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

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"And his heart's long-troubled waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high."

MRS. HEMANS.

The night was calm; the moon's showered light penetrating the forest's depths, the gorgeous mountain passes, the flower-decked precipices. Over towering rock and leaping waterfall, over gigantic tree and waving grass, fell soothingly the golden light; while the calm sea slumbered 'neath that midnight sky, with its studded glory and balmy air. In the solitary hut amid the mountains, Emilia watched beside her dying husband. It is the third day since there she took her place beside him, and weary and pale, yet, strong and resigned, she awaits the return of her brother with Agnes. Outside, two stout negroes lie sleeping peacefully; wrapt up in blankets, they had been sent by Mr. Mackensie from town, to sit as guards to the solitary wayside hut. Overcome with weariness, Nelly has fallen asleep in a large arm-chair, sent for Emilia's accommodation.

The sick man lies in a heavy stupor, his breath comes heavily; a clammy perspiration oozes from his brow; his earthly sufferings are drawing to a close. But the one idea, the one supreme hope reigns dominant in his repentant soul—to behold Agnes once more, to obtain her forgiveness! In his last hours, as his shattered frame weakens, his spirit views clearly, and a pure, remorseful love dwells in his heart for the noble martyr wife!

The soft breezes sighed amid the drooping willows and the waving cedar branches; the sound of distant waterfalls came melodiously subdued to the watcher's ear. Emilia hastened to the door, and as she had often done that night, looked forth upon the winding path. This time she heard the clattering hoofs of approaching mules; she clasped her hands in thankfulness; detained so long—Thank Heaven! they had arrived at last. Soon she described her brother, and riding by his side, a slender figure, which her heart told her was Agnes, the devoted wife, the motherly step-mother. Mackensie saw her standing there in the moonlight path; Agnes, too, beheld the tall, majestic figure, clad in robe of sombre hue. Lightly springing to the ground, never stopping to secure her mule, Agnes Golding advanced with rapid paces, and before Mackensie reached them, the two had met; the orphan girl he had cherished, had been clasped to his sister's bosom, the sorrowing head was pillowed on that tender breast. Without word of greeting they had met, but in that silent embrace, a sweet serenity stole over the bleeding, anxiously-throbbing heart of Agnes; a strange, a blissful sense of security filled her soul. Gazing earnestly upon the noble countenance of Eva's mother, Agnes ventured upon the trembling inquiry: "Is he living? oh, Maurice, my husband!" and tears welled from the soft brown eyes.

"He lives, dear Agnes! the hope of once more seeing you, has sustained him; he is resigned and repentant," replied Emilia, and she turned to greet her brother, who silently embraced her. Leaning upon Emilia's arm, Agnes entered the sombre dwelling. She cast a look of gratitude and deep commiseration upon the sleeping Nelly, and with trembling limbs she advanced towards her husband's couch; with clasped hands and quivering lips she bent over him, all the pitying, re-awakened love of her heart beaming from her tear-filled eyes. Yes, once, when erect in the beauty of his manhood, proud of his strength, glorying in his worldly position and intellectual power, he had so cruelly abused her trust, and wrung her heart, that heart had felt rebellious. When with a demon's pride he had laughed to scorn her principles, her adherence to truth and honor, then, oh, then! her soul repelled him; grief and abhorrence, dread and scorn, usurped the place of passionate devotedness. But now! oh, saddest of earth changes, he so proud and vainly boasting, lay there before her, a shattered ruin, and in her true woman's breast, the human pity recalled the erstwhile angel; and while a flood of tender recollections swept her heart, the love of the past was in her voice; as she kissed his passive hand, all the agony of her hoarded tenderness burst forth in the wailing invocation: "Oh, Maurice, my beloved, speak to me!"

She had trembled at the thoughts of his return, she had pined at mention of his name, and, and, and, threatening as he had been, but now, lying before her, dying, helpless, repentant—she gazed upon him,

as the tender memories arose that she deemed long buried; the strong, undying love asserted its sway, rising amid sorrow, parting—desolation, no vain, trembling ghost of the past, but a beautiful and saving spirit, strong in undiminished beauty, glorious in undivided power!

As her voice struck upon his lingering sense, the dying man unclosed his eyes; they rested upon her face with a dreamy, inquiring look. But, as she smiled upon him amid her tears, life and expression returned to the glazing orbs, a flush as of some mighty joy passed across the sunken, pallid features; twice he vainly essayed to speak, then huskily came forth the one trembling word: "Agnes!"

"I am here, my beloved! I have come! oh, what can I do for you?" she cried, raining tears and kisses upon his wounded brow. "Forgive me!" he murmured, so low Agnes had to bend her ear to his lips to catch the sound.

"I do! oh, I have nothing to forgive! I forget the past—you are repentant—I know all. Forgive me if ever I have said or done anything harshly. Oh, Maurice! my husband! my best beloved! that we should meet thus!"

Maurice Golding had raised himself upon his elbow. As Agnes tenderly supported him, he cast upon her a look, so fraught with remorseful love, so eloquently supplicating that the heart of Emilia, thrilled with renewed pity, as standing in the remotest corner, she leant upon her brother's arm, yet by the flickering light of the lamp beheld the affecting scene. The tired Nelly slept on, unconscious of what transpired so near.

Maurice prayed for a short respite of life; for voice, for strength to speak once more to Agnes, and his fervent prayer was answered. He spoke with much effort, but distinct, though slow: "I am going to the land—I ever doubted of—to the spirit father—whose existence I doubted. I disbelieved in the truth of immortality—I now feel its near approach. I scoffed at honor—religion—love—faith—truth! I believed not—in a God—I mine has been a sadly mis-spent life! I have deceived—cruelly wronged—my fellow beings—I have trampled—upon the most sacred feelings—, all, all for gold!—you above all—you and one other, have I sinned against—you, my noble, trusting wife—and she, the mother of Eola? where is she now?"

Emilia advanced and took his hand; he looked from her to Agnes. She understood the mute appeal.

"While I live, I will be to her a sister!" she solemnly replied. Mackensie took the cold hand of his brother. "You, too, forgive me?" he asked, looking piteously imploring into his face.

"I do, so help me God!" responded the benevolent man, fervently pressing the ice-cold hand he held.

"Give me your hand, Agnes—and say again—you hate me not." The suffering wife replied with a flood of tears, with a quick shower of passionate kisses upon his paling brow, upon the hand she clasped; and low and thrillingly she said: "I never hated you, my husband! oh, never! And now, take with you to the land of eternal peace the assurance of my undying love! I will so live that I shall meet you hereafter, my Maurice! I and your child—your mother—Emilia—all you have ever loved here! Oh! that my life could be given for yours! But my prayers—my tears—my love—they cannot retain you! Tell me, tell me, Maurice, what shall I tell your daughter, your mother?"

"Tell her not of her father's sin and misery! She will find a noble mother!—let her not mourn—the fallen father—let me be loved in her pure remembrance. Agnes—Emilia—promise!"

"I promise!" said Agnes, solemnly; and "I promise," repeated Emilia.

"Tell my poor mother—gently—of my fate—tell her not to weep long—say, I forgive and bless her—and in my last hours entreat her forgiveness—and motherly benediction. Tell her to live so—to meet me—in immortality. She took the wrong path—from childhood with me—poor mother! she meant well—God forgive her—I always loved her;" his voice trembled with strong emotion. "I will do all you wish," sobbed Agnes.

"Emilia!" he continued, "promise, forgiving angel! You, my more than brother! noble, forgiving angel! that you will secure the future of my child! the child I neglected. Thank heaven! she did not marry that ignorant, but I dare cherish no bitter feelings—now. Agnes! these friends—will pro-

vide for you. What your wretched husband neglected—they will fulfill. My Agnes! you will not live upon dishonest gains! I leave you not in want. They have promised. Hereafter, in a few years—when your bitter life with me—be forgotten—you will be happy—in the love of one—far worthier! God bless you—now and forever!"

A crimson flush of denial rose to the pale, tear-stained face of Agnes. Her voice thrilled with solemnity as she replied:—

"I shall live in the hope, in the certainty, of eternal reunion with you. Never again will my heart unclothe to earthly love! I have loved but you—no other can ever take your place in my affections. It was no fleeting, girlish fancy, this dedication of my life to you! Storms have come between us, but Heaven's calm is within our souls—shall be—when the pain of earthly parting is over for me. With you, my Maurice, go my best affections, my life of hope and joy—with you my life and love eternally!"

A gleam of joy again overspread his features, his grey eyes grew bright with love-light, with a holy, spiritual rapture.

"And you will pray for me?" he whispered. "Daily, hourly," she replied. "My life here—I will fulfill its duties—but be it short or lengthened to its utmost limits, it shall be dedicated to the one lofty purpose—eternal reunion with you, my beloved!"

She looked up into Emilia's face, who smiled approval, and who, taking her husband's hand, joined it with that of Agnes.

"You will never separate?" he asked.

"Never!" answered both; and Mackensie added his promise, "Never!" vowing to be as a father to Eva; as father and brother, both, to the desolate wife.

"Maurice!" said Emilia, passing her soft hand across his brow, as the shadows of physical dissolution deepened there, and his long upheld strength gave way to utter exhaustion. "Fear not this transit; thy soul is strong in good resolves! Thou shalt be aided by angel hosts. In the far future, a glorious home, a lofty station awaits thee; thou wilt pass to it by the gate of repentance, by hourly works of faith, and love, and charity; that will atone for thy mispent life. Fear not, my brother, the narrow, rocky, thorny path; thou wilt bear the punishment for earthly misdirection; but a gleam of light shall ever guide thee on, until purified and blest, thou shalt enter the celestial mansions, where she, thy Agnes, will come to thee from earth; there thine own eternally! God is merciful! than wilt atone, by labor and action, not by a vain, wordy penitence, for the wrongs of earth, for the noble faculties misdirected, the inherent virtues of thy nature, misapplied. Awaken, Maurice! awaken! to the higher life! Immortality awaits—smiling angels beckon! Awaken, Maurice, awake!"

Her dark eyes gleamed with supernal lustre; a rich crimson flooded her usually colorless cheek, her majestic figure towered erect in queenlike attitude; she stood there, a prophetic in voice and gesture, as with one hand she pointed upwards, smiling with more than mortal encouragement!

A mysterious awe thrilled Agnes' breast, a reverential awe, devoid of fear or superstitious trembling. The flickering lamp of cooed-out oil gave but a feeble light, the moonlight flooded the threshold, leaving the rest of that sombre chamber all in shadow; but flashes, as of some mellow brightness, flitted across its narrow space, playing around the departing soul. The rustling breeze that outside stirred the willow branches and the cedars' boughs, swept through the low-roofed abode, accompanied by a low burst of aerial melody. Pensive unutterable, an expression of calm beatitude settled upon the worn face of Maurice Golding; no warring passions disputed there for dominion, no lingering, low desire or groveling aim left there its impress. In that hour the soul asserted its divine nobility, and transfigured the pale, suffering face, to a kindred semblance with its heavenly origin. The attending angels of forgiving love and exalted faith, watched beside him, embodied in the deathless affection of his faithful wife, in the ministering beauty of Emilia's presence.

The deep grey eyes, gathering all the spirit's lustre, were fixed upon the face of Agnes, with a look of love and promise unutterable.

"Farewell!" he whispered, "forgive me, Emilia, forgive me, Agnes! beloved—meet me!"

He pointed upwards, and as the uplifted hand fell slowly down over the grey eyes parting love-beams, was drawn the misty veil that shut out the world. A beautiful smile wreathed his lips, and with a low sigh, the spirit passed to another sphere! While the spirit-lights gleamed across the silent tenement, and the low music swelled upon the night air, and died away upon the breeze's wings! Silently and reverently Emilia joined the hands of the departed husband and the earth-loving wife, then clasping the bereaved one to her bosom, she spoke the one word, "Peace!" and kissed her brow.

And Agnes' dream was fulfilled!

Still without awaking Nelly, Emilia led Agnes, who, unrelenting and half unconscious, rested in her arms, outside of the hut into the moon-lighted path. There she sat down beside her, on the flower-decked ground, and resting the poor head against her bosom, gently stroked the disheveled, curls, and lovingly consoled the sorrowing heart, strengthened anew the falling spirit; and with such wondrous love and heavenly philosophy enshroued her attention, that the mourner listened spell-bound as to an angel's utterance. An hour passed thus; then again they entered the hut, where the friend and brother sat watching beside the departed, and where the at-

length awakened Nelly awaited them. Agnes was received into the extended arms of the faithful little woman, and wept long upon her bosom. Nelly subdued her joy at meeting with her "poor swate darlin'" in reverence to the dead, walking on tiptoe, speaking in whispers, as if fearful of disturbing the repose of the "poor-mather, God rest his soul!" But when Mackensie led Agnes to the arm chair, and stood beside her, conversing earnestly, while Emilia softly lulled her to rest with her magnetic touch; then Nelly, kneeling beside the rude couch, gazed upon the face of the dead with pitying reverence, and prayed fervently for the departed spirit. When the wearied mourner slept, Emilia sat down beside her brother, on a mat that had been spread upon the floor, and questioned him of her child. The heart devoted ever to the interests of others, now returned to its own maternal feelings and solitudes. They conversed till early dawn, while Agnes slept and Nelly watched and prayed.

The negroes, who guarded the dwelling, were dispatched to town, and Mr. Mackensie hastened to inform the authorities of Maurice Golding's death. There was then no other burial ground in La Toma but the Catholic one, consequently it was determined upon, that the unfortunate merchant should be buried near the place of his decease, in some well sheltered spot. The news spread like wildfire. Among the first comers was Doctor Walker and Mr. Olden. Agnes met with much heart-felt sympathy from the European residents and the natives, many of whom proceeded to the lonely hut amid the mountains, to offer their condolence and hospitality to the young widow. For the honor of human nature he told, disinterested offers of a home, and valuable pecuniary assistance was offered to her by many. Mammon's shrine is not so densely thronged with worshippers in that land of flowery beauty.

But when Agnes could not reply for weeping and gratitude, the tall, stately English lady replied for her, and although the Creoles did not understand her words, her graceful gestures, and sweet smile were sufficiently intelligible, and they left her presence, impressed with a feeling of sympathy.

A servant of Don Felix Rivero waited upon Mr. Mackensie at the hotel. Before returning to the mountains, he hastened to *Castiglio del mar* and held a hurried conference with its owner.

Before sunset that day, a funeral cortege wound its way from the mountains, down the winding path to the Castle gates. It was followed by all the merchants, the principal citizens, and foreign residents of La Toma; and the newly arrived carriage of Mr. Olden, (the only one in the place), conveyed Agnes and Emilia. In a beautifully secluded spot, fenced in by mango trees and plantains, in view of the *Castiglio's* white walls, the grave was dug, and the ill-fated wanderer reposed in the home he had in life deserted. Emilia led the weeping Agnes up the broad marble staircase to her home. Nelly, leaning on Mr. Mackensie's arm, followed, weeping for joy, crying: "Blessed be the howly Virgin! as helped us in all our troubles, and brought us to our own home again!"

The crowd quickly dispersed from around the grave; with intuitive delicacy, none followed to the house, though Mackensie hospitably invited them. He had purchased *Castiglio del mar* from Don Felix Rivero that morning, who, with his wife and sister, had departed for Valencia.

Agnes fell upon her knees, on the flower-encircled verandah, and amid her bereavement, rendered thanks to God; crying, with a joyful gratitude: "I bless Thee, Giver of All! that I may dwell in the house where I have known love and happiness with him!"

The next day, all the servants returned, and were installed in their old places; all but old Socorro, who slept beneath the sod.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no sound
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

MOTHER AND CHILD! your tears are past—
Surely your hearts have met at last!"

MRS. HEMANS.

A week passed since the death of Maurice Golding, and beneath the tender, watchful care of Emilia, Agnes had grown calm and resigned. Not that her grief was ever violent, or that she ever rebelled against her sorrows; but, in listening to Emilia, her spirit gathered new hope, and faith, and consolation; she ceased to look upon death as a final separation from the loved ones, even here; she admitted the consciousness that her husband's spirit could be near, could in time commune with, if not by outward, visible sign, by some secret spiritual sympathy, none the less convincing. Her love was all powerful; his purified and regenerated, could not but respond to her heart's invocation.

There are many complaints of the scarcity of true spiritual intercourse, of a communion with the departed, that either by unmistakable evidence, or truthful, internal conviction, might defy skepticism, and bring to the bereaved soul its highest consolations. But many that complain forget that works must aid the spirit's faith; that no amount of invocation or intense desire can alone suffice for the desired boon, or recall the beloved ones, who exalted above the earth life see clearly, feel rightly, and reason justly, if on earth they belonged to the aspiring good. Spirits, truthful and exalted, tell us that we must labor with hearts and hands for the good of all; that heart and head must be in unison towards attaining self-perfection, in the noble efforts

of progression and self-denial. Therefore, the noble, self-sacrificing, unselfish Agnes, was eminently fitted for this consoling and exalted intercourse; she, whose life had been one tenor of undeviating rectitude; whose aspirations and actions were ever in harmony; she, who truly sought "the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness." That the spiritually gifted, sorrow-tried, and patiently enduring Emilia should be admitted to this high privilege was the compensation for her blighted life; and fervent soul, that heaven-directed in its every aim, sought to bless the earth-life with words and deeds of love, scattering blessings, peace and healing, wherever her footsteps strayed.

That a strong friendship that was to be lasting and ever increasing, sprung up between these two women, was natural as it was beautiful; and while imbibing Emilia's loving faith, which clearly demonstrated and definitely arranged her girlhood's aspirations, many of her hidden dreams, and secretly cherished hopes, Agnes grew serenely resigned and tranquil; hopeful even in that short week. The spirit lights that flashed around her in the mountain hut, often dazzled her sight at the calm twilight or later evening hour; and a warm breath, distinct from the breeze's fanning, often stirred her curls, and lingered on her brow. She felt the unseen presence which her heart whispered to the departed loved one. She listened enrapt to Emilia's tranced utterances, to her glowing descriptions of the spirit worlds; to her expositions of a new and beautiful philosophy, that rendered the spirit life doubly attractive to the human affections, and loving home-sympathies of earth; crushing no bud of feeling, trampling on no germ of pure affection, striving not to banish love and friendship from the domains of Heaven, but cherishing and ennobling earth's loftiest sentiments into angelic purity and immortal glory!

For her mother-in-law, and Eva's sake, Agnes donned no mourning; Emilia thought it unnecessary to wear a sable garment for the departed; so she attired herself in white, and with a melancholy smile, allowed Nelly to arrange her ringlets. As soon as the mourning was removed, the room was prepared—Eva's also; and all that was wanting, brother Malcolm sent from town. The Castle assumed its usual familiar aspect. Agnes' favorite pictures and ornaments were put in their places. As she passed along the corridor and entered her chamber, she thought not of the wretched night last spent there, of the cruelties inflicted by a husband's hand. She remembered but the tokens of his love; wept over his books and dear familiar chair, as the young and loving weep.

Pedro, having humbly sued for Agnes' pardon, in playing the spy by her mother-in-law's orders, was reinstated in his situation. Pancho, obtaining forgiveness for his past impertinence, was admitted to a like favor. Petronilla, who had married Juan, with him returned to the Castle. Old Jose, who had carefully guarded Eva's pet perquitos, returned to his post of gardener, shaking his grey head, as he saw the neglected state of the garden, and the tangled walks. It was an affecting scene when the servants all returned, and weeping for joy, surrounded Agnes; the women embracing her, with the heart-warm familiarity of their race; the men respectfully bending before her. They looked upon her as the mistress of the Castle, and so Emilia yielded it, for it was to be their joint home. But loudest in their demonstrations of affection and joy were Baldwin and Alita. The former capered madly about, shouting and dancing in the exuberance of his gratitude for his recall. Alita, unsubdued even by the presence of the strange Senora, fell at Agnes' feet, kissing her hands, crying and laughing in the wilderness of her joy; then rushing to Mr. Mackensie, she kissed his hands, and called him "a dear, good Sonor." When Emilia smilingly called her, she eyed her awhile askance; then said with confidence: "I know you are a good lady," and kissed the extended hand. Agnes translated the phrase, and Emilia smiled approvingly on the swarthy maiden.

A few days after their settlement at home, Malcolm Mackensie returned to Puerto Sereno, leaving Agnes with his sister at the Castle, but taking Nelly with him to assist in bringing over the "old mistress."

He said he would not return for a week; in that time Agnes would somewhat recover her health, and the old lady and Eva be prepared for a return to their own dear home. The death of Maurice Golding was yet to be kept a secret from them. With many injunctions from his sister, with a tearful farewell from Agnes, he again departed for Puerto Sereno, in the awaiting Catalina, whose dapper Little Captain became a frequent visitor at *Castiglio del mar*. Nelly promised to do her duty by the old lady, and Emilia and Agnes were left alone.

They would sit on the flower-encircled verandah in the twilight hour, interchanging thoughts and feelings; with lovingly clasped hands and responsively beating hearts. It was there, one evening, that Emilia told her friend of her unhappy marriage and separation, of the abduction of her child.

"I may tell you all, dear Agnes," she said, "for it is right that you should know all; that there should be perfect confidence between us, who are to spend our lives together. We will jointly screen his faults from the world. My brother will liquidate all the debts the unfortunate man left unpaid. As a sister I pay this tribute to the memory of poor Maurice."

"Dear, generous Emilia!" said Agnes, "you do so much; you have purchased this house, perhaps, for

an enormous price. That you do all this for your child is just; but that I should share—

"Hush, hush, dear, humble saint!" cried Emilia, kissing her fondly. "Were you not my child's good angel? My poor old mother-in-law's support and stay? Were you not the guardian angel of Maurice, as you will ever be his love and joy? Hush, Agnes! never speak of gratitude; never again distrust your self. You are a noble woman, worthy of my noble brother's friendship. Fear not, I have bought *Custiglo del mar* cheap enough, for its possessor was in want of money; mark me, Agnes! that young spend-thrift will come to some untimely end. I foresee the end of such a career as his. I must tell you, too, dearest, lest you fear that I exceed my income, that I have come into possession of a fortune by the death of a friend; no relative of mine, but a school-mate, with whom I corresponded since my twentieth year, when she left the place we lived in for the continent. She married there, but never had any children. Like myself, she was unfortunate in marriage, and at her death, which occurred some eight months ago, bequeathed all to me, as she said I shared her views of life and usefulness, and knew how to invest a fortune for the welfare of others, as well as for personal comfort. I am glad of the acquisition, not for my sake; I can be content with little, but for Eola, for you, for the suffering poor; also, that I may render justice to poor Maurice's memory, and satisfy all demands against him. Wielded for justice and sympathy's sake, wealth is indeed a precious boon—'tis so I mean to use it. But I was going to speak of myself of the past. Forgive me, dear Agnes, if I invoke some painful memories. We will never, after this night, revert to the painful subject. You say you received a package of papers from your husband, dated from a province in the interior, some months ago, announcing his departure for Europe. In those papers also he mentions me, as yet living, acknowledges to you his abduction of my child, solely for the purpose of revenging himself upon me. He gave you my name as Emilia Dalton, and the place of residence where he had last heard of me. You wrote, dear, kind soul! not thinking that I led a wandering life, in a vain, fruitless search, for my stolen child! The place you directed your letter to, I have not visited for years, consequently it never reached me. Impelled by a gnawing remorse, by an irresistible impulse, he wrote to you, discovering my existence, urged by the late desire of making some reparation for my sufferings, and restoring my daughter to my arms. He told me this, on his dying bed, poor, repentant Maurice! Baffled, disappointed on all sides, having been robbed in the mountains of all the jewels and money he carried about his person, he meditated self-destruction in his extremity; when the fall from his mule changed the current of his thoughts. Wounded and stunned, he prayed for life, for time to expiate his offences, to make reparation for past injustice! He remembered not whether he dragged himself to that wayside hut, or whether some charitable hand placed him on the rude couch. Poor Maurice! You have heard of me always as Emilia Dalton; it was my maiden name, but I adopted my mother's surname, which Maurice had never heard, and Malcolm did the same, so that I could not be discovered by his emissaries while searching for my child. You knew my dear brother in Germany as Mr. Malcolm; Maurice, who had never seen him, little thought it was Emilia's brother he was addressing as Mr. Mackensie, but the ways of Providence are truly inscrutable! You know, too, dearest, that Golding is not an assumed name; but continue to bear it; we will not unveil his failings. He has committed wrongs against justice, against the community—all for love of gain. He was bitterly, sincerely penitent. Let us pass over his errors; this is the last time my lips shall utter aught that can wound your loving heart, dear sister! But I must tell you how I lost my child. Yes, Agnes, in my last severe illness, my nightly visitors portrayed a scene in a far tropic land, a house like this! On a flowery balcony, the counterpart of the one we are now sitting upon, I beheld my mother-in-law; my child Eola! But Maurice I never saw in my visions; and yet, when I arrived here, a spiritual impulse and prophetic dreams bid me hie to the mountains. I knew not what I should meet there, but I apprehended some sorrowing discovery. Providence led me to that solitary hut. God brought us together for our mutual good!"

Agnes silently pressed her hand—her eyes were upraised in fervent thankfulness to the gloriously studied dome of night. Emilia continued:—

"The tangled imaginings of an excited fancy, the troubled dreams of a distressed or infirm mind, cannot be accepted; but, the spiritual intuitions, the overwhelming presentiments, the clear, vividly distinct visions of the night, the heart's forebodings, all are realities, guiding landmarks along the mazy path of life. I knew that here I should find my child, even before Malcolm told me of his visit to this place; God directed me hither. But you wait to hear of the past. You know, Maurice has told you of the unhappy life we led. I was proud, unyielding; perhaps, too much so; he was cold, harsh, and indifferent. I was some ten years his senior; the contrast pained him. I once loved him, but it was with a fixed standard of mental excellence; if he deviated one hair's breadth from that standard, I ceased to worship. As months sped on into years, I discovered the hidden traits of his character; his inordinate love of gain, above all other things, repelled me. He saw that I read him aright; when he sought to make me the confidante of his plans and schemes, I indignantly repulsed him; I severely tasked him with dishonesty, and foretold his ruin. I used persuasion, too, every argument in my power to guide him into the right path. In vain! Then, his indifference turned to hatred; and there were not wanting those to foster it; many who looked with envy upon our ill-assorted union; upon the woman famed for naught but her wealth, for whose sake he had passed by younger and fairer women. Let me tell you, Agnes, that the strangeness of my thoughts and belief, not at all startling to your pure, intuitive soul, then caused me many enemies. I had to battle with cruel prejudices; but I was wealthy—they dared not assail me openly; they sought to destroy my household peace. As you already know, they misconstrued my correspondence, with my absent brother, and caused it to appear in the light of an unhallowed sentiment. Maurice would not listen to me; he was infuriated, wild, insensate with anger. I was proud, stern, collected, and when he mentioned a separation, I gladly acquiesced, hoping then for a peaceful life, for undivided possession of my child.

"Since her birth the presentiment followed me, by day and night, that Maurice would desert me and

carry her off. I guarded her with the most watchful care; I never allowed her to go out of my sight for a moment. She slept with me; I took her out to walk; I robbed and undressed her; and paid her attendants salary, without ever requiring her services. Yet, in spite of all my care and foresight, my child was taken from me. Oh, Agnes! it is a bitter memory! poor, misdirected Maurice, seeking satisfaction for revengeful feelings, by inflicting a death-pang on a mother's heart! Thank heaven! I can recall that time without terror now. My child has been cared for by angel hands! The holy influences of Nature have kept her spirit free from worldly contact. Your sweet companionship has exalted her soul; her trials, even, all tend to render my child a worthy woman! But to return. Maurice obtained the divorce; I saw him not for months. I thought my child safe; yet I never relaxed my vigilance. He left the town, and only returned once, as he said, to bid me farewell; he was going to a foreign country. He spoke in a humbled, repentant manner; professed his sincere regret for the past, and entreated my forgiveness. I was won to pity—never again to love, Agnes! I gave him my hand as a farewell token of reconciliation. I permitted him to kiss Eola, who was sitting on my lap. He said he was going direct from my presence to the stage coach. (We lived in a small inland town), and he might never return. Rising to go, he playfully presented me with his traveling flask, and requested me to taste the cordial it contained, to drink to his future success and good resolves. It was a sweetly scented water that the flask contained, by no means strong; something like orange flower syrup. He knew I liked such mild, refreshing beverages; I took a deep draught, and accompanied him to the door, wishing him prosperity abroad. When I returned to my seat, I felt very drowsy; I ascribed it to the coldness of the day, for it was mid-winter; a deep snow covered the ground. I love to sit in the lingering twilight; so, with my child in my arms, I dropped asleep, and when I awoke—oh, shall I ever forget the anguish, the horror of that hour? my child was gone! and I was sitting in utter darkness, alone! I ran screaming through the house; my child's attendant was absent; my other domestic had left me the day before, to visit her sick mother. I sought my child in all the neighbors' houses; I ran through the streets like a mad woman, and when I returned to my desolate home, the dread conviction forced itself upon me, that her father had stolen her! that for that purpose he had mixed a narcotic with the sweet waters he presented to me. I renewed my search, through town and country; I implored at the police stations for messengers to follow my husband, and bring back my child. I offered large sums of money for her return. I had a description of her person published. I sent criers throughout the town; all in vain! I traveled all over England, assumed many disguises, but could gain no clue to my child. My mother-in-law, who, I must say, although I severely blamed her for her undisciplined training of her son, was yet ever true to me, and had made my house her home, even after my divorce from her son; stopping with me occasionally; she, too, had been away some months, on business, as she said. I sought her everywhere, but of her also I could gain no clue. My convictions whispered that she was with her son. I knew her unbounded love for him, and I trembled for Eola's training; I trembled for my child's soul! You, dear Agnes, have satisfied me on this point, as also has my dear brother. I shall clasp my daughter to my bosom, my own unspotted child! My beloved Malcolm, my dear, devoted brother, gave up all interest in life to devote himself to me. He traveled all over Europe, through its famed cities and crowded pleasure marts. We lingered over the pleasant sites of earth with heavy hearts, groping blindly in our fruitless search. We have been to North America, pursuing the *serpentine vine*; but never dreaming of this secluded region, until Providence led my brother hither. And he was here two years ago, speaking with Maurice, yet knowing him not; near to his sister's child, yet feeling not her presence! But it was to be so, all for heaven's wise purpose. His two journeys to this country have been the only ones dear Malcolm undertook without me, for I sometimes spent months in some secluded spot, recruiting my wasted health and strength. I had often spoken of a permanent residence in a tropical clime; hence his visits here, and to the neighboring islands. I have now told you how I lost my child. Heaven sustained me, that I might live to meet her! Oh, to behold my child; to press her pure lips, to gaze into her soulful eyes! what is an eternity of sorrow to so much blessedness? Oh, holiest foretaste of heaven! what is like to a mother's love, to a mother's joy?"

Agnes embraced her tenderly.

"You, too, shall ever be unto me as a daughter, dear benevolent one," Emilia said, stroking the jetty ringlets. "I can well be your mother, darling! in age as well as experience."

"There is so much of youth, such a glory upon your face, Emilia!" said Agnes, with admiring tenderness. "There are no wrinkles upon your brow; your eyes are so lustrous, your cheek so pure, your lips so red and smiling. Surely you possess some talisman that guards you from the usual inroads of care and years."

"Sweet flatterer! I possess no talisman, no fairy charm; see, my hair is thickly strewn with silver. But my heart is young, dear Agnes! my spirit is ever youthful. Nature, art and beauty delight my eye as in my most romantic early days, and charm my soul as well as then. Not a sentiment of worshipping love for the beautiful and true, has been banished from my heart; not one affection has grown cold; no generous impulse has been subdued. I am as ardent, as enthusiastic in my love and friendship, as prompt a defender of the rights of humanity, as earnest an advocate of my down-trodden sisterhood, as ever I was in the bloom and flush of youth. Perhaps I have somewhat checked the manifestations of my feelings, have gained self-control and more self-reliance; but I am ever youthful in spirit, hoping, praying, and watching for the better time to dawn, for freedom, universal light, holy brotherhood to dawn upon the world!"

As was usual with the rapt, enthusiastic speaker, her countenance was illumined by the spirit's glory, her dark eyes emitted flashes of dazzling light, rich crimson glowed on her cheeks; her clear, ringing, melodious voice, thrilled to the heart like inspired utterances; the inferior mortal bent low the head in her presence, and acknowledged the nobility of that revealed soul.

As they passed to their chamber, Emilia cast a lingering look over the blooming landscape, the slumbering sea, as she whispered to Agnes:—

"Perhaps to-morrow will bring my child!"

And Agnes smiled sweetly in reply.

The sudden twilight of the tropics overspread the yet roscate heavens, and merrily sounded the vesper bells, while from the sea rose the gleeful song of the returning fisherman. These home sounds welcomed an approaching vessel, and thrilled the hearts of her passengers with a joy too deep for utterance. On the deck of the Catalina sat Mrs. Greyson, pale and trembling with expectation, propped up by pillows; her thin hands clasped in prayer, her quivering lips uttering broken sentences of penitence and thanksgiving. Malcolm Mackensie stood beside her, tenderly bending over her, encouraging and soothing her. She knew of the great joy that awaited Eva; with care and tenderness it had been revealed to her; she would soon clasp her beloved Emilia to her bosom! But her son's death was kept a secret from her, only by gradual degrees would they unfold to her his fate.

Eva, her eyes bent on the well-known shore, is wrapt in a blissful trance. The past, with all its bitterness and disenchants, is swept away, as the white walls of home appear, as the sanded beach seems nearing, and the cocoa and the palm trees bend in salutation to the passing wave. The spy-glass falls from Eva's nerveless grasp, and murmuring "mother!" she sinks to her knees upon the deck, for she has seen the tall and shadowy figure of her dreams—the mother of her soul! watching from the flower-enriched verandah. Nelly weeps for joy, her true heart is full, full to overflowing! alternately kissing her old mistress' hand, and appealing to Mr. Mackensie, or turning to embrace Eva, the little woman exclaims, while a beautiful expression lights up her face:

"Blessed be the howly Vargin for interceding wid the Father! Blessed be all the howly saints! an' it seems all a dhrame, bedad! an' we is home agin! an' yer own mother a-waitin', darlin'! an' a blessed home a-waitin' for me good old leddy; oh, misther Mackensie, dear, 'kind jintleman! Nelly is outside of herself, bedad, wid joy—musha, she be! praised be all the saints eternally!"

Captain Rodriguez was conversing apart with Don Ramon and Manuela. With silent adoration, with respectful tenderness, Frank Wylie regarded Eva; while the evening breezes murmured a soothing melody, the golden stars looked forth from the clear depths of a smiling sky. The fisherman's song died away; the bells were hushed; but myriad voices spoke to the daughter's heart—Nature's song of welcome, affection's thrilling strain of joy! From earth, and sea, and sky, arose the blissful chant, once heard in her prophetic dream; and spirit-voices sang the welcome strain to the accompaniment of aerial melody, heard by her listening soul alone:

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

The Catalina came to her anchorage; the boat was lowered and her passengers conveyed to shore. Their mules were soon in readiness, and Mr. Olden's carriage was placed at the disposal of the infirm old lady, and the happy, expectant party, proceeded to *Custiglo del mar*.

Some hours before, Emilia had espied the nearing vessel, and soon had recognized the Catalina. As her white sails filled before the favoring breeze, and her broad flag fluttered as if in joyous signal, she clearly distinguished the forms on deck; and as with Eva, the telescope fell from her trembling hands, and the thankful prayer escaped her lips, as clasping Agnes in her arms, she cried, "I behold my child! my Eola!"

Agnes, the long-tried, martyred Agnes, felt a calm joy settling upon her heart. As she gazed upon the radiant countenance of Emilia, her sympathetic nature derived a holy pleasure in sharing the mother's happiness.

On the verandah steps, and by the garden gate, the servants were ranged, attired in holiday garb, to welcome home the "poor old Senora, and the dear young mistress. All was joyous expectation; the white gleaming grave of the unfortunate Maurice was hidden from sight by the luxuriant growth of trees and hedges; but who shall say that his spirit was not near?—hovering around the sorrowing, faithful wife, the unconscious mother, the noble Emilia, his returning child? On Agnes' heart the blessed conviction settled, as she prepared herself to smile for others' happiness, nor cloud the meeting of mother and child with one look or tone of grief.

As the travelers dismounted at the garden gate, they were surrounded by the happy negroes, received with shouts of joy! The old Senora was tenderly lifted from the carriage, placed in an easy chair, and carried up the verandah stairway, Agnes tenderly embracing her as she thus went. Eva's hands and garments, her white shoulders even, were kissed by her affectionate people, and Nelly was fondly embracing and shaken hands with again. Manuela, Don Ramon, and Frank Wylie, all came in for a share of their kind-hearted and noisy demonstrations of welcome. While they yet sought to detain her in their friendly grasp, and by their eager questionings, Eva had pressed forward, and smiling on her sable friends, ran up the broad marble staircase, to where the tall, stately lady stood, with outstretched arms and trembling limbs, awaiting her approach.

That stately lady, so calm and self-possessed, so regal in her self-control, could not advance to meet her child! The overwhelming joy of the moment paralyzed her motion, her trembling limbs refused their support, she leant against the balustrade, while the sweet flowering *rieda* and the clustering jasmine almost veiled her face, with outstretched hands and eyes of eager welcoming.

Eva gazed intently upon the pale, beautiful face, the magnetic, love-beaming glances met hers, the sweet smile seemed to arouse her soul to a new-found life! Peace and happiness, dominant above tumultuous joy, filled her breast; she fell at her mother's feet. Soft hands, whose touch seemed fraught with healing, uplifted her; pressed close to the heart, she hoped but to meet in heaven—the mother's voice fell like an angel's utterance upon her ear:—

"My child! my blessed child!" while her mother's kisses sealed the loving compact on cheek, and brow, and lips, and her hot tears rained upon the upturned face, a baptismal flood of heart-wring tenderness.

Resting in those protecting arms, on that maternal bosom, Heaven around and within her soul, all else unseen—feeling naught save that dear presence, Eva murmurs rapt and thankful:—

"My mother! oh, my mother—found at last!"

You, who bending over these pages by the sun-light warmth of your happy heart, rest blessed and secure in the possession of earth's holiest treasure—a mother's love! Oh, rejoice in the heavenly boon! back in the sunny presence, and with

yourself among the blest! Ye, who have never felt the pang of bereavement, over whose guarded lot the shadows of separation have not fallen, who delight in the ever-awakening smiles of home, the greeting clasp of heart-warm hands—the fond embrace—the mother's life-renewing kiss! Ye, who daily meet her gladdening eye, oh, love-blest hearts! be thankful for the great boon accorded, for the privilege so long extended of a mother's saving presence and guiding love!

Oh, mourner! sitting in the willow shade or by the darkened hearth-stone—lift thine eye unto the dawning light, the gloriously breaking era of life and love! From realms celestial sounds the awakening trump of freedom, the angel hosts are marshaled, and the spirit banners wave, the golden motto blazes on its azure field—"Life and Love eternal—there is no death!" Orphan hearts! weeping in the solitude of grief, rejoice! for a mother's love is deathless. From the regions of immortality it descends to bless and soothe, and to inspire! Angels shall yet walk with men, the exalted dwellers of the star worlds with the struggling children of earth; for the spiritual era dawns—soon and it will be day!

Long and fervently clasped in each others' arms, mother and child forestated of the joys of the angels; lived in an Eden world of untroubled bliss; while unseen influences, pure and exalted spirits, jeweled and star-wreathed, hovered near, showering soul-blossoms of immortal fragrance upon their inclined heads, casting golden dew-drops around, angelic inspirations upon their heaven-attuned hearts!

While they stood thus, entranced in joy, forgetful of the world around, heaven itself within their hearts, Agnes wept upon the bosom of Manuela, while Nelly, assisted by Malcolm Mackensie, supported her old mistress, who shook with emotion, and poured forth her fervent gratitude as she beheld her beloved grandchild clasped to her mother's heart. Frank Wylie, bowing his head upon the vines, wept manhood's tears of joyful sympathy. Don Ramon could not repress his own, while the sympathizing negroes grouped around, shed tears of joy, and spoke in subdued voices.

When Emilia released her daughter from her lingering embrace, she turned to her mother-in-law, and received the trembling, shrinking form, within her arms, and imprinted loving kisses upon her withered cheek. There were few words spoken; for deep feeling can never express its fullness in earthly language. Even the gay Manuela's joy was subdued, for Agnes' sake; her noble husband swiftly wiped away his tears as he shook hands with all the party. When Eva was sufficiently restored to the consciousness of things around, she hastened to embrace her loving stepmother, to hang in joy around her uncle's neck! Then with a modest diffidence, she approached the spot where Frank Wylie stood, and offering her hand, said with a winning smile, "Come, share our happiness, my mother calls you," and the happy Frank obeyed her smiling summons.

That night Eva slept within her mother's arms, while Agnes watched beside the solitary grave, and prayed for the departed, beneath the golden-studded midnight sky. And a warm breath, that was not the breeze's salutation, there fanned her brow; and a sweet and soothing influence there lulled her heart. She felt his presence, and in her dreams that morn, he hovered around her, sorrowful and penitent, yet hopeful of God's mercy, striving for progression, awakened from the earth enthrallments, aspiring nobly onward and upward!

Nelly slept beside her happy old mistress, and on her vision beamed the Virgin mother of her invocations, smiling sweet approval, crowning her humble votary with immortal flowers. Frank Wylie remained long seated upon the flower-enriched verandah, thinking not of sleep, yet dreaming sweetly, Eva's music voice yet lingering on his ear, undefined hopes invading his heart.

Manuela and her husband, late that night, had proceeded to the *Palma Sol*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
SOFTLY O'er THE LAKE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIER.

Softly o'er the swelling billow,
Where the moonbeams make their pillow,
And in silence droops the willow

"Noah the light;
Where the stars their watch were keeping
O'er the world in silence sleeping,
Dew wet from the twilight's weeping
Through the night.

We sailed, and ere the darkness night
Had chased the twilight from the sky,
Impatient in its majesty
And power,

We knelt and framed a simple prayer
To Him who paints the flowerets fair,
And in our weakness asked His care
Within the hour.

Devotion elevated the soul;
Back to our hearts emotions stole—
Towards for prayer beyond control,
And blest us;

And swiftly sped our boat along,
And merry was our evening song,
While winds about our sails did throng,
And prest us.

Soon sleep came, borne on gauzy wings,
With pleasant dreams the joy he brings,
And in her ear his song he sings
With impress fond;

Her timid eyes he bids to close,
And with a sigh that softly rose,
She sank to rest in sweet repose
Beneath his wand.

She slept, while dashed the spray before;
The boat the billows bounded o'er,
And sounds of even from the shore
Came o'er the Lake;

And down the silence sweetly fell
The distant tone of evening's bell,
And on the hills the cuckoo dwelt,
For aye awake.

Her head upon my bosom prest,
And in the sweetness of her rest,
A sigh escaping from her breast—
She breathed my name,

And while the moon, which then was dim,
Burst through the clouds his silver rim,
She, whispering, said—God bless thy him:
"Thou art my claim."

Those words, roused feelings in my heart,
Which time can ne'er destroy, nor art
Bid them, so firmly there, depart:
She sighed and woke.

I prest her lips, though years may fly,
Though she prove false, and friendship die,
I'll cherish while I've memory
The words she spoke.

"Boys," said a colored individual, disclosing a small coffin which he carried along Broadway, under his black coat. "Boys, don't laugh—I see a nigger

Written for the Banner of Light.

RIZPAH.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ARDENNE ALVA.

CHAPTER I.

And when they spurn the outcast from their doors,
While the thick darkness sweeps along the plain,
They drive out Christ into the storm and rain—
Frozen, to perish on the barren moor. HARRIS.

"Begone, you imp of curiosity! What bent you here?" and the miser clutched the glittering coin that lay heaped upon the corner of his black iron chest, and cast a withering glance upon the meek, gentle face that dawned beseechingly upon him from the opening door.

"Father, please don't be angry—there are two boys in the kitchen waiting for some corn."

"Have they got the money to pay for it?"

"I do not know, father."

"Then ask them, you little stammering fool, and not stand there shaking like a poplar in a gale of wind!"

The door closed softly, and the gold was scraped into an old woolen mitten, and securely tied by a leathern string. Presently the wee frightened thing returned, but this time prefaced her entrance by a slight tap. Click went the bolt, and the heavy lid was rudely shaken, to be perfectly sure that the worshipped dust was safe.

"Please, father, the boys have got the money."

"Very well, I'll attend to them directly."

It was a season of great scarcity of the staff of life, and Adam Griswold had filled his low chambers with the yellow grain, early in the fall, at the lowest prices, and now, in the depth of winter, was selling it out in small measures to the poor of the retired hamlet at an exorbitant advance. Standing near the door, casting shivering glances towards the meagre fire smouldering in the grate, were two children, the elder not over ten years of age. The garments in which they were clad—evidently not made for their slender forms—were coarse and ragged. Their faces were purple with cold, and the brown hair lay matted and unbrushed upon their brows, but there was something winning and graceful in the manner in which they held the soiled caps in their hands, and bowed when Mr. Griswold advanced from the inner room. The miser could not see it—his soul had long ago become blind to all forms of beauty, save one—the shining ore with its circlet of stars, statesman-face and swooping eagle.

"You want some corn, don't you, boys? Come up stairs, then," he muttered, as he led the way to the chamber-door. "Bring a light, Rizpah, these poor devils never find out they're hungry 'till night sets in! How much you want?" turning to the half-frightened faces of the children, with a ferocity that made them tremble as they replied, "A peck, sir, if you please."

The eyes of the poor hungry ones wandered wistfully over their barrels, boxes, and half hogheads, filled to the brims with the golden kernels, while little Rizpah's tender face grew earnest in the sympathy struggling for life in this ungenial soil.

"Hold open the bag, boy-like, parent-like child, shiftlessness throughout the whole race—where's your money?"

"Here, sir," and the bright silver was extracted from a worn pocket-book, held tightly grasped in the red fingers.

A frown, dark as the night without, gathered upon the parchment face of the miser, as he exclaimed, "Here, you blockhead you—here aint money enough to pay for the corn. I want another ninepence."

There was a prayer in the dark eyes uplifted, that should have won the hardest heart, as the elder boy murmured, "Father didn't have any more, but he said he would send the rest as soon as he could get it—we aint had no dinner yet."

"Well, I guess you can't eat raw corn, can you?"

"No, sir, but we were going to stop at the mill as we went back, and have it ground—the miller promised he would, if we would hurry."

"I don't care anything about your whining stories—I sell my corn for money, and nothing shorter. You can leave your bag, and if you bring the ninepence to-morrow you can have it, or you can empty the corn back into the barrel, and have your money, and that's the end of it."

There were three pairs of brimming eyes, and three hearts swelling with disappointment and grief, but all who ever saw Adam Griswold knew that he was a hard, unfeeling man, and not to be turned from his purpose; and the boy proudly crushed back the tears, and lifted the bag from his shoulder, and poured out its rich treasures, that his imagination had already pictured ground into golden meal, and kneaded into steaming cakes, by his patient mother, for the late supper.

Down the dim staircase—slowly, sadly, as if the hearts in their little bosoms were too heavy for the wearied, half-frozen feet—out into the black night with the fierce-browed storm, raging up and down the village, rearing his cold, white battlements before every dwelling—along the lonely plain, bleak with winds and blinding snow, wandered the denied, scorned, helpless children! Onward, hungry, fainting ones! There is a haven beyond those tall, ice-incrusted trees, and its rays of brightness reach thee through the darkness. A lowly cottage, with bare floors and walls, a huge stone fire-place, where the pitch pine faggot is blazing—sending forth heat and light—No food is there to stay thine hunger's cravings—no merry greetings await thee. Pain and sorrow are the guests who have entered without a welcome. A father lies upon a rude, scanty couch, groaning with the anguish of a broken limb. But joy! a mother's loving face is pressed against the window pane, watching for her darlings; as they shall emerge from the shadow of the gloomy forest; a mother's unchanging heart is yearning to receive the precious lambs that she has so fearfully committed to the night and the storm: Onward for your lives! Do not pause for rest! There is death in the slumber that is stealing over your wearied frames! Alas! In childish unconsciousness, they brush the snow from a fallen tree by the wayside, and sit down to rest. "Just a moment, Willie! I am so tired and sleepy," pleaded the younger, "let me lay my head in your lap, as I do in mother's. I don't feel very hungry now—do you, Willie?" and he laid his head on the older brother's shoulder, but he aroused himself enough to fold his arms tenderly, but firmly, about the form of his little brother. His mother's parting words, "Take good care of Frankie," mingled with the whispering blast, that was hurriedly weaving a shroud for the sleeping, shivering babe. "I don't know what to do," said the mother, "I don't know what to do," and she stood there, night, rising above and beyond the range of that

physical suffering. There was a wild, frantic mother, battling with the wintry storm, up and down the desolate road, crying in tones that outdrew the howling tempest; "Willie! Frankie! God spare my children!"

A faint glimmer of light brightened the grey sky in the east, and the unsleeping, tearless watcher, folded a mantle about her form, and went forth again. What was it to her that eighteen inches of snow lay white and untrodden upon the plain—that an icy crust pierced her limbs every step? Beneath its dazzling surface—between her lone cot and the village beyond, lay in an unawakened slumber, the priceless forms that she had carried beneath her heart—cradled in her bosom—watched over in sickness and health, perhaps—oh, what a glow of sunlight broke over her wan face—perhaps some compassionate soul had taken them in, fed them, and was now waiting for a broken road to restore them to her arms! "The ruddy drops that visited her dead face" were not too rich to repay such a debt! Wading on, buoyed up by the star of hope that cast its delusive beam into her fainting soul, she reached the entrance of the wood. On before her stood a heavily laden team. Four stout horses were harnessed to it—but they stood quite still in the frosty air, and the hardy driver, enwrapped in his buffalo coat, appeared to be removing snow from some object by the roadside. A prophetic fear smote that untiring mother-heart, but she rushed forward, heedless of the opposing element, and stood by the stranger's side. The frozen corpses of the little wanderers, fondly clasped in each other's arms, as they were exhumed from the tomb of snow, was scarce whiter and colder than the face of that mother, as she strove to stand and gaze upon the maddening scene! A long, loud shriek, to which the echoing woods replied, and then her form was stretched upon the white-robed earth, as still and silent as the dead!

"Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And human life so cheap!"

CHAPTER II.

"Her father's blood before her father's face
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race."

"Rizpah! Here, you jade you! What are you about up stairs? Didn't I tell you not to leave the rooms below a moment?"

"Yes, father, but Harold Dallas gave me a new, beautiful book, and—"

"Devil take Harold Dallas and his books too!—listen to me! You know the whining boys that were here last night?"

"Yes, father, I felt so bad for them I couldn't sleep."

"Silence!" thundered the miser. "Pay attention to what I say, without answering—the little wretches froze to death going home, and—"

"Father, father!" gasped the girl, as with a face of the whiteness of death, she reeled, and sank into a chair.

"What in thunder is that girl made of! I never fainted in my life," muttered he, as, seizing a dish, he threw a whole quart of water down her bosom. "I'd like to know where she got her milk and water temper."

Responsive to his summons, came before his mental vision, a pale face and martyr brow, a broken spirit and crushed life—a half-starved, over-worked, dying woman, turning her fading eyes reproachfully upon him, while the dews of death stood out in big drops on the leaden forehead—a voice choked with the coming flood, gasping: "Adam Griswold, I am going to leave you and my little Rizpah. Don't be hard with her as you've been with me, as you hope for mercy at your last hour!"

This was no unfamiliar vision to the old miser—it had haunted him in hours of gloom and darkness for ten long years; but he had hoped that the uneasy spirit was at last quieted, for he had parted with so much of his idolized gold, as would rear a snowy pile of marble above her sleeping manes—in penance, it was said, for the unspoken wrongs that had laid her there!

"Father, what did you say about the poor boys? don't tell me they are dead—it frightens me so!"

Rizpah had recovered from her swoon, and was gazing up with an appealing look into that hard face, turned toward the snow-mantled window.

"Yes, fool, I say they are dead, and I want you to promise me that you will never breathe a word of their being here after corn, as long as you live. Folks might blame me, you know—don't you understand?"

"Yes, father, but what if some one should ask me?"

"Ask you! Why, tell them 'no,' to be sure."

"But, father, wouldn't that be a lie?"

Adam Griswold had been suffocating with suppressed rage, but now he broke forth. To be resisted by his child—to have her dare to question his hitherto undisputed commands, was more than he could brook. With the countenance of a fiend, he grasped a heavy riding whip, and screamed in a voice of uncontrolled passion.

"Down on your knees, you disobedient jade, and swear that you will never slip a word of last night's affair while God gives you breath!"

The furious tyrant had gone one step too far. He had forgotten that his own fierce blood was mingled with that of his yielding, broken-spirited wife's, in the being before him. His base threat was the spark to the silent magazine. The willowy form no longer trembled—the melting eye no longer sought the floor. The like figure increased in stature; and a steady gaze met his own. The voice was low, but firm, as it uttered, "Father, I cannot swear, and I will not lie!"

"Then take that for your cursed obstinacy!" and the whip was uplifted, while a look of ineffable scorn shone out in the face of the oppressed, insulted, but now defiant girl. No blow came upon the defenceless head. A strong manly hand grasped it in its descent, and a young, handsome face and form stood between father and daughter.

"For shame, Adam Griswold, would you strike your child—and she almost a woman?"

The old miser was a coward, as are all tyrants that live, and as he gazed upon Harold Dallas' athletic form and fearless eye, he shrank into a corner, murmuring a few confused apologies.

Harold Dallas was an intelligent, whole-souled young man—the teacher of the village school. He had often marked the quiet beauty of the miser's daughter, and the meekness with which she bore the bitter taunts of her thoughtless companions, and their cruel allusions to her beggarly parent. With all his gold, there was not a poor man in the hamlet who wore so patched and miserable a garb as himself; and his pretty, delicate daughter was compelled to get up before light, to bake, iron and wash, and sit up half the night mending, that she might profit

by the three months' schooling during the winter; in summer she was obliged to pick berries, work in the garden, keep the hens out of the corn, until her brown face was deepened to the shade of a mulatto. But with all her privations and hardships, she was the best scholar in the school. The kind, generous teacher had pitied the down-trodden child; but now, as he looked upon the proud flush that mantled her neck and brow, the fire flashing from her dark brown eyes, he became conscious of another feeling—he called it admiration—at any rate, for many a day after this little scene, he found himself puzzling his brain over the wondrous change that a fine education, the blush of womanhood and refined associations would make in the shy, undeveloped child, who sat so quietly at his right, pausing in her studies only to lift an occasional grateful glance to the face of her noble protector.

The last day of school was at hand, and the favorite teacher was about to leave his affectionate pupils. The boys were sad, regretful faces, and the girls' eyes were full of tears. Harold could not suppress all his emotion, as one after one of the loved scholars came to his desk for a parting word, a pressure of the warm hand.

All had gone, and he sat alone with head bent upon his hands. He was dreaming over the pleasant associations now broken for a time—perhaps forever—he was contemplating a removal to the far West, and he might never resume his place as teacher, which he had filled four successive winters. He lifted his head—he fancied he heard a retreating step—no one was near; again he descended to the floor; Rizpah Griswold was standing irresolutely by the door. She alone, of all the scholars, had neglected to give him the parting hand—to say nothing of the many sweet kisses freely bestowed by young, rosy lips.

"Good bye, Mr. Dallas," she said tremulously, and she strove to hide the tear that fell from her drooping eyelashes upon her burning cheek.

"She loves me," was the surprised whisper of Harold's soul, as he took her hand, and drew her reluctant form to a seat. He was silent from emotion. He had unconsciously awakened in the heart of this lone, passionate, abused child, on the verge of womanhood, a true, earnest love. What a joy it would be to keep her forever by his side—to watch the unfolding of her rich mind, and the perfecting of the new sentiment that he was sure pervaded her whole being!

"She loves me, and she shall be mine! No other shall teach her the tender lesson! I will be to her all that her pure young heart asks, and I will tell her now, and at some future hour, I will come to claim my own!"

We will leave them alone, reader mine, in the old brown school-house—we could not be so intrusive—not to say cruel—as to remain witnesses of the low-spoken words of the accomplished wooer—the burning blushes and tearful promises of the bashful maid, overwhelmed with the blessedness of the first dream of beauty that has ever gladdened her sad, unloved life.

CHAPTER III.

"The love alone that gives to home its bliss,
Transfusing common dust with light divine;
Love plants its Eden in the wilderness,
Lights Heaven's own flame to guide the darkness time."

Three years later. The miser's daughter had attained a glorious beauty. Her love-star just beaming above the horizon when we saw her last, had led her out from the shadow of her darksome life into a higher, brighter sphere. Her noble lover had come to claim her; but as he gazed upon the loveliness of that glowing face, and became impressed with the perfection of that soul she had been so patiently fitting to become a meet traveler with him to the Ocean of Eternity, he felt himself almost unworthy to bear away his lawful prize.

Harold Dallas was poor in worldly dross, but rich in the sublime graces of the soul. Men like him can never be wealthy, while the oppressed are bound in fetters, and human lips cry for food.

Adam Griswold had become so far conscious of his daughter's worth, as to fear that his house would not be so nicely kept, and his old clothes so thoroughly mended, when she was gone, and he endeavored to persuade her husband to remain with him—took him into his private room, and revealed his bags of gold, tempting him, by saying: "All this shall be thine when I am called away," and even manufactured a few tears (heaven knows how), for the occasion, which he absorbed with an old faded pocket handkerchief full of holes, which he had that morning picked up in the street, and brought in for Rizpah to wash. Harold was firm in his refusal. Had the father of his beloved wife been a tempted, weak, fallen man, he would have thrown around him the strength of his own integrity—the arms of his own compassion, and labored willingly to win him back to the path of honor and peace. Had he been poor, needy and infirm, he would have taken him to his own fireside, and cheerfully rocked the cradle of his declining years; but in the man before him, he could only discern a sordid wretch, without natural affection, given up, soul, body and spirit, to the heaping up of filthy lucre, whose presence would be a blight and mildew in the garden of home: and he turned out from the branded abode, followed by the benevolent wish of the disappointed old miser, that he would yet be glad to come back to the old homestead.

Teachers in a western clime, the noble pair labored for the welfare and elevation of others, and were blest. Their lives flowed on harmoniously, and their home—a lovely cottage, overgrown with creeping vines and trailing roses, shaded by trees of their own planting—was truly an "Eden in the Wilderness." Quietly the years stole away, leaving a band of bright cherubs to enliven their humble dwelling with the music of pattering feet and bird-like voices.

Fain would fill up the fair outline of this picture with brilliant colors, and rainbow dyes, but in this little clime there are few shining days without their storm—in the earth-life, few bright years without their gloom; and, after a long, sunny space, the shadows began to fall thick and heavy about our travelers. The husband and father lay upon a lingering bed of pain and sickness. Loving voices murmured soothing, hopeful words in his ear; willing hands and feet ministered to his wants, but the soul of Harold Dallas was sad. He was a public-spirited and benevolent man, and had devoted the surplus of his salary—after generously supplying the simple tastes of his family—in noble enterprises for the improvement of the mental and spiritual natures of the growing community in that new land, unfearing a time when his labors would fail to bring the necessary comforts of life.

Now was brought into requisition the industry and economy learned by our accomplished wife, amid the storms and hardships of her child existence. With an ingenuity and skill that bordered on the creative, she managed their household expenditures, banishing every shade of care from her smooth brow in the presence her feeble, anxious companion.

Time sped on. The shadows deepened, and even Rizpah's firm heart began to falter. Her thoughts naturally wandered away to the low roofed cottage of her birth, where bags of yellow gold and bright silver lay undisturbed beneath their black iron bolts. She recalled the wearying servitude and half-kindness of her father's cold farewell, and a hope was born in her soul, that a tender letter, truthfully representing the destitution of herself and little ones, would bring relief. It was written as follows:—

"Father—When next your fingers grasp the glittering coin—your lips count the shining silver—your eye wanders over the chambers of rich grain, and cellars overflowing with earth's bounty, think, oh, think of your only child, far away in a lone cottage, bending over a sick, perhaps dying husband, while the voices of her precious darlings are pleading for the comforts which she cannot bestow. For my dead mother's sake, if not my own—for God's dear sake, before whose throne we shall one day stand, I pray you to send me immediate relief.

Your suffering daughter,

RIZPAH DALLAS.

Cold and cruel came back the answer—merciful only in its promptness. He opened with a death-blow to her last hope, informing her in a business-like manner of the transfer of his entire property to the son of an old chum for the consideration of a life maintenance. He was a man after his own heart, he said—one who knew how to take care of money, and not spend it—he did not want his hard earnings left to miserable profligates, who would squander it away on books, pictures and beggars.

It was out of his power to help her, if he would—he should think it no charity if he could, being long ago assured of the utter shiftlessness of her gentleman husband—to say nothing of his folly and ingratitude in refusing his generous offer of a home, and taking away his only child—the sole comfort of his age. He closed with a perfect tirade upon spendthrifts in general, and her sick, good-for-nothing scholar of a husband in particular, and a triumphant chuckle over his own superior sagacity, in predicting that they would see the time when they would wish themselves back in the old home.

The twilight threw a veil of mist over the uncouth characters, ere Rizpah, with streaming eyes, finished the last page. Her sobs reached the ear of the feeble, emaciated man, sitting in a chair near the fire.

"Rizpah, my darling, come to me—what ails my love?" and with tender clasp he pillowed her weary head upon his true heart, and with soothing words and gentle persuasions, won from her the story of her disappointment, though she studiously concealed from him the real necessity of her appeal for help. Had the generous people, among whom they had so effectually labored, but dreamed of their destitution, their hearts and homes would have opened spontaneously for their relief, but the fine feelings of Rizpah's soul revolted from supplicating aid, save in one quarter, and in this she had been denied—not kindly—she could have borne that—but cruelly—heaping insult and contumely upon a suffering spirit. She wept on in silence.

The voice of Harold was low and tremulous, as he said:—

"Rizpah, you will forgive me for bringing you away from your friends, to work so hard and suffer so much in this far off land for my sake. Oh, God in mercy grant me health to labor for the beloved ones thou hast given me!"

A face, veiled with tears, but shining with the beauty of woman's undying love, was lifted to that saddened, manly brow, clinging arms fondly encircled that shattered frame, and tones of earnest, true cadence thrilled the listener's soul, conveying the blessed assurance that poverty had not a value so deep—earth a spot so drear, that would not be chosen with him at her side, in preference to the throne of an Empress, with the world at her feet—unblest by his own glorious smile.

CHAPTER IV.

"Your wealth, amassed by fraud, retained by guile,
Shall burn within you, and around you roll
With flaming billows of avenging fire,
While the eternal soul
Of Christ shall summon all the hungry poor
Whom ye have driven with curses from your door,
And ye yourselves expire."

"Gold, gold, I say for every moment you prolong this cursed life! Doctor, for God Almighty's sake, don't let me sink till she comes!"

The face of the dying miser wore the first appealing look that had softened its hard lines for long years, as he gazed upon the kind physician standing near, and shook the bag of gold, that was convulsively grasped in either hand.

"Be calm, sir; your only hope of another hour of life lies in submission and perfect quiet. Take these drops, and try to sleep; I shall be within call," and he turned to leave the room.

"Doctor, you shall not leave me! Sit down! Don't talk to me of sleep! I have not slept for a week—nor shall I again until I sleep the sleep of death! Watch with me, and when you see the destroyer at hand, tell me. I have much to do."

"I would suggest, then, sir, that you perform your duties while your mind is clear, and your hand free from the chills of the tomb."

"Oh, God, have mercy! I can do nothing till my child is here. Curses, curses, on this cursed gold, for which I have toiled, lived, and prayed—for which, like Esau, I have sold my birthright! I have ground the poor—hunted to the death my poor wife—left my child to starve and beg in a distant land, and now the hand of the mighty Avenger is upon me! Oh, stay, till I hear the words of pardon from the lips of one of the many I have wronged! Stay, till I tell how to make some small restitution for the outrages perpetrated by her abhorred miser father!"

Adam Griswold had been dangerously sick one week, lying a part of the time in a trance-like stupor, in which he was conscious of everything passing about him, without the power to move a finger. He had lain there in his own room and bed, as if in a dream, the covetous, grasping man—so like himself—take the watchful guard from a secret pocket, unlock the iron chest and count the glittering coin, while a glance of fiendish joy illumined his sordid face, as he gazed upon the motionless form of the dying man. The miser could not forget that look, nor a vision that, forever haunted him—a Western prairie—a lone cot—a weeping woman—a sick husband and starving children.

With the first power that woke his sleeping members, he commanded the papers that secured his

property to the avaricious man, to be burnt, and his daughter sent for, to receive her rightful inheritance from the hands of her wretched parent, and grant him forgiveness for the many wrongs he had made her suffer.

Rizpah Dallas came in time, and the last trust was given—the last farewell spoken, and the dying head supported upon a true woman's breast—the parting spirit soothed by woman's holiest prayer!

One glimpse upon our heroine in her early home a few years after her father's death. The old weather-beaten house, with its low roof, barricaded windows and doors, alone remains unchanged. At the request of the dying miser, it is filled yearly with a rich harvest of yellow grain, and the destitute of the little hamlet are bidden to come and fill their bags with the golden store, "without money and without price."

Towards the right, and several rods from the sandy road, an elegant Gothic cottage rears its stately front. About its beautifully cultivated grounds, fair children pursue their happy sports. Nearly every day, at its close, may be seen the tall, handsome form of Harold Dallas, now fully restored to vigor, by the health-giving air of his native mountains, walking with his beloved Rizpah about the scenes endeared to them by their early love. An imposing edifice hangs upon the brow of the neighboring hill, commanding a fine view of the picturesque village, and the stream, that like a belt of silver, winds about its broad, encircling meadows. It is Rizpah's gift to her birth place, and her noble husband spends much of his time within its snowy walls, leading the minds of the young into the magic paths of literature and science.

The miser's gold, hoarded with so jealous a worship, has been brought forth from its hiding places, and scattered abroad with a bountiful hand, showering blessings upon all classes.

Gentle reader, though we declined to listen to the tender confession of the lovers, years ago, in the brown school-house, by your leave, we will now play the eaves-dropper a moment, standing, as we do, here beneath this majestic elm, while the soft South wind brings the sweet voices of the happy married pair to our waiting ears.

"Well, Rizpah, dear, after all our trials and afflictions, we are moored at last in a peaceful haven. Do you ever think how much of our present happiness we owe to the hardships and sufferings through which we have passed?"

"Yes, my love, I think of it often, and cannot recall one pang of anguish which I would have been spared. It was meet that I should endure oppression, hunger, fatigue, and despair, to perfect me for my life-work—the task of lifting from a father's memory the dark shadows of a wasted life and blighted name."

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SLANDER.

BY CAROLINE L. HAYDEN.

There are some petty, low-born worms of earth,
Whose grovelling nature only seeks for food
The scum of ignorance! whose ignoble birth,
Stamps them at once the base of all things good.
They cannot rise above the level where
Their own base natures lead them from the first,
And so they creep and fatten on the air
Of the foul substance by their breath accursed.

Their deadly fangs are hidden 'neath the guise
Of outward seeming: smooth, and sometimes fair;
With which they seek to blind unpractised eyes,
While spreading their deep, hellish poison there,
With noiseless, stealthy step, they crawl along,
Tainting the atmosphere where'er they go;
Engendering mischief; seeking how to wrong,
And gloating more, the heavier the blow.

And when, as vile things sometimes will, they come
Too near, and some high wrought and noble soul
Spurns them from out the precincts of its home,
Heavens! how the rancorous waves of envy roll!
And then comes oozing forth the spiteful wrath,
Cough'd in the form of some low ribald jest,
Which leaves upon the reptile's slimy path
Only the dull green venom of its breath.

Pity that God's green earth should ever be
Polluted with so foul a thing as thou!
That sight, on which the breath of heaven falls free,
Should bear thy stamp, curs'd Slander! on its brow.
I'd rather cope with all the thousand ills,
Which poverty may marshal in its train;
I'd rather drink the cup that woe distills,
Even though each drop were maddening to the brain.

I'd rather wrestle with the hand of fate,
Even though its iron fingers left the brand;
I'd rather battle with the envious hate,
Of Satan's minions with my single hand;
Than come in contact with the meanest thing,
That ever cur'd the earth with thy foul name;
Oh, Slander! Slander! may thy scorpion sting,
Return to pierce the bosom whence it came.

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

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XIV.—Continued.

"This may all be very true, my good Madam, but God in his infinite goodness has power to do all things."

"Granted, sir; and if it be God's work, of what have you to complain? But you presume, without evidence, to say that it is the work of the devil—a very uncharitable assertion, to say the least. You forget the words of Christ, where he says, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'"

"Ah, my good woman, I see plainly that you do not, or will not, understand the true meaning of the Scriptures. Permit me to explain the passage for you," said our clerical friend, evidently preferring to give his own interpretation, rather than the original should be taken literally for just what it meant, a fault too prevalent with the clergy at the present time.

"He that runs may read," returned Mrs. Hayden, "but as I do not feel competent to argue Scripture, perhaps you would have no objection to do me the favor to take a seat at the table, and allow the spirits to be my advocates, as I have no doubt they will be amply able to answer your objections."

"You are very kind, certainly, but you will pardon me if I decline to taste of the forbidden fruit, lest I, also, become defiled."

"I have been most willing, sir, to listen to your charges, and I think it is your duty to hear my defence. You will excuse me for saying that I do not think you have any right to condemn the manifesta-

tions as false, until you have proved them to be such. You have arrogated to yourself the right to pass judgment on that of which you are totally ignorant. We are commanded to 'prove all things, and to hold fast to that which is true.' This injunction I have endeavored to obey, and until you have done likewise, you must pardon me if I decline to discuss the merits of the case further. It is not for one who acknowledges his own ignorance on a subject, to enlighten others."

This proved too much for our friend, and, begging permission to call again with a learned clerical brother, with many apologies for his intrusion, he took his leave. We patiently awaited his return, day after day, but we saw nothing of him for several months, until the occurrence had nearly faded from our minds; but at last he came, bringing with him a venerable companion, and thus frankly addressed Mrs. Hayden: "After mature deliberation and reflection, I have thought it best to return and test the phenomena, if such they may be called, that I might be better qualified to speak against the evil influences of the manifestations."

During the *seance* I was engaged in another apartment, at the close of which the two gentlemen asked to see me, and on being shown into the room where I was, the first mentioned gentleman came up to me in great agitation, exclaiming, "My good sir, I am convinced that there is some truth in these manifestations. I feel that I have in reality been conversing with some of my dear, departed friends, whom I thought were sleeping in the arms of Jesus."

As he spoke the big tears coursed down the cheeks of his aged father, who accompanied him. Dr. Ashburner was acquainted with the parties, and conversant with the above facts.

One morning, while engaged in writing, my attention was attracted by a quick and nervous rapping at the street door. A moment after, the servant showed a gentleman into the room.

"Good morning, sir," said I, passing him a chair. "Good morning," he replied, in a short, quick tone, at the same time looking anxiously round the room, as though expecting to encounter some hideous monster. Apparently satisfied that no personal danger was to be apprehended, he seated himself in the proffered chair, and for a few moments looked at me steadfastly, without speaking, as though he would read the concealed book in which the acts of my life were written. My face was blank as I returned his searching glance in silence. At length his lips parted, and he said, "My name is the Rev. Mr. Montgomery—Robert Montgomery, the poet—at the same time passing me his card, on which was inscribed the above, minus the poet. I bowed. When, as though he thought my acknowledgment was not sufficient of his identity, he repeated, "My name is the Rev. Robert Montgomery. You may not know me, but I am well known in your country, where my works have been republished." I replied that I had heard his name before, and entertained no doubt but that he was the person he represented himself to be. This answer seemed to be only partially satisfactory, judging from his subsequent conversation.

"I have called to talk with you about these *Rappings*," resumed he, rather contemptuously; "I have felt it to be my duty, as a minister of Christ. As I before remarked, you may not know me, nevertheless, I am well known in this country and America, as Robert Montgomery, the poet."

Again I expressed to him my conviction that he was the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet; and, further, that I had heard of him in the "States." He then commenced to catechize us touching the phenomena, and concluded by asking us in the most serious and solemn manner, if we were candid and honest in the matter, and if we could, in the presence of God and his angels, declare our faith in the manifestations, and that, too, after endeavoring to impress on our minds that he was fully convinced the whole thing was a deception. We assured the Reverend gentleman that our faith was like unto the rock of ages, immovable. With this solemn declaration on our part, he seemed satisfied that he had done his whole duty towards saving our souls from everlasting darkness, and the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, took his leave.

At a dinner party one day at Windsor, the subject of the "Rappings" came up for discussion, all present, with one exception, being skeptics. Among the guests was the Rev. —, a clergyman of that place, who, being called upon to express his opinion in regard to the phenomena, as usual in such cases, took a strong stand against the manifestations. Whereupon one gentleman of the company said to him, "Come, Mr. —, you go to Mrs. Hayden's, and investigate the truth of this matter, and upon your evidence we will make up our verdict. What say you?"

"I accept the proposition," said the clergyman, and drawing his watch, he observed that it lacked but fifteen minutes to the starting of the next train, and if they would excuse him, he would at once set out on his mission. An hour later, he was at our house, 22 Queen Anne Street, and finding Mrs. Hayden disengaged, secured a *seance*; at the close of which he informed her of the above circumstances, and also that he was fully satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations he had witnessed, and that he should so report to his friends on his return to Windsor, which he did, and afterwards returned, bringing with him several of the party. And thus it was in nineteen out of every twenty cases, that the honest investigator becomes convinced of the great truth of the spirit manifestations, while the narrow-minded bigot, who has never seen any of the phenomena, or if so, but of the slightest and most imperfect kind, denounces it all as imposition, scoffs, and cries out humbug and devil.

Many of our best friends in England, were clergymen of the Church of England, among whom we may mention the Rev. Sir John Vaughan, Alfred Wm. Hobson, M. A., of St. John's College, Rev. J. E. Smith, and several others.

It may be well to add in this connection, that when we say, that certain persons were believers in the phenomena, we would not have it understood that they endorsed our views, or that they accepted the manifestations as spiritual, but simply that the "Rappings" were independent from trick or fraud of any kind.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

FASHIONABLE CHRISTIANS.—Often, as the motley, reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honored company of Christian mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the "eye of the needle" without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage.—*Coleridge*.

LELIA'S DEPARTURE.

Lonely, lying lowly, Lelia languished;
Thinking, fearful, touching that transition
Anticipated after age's anguish,
Bought solutely, showing sweet submission.

Above appears an angel answering,
Bringing beauteous breezes, blast, benign,
So softly soothing, strangely seeming spring,
Dalliance diffusing discipline divine.

Summer's subtle sunbeam shadowed slowly,
Sublime sublimity splendor sending;
Heaven-hued harebells hung heavily, holy
By hushless broke, beneath beams brightly bending.

Too tender to toll through time's tedious track,
Lelia's lowly, lovely, lingering life-light left;
Believed, reclaimed, resplendently reat
Before bright beings, bedecking buds bereft.

While willfully weeping we will, wakeful, watch,
For floating faintly forward first farewells
May mingle mildly, making music match,
Descending downward day-lit delightful dells.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1857.

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JUDGE EDMONDS AND THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

From a note received from Judge Edmonds, we learn that he contemplates giving a lecture in this city, the latter part of the present month, the subject being "The Cambridge Investigation." The day is not yet fixed, but due notice will be given in a future number.

TO THE BOSTON COURIER.

In an article published in the above paper on the 31st ult., we fell upon the paragraph which we herewith present:—

"In another article in the same number of the *Spiritualist*, the editor quotes what we said of its general character, as contrasted with the infantries practiced by the *Banner of Light*. We alluded particularly to the atrocious forgery in the name of young Bird, perpetrated by the woman who writes pretended letters from spirits for that paper. We infer, from the tone of Mr. Newton's article, that he condemns that forgery. He does not say so; he never has said so. Had he, as an honest believer in Spiritualism should have done, laid his strong hand upon the unprincipled charlatans of both sexes who are carrying on that detestable game in the *Banner of Light*, he would have done more to commend his views of Spiritualism to the respect of decent and honest people, than by all his ineffectual shifts to evade the force of demonstrated facts."

Without stopping to condemn, or even to notice—since it is not worthy of it—the palpable desire of the writer of the above to excite, by indirect means, a feeling of jealousy between parties who have no cause for any such feeling, we turn our attention to the only point that is calculated to be of interest to the readers either of the *Courier* or the *Banner of Light*; and that is, the charge, again and again repeated in the columns of the *Courier*, that the messages purporting to come from the Spirit World, and which we publish weekly in our *Messenger Department*, are the fabrications of the medium through whose organization they reach us.

In another part of the same article from which we have quoted as above, speaking of the exhibitions of Mansfield's medium powers, the writer says:—

"We have no other motive in these discussions, but to ascertain the truth, and to expose error. We wish to have it shown, beyond a doubt, that these things can be done. There is nothing unreasonable in this."

They further state they will labor day and night to ascertain the truth in this matter.

That, then, being the case, inasmuch too as we disavow for ourselves any other desire or disposition than simply to establish the truth, we make the following proposal to the *Courier*: that Professors Felton and Horsford, of Harvard College, shall attend our regular circles for the procuring of matter for the *Messenger Department* of this paper, three times a week for thirty days in all, or every day during that time, if so desired by them.

We should prefer to have them present at every sitting, as we desire to give them an opportunity of becoming perfectly acquainted with our mode of procedure, which they can only be in the time we propose.

They now deny that these messages are produced except by forgery and fraud. If they honestly think so, they are ignorant of one of the highest forms of medium powers, and of certain startling mental phenomena, the production of which is now ascribed to disembodied spirits. We can prove, to their entire satisfaction, that their present opinion is totally erroneous. We do not expect, in that short time, to prove to them that the producing power is what we know it to be; but we think we can afford them an opportunity to exercise their trained minds on the most difficult science which has ever taxed the mental powers of man.

We will not expect them, in this short time, to show us what is the origin or cause of the manifestations which may be presented, for we know that is not quite possible.

We impose no conditions except these:—That they shall preserve the same decorum, and show the same respect for the exercises, they would expect us to preserve and show at any place, the sacred character of which they may think raises it above exhibitions of levity, disorder, or disrespect.

They shall not exert, consciously, any will power, either as mesmerists or psychologists, but endeavor to preserve a truly passive state of mind—our object not being to show that embodied spirits can defeat or influence these manifestations. That point we concede to a certain extent.

They shall not call for any peculiar kind of manifestation, but shall receive such as the controlling spirit pleases to permit.

They shall be punctual in attendance, and no person shall disturb the manifestations by leaving the room before the controlling spirit shall signify

that the manifestations are closed for the day, though we do not wish them to sit in what is styled the circle.

This is fair and candid, if we may be allowed to judge. Despite the *Courier's* steady abuse of us, and the innocent and highly worthy medium through whom these messages from the spirit world reach us, we nevertheless entertain no feeling of hostility except to its bigotry, dogmatism, and self-opinionated spirit. And when we meet with such a candid and manly confession in its usually fierce and vituperative columns as we have just quoted, we are ready, as we ever have been, to greet it with proposals that, if accepted in the spirit in which they are made, cannot fail to result in an enlightened and thorough understanding of the whole matter. The above, therefore, is our proposal. We do not throw out anything that looks like a challenge. We approach this matter in a very different temper. Like the *Courier*, we profess to be patient investigators. Will the *Courier*, then, accept our friendly proposal?

One word further: the *Courier* has been laboring under a mistake from the beginning, in supposing that Mrs. Conant is what it has been in the habit of denominating her—a "writer for the *Banner of Light*." She has never written more than a column, or a fraction of a column, for her Department, in her life. These messages come through her *orally*; she is totally unconscious of what she is doing, or saying, or even where she is, during the time she is uttering them; we transcribe them ourselves—they are published in the form in which they are first received, and we sincerely believe that they are as new and strange to her when she reads them in the *Banner*, as to the public. It cannot be, either, that these messages are the result of a superior will, operating upon her organism mesmerically; for we are not conscious of possessing, and are therefore not capable of exerting, any such power. On the contrary, we never call for any manifestation, or the presence of any spirit, nor exercise any will power, lest the manifestations should seem to originate in our mind, or be influenced by it. The evidences are to our mind sufficient, and overwhelming even, that these communications are in reality from the spirits of the individuals who offer them; but if the *Courier* can satisfy us that they are not, and will also satisfy us whence they do come, we shall be as ready to confess ourselves deceived, as the writer professes to be in the case of Mr. Mansfield.

We leave the matter here. Will the *Courier* take up with our proposal, which, we repeat, is made only with the most serious and sincere intentions?

THE FRUITS.

But we notice this article only to offer a remark or two upon the obvious spirit of Spiritualism. Christ has laid down a general rule by which we are to test the merit of all professed religious teachers. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Not by their blossoms, their promises, not by their insinuations and industry, but by their fruits. Now "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." But the opposite kind of fruit is that which has been chiefly brought forth by Spiritualism,—"adultery, witchcraft, heresies, revellings, and such like, of the which," says the apostle, "I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—*Zion's Herald*.

We are content, nay, we are desirous most of all, to abide by this heavenly law—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Now if the writer in *Zion's Herald* is in his own charitable judgment justified in making up the opinion to which he has thus given publicity, we confess that we shall be glad to understand upon what particular ground he places that justification.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," is quite as expressive a text for us to quote against him, as any that he will not be likely to greet with much favor. Spiritualists put forth no pretension to perfection, or to any standard that approaches it; and that is one conclusive reason, while at the same time they are striving and aspiring, that their aspirations are sincere. They live not on professions; they feel too sensibly their close and intimate relation to God and the angel world, to cultivate any other than a spirit of distrust, self-accusation and humiliation; they waste no time, temper or charity in promulgating harsh and inconclusive judgments upon others; they strive continually for charity, for faith, and for purity.

"The fruit of the spirit," so says the Bible, "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Whether Spiritualists succeed in producing such fruits, it is no part of our duty to say; but that true Spiritualists uncharitably accuse others of not producing them, instead of zealously and lovingly laboring with them to produce so desirable an end, we do not believe. Indeed, we can say with entire confidence and satisfaction, that Spiritualism aims to bring forth such fruit; whether it does or not, the hearts of believers must answer in secret to themselves, and not their lips to distant outside self-appointed judges and censors. But far be the day, when it shall become a part of their religion to sit in judgment on others, whether they be Jew or Gentile, bond or free. The mission of Spiritualism is to exalt by bringing men into closer relations with God and each other—by giving them a clearer insight into their own natures—and by teaching them of the illimitable future—that which they did not so truly know before. It is to do away with all creeds and organizations, assuming to be religious, that betray their entire lack of real religion by such uncharitable and unjust judgments as we have placed at the head of this article.

That there may be, and probably are, unworthy men who employ a spiritual profession to advance unworthy ends, we are not ready to deny. But these men we would pity, not condemn. We would show them how much more flagrantly they cheat themselves than the world who does not credit their sincerity. But this is no fatality. We are in no sense responsible for the many imperfections of human nature. We must take mankind as we find them. It is not to be expected that Spiritualism should be any more exempt from unworthy men's connection with it, than the churches have been that are so fierce in their judgments against it. It seems, in truth, to be an unhappiness attendant on every organization that is human, and will continue to be until the world has become *Spiritualized* indeed. How far such judgments as those of the *Herald* lead to towards making men productive in the way of *Christian fruits*, we seriously consider a point to which we should in this place prefer, for their sakes, not to make an answer.

The exports of apples from New York, last week, amounted to \$116,455.

EVERETT ON AGRICULTURE.

It seems now as if the right man was in the right place. Mr. Everett was never made for a politician; though it is a thousand pities we haven't got more men of his culture in our politics. As President of Harvard College—the sleepy place—as Governor of the State of Massachusetts, as Representative in Congress, as Senator of the United States, as Secretary of State, or as Minister to Great Britain, he has done excellently well, better than one in ten thousand could have ever hoped to do—and still he has left no particular mark on the mind of the country, except by his matchless draft of the much-talked-about and deservedly famous Tripartite treaty, that can be said to keep his name in general remembrance.

In performing the work to which he has now devoted himself, however, he is doing service in the field where his splendid abilities and unsurpassed variety of learning will have an opportunity to make their proper impression. We venture to affirm that the labor which he has so religiously performed on behalf of the character and memory of Washington, has done more, especially in these times of unsettled and uneasy feeling, to rivet that name and memory in the hearts of the nation, than anything since the Revolution itself. He has appealed in eloquent allusions to the patriotism of the people of the country. He has nobly set forth the perils, the sacrifices, the anxieties, and the labors of the man whose name alone will shed renown on our national existence as long as the world lasts. Little jealousies slunk out of sight abashed, before the bright light which, by the magic wand of his descriptive eloquence, he caused to stream forth from every point of Washington's character.

Holding on this course thus accidentally marked out or suggested, as it were, Mr. Everett has, since the original delivery of his address on Washington, extended his efforts in other directions, and into other and worthy fields of labor. First came that great oration at Albany on Astronomy. You would suppose, of course, seeing the familiarity he displayed with his remarkably obscure and scientific topic, that his address would have been only general in its character, dealing principally in familiar truisms to which all could readily assent; although his style of treatment would be expected to redeem the rest many times over. But what was the general surprise, to find that he was complete master of the science! He handled it with all the skill, tact, and taste of a veteran astronomer, who sits perched through the long winter nights in his eyrie above the roofs, studying the stars. His discourse was able and attractive to the last degree. He rescued the study of Astronomy from the dryness of its former mummy life in popular esteem, and inflamed the popular imagination with a contemplation of its surpassing glory and satisfaction.

Next followed his address on Liberal Learning, or a defence of the study of the classics in acquiring a liberal education. Scholars devoutly thanked him for this noble effort on behalf of their craft, their studies, and their delight, and men resolved over again to keep their boys down to Latin and Greek, for all the sneers and protests, and arguments of those who could see neither sense nor use in these things.

His speech on Agriculture, at the recent New York State Fair at Buffalo, is worthy of the time, the place, and the associations. The fading foliage of Autumn, flaming over the forests in characters of gold and purple, and crimson—the gigantic waterfall not far off—the populous city, so recently an unbroken American wilderness—these, and others, combined to call forth the highest powers of Mr. Everett as an orator, to which he responded in a style that, critically considered, is entirely different from anything of which his admirers thought him capable. This Agricultural Address of Mr. Everett ought to be read by every American citizen. It should be in every house, and in every hand. It is a masterly and eloquent plea for the great interest that forms the substratum of all society. To our mind, it is better than all, except perhaps that of Washington. If Edward Everett had done nothing more than what is shown in the limits of these four orations, he would have accomplished enough; for it is by these efforts chiefly that his name will be hereafter remembered.

BAKERS' LOAVES.

When everybody is talking of retrenching, there is one class who are called upon quite urgently to "expand." It is the bakers—not to mention the banks in the same category. While flour is going down, nothing has been done by these honest and worthy mechanics in dough to add to the size of their loaves, or in any way to take cognizance of the healthful change. What in the world is the reason of it? Are not the bakers amenable to the fixed laws of proportion? Do they not recognize the relation that lies between demand and supply, like all other worthy mechanics and artists? Do they fancy themselves an altogether privileged class of mortals, whose whole duty it is to make loaves of bread of just such a size, and sell them for just so much, let alone what flour is bringing at this time and that, and let alone all other considerations of trade besides?

It is not right that they should go on just as they do, without doing their share towards relieving the general distress. If they want the same price for their bread when flour is low as when it is high, then let them make it up in bigger loaves. That is all. We see that there is one baker in the country—he lives in New York—who advises that hereafter he will make his loaves of a size to agree with the diminished price of flour. This is right and just. How many bakers are going to follow his example? Or are they determined to drive housekeepers to making their own bread again, and out off their own noses by the means?

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Under the statute of 1857, it was supposed that imprisonment for debt was abolished in Massachusetts. But Messrs. Shackford & Co., flour merchants of Boston, who had a debt against Mr. Edward J. Faulkner, also of this city, in order perhaps to test the validity of the statute, made oath before the proper authority that they had good reason to believe their debtor was about to leave the State, and procured a Superior Court writ for his arrest accordingly. Mr. Faulkner gave notice of his wish to take the poor debtor's oath, but the Master of Chancery refused to administer it, after examining into the matter.

Subsequently Mr. Faulkner, taking the advice of counsel, notified his creditors that he intended to take the oath prescribed in Sec. 20 of Chap. 141, of Act of 1857, "that he did not intend to leave the State." He had a hearing before Judge Brewster, who administered the oath and ordered the debtor's discharge.

charge. But the jailer refused to give him a discharge, alleging that Sec. 27 of the same Chapter provided specifically that the second oath could not be administered, nor the defendant give notice to avail himself of it, until after the passage of seven days from the first application; and so detained him in jail. A *habeas corpus*, however, was subsequently procured by the defendant's counsel, and he was brought before Judge Metcalf, who, after consulting with the Chief Justice, ordered his discharge.

That is the way the Debtor's Law stands in Massachusetts to-day.

INDIA NEWS.

The news by the Persia steamship would seem to indicate that the English arms are making steady headway in India against the rebellion, and would much sooner than was at first anticipated, recover their disputed authority over the country. The great focus and centre of interest just at present, attaches to Delhi. That ancient and strong city, provided with the best fortifications of any city in India, is represented to be still holding out in the face of the besiegers, although overtures had been made by the leaders within for an honorable retreat on the part of some of the garrison; which, of course, was peremptorily refused.

There is no doubt, on studying the map of India, and the relative position of parties in that widely extended country, that if the intelligence already received is in all its parts reliable, the next mail will establish the fact, that this bloody rebellion has been brought to a sudden termination. Just one hundred years ago the English conquered their first successes there. It is an event worth notice, that they should celebrate their centennial possession of the country, by having to conquer it all over again. But the worst is to come after they have put an end to the rebellion. They will then have to newly organize their entire system of government. They must hold that country by a new tenure, and establish altogether different relations with the natives, if they would hope to make their mastership either permanent or profitable.

HOLDING OUT.

Why not hold out? If you have begun a reform, and feel a confidence in its ultimate happy results, then why falter and stop before some of those results begin to show themselves in tangible shape? If you have vowed a friendship, why then yield to the whispers of malice and envy until you have proved your friend to be unworthy of the generous gifts you offered him? If you have set out on a new enterprise, why hesitate because others, who have not weighed and measured the matter as you should have done, drop hints of their fears that you will not succeed, that it will cost you more than it will come to?

Persistence in a given plan or purpose is a true characteristic of a true man. The only difference between a man of mark, and a man who makes no mark, is that one perseveres, holds out to the end, is determined to go through with the thing—and the other plays but a dilly-dally part, makes no effort to give shape and direction to the circumstances offered him, or suffers himself to be led wheresoever chance chooses to conduct him.

If a person persists, there is sure to be something to him. It shows resources, gifts, parts, strength. A strong man never whines over untoward events; he goes to work the more earnestly to repair them. For him there is no such word as fail. He takes counsel of disaster, and knows how to meet danger. With doubts he is not troubled, for those he has taught himself to conquer. He is a rallying point for those around him, and a tower of strength to those who know how to trust in him.

DEATH OF CRAWFORD.

Mr. Thomas Crawford, the eminent American sculptor, died in London on the 10th ult., at the age of forty-three. His disease was a cancerous affection near the ball of the eye. From this trouble he had suffered inexpressible anguish for months, and at one time there was a hope on the part of his thousands of friends on both sides of the water that, with the skillful treatment of which he had availed himself, he might be so fortunate as to effect a cure entirely. But not so was the will of Providence. The ordering from heaven had been different.

Mr. Crawford, as a sculptor, stood at the head of his profession. He was an artist of whom Americans were at all times proud. The works that came from him were of the most admirable character, and in quantity vast to think of. At his early period of life, the maturity of manhood just beginning to make itself felt upon his efforts in art with added freshness and power, he was full of hopes and energy for the future, and believed that as yet he had but begun his great career. So, too, hoped his many admirers. But the legacy he left behind him is not that of beautiful marbles alone; it is to be recounted in the list of those noble and generous traits, of all those sweet and gentle qualities, that outlast statues and busts, and outlive the very heavens themselves. Art has lost not a truer disciple than goodness a devoted son, in the death of this noble man and friend.

ABOUT DREAMS.

There often appear in the religious and secular papers, long and serious narratives of wonderful dreams that certain parties have had. They go on and tell the exact attitude in which a friend appeared to them by night, what he said, and how deep and lasting an impression he made upon them. Every minute circumstance is dwelt upon with fond pleasure. Every syllable that was uttered is repeated with careful recollection. The figure, and face, and dress, and gestures of the apparition are described, one by one, with a fondness that too truly attests the depth and strength of the common belief in the reality of these visitations. And taking such circumstances for texts, the papers, religious and otherwise, go off pleasantly on a contemplation of the delightful theme, inviting all the self-satisfying suggestions from its contemplation that it may kindly have to offer.

Now the theory of spirit communion, to which all believers in modern Spiritualism have committed themselves, not only admits the truth and significance of all such phenomena, but offers a thousand more, all still more wonderful, and better calculated to satisfy the cravings of the human soul. There are more strange things for the mind of an honest investigator, and a thousand times more satisfactory, than the realms of dream-land ever exposed to the gaze of mortal sleepers. These are vague, shadowy, unfulfilled of aught but vain desires and melancholy yearnings; these satisfy you with their ready proofs, ocular, tangible, and altogether direct. These are mere dreams; these are blessed and long-hoped-for realities. If all who attach any importance to dreams, will investigate with patience and in hope, humbly

and prayerfully, the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, they will not only find a much more rich and plentiful reward awaiting them, but also be able to recognize the presence of that subtle, yet close relation that subsists between the phenomena belonging to spirit communion and to those dry-seeming fantasies that we commonly consent to call dreams.

AMERICA ON THE TURF.

We have baten England on the waters—all that remained was to show our supremacy on the turf. That little matter has at length been accomplished. Mr. Ten Broeck, who took over Prior, Prioresse, Le-compte, and other horses, has achieved this magnificent undertaking for this country, thus beating the English turf-men on their own soil.

When Mr. Ten Broeck's horse, first ran, in competition for the Goodwood cup, they were considered not to have reflected much credit on the undertaking in which he embarked. Many people thought him presumptuous, to think of going over to England, and in the very face and eyes of the fastest men—the face of the earth in these matters, offering to bring away their silver; and the conviction respecting his hardihood became especially well settled, when the result of the race was made known. And the American colors with which he dressed his jockeys only went to make the impression more permanent and general.

But we begin to suspect there may have been some shrewd "jockeyism" in that race. If Mr. Ten Broeck could only get his horses run down to such a point that very large odds would be offered him in bets, he would then let out his animals at the top of their bent, and rake down his piles as he has done by Prioresse, to the extent of half a million. This is the way some of them talk about the matter, and thus they explain Prioresse having lost the race previous. At all events, we are heartily glad to know that we have as good horse-power here in America as they have in England.

ANOTHER MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

Hardly has the ink become dry on our paper, after chronicling the murder in High street by stabbing, and the murder of the policeman in East Boston by shooting, when we are called on to record still another attempt, which for cold-blooded atrocity, is more than a parallel for either. Chelsea is reputed to be a quiet place; and such assaults as the present are not naturally looked for in that locality, especially at the hour of fore-day.

On Thursday forenoon, the 29th ult., certain persons entered the jewelry store of Mr. Edward Skerry, on Winifram street, in Chelsea, and, first knocking down and rendering senseless a young lad named Charles Sunderland who was in charge of the store, carried off \$700 worth of jewelry and watches as booty. A lady had just left the store, and not more than five minutes afterwards Mr. Skerry himself entered it.

Since that hour no trace whatever has been found of the villains, though the police of Chelsea and of Boston are vigilantly engaged in ferreting out the monsters. It was supposed that the lad was fatally injured, as he lay senseless for a long time, and a half-dozen wounds were found about his head, probably inflicted by a slung-shot; but fortunately his skull was not fractured, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The City Government of Chelsea have offered a reward of \$1000 for the detection of the offenders. So bold an outrage has not been perpetrated in this vicinity in a long time.

THE STEAM CARRIAGE.

Contrary to our expectations entirely, there is a new thing under the sun; and that is a new steam carriage. They have had it in operation in Broadway, New York, for several weeks, attracting the attention of all the passers, but not offering to frighten the horses. It is the invention of Mr. Dudgeon, who has put the present carriage together merely to show that such a vehicle is practicable in the public streets for ordinary uses. The following description we subjoin from a New York paper:—

The boiler is but about eight feet long, and hangs so low between the wheels that the after axle or driving shaft comes nearly in front of the fire-box door. The fuel used is charcoal, which accounts for the absence of smoke. In place of the ordinary locomotive smoke-pipe, there is, beneath the forward end of the boiler—just under where the smoke-pipe is usually placed—an aperture for the escape of the waste steam and fire gas. The steam cylinders are attached to the outside of the forward end of the boiler, and work the cranks on the after shaft inside of the wheels, instead of outside, as on ordinary locomotives.

The steering process, generally looked upon as a difficult matter, is accomplished with great ease and certainty, the movements of the machine being controlled quite as readily as are those of a well-trained horse. The forward wheels move like those of an ordinary wagon or carriage. A stout iron rod, armed at one end with a screw, which passes through a nut fixed to the forward axle, and at the other end—which reaches to the operator's seat over the after axle—with a crank, is the sum total of the steering apparatus. Turning the crank in one direction, guides the carriage to the right, while turning it the other way, guides to the left.

Mr. Dudgeon's improvement over other steam carriages consists in increasing the stroke of the piston, and diminishing the size of the driving wheels. This stroke he has made eighteen inches, with four feet wheels, and finding himself on the right road, he proposes to reduce the wheels still more—to three feet six inches.

The cost of running this wonderful carriage, is estimated to be about six cents an hour. This, now, sounds a great deal more sensible than ballooning, and will be likely to secure more passengers when it gets once fairly started on the road.

BARTH—THE FARMER'S BANK.

How truly may we say—the farmer is the happiest of men; his store of wealth is in his fields of yellow grain, and each slender straw is full of gold, which, when gathered to his household, is ever valuable. Amid the sunny smiles and transient tears of spring and summer, he invests his little store in the bosom of old earth, and aids her in her labors by that toil which develops him in health and happiness. And he fears no tricky cashier, no unsafe institution; his brain is not racked by the changes in some blind speculation, and when he listens to the last soft sigh of summer, he knows that she has labored nobly for him, and now goes, that autumn may stop upon the field. And Autumn comes and smilingly yields to him his just claims, and he returns home and lights by his bright fire-side through the cold winter, and laughs at those who will not learn by years of hard experience that that investment which yields to benefit one's self by the ruination of the neighbor and brother, is as unsafe and unwise as it is unworthy and unchristianlike.

ABSTRACT OF LECTURES DELIVERED THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF THOMAS G. FORSTER, AT THE MELODEON, SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, NOV. 1, 1857.

The controlling spirit chose for his text the 12th verse, 5th chapter, 2d Kings—"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." Spiritualism seeks to review the Bible in a light of reason. Whatever is found therein which comports with the inculcations of nature, whatever meets the eye at which reason will not revolt, men may properly accept. To the literalist the Bible may become a dangerous book; but modern Spiritualism would seek to establish a definition for its texts, to find the spirit of its teachings, which, disrobed of the dark habits thrown about them by bigoted and selfish men, would indeed become the great lights for which they were intended by Christ and his apostles. Spiritualism repudiates the divine right of any chosen class—and would show how vain the pretensions of David to the possession of a divine right as king. In his various successes he was an avaricious, cruel sovereign; annexing foreign nations to his own because they were weak.

Review his action as conqueror, and how many of you would congregate under his red flag of power? Might is not right, though every high place in the land may echo back the universal cry! No man true to himself can enslave another, no matter what his color may be. Men are too unwilling to accept of a truth in the garb of simplicity; unwilling to accept of a benefit, if it comes from the hand of poverty and ignorance. And yet Christ, whose birth was heralded by the illumination of a star, and whose death was caroled by the thunders of creation, chose not those in authority for his aids, nor the church, by the nation, as disseminators of his truths, but a limited number of poor illiterate fishermen. Though argued with the doctors in the temple at twelve years of age, though his tongue was touched with the electrical fires of God's eternal truth, what right had a child of twelve to speak so philosophically, so logically and truthfully? A new star has shot its ray above the horizon of mind, and its light is penetrating many hearts in your midst, yet none but the simple and unphilosophical feel its warmth! Is it because those who so themselves high are not willing to bathe in its waters, and can find the old rivers of Judea flowing still, the Abana and Pharpar? Would that the star of the new dispensation might shine into every heart and teach it that God's grandest manifestations are the simplest! The Spiritualist, once converted, should not hold back for fear the cause will not prosper in popularity.

That influence which causes man to fear to announce his convictions because of denunciations from high places, is a bad one, not only to the cause, but to those who are outside of its belief.

The meeting was well attended and the audience manifested unusual interest by over an hour's close attention.

In the evening the spirit touched upon the philosophy of spirit control, and the causes of existing evils and their cure. If you have brought any prejudice with you, my friends, lay it aside for an hour; if educational belief, lay that aside also, and listen to what I shall advance as comports with my own reason, and if it does not comport with yours, do not accept it. Intemperance stalks abroad devastating your land, and desolating your homes, walking in the sacredness of your churches and staining the ermine robes of your clerical teachers. Where is your ancestral intellect, where are the staid moral minds which crowded your city? Long since have their bodies been laid in the grave, and their spirits are unfolding in the better land, and earth seems to be fast losing sight of the beneficent operations of their powers, and grievously lacks their similar.

Almost all your systems of education have been wrong. We would not wish to close the door of your colleges or shut your common schools; but we would see the child taught, not to believe himself or herself, a being totally depraved, without one good principle in its composition, but rather a being having within a divine semblance, which calls upon the soul to lights to guide each act or word, in order that that divinity may not be clouded by actions materially and spiritually wrong.

Many a young man has gone forth from your city inoculated with the idea of non-reliance on self, the impression stamped upon his pliant mind in early days, that he could do nothing good, relying on the remote possibility of a saviour sometime, he listens, tremblingly at first, to the siren song of pleasure, but grown bolder, with no self-reliance; believing in no inward divinity, he sinks beneath the coming tide of vice; gone forth a bud of promise at morn—returned at eve a blasted flower. The world was formed from Chaos, and rounded as it rolled forward, by that same principle which rounds a falling tear on beauty's cheek, and over the whole earth is resting, the grandeur of nature's great soul—call it God, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord—guiding and directing all condition of materiality and spirituality. And man is the first condition in which God has individualized a divinity. The dog has an immortal principle governing his action, and his manifested instinct is but his striving as best he can through his possessed conditions, to individualize and identify himself; but man is the ultimate, his spirit positive to all that has gone before it. Mineral—vegetable—animal, ultimate positive—spiritual. In the wide range of human action there is nothing so beautifully suggestive of an inseparable union as love; men are better under its influence, and all are happier under its reign. There is no man, however depraved, but hath some chord which may be touched by the recollection of early love. On the affectional principle all mankind mingle together. So it is with spirit, and in after life, its affections becoming enlarged, it is thus drawn to those loved ones left behind. And the freed spirit being the ultimate—the positive—is it far from correct to suppose that this positive heavenly spirit can control the negative earthly one? Thus an evil as well as a good spirit may control, and it is your own fault if, by non-reliance on yourselves, you are led into excesses which invite a class of spirits who can harmonize with you in those excesses. You will be sought by those congenial with you, and therefore if you lead lives of wantonness you invite good influence, and vice versa.

Spiritualism is the result of the development of mind, and as it has been often asserted, it does not ignore responsibility. It inculcates that man will be held answerable for every word, act, and thought; but such a conclusion does not originate the necessity for an abode of punishment for the wicked.

with no principle of progress—an Orthodox Hell. Man cannot be persecuted into reform; he must, on the God-plan, be loved into it. Seek the reform of your neighbor; but don't do it at your own spiritual expense; let every man toll for his own redemption—give him all he asks of charity's good, and throw its veil over his misfortunes—for all have blots upon their nature's page, and God, in giving an entire, identifiable spirit to each human being, has proclaimed that each must become his own reformer.

The evening attendance was much larger, and the discourse considered by many by far the ablest of its nature, delivered through Mr. F.'s organism. Next Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7, Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch will lecture.

Correspondence.

HARVARD SKEPTICISM, WITH RELATION TO MODERN SPIRITUALISM, ILLUSTRATED BY A BRIEF AND PLAIN HOMILY ON SOME OF THE LEADING CHARACTERS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

President Walker thinks he sees nothing in the wonders of modern phenomena, but what he could do himself. So far as his experience and observation go, it is all a gross deception. But whatever mystery there is about it, in his honest estimation, the whole use of it is not worth a rush. This is pardonable, for it is his best judgment.

Doctor Wyman very kindly would scruple down all the powers and manifestations of the spirit world to the nicest point, to be weighed and tested in the most delicate material balance. Or, again, he would subject them to the crucible test of his chemical laboratory, and then dissect and analyze them, in order to exact critical demonstration to the most careful eye, touch and taste. Neither is this the unpardonable sin, seeing the Doctor has not yet tasted these "powers of the world to come."

Professor Agassiz loves most fondly to nestle and luxuriate within his own self-adjusted, scientific, and hard-hardened structure of the oyster shell. His classifications in the animal kingdom are all nice and scholar-like, as being in his own sphere of scientific life.

With his order of mind, of course, he does not feel any peculiar attractions from the higher degrees of spiritual and celestial nature.

Consciousness and evidences of the revelations of Spiritualism, are by no means easily superinduced upon his intellectual basis of mind. He hence has a very logical and decided excuse for not devoting much time and examination to the present order of spiritual developments. Thus, his skepticism is unblameable, until evidences against it are overwhelming. Let him, also, be excused.

Professor Pierce professes already to understand the whole mystery of modern Spiritualism. He knows just how the whole trick is done. If the spirits will but explain the design and philosophy of a small wooden piece of ingenuity, which he has at his own room, he will at once accept the spiritual theory. Without some test of this description, Spiritualism, to him, is a dead letter. Hence, in good humor, though with profound respect toward the material nature of Deity, you might hear him say, Come, let us drop Spiritualism, and talk about something else; have you seen the late comet? Very well, we will say to this. The pure mathematics, and the lofty region of astronomy, are pretty well up to the spirit spheres. His position, if he does not fall from it, is certainly more tolerable than even that of Sodom and Gomorrah, in this present judgment, for it is on a higher plain (plane).

Prof. Horsford is in just the ready condition to demonstrate to you the positive fact that Modern Spiritualism is wholly a contrived and money making game and trade, to decoy and rob the idle and the unwary. He views it also as contaminating and unsafe to the young and pure.

The Professor seems to need the lesson of Peter's vision, "What God has cleansed call not thou unclean." Though the circles for spiritual manifestations are, in a broad sense, becoming common, they are not unclean, but instructive and consoling to the pure in heart. And "they shall see God."

The Professor has a curious contrivance, as if to match the supposed legerdemain of Spiritualism; and still another snare he has to catch the spirit intruder. It is all in good humor, and quite scientific. But let our good friend be assured, it is presumption to vie in contrivance with the divine art of the higher intelligences, or essay to entrap the spirit-hand, though he may catch and retain the hand writing, even, *MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN*; and he will have the privilege of being his own interpreter. Then may he forgive as he is already forgiven.

Prof. Felton is very classical and literary in his false logic, and he is altogether too positive for the negative quantity and polarity. Because he himself has not been favored with positive manifestations of spirit-presence and power, is no good reason for denying the claim to others who do know what they affirm and whereof they speak. Exceptionable impostures cannot sustain the Prof.'s sweeping assertions, epithets, and anathemas. The wisdom of the Greeks is still foolishness with God. The wisdom of God is not compounded of ratiocinations and sophistries. The sublime ministrations of spirit-power, as part of the mediatorial kingdom, are still to many but a stumbling-block. Yet God is all in all. Let our friend, and others of the same class, be assured, the history of our own day, its God-given inspirations and revelations, are, to say the least, more than quite as important as the history of ancient mythologies and revolutions. Then, be not too classically popular, nor more adroit and fashionable than just. The inspirations of to-day present to you a new and better educator, which will tend to lead us all to the realization of a higher and more Heavenly Union, even on earth.

Prof. Huntington sees nothing but evil and mischief in the work of modern Spiritualism. To him it is a matter to be avoided. But we would say, if the spirits be evil, it is more like Jesus, the model minister, to give attention to them, and cast them out. Yet above all this there is a better phase of Spiritualism. Therein, by giving honest and proper heed, is a word to both priest and pupil, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me." And, "He that hath an ear to hear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches." The disposition, toward the New Dispensation, now is too prevalent, "When I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." Our object here is not to blame; organisms and circumstances occasion the existing states and conditions. There is a mighty vacuum in the midst of the University. It must draw largely upon higher resources, even the *Sources of all resources*. And a more just and benevolent mission can alone fill the want. The attracted embodiment to supply the lack of service will be the true Prophet, Priest, and King, whose titles and union will be only those of the good and true man.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 21st, 1857.

TEETH EXTRACTED GRATUITOUSLY.

Dns. W. D. & A. BROWN, No. 14 Hanover street, give notice through the daily papers that they will extract teeth free of charge. This looks a little ominous—as though the time was coming when our teeth would be, like thousands of those who own them, out of work and consequently must be discharged from their place of service. It may not be, it is possible the millennium is coming, and that when we are tortured we shall be paid for it, or, at least, not pay anything ourselves. We have known Drs. B. for some time, and can cordially recommend them to all who wish dentistry work performed. Their first days are Wednesday and Saturday.

TO THE CLERGYMEN OF BOSTON.

GENTLEMEN:—That believers in spiritual intercourse are rapidly multiplying in this country is apparent to all. Many of their doctrines you have attempted, in your pulpits, to overthrow or to bring into disrepute.

That you may have a fair opportunity of showing the grounds of your opposition before both its believers and disbelievers, I will procure a suitable hall in this city, and duly notify the public, and allow you to discuss with Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, any theological question which you believe to be controverted by those entertained by Spiritualists, alternating speeches of equal duration.

I shall not allow Mrs. Hatch to discuss with any clergyman who has not sufficient good sense to retain the equanimity of his temper, and sustain the character of a gentleman throughout the debate. With this exception, any one of the clerical fraternity, or doctors of divinity, who wish to overthrow Spiritualism by fair and honorable means, can address me, care of Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield St., Boston, and I will wait upon him that all suitable and necessary preliminary arrangements may be completed.

Respectfully,
B. F. Hatch, M. D.

Boston, November 2, 1857.

LIFE LINE OF A LONE ONE.

Warren Chase, a well-known Reform lecturer, is the publisher of a very instructive and entertaining book entitled, "Life Line of a Lone One, an autobiography of the World's Child." It is an account of the trials and sorrows of an orphan, left in poverty and what the world looks upon as disgrace, and of his struggles to rise to an honorable position as a teacher of the race. We have read it with much pleasure—it teaches many a bright lesson, and is calculated to nerve any soul for the battle of life. Our burthens often lose half their weight by contrasting them with those of others, and here is a brilliant opportunity to cast off the load in such manner.

It is a true picture—the real struggles of a living man with the iron heel of poverty—thus the lessons it teaches us, which may be deduced from almost every page, come to us with increased power. We know the man; the story of his life draws us to him and him to us, and we feel stronger for the soul-strength which contact imparts.

Embracing Spiritualism from a point antagonistic to the churches of modern times, there is much keen sarcasm in his mention of them, and the conduct of those who look to them for salvation, and the dark doctrines which have grown up like weeds in the garden of Christianity. But he has truth for his foundation, and though some would not relish the sharp cuts he gives these errors our fathers have entailed upon us, yet it is to just such sharp shooters that we owe much of our liberty of speech and freedom of action. The bold attacks of "Infidels," as the Church styles the free-thinkers of the age, on the dead Christianity of the present day, have shaken the monster, and so worried him, that it is comparatively an easy work to cast out his intolerance and sin, and infuse into him the love-inspiring, freedom-giving truth of Spiritualism.

We commend this book to the perusal of every reader; it is pleasantly written, sparkling, poetic, amusing, affecting, and furnishes the thinking man with subject for thought. For sale by Warren Chase at his lectures throughout the country, and by Bela Marsh, No. 14, Bromfield street.

REMEMBRANCE.

"I'm thinking on it now," the day is slowly dawning through the golden gateways of the morn,
The sighs of Night, retreating, soft and holy,
On the undulating tide of day are borne.
The night was very dear, the shadows dimly clustered round the pathway of the setting sun;
Dim forms of sadder moments passed, came grimly,
Till Past and Present mingled into one.
Shades of loneliness which lingered on my brow,
And the sorrows which the day found in my heart
Were feeling now; for down kind memory's path thou
Camest as fond as ever—only needst thou ere depart,
Rich moment of the soul when sadness calls
Some loved one back to dwell in Memory's Hall.

Squire.

MRS. HATCH IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, the noted Trance Medium, lectured in Cambridgeport, at Washington Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, Nov. 1st. The afternoon discourse was on the subject—Autumn, and its Suggestions. In the evening the subject was selected by a Committee chosen by the audience—as follows: Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest. Eccles. 9, 10.

The subject was finely and ably treated, the text taken literally, the point turned that truly there was no knowledge, device, nor wisdom in the grave—but beyond, whither the spirit of man goeth, and not his body. After the lecture was concluded, Prof. Felton arose and made some remarks nearly as follows:

"It is well known I have no confidence in the spiritual idea; I have written against it and talked against it. The discourse which I have listened to this evening is most truly a Christian one, and sets forth in the most beautiful and sublime manner the teachings of our holy religion. I cannot recognize it as a fact that Webster will come through a medium and utter language such as I have heard reputed to him. I cannot believe that Isaac Newton would come through a medium and be unable to spell his name properly. If I were Isaac Newton I would communicate; rough that medium, (here pointing directly to Mrs. Hatch.) I would be happy to see you (Mrs. Hatch,) rid of this delusion, and see you go about the world disseminating the beautiful doctrines advanced to-night."

He seemed much affected, and evidently the lecture made some forcible impression upon his mind.

Dr. Hatch made some remarks relative to mediumship, stating that spirits in one sense, were compelled to submit to the natural conditions of earthly organisms, and could not convey the ideas with force and language much beyond the natural, not necessarily developed capacities of the medium through which they communicate.

SUNDAY MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

The hall at this place was filled to overflowing on Sunday morning last.

In the afternoon Dr. Child concluded a course of lectures on the evidences of Spiritualism. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Thayer, Baptist minister, expressed, in a very earnest and emphatic manner, his full belief in Spiritualism. He said that the Bible was the book that made him believe it. Dr. Child will lecture at this place next Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Munroe next Sunday evening.

Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—We regret to learn that the business of this establishment has not been remunerative. And they have been compelled to curtail their expenses and to compromise with the stock company in the matter of salaries. We had hoped that this truly beautiful temple would have been nobly supported by the citizens; but it seems its financial affairs are not in a prosperous condition. We should very much regret the necessity which would close this house to theatrical representations, and trust that the Boston public will bestow a more liberal patronage upon its management. Friday night Mr. John Gilbert will take a benefit in one of his best representations, "Amindab Block," in the "Serious Family." He should be well greeted.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—This place has had good stalling with the Sea of Ice, but notwithstanding its great success, has been withdrawn, to give place to other novelties. Dr. J. S. Jones' play, entitled "Liberty," which has formerly been so popular, having been, as we understand, rewritten, and a panorama introduced, will be brought out in the best style of this well known establishment.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—The Little Marsh players continue to draw a great portion of the theatre going community. The "Forty Thieves" and the "Brigand" have both appeared, evincing tact, energy, and good taste, and have proved exceedingly successful.

Miss Louise has a benefit on Friday, when a full house is anticipated. She truly promises well for the future, and if properly guided, may rival the best talent in the country. On Monday next Cinderella will be produced.

Miss Charlotte Cushman plays here next month, during which the Juveniles play at Forbes' Theatre in Providence, and then return to the city.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. Proctor still continues at this establishment playing to full houses. Mr. English was tendered a complimentary benefit Monday evening, which proved a decided success, in the Yankee estimation—peculiarly.

The Soirees at ORWAY HALL are well attended, and consequently Orway is doing a good business, as he deserves.

The Busy World.

TO ADVERTISERS.—A limited number of Business Cards will be inserted in the Banner on the most liberal terms.

THANKSGIVING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Governor and Council have appointed Thursday, the 26th instant, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving in this State.

BOLD ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—At about 12 o'clock, last Saturday night, as Mr. James Ramsey, in the employ of Mr. Thomas M. Hatch, of North Scituate, was on his way to this city with a light load of goods, when in Harrison square, Dorchester, just as he had left the railroad bridge, two men rushed upon him from out a thicket—one seizing his horse, and the other coming up to him and demanding his money. Immediately Mr. Ramsey pulled out a pistol, well charged, and fired at the man next to him, when his horse started into a gallop, leaving the men, he knows not whether wounded, dead or alive.

Henry Keyes has been elected President, Josiah Stickney, Vice President, N. P. Lovering, Treasurer, and Elijah Cleveland, Secretary of the Passumpsic Railroad, which has passed back into the hands of the stockholders.

A PRECOCOUS ROGUE.—An urchin called at one of our hotels on Saturday evening, with a bundle of papers under one of his arms—the Olive Branch—and said he wished to distribute them gratuitously; the consequence was, he found plenty of customers. After the bait had taken, our juvenile shlylock put on a long face, and said—"You see, gentlemen, that I have a lame wrist, and am unable to work, and if any one feels disposed to give me the price of the paper—though I don't pretend to sell it—the change will be thankfully received." The consequence was, that all those who had accepted the paper, paid over the dime. It is needless, perhaps, to add that the paper was printed last July.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 31.—The steamer Philadelphia has arrived here with Havana dates to the 28th inst. The steamship Star of the West had not arrived from Aspinwall when the Philadelphia left. The Philadelphia brings to this port \$450,000.

The will of Mrs. Lucy Fine, of Louisville, who liberated all her slaves, nine in number, was registered on Monday. She gave to each of them \$100 in cash, and made them equal heirs to her real estate in Jefferson street at the death of an aged brother. The slaves are to be sent to Ohio.

L. L. Sadler, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer of the Union Telegraph Line, and a resident of this city, died suddenly at Williamsburg, 29th ult.

The British brig Belle, of and for Halifax, nineteen days from Jamaica, in ballast, was wrecked on the 8th ult., on French Reef, and has become a total loss. The wreckers saved the lives of the officers and crew, and also succeeded in getting the vessel's chains, anchors, rigging and sails. The U. S. Marshal libelled the vessel, and sold it at auction for near \$400.

A GOOD IDEA.—The Mayor of Fall River has introduced an order to the city government asking an appropriation of \$5000 to be expended on Oak Grove Cemetery, so that many persons now out of employment may find work.

NAVAL.—The United States frigate St. Lawrence, Captain Hull, remained at Rio Janeiro Sept. 16. The United States frigate Constellation, Commander Charles H. Dell, was at Genoa on the 6th of October. The United States store ship Supply, Commander Gray, was at Rio Janeiro on the 15th of September.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS INTENTIONS.—The Quartermaster of the Utah Expedition has had an interview with the President, and detailed at length the condition of affairs at Salt Lake, and the treasonable disposition of the Mormons. He stated that he endeavored to contract with the Mormons for army supplies, and to procure reliable evidence for the President relative to the conditions of affairs there. He is quite satisfied that the Mormons will make a desperate resistance to the efforts to subject them to the United States laws. Brigham Young absolutely refused to sell the troops any supplies, though he has an abundance for three years, and declares that if Gov. Cummins comes there he will put him in a carriage and send him back. He says that he never will be displaced, except forcibly—that he may be

overpowered and driven out, but that he will burn every house and cut down every tree first. The Administration feels confident that the Mormons will not resist the United States troops, notwithstanding the bragado of Brigham Young and his associates, as related by Capt. Van Vliet.

Later intelligence, via Nebraska, announces the arrival in that Territory of diverse Mormon deserters, who left Salt Lake City in October. They say that Brigham Young, at the head of a large force, was preparing to leave Salt Lake City, to give battle to the United States troops. They allege that the Mountain Pass, at which the Mormons will attempt to check the progress of the troops, is one that, in a military point of view, will give them overwhelming advantage—that, in their rebellion, they will receive material aid from the Indians; and that their ultimate design is to throw off all allegiance to the Union, and establish an independent government.

VISITING FIRE COMPANIES.—The Shiffer Hose Company, of Philadelphia, President William Dunkell, contemplate visiting Boston and the East in May next. They will have with them a new and splendid carriage.

The Washington Fire Company, of Philadelphia, President Watts Vary, were having a new Engine built in Baltimore at a cost of \$6000, for the purpose of making an excursion to Charlestown early in the Spring.

As some persons were firing at a mark, a few days since, near Jackson, Böttetourt county, Va., a ball, fired by Mr. John Linkenbeger, struck a hickory tree, and glancing, entered the breast of Mr. Edward Young, killing him instantly.

A gentleman of Blackstone, Mass., who will not allow his name to appear in the papers, has voluntarily reduced the price of rent to his tenants. A Christian act.

The Washington Star, in view of prospects at the seat of government, expresses the opinion that the approaching Congress will not retrench, and that the appropriations will be fully as large as those of the previous year.

German and Italian emigration is said to be on the increase. During the past nine months of the present year, 23,353 emigrants have embarked at the port of Havre alone, being an increase of 7000 above the previous year.

The New York Express says pork butchers must be coining money these times, for while a selection from the pens can be made for 6 1/4 cents, and stock hogs are sold at 6 1/4 cents, hog meat is retailing at 12, 12 1/2 and 13 cents, and there is a loss in slaughtering of only one-sixth of the weight of the animal. There is no prospect of hogs being any higher for some time.

THE BRIG MARINE.—The Executive Committee appointed to distribute the Central America Relief Fund, have decided to make donations to the captain, officers and crew of the brig Marine of Boston, as follows: Captain, \$600; 1st officer, \$100; 2d officer, \$50; 1st cook, \$70; 2d cook, \$50; four seamen, \$20 each; also, a gold watch to the captain, and a silver medal to each of the officers.

MRS. HATCH AT LYNN.

This lady, we understand, will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Lynn, on Wednesday evening, November 4th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, and it is probable she will lecture in Newburyport on Tuesday and Thursday, November 10th and 12th.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquette, balcony, and first tier of boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2; performances commence at 7 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MARCH CHILDREN. The Curtain will rise at 6 1/4 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. EXOLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. PIZANZI, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and reserved seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances at 2 1/2 o'clock.

ORWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORWAY. 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. 15-23 Sept. 18

MRS. KENDALL HAS TAKEN ROOMS AT NO. 10 La Grange Place, where she also offers her services to her friends as a WRITING AND READING MEDIUM. She also has for sale her spirit paintings of Flowers. Nov. 7.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Boston.—THOMAS GALEZ FORSTER, of Buffalo, will lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 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. Free.

There will be a circle for manifestations at the Hall, No. 14 Bromfield Street, on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Admission, 10 cents, to pay expenses.

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

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 CHILMARK, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FRENCH HALL, Winthampt street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

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

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

L. E. COOMBS, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

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

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

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

MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Mo., is authorized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

[Written for the Banner of Light.]

ANSWER TO "I THINK OF THEE!"

"I think of thee!"

The mystic thought unrolls,
And lo! the echo bears my answer back;
My soul drinks in the morning light,
And backward through the morning's fiery track
Both trace—Oh, yes! I think of thee.

"I think of thee!"

The dewdrops of the skies
Fall silently upon the weary heart,
And many halos cluster as they rise,
And through the windows of thy soul impart
These words—The dewdrops are shed for thee.

"I think of thee!"

The chains that reach the soul,
Unbroken twice around the saddest heart,
And yearnings find a trembling, silent breath
Of sympathy, which from my soul doth start;
It breathes—"Tis all for thee."

"I think of thee!"

The golden gates of sunset close,
And one by one the stars bedeck the sky;
The moon—Madonna of the night's repose,
Uplifts her playful face to the Most High,
And then—I pray for thee.

"I think of thee!"

The night winds fan thy weary brow,
Like angelic pinions rustling o'er thy head,
And memory's chain weaves night robes now,
And fond remembrance strives with flowers thy bed,
Saying—"Tis all for thee."

"I think of thee!"

Sleep opens the gates of Paradise,
And dream-thoughts are the only perfect hours;
The spirit wanders upward to the skies,
And soul with soul doth traverse dreamy bowers;
Surely—I am with thee.

LIT.

Trance Speaking.

ADDRESS BY MRS. ANNA M. HENDERSON,
AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY
AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 20, 1857.

"Let the dead bury their dead, but follow thou me."

In all the different religions which have attracted the attention of men in the past, and at the present time, we see a proneness to be guided by the old form, by the letter, rather than by the spirit. Men who worship God, must have a certain form and ceremony, by which to approach Him, as a medium to bear their aspiration upward to the Great Mind of all minds. Men have lived too much in the outward, have been governed too much by the form; this form has gained a prominence over the spirit of religion, and outward profession has been the guidance of men, rather than inward life. The theories that have hung on the lips of men, have not been carried into their practical life, which exhibits the old forms, rather than the manifestations of the spirit of living truth, which were seen in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. When the young man besought him that he might go and bury his father, before he should follow him, Christ—not meaning that he should disregard that observance of respect which it is well men should pay to the outward form of those dear to them, but that this respect should not be paid simply for form's sake, said to the young man: "Let the dead bury their dead, but follow thou me;" that is, live in the present, not in the past; that is gone from you, sunk in oblivion; it was but the old physical form, no spirit dwells therein; let it lie in the grave, and follow for those teachings of the spirit which lead to the grandeur of life, leaving the dead past to be forgotten. This was the truth that the Great Teacher sought to convey to the mind of the young man, his words having an interior meaning, which would not strike the understanding at once.

It is evident that the apostles could not comprehend the true spirit of the teachings of Jesus, but were governed rather by that which appealed to the outward understanding, dwelling in the external world, and not perceiving the deep, hidden meaning that his words often conveyed. Many of the parables of Jesus were not comprehended by his disciples, and as they wrote them down from memory, you have them in the form, rather than in the spirit. You gaze upon the external, forgetting that there is a living principle within the interior, a hidden meaning to all these words, which shall regenerate man, so that he may follow after the teachings that were given by the spirit of Jesus.

As we see men clinging to ancient records, as though their eternal welfare depended on them, throwing aside the ever-living present which comes up before them, teaching the great truths of to-day, and pointing them onward with prophetic finger to the bright anticipations of the future—as we see men thus clinging to the past, we mourn over their degraded condition, over their darkened understandings, and we pray that the windows of their soul may be opened, and that the spirit of truth which was manifest in the life of Jesus, will descend like a dove, banishing the thick clouds, and bringing light where before was but the darkness of the past. Then let the dead past be buried beneath the glorious light of the present, and the brighter anticipation of the future! Let the grave close over that which has been but a form, not now beloved, because you see coming from that old exterior form a living spirit that moves over the mountains and through the valleys of the earth, proclaiming to man, with immortal voice, glad tidings of great joy to all nations of the earth, and calling on man to come out from the old form, and to move onward, forever onward, in progress—Everything in nature is progressive, and man cannot be bound—he must also progress. He contains within him a part of everything, even the living spirit of the past, which is brought up to the present, for it is eternal, and can never die; it has been hidden by exterior form, by the old errors, ceremonies and customs of men, which have passed away, and the spirit has come out, and men governed by that spirit to-day, are learning what it is to be led by reason and conscience, rather than by old records or revelations—for all these old records and revelations must necessarily be imperfect. This spirit dwells within the physical organization of man, to come forth when the earthly form shall have faded, when it is dead to the inward truth that lives forever; and, therefore, man may well say, "Let the dead past bury their dead, and we will follow after the spirit of that principle that was manifested through the fleshly nature of Jesus Christ, but which now lives in spirit life, and comes back, not merely telling us to follow the older professions and principles of the religious men of the past, but to build up to-day a church of principles that shall take in all mankind, the low and the degraded, and give them a seat in the kingdom of heaven, which is at hand, which dwells within the spirit of man."

Behold the progress of the world, from ancient to modern Spiritualism! Look at the progress of the world in the arts and sciences. Scientific men in

olden times supposed, in their pride, that they had gained all the wisdom necessary to the true development of all science; but to-day scientific men know that there are new truths being developed constantly, even in science; they know that science, in its true state, corresponds with nature and revelation, and where there is a conflict between science, nature and revelation, there must be an error in one of the three, and searching deeply into this, they find that all is imperfect, as yet, and that true science, and, therefore, highest wisdom, has not yet been attained.

Man, in spirit, shall be far above man governed by the mere outward form, so that when you throw off these ceremonies, the more free that you become from the bondage of the past—the more that you perceive the nobleness and grandeur of your nature—the more will you bury the dead past, and be governed by the spirit; for the spirit searcheth all things, and it shall search into the universe, and science shall rule among the inhabitants of the earth, so that the world may progress, even in the daily occupations of man's common existence; as he goes forth each day, he may learn to be more spiritual, and in his daily labor to serve God nobler and better. In short, men will be truer and better as they come out from the past, and let it die away into oblivion, and are governed by the principles of the spirit of the ever-living present, rather than by what has been recorded. If you will review your own past life, and take up the various scenes of sorrow and joy through which you have passed, they will seem to you as a dream; the memory of these scenes may linger round you, and influence you more or less, but you cannot dwell there, nay, you have come out from the past, and you turn to the spirit that liveth forever; those griefs have had their day, those joys and sorrows can be no more in their olden form; they may come up as sweet lessons that you have learned, showing you that you live in the ever-present now, that you cannot go back, that your footsteps must be in the path that is pointed out to you now, that you are not responsible for the past, that the present will pass away, and the more glorious future will take its place.

Look around you and see the progress of man! See the mountains of wisdom up which man has ascended, see the pure teachings which have descended to him from the spirit world, enabling him to tread on the threshold of spirit life! And as you behold this progress, you know that in the past the teachings of Christ were received only according to the outward form, and not according to the inward spirit, and the spirit comes back to-day and tells you of that immortal life which the men of the past did not comprehend. There is constant room for still further progress and improvement; the farther you get up the mountain, the farther you can see off through nature and behold the vast prospect of beauty spread out before you, and you hear voices still higher up, calling, "Follow thou me!" Christ has arisen—but in spirit he dwells on that plane of brightness which was gloriously manifest in his outward life, and his spirit receives in its glory, majesty and beauty, those truths which he could only communicate to man through their outward senses, when on earth; but the spirit of truth now comes back on the sighing breezes of heaven, or through the mediumship of angelic voices, teaching you greater purity, than was taught in times past; teaching you of the great rights of men, women and children; showing you the future, when there shall be more progress and amity between man and man; showing you that even in the present, men are striving to become united by a new tie, a magnificent chain, passing through the brain, from one country to another; and still more, the love and wisdom principle of the spirit world, and of the immortal existence of man, is striving for that holy union! Shall it not be accomplished? Yes, through the influence of those dearly beloved ones who have gone before you, and now pour out the blessings of truth to humanity, and the affectional part of man is opening to receive those blessed truths that flow from the brain of spirit life. Yes, truly, progress leads you to this point where there is a grand union between love and wisdom—love, as we appeal to it in the affectional nature of man; wisdom, as it is developed in the spirit when he throws off the outward shackles and follows after the principles of Christ, when he buries the dead in oblivion, and says, "I will not mourn over the old earthly forms of those who have departed. I know that they live in spirit life, and their glorious teachings of truth shall enable me to become more pure, shall elevate not only me, but my race, so that the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall bud and blossom as the rose." When we know that the spirit of the past lives to-day, and that its teachings are manifest, when we know that they were but concealed beneath the rubbish of the old revelation, and now come forth, we know that they are for our instruction and guidance, and we should heed them. How beautiful was the life of Jesus on earth, when he not only set an example by theory, but by practice, when he lived not in the form alone but in spirit, though knowing that man's nature could be reached only through the external, he gave them those truths which were comprehended by them. To-day he lives again, or rather he has continued to live, and the spirit of the teachings of the past comes back to instruct man regarding the glorious future in which he shall live forever.

So if we take modern Spiritualism in the present day, we take the teachings that come to man now through the illuminated porch of spirit life. Oh, take these teachings home to your hearts, let them be seen in your lives and daily conduct; deal justly, love righteousness, walk humbly before God, and you will see that the spirit of Christianity, as founded by Christ, will be manifest through the world, through the teachings of modern Spiritualism. We do not speak of the Christianity which is only seen among those who make loose professions; for we know that there are spots in all their feast of charity, nor do we speak of those Spiritualists who are governed by the form rather than the spirit, nor of those who profess to believe in the doctrine of spiritual intercourse, but of those who are governed by its high teachings, and who feel that they have been made better men and women since they communed with spirit life. Take those, as well as those who profess to believe in spiritual teachings, and unite them with the Christians, those who really follow the teachings of Christ, according to the spirit, and not merely according to the letter—and you would find men dwelling together in harmony, each giving to the other his true place on the human plane, and claiming all mankind as brothers and sisters, with one common parent to lead and govern all.

Spiritualists of to-day, you should believe that the spirit of Christianity yet lives! You should accept not the mere outward form of the past record, but

the spirit thereof, together with the new revelation made each day, which is an addition to that of the past, and may be brighter and more radiant with eternal light than it. You should live in the present, and should govern by the teachings, that live not in the past only, but also in the present, and will live forever in the future! Guard your lives, your words, your actions, so that the world may take knowledge of you that you are taught of God, that you follow the meek and lowly One, that you do not pause in your search after wisdom and truth, but burying the olden dead, and coming forth into the present life, you are ready to take up your cross and follow after that which shall lead you to the highest development of the race. You live not for yourselves, but for humanity! And how shall you live for humanity? But plucking out the dark weeds rankling in God's atmosphere of harmony, and which prevent the pure grain, the flowers and fruit, that should grow in the garden of the soul. These need the watchful care and skill of the great Master-soul, which acts through you as medium. Then allow yourself to be the instrument in the hands of a higher power, so that power may be given you to conquer that which is beneath you, to tread down the dark error of the past, and living in the present, to grasp the truths that have come forth, that never can die in the present or the future, and then as one glorious band, with grain rich and ripe for the harvest, you may advance upward and onward, feeling that your Father's hand is guiding you; and that the spirit of Christianity is seen in your life, that it pervades all your conduct, and that you are noble, perfect men of to-day, not perfect for the future life, but for to-day—for the future shall develop still more noble faculties than are manifested in you at the present time. The child has all the faculties necessary to make a perfect man, when developed, but it has not yet grown to its full stature—these faculties are not yet quickened to mature action. So with you—you have the elements within you to compose the perfectly developed human being, or perfectly developed spirit, but you are yet children. Then cultivate each faculty, each gift entrusted to your care, let not the world frown down any rising development that may be seen in you to-day, but go boldly on, fearing nothing, but with that perfect love for God and for humanity that shall enable you to rise above darkness, to beauty, to wisdom and truth, as the great shadowy garment that is sent from God the Father, enveloping you in goodness, strength, and courage, that you may undertake fearlessly the task before you. And yet it were no task, for man is constantly being developed to good, and good shall eventually overcome all evil, when you follow after the principles that are put forth in the text; then shall we see men noble, pure, and Godlike; then shall we see charity throughout the world, and those who profess Christianity, and those who profess to understand all art and all science—that is given throughout nature's great volume—will take the instruction of the meek and lowly One to their souls, when he said: "Love one another;" for love to God, and love to man is the fulfilling of the whole law! and though I may not see with the eyes of my brother, though I may perceive error where others see truth, remember that I stand on my plane, and they on theirs, and the sunshine will fall alike on all, for our God is not a partial judge. Man's spirit is the standard; and each one must judge of the truths that come up before him to that great judgment-seat, his reason and spirit. Therefore, with the spirit of truth bringing the peace of Christianity—the Christianity that tells you to conquer all error, all iniquity, all vice—living in the present, and burying the dead past, you go on as noble men with "onward and upward forever" as your watchword and motto; onward, till peace is proclaimed and strife is no more! Onward, till the fettered chains are sundered from the hearts of desolate humanity! Onward, till all churches, all religions, are united in a band of brotherhood, all governed by the same articles of faith, the same creed, the revealed will of God as given to the spirit of man; and then soaring upward to realms of light, leave behind the past error to sink into oblivion, take the spirit that has guided you forth in its purity and journeying, up the mountain path of progress, you may look back on the agitated stream that you have crossed and see its billows and waves heaving below you, and feel that you are washed cleaner and purer by the afflictions and trials you have passed through, and that you are better men, and aspire to be more noble as you press on to spirit life!

May the God of Peace be with you; may you ever know how to live, and be strong to carry out your knowledge into your daily lives and conversation! I may have faith, a good conscience, and reason unperturbed, prejudices no longer usurping authority, but reason going before to guide your feet aright, that you may feel the truth is leading you, and that you are ascending the mountain where you may grasp the great truths given you by nature's God, through the principles of nature, and then you will say: "Let the dead past bury its dead, and I will follow thee, the meek and lowly Child of Nazareth."

Correspondence.

THE STORY OF AN INFANT SPIRIT.

Messrs. Editors—While sitting at my table not long since, my dexter hand was influenced by what I do not hesitate to call spirit power. Taking my pencil, and finding some paper, this influence caused me to write as follows:

Spirit—"I wish to write."

I asked, who wishes to write?

"The son of a good woman, whom you know not."

Yielding to the influence, and bidding it proceed, the following communication was received. It may teach a lesson to mortals if they will read, which is, the utter worthlessness of the bubbles of earth to an immortal soul.

"My mother's grief was an alloy to my happiness. The only sentiment my infant state was conscious of, was a fondness for her which was then pure instinct and natural sympathy, but which is now gratitude and filial affection. As soon as my spirit was released from its uneasy confinement, I found myself an active and reasonable being. I was transported at the advantages and superior manner of my existence.

The first reflection that I made, was upon my lovely benefactress; for I knew my mother in that relation in my infant state. But I was surprised to find her weeping over the little breathless form from which I thought myself so happily delivered, as if she had lamented my escape. The fair proportion, the agility, the splendor of the new vehicle that my

spirit now inhabited, was so blessed an exchange, that I wondered at her grief. I was so little acquainted with the difference of material and immaterial bodies, that I thought myself as visible to her sight as she was to mine. I was exceedingly moved at her tears, but was ignorant why, unless because hers was the most beautiful face, next to my guardian angel's, I had ever seen, and that she resembled some of the gay forms that used to recreate my guileless slumbers, and smile on me in my gentle dreams.

I was then ignorant of her maternal relation to me, but remembered that she had been my refuge, in all the little distresses of which I had but a faint notion. I left her unwillingly, in the height of her calamity, to follow my radiant guide to a place of tranquility and joy, where I met thousands of happy spirits of my own order, who informed me of the history of my native world, for whose inhabitants I have a peculiar feeling of benevolence, and in whose welfare I cannot help interesting myself. But as I never discerned between good and evil, nor experienced the motives that govern the race of man, I confess I am astonished at their conduct, and find their joys and sorrows to be all strange and unaccountable.

I have made visits to the lower world since my decease. The first that I made was from a tender curiosity to know whether my mother was satisfied with the disposal of heaven in my early fate. But I was surprised to find, after several months were past, her grief oppressed every thought, and clouded all the joys of her life, which made me very inquisitive into my own history. I asked the celestial, who was her attendant, why I was so much lamented, and of what consequence my life would have been to the public or my own family, since these fair means were yet drowned in tears, for one that had made such a short and insignificant appearance below. As for the public, the gentle minister told me, there was a hazard—I might have proved a blessing or a curse—but that I was the only hope of an illustrious family, and heir to a vast estate and distinguished title; and pointing to a coat of arms, he told me that was the badge of my dignity. The noble prospect which we had in view, with the gardens, fields, the woods and parks that surrounded it, were all my entailed possession. A goodly possession, out of what use these fields and woods had been to one that had an immortal spirit I cannot conceive.

And for a title, what happiness could an airy syllable, an empty sound, bring with it? The coat of arms I took for such a toy, that if burlesque had not been beneath the dignity of an angel, I should have thought the mentioning of it a ridicule on mortal man. I cannot conceive wherein the charm, the gratification of these things consist.

If I were possessed of the whole earthly globe, what use could I make of this gross element, the dregs of the creation? I have no dependence on water or fire, earth or air. It is unintelligible to me, that hills and valleys, trees and rivers, the mines and caverns under their feet, any more than the clouds that fly over their heads, should be the wealth of reasonable creatures. They may keep the possession unheeded by me; I am glad I did not live long enough to make so wrong a judgment, nor acquire a relish for such low enjoyments.

I am so little concerned for the loss of such an inheritance, that if the black prince of the airy regions claimed my share, I would not dispute his title, though he is my aversion, and my mother's foe. So superior are my present circumstances to those of the greatest monarch under the sun, that all earthly grandeur is pagentry and farce, compared to the real and innate dignity which I now possess. I am advanced to celestial glory, and triumph in the heights of immortal life and pleasure, whence pity falls on the kings of the earth. If she could conceive my happiness, likewise, my earthly benefactress, instead of the mournful solemnity with which she interred me, she would have celebrated my funeral rites with songs and festivals. Instead of the thoughtless thing she has smiled on and caressed, I am now in the perfection of my being, in the elevation of reason; instead of a little extent of land, and the proprietor of so much space to breathe in, I tread the starry pavement, make the circuit of the skies, and breathe the air of paradise. I am secure in eternal duration, and dependent but on the Almighty, whom I love and adore as the fountain of my being, and blessedness. I died when I was three years old, was my mother's only son, and she is a Countess.

NABUCCH.

MR. COONLEY AND MRS. TOWNSEND.

FEIZONVILLE, Oct. 18, 1857.

Messrs. Editors—Hard times is the cry that greets us on every hand, and many a parent's heart thrills with anxious forebodings, as the prospect of the coming winter opens from day to day. There is no money circulating, and the shoe manufacturers talk of stopping business unless there is a change for the better. Shoe making is the principal employment in this section, furnishing work for a large number of people, many of whom will be in rather a bad condition if they are obliged to remain idle. Why is it that affairs are in the present state? There is something wrong, some mismanagement that produces the misery and suffering that meets the eye and pains the heart everywhere we go. Surely the Ruler above never intended the loved ones of his care should know want or suffering, for has He not provided enough for all? The granaries throughout the land are overflowing with food enough boarded up by vampires, getting rich by speculating in human misery, while thousands have not enough to keep the demon hunger from their doors, but struggle on as best they can in wretchedness and woe. We have plenty of churches, plenty of preachers, plenty of bigoted sectarians, but Christianity is hardly to be found. But a new light has dawned, a new dispensation is coming, and as its glorious beams irradiate the earth, want and misery will flee away, and all can be happy if they will but obey the laws of love which our kind Father hath made for his children's good.

We have been favored to-day with the presence of Mr. Coonley and Mrs. Townsend, (the latter quite unexpectedly.) We had a very interesting meeting, although but few in numbers, owing to the limited notice.

Mrs. T. was first influenced, and sang a beautiful song. She is a very gifted medium, and is well received by all classes wherever she goes, and is the means of spreading much light. After she had concluded, an address was delivered through the organism of Mr. Coonley, of great beauty and power, making rather free with the old theological dogmas that have swayed the world so long, showing that reason is the highest attribute of man, always to be obeyed, and instead of being at enmity with Deity, is the medium through which we can approach near to Him

and commune with all that is good and beautiful. I am glad to learn Mrs. T. intends to remain in this vicinity a few weeks, holding meetings and doing good, as she may be called upon.

Yours respectfully,

A FACT THAT REQUIRES A SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION—WILL NOT THE WISE PROFESSORS ATTEND TO IT?

Boston, October, 1857.

Messrs. Editors—September 28th, I stepped into the room occupied by Mr. Mansfield, No. 8 Winter street. While I was sitting there, a young man entered and asked for a message from a spirit, but naming no person or connection. Mr. M. said he was weary, but told the young man to step into the little room where he writes, and write to his friend, which he did alone. Mr. M. was engaged with me in the large room, while the young man wrote, and so situated that I know he could not see what was written. He told the young man to write the name of the spirit addressed, and he wrote in substance about as follows:—

"My dear father, Charles, will you communicate to me now, and give me the advice I want?"

He folded it up, turning the writing three or four times in, and left it on the table. Mr. M. sat down by the table, laid his hand on the paper one or two minutes, and without unfolding it at all, immediately wrote as follows:—

"My dear son Francis, I am not able to communicate to you now in so satisfactory a manner as you desire, but will when I can better control the means through which we come. Your spirit father,

CHARLES."

The young man seemed much surprised, and declared that the names were both correct, and that Mr. M. could not have known them, as he was an entire stranger, which Mr. M. also confirmed. As this is not a solitary instance, but of daily occurrence with many men still more peculiar, and which we and the intelligence manifested declare and believe to be spirits, why do some of the wise ones explain the origin, if it is not Spiritual; or if it be done by the mediums, who do they not give us the philosophy, and demonstrate their theory by producing the facts? It seems strange, when we have columns of articles in the daily papers of this city, made up of gossip, twattle, egotism, and chopped logic, to prove there are no spirits, that we cannot have one single fact explained by philosophy or science; but when a call is made for such, we must be content to a string of ridicule, as if that would make us desist from witnessing the facts, or presenting them to the public. Ridicule may kill something, but its metal is not hard enough to kill the manifestations or their advocates. The enemies seem greatly delighted, and make great parade over each bad or counterfeit manifestation, but as this kind are not as numerous as the counterfeit bank notes, they are not more likely to drive the genuine out of circulation than are spurious notes. Neither ridicule, spleen nor venom can meet this case. We must have fair and candid investigation, and that always leads to the conviction of the spiritual origin which causes all the trouble with our enemies.

WARREN CHASE.

LETTER FROM HON. O. W. CATHART. PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

In the Spiritual Age, which we are sorry to see has succumbed to the financial storm which burst upon us with such fury, we find the following letter. There are some strong instances of spirit manifestations recorded herein and subscribed to by a man who has held a position in our national Government, and who has been reclaimed from total disbelief in the immortality of man, by much abused Spiritualism.

Thinking that a recital of my experience might possibly prove interesting to some of your readers, I will, from time to time, send an article to you for publication, if you deem such a course advisable.

When a witness is put upon a stand there is a natural feeling of curiosity exhibited by the listeners, to know something of his antecedents, especially if the issue on trial is an important one, and though I have acquaintances in every State and Territory protected by our national flag, I will briefly sketch my former life and opinions, so far as it may seem necessary to expose those peculiarities of character which might be considered capable of affecting my capacity impartially to observe the evidence upon which my conclusions rest.

My parents were of the (usually so-called) orthodox belief. I dissented from them at the age of fourteen, having revolted from the generally received idea of the Deity, while carefully reading the Old Testament. Young as I was, I had firmness and stubbornness (whichever you please) enough to think for myself, and came to the conclusion that the Mosiac account of the Deity was a filthy and base slander upon any rational conception of the Almighty God. In this opinion, up to this day, I have never wavered. In my young days I went to sea a good deal—spent some years in Spain, and generally have been quite a traveler; but never embraced or believed in any of the superstitions of the people among whom my lot was cast for the time being—indeed was quite notorious as a child and lad for my entire absence of all superstitious fears.

I finally settled down into the conviction that our identity was lost at the death of the body—and the conception that consciousness could exist after the decay of the body was to me the vainest conceit of a distempered fancy.

The conviction always rested on me that the only road to happiness was the path of virtue. My view, it is true, was limited to this life. Judge, then, my delight, when I found the same narrow faith opening into a limitless eternity.

Church-going I looked upon as a comparatively harmless recreation, and was willing to sustain such institutions until the priesthood turned politicians, and thereby so glaringly exposed themselves to the scorn of every man who thought himself capable of being the keeper of his own political conscience.

When a youth I exhibited (as my limited opportunities offered) a fondness for scientific pursuits—to which I have in the last few years recurred with fuller means of gratification, and many a scholar has expressed his gratification at witnessing the interesting experiments in Natural Philosophy, which I am able to furnish through instruments of my own getting up.

In Natural Philosophy I was content to follow the beaten track; not flattering myself that beginning at my late day I could make any important discoveries; but I hope I am not subject to the charge of vanity when I say that at least I obtained such a knowledge of the laws governing the manifestations of the Natural Forces, that I became well qualified to judge whether any phenomena witnessed by me could be supposed attributable to those forces, as their cause, or not.

Prior to the fall of 1855, I had seen very little of the Spiritual Manifestations, and that little of a character to confirm my skepticism. Being in town one day, an old friend told me about himself and some others, having formed a circle, by laying their hands on a board placed upon tumbler, when, after a little time, it would turn upon its centre. When I returned home I found my children and one of the hands exercising themselves with some experiments, which they thought, exhibited an occult force, and having shown them their delusion, proposed that

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we should have some sport by forming a circle after my old friend's direction.

Our "Spirit" circle, as we called it in derision, was soon formed, by placing some tumblers on a stand, upon which we placed the top of another stand, which was loose. Having placed our hands on the latter, our little fingers in contact in regular order, my son played the "Devil's dream" upon his violin, at my request, and assuming an air of mock solemnity, I said: "Oh, Absalom, spare us the services of your invaluable old-jackies; let him leave his heavenly stable and come down and help us, his worthy coadjutors, to turn this board around." To our surprise away went the board. We finally took the board and tumblers off the stand, and laying our hands on it, it ran, turning upon its centre all over the room. The stand was heavy, and had its two drawers filled with books. There were no castors on it, and the room was carpeted. It is not necessary to repeat all our experiments. On a smooth floor, and the centre-table having castors, we have loaded with 450 pounds of humanity, and it would still go with much force, with a few of us touching it with the tip of our fingers only; under like circumstances, it would carry one person, and I never found another who was strong enough then to hold it. After placing our hands upon the large table for a while, and removing them suddenly, the table would jump into the air, and we several times in this way broke the castors.

Now, here are some features to which I would call the attention of the skeptical as to the origin of this force. The table ran always in a particular way, reference being had to the manner in which we connected our hands. Again, the power with which it moved seemed to be in proportion to the dryness of the atmosphere. We had some rapping on the table, which, with a single exception, was in consonance with my mind. So you may well suppose that I was quite sanguine that I could discover some of the laws governing the manifestation of what appeared to me a new and curious natural force, and thus for six months I was stimulated in my laudable scientific researches, without any satisfactory solution, however, until, by another experiment and in another place, I was convinced of the true source of this force. When returning home we laid our hands upon the table, and found that it evinced a willful intelligence, totally irrespective of the mode of connecting hands or of the condition of the atmosphere. The exception above alluded to was, when asked if it was a spirit who was rapping, there was three distinct raps, though not one in the room believed it.

Truly yours,
C. W. CATHERS.

Laporte Co., Ind., Oct. 3, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SPIRIT HOME.

Oh! Home in whose mansions the spirit hath rest,
Whose portals are open to all,
Where each life in infinite purity blest—
Where error can never enthrall.
How sweet to reside in the mansions of Love,
With those of congenial mind;
Where the spirit of goodness forever shall move—
Oh! there we shall happiness find.
There reigneth forever the Father of all—
There sitteth the Shepherd of Peace—
And when for our spirits our Father shall call,
How happy will be our release.
For millions of angels behold from this Home
With rapture each spirit that flies,
And their voices, united as one, calling "Come,"
Shall welcome us home to the skies.
And there shall the rapture and bliss of the spheres,
And Wisdom and Love evermore,
As we endlessly go through eternity's years,
Be ours as these spheres we explore.
And progressing in these as we ever move on
Through regions and mansions above,
Our ethereal being with God shall be one,
Enveloped in His Divine Love.

J. B.

TEST FROM BRIDGEPORT, CT.

W. B. Dyer, dealer in drugs, writing to the Spiritual Telegraph, from the above place, gives an account of a test received by him through A. C. Stiles, a letter answering medium, which is as follows:—

"I will give you another fact, which presents a contrast to the previous one, and is rather a novelty. Some time since, having about fourteen dollars in my pocket, and fearing I might lose it, I took it out and put it into a small jar, and put it away under a closet in a little lock-up. I was not aware that any one saw me, as no one, to my knowledge, was in the store at the time. Going for it the next day, I found it was gone, which surprised me much. This was so unaccountable, (as I had suspected no one) that I sat down, as usual in such cases, and invoked the aid of the invisible ones. 'Will a spirit tell me who got the money out of the jar, or pot?' I took the same precaution in sealing this letter, as I had done before, (and in fact the Doctor could not possibly have known who it came from,) and dropped the letter in the Post-office, with the number of his box marked on the envelope, he being absent at the time. After the lapse of some days, I received an answer; it was as follows:—

Here let me answer friend Dyer's letter. Here goes:—

"Money in a jar, money in a pot,
Can a spirit tell who the money got?
Now get up the fuse, ready for the bomb.
Fire! It makes a noise like a little Tom."
This was a fine test, and perfectly satisfactory. A boy named Tom occupied a room overhead, with an old gentleman. The backway of the store being left open, revealed the whole mystery, and put me on the track at once.

Yours, for the truth,
W. B. D."

PUBLIC TESTS IN GRAFTON, OHIO.

At the close of our meeting in Grafton, Ohio, on the evening of September 21st, on my requesting the audience to select a stranger to come forward for examination, Mr. J. Ingersoll was the first man named. I took his hand, closed my eyes, and the first thing I stated was, that his head seemed to have been injured some time ago, either by a fall or by some object falling on him. In confirmation of my impression, he related to the audience, that about thirty years ago, while felling trees, a tree fell on his head and came near killing him. He said the accident had been almost forgotten, and was not in his mind at the time I named my impression.

Mr. T. Jackson was next selected. As soon as I took his hand, I began to feel a lame shoulder, and spoke of it. Mr. J. told the audience his shoulder had pained him all day. On leaving the platform, the pain he declared was gone, and did not return. Between fifty and sixty prominent persons of Grafton and vicinity were witnesses.—*Spiritual Clarion.*

RAILROAD CONDUCTOR SAVED.

O. K. Bennett, Conductor on the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad, and a resident of Toledo, Ohio, related to the editors a striking instance of Spiritual Intelligence. A few months since, while Mr. Bennett was standing on the platform of one of his cars, going West at moderate speed, he was suddenly seized on the shoulder by some invisible power, and forced from his position on the platform. Immediately after, an express train came dashing along and ran into Mr. Bennett's train, smashing the platform from which he had just been ejected, and doing a work of destruction which would have inevitably cost him his life, had he not been rescued as he was. The spirit thus interposing in his behalf, was the father of Mr. Bennett.—*Spiritual Clarion.*

If there were no indications of the bounty and goodness of God except in flowers, that evidence would be all sufficient—no better evidence of God's high attributes would be needed.

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

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

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

Joseph Read, Hartford.

It seems to me some mortals are not a little mistaken in regard to the churches. All things in their time, their day and generation. Had this second advent of the principles of Jesus come upon men years ago, they would not have been able to receive it. Now the churches are the first stepping stones to spiritual truth; they have done their work. As this beautiful sphere is made up of variety, so you find there are various principles of faith, and one binds himself to Congregationalism, another to Universalism, and so on, but all differing one from the other.

You should not speak against that which God hath suffered to be. Had he been disposed to have razed these churches years ago, he would have done it. Wisdom seeth afar off, and these things are suffered. In all these churches we find many children of God, living up to the light they have, and if they see a brighter star, will they not live up to that? Again, heretofore the world has been ruled by fear; the minister has been the head of the church, and he has given you articles of Faith, and man has subscribed to them, and it has kept him from many overt sins. Has not the church done a vast amount of good? I once belonged to this church, and I saw much good in it, and I see much now. I now know that God, the Father, has established them for wise purposes, and suffered them to be till now. And I know that these temples of fashion shall soon be transformed into temples of the living God, and that the money changers shall be turned out, their tables overturned, and these houses be no longer the houses of merchandise.

I have been an inhabitant of the spirit world near twenty years, and I have been constantly in the habit of passing to and from earth. I have been watching the changes that have been going on in the churches during that time, and I see that they are willing now to admit truths that, years ago, they would have considered infidel or blasphemous; they are much more liberal than they were; the good seed, you see, has been springing up. Dear children, if it was God's good pleasure that these things should be overthrown, and He is the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, would it not have been done? I tell you Spiritualism comes not to overthrow your churches, but to unite them in a common religion, that they may worship one God. And know you that God, in His own time, shall renovate those churches, and that from them shall be purged all that is not of Him, and a true liberal faith shall spring up in place of the principles of fear, which have heretofore prevailed therein.

Oh, the times and the seasons are held in the grasp of the Eternal One, and He will fashion all things as he pleases. Mortals may strive to set up their laws on earth, but slowly and steadily He moves on, and in time all these churches shall be filled with living waters, with new life. Speak not harshly, then, of the churches, nor of the brethren, but remember that they are your brothers and your sisters, and you must treat and speak of them as such.

Perhaps you may be inclined to think I am still bound to the church—that I am not free—but it is not so. I thank God I am bound only to God, and that which comes from Him, and am only willing to take that, whether it be in the church or out of it—whenever I find it. My name on earth was Joseph Read. I was once Deacon of the Baptist church, in Hartford, Ct.

Ann Louise Shannon.

Oh, blessed thought! we spirits shall one day be reunited to those we love on earth. One day those we love will cast off their mortal bodies, and how sweet will be the union! They are coming to us slowly but surely. Time is moving onward, and man cannot deter its march. Yes, moving onward, and bearing upon its waters, one after another of those we love on earth, to the blissful shores of eternal peace. One who was a sister, dear to me, has just been folded to my arms; she has just now been freed from earth and its sorrows, and I come now to bear blessings to the children of earth, and praise God for his goodness. Something near five years ago I took my departure from earth; I was welcomed to the spirit world by myriads of angels, for the intuitions of my soul always recognized the angels; I knew they came to me, and I rejoiced that they did come. Hopes cluster around my future like so many diamonds; they are bright, all sparkling with a Saviour's love. Oh, I know these hopes will one day blossom to me. I had not the light they have, but I did know that the angels loved us, and watched over us in our passage through the earth life.

My friends, I come with an offering that I would lay upon the altar of earth; I return to offer thanks to the Creator of All Good for the blessings with which he has endowed me. I have for these long five years hovered between the spheres above and your earth, but now my sister has come to me, I am going far forward to higher realms; now that I have clasped one dear one to my arms. Oh, let me leave a word of comfort for my dear husband—let him open his heart to the words of peace which come from the bright realms above.

Call me Ann Louise Shannon.

William Ayling.

What is the final condition of those who trespass upon the laws of their nature, and die before their time comes, or cut short the thread of life?

Conditions thrown around me when, on earth, seemed to invite me to a premature grave. The too frequent use of stimulants—overtaxing the stomach with food at night, having no order, I am told, was the cause of my death. Now this being the case, I suppose I must suffer for each offence. Assure you I feel sad when I look at the past and contemplate what the future may be. Society, in my opinion, forms the most of a man's hell—society and her customs. Oh, yes, every profession has its customs, and those are generally bad, tending to no good, for they go against laws that have been laid down by God to govern humanity. I feel particularly uneasy in my present situation. I have just learned I have got much to do by way of returning to earth. Well, I am willing to work if I am to earn happiness by it, but if I am to be eternally damned, I am going to sit down and let damnation come. I left a family on earth, and am very anxious about them; yes, I am very anxious about them. I want them to avoid everything that I stumbled over, and see if they cannot have a little more light when they die than I did.

I am discontented somewhat here, because I don't understand things. I wish that some bright sun would chase away the winter of my discontent. I am told that I shall be happy in time, but as I want some information from earth, I have come here for it. I was told that spirits, high and low, were gladly received by you, and I therefore embraced the opportunity of conversing with you, when it was offered me.

I do wish I was happy; I do seek for true happiness; I wish I could say as one said on earth, I am content with my situation. I cannot be satisfied with the present—I am looking forward to a brighter future. East living makes a speedy death; it hurries a man into an untimely sepulchre. I feel as though I was entombed before my time. I have a

good many friends around me who seem exceedingly anxious for my welfare, and they tell me I must come and seek for happiness in a quiet way. I have just come here, and I cannot be expected to know much of affairs in spirit life, especially as I feel sad about my family. I know it is all right with them, but I feel as though I would like to talk with my wife. I cannot do it now, and I must be content on that subject. I have learned something by coming here, and now I think I will leave.

My name is William Ayling. I cannot see you, therefore I do not recognize you. I can't seem to call you to mind by voice. I can't see a wink.

Well, I do declare! I had no idea I was thrown among friends. I knew the voice, I thought, but I could not define it, I passed it over. I've seen Gorman here; I was well acquainted with him. I've seen Goodall also, but I did not know him very well.

We had no thought of Mr. Ayling this morning—and were not very much acquainted with him on earth—a mere speaking acquaintance, which one has with professional men. Mr. A. was an actor well known in Boston. The remainder of the time was occupied, during his control, with familiar conversation, which would not interest the reader, though it proved his identity to us. The remark that he could not see, merely means that he had not got such perfect control of the medium's organism as to use her organs of vision to see material things.

Alexander Lake, Providence.

I approach you this morning that I may approach others. You are both strangers to me, and I probably am a stranger to you. You have been introduced to me by the (spirit) physician who seems to hold control here. But a short time has passed away since I left earth. The weeds of mourning have not yet been cast off by those who once loved me and still do love me. But I return to cast off that which enshrouds the soul in mourning. I return to do so, if possible. If I can unseal the sealed hearts of those who professed to be my friends on earth—who professed to deal justly with me, if I can commune with them—enter their souls, as it were, I am sure I can accomplish what I came to accomplish. I am told by the attendant present, that it is your custom to receive something by which the spirit may be identified or known by the people of earth. Now I have sought to commune with some parties on earth for some length of time, but have never succeeded as I wish. I have been much to the medium Mansfield—have given my name there, but have never been able to control him to my satisfaction. I was requested to come here and see if I could succeed any better than where I had heretofore been. And although the atmosphere is against me, and the condition of the medium poor, I think I can do well.

When I was on earth, I was possessed of a comfortable amount of this world's goods; but I was suddenly called from earth, and one individual whom I supposed to be a dear friend to me, and to whom I entrusted and confided much, has so far proved false, and has kept my wife and children out of that which actually belongs to them, and for which they now suffer. My boy, a youth some 14 years of age, is now, I am told, laboring under insatiable consumption; but if I can put in his way that which will put him beyond want here, I trust he can be cured and become a useful member of society. Now it is not my wife or family I wish particularly to commune with, but to one who at present is at Pawtucket, R. I., but who resides at Providence. I wish to appeal to him in silence—I wish that he may be veiled from the scrutiny of the world, for I would not knowingly hold him up to its scrutiny, in so bad a light. I will only show him through a passage known only to himself and me, and if he will come forth and do mine justice, I will withhold him from the gaze of his friends and the public. In a word, I simply wish him to heed this warning voice if it is to last. My name was Alexander Lake. I resided in Providence, and shall be well known by the people of that city. If you wish to ascertain anything farther in regard to myself, you may refer to the Providence Directory, at any time between the years 1844 or 1845 and 1856. Or you may refer to any trader who has resided any length of time in that place. I feel sad when I return to earth, when I see those I love so well, bowing beneath the yoke of poverty. When I know how hard I struggled to raise them above it, when I know how they suffer and how those I considered my friends are injuring my best and dearest friends, I cannot rest, and am deeply grieved.

Sir, will you publish my article? Then I am satisfied. I would give you more particulars were it necessary. I have chosen the path whereby to reach my friend, and though it may be a mysterious one to you, I trust I shall reach him. I come to do him no harm. I come to lift a weight from him that weighs upon him heavily. I know he cannot be happy while he is keeping from those who are needy that which belongs to them. The time has now come when the secrets of the heart of man are to be made manifest; when the spirit can read the hearts of men, and proclaim to the world their evil thoughts and deeds done in secret, if they please. I attained nearly the meridian of the earth life, ere I came to dwell where I now dwell. I passed through much sorrow, and I lived to see many happy hours also. My life was a mixture. I sought to lead a good, moral life here, but I failed to attain to it as I wished. I would say to all my friends that if I had any virtues I trust they will pattern after them; if they see my vices, I pray them to evade them. And now thanking you for your kindness, and the attending physician (spirit) for permitting me to control the medium, I bid you good morning.

Benjamin Kidder, Woodstock, Vt.

How does the world wag with you, my boy? It goes tick, tick with me, steady as a watch! Oh, I've got as much to do with it as you have, and perhaps more. You are having all sorts of spirits here—high and low, all striving to take a peep through your window here, and make sounds through her.

Well, I want to say something—can't say much though, any way. But first I'll tell you where I belonged when on earth. It was Woodstock, Vt. I was born there, and lived there some time; my name was Benjamin Kidder. I was a strange fellow when I was here—happy, always happy; and I want you to tell my folks Ben is just as happy as he was on earth. They always wondered if I would be. They could not hammer the Bible into me at all—I did not believe it, and anybody that knew Ben Kidder, knew he didn't believe in the Bible, and they set that down as a big mark against me. I believed it was a work of fiction, got up to make money. You see they did not put the Bible to me in the right way. Now I come back to tell my folks that I believe the Bible, and that there is a God, a heaven and a hell. Not that sort of a hell they preached up to me; but hell is a little fire burning in each man's heart, that does a wrong act. Somebody says the fires never quenched, and the worm dies not. That hell must be a queer place! Now I say that it is just the easiest thing to put that fire out. How do you think it is done? Why, by repentance; but it can't be, so long as a man does ill.

I used to have a book, the title of which was somewhere about this, "Thoughts or Leaves on the Bible." The writer was an infidel, and he thought it might be a good book if he could only get a key to unlock it—a light to read it by, but he never had seen one on earth, nor did I. But when I came to spirit-life, the first thing I had put into my hand was a key to unlock the Bible, and I did it, and now I believe it. Now I'm going to wind up with just this: Ben Kidder the infidel, is an infidel no longer. The people on the earth failed to convert him to Christianity because they didn't know how to, without stifling his reason. But the moment Ben Kidder came to the spirit life he got converted, and now he wants people of earth to know that he believes the Bible, believes in a God, believes in a heaven, and believes in a hell. He has improved the first opportunity that he had to come back and tell people this—and now good day.

George W. Ripley, California.

I'm sick—I'm weary of living, and I wish I could die. I can't die—there's no die to me. I'm miserably unhappy, and I wish, oh, how I wish I could come back and live my life over again. But then—it's ended. All ended here on earth. I can't die, can't get away from myself, and here I am, the most miserable object of pity that ever had an existence. I can't undo that which is done. Oh, there's trouble enough. I was a drunkard and a murderer, and I am perfectly miserable now; yes, and I committed suicide, to wind up with, and I thought it would wind me up; but no, I am here! I should like to give you a little sketch of my life on earth. I was born in Lewiston Falls, State of Maine. My name was George W. Ripley; I lived there till I was about nine years old. My father and mother died (and I can but just remember them) of fever, and I was then only a child. I was put out to live close by Lewiston, to an old man, by the name of Brown, who belonged to the Baptist church. He took me to keep until I was twenty-one. I was very fond of learning. I liked to read, but he was very harsh with me, and gave me no time to improve my mind. All the time I had was Sundays, and I must go to church, sit as stiff as a stake, then come home and read the Bible to him. If there was any work to do after that, I had to do it—if not, then go to bed.

Thus commenced my early life. I staid with him, subject to all sorts of harsh treatment, till I was seventeen, then I ran away. I should have gone to school then, but I was ashamed; I thought I was too old. I went to school not more than three months, I think, when he first took me, and all the learning I got was from reading the Bible, the Almanac, and the "Morning Star," a paper published by some Baptist fellow or other.

Well, I ran away; as I said, I had no home, no friends, and but one suit of clothes, and they were none the best, I can tell you. The old man found I had cleared out, and heard I was going to sail from Bangor in the ship "Charles Giddings," so he sent after me, and forbade my going. As I was bound to him, I had to go back. I staid three days, and then ran away, and footed it all the way from Lewiston to Portland. When I had to cross water, I begged a passage. When I got there, I made friends with the conductor of the cars, which had not begun to run, and he took me to Boston. Then I shipped on board a merchantman, and went to New Orleans. From there I went to Havre, and from thence to New York; shipped again, and went to Pernambuco—so I kept cruising till I was twenty-two years old. I acquired a pretty good education during that time—good for me, considering how I started. I studied Navigation, read a great deal—but the old thing would stick to me. I was bound, when I was young, and I ran too fast when I was my own master, so I went into all sorts of deviltry. At twenty-two I left Sandwich Islands and went to California. The fever had just broken out, and people had found out there was gold there. I considered that the Haven of Rest, and put for it. I arrived in Sacramento the eleventh day of June, I think, in the year 1849. It was about two years after the Mexican war, or after California was a part of the United States. I staid there about six months. I then left and went to Pleasant Valley, in California—staid there a few months, but all the way through I kept forming acquaintances that were not good, and I had not discernment enough to know it. If I had been started right in my youth, I should have done different; but they were well educated, and I thought that recommendation enough, and so went with them. I got to be worth some \$10,000 in gold, by mining, trading and gambling a little. I remained in that vicinity between four and five years. Sometimes I was rich, sometimes poor—to-day high, the next, low. One day me and my comrades got disputing about certain claims and a woman; we had some high words, but I thought the matter ended there; but it did not with the other, and every chance he got he flung out that I thought I knew all, and no one else anything. He had the advantage of me, and every time he got a chance, would fling out about my early life, which I had confided to him. He had continued about a month, when I said, Now we'll end this somehow; either you or I shall whip and end it. We fought with knives, and I killed him. I don't think he lived five minutes after. I pondered over it for about a week. I was in misery all the time. I buried him, said prayers over his grave—did all I could to give him a decent burial, but I was miserable. I had drunk a great deal since I went to sea, and after this deed I drank continually. I said, I can never be happy again, and I'll kill myself. By the way, I did not believe in any hereafter. I had seen so much of evil in the church, when I was with the old man, that I did not believe in anything religious. I lay all my faults to my early education. I cannot charge myself with being naturally evil, for I don't think I am. I do not think I should have run into sin if I had been dealt with properly in my youth.

I want all those who are on earth who have orphans entrusted to their care, to be sure they treat them right; that is, to be sure they do not take them for entirely selfish purposes, work their bodies, and send their souls to hell. I had to stand, or kneel still as a statue, while he was at prayers, and all the time I believed not a word he said, because I knew he did not live up to it, and I never saw a Christian that did. I came to earth particularly to warn such people in respect to giving those who are entrusted to their care a decent education, and let them follow their own inclinations as to their future life. If they incline to be mechanics, let them be; if they choose a profession, strive to give them the opportunity, for I tell you there is something in every human soul which will guide it aright, and it's no use to turn it from its course.

That old man is on earth now. He is near eighty-seven or eighty-eight years old. I wish him no harm, but I came here for the purpose of returning good for evil. He has been the first cause of all my sorrows; I want to be the first cause of his happiness, when he comes to the spirit world. He refused me light, I want to give him light. And a word to the publishers of the "Morning Star," if it is published now. I want to ask them if they believe all they used to publish in that paper? If they do, God knows they are in a bad situation. I would like to ask them to give a little more light, and be more charitable in their views; for some poor fellow, situated as I was, may have that to read, and nothing else, and I would like to have them have more charity and love, to read.

I was very miserable when I first came here this morning. I felt as I did when I had committed my error in California, but I feel more happy now. I might have said more about my comrades in California, but I do not desire to do anything to injure them.

I have been persevering for some time to get here. Conditions are rather unfavorable for me this morning—the controlling physician (spirit), tells me that the medium is very weak, and I must be cautious not to leave any of my unhappy feelings with her, and I shall take good care to throw them off from her.

I expect to be happy sometime—to have my hopes realized—those hopes I had on earth will be realized, I am told, but when, I know not—in good time, however, I have no doubt. Good morning.

James H. Carr, Murdered in California.

Strange things happen now-a-days. Twenty days ago I was alive and well. I was killed in California at the "Bella Union." I had just been in there, and was killed just as I went out of the door by two Mexicans, I think; I knew they were, in fact. I had about \$5000 in my pocket. So much for being where I hadn't ought to be. About three months ago I went to a spiritual circle in San Francisco, and saw something of spirit communicating there. I did not believe it—did not think much about it, anyway; but it was the first thing I thought of when I was dead. I saw the Banner of Light at that circle, and looked it over, but I little thought I should come so soon and see the publisher of that paper. My name was James H. Carr. My friends do not know I am dead; but they suppose so. They, it seems, heard the cry, and while the crowd was gathering, the Mexicans were carrying me off. It was twenty

minutes of two when I started to go away; in the morning. I belonged in Missouri—it was my native State. I had been in California about seven years, as I went there in 1850. I only come to try my hand at this business; for I do not exactly understand this business; but I do the best I can. My murderers were in San Francisco not long ago; they were gamblers. I was in Sacramento some, and in San Diego some, while I was in California. I was the only son of a father and mother, who died some two years before I left for California. I was born in Missouri, but did not live there after I was ten years old. I lived in Buffalo, Albany, and Troy, but I never lived in Boston.

I don't know what I came here for; I had no object in doing it, but I had a strong desire to do so. I am neither unhappy nor happy. I am not at rest exactly—I seem to have lost something, which troubles me. I suppose it's my body; in fact I know the loss of it makes me uneasy, but I suppose I shall get over it in time. Good day.
October 29th.

Willie Lewis.

My mother wanted me to come and talk. There's been an old fellow here, and he wouldn't let me talk this long time. He's wicked—God don't love him.

This spirit alludes to another by the name of George, who has friends in Brighton. He endeavored to control the medium, but Dr. K., the controlling spirit of our circle, would not permit, for the reason that the spirit was filled with revenge towards his brethren in Brighton, who, it seems, did not treat him exactly as he wished to have them, on account of his intemperance.

Oh, I've got a darling, blessed mother, where you are, (on earth,) and the angels bring me to see her—they who teach me. They came and took me away when I was sick one day. She didn't cry much, because she knew I could come back. I talk to my dear father, sometimes, but to mother most. My name was Willie Lewis—don't you know me? I used to live out here a little way from Boston, in Roxbury. Mother sent me here. Oh, I want to tell my dear mother how happy I am, how glad I am to come to her, and how often I do come. And I want to talk to the medium who lets me come to her so much—Moss is her name. My aunt Anne is a medium—spirits come to her and speak so nice to her! I mean my mother's sister. She lives away now. I go there sometimes, and I want to tell her to let me write and communicate to my dear mother. I have learned to write now. I want her to send what I write to my dear mother. Mother told me that all good little boys loved the angels, and that God tried to make all little boys good. She used to tell me all about God and the stars, and when I was sick the angels came and took me away in a chariot. I say my prayers to the angels, now, mother. She prayed that I might come back and talk to her, and the angels one day said I might, and they sent Rosa to my mother, and then they took me there and told me I might speak to her. I don't know how old I was, but the angels do, and I shall know how to tell you sometime. Oh, I didn't stay long on earth—God didn't want me to. Oh, my mother loves everybody—she fixes up nice things and sends them to sick folks—she says the angels like to have her, and she does. She scolds sometimes, but only a little. Well, I'm going now—shall I ever come again? If my mother sends me, I shall. Well, good bye.

Sally Smith, Elliot, Maine.

Oh, I'm sick, I tell you—I'm going to die. I told them all so, but not one of them would believe it. Oh, I had to keep moving all the time to keep life in me. I was over seventy years old, and I died in the poor-house, too. My name was Sally Smith. I know I'm dead, and what I'm talking to. I died in the State of Maine, at a place called Elliot. My sister died at the same place, before I did. She might have come to you before, but I never did. I tell you I never did. Oh, how I should like to get hold of those people! I'll learn them how to treat old folks, if I could. I came to talk—to free my mind—them scoundrels that treated me so bad! I want to expose them. They said I was not sick when I was, and made me work. Oh, the scoundrels! I'd skin them if I could. I know it is harsh treatment, but they deserve it. I was married, and I lived married most fifty years, so. I have got no children on earth, but I have got one here. The most I got treated bad for, was because I would drink; it was all the comfort I had, except taking snuff, and I'd do it again if I was there. All the books they gave me to read was the Bible, and I read it till I got tired and sick of it. All the society I had was idiots, except a few old folks who didn't appreciate my way of living. Yes, I used to run away once in a while, and I'd drink all the rum, champagne, gin and rum I could get hold of; and when I was drunk, I felt happy. I aint sorry for it a bit, because I came here quicker for it. I shouldn't have drunk if I had been treated well, but I aint sorry for it a bit. Folks here told me I hadn't a good spirit to come here in, and they did not want me to come. When I am revenged, I'll be satisfied. I was happy once—when I lit old Robinson on the head with my cane—I felt good for a month after it; I was just up for it, but I was perfectly happy for it. I'll forgive them, when I am revenged on them all. I forgave old Robinson after I lit him, and he never abused me after that. Don't say I have been to you before, for I never have.

Curious manifestation, and not very elevated in tone, but life-like and perfectly natural. A spirit came to us some time since, giving the same name, and stating she died in the same place. We supposed this might be the same person—hence her strenuous denials. To us, and to the reader, it may not seem of much service to publish this, but it may call to the mind of some residents of Elliot, the facts detailed, and thereby afford them proof that spirits do communicate.

Sam, a Slave from Richmond.

Oh, bress de Lor, massa, I've free, free, free. Massa, whar dis place? I never was here, massa. It can't be so—it must be Richmond, massa. Oh, dear massa, I've fussed. I lived on Lochland plantation. Massa has got most fifty niggas—they teach me to speak, to write, to read, took care ob me when I was sick. I used to brush massa's coat and boots—don't do so now; but I wanted to be free. Massa say I should be when I dead—so I've dead and free too. Oh, massa, I wish Quim was here, my brodder. They used to call me Sam—massa's name's Smith. I don't know what to say, massa, for I've fussed—don't know how long I've been in dis place, but reckon it's a week. Yes, I'd like to go on the old plantation, massa. Doctor said I died will fever—cough'd cold. Massa sent me out to find some ob his things dat was lost, and I catch'd cold. Massa said, Sam, I'm sorry—thought yer had more cold on. I lived down in Louisiana before I went to live with Massa Smith; had hard massa then. Missus told me to come here and talk to Massa Charles. I want to tell him Sam is free now, and I want to talk to him. Missus says she wants to talk to Massa Charles too. She fixes me here, to come to you. She always did fix me good. Now she says I must go.

David Watson.

Years have elapsed since I left earth, and now I return to see the great ocean of human mind swaying to and fro like a vessel in a hard storm; and who shall say, "Peace, be still?" The cry is going forth: "God save us!" from all the children of earth, and we say, Amen.

DESCENDANTS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—It is said that there are about eighty descendants of Dr. Franklin now living in the States of Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Kentucky, and in the district of Columbia.

