wonders of Spiritualism. It will be seen that the French Académicien treats the subject much as our own equally to be puffed *savans* do, and draws from the same vocabulary of epithets, in speaking of its disciples, as "fools," "jugglers," "Charlatans," &c.

"And sorrier objects still would tempt your wrath, But age and heat incline to smoother path. What shall I say? Oh! folly, passing strange! Strong minded men astray in magic's range! The path of superstition's maze they take, And revolutions in the room of progress make; Receive as truth the wondrous visions all Of the first charlatan who from the clouds may fall. I've seen a thousand fools with eye intent on hands, Their fortune reading as a table's lip demands: With tremor listening to a table rapped, By spirit who the table's strong chain hath snapped. What see I now? All Paris is well. To follow and consult a foreign juggler; Accept as miracle indeed, each goblet feat; Parlor and journals his strange oracles repeat; While on a German's table (a self-styled seer,) The people all believe their final moment near; And fear, in spite of Bahmet, the comet with a rush, May with a thousand thunders come, our earth to crush."

Z. Pierart thus notices this attack:—

Thus M. Hume, this timid, skittish young man, who does not belong to himself, the instrument of forces that manifest themselves through him, almost unconsciously to himself, M. Hume, who must be entreated and strongly solicited before consenting to make any one a spectator of the phenomena that are produced through his mediumship—M. Hume, this young man, so mild, so religious, so sincere, is only a performer of jugglers' tricks! M. Viennet has said so.

But who authorizes you, Monsieur Académicien, thus to treat the young man, thus to assault him, and those who sympathize with him who, according to you, are but dupes, minds infected with the strange folly of believing in magic, and in wretched visions?

Either you have been a witness of the phenomena which M. Hume produces, or you have not. If you have not, you have no right to mock at them; if you have, it is your duty to announce and to prove wherein so many sober and honorable men have been duped, and to expose the *vires* of M. Hume. But you cannot do it. You are well aware that the feats of Spiritualism by this American medium bear a likeness to tricks of legerdemain. But who does not see the extent of the inconsistency of these railers? They absolutely believe that the spiritual manifestations which interest all Paris are legerdemain, and with great joy and railing they quote numerous instances where M. Hume has been unable to produce any effect; a proof, say they, of the absurdity and groundlessness of the stories told of him. If M. Hume sometimes failed to produce a manifestation, when he desired one, he is not then a juggler; for jugglers are always certain of being able to move their *vires*, and with them, the time and the spectators never present any obstacle. It is necessary to attribute to other causes than the power of M. Hume, and the eclipses to which this power is at times subject; they must be attributed to causes of a higher order; causes which they would do better to examine, and search for seriously, rather than to deny their effects, and to laugh at them, accompanying the same with insult, as M. Viennet has done.

M. Paul d'Ivoy, editor of the *Chronique du Courrier de Paris*, also attacks the medium Hume and his defenders, in the following style:—

"Several days we assisted at a *seance* of turning and talking tables. The experiments succeeded to a charm; the table turned and tipped, the spirits were obedient and ready; they answered to admiration, and to the point. Some told their names, illustrious and obscure. Others refused to tell their names, and made themselves known only by their number. Strange and mysterious sounds were heard in the floor, in the door, and panels.

This was strange, but what appeared to us still more strange, was the faith which the persons present had in these appearances; *ils sang froid* with which men of good sense admitted that one can, without sacrifice, disturb the slumber of the souls of the dead, and force them to come and imitate in the tables the sound of a saw or cooper's hammer, and answer to the impertinent questions of a discontented gossip of cards and coffee.

Verily, our times are given over to the marvellous; it leads the human imagination into buffoonery; and the melancholy nature of its follies does not withdraw them from the jurisdiction of the necessity which requires folly to unite the frightful and the grotesque.

Those who apply themselves to the marvellous think themselves Spiritualists: they are bound to matter, and no effort can separate them from it.

The marvellous belongs to what is lowest and weakest in man, where the fever of the blood and the fever of thought range. Popular tradition informs us that the ruins of old chateaux and manors of old times are haunted by spirits. Especially then may phantoms dwell in ruined understandings.

So much of apology, then, for recording with some exactness all the facts that are reported to us, or that we have been importuned to see; we generally avoid the discussion, and confine ourselves to stating the symptoms of the mental malady that effects our times."

There is this difference between our opponents in France and America, that the former acknowledge table tipping to be facts, while those of our country deny that such feats are performed, but sagely conclude that some strange malady has attacked the organs of vision of those who aver they have beheld such miracles or wonders. It is a grand point gained when these men publicly oppose us, for it proves there is some fire beneath to occasion their smoke.

MEXICAN BURIAL OF CHILDREN.

"Beautiful, exceedingly," is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs are sung, and joyful bells are rung, and lightly, as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home."

The Mexican mother, who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*—God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the poet's utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here,

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SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

It is a mistake, which people of superficial habits of thought are liable to fall into, to suppose that culture proceeds from without, that it can be performed by any resolutions of any kind of assemblies, or that the help even of a man's best friend will be of any actual avail. This important work is to be performed wholly within. There the passions are to be subdued; there the will is to be taught to bend; there pride is to endure the disgrace of its downfall; there patience, and humility, and sweet charity are to be learned; and there all the virtues, with gentleness, meekness, trust, honor, and a living faith, are to be exercised, developed, and taught to play a part in the conduct before the world.

A man knows accurately of his business affairs, but of himself he knows next to nothing. Because he does not take the pains; because he is not interested even in himself; because, in searching for the wealth and gains that he thinks shall glorify his nature, he omits to inquire just what that nature is for which he puts himself to so much pains. And until men put away their wealth and their ambition from themselves, so that whether they lose or gain, there is still no difference to be seen in the man, they will never know what faculties they possess, how very richly they are gifted with all the necessary means for happiness, nor how to apply themselves to the work of educating the divine qualities of which they have been made the free possessors.

The process of spirit culture is only through patience, constant self communion, and a close observation of things without as related to things within. How very few, except those who have derived the bliss from it which it daily and hourly brings—how very few can even faintly conceive of its rewards and its compensations. When the spirit's eyes are opened, and the films are all cleared away from the vision—when we learn to extract lessons of truth from the ordinary events of life—when we contentedly suck up happiness from the consequences that everywhere surround us—when we can create new lights in our clouded firmament, and stretch new skies over our lives in prosperity—when, in short, the world is at peace with us, and we are at peace with the world, simply because we have learned the use of our own gifts, and how to dwell self-poised at the centre, instead of the circumference of our being—then it is that we begin to understand in what the inner life differs from the outer, what true and thorough spiritual culture is worth, what blessed rewards and triumphs it brings, and how many more times that man is favored who has attained to it in any degree, than he who is content to pass through life, wedded to materialism, and blinded to all the attractions of beauty and virtue.

Culture is not so difficult as many doubting people imagine. It is a work of time, it is true; and of constant self-judgment. But it is not necessarily connected with mere learning, in any degree. The most illiterate person can be at the same time a person of superior spiritual culture and gifts. This is not the business of books or the schools. It is not taught from without. No man meets with other men in public assemblies, and resolves himself thus. No man disputes and argues triumphantly with his neighbor, and proves himself thus. No man can speak boastingly, deport himself haughtily, exhibit envious, malicious, or even ungentle traits, and feel himself thus.

To become spiritual, is to become purer, more exalted, less subject to gross influences, aspiring, charitable towards others, forgiving forever, and altogether lovely. A worldly person is not such; nor one whose heart is fixed on vanities of any sort; nor one whose opinions are more positive than his quiet inner experiences and convictions.

What a world of beauty and purity does not the spiritual-minded person create for himself, into which all of like tendencies can freely enter and come into close relations with him! How he enlarges, exalts, purifies, and makes attractive all his surroundings, until even the commonest things of life—his daily duties, his onerous tasks, his friendships, and all his ordinary associations—are touched, as it were, with a new fire from within, made more beautiful in all eyes, and subordinated to the nobler and finer feelings that are inaugurated rulers of his life and heart! Who would not strive to grow spiritual, when such fire the least of the rich rewards it brings?

ON THEIR LEGS.

"Times are improving, and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride down in their carriages, now walk."—Exchange.

Good! The best result that the panic and the suspensions have worked out yet. Exercise is what our people get none too much of, especially that portion of them who are confined by business duties to offices, desks, and counting-rooms. Walking is a very excellent method of preserving the health, though perhaps other modes of exercise might make a person much more robust and hearty. But what we all need is, to pass more hours a day in the open

air. How many exercise walking or riding even a single hour a day? How few take two and three hours? Rather, what numbers are in the suicidal habit of bolting their food in the space of ten short minutes, succumbing to a plentiful supply of water to wash it along, and then rushing like madmen off to the calls of business again!

We say to persons of every occupation—Walk more; pass more time in the open air; inflate the lungs; strengthen the eyesight; stretch the legs; laugh heartily now and then; and the consequence will not be one of those mournful ones that friends are in the habit of characterizing with a strip of black crape and heavy black veils. Get on to your legs, and there is hope for you. Our crude and incomplete civilization sets up its carriages, and drives out a race of pale-faced dyspeptics and consumptives. We think we have advanced, when we have only gone backwards. The very Indians are ahead of us. Their high health puts the thought of it in our hollow breasts to open shame.

Get out of your carriages, then, say we, and take to your legs.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

The Courier, true to its habit, has seen fit to assail this distinguished gentleman and scholar on account of his public approval, on a recent occasion, of Spiritualism. He openly avowed himself a patient and humble investigator of years, and announced the conclusion to which he had finally arrived. Of course, his convictions being determined at last, there was nothing left him, as a true man and Christian hero, but to acknowledge his belief and openly avow his decided convictions. For this alone the Courier grossly assailed him. He comes out in a letter, seeking to know who it is that thus deals in vituperation against him. That letter the Courier has shown the courage to publish in full, tacking on upon it certain pettifoggish remarks that can hardly have satisfied even their thoroughly scared writer.

Knowing the desire our readers will have to see the racy letter of Mr. Pierpont, we append it in full. Here it is:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:—

"Stat nominis umbra."

When nothing but the shadow of a name stands in a hostile attitude before a live man having bones and blood under his skin, the battle cannot be an equal one, however good the cause of each may be. So fighteth and so must fight the living and palpable man, "as one that beareth the air." He may whip his small sword through the bosom or the bowels of his shadowy antagonist, and the shadow be ne'er the worse for the hole. Or, with his broad sword, the man may cut his shadowy antagonist clean in two, as the bright, angelic spirits of Milton did their shadowy assailants, and, like those dark spirits, our bellicose *umbra* never feels the cut. He joins himself together again by the first intention, and stands right up before the real man, in form, yes and in fact, just as good as new.

Now, Mr. Courier, when I appear in your columns, I give you my name. I stand out in the daylight. I have no fancy for moonshine militia, nor for a thrust at thin air, nor yet, thirdly, for the grip of a ghost. I am assailed, through your columns, by a hand that hides itself, while it seeks to give me a hiding. While my assailant does his best to exorcise me, he is careful of his own skin, by keeping it out of my sight—if indeed he has a skin. He takes a dishonorable advantage of me, in standing where he can see me, while I cannot him. Perhaps I do my shadowy antagonist injustice by assigning to it either gender or skin. Physiologically considered, a shadow can have neither. See how he skulks in the dark and calls me by name, and when I come out at his call and enter the lists with my visor up and look around upon the field for any foe, nothing

"But shadowy clouds, and darkness rest upon it."

Mr. Courier, I cannot and will not fight under these conditions.

"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more!"

One writer, in the Courier of the 5th instant, stated, as matter of fact, what was not true. This I demonstrated in your paper of the 8th instant. He asserted, as a matter of fact—and, be it observed, it was an assertion upon the truth or falsehood of which the whole force of his blow depended—that "the answer, besides containing bad grammar, did not meet any one of the specific inquiries propounded." In my notice of this assertion, in your paper of the 8th, I gave you this as one of the "specific inquiries" contained in my letter addressed to Dr. Channing, namely: "Do you, as my friend and spiritual counsellor, advise me, with a view to my own spiritual advancement and eternal welfare, to give myself more earnestly than I have yet done, to the examination of the phenomena and evidence bearing upon the question of the truth or falsehood of the doctrines of Spiritualism?" Answer: "Yes I do, as W. E. Channing, advise and beseech you, as one who watches you continually, to investigate more and more; for the more you do so, the more you will be convinced of its usefulness."

The issue here, between this assailant and myself, is an issue of fact. I left that issue with the jury to whom it belongs, namely, the public. There I am content to leave it.

But how does this shadow attempt to evade the blow that has so "damaged" him? Thus: by saying that the inquiry was a general one. Indeed! The question, "Do you, A. B., a specific individual, standing in a specific relation to me, C. D., another individual, advise me to do the specific act of giving my investigations a specific direction?"—is a general inquiry, not a specific one! Mr. Courier, would you believe it, though it were told you, after all this, another shade—another or the same—comes out in your paper of the 19th, and reasserts the—(I was going to give the assertion its appropriate literal name, demonstrated falsehood)—that the reply purporting to come from Dr. Channing "does not answer a single specific question!"

When the Courier will set before me an assailant or an opponent, endowed with an intellect sharp enough to discriminate between a specific and a general question, and with a moral sense quick enough to keep him from denying the distinction that he sees; with a reputation for veracity that he dares to stand upon, and cares to protect; a real man who has a name that he is not ashamed to hold up before the world's eye, and who will avow himself the author of the article upon the first page of the Courier of the 19th instant, entitled "The Delusion of the Day," and will call my attention to it over his own name, I will try to give it the attention that he asks.

JNO. PIERPONT.

It is needless for us to say that the Courier's remarks in reply are just nothing at all; pointless, uneasy, and timid. The writer acts exactly as if he was frightened at having "waked up" such a controversialist as the Rev. gentleman is well known to be, and one so well able to stand by the position he thinks proper to take.

The substance of what the writer in the Courier says in reply, is—1st, that Mr. Pierpont's letter is "coarse, in bad temper, and bad taste;" 2nd, that a "specific" question is one requiring the undoubted presence of the party questioned to answer it; and, 3d, that he had rather not give his name, but would prefer to blaze away at respectable and responsible people behind the entrenchments of the old Courier. That is the gist of it. No one supposed that the writer would come out before the world and give his name, for the unenviable reason that name had already acquired in connection with Spiritualism,

must be quite sufficient to satisfy its owner. Mr. Pierpont will not have the satisfaction that is due a gentleman who is assailed, therefore. The name of his assailant will still "stand a shade."

The reader will, of course, judge for himself how "coarse" Mr. Pierpont's letter is, and how much "bad temper and bad taste" it shows. For our own part, we thought it evinced the very best temper, full of glee, glowing all over with life and spirit, and overflowing with a high healthiness. But it is convenient for the timid Courier writer to pretend otherwise. "Having cried 'wolf' so many times, now when he really sees the wolf after him, he takes to his heels and beseeches the public to save him from such a 'coarse and bad-tempered' animal." The public will greet his call with a shout of derision, and leave him to the fate he has, by his own unstinted abuse, long ago merited.

The pettifoggish on the part of the Courier writer about the meaning and application of the word "specific," is, for a learned man, thoroughly mean and timid. Mr. Pierpont illustrates his meaning of a "Specific question" as plainly as need be in his letter. There is no gainsaying his definition, or evading its legitimate consequences. This the writer for the Courier well knows, and hence is making ready, the moment he starts to run, to throw off the real responsibility upon the shoulders of the reporter. That trick is to be expected. It only shows the character of the assailant of Mr. Pierpont, and certifies to what everybody believed before, that a man who throws such coarse and dirty language at the persons of Spiritualists, behind the cover of a newspaper, must be a coward in his heart, and a practised calumniator.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE FAIR.

This extensive display of cattle and horses, and all the implements and appurtenances belonging to farm life, has been held during five days of the past week on the Agricultural Grounds at the South part of the city, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. The weather has unfortunately not been what the friends and projectors of the undertaking could have wished, yet it has not altogether driven visitors away. Enough have been present from day to day to pay expenses, and more; yet had the skies been more enticing and the atmosphere more bland, there is no doubt that the extensive Fair Grounds would have been covered with crowds.

Among the chief objects of interest on exhibition were the horses and cattle. It will not be expected of us to go through the whole list of the former, but merely to specify that there were present some of the finest specimens in the country. The fastest pacer in the world, the famous Ponchartrains, was present, and gratified the spectators with an exhibition of her leg-work. She was driven round the course, (a half mile), in 1:13 and 1:10. She has done even better than the latter, making her mile in 2:17 1-2, which is something to speak of. The splendid horses Rip Van Winkle, Trotting Childers, &c., &c., drew forth the admiration of all. Every day there were matches between different horses, the best of which was unquestionably that between the Forest Maid and Somerville, on Friday. Each heat was very closely contested, the Maid doing her work squarely and honestly. The former was declared by the judges the winner of the race, the time made in the three heats footing 2:52, 2:44, and 2:48.

A young lad rode one of the so-called "Columbus Family," and called forth the plaudits of the crowd by his great equestrian skill and grace. The matched horses driven over the course were many of them of superb appearance, attracting undivided attention. The family horses made a most excellent show. In the interval of the regular races on Friday afternoon, a Canadian Indian was introduced upon the track by President Wilder, who announced that the crowd could have a chance to see how well a "Native American" could "run." The lad was dressed very trimly, and we thought some of the ladies on the seats opposite the stand regarded him with compassion. He ran twice round the course, or a full mile, making the distance in 4 minutes 59 seconds. He engaged to do it inside of 5 minutes, and did it exactly. On coming up to the stand, he received the decoration of a blue ribbon (first prize) from Col. Adams, with which he went off apparently satisfied.

There was a new feature introduced at the present Fair, which we hope to see peculiar to all such exhibitions hereafter. Instead of obliging all the visitors to roam over the grounds and visit the cattle at their pens and stalls, they were brought up every forenoon and driven over the course for the inspection of those present. This showed off their points to the best advantage, and added much to the interest and general effect of the exhibition.

The Devons and Herefords were unapproachable. We really envied the owners of some of these fine cattle their property. We could not help wishing, as we stood and gazed at the fine stock, that we were ourselves snugly fixed on a handsome farm—just pasture land, and just meadow land, and just tillage enough—and that we had our stalls filled and our broad-reaching hillside covered with cattle of like proportions and general appearance with these. The exhibition of Ayrshires and native cattle were likewise noticeable. We saw a pretty pair of cows, of exactly the same marks and the same size, named Elrit and Flora; and all we have got to say is, that, prettier creatures than Elrit and Flora never "hist-ed" to let the maid milk them.

Of sheep and swine the show was excellent. The sheep were odd-looking creatures, some of them, and must have felt very awkward indeed, in being looked at so much. They did not even ask to "be excused" for standing with their woolly backs to us, but ruminated about as usual. The Merinos were fine and valuable. Pigs—black and white—grunted and squealed in their pens, making melody for whoever chose to stand and listen. There were about all varieties on the ground—Suffolks, Macksays, and Essexes principally holding forth on the occasion. There was one lot of little black fellows without any hair, which some one close at hand styled "india-rubber pigs," and which helped entertain those who looked for fun and pork in the same litter of grunts.

Inside the tents were fruits of all kinds, of which the collection of apples and pears were decidedly foremost. Indeed, we found it quite difficult to keep our hands off. And then there were peaches, and grapes, and nectarines, and quinces, and such other like dainties of the season, setting one's mouth watering terribly. Yankee fellows came along and lapped up syrup made of the Sorghum, and pronounced it good; and we took their word for it. The agricultural implements within the tent were all beautiful and useful, and underwent rigid examination at the hands of the practical agriculturists present. Hoes, and rakes, and dibbles, and spades—bent hoes,

grindstones, apple-parers, and churning-machines—all sorts of useful things, and curious things, and wonderful—for men's uses, for women's uses, and for children's uses on the farm and in the household—were piled up in apparent disorder, yet in such a way as to attract the visitor's eye in a moment and at every turn.

Everybody seemed pleased, cold as it was a good part of the time. We saw many whose lips and cheeks were blue; but who did not feel blue themselves for a moment. Had the weather been milder, of course people would have enjoyed it more. At all events, the exhibition was a great success, affording delight and profit to thousands. If it shall only set men to calculating on how little they can go back into the country with, and become professed tillers of the soil by-and-by, it will have performed an errand of some lasting service. The farmers are at the top and bottom of society. It will not do to slight them their interests, unless we are prepared to see matters go by the board after the fashion of a "general smash."

For the Banner of Light.

THE PEOPLE'S CRY FOR MONEY.

Ah! list the cry of anguish which is floating on the air—Wild strains of deepest misery from homes of dark despair, The murmur of the orphan'd child, the wall of widows lone, And universal sorrow is portrayed within the tone, And where the great world rolled in peace, 'neath Fortune's smiles so sunny, Now nations hide, each terrified, at people's cry for money! Go down upon the thoroughfare, when high runs noday's fire, And while the sun declines to rest, excitement rises higher, And men, whose hearts are adamant, where Mercy finds no seat, In striving that they save themselves, are warmed in contest's heat, For where the great world rolled in peace, 'neath Fortune's smiles so sunny, Now nations hide, each terrified, at people's cry for money! And turn thine eye, Philanthropist, unto that cheerless home, Where desperation dwelleth, where contentment ought to roam; Oh! would the rich man could but feel, who wields the golden power, That suffering which his avarice sheds in every passing hour; But where the great world rolled in peace, 'neath Fortune's smiles so sunny, Now nations hide, each terrified, at people's cry for money! Ah! men be not so blind, for Justice is a being bright, And, know, a little charity would set the world to right; Seek not to gain by any means, that which thy brothers hold, If earth is made entire of wealth, there's not a Heaven of gold; But where the great world rolled in peace, 'neath Fortune's smiles so sunny, Now nations hide, each terrified, at people's cry for money! If every man would wear the wool, nor work in silk stuff, Society—the king—be satisfied with well enough; Then each might help the fallen one, and kiss from off the rod A holy balm for earthly strife, and win the love of God— But where the great world rolled in peace, 'neath Fortune's smiles so sunny, Now nations hide, each terrified, at people's cry for money! SQUIZZ.

STYLISTS.

The Courier has got us at last. "There is nothing left for us but to admit it all—own up"—acknowledges the corn," as the expressive saying is. Having assailed us at every other point, having sealed our walls only to fall back again into the ditches dug around them, having brought their heavy ordnance to bear upon the very gates of the citadel in which we were supposed by them to be entrenched, and battered and butted away with ball and brain to no visible purpose in the world—it has finally drawn off, relinquished its former well-understood mode of assault, and tries us on another point in which it thinks us particularly weak. It attempts to excite our envy! Horresco referens!—if the Professor will allow us to quote any other language than the Greek, when we allude in any way to his past efforts.

Just observe the very adroit way in which the attempt is undertaken. It says in one of its late issues—"The Spiritualist is generally better written than the Banner of Light!" Only to think of that, Master Brooke! Just to consider what a man thinks, who has done nothing, so far as what he has had to do with Spiritualism goes, but try to write the very best he can! And such writing! Good reader—kind reader—compassionate reader, have we not made "Elegant Extracts" from this myth's writings on Spiritualism and its advocates, by the score? Have we not "shown up" the cultivated and liberal style of the individual whose pen has shed more ink than we should care to have to pay for, when thrown away—as that has been? Haven't we strung along his expressive adjectives by the score? spun out his classical epithets to a length that we were actually afraid he would be ashamed to look at himself? and gathered up basketfuls of his dreary bosh, so-so flummery, and wordy twaddle, until there was enough, and more than enough to satisfy the rankest appetite that ever craved such surfeiting food?

We congratulate our neighbors from the bottom of our heart. Or, rather, we condole with them to just the same extent. When the Courier begins to praise, it is time to take care. Some people, ever since Judas set them the example, kiss only to betray. They are dangerous fellows in society. As old Horace says of their close relations, beware! "fenum habet in cornu!" Apart from the "imposture" which it advocates, says the Courier of the Spiritualist, "the tone of the paper is often respectable," for don't they know, do you think, what "respectability" is?—and "the style far from contemptible." There's a compliment for you with a vengeance. It implies two positive and perfect things; 1st, that the writer of that opinion knows what is the meaning of "respectability," at least theoretically; and 2nd, that he understands to a turn what is in itself "contemptible." On the latter point, in particular, we are perfectly willing to believe him. If a man who has treated others as the writer in the Courier has been in the habit of treating believers in Spirit-communion for a long time past, doesn't know what is contemptible, even without taking the trouble to read over his own productions to find out, it is a serious question if ever any man will be enlightened on that point.

And to show how thorough his knowledge ought to be, we quote a line or two, farther off, from this gentlemanly writer on what is "contemptible," of the following import: "We have seldom found (in the Spiritualists) any of those infamous (a classical word) inventions, like the Bird letter, which was so cruelly forged (classical again) and the forgery persisted in by the worthless woman (highly classical, and quite impregnated with Greek), who writes for the Banner of Light." There it is. If the author of that sentence does not know what is "contemptible," then he ought to be kept in the way of getting information, and let him may omit a good opportunity, which we may not be lost on him, we beg to inform him that this dirty, ungentlemanly, and thoroughly mean

fling at an innocent and pure minded lady, merely because she happens to be a medium through whom the spirits communicate, is not so very "far from contemptible," in the estimation of "respectable" people as it might be: If he were himself a Spiritualist, he would readily see how much of a black-guard he has permitted himself to become; but being only a writer for the columns of the Courier, of course he must be unaware of the "contemptible" figure he cuts in the eyes of all candid and high-minded men.

AN ECHO OUTSIDE OF CAMBRIDGE—THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM—ITS LATE GENERAL AGENT.

We were somewhat amused, as well as a little annoyed, we confess, while perusing the report of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, in the Evening Herald, of the 13th. Amused, we said, to see how far Bigotry and Superstition, when combined with an entire ignorance of the subject, will lead men in their denunciations of everything that perchance conflicts with their preconceived opinions.

Now we do not blame Deacon Grant and others, who may have charge of the above association, (which, in its peculiar way, has done much good) for an expression of their opinions, in a fair and honorable manner, upon any subject which they have investigated and found to be injurious in its effects upon society; but to speak in the manner they have regarding Spiritualism and its beautiful teachings, shows at once an entire ignorance of the whole subject. Besides, instead of trying to win back to reason those whom they consider so deluded, by showing true Christian charity, they would resort to the same persecutions that the Nazarene received from the Jews. But to the report. After reading the statistics of poverty and crime in our city, the worthy committee go out of their way, "Wilton-like," in order to hit poor Spiritualism.

They denounce those who profane the Sabbath day by visiting places where these "horrible creatures" assemble together, and shed crocodile tears, no doubt, that they have not the power to suppress them altogether. They show this most emphatically, by recommending that laws be enacted to prevent them (the Spiritualists) from meeting together. Now we would not object to a considerable quantity of persecution, even when, like the "Cambridge Organ," they make us a beast of burden to carry off the most of their sins; but to be classed with, and subject to, the same civil enactments with the keepers of rat pits, gambling houses, and brothels, we do think, calls for a little reflection on our part.

Really, is it not amusing to see how these gentlemen stand in their own light? They complain that the ministers of our churches have their lips sealed against the great evils that surround us on every hand—and so do the Spiritualists. They say that some efforts should be made to prevent the dens of infamy from being open on the Sabbath—and so do the much despised Spiritualists; but at the same time would not have them, like many churches, have the privilege of working for the devil six days in the week, and for God only one; but would rather see the whole seven kept in manner as becoming rational, accountable beings. In fact, we could wish nothing more to befall all the officers of that institution, than that they might be obliged to listen to the last few discourses that have been delivered through Mr. Foster, particularly the one of last Sabbath evening, in which not only intemperance, but all its associate vices, were denounced in the strongest terms, showing in vivid colors their baneful effects upon human society. And here we would state that it is our heart-felt wish that some means may be devised by which their attendance may be secured. But for fear that they might reject such an invitation, let us inform them that in connection with the Spiritualist Association, there has been formed a Charitable organization for the relief of the poor, if not the "Prevention of Pauperism." Perhaps the worthy gentlemen can point out to our deluded vision the difference. Now we are not much more in favor of boasting than slander, but we shall advance the opinion, (and our own personal experience bears us out in the assertion,) that this much despised Spiritualism has done more towards reforming society, in a few short years, than all the organized churches have accomplished in the last century. How many an inebriate has been turned from the poisonous bowl, by the gentle ministrations of angel visitors, who have gone before, and this too, after every other means had failed. How many profane men and frequenters of the dens of infamy, have been turned from the error of their ways, when they became convinced of the fact, that a mother, sister, or dear friends were watching with intense anxiety their progress in crime, and shedding tears of sympathy over their poor fallen nature. We presume the worthy Deacon and his associates, consider that this all proceeds from mental hallucination, &c., so much talked of by the Professor. But we, who have seen such results produced, know better than this, and though assailed by all the philosophical and theological Professors in the land, shall still adhere to the opinion that we are as capable of judging of a cause, by its effect, as themselves. There is one more reason why we did not expect this denunciation from this society, viz.: But a few short months have elapsed since most every paper in Boston contained an obituary notice of a most worthy brother, Calvin Whiting, whose heart was always overflowing with Christian love and sympathy, and against whom the foul breath of slander passed by as the idle wind. He was a man with a whole soul, and most admirably fitted for the position he occupied in this Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, that of general agent. But he was a Spiritualist in sentiment and action, and died in the firm belief and knowledge of spirit intercourse. One would have supposed, with such an example before them, that they would have been the last to have spurned the very thing that made him what he was—a true Christian. But such is poor, frail humanity, and we must wait patiently, hoping that a ray of light from the higher spheres may yet enlighten their mental vision, and show them that, like "Paul" of old, they are fighting against their own best interests. In the interim, we shall wait with all patience for the attempt to close up the Melodeon against the Spiritualists.

Yours, in the bonds of Spirituality,

H. B. W.

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, large heartedness, a true

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF THOMAS GATES FORSTER, AT THE MELODEON, OCT. 25, 1887.

Mr. Forster was hardly in a fit condition to be used, and the controlling spirit, after alluding to the unfitness of his (Forster's) organism for a lengthy address, proceeded, choosing for his text the words of the Roman orator, Cato: Delenda est Carthago! Carthage must be destroyed! He spoke of Carthage as the important city that it was, alluding to its position as a commercial city, the advantages of which its people saw, and industrially extended it, consequently becoming wealthy and prosperous. Their property led to avariciousness, and avariciousness to war. But, having formed an alliance with Xerxes against the Greeks, which proved disastrous, they again turned their attention to commerce and internal improvement, and for years continued a peaceful, progressive people. Rome about this time began to give forth earnest of that power by which Carthage was to fall. And from a visit of Cato to Carthage, caused by the complaint of that conquered city at the arrogance of the Romans, and the impudence of their allies, the Numedians, who, aroused to jealousy by the magnificence of the city, returned to the Roman Senate with the selfishness of the Roman nature, and with his powerful oratory, proclaimed: Delenda est Carthago. Rome, acting upon this, razed the city to the ground.

He said Rome was grand and beautiful only relatively, Greece was beautiful only relatively, and he could not agree with those who clung dogmatically to the past, and cried down the principles of Progression; and if they would look at the same elements which constituted the grandeur of Rome, they would see that America was far in advance of any nation of the past. But Carthage has fallen—"neath Rome's DELENDA EST CARTHAGO," and Rome herself has passed away. They have fallen—conquered by that subtle principle, Selfishness. He claimed that there were Catos of this modern day who strove to pull down every progressive principle, that they might build themselves up. Delenda est Carthago was heard from those high in professions, who are daily scanning the various records of the past, and who, controlled as they are by the spirit of Selfishness, will not eschew its apparent evils, even while they see what was their effect upon the past, unopposed as it was.

In the political world Delenda, est Carthago has been a motto, a party cry, until it has become universally understood that a privately esteemed man, might be an unworthy and dishonest politician. Theological selfishness and desire for rule had become universal and as universally productive of that jealousy among churches which had given so great an impetus to the wheel of Atheism. Selfishness had characterized our education and educators. He cautioned Spiritualists, not to set themselves up as the only true expounders of God's great truths, and to be wary how they separate and produce discord among themselves. The allegory of the Moor was beautiful, that the wing of God was peculiarly stretched over the Alhambra; but it was selfish. And while the Spiritualists believed that God's wing was stretched over them, he begged them to make the wide world their Alhambra. Let Spiritualists themselves become preachers practically, and not rely upon their speaking mediums alone, that the looker on may not say, I like the cause and its teachings, but I wish they would only act it out! He begged them to keep from evil, not because God would see them, nor because of the angels, or their fellow-men—but so as not to deface the divinity within them; but to make their inward God jealous that they might ever strive to please Him and thus elevate themselves. And if you all will look to yourselves, your cause shall weave a rainbow around the sun, and span its principles, a halo of progress, round the Earth.

Mr. Forster speaks next Sabbath at 1-2 past 2, and 7 P. M. Conference meeting in the forenoon at 1-2 past 10 o'clock, for the free expression of thought on spirit intercourse. Admittance to this, free.

"SEERS OF THE EAST."

Messrs. Editors:—Permit a friend to truth and justice to say a few words about an article headed "The Seers of the East," and published in the Courier of the 20th October, current. It occupies three columns, and is in the same strain of all the articles appearing in that paper having relation to the subject of Spiritualism. It attempts two things; let, a justification of the refusal of that paper to publish a communication from Jabez C. Woodman, "which was declined without reading a word of it," and which afterwards appeared in the "Spiritualist" of Oct. 10, current, with the remark of its editor, that "the Courier dare not allow its readers to see it." 2d, a vindication of Prof. Felton's address before the Normal School at Salem, which address was commented on by a correspondent of the "Spiritualist," in its issue of Oct. 17, current.

To one who has read Mr. Woodman's rejected communication, and the Courier's evasive and distinguished criticism upon it, there seems great propriety in the remark of the "Spiritualist," that "the Courier dare not allow its readers to see it." And it is a good time now, by a challenge to the Courier, to publish the rejected communication, to test the sincerity of its avowal that "it is not afraid of Mr. Woodman." We would like to see a fair opportunity given to the readers of the Courier to compare the rejected communication with the Courier's remarks upon it; to see for themselves to which of the two the Courier's customary charge of "sophistry" honestly and fairly applies; to see for themselves how well the Courier has met Mr. W.'s challenge to it; to say plainly whether it does, or does not, believe in the so-called miracles of the Old and New Testament; and if it does believe in them, to show, logically, why human testimony is not, in its nature, as applicable to the wonders of to-day, as of thousands of years ago, and why the testimony of any number of living witnesses is not at least as good as of the like number of dead ones. And further, why an inquirer is not bound to believe witnesses that he knows, as well as those he doesn't know, and never saw; especially when the witnesses he knows, testify at least to as many "circumstances precluding the possibility of deception," as are stated in the history of any supposed miracle. Mr. Woodman has fairly driven the Courier to the wall in all the above categories, and we would like to have it exhibit manliness enough to allow its readers to see its position, and judge for themselves, whether it has half the ability or half the honesty it lays claim to.

In spite of the Courier's frequent and complacent pretensions to the contrary, every article in its columns, that has met the eye of your correspondent,

has been wholly partisan in its aims, and shaped rather for success than the truth. It is of no use for the Courier to plead "the usage of journalism" in cases of controversy, as an excuse for its rejection of Mr. Woodman's article, nor to attempt to palliate the offence of illiberality, by pretending to be more liberal than the "Spiritualist" in such cases—an intelligent public will sanction no "usage of journalism" that make truth and fairness secondary objects, especially in matters of religious faith and opinions. If the Courier is really desirous that the public should have a fair hearing, it would not withhold the testimony of one of the ablest writers on the subject of Spiritualism, as it admits Mr. Woodman to be. The Courier claims the distinction of being an unflinching and constant enemy to the faith he advocates. Let the public have an opportunity to know something of him, not from what the Courier says of him, but from what he says for himself. By reading the rejected article, the public would see that Mr. Woodman is at least a gentleman, and discusses his subject with the elevated dignity and composure of one who lives in an atmosphere of truth, and relishes its purity. How different is the Courier in all that it says on the subject of Spiritualism! Behold the following language of the Courier in its second topic of discussion, in the above article, on the "Seers of the East," to wit: its vindication of Prof. Felton's address before the Normal School. The Courier says, "The writer of this article [a criticism on the address] endeavors with all his might to be prodigiously severe. But, like all spiritualists, his brain is softened by the systematic falsehood to which he is devoted, and though malignant, he is impotent."

Will a refined community tolerate such low abuse as this? Will it, in the judgment of the Courier, set down its author for anything but a blackguard? This same writer is evidently the author of nearly all the articles in the Courier on the subject of Spiritualism. His footprints are easily traced in them all. In all of them, his rudeness and grossness of crimination and retort, have the air and manner of one who never heard of the Portico nor the Groves of Academus, but, on the contrary, is well versed in the dialectics of the "ring," and sharp with the slang of the street-brawler. These articles make it abundantly clear that the subject of Spiritualism is wholly unsuited to the gross instincts of the man. How different the writer of the criticism in question! Not one word escapes him that would make a gentleman blush in reading. The article, by whomsoever written, shows a keen intellect, united to high and ingenuous moral feeling, and adorned with an elegant and extended scholarship. Let the readers of the Courier read that article, and determine for themselves which of the two writers is more of a gentleman, and better entitled to their respect.

Let them compare the Professor's Salem address with the criticism upon it, and see for themselves, whether the latter is "elaborately bad and foolish," as the Prof. announces it. Everything is "bad and foolish" that don't suit the Professor. Everybody is a fool who don't think as he does; and he has insulted his audiences and readers by colored and garbled statements of facts, about a subject to which his powers are not equal, and by wanton abuse of persons, "the lotches of whose shoes he is unworthy to loose." Conceit has had its prodigies in the world, but the Professor is the most prodigious of them all. The books give us instances of egotism morbidly developed to insanity. The case of the Professor may be one. If so, we will pity his misfortune, and in our pity forget his vulgarity. O.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

We call the attention of our readers this week particularly to the Messenger Department of the BANNER, as it contains some communications from departed ones which are well worth reading and hearing. The message that came through the medium from the spirit of John Jacob Astor is particularly interesting. It was delivered by the medium in the tone of an aged person, with a faltering voice, who seemed to suffer far, far more than he could express. Of course he could not know whose spirit was speaking through her until the entire communication had been received.

If the lesson to be gathered from these words of the once wealthiest man in America is not worth heeding, then nothing that has ever come within the range of our observation is. The story is the old one,—giving one's life up to accumulation, and finding, when all is done with, that it has come to naught. Fruits in vision, but ashes on the lips. There can be no consolation, no comfort, no abiding happiness in wealth alone. For its own sake it is beneath the true aspirations of an immortal nature; but taken in connection with the kind and generous offices it may be made to perform, it is worth laboring to obtain. Yet when the man sinks himself in his desire to accumulate, the spectacle offers no room for any thought but that of pity.

Money, we trust, will not always be the chief ruler. It is our belief that it will not always stand in the place of God. There is something of far more worth in the deep spiritual nature of man, and we trust the day is at hand when this important truth will be recognized by all.

MRS. CORA HATCH.

The distinguished trance-speaker, delivered two very remarkable lectures in Boston last week, on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The subject on Friday was the Millennium, as spoken of in the Scriptures. Her treatment of it was both beautiful and wonderful. Opportunity was afforded all who chose to put questions on any topic to the speaker, and we looked, but looked in vain, for some of our Harvard friends to come forward with their powers. If they really and seriously are persuaded that Spiritualism is such a wild delusion, destroying the souls of men and corrupting the morals of women, they owe it to their position and influence in society to embrace so good an opportunity to expose this wicked delusion. But they do no such thing. They stand off and rail at us, thanking God that they "are not as other men are." And the good spiritual work continues to go on.

Those who desire a readable book, we advise to call on James French & Co., the publishers, and purchase the new work, entitled, "Ellen Lincoln, or Western Prairie Life," an Autobiography, by Mrs. E. A. W. H. It is a well written narrative of every-day life, high-toned and instructive.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Manuscripts received; also a letter from J. W. H. will be attended to this week. "Luz," Boston.—Your lines will appear in our next issue.

CHALLENGE FOR DISCUSSION.

Our friends in Boston and the East are interested in the movements of Spiritualists in the country, and we therefore copy from a journal lately published, the following account of Mrs. Hatch's labors in Oswego, N. Y., and her husband's challenge, published in the Oswego Palladium.

Mrs. Hatch recently delivered several lectures in her usual able and eloquent manner, to crowded audiences, in Oswego, N. Y., the subjects having been selected for her by committees appointed by the audience. Her lectures created quite an interest in the cause in that vicinity, and the public journals each expressed their views of the matter and manner of them, and of the source whence she derived her information and arguments. Among others, a writer in the Oswego Times volunteers his wisdom on the subject, not only of the lectures but of the lecturer and Spiritualism in general. Touching the sources of her information he assumes that her case is similar to that of Andrew Jackson Davis, who drew his information, in his "superior condition," from the minds which surrounded him at the time, his "Revelations" being but a conglomerate of the Swedenborgianism of Prof. Bush, the Infidelity of a New York physician, (we suppose Dr. Lyon), the Universalism of William Fishbough, etc. So the trance condition of Mrs. Hatch, he thinks, brings her in like manner into rapport with the minds of eminent men now living, and he grants may likewise bring her in connection with the minds of men in the spiritual world. The writer says that he himself has often passed into this mesmeric state and solved problems and constructed arguments which his normal capacity was inadequate to solve and construct at the time.

Dr. Hatch, after noticing some attacks on Spiritualists, says:—

I now repeat the only important paragraph in your letter: "And in the use of tinsel phraseology and rose-water sentimentalism, she is not easily excelled. I must admit that some of her paragraphs were beyond my comprehension, or else, I must say of them as the boy did of the verses he read—'Father, that is very fine poetry, but it don't mean anything.' Her entertainment might be compared to a table, loaded with rich and costly furniture, but lacking substantial food."

Now, friend Barber, I think that the most satisfactory way to settle this would be to comply with the following proposition: We will mutually agree upon a committee of persons, whose duty it shall be to designate some philosophical or metaphysical subject, to be discussed by you and Mrs. Hatch, alternating speeches of equal duration. The committee shall consist of such persons as shall be competent judges of the subject they designate. Neither you nor Mrs. H. to know anything of the nature of the subject until you take the stand before the audience. If you should feel yourself unequal to this undertaking, I will allow the committee to announce the subject to you alone, one month before the time appointed for the debate; thus giving you the advantage of a month's preparation, while on her part it shall be entirely impromptu.

Still further, you may have one month to write out your ideas in your best possible manner, and read your dissertation to the audience, and I will procure a reporter to take down Mrs. Hatch's, and will publish both speeches, so that the world may have an opportunity of judging of their relative merits.

In this way we will have a fair opportunity of judging how far "rose-water sentimentalism" comes short of your philosophy. If you feel disposed to accept this proposition, I will leave the matter with a committee of my friends in Oswego to make all necessary arrangements with you.

Hoping that you will accept this invitation and thereby force faith by a corresponding action, I have the honor to remain,

Most respectfully yours,

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

POLITICAL.

We generally keep aloof from party politics, having had our full share of its enjoyment in times past; but we claim the right to express a sentiment, occasionally, especially when we deem a party candidate for office eminently worthy the support of any particular class of people, for any particular adaptiveness of his properties and character to their special interest.

Seeing, as we think we do, an especial adaptiveness of Almon M. Clapp, senior editor of the Buffalo Daily Express, to the requirements of that class of citizens who wish to see Spiritualists persecuted for the sake of their religious faith and sentiments, we take the liberty of recommending him to them as a candidate for the office of Secretary of State, eminently worthy their support, without distinction of party. We confess that, as far as moral character and abilities are concerned, they might possibly do as well otherwise; but in this particular virtue, he is not excelled by the most zealous or unsparring. His journal has been made to do service, in that direction, which no one less free from the trammels of conscience, could have been made available for. His influence, at Albany, we doubt not, would be highly serviceable to that noble souled class of citizens who piously seek to array the legislative and judicial powers of the State against religious heresy.—Age of Progress.

PLENTY.

The God of Plenty, from some unknown world,
Came down the stairs of mist and kissed the ground,
As Summer's flags on Autumn's verge were hurled,
And all o'er Earth his priceless pearls were found.
Broad, level fields were rolling with their grain,
Which seemed like straw's o'erthopped with heavy gold,
And from the corn-hills the lark's rich strain
Arose to Heaven, and all his freedom told.
From meadows rich, where roll the murmuring streams,
Came up the muffled low of roaming kine,
And all the realm of Nature joyous seems,
And hark! how pervades, as God's design,
And all men note in Autumn's golden hour,
The rich result of Summer's heat and shower. SCOTCH.

The Busy World.

Hon. J. B. HASKIN called on Secretary Toucey on Friday, at the request of the mechanics employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to urge the importance of affording work this winter for the fifteen hundred operatives there. Secretary Toucey manifested a commendable desire to furnish all possible employment this winter to the mechanics.

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF RECRUITS FOR INDIA.—In Toronto, and we believe in several other parts of Canada, says the Toronto Colonist, there are Emancipation Societies, composed for the most part of escaped slaves and free colored men. They number, we should say, at least ten thousand in Upper Canada; and we have understood that they contemplate offering to raise a regiment, either to go to India, to serve in Canada, or to be employed in any way, or for any period, that may be deemed most advisable by the Imperial Government. The climate would be exactly suited to them; and they have more than once proved in Canada their value as soldiers.

THE LOSS BY THE BURNING OF THE BLANKET MILL OF J. W. Springfield, at Lebanon, Me., on the 18th inst., was \$11,000; insured for \$3800.

LEAVE FROM UTAH.—Capt. Van Vleet, from Utah, Oct. 14th, arrived at St. Louis on the 23d. He reports having met troops composing the Utah expedition, Sept. 22d, 280 miles beyond Fort Laramie, all well. He also met Col. Johnston, Oct. 1st, 90 miles from Fort Laramie, and Gov. Cummings, Oct. 8th,

90 miles beyond Fort Harey. Some of the supply trains were within 140 miles of Salt Lake Valley, while others were far behind, and not likely to arrive this season. Capt. V. has traveled over 400 miles since August 1. He was treated with much consideration by the leading men of Salt Lake City, but heard the expression of only one opinion, viz.: that the troops and government officers would never gain a foothold in their dominions. A heavy snow fell at Mt. Bridges on the 16th ult. Hon. J. M. Bernhisel, delegate to Congress from Utah, accompanied Capt. V. They leave for Washington to-day. Messrs. Nichols and Reher, Engineers of Magraw's train, have arrived here. They left Pacific Springs on the 17th ult., and think that the train will winter at Fort Laramie. They report the cattle of the government train dying fast, and the mules breaking down. Grass was very scarce. Col. Hoffman, commander at Fort Laramie, denies having caused a Mormon train to be overhauled.

INQUEST.—A Jury summoned by Coroner Smith to investigate the circumstances connected with the death of Charles Thrash, returned a verdict Saturday, to the effect that the deceased came to his death on the 17th inst., at the Massachusetts General Hospital, from injuries received on the 16th inst., at South Acton, by being run over by a train of cars on the Fitchburg Railroad, while he was carelessly attempting to get upon the cars while they were in motion.

SILKS AND SATINS.—"A lady" asks the Portland Advertiser to request those clergymen who preach against silks and satins, not to wear black satin vests or lift their arms so high as to display the silk linings in their sleeves.

SILVER CHANGE.—The Assistant U. S. Treasurer issues a card in the Boston Post, in which he informs the merchants of Boston, that contrary to his heretofore expressed opinions, the department cannot undertake to supply silver coin to be exchanged for gold.

AN OLD FASHIONED BANK.—The Beverly Bank was chartered in 1802, and is one of the oldest banks in Massachusetts. The Salem Register says it has always maintained the best of reputations. So much confidence, it adds, has been felt in its soundness, that its bills have been treasured as choicely as specie, many cases having been known where bills have been kept on hand for a series of years. During the last year, among other old bills redeemed, was one seven dollar bill of the emission of 1802.

A PRINTER IN LUCK.—A young English printer named Henry Floyd, for some time engaged in the Savannah Georgian Office, sailed for Europe, on Monday last, to take possession of a fortune of \$300,000 to which he has fallen heir.

Late European Items.

The Collins steamship Baltic, Captain Comstock, from Liverpool, 14th inst., arrived at New York on the evening of October 25, bringing 160 passengers, and 72,629 in specie.

The screw steamer Jura arrived at Cork from St. John, N. B., on the 11th inst.

The steamer Borussia, from Hamburg, for New York, put into Liverpool to repair damage to her propeller, and sailed again for New York on the 14th.

The American ship Lexington, recently reported ashore on the west coast of Ireland, after having been got off, was totally lost near Valentia Island, as she was being towed to Liverpool, and three men were drowned. The hawser broke during a violent storm, and the ship sunk.

The ship Red Jacket arrived at Liverpool 13th inst., from Melbourne, with 70,000 ounces of gold.

INDIA.—Telegraphic dispatches, in anticipation of the overland mail, reached London on the 11th, with dates from Bombay to the 17th, Madras 15th, and Calcutta, 10th of September.

The intelligence from Delhi extends to the 30th of August. The siege train was expected to reach the English camp on the 3d of September, after which the place would be probably immediately assaulted.

On the 23th of August, a body of rebels, which left Delhi with the object of intercepting the siege train, was attacked by Gen. Nicholson at Najafgarh, and utterly defeated, with the loss of all their guns.

On the first of September, Gen. Outram was at Allahabad, with strong reinforcements, and expected to reach Cawnpore on the ninth.

Gen. Havelock gained his ninth victory on the 16th of August, driving the rebels from their strong position near Bithoor, which they desperately defended. After the battle, he retired to Cawnpore, where he awaited reinforcements, before advancing to the relief of Lucknow.

The garrison at Lucknow held out bravely, and no doubt was entertained of their being able to do so until relief arrived, which was expected to be about the middle of September. The garrison had made a second successful sortie, in which two guns and a large quantity of provisions were captured.

The Dinapore mutineers had again been defeated by Major Eyrle, and were trying to make their way to Delhi. At Agrā all was well.

The 61st Native Infantry mutinied at Peshawa on the 28th of August, but by the following day the mutiny was completely crushed.

Mutinies of a portion of the 10th Light Infantry at Ferozepore, and a part of the 65th at Auzum, had, in like manner, been promptly suppressed.

At Neemuch, a squadron of the 2d Bombay Light Cavalry mutinied, and the troops were disbanded.

The rebels from Oude were threatening Allahabad and Benares, and those places were being put in a state of defence. Large bodies of troops were marching from Calcutta toward Allahabad.

The remainder of the Joudpore legion has mutinied, but no further outbreak had occurred in the Bombay Army.

In the Madras Presidency, the Punjab, Central India, and the Bundelcund, things remained tranquil.

The Mohurram holiday had passed off quietly in all parts of India.

Lord Elgin left Calcutta on the third of September for Hong Kong.

It is stated that the troops at Bhopaul had rebelled. The Begum, who continued friendly, had sent away the Europeans in safety.

Two more regiments had arrived at Calcutta, and more were expected shortly.

Several troop-ships passed Ceylon, while a strong force had likewise reached the Mauritius.

A dispatch to the London Post says: "The British forces, taking the offensive, had attacked the batteries at Lucknow castle, capturing and spiking the guns."

CIRCULAR TO HEALING MEDIUMS.

NEW YORK HEALING INSTITUTE.
The value of Animal and Spiritual Magnetism in the treatment of physical disease, is now so generally admitted, that the undersigned have determined to take some steps to interest Healing Mediums in each other. We wish, also, to collect and circulate any information calculated to make this important agent more available and successful. We have observed that some valuable mediums lose their health from magnetizing too much, or in a wrong way. This, we know, should not be. Secondly, we know that some mediums fail where others succeed, and therefore we wish to understand the laws of temperament and adaptation.

In the hope that we may aid each other, we wish to obtain the address of any who are conscious of any healing power, and a report of any important or successful cases, and answers to the following questions.

- 1—How long have you known that you had this power?
- 2—Has it increased from the first?
- 3—What have you done to cultivate it?
- 4—Does diet affect your power?
- 5—Does it injure you to exercise it or require caution?
- 6—Have you magnetized with others, and with what effect?
- 7—Is the influence of any circle salutary?
- 8—Is the galvanic battery an aid?
- 9—Are you most successful with persons of your own or the other sex?
- 10—Do you ever feel the need of any restoring influence not easily obtained?

We desire to hear from as many as possible immediately, and will publish any important facts, either with or without the name of the medium, as may be requested.

Should any Mediums visit our city, we hope that they will call at our house, where they will always meet good mediums and intelligent spiritualists, and in this way we hope to encourage and strengthen each other. We would also suggest, that the Fountain House and Dr. Main's Institute, in Boston, present similar opportunities to those visiting that city.

O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D.,
R. P. WILSON,
34 East 12th street, N. Y.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch spoke in Salem last Sabbath, and also speaks there, at Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28, and in City Hall, Chelsea, on Thursday evening, Oct. 29; next Sunday afternoon and evening at Cambridgeport, Nov. 1st; Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 3 and 5, in New Bedford, and the two following Sundays, Nov. 8th and 15th, in Boston.

Dr. Hatch informs us that they will then leave for New York, where they are to spend the winter; Mrs. H. to speak in Brooklyn each Sunday, and in New York twice per week.

Mrs. Hatch's subject in the afternoon in Chelsea, Sunday, Oct. 18, was "SILENCE," not Science, as stated in our previous issue.

The readers of the Banner of Light, who wish for insurance on Life, or against loss by Fire, are invited to apply to M. Mun Dean, No. 76 State street, Boston, Mass., who effects insurance with the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 1-4 of 7; performance commences at 7-4 of 8.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MARSH CHILDREN. The Curtain will rise at 7-13 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

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

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commences at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents; Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performance at 2-1-2 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7-3-4 o'clock.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. (t-23) Sept. 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Boston.—THOMAS GATES FORSTER, of Buffalo, will lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2-1-2 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

Meetings for free expression of thoughts upon the subject of Spiritualism, or other subjects bearing upon it, at 10-1-2 o'clock A. M.

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

WARREN CHASE lectures in Melodeon, 14, Wednesday evening, October 21; in Burketon, 74, Thursday evening, October 22; in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Sunday, October 23; in Milwaukee, Wis., Sunday, November 1, and in Fond du Lac, Wis., Sunday, Nov. 8. Friends wishing to subscribe for our paper, at the above, or other places, can do so through Mr. Chase.

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

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT Hall, Winifred street. D. F. GOULD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

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

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

L. K. COOKLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

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

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

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

MR. ALICE DRAKE, Union, Me., is authorized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

Correspondence.

THE CREEDS OF EARTH.

BOSTON, OCT. 10, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—The following communication was made to a highly intelligent lady of West Roxbury. It is proper to state that the "spirit" communicating, as well as the bereaved husband, she had never seen.

Respectfully yours, L.

"DEAR FRIEND—Permit my spirit to transmit through you some few thoughts to my earthly friend and partner. He is sorely tried; the experience of spiritual existence so conflicts with all his preconceived opinions, that his mind is much perplexed. He would fain cleave unto the truth, whatever can be demonstrated to his understanding.

My DEAR W.—The doctrines and creeds of earth, are formed and established by man, for man in his earthly existence, and many of them, in the earliest stages of that existence. His wisdom in its highest development, is only as the glimmering taper in thick darkness; how then can it give forth the perfect ray of sunshine? The full meaning and deep significance of the life and teachings of Christ are not yet comprehended by angels and seraphs far in advance of us in its living atmosphere; and yet upon these, fallible mortals have based articles of faith, for the regulation of spirit life and worship, even in the early ages of the Christian Church. Can it be possible that they then so understood Christ, that they were able to form a creed which would guide and elevate to perfection?

It was indeed a bright and shining light in the then darkened horizon of faith and hope, and has led many home to the bosom of God. Through His kind providence it has done a great work for humanity, and will do more; but the mind is never stationary; it must grow in its spiritual desires. One point of spiritual excellence attained, it aspires after another, and so on through all the ages of eternity. More knowledge and a greater sphere of action must be given to satisfy these desires—there is no standing points where you or I can say we have attained to all truth.

Is not the old decayed limb severed from the living tree? It has enjoyed its season of fertility and beauty, but now its vitality is absorbed in a higher growth. It has accomplished its mission in the natural form, and now its spirit and essence give life and vigor to the whole. So with earthly creeds. There is truth and wisdom embodied in them and, while the spirit cannot appreciate a higher law, they are useful—but when it can receive the strength of the law itself they are laid aside like the swathing bands of infancy.

On earth, the creed was dear to me; holy and peaceful, it taught of God, truth and salvation; its requirements were sanctified to my spirit by "thus saith the Lord," and in that trust and devout Christian hope, I awoke in my spirit home of beauty and peace. The work of regeneration, however, was not complete. I was born again to newness of life. Where before I had only a faint, flickering star, to light my onward path, behold now the bright luminary of day shed its beams upon me, and my imprisoned spirit leaped forth to enjoy and to adore! I sought after God, and in all things His spirit was revealed so full, so free, so loving, that I found that I must indeed enlarge the borders of my understanding to conceive of the goodness around me. I measured my creed by these unmistakable footprints of the Creator's love, and oh, how small! how contracted! it could not contain a tithe of His love to His intelligent offspring. His wisdom and justice are here balanced by a truer perception of man's weakness, a mightier manifestation of God's unchanging love, than ever before imagined. They are unerring and sure, but not exhausted by the short life on earth. Man has an eternity in which to fulfill the requirements of wisdom and justice, an eternity in which to develop his powers, and to grow strong in the strength of holiness.

Would you then, my dear W., have me remain thirsting with my few scanty drops of water—when the beautiful lake of living truth and love was flowing around me, inviting me with its sparkling richness, to bathe and refresh my weary spirit?—could I thus remain in justice to myself or to my God? I feel the echo of your spirit, that I could not. Nor have I—bath gathering up my small drops of water, I have poured them into the ocean of truth—I drink freely and thirst no more.

You too were thirsting; my spirit felt the palpitations of yours, as it panted for the water brooks of life. The little gurgling stream is all absorbed in the growth of your soul, and you must go forth into the larger liberty of the sons of God. In divine mercy and love I am permitted to take you by the hand and bid you welcome to the joys of this our feast of salvation. In His holy presence let us sit down by the golden banks of the river of life, know ourselves and be at peace. His word is truth, and peace shall come to those who seek its blessing in spirit and in truth. On earth you can fulfill its holy requirements, and know of its abiding joy; you can progress in its principles as they are demonstrated to your reason and judgment. These are the watchful sentinels God has placed over every earthly temple he has made; within he has placed the human will, all-powerful to control, and only through that will can spirit or mortal approach the inner sanctuary of the human heart. That will must be subdued, and become like the little child's in humility before it can partake of the heavenly inspiration; must become plastic like the potter's clay, before it can receive the image and superscription of Christ. This must be a voluntary surrender; it cannot be compelled, either on earth or in the spirit time. It must be a vital awakening of the spirit power to a true realization of the good and true in itself, and in the creation around it. Then does it feel that the breath of God has indeed breathed upon it, and it is a living spirit. It will go on unfolding its wings, through all space, of knowledge and beauty, till it returns, not to the ark of man's wisdom, but to the throne of God, unlimited and unlimitable as the universe itself.

This awakening we can assist; we can draw around influences that fan the flame of thought and devotion; we can bring pictures of truth and beauty in such vital connection with the soul, in its softer moments, that the cry of nature is irresistible for more and more of such holiness. When the spirit is brought to say with the child Samuel, "Lord, here am I—thy servant—waiteth"—the guiding angel comes, and though long unseen, is still guiding it through discipline to progression and holiness.

We leave not our bodies of light and life, thus to interest mortals; but like the angels we send our rays to illumine and cheer; when they can pierce the

thick clouds of doubt and error, the fruitful harvest is given, to bless the giver and receiver.

Such are our employments; and to be prepared for such Godlike missions, we must be elevated far above earth and earthly laws. Some there are so closely wedded to early associations, that they have not learned to soar in the unbounded fields of thought and action. They are negatively happy in the God of their youth; as their fathers worshipped and were made glad, so will they remain till some deep feeling is excited, then they will find themselves in a shallow bark, unfit for the ocean of thought. The eternity of God's providence is before them, and his love is everlasting. They have had true aspiration after God, but now they feel that only through themselves can they be filled with the divine inspiration of his spirit, which will lead unto Himself.

The elements of growth, my dear W., are all within ourselves. Let them be watered with the dew of repentance and prayer. God is a loving Father. His ministering angels are with you to give of everlasting life. Love, the watching angel of His appointment is deep within the inner sanctuary of your soul; her sacrifice is ever burning its incense of grateful adoration and praise; its pure flames will consume the earthly dross of your character, and purify it for life eternal. Yours, A."

Messrs. Editors.—The following poetic communication may interest some of your readers, as it did the writer, and I enclose the copy to you for that purpose. The circumstances in connection are these:

Mr. Squire, visiting a friend's house the other day, (the lady of which had lost an only and much loved little daughter, some few months since, about six years of age), was accidentally shown the little play-room, baby-house and other objects of interest, which the fond mother had treasured with a feeling of sanctity, remaining almost as last arranged with her own tiny fingers. Being suddenly entranced, Professor Edgar C. Dayton delivered the following lines through him, being appropriate, applicable and touching. A wish was expressed for a copy, and they were repeated again, and written down as I send them.

Yours, &c., MITON.

"IN BEHALF OF HATTIE, TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER."

Behold! dear father, walking by thy side,
A form in glory wrapt, of God's own light;
A jewel from thy heart in beauty's pride,
Snatched up to Heaven from earth's mysterious night.

Ah! bend thy listening ear, the tone is soft,
In which that fairy child pours forth her love;
For she hath spoken in thy household oft,
As sorrowing hearts from sorrow led, can prove.

Hast never felt at evening's magic hour,
When silence broods o'er earth on wondrous wing,
Some influence will through all thy heart with power,
And touch thy soul, and open its fullest spring?

Ah, yes! for then adown thy cheek would roll
A holy tear, and fall upon thy hearth;
A priceless gem, from richest depths of soul,
To crown the memory of thy darling's birth.

Nor hast thou e'er forgot to bless the day,
On which that heavenly soul to thee was given;
And wilt thou mourn, that God hath call'd away
A bud too frail for earth, to bloom in heaven?

Oh, man! if thou would'st lift the eye from dust,
Nor grasp the sordid things that transient prove;
Believe in God, and all his motives trust,
How soon would doubt give way to faith and love!

Then doubt no more, a father still thou art,
Nor yet to those alone who still remain;
An unseen angel hovers near thy heart,
Oh, open its gate, it must not seek in vain.

And as the living years shall glide away,
And thoughts shall dwell with her now gone before;
Oh, trust, for true it is, from form's decay,
Thy souls shall meet where soul's shall part no more.

And thou a mother fond! I full well I know
How shadowy was thy heart, how sad its strings
Vibrated 'neath the seeming heartless blow;
But God's contentment forth from anguish springs.

Each toy is cherished with a kindly care,
Each lip remembered, wreaths a magic spell;
When sorrows kiss thy cheek, thou wanderest, where
In music of her tiny footsteps fall.

But never more canst thou in solitude,
With burning tears regret thy child's short stay;
Her eyes are on thee—oh, in gratitude
Forego thy grief, it drives her smiles away.

And think, how transient are the joys of life,
That hath this sorrowing earth for many years;
The soul goes down from youth to age in strife,
And anxious longing fills the time with tears.

But she hath gained a glory's crown of power,
And wears the jewel of a deathless day;
Her soul expands where shadows never lower,
Where spirit fainteth not beneath the clay.

And wilt thou still refuse to give thy hand,
Or open thy heart, when she is living by
With God's own glorious truths, and still withstand
That voice, whose music conquers misery?

No morning kisses with glory in its power,
No sunbeam blesses earth in splendid glo;
No silent utterance fills thy lonely hour,
But what thy child is whispering unto thee.

And when thy soul shall seek the immortal land,
And drink from heavenly founts a sweet expanse;
As when she left thee, there thy child shall stand,
A glorious one, to gain thy first release.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Messrs. Editors.—In one of the many private circles in old Andover, for investigations into the merits of Spiritualism, on Monday evening, August 10, the hand of one of the mediums, Mr. C., was caused to write: "If one of the ladies will be seated on the middle of the table, we will raise it, and her with it." One was seated accordingly, and was raised as promised, three or four times, several inches entirely from the floor, without a possibility of fraud or collusion, as the parlor was fully lighted, and the hands, fingers, thumbs and all of every one in the room were distinctly seen resting on the top of the table, and that there was no machinery or knee-work. I know for a certainty, as my own legs and feet were constantly and alternately visiting the various points where alone such power could be applied. Many convincing physical tests were given previous to the above, but one of the most thrilling ones I have ever witnessed at the conclusion of the seance. High and intelligent messengers spoke most solemnly and earnestly of the vast amount of spurious religion, or misnamed Christianity, now in the world's market. To write half which was presented on this occasion, would swell this article to an undesirable length. Allow me, therefore, to close with a relation of the following incident:—

As the circle was about to break up for the evening, the table arose from the floor, and began to toss up and down as on a wave of the sea, and so continued for nearly one minute to rise and fall, and heave and roll, and pitch and rock from one side to the other, and from end to end. At length, at each descent, its feet began to scrape and grate over the

surface of the floor, with unmistakable and fearful significance, till every one present seemed to exclaim simultaneously: "It is the foundering of a vessel in a storm at sea," when it instantly stopped. While we were yet wondering, other company came in, and at the request of one of the party, it commenced and continued exactly similar movements for some thirty seconds, and then stopped, and made the following communication:—

"The British steamer South Calport was lost in a storm on Ledge Island, on her passage from London to Calcutta, between ten and eleven o'clock A. M., August 8, 1857, (which, by the by, was only the night but one before this development was made,) James Goffe, master, Samuel Perley, chief mate. There were ninety-three passengers, all of whom perished, and also all of the crew, except one, Charles Bailey, who succeeded in reaching the sterile and uninhabited island, where he seems likely to perish for want of food."

By searching the English papers a few weeks hence, or in due time, you may learn that this steamer, the South Calport, is missing, but probably nothing more of the particulars of her fate, as it occurred in the night, and there will probably be no survivor to tell the story of her wreck.

The above communication has been presented and confirmed at three subsequent seances, by the spirit who first gave it, who announces himself a Scotchman, brings the testimony of others to confirm its truthfulness. I read to him a sketch of the above last evening, and he requested that it should be sent to the "Banner of Light," so you have it, dear sirs, to publish or not, as your better experience and judgment in these matters may decide.

Yours, in the full love and faith of progressive humanity.

We publish this solely for the powerful physical manifestation related, which is but one of the many scenes nightly taking place, which our good Professors seem to doubt. Furthermore, intelligence is displayed by the power, be it truthful or false. Of course this question remains to be proved, but so far as the question of the existence of spirit, and its power over material objects to move them, and exhibit intelligence through them, is concerned, it matters little whether the story told is false or correct. If living spirits are capable of communicating to man, will not a good God permit his holy angels to do so? Ledge Island is between the Cape of Good Hope and Madagascar Island, probably not more than 800 miles from the Cape.—Ed.

ANOTHER TEST OF MANSFIELD'S MEDIUMSHIP.

WEXFORD, AUG. 30, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—The accompanying communication was received through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, and if you think it worthy of publication in the Banner, you are at liberty to use it, and as no explanation of mine of the manner in which I received it will convince sceptics, I will not give any. Spiritualists will know how to appreciate it. But this I am certain of, it would have caused Mr. M. more time and trouble to ascertain my name and mind in regard to this subject, and that I had a brother Benjamin, and that he was in the spirit world, than he would be willing to submit to for the small pittance that he gets for his trouble. It seems to me impossible for him to get the information in any other way than claimed by him, or in other words, by Spiritualism.

Yours, &c., R. K. TROTTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Your soul longs for that which comes of the spiritual. You tell me if I have anything to say, you would that I might say it now. Dear brother, I am thankful I have a brother that I can come to in the form. I am thankful I have a brother to whom I can unobscure my spirit views and feelings, and have them appreciated by him. You, dear one, have had much to be thankful for; you should thank God that you were born in that age when this great light dawned on the understanding of mortal man. Thousands and tens of thousands have passed to the spirit land without the knowledge of this great and soul-stirring truth, and countless numbers are there in the lower sphere, who now have no knowledge of this mode of communication. You say, dear brother, that you do not want tests; you say you are perfectly satisfied of the reality and truthfulness of spirit communication. But yet your soul longs for that food which comes from the spheres, and here you lay by the busy cares of life, and for a moment seek me in my quiet spirit abode, and ask me if it be possible to communicate that which is best befitting your case and condition? Well, brother, you are doing good in your sphere, but while you talk Spiritualism live it; and if you live it, you will talk it. I am happy to know you have the cause of truth at heart. I am happy to know you enter into this work with full purpose of heart. You shall be sustained, you shall be blessed in all your undertakings, and if you perchance to meet those in your pathway that have not as yet found this great pearl of price, and they feel to disagree with you, try and show them the beauties of Spiritualism from an unspotted life, which Spiritualism has enabled you to live. "The tree is known by its fruits."

Dear brother, then go forward in the cause of truth—the cause of God—and you shall see a mighty host coming up to your assistance. I will meet you in all your goings out and comings in—ever willing to impart that instruction which you may require. Then love God supremely, and meet me in this my happy home.

Your brother, BENJAMIN.

To brother R. K. Trotter.
As Mr. Trotter did not communicate his name, how did Mr. Mansfield know to whom to direct this communication? As Mr. Trotter did not give the name of his brother, how did Mr. Mansfield happen to sign Benjamin, the right name of the brother addressed?

We do not think any charlatan or moralist will complain of the character of the advice given. If Satan, if there be one, comes to teach men to lead pure lives, we really cannot see why men should hesitate to take up with his advice, for certes a warning voice could not come from one who so well knows the misery of an evil life.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

CONCORD, N. H., OCT. 10, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—In Galt's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, page 135, note, there is the following respecting the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which will apply, with equal truth, to the book worms of Harvard.

I have heard Mr. Willis speak in this place, and feel much interested in the man, and who, indeed, will not, when gravely informed by the "wise men" of Harvard, that he can lift a plane of eight hundred pounds weight by his toes! But to the extract:—

"A century has elapsed since either of these great seminaries (Oxford and Cambridge) has possessed, as a resident member, perhaps it may be added produced, one man of influential genius; one who has improved the public taste, or extended the horizon of science. In men of learning, and men whose talents have been strengthened by the reflections of philosophy, undoubtedly the Universities of England

have not been less prolific, even in proportion to the superior opulence of their endowments, than those of any other country; but persons versed only in books are not entitled to be classed with those men who, by the activity of their genius and the novelty of their notions, affect the mass of the public mind, and change its bias and motion. It can never, indeed, be admitted that the granting of emolument to the professors of definite and enacted opinions will promote the essential interests of reason and literature. There is a list of the most remarkable of the recent offspring of Oxford and Cambridge among the notes of Dr. Parr's celebrated Spital sermon. It is undoubtedly a splendid list of able characters; but which one of them all is entitled to the epithet of a man of genius, in the proper meaning of that term? which of them can be considered either as the head of his class, or the founder of a school?—a Sir Isaac Newton, a Milton, an Adam Smith, or a Franklin?"

AN EXCELLENT TEST.

Messrs. Editors.—You wish for those who have received tests, to send an account of them to you, that the world may have the benefit of them through your columns. Accordingly I send the following, which you are welcome to use if you think proper.

Mrs. Artemesia Hotchkiss, of Prospect, Conn., received a letter from her husband in California, saying he should start for home such a day or week, naming the week on which the ill-fated steamer Central America was to sail. He came not, and news of the fate of the steamer reached the ears of Mrs. Hotchkiss and rendered her almost frantic. Wishing, if possible, to ascertain his fate, she called upon Mrs. Leonard Tuttle, of Naugatuck, Conn., and without making known her business, requested a sitting. As soon as Mrs. Tuttle was entranced, the spirit said, through her:—

"Castle is safe," (Castle is the name of the absent Mr. Hotchkiss, and the spirit speaking purported to be his brother William,) "but he was detained and did not sail in the Central America, as he expected, and you will receive a letter from him before you see him."

Mrs. Hotchkiss also wrote a letter to D. Norton, Hartford, Conn., (a trance medium). He was absent, but his family opened the letter, and when Mr. Norton returned requested him to sit, not informing him respecting the letter. The spirit exclaimed:—

"He is safe. He did not sail in the Central America, as he expected."

Since these communications, Mrs. H. has received a letter from her husband, saying he "was detained by business, and did not come as he expected."

Neither of the mediums had seen an account of the disaster, thus giving an excellent test, and has opened the eyes of several unbelievers.

Yours truly, N.

LOWELL, OCT. 9, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—Mr. George L. Peirce, a trance medium, who for the three last years has been the most prominent speaking medium in Lowell, (having spoken publicly a major part of the Sabbath through this time,) desires to say that he will respond to the wishes of any friends, in any place, who may desire the service of his mediumship.

Mr. Peirce is a man now past middle age, and has always sustained a consistent Christian character; and in this city, where he has now resided for the last twenty years, no man could have been selected as a medium who could have done more for the cause of Spiritualism, by a weight of character for deep conscientiousness, benevolence, uprightness, and love of goodness and truth, than he. His addresses have always been characterized by argumentative, sober sense, and have always had the pointedness of practicality. His friends expect much from his willingness to yield himself to general public labor.

A line to him, care of L. E. Lincoln, Lowell, Mass., will receive prompt attention. L. E. L.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA.

MARVILLE, CAL., SEPT. 18th, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—The Harmonical Philosophy is steadily advancing in this State of the Pacific. The progress during the past year has been quite as rapid, I presume, as would be healthful. The friends of Progress are often found repining at the slow spread of this glorious light of the spheres, without stopping to reflect that the minds of the people are not prepared to receive a greater flood of light than is being constantly and steadily poured out upon them. It would be casting pearls before swine to give to our communities a greater flow of light than they are receiving. The work is being wisely done and well.

At a recent meeting of one of our spirit circles, a trance medium being influenced, said, "I see the wreck of a ship. She is burnt down to the water. There is much furniture floating about her, chairs, mattresses, sofas, &c. I see 'Neptune,' painted in letters upon one piece of the furniture. It seems to have been about three days since the accident happened to the ill-fated vessel." Do you see any human beings? "No, none. Now I see a ship apparently three quarters of a mile from the wreck. There are many passengers on board; men, women and children, especially the two latter.

There is painted on this craft 'Diana' or 'Diamon'; I can't make out which." Can you find out the name of the ship? "It was answered 'yes,' but failed to comply." I only give the leading features of this clairvoyant view, without knowing whether it was given as an occurrence of recent date or simply as a manifestation of the controlling spirit, of the manner of his death. I give it to you (in outline) as given to us; should it prove a recent calamity, it will be a fair test of the clairvoyant powers of the medium who is a recently developed one. It may be as well to add that in his remarks he said the vessel under sail, appeared to be bound from Liverpool to New York.

I see by the Banner, that the spirit of George Stiles manifested to your medium July 6th, and after vainly trying to control the vocal organism of the medium, wrote that he was accidentally shot. About two or three weeks ago a spirit partially controlled a medium in a circle in this place, giving the same name and the same cause of death. He promised to return again when he could better control, and give us the particulars; if he does, I will give you the result.

We had a poor fellow of a disembodied spirit a few evenings since, who gave his name, which I do not remember, and represented that he met his death two years since by being crushed in machinery in the city of Lowell, while intoxicated. He was entirely unprogressed, was suffering severe pain in his left arm, and as he represented was hopelessly groping his way in deep darkness. He besought us to help him, which we did by earnest prayer in his behalf, when the pain left his arm, and in answer to an inquiry declared he saw in the far off distance a light, and made us good night with joy beaming upon

the face of the medium. I felt that if that was the only good we should ever have the pleasure of doing in our investigations, we would be gloriously compensated for all our labors and privations. The consciousness of having been instrumental in raising a creature of our Heavenly Father from the blackness of darkness, and putting him in the path of eternal progression, was indeed glory enough for one day.

Yours, &c., L. W. R.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

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

How sweet, after the toil and cares of the day are past, to sit in the dim twilight and indulge in thought; how much does it profit to ourselves, to thus while away an hour in seeming idleness; how the mind is wafted upon the wings of thought to far distant places and seeketh for those who are near and dear—though distant, we embrace them in spirit, and hold sweet communings; how sweet—only those who know can tell—we recall with affection each feature, each intonation of voice, grace of movement, and smile; who can speak of separation, when at any moment we have the power to bring those loved ones to our side. Again, we recall each act of kindness, as also each wrong, and while we are happy in the former, how sorrowful for the latter. Truly, the teachings which come to us at those moments are not lost, but make an impression which time cannot efface. The wife who sorrows for a companion gone before to the spirit realm, little thinks when she sits down to rest after her daily labor, and bids memory awake again the happiness of the past, that he whom she loves, and calls up from her heart, is really at her side, vainly endeavoring by every endearment to make her feel his presence. Could her spiritual, or interior vision, be made to see and feel this, what a blessing it would be, what a recompense for all labor, trial and hardship; how small and trifling would look all exterior things, were the inner being satisfied and happy.

Again, two youthful beings are parted, who were to have passed through life together. By accident, one has passed on to prepare the way for the other, leaving him disconsolate and heart-broken. All visions of happiness, so fondly contemplated, are crushed to the earth, and the poor mortal drags out a miserable existence, looking down, from whence no comfort can come, as earth is only the receptacle of the mortal and perishable, while the beautiful spirit which cometh from God, and is a part of Himself, ascends to Him who gave it birth. He little dreams, as he throws himself upon his grave in agony and sorrow, that she is hovering over his head, and scattering flowers upon him, and throwing her sweet influence over him, striving all in her power to make him understand there is no death, no separation, no misery, save what man brings upon himself.

How delightful for the Spiritualist must be those twilight communings, soul with soul, heart with heart—to feel the sweet touch of friends and the kiss of affection—to hear their loved voices teaching of those things which are imperishable, and food for the soul. May the day be not far distant when all may commune with those they love, whether in the spirit or earth life, and then truly will there be no separation, no death, no unhappiness.

The friend of Truth, LAURA TRASK.

TABLE TURNING AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS.

From the Age of Progress we copy the following account of spiritual manifestations among the descendants of the Prophet, which will no doubt interest our readers.

The writer of this, who was for six months a resident of Northern Africa, (French dominions,) was so fortunate as to witness the first spirit manifestation that visited the Mohammedan tribes in that country. In 1825, about the time when "table turning" was first spoken of in Europe, a great excitement was created amongst the natives, as well as in the European community, by strange and mysterious phenomena occurring in domestic circles, and giving an intelligent power that claimed to be the spirits of the dead. This unlooked for and startling announcement was received at the same time by many a French, Spanish, Jewish, Moorish and Bedouin family, and this through various channels; in some cases through table tipping, in others through spontaneously developed media, who would declare that they actually beheld appearances of men and women asserting they were inmates of the spirit land, after a course of earthly existence, sending messages to their friends left behind amongst us, and not unfrequently adding striking evidence of their identity. This I will forthwith illustrate by an instance or two that came under my personal observation.

Madame L., a respectable, intelligent and highly educated lady, who has charge of the free school for Moorish girls, in Algiers, had a pupil of hers, a young lady eighteen years of age, who was developed into a moving and seeing medium of a very remarkable power. The first vision she saw was her father, who had been dead for some years. She was, to all appearances, in the normal state, and I think, engaged in needle work in the school parlor, when she gave a scream of terror at her father's (as she told us afterwards) rushing in at the play-ground door and throwing himself into her arms. Before I proceeded, let me remark that this girl, as a Mohammedan female, had never entertained any idea of spirit intercourse, at least as understood by modern Spiritualism. I often talked with her of the wonderful event, and asked for particulars. She described minutely her father's external appearance and dress, and was puzzled by this peculiarity, that he was wearing a splendid green turban, which no Mussulman in his life would dare to do except he is one of the Prophet's descendants. She afterwards used to receive her spirit visitors with more composure.

Now I come to the fact I wish more particularly to draw your attention to. One day I was attending this medium's operations in the apartment of her mistress. She gave notice to the company, that there was standing before her a Jew by the name of Ismail, who was drowned three months back, between Algiers and Tunis, as he was sailing to the latter place. She added, the spirit informed he had a brother (whose name she gave, but I do not remember it) living in Algiers, Bab-Azoun street, and in some notary public or attorney's employment as a clerk. The employer—a gentleman well known in the city—was also named, and the very number of his office also, but these particulars I have forgotten. A gentleman present, M. Dubos, a printer and bookseller, whose extensive and conspicuous store stands in the said street, remarked that the gentleman referred to was his next door neighbor, and that he felt impatient to see him in order to ascertain whether there was any truth in these strange statements or not. The next day I met Mr. D. in the street, and as soon as he perceived me, his countenance assuming a solemn expression, "Well," exclaimed he, "it was all perfectly, wonderfully, frightfully correct!" Now it was fully ascertained that both the Jewish clerk and his French employer were utter strangers both to the medium and the governess.

Some spirit being asked by me, through the same medium, which, if any, of the religious books, so called, were to be considered sacred, the answer was: "The Bible, the Gospel, the Koran." In some communication given through the same, the notorious enmity existing between Mussulmans and Jews on earth was displayed between Mohammed and Jewish spirits. A very interesting result was also obtained. Several spirits belonging to various and unaccountable sects, such as the Catholics, the Jewish, the Mohammedans, on being called together and asked of the origin of the "Annihilation of Man,"

The Messenger.

NOTICE.

The authorship of a communication which appeared in our paper a few weeks since, under this head, we understand has been attributed to a lady, whose name was mentioned by the spirit, in the course of our conversation with him.

Let it be perfectly understood that all the communications which are published in this manner, are spoken through Mrs. Conant, while in a state of trance, and are noted by us.

Communications from other mediums are published in other parts of this paper,—never in this.

John Jacob Astor.

Gold is one of the strongest ties which bind men to earth, and if I were on earth again, I would not be the owner of gold—I would rather take the chance of the beggar than that of the rich man. I would rather be cradled in sorrow on earth, for then I should better appreciate the joys of heaven. And as all men sin, so all men must be punished, and I had rather receive my punishment on earth, than in the land where we all hope for happiness. Yes, yes, I would rather be a Lazarus, much rather—and could I be again transported to earth, could I again animate a material form, I would pray that God would give me the surroundings of a Lazarus, rather than the surroundings of a rich man. When the rich man finds death at his door, he fears to leave his real happiness for the imaginary—for that he knows nothing of; but when the poor man dies, he says, I have nothing here to bind me, my chance is equally good in the land of spirits. A few years ago I walked upon earth; I animated a form like yours. I handled much gold and silver, and coming in contact with the same—a hard material substance—it served only to harden my nature and fix a partition between me and my God. Now I am standing upon a barren waste, ungod, and I hear the psalter by exclaiming—You had your good things on earth—now you must have your evil things. It is well, and I will be contented.

All things that went to make up my sum of happiness on earth, are denied me in heaven, and although I dwell in heaven, I partake not of its glories, for each individual forms his own heaven or his hell. Heaven may be within me, above me, around me, and yet not of me. I may not be happy, although others may be happy around me. How long I am to remain so, I know not, care not—for I know that He who judges righteously will not judge me harshly. All I know is, I had wealth on earth, and that I would rather have had it in heaven, than where I am known no more. I am visited by those who bore earthly relation to me, aye, by those who were poor on earth, and now they are rich; I find them child in heaven's own glorious habiliments; they seek to encourage me, they strive to aid me, they tell me my suffering will end, and bid me be of good cheer; while I sit and murmur, they are praising God with in my hearing. Oh, sad, unhappy fate! when shall I find Him who I so much wish to see? Him, the God of the rich man and the poor? When shall I dwell in that happy circle in which He dwells? Man's time on earth is fleeting as a mid-summer's day. Oh yes, fleeting—fast moving away; but man's spirit existence is eternal. Who would not rather stand in earth on the plane of poverty, than stand on the rich man's eminence—who of all those who have passed on to know of better things, to take his share, would return to earth? Not one, not one.

I say, then, dwelling here upon earth, have hearts of adamant—gold renders them so. Oh, then, ye rich men of earth, scatter your gold to the four winds of heaven, if ye would be happy hereafter. It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven—I know it. I laid up my treasures on earth; the moth came, the rust corrupted, the thieves broke through and stole, and I am poor in the spirit world—corrupted are my treasures in heaven! Oh, I would to God I had never made the acquaintance of gold. Months ago I was told that it would benefit me to come to earth, but my spirit loathed earth and its inhabitants, for there commenced my unhappiness; there was sown the seed which now is a tree of evil, covering me with its deadly shadow; and I did not wish to return, for it was a cross too heavy for me to bear up the hill—a thorn too sharp for me to cast into my soul. But now I am happy, I have come—it is one cross taken up; Oh, I would to God they were all laid upon my shoulder, for I think now I could bear them well.

Oh, I see glimmering in the distance a most beautiful star—it can be she who passed on in infancy? They tell me it is so. Oh why do they come to torment me—to show their light while I have none? Oh, He who judges righteously will do well—I hope so; mayhap I shall be able to follow them where they lead; mayhap my hell is ended. Yes, yes, the angel before me passed from my sight in infancy—ere the shadows of earth fell upon her spirit, ere the cold winds of earth blew upon it she was called for, and now she comes with purity, with words of hope to cheer me on. It is well; I am told, in taking up this cross, I shall pass the gulph which separates us; I am told my cup of sorrow has filled, and pleasure is to come. Oh, may I have enough to scatter among the children of earth! Oh, what shall I say to them now? To the rich man I say, cast from thee thy riches; to the poor man, pray, God that wealth may never enter your dwellings.

The delivery of the above was deeply impressive; the peculiar tone of voice—which the age of the spirit, and his feeling sorrow, mingled with resignation, imparted to that of the medium, rendered it so. Types are old to convey any accurate idea of the scene; although the language is reported verbatim, the manner of delivery is lost. It will take a good reader to give the words life, such as the spirit gave them in utterance.

Blodgett, Portland Street.

So you receive communications, do you? Well, do you receive from one as well as another? Then I am safe. When I was on earth I lived in Boston. I lived in Portland street, and my name was Blodgett. I have been here as high as I know a little over two years, but I do not know sure, for it was a long time after I came here before I knew anything of time, or heaven, or earth. I have friends on earth, and I wish to communicate to them. I want them to know I am come to them. I know I can talk, write, make sounds, and move things. I do not know the laws which govern it, but I shall in time. You have such an immense crowd of spirits here, I don't like to talk, but if I cannot do better I suppose every one must know what I have to say. I did not leave much property—very little, but what I did leave I want should be expended to make my people happy, and after that all others who happen to need it. I am in the third circle, and seem to be close to earth. As for God, I have never seen him or the opposite individual. I am happy, have repented of all my sins, have suffered for them, and have nothing to do but to go ahead. I heard of Spiritualism and thought it strange, but I did not believe it. I knew you; do you know me? (We were accompanied by a friend who didn't remember the spirit, but said that he knew one by the same name.) What did the man do that you knew? It was not me then; I used to keep a boarding house, close by No. 25. You lived at No. 42, when I lived in that street. Well, here I am in the spirit land. I never had any acquaintance with you, but I remember faces and I know you at once. The name I was a little confused about, but at last recollected it—faces are something, names nothing. Well, just tell my friends I am happy, and when they see me to let me communicate with them. I am ready. I am satisfied with everything they have done, only I would like to have them a little happier. (To our friend.) You kept a drug shop on Blackstone street, did you? When I lived in Boston I found more rum shops on that street than anything else.

Well, if you have nothing more to say to me I'll leave, for I believe I have said all I want to say.

E. N. Moore.

Gentlemen, I am strangely confused. I seem to be hanging between heaven and earth. I was told I could speak through this medium. I feel sad—I feel disappointed. I find everything different from what I expected. I am pleased with the difference, but strangely confused. I seem to be on earth, and yet without my body. Past scenes come floating around me, and I strive to catch at something definite, real, tangible, and when I make an effort to grasp it, it is nothing. I know I have passed through the change of death; I know all that, but my ideas of spirit life were so small, so covered in mystery while I was on earth, I cannot now comprehend anything I wish to. I seemed when I was here, I sought and I fought for forgiveness, as I believed, before I left earth; it does not seem to be sin which keeps me in this foggy bewildered state, but my own emotions and education were a false covering, and now it is stripped off, I am a stranger to the reality. I heard of Spiritualism, but I believed it not, could not believe it. I saw nothing to convince me. I was open to conviction, but no conviction came, and I was left in the dark. This is one of the points of Spiritualists, no doubt. I understand it in part, but as a whole I cannot. I am here for the purpose of communicating to my friends, but I am so confused I cannot gather together anything I wish to give them. I did not expect to die. I placed full confidence in my physician—he said he would cure me. I thought he would; he never said I would die till the last moment, and I am inclined to think that was not right, but it may be. I feel sad, and I cannot throw off the melancholy that seems to brood over me. I fear to advance a step, for I do not know whether I shall go the right or wrong path—in fact I do not know where I am, in heaven or on earth. I have important ideas I would like to give forth, but I cannot—I wish I could.

I cannot discern things here very well, and I am told I had better go, and come again. It seems to me that I have been here an age. I am told by coming here I shall understand things more fully. If that is the case, I shall not regret it, but I assure you in coming here I suffered all I did in passing away from earth. Had I known any length of time previous to coming here, that I was to die, I should have endeavored to out the chord of sympathy which bound me to my old body; but it seems to me that I am chained to it, and to the old associations which cling around it. Do you know me? You should do so, I think. My name was E. N. Moore. I must leave you now, but I want to come and talk with you again, and will do so. This is so strange to me, that I am not able to talk to you as I would do.

Little Benny Pierce.

Oh, I have so much to say, I have so many blessings to give! Oh, I wish I could talk to my father, my mother, but I must patiently wait, for I know I shall in time. I want to send a message to a gentleman I used to know when I was on earth. I want to thank him for his kindness to my father, and for the kind feeling he ever exercised towards him; for the sympathy he had for him in all his troubles. I see it all, I watch over him, and sometimes communicate with him. I was told to come here and communicate, not by him, but by others. I wanted to communicate to him, but they told me to come here and send to him. I am very happy, have everything here, and don't want to come back to live. I want to thank him for what he said to my father about me. Oh, my blessed mother! If I could only speak to her but once, just once, I would be so happy after that. I did not tell you my friend's name—well, it is Mr. Gilchrist—he lives in Franklin, N. H. He is a good man. Oh, I love him so much! I did not know him very well when on earth, but I did his son. But he has called for me so many times, and has been so kind to me, that I want to thank him for it. I want you to please to ask him if he won't sit at home and let me come to him. There is an old gentleman here who wants me to tell you you must be cautious about publishing my communication. He thinks my father will not believe it. My name was Benny Pierce. My father was the President. I was a little boy. I sent a communication to him before, but as the old gentleman (spirit) says, it was private—is not this private? You would please to let him have it some way. I'd like for you to publish it, but I don't want you to do it, if it is wrong. Oh, my blessed mother! how I wish I could talk to her. My grandfather and grandmother are with me most of the time, but I have a great many who take care of me. I am very happy, I have so many beautiful things about me. I have a great many people I want to talk to, but they never call for me. Oh, I am so happy to come here. I am always happy now. I was frightened a little when I saw father and mother felt so bad about me, but since then I have been very happy, only when I see father and mother think of me and feel so sad. I used to try to mesmerize the boys at school, and if I had been a little older, I think I might. Good bye, sir.

Elizabeth Plaisted.

Surely I am blest in being permitted to come here this morning. I know you will pardon me for coming, I am sure you will, for I come to speak in behalf of one who, in spite of all his sins, is dear to me. My name, when I lived on earth, was Elizabeth Plaisted. I left a mother and one brother when I was a child, and oh, my soul is grieved when I see that brother walking in paths which will bring him sorrow hereafter. Can you wonder? say, kind sir, can you wonder?

What shall I give you to make you recognize me? It has been now near fifteen years, as high as I can count your time, since I left earth. Perhaps if I give my brother's name, you will know me—his name is Charles. And my mother! if I could speak to her also. She, too, is walking in evil paths. Oh, how can I be happy? She is far away from here, not where she should be, not where she promised to be, before God. Oh, it is hard for me to draw nigh earth, and speak of these things, but the time is now come when secret things shall be made manifest.

What shall I say to bring my brother to peace? My spirit is anxious; oh, what shall I do to save him? he is my only brother, dear to me; love is strong, enduring, lasting; it never dies, and though my body has gone to decay, my spirit still lives with all its hopes. Oh, how could my mother do as she has done?

Mary assists me to speak; dear, kind soul, she was lifted from earth by angel hands, and now she assists me, that I may bless those who are dear to me on earth. Anxious ones draw nigh to you this morning; they can now manifest, and get hope by so doing.

I did not expect to pass to the spirit world so quickly. I was well at night, and the next night I was in the spirit world. I think it was congestion of the stomach which caused my death. Oh, tell my brother if he has one spark of love for those who are seeking for him beyond the grave, tell him to at once turn and be an instrument in the hands of God and truth. Now he is but an instrument in the hands of evil spirits. Oh, tell him in pity and in love, for by Love all the children of earth shall be brought to Peace.

H. C. Smith.

Good morning, gentlemen. How strange it is that fear will govern a man. Now I despise a man who will be governed by fear. I care not where you find him, nor under what circumstances, if he is governed exclusively by fear, he is no man at all. The people of ancient times were no men by fear, and nineteen-tenths of the men of modern times are governed by it. Where is the one that stands on high ground, politically speaking, that dares to believe and declare his belief in any unpopular subject? So much to their shame. Now if I were on earth; and stood as high as God himself, I fear should never rule me. Oh, curse you, gentlemen, for they bring curses upon the nation! Yes, I say, curse them; now I see the thoughts that are revolving in your minds, but I do not care, for I am not governed by fear. I have an

opinion of my own, and I don't care for the opinion of earth. Such cowardice are curses to the nation, and it is not right they should bear a part of the curse? If they are not willing to bear it, you should make them. But you are all drenched with the same difficulty. Now I have near and dear friends on earth I would not class among cowards, for they do not stand there; but the great mass are governed by fear. Your Christians are governed by fear. Take away Hell and Heaven, and how many of them would be with the church? Let them be taken sick and the minister comes and says, "Well, friend, you are going to die," and he drives into their hands all these fearful ideas, and they are Christians because they fear to let go of the churches. Now the prompt or within may be constantly urging them to go and seek something better, but they dare not. Oh, I would to God you had less cowardice on earth. Where are the chief magistrates that would dare espouse the cause of Spiritualism, if they knew it to be true, while it is in the minority? Would they not sacrifice belief upon the altar of public opinion? I know they would—I speak from knowledge—I can read the cowardice, and see them all quake with fear. Don't call me harsh. I speak the truth. I hate the coward, or the principles which support them. I like the men, but they are so covered up with fear I cannot see the man. Now I bowed to no one but Him who is superior to me. I stand as high as any spirit—my opinions are worth as much as another's, and it matters not if all the disembodying spirits and embodied are against me I will stand alone, and have a kingdom of my own to reign in. I'll bow to no one but God, and acknowledge no other master.

This spirit communicated to us some months since. He was in the U. S. Army during the war in Florida, according to his statement, which we learned to be true. From an officer in the army we ascertained that he was a brave man, of iron will, and the utmost independence of spirit; punctilious in all points of honor; never forgetting an insult until it had been avenged. He was shot while sitting in his tent, or house, while on duty in Florida. The personation through the medium was perfectly in keeping with the character.

Henry Herbert Warland.

It is a hard work for me to speak well. I belong in England, died in New Orleans. On the 27th day of last July, 1857, I was taken sick. I lived seven days; at least I lived conscious that time—then I knew no more until I found myself buried beneath the ground, soul and body together. I remained in that awful condition but a few moments, but they were years to me. I struggled hard to free myself, but it was of no use. I prayed, and the next I knew I stood on top of the ground—and I thought for a moment or so I had been rescued, but I soon saw my body was beneath the ground; it was dead, and I was on the earth only in spirit. After I had been sick two days, I was carried to what I supposed to be a hospital, for I saw ten beds in one room, all fitted for one. I was part of the time fully conscious, and part I seemed to be at home. My name was Henry Herbert Warland; I was called Henry Warland, but I had a third name. Now I do not feel disposed to speak against my attendants, but I do wonder they could have made so gross, so terrible a mistake. I think if I was tending upon the sick, I should know whether they were dead or alive.

The few moments I passed in my living tomb, I think was all the hell I deserve, and I think God thinks so too, for I have been just as happy as I desire to be. But I am at a loss to know whether God ordained that or not—if God did, it is well—if man, I would earnestly beseech them to be more careful. I think if I had lived a thousand years in a lake of fire and brimstone, I could not have suffered more—it was hell beyond description. Even now, while I hold control of this organism, my spirit looks back in perfect horror upon that time.

I have a sister living in Manchester, England; her name was Ann Warland before marriage—Clements, since. She mourned for me with true sisterly sympathy, and even now she has a vague hope that some day I may return—that the flying intelligence she received may be false. I go there often—at times I can see her plainly, while at other times I see her spirit, but the material surroundings are not visible. My mother, father and brothers are here with me. My father died in Yorkshire—my mother in Manchester, England. My grandfather served in the war between England and America. His name was Joseph Henry Warland. I was named for my father and grandfather. My father's name was Herbert, my grandfather's J. Herbert—so my mother called me J. H. Warland. Some few weeks ago I was at a place where they were holding a circle in Manchester, England, and I saw then that spirits could manifest; but they did so poorly there, only by moving various articles of furniture, and making noises, and a spirit that made most of the manifestations there, was requested to go to London and ask the friends there to send the next Banner of Light to them. This family receives that paper from friends in America, and if this is published, my sister may stand a fair chance to get it. The manifestation has not been completed, for the Banner has not yet arrived in England. I was anxious to do something, and I was told by spirits there that I could come here and relieve my anxiety. I rejoice in common with multitudes of spirits, that we can manifest to you, and that the windows of heaven are opened, and the greatest blessing man ever knew is being poured out upon them. I would give much to my sister, but I wish to see if she gets this; if so, I will try again. I left a watch and \$300, which I wished her to have, but it seems it was taken to pay my expenses, which is right. I was not aware that my expenses were so high. I was never in Boston—but once. When I came to New York, I passed to Boston, and from there I went to the West. But after meeting with disappointment after disappointment, I went South, and shipped as a common sailor. I had money when I came here, but I met with many rogues here—quite as many as I did at home, and hence my troubles. Good day, sir.

Joseph Morrill, Amesbury, Mass.

I would speak. I would benefit my people. My body sleeps in the grave; my spirit has ceased to watch over it, and now I return to earth to fill the souls of my people with new life, new hopes of the future, that shall never die. They say if this be true, let us receive a word, and I this hour have come, that I may send that word, that I may still the wild tumult that is raging in their souls, that they may know I am living still. Oh, it must be very hard for the spirit who returns to earth to find the door of affection forever barred against him; it must be hard for the spirit to draw nigh to those bound by love to that spirit, and find the lamp of Love long since gone out. Many live in the memory, but fail to live in the ideal. My dear friends, you are strangers to me. Thirty-four years ago I lived in the town of Amesbury, Mass. I was a mechanic, and my name was Joseph Morrill. Now I have friends living here, in this place; I have friends living in various parts of your earth sphere, and I am anxious to manifest to them. I was a plain, straightforward man, and although I erred, I sought to do the best I knew how to. I was not classed among those who led a moral life, but I was among those who led a moral life. I shall be known and recognised by many of the old citizens of that place. I came for something, and I shall surely receive it. I came to impart a blessing to those I love on earth; I know they will receive it, I have not, but I do know I shall receive a blessing. I lived in a one story red house. Now I dearly loved those I left on earth, and I love them still, and I wish them to investigate this great light which has burst upon earth, and which shall shine all the earth no longer sits in darkness. I am happy, and have been, since I left earth, but I have had a longing desire to speak to my people here. I have found that as long as any of my people were there, I could not sever the cord which bound me to them. I learned some years since that spirits were per-

mitted again to manifest to the children of earth, and I immediately set about learning the laws which enabled us to do so; and now, in reward for my labor, I am permitted to control your medium a short time this morning.

Somewhere, I think it is in the year 1812, it may be 1813, but it is near that time, I was sitting in what was then called the garret of the house; my sister sat spinning in the room below, my wife was busy about the house; my son was somewhere in the house, when we were visited by what we then called a hurricane. I was suddenly left without a covering, and found the roof of my habitation had blown off. For a moment I was perfectly paralysed with fear; I could not tell whether I was in the spirit land or on earth, but I soon collected my scattered senses, jumped from the window, and landed upon the roof of my house; which had settled some two feet from the ground. It took me a long while to recover my fright, and when I passed to the spirit land, I felt the same, and I could not ascertain at all whether I was in the spirit land or on earth. All spirits are at first paralysed with such fear—some persons only a few minutes, some a few hours in this condition. I have spoken of this circumstance, that I may be recognised by the people of this place—that they may know it is me, and none other, for some proof must be given them. I cannot send you to my people on earth; if I could, I might prove myself in other ways, but for reasons just and wise I cannot send you to them, but I will try to prove myself true.

Now, friends, may the God of Wisdom be with you, and may you strive to divest yourself of the fear of death, that you may look upon that which has always been called a Grim Messenger, as an Angel of Light.

Ebenozor White, N. S.

Fourteen years ago this present month and present day I was lost at sea. My native place was Halifax, N. S. We were bound from Halifax to Boston, and experienced a heavy gale, during which I was lost. I have sought many times to commune with my friends, but all my efforts have proved unavailing to this time. I left a wife and two children. She is married again. I am happy—cannot say I have any particular desire to return to earth. I am not well accustomed to coming this way, having never spoken before. I feel particularly desirous of letting my friends know my whereabouts, and I feel anxious to tell them that I, as yet, have found no hell of fire, and brimstone. It seems to be a continuation of things on earth, and all I seem to have lost is my physical body. I think the same, feel the same, as I did on earth. I seem to be separated from material things, and yet the things I am connected with, are as material to me as when I was on earth. I see trees, birds, flowers, animals, vegetables of all kinds—they look more beautiful, and what is strange, nothing seems to die. The atmosphere is beautiful; there is no cold, no rain, no intense heat—everything seems to be even. I am well satisfied with the place. I visited many places on earth, but I think I never saw anything more beautiful. I can see earth, and can see you. I see your houses, your men, women, children, flowers, trees, everything—but they seem to belong to the spirit world. I don't see as I have gone from earth at all—I see the spiritual part of all these things. I am on earth, because I was as you were once. I had a body that needed clothes, food, &c., and I had to labor for it. Now, if I want food I have it, and have just what I want; if I want clothing I have it. I can taste, smell, feel, and hear. Now I'm told by people that have been wiser than I, that I eat in fancy, see in fancy, hear in fancy—or in spirit—everything is real to me, but would not be to you. I see the spirit of the flower, but not the natural part. I see your houses and such things, but they look like clouds of smoke formed into houses—all the flowers, and everything that comes without man's work, I see better—all there is perfect beauty. I see every insect in your air, but nothing seems to injure another thing here. I am inclined to think after a person casts off this body, he lives in a harmonious condition. I do so, and I speak for myself. I looked around when I came here, and found a very good place. After a while I thought I would like to go to my wife; well, they told me my wife was on earth, and that I had passed through death. I thought it strange, but they said I could go to and see my friends. Well, I went—they looked different from me—the air was heavy, thick, but still I saw them. I read in the flowers, in the trees. Suppose you were in a large company—where there were different people, and you wanted to study the countenances of those people, well you might say you read their faces—that is the way we seem to read. I travel—when I wish to go to a place, I find myself there—not in an instant, but much more rapidly than I did on earth. Lord bless you, I go about as quick as lightning sometimes. If I am very anxious, I go very quick—if not, not so rapidly. I was once taken up where children were educated, and I was never more astonished in my life—every one seemed to be learning what they liked best—not a child was compelled to do anything against its will; they were made by God to follow certain pursuits, and you might as well try to turn God's laws as to endeavor to teach them what they did not want to learn. All teachers have to do, is to answer each child's questions. But I could not stay there long—the air was so light I found I was in the wrong place, though at first I thought I should live there always.

The atmosphere I live in suits me—if I come in contact with any smoke I get away from it, but up there I knew nothing about the atmosphere, and I could not accommodate myself to it. Those children happy—all bless you, yes—there was not one unhappy one—Lard busy, and each one doing just what it delighted in. The places I went through in going there I found grow purer and more light as I went on. I thought there could be nothing purer and more beautiful than the first place, but the next was more so, and that I thought could not be excelled, but the next exceeded it, and so on.

I cannot dress up with proper language the facts I would like to give you. I have heard said that the spirits have a paper, where they can all talk to the world. We are not happy, any of us, unless we return once in a while to earth. There are congenial spirits on earth, and we would not be happy unless we communicated to those on earth who were congenial to us. I always had a great taste for beautiful things—music, flowers, everything that looked good and pure, or sounded so. I could sit for days and hours and look at flowers, and hear music. I was told when I came here that my love for the beautiful would be gratified. One thing after another came, each more beautiful than the preceding. I once thought that the thing I had was the most beautiful I could have, but I found a new beauty succeeding it, until I think there is no limit to beauty, and should not be surprised at anything new. I don't care to have my folks know anything about me, except that I am happy, and I am happy when they are happy, if they are right; if not, it can't hurt me—they must take care of themselves, though I can help them I shall do it.

I was always contented on earth. I was told I had lost much by not informing myself more on earth in matters of learning, but I can do it now, I think. There is one thing I always feel satisfied with myself for; I never drank a glass of rum; I never smoked in any life either. I undertook it once, and bit off the end of a cigar, and it made me so sick I never tried it again. The smell of liquor always made me sick, and though I went to sea I never used it. I never swore—never got mad often; I was so even in my disposition. I had one of the best of mothers. She is in Heaven now, a great way beyond me, and knows I am a great deal better off where I am, than where she is at present. She always read a great deal, examined everything new, and informed herself upon everything. Some time I shall be with her, but at present I should not be happy there.

It seems natural to get back to earth in a body once more—it puts one in mind of old times here, but I must not tarry longer now; if you want me again I will come—if not, you can bid me go away.

Though each of them held on, and fast, to the peculiar superstition in which he was brought up while on the earth, yet they were all compelled to admit that none of the company was actually burning in hell-fire, notwithstanding their reciprocal infidelity and mutual anathemas. I mention these incidents as characterizing spirit manifestations through Mohammedan media. As to the import and value of the communications received through the medium here alluded to, they were decidedly of a low order.

Other Mohammedan circles, which it was also my privilege to attend, were favored with a far more valuable intercourse, and even the unfolding of the highest truths, and broadest and most catholic principles of our "Harmonical Philosophy," was the result of this communion held with what my Arab friends were told were their worthies in the spirit land. The teachings were to the effect that all religious systems—that of the Koran not excepted—by which mankind is now divided into innumerable and hostile sects, were doomed to be, ere long, abolished and superseded by a new faith, designed to unite all men in a spontaneous concert, in love, peace, freedom, and social harmony; that all religious organizations, though from Heaven, had been intended, from the beginning, to have a merely provisional character, and that the announcement of this grand and ultimate achievement was to be read in the Koran (as well as in the Bible, the Gospel, and other religious books); that in the other life, advanced spirits, belonging to different nations, tongues, and religious denominations, when in the form here, were assembled into an association for the new dispensation, and preparatory to a similar association which is soon to be formed in our sphere, of all the progressive and truth-loving men of all creeds, countries, and races.

I was present at a circle convened by the special appointment of spirits, for the purpose of our receiving communications from their catholic committee. Some of their names were given, amongst which those of several Arab, Turkish, and Persian warriors and marabouts were particularly noticed, besides a few Hindoo and European names. I think the name of Benj. Franklin was one of the latter class. The spirit that most frequently occupied the desk, was a renowned Arab chief, who had been slain in a battle against the French, and was one of the ablest Caliphs of the celebrated Abdel-Kader. As a spirit, he showed himself as strenuous an advocate for the rights and happiness of mankind, as he had proved to be a defender of his national independence on the field of battle. However, though he had cast off the murderous weapons, still his arm seemed to have lost nothing of the dreaded power with which he was wont to wield his sword. Every one would know at once when it was, he who moved the table; he used to rock it so lustily that the poor implement would suffer more or less serious damage, and even have its legs broken when it was not of the strongest build. The communications were often concluded with these words: "Be ye devoted to the new faith," to which the Mohammedan circle would sympathetically reply, "Amen!"

I could refer, for the correctness of these statements, to the recollections of Hadj Hassan, the sworn interpreter of the Arabic language to the civil court at Belida, and to Sidi-Cador, ben-Sherif, a respectable Moor of Algiers, and a man of character, of wealth, and education. The above related communications were given through table tiltings.

It is well I should mention, in this connection, a remarkable instance of the inadequacy and emptiness of all theories devised to account for the so-called "spiritual phenomena" on any other but the spiritual ground. The aforementioned Sidi-Cador called one day upon his lawyer, Mr. F., while this gentleman, his family, and your servant, happened to be sitting in a circle at a tilting table. The new comer was bidden to attend the experiment, and ask for his departed friends, all which he did, and after writing down on a sheet of paper the characters of the Arabic alphabet, he proceeded to call them over in succession.

Now I ought to premise that not one of those in the circle was acquainted with the Arabic in any degree whatever, and that the questioner was sitting on a sofa, about three yards from the table. A communication was being tipped out, letter by letter; the dignified and inquisitive countenance of the Moor soon began to change and betray some rising emotion; but he made no remark, until struck, as it were, with a flash of lightning, he stopped short with an air of overwhelming surprise, and after a pause, he informed us that the strongest proof of spirit agency in these manifestations had just been bestowed upon him, and that all his former doubts were now removed. He went on explaining that in Arabic spelling what formerly was written, with two I's, was replaced in modern orthography by one single I, with a peculiar mark (called *tehdi*) over it; but that this compound character is not marked out in the alphabet. If so, how could it be pointed out if wanted in the alphabetical dictation? Now it happened the case had just presented itself, and the table, after a moment's hesitation, had tipped for two I's, clearly showing that the mysterious dictator was not only conversant with the Arabic, but was, moreover, a learned and critical Arabic scholar.

The following is another and rather curious episode of my intercourse with Arab circles. One day, after a successful sitting, two Arabs arose and pronounced that the manifestations could no longer be laid on Satan's treachery, as the Muphti contended they should be, for said they, before sitting down at the table, they had just been through all the proceedings recommended in the Koran as a sure and infallible means to ward off the Evil One, such as fasting, prayer, ablation, etc., and nevertheless the table moved! So it could not be the Devil that moved it, and the reverend Muphti must be grossly mistaken.

PALSY CURED IN SOLSVILLE, N. Y.—SPIRITS TELEGRAPH TO EARLVILLE.

Some time last spring, Mr. N. Tyler, of Solsville, started from his house, with a team, for Oriskany Falls. About a mile from home, he was suddenly smitten with a paralytic shock, and laid perfectly helpless across a butter firkin he was carrying to market. With a kind of instinct that something had happened, the horses stopped and stood still. Though Mr. Tyler was perfectly helpless, unable to move a single muscle, he was perfectly conscious of his condition, and believed himself passing out of the form. So intense were his spiritual perceptions, that the panorama of his whole life instantly flashed in view. The dissolution between his body and spirit seemed so inevitable, he conceived how his wife would feel on bending over his corse and first coming to a consciousness of his death. He lay in this position some time, speculating on the strange change of passing from this world into the spiritual, when at last he heard approaching footsteps. Without yet being able to move or see, he discovered his neighbor, Mr. S. Lewis, drawing near, and he called him by name and told him he was fast going. Still helpless, Mr. Tyler was borne from his wagon into the nearest neighbor's house, and Mrs. Tyler immediately sent for. She came; bending over him with intense anxiety, she prayed earnestly that the spirits would infuse some healing mediums to hurry to the aid of her dying companion. At this moment, according to a subsequent comparison of notes between all the parties, Mr. R. T. Potter, the healing medium of Earlville, sixteen miles south of Solsville, was in his field, plowing. Suddenly stopping in the midst of the field, a spirit came and told him Mrs. Tyler was calling for him. He dropped his plough, hurried to his house, ordered his horse and buggy, and with Mrs. Potter started for Mr. Tyler's. It was not until his arrival that he was able to tell the object of his mission. He found two or three other mediums present, and was immediately controlled, in co-operation with them, to impart the healing elements requisite to restore Mr. Tyler to his wonted physical condition. After a few hours, he was wholly recovered, and has remained so to this day. I received the details of this case not only from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, but from Mr. and Mrs. Potter, and all the parties are of the first character for intelligence and veracity.—*Spiritual Clarion*.

Pearls.

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

The flower that sings, as the sunlight clings
On the petal with finger of gold;
And the forest—that harp of a million strings,
And avian melodies old!

While the voice of the springs in the mountain rings
The great keynote of the main,
And the light cloud flings from its shadowy wings
The laugh of the dancing rain—

Then the birds all pause on the blossoming bays,
As the drop on the branch they hear,
And the thunder, that awes—like a giant's applause—
The song it was given to cheer.

But the lark carols high in the light of the sky,
Where the portals of Paradise glow;
The angels allure him far to fly,
For envy of man below.

And the musical wail of the nightingale
Confesses a heavenly birth;
The last of the earth's lament, haunting the vale
For love of a daughter on earth.

And the laborer's lay is enlivening day,
And the shepherd boy answering wild;
And the young at their play in the mown hay,
And the mother's sweet song to her child;

As if nature, intent to surpass all she lent
In the breath of the rose and the coo of the dove,
To crown the great hymn of the universe sent—
Human Love.

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being,
they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the
day they make music and motion in the sultry world. Stripped
of that foliage, how unlovely is human nature!

Do something! do it soon! with all thy might;
An angel's wing would drop if long at rest,
And God himself were no longer blest.
Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this high purpose; to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And strength to give the praise where all is due.

All the good things of this world are no farther good to us
than the things of use; and whatever we may heap up to
give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no
more.

Before my door, in summer's heat,
Proudly the elms their branches spread;
Cool verdure sprang beneath my feet,
And shadows played around my head;
Joyful I passed the sultry hour,
And mused the sun's meridian power.
But when, with withering hand, the frost
Shrivel'd the leaves, and gaunt and bare,
They naked arms the elm trees tossed,
While autumn tempests rent the air,
I mourned the summer's glories fled,
And copious tears of sadness shed.

Falsehood could do little mischief if it did not gain the
credit of truth.

"MINE IN HEAVEN."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY EMMA ALLALINE.

A young man stood beside an open window, gazing
at the beautiful scenery without. We will describe
him. He is tall and commanding in aspect: the
raven curls cluster lovingly about his fair, open
brow. His dark brown eyes were filled with light
and love. In short, he was handsome. Yes, truly,
Clarence Clinton was very handsome. The door be-
hind him was slowly opened, and a fair young crea-
ture glided in.

"Clarence!" her sweet, low voice awoke him from
his reverie, "Clarence, do not go to day; if the others
wish to go in the boat, let them; you stay with me."

"Why not go, darling?" Clarence drew her close-
ly to his side, and pressed a loving kiss upon her
lips.

"Because, Clarence, I have a presentiment of com-
ing evil. A dark shadow seems hovering over my
head, a cold weight crushing into my heart."

"I did not know you were so cowardly, Lilla.
What have you to fear? There is no danger."
"No danger! Oh! there is danger. Do not
go!"

There was a world of entreaty in those few words,
"Do not go." He pushed back the long flaxen ring-
lets which shaded her face, and looked down into the
clear blue eyes which seemed to plead so earnestly
for him to stay.

"Well dear Lilla—" "Come," cried a young
gentleman, opening the door, "the boat is ready."
"Ha, ha," said another, "making love?" "I believe
I will not go," said Clarence. "Afraid, oh?" sneered
a third, stepping up to him. "I am not afraid,
Charlie," replied he.

"Then I would not be tied to a woman's apron-
string," said Charlie, speaking even more scornfully
than before. An angry flush mounted to Clarence's
forehead, but a smile wreathed his lips as he met
Lilla's glance.

"Go, Clarence," whispered she, "I will try to over-
come my foolish fears."

Pressing her hand warmly in his own, he left the
room with his friends. Going down to the river
bank they loosed a small boat, and springing into it,
rapidly receded from the shore.

For half an hour their little boat sailed pleasantly
over the water. "And we not better return?" the
wind is rising," said one of the party. "Why,
George," said another, "you are not afraid of a little
wind, are you?" "No, but look there!" He pointed
to the Western part of the heavens, where the dark
clouds were rapidly rising. At this instant the
wind, which, until now, was but a gentle breeze,
whistled sharply by.

"Ha! a storm! Sit down there, Clarence Clinton,
we will take in sail, and row to shore." The sail
was partly lowered, when a flash striking the boat,
she was instantly capsized. As Clarence fell into the
water, his head struck the boat, and he went
under. All the others succeeded in catching hold of,
and some in climbing on the boat, and persons on
shore seeing them in their perilous position, they
were rescued.

"Where is Clarence?" exclaimed Charlie, as the
boat which came to their rescue had received them
all except him for whom the inquiry was made. "I
saw him fall, and strike the boat as he went over,"
answered another of the party.

Charlie, whose heart misgave him for inducing
Clarence to accompany them, partly undressing him-
self, plunged into the river, dived under the boat,
and came up on the other side holding Clarence by
the hand.

the arm. The party in the boat quickly lent him
their aid, and assisted him with his helpless charge
into the boat. After they were in safety, his friends,
finding him insensible, used all the means in their
power to restore him to consciousness. Throwing
back the curls from his brow, what was their aston-
ishment to see there a ghastly wound!

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the friends present, as the
boat touched the bank, "it is all over with poor Claren-
ce."

"By no means," replied Charlie, "lift him care-
fully and take him to the house; but do not let Lilla
see him." He was taken in, and for hours every-
thing was tried to restore him, but all in vain. The
body was there, but the spirit had gone! The soul,
which had so lately illumined the eyes now dull and
closed in death, had fled to the presence of its God!

The lips, which had but a few hours ago spoken
sweet words of love, were now sealed by the hand of
the fell destroyer. The hand which had so lovingly
pressed Lilla's was cold and pulseless. Death had
set his seal upon the manly brow, and claimed him
as his own. Suddenly the door flew open and Lilla
rushed in. "Where is he? where is he?" cried she
wildly; "let me to him." Tearing herself away
from the hand that held her back, she threw herself
upon her knees beside the couch where the remains
of Clarence were peacefully reposing.

"Clarence, Clarence!" For the first time those lips
refused to answer Lilla. Pressing her lips to his, so
cold and still, she murmured, "Mine in Heaven,"
her head dropped upon his bosom where it so oft had
rested, and all was still. No one dared disturb her.
A lady entered the room, and going to Lilla's side
placed her arm about her. "Lilla, my dear, come
with me;" no answer was returned. The lady lifted
Lilla's head; it fell heavily back to its resting place.
Again her head was lifted; the beautiful blue eyes
were fixed in a stony gaze. The white marble-like
lips were cold and still. "She is dead! who will
impart the awful tidings to her mother?" The
scene is too painful; draw we a veil before it.

In the village churchyard two simple white stones
are reared side by side. On one, "Clarence," and
"Gone before," is seen; on the other, "Lilla" and
"Mine in Heaven," is all.

Yes, Lilla, well might you say, "Mine in Heaven,"
for sure no purer spirit than thine ever entered the
crystal portals of the "Everlasting Kingdom." Surely
the pearly gates must have opened quickly to ad-
mit so lovely a one, while the beauteous spirits tuned
their golden harps, and sang glad songs to welcome
thee there!

A HOME WITHOUT A DAUGHTER.

Boys may not lack in affection, but they may lack
in tenderness. They may not be wanting in inno-
cence to contribute their quota to the Paradise of
Home, but they may be wanting in ability to carry
out their incontinence. The son of a household is like
a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like
a fragile vine.

We know a home which once rejoiced in the sunny
smiles and musical accents of an only daughter.
She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years:
"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy."

The child never breathed who evinced a more affec-
tionate reverence, or a more reverential affection for
her parents than she did. Instead of waiting for
their commands, she anticipated them—instead of
lingering until they made known their wishes, she
studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that
household until she awoke—the night was not dark
until her eyes were closed. How they loved her! did
her father and mother; and of how many blessed
pictures was she the subject.

"It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell
in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. "Fearful!"
It is maddening—it is a truth that is linked with
despair.

Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a
messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that
the Lord had need of her. She meekly bowed her
head—breathed out her life—and, at midnight, went
forth to meet the "Bridegroom." The last minute
of the last hour of the last day of the last month
of the year was hallowed by her death. She went and
came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there
is agony in the household whose sun went down
when she departed. The family circle is still incom-
plete—there is no daughter there! The form that
once was hers reposes among the congenial charms
of nature and art; they have made the place of her
rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her
grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of a truth, "A home without a girl in it is only
half blest; it is an orchard without blossom, and a
Spring without song. A house full of sons is like
Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fire-
side are like roses in Sharon."

SMART CHILDREN.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine thus discourses
on the habit of trying to stink "book larin" in the
heads of children while they are yet "babies":

"How have I heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor
children! I remember your looking at a group of
them, and reflecting, 'For such is the kingdom of
Heaven,' and turning away thoughtfully, and saying,
'Of such is the kingdom of trade!'"

A child of three years of age! What should a
child three years old—nay, five or six years old—be
taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make
not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and
nursery rhymes.

I would say to every parent, especially to every
mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant
stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest
they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes;
earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's
out-door play soils them not inwardly. There is
in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures;
by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our
poor relations; the brutes.

Let children have free, open air sport, and fear
not though they make acquaintances with the pigs,
the donkey, and the chickens—they may form worse
friendship with wise-looking ones, encourage fami-
liarity with all that loves to court them—dumb ani-
mals love children, and children love them.

There is a language among them which the world's
language obliterates in the elders. It is of more im-
portance than that you should make them wise—
that is, book wise.

Above all things, make them loving—then they
will be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents,
if you become old and poor, these will be better than
friends that will never neglect you. Children
brought up lovingly at your knees will never shut
their doors upon you, and point where they would
have you go.

ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.

The following list of the different versions of the
English Scriptures, is extracted from the Encyclo-
pædia of Religious Knowledge:—

WYCKLIFFE'S BIBLE.—This was the first translation
made into the language. It was translated by John
Wyckliffe, about the year 1380, but never printed
though there are manuscript copies of it in several
of the public libraries.

TYNDALE'S BIBLE.—The translation by William Tyndale,
assisted by Miles Coverdale, was the first printed
Bible in the English language. The New Testa-
ment was published in 1526. It was revised and
re-published in 1539. In 1539 Tyndale and his asso-
ciates finished the whole Bible, except the Apocrypha,
and printed it abroad.

MATTHEW'S BIBLE.—While Tyndale was preparing
a second edition of his Bible, he was taken up and
burnt for heresy at Flanders. On his death, Cover-
dale and John Rogers revised it, and added a trans-
lation of the Apocrypha. It was dedicated to Henry
VIII., in 1537, and was printed at Hamburg, under
the borrowed name of Thomas Matthews, whence it
was called Matthew's Bible.

CRANMER'S BIBLE.—This was the first Bible printed
by authority in England, and publicly set up in the
churches. It was Tyndale's version, revised by
Coverdale, and examined by Cranmer, who added a
preface to it, whence it was called Cranmer's Bible.
It was printed by Grafton, of the largest volume, and
published in 1539. After being adopted, suppressed
and restored under successive reigns, a new edition
was brought out in 1662.

THE GENEVA BIBLE.—Some English exiles at Gene-
va, in Queen Mary's reign, viz.: Coverdale, Good-
man, Gille, Sampson, Cole, Wittingham and Knox,
made a new translation, which was printed there in
1560. The New Testament, however, had been
printed in 1557. Hence, it was called the Geneva
Bible. It was much valued by the Puritan party.
In this version, the first distinction in verses was
made. It went through some twenty editions.

THE BISHOP'S BIBLE.—Archbishop Parker engaged
bishops and other learned men to bring out a new
translation. They did so in 1568, in large folio.
It made what was afterwards called the great English
Bible, and commonly the Bishop's Bible. In 1589 it
was published in octavo, in small but fine black let-
ter. In it the chapters were divided into verses, but
without any breaks for them.

Is it not strange what mysterious attraction
draws friend to friend, and makes of strangers al-
most one heart? Some silken chord there surely is
which vibrates to a sympathizing touch, and how
soon do we know when once this chord is moved, its
melody pervades the heart, and it unlocks some
closely fastened chamber there, and, by a charm
none can fathom, relieves us of a weight we thought
immovable.

Flashes of Fun.

THUS IKE WAS SAVED.
The crew were shipped, the cable slipped,
And the schooner left again;
Throughout equipped, she proudly dipped,
And sought the shores of Maine.

One curious sir, a passenger,
Who kept a chandler shop,
And asked the captain
Of Isaac Brown's snows soap.

But o'er the main, by wind and rain,
The vessel fell was tossed;
All hope is vain, her loss was plain,
She struck a rock—was lost—

Here homesteads blown, there hogheads thrown,
Each human being bore,
But to Ike's renown, with hairs of brown,
HE WASHED HIMSELF AROUND.

A talking match lately came off at New Orleans,
for \$5 a side. It continued, according to the Adver-
tiser, for thirteen hours, the rivals being a French-
man and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges
were talked to sleep, and when they awoke in the
morning, they found the Frenchman dead, and the
Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

Two old friends met not long since, after a separa-
tion of thirty-five years.

"Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world gone
with you, old boy? Married yet?"

"Yes; and I have a family you can't match—
seven boys and one girl."

"I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I
have seven girls and one boy."

"Pray, Miss C.," said a gentleman the other even-
ing, "why are the ladies so fond of officers?" "How
stupid," replied Miss C., "is it not perfectly proper
and natural that a young lady should like a good
offer, sir?"

"Enoch," said a native of the Emerald Isle, one
day, "they tell me you Yankees are great at guess-
ing. Now then, if you'll tell me how many dollars I
have got in my pocket, I'll give you all three of 'em."
"Well, then," said Enoch, "I guess you have three."
"Och! take 'em, take 'em," said Pat, "some fool has
told you."

CAUTION.—A bachelor editor, having said in his
last issue that he really wished he had a son, so that
he could dress him up in fashion, was called upon
the next day by his "adorable" to whom he had
been paying his addresses for the last two years, and
asked if he really said that.

"Certainly, I did, my dear," was the reply.

"Well, William," said she, "why don't you make
arrangements for one?"

Our friend was "struck all aback," and says it's
the first time he ever got cornered. He felt so mortified
that he got Justice Slack to tie the matri-
monial knot immediately.

The "current of events" is rapidly simmering
down to a jelly.

A little girl in school gave as a definition of "bear-
ing false witness against your neighbor," that "it
was when nobody did nothing and somebody went
and told of it."

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mor-
tality, presenting a beautiful and polished exterior,
the appearance of which gives no certain indication
of the real value of what is contained therein.

An honest farmer thus writes to the chairman of
an English agricultural society: "Gentlemen, please
put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

A person who, having heard that Sir Francis
Drake had performed many long and dangerous voy-
ages, wittily observed, that "it was strange that in
all that time he was never ducked."

What would you say if you wished a Reverend
Doctor of Divinity to play a tune on the violin?
Fiddle de de (D. D.)

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN,
CHAPTER XIV.

*The London Press.—Kind Wishes.—Friendly Visits.—
A Daniel come to Judgment.—Rev. Robert Montgom-
ery.—A Batch of Incidents.—Letter from a Clergy-
man.*

The most of the London journals had their rap at
the "Rappings." Kidd's Monthly Journal (a relative
we presume, of the pirate) called us "blasphemous
infidels," and expressed the opinion that we ought
to be made amenable to the ecclesiastical law. Dic-
kens's Household Words regretted that the "trend-
mill and the stocks" were no longer in operation,
that we might experience their refining and progres-
sive qualities. The amiable Leader recommended a
"little persecution," as an antidote, and advised
"Colonel Mayne Reid's detectives" to pay us a
visit. The valiant and truth-loving (?) old lady of
the Zoist (Dr. Elliottson) gave in her vote for exter-
mination. Even the staid Quarterly Review, and
the venerable Blackwood, joined in the general hu-
mors and cry of "Humbbug and Impostors." Added
to these, the ever facetious Punch indulged in its
salts of wit at the expense of the "Spirit Wrappers."
Other little dogs of the press, such as—Diogenes,
Home Thoughts, and like diminutive curs, too small
to mention, snarled and barked at us, doing but lit-
tle harm, their teeth not being sufficiently long.
Among the honorable exceptions, it gives us pleasure
to record the Morning Post, The Family Herald,
Chambers's Journal, The Critic, and two or three pro-
vincial papers.

Having been absent on the Continent for a few
weeks, we again returned to our old quarters in
London, and being desirous that those interested in
the phenomena should know of our whereabouts,
we sent the following advertisement to the Times,
the great newspaper weathercock of England: "Mrs
W. R. Hayden has returned to 22 Queen Anne street,
where she will remain for the present." The reader
will please observe that the above is a *verbatim* copy,
and that there is not the slightest allusion to the
Spirit Manifestations. Yet that fearless (?) journal,
which boasts that it can shake the world with its
thunder, dare not insert these two harmless lines,
for fear of offending some of their bigoted patrons,
and when asked for a reason, refused to give one.

Many amusing incidents occurred during our resi-
dence in London, which were truly interesting, a
large majority of which we cannot relate without a
breach of confidence, which we have no desire to
commit.

A gentleman called one morning, and expostulated
with Mrs. Hayden for the course she was pursuing,
at the same time assuring her that he "regretted
that the fires of Smithfield were extinguished, and
if they were not so, he would do all in his power to
have her burnt at the stake, as he believed that
would put a stop to the spread of the hellish delu-
sion.

Ministers came with their bibles in their hands,
exhorting us to flee from the wrath to come, assuring
us that we were on the high road to everlasting
destruction, and that if the "Rappings" were not
an imposture, it was all the work of his satanic
majesty, the Devil, so that it could readily be seen
that if we were not actually in pandemonium, we
most certainly were not in Paradise.

On one occasion, a gentleman came to see Mrs.
Hayden, and introduced himself as a clergyman of
the Church of England. He said he had come as a
Christian minister of the gospel, to warn her of the
danger that she was in, and he trusted that before
he took his leave he should be able to show her the
evil of her ways; that he was frank, and trusted
that she would pardon him for his intrusion, if such
it was considered. Mrs. Hayden thanked him for
his solicitude on her part, and said to him, that she
was acting most conscientiously in the whole mat-
ter, but if she was in error, she would be most hap-
py to have it shown to her, and would listen to any
remarks that he might feel impressed to offer.
Thus permitted, he opened his bible, and read sev-
eral passages, which he deemed applicable to her
individual case, clearly showing, at least to his own
mind, if the manifestations were, as claimed, genu-
ine, they could come from no good source. Mrs.
Hayden replied that the teachings of the spirits were
very beautiful and elevating in their character,
inducting these higher and nobler lessons of wis-
dom and love, which exalt the human mind above
mere forms and creeds.

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