

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS
OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN
As reported for us by the best Phonographers of
New-York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.
For H. W. Beecher's sermon, see third page.
For E. H. Chapin's sermon, see eighth page.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ERFNEST; OR, THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONCLUDED.

But the sea was too much for the little waif, that was thus mercilessly tossed from point to point. No shore was in sight—amid the terrific darkness—though both the skipper and Antonio sought, by their cheerful language, and assumed knowledge of the location, to keep the spirits of the men and of Eugenie up, as much as possible. They had made scarcely a cable's length of progress, except to drift away before the wind; but still the men toiled on, and still they heard the notes of encouragement from Merville and the "captain."

The clouds continued still to roll on and blacken; the wind abated no jot of its violence; the fury of the sea was consequently increased; but Eugenie, stupefied with fright, knew little of what was passing. It seemed to her agitated and weakened mind like an awful dream. But Antonio hugged her to his heart, and prayed that they might reach the shore in safety, or sink together!

And still the men tugged faithfully at the oars; and, as yet, they continued to drift; until on a sudden, having neared the edge of a reef that ran out from the main land into the ocean, a terrific wave rolled down and nearly sunk them, as the boat filled with water. Antonio sprang forward to assist in righting the boat, at this shock, and by the effort partially relaxed his hold upon Eugenie's form. The succeeding wave concluded what the first had left undone. And the next moment the boat was dashed upon the reef.

The voice of the smuggler chief was heard but for an instant, as with one wild shriek he passed away. "Eugenie!" he cried, as she slipped from his hold into the sea. "Eugenie—my child!" but the wind howled over the unfinished sentence, and the erratic father sunk amid the surge-lashed rocks, as the fury of the gale dashed on over his watery grave!

No sound escaped the lips of poor Eugenie. The skipper shared the untimely fate of his master, and but one of the crew reached the reef alive. At the moment the boat overturned, a heavy substance fell against him, which, in his desperation, he seized upon with a dying man's gripe.

It was the form of Eugenie. He continued to cling to her dress for a moment, and in the next he rolled heavily forward upon a craggy foothold, amid the hissing spray. He rose—the wave receded—he struggled forward; still grasping the listless lady's form, and soon found himself out of the reach of the current or the wave draught.

He raised the body up, and the heart still beat! Eugenie was alive! He grasped her sturdily in his arms, and in a few minutes afterward, they were safely landed upon the higher borders of the reef! He shouted aloud, in his intensity of gratitude and excitement; but the wind whistled above their heads, the sea dashed furiously below and beyond them, and no response save the sharp sighs of the poor girl, in her distress, was heard above the storm!

CHAPTER XV.

THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET.

Fortunately, in that latitude and at the season of the year when the disaster occurred, it was not very cold. It was nearly daybreak, when the only two survivors of the wreck were thrown upon the rocks, and as soon as any light was afforded them, the sailor, who was scratched, but not seriously harmed, mounted a higher peak beyond him, to ascertain where they were, if possible.

Over a mile up the shore, he saw a curl of smoke rising from the rude chimney of a fisherman's hut. The lady beside him had so far recovered her strength as to be able to understand, imperfectly, how they were situated; and he proposed to leave her reclining upon some dry seaweed that he had gathered, while he hurried away to the cottage and learned whether the occupants might be able to befriend them there, or not.

During the man's temporary absence Eugenie became more herself, and finally saw pretty clearly the awful dilemma into which she had been thrust, through her own recklessness and want of reflection. There was no present help for all this, however. The boat had been shivered in pieces, and no fragment of it could be seen anywhere. Far away to the southward lay the broken hull of the Raven, out of sight, at present, in consequence of the still heavy but now improving weather, but so confined between two rocks as to be secure from further motion, for the present, as the sea had considerably abated.

The sailor found the hut occupied by a wrecker, who heard his brief story, and immediately started with him to aid in removing the injured lady from the ledge—secretly supposing her to be a person of rank, perhaps, who would eventually reward him, accordingly, for his pains.

"But where is your vessel, did you say?"
"Gone to the bottom!"
"Where did you strike?"
"Some miles below here, I think. We were in the

life-boat three hours; and the wind must have forced us a long distance above the spot where the schooner first struck."

They hurried down the shore toward the spot where Eugenie still lay, in anxious suspense, the wrecker continuing to ply the sailor with queries regarding the lost schooner.

"Had she much cargo aboard?"
"I think not much, in bulk, but it was of considerable value," replied Louis.

This was just the information the stranger desired to arrive at. It was in the way of his profession to "protect" such stray property as might thus fall within his reach, and he now hoped that some part of the freight, at least, might find its way to the shore, for his own pecuniary benefit. The lady was duly cared for, first, and supported by the two rough seamen, she was led slowly up to the shelter of the wrecker's hut, and placed under the charge of the stranger's wife; while Louis and his now acquaintance started off again down the beach, to search for any remnant of the wreck that might, by chance, yet remain in sight.

The men were absent several hours. Eugenie exchanged her saturated garments for others which the woman provided for her, temporarily, and upon removing her dress, the papers and parcel which Antonio placed in her possession, at the last moment before they left the Raven, fell into her hands. Two of them contained bills of exchange, upon London houses, for a large amount, all of which were duly endorsed by the party to whom they were due, and made payable to the holder of them. Antonio had done this, fearing that he might be lost, and hoping, in any event, that his Eugenie might be saved—a provision that was wisely made, and the benefit of which we shall discover as we proceed.

The wrecked lady found herself alone, soon after reaching the hut, the old dame leaving her for repose, which she sadly needed. Amidst her consternation and grief, however, she turned to the documents, mechanically, and sought to ascertain the contents of the papers which she remembered Antonio had been so anxious she should preserve. She found the bills, as above stated, but was struck at the address of the last, which she examined, upon the envelope of which, in Antonio's hand, appeared the words, "To my Eugenie." She quickly broke the seal, to read as follows:—

"I do not know, dear Eugenie, under what circumstances this document may find you, in the future. I prepare it with a view to explain to you what you can never know, otherwise; and I shall place it in your hands, only when the prospect before me is that I shall be beyond the reach of this world's calamity, and its trials, when your eyes may fall upon the lines I now pen in sorrow and anguish.

"Ah, Eugenie! how inscrutable are the ways of Fate! How little can we calculate upon the future! How blind and ignorant are we poor mortals in regard to the multitudinous vicissitudes that time holds in store for us! We have met—oh, how strangely!—and, up to this moment, you know nothing of me or mine. But, Eugenie, there is a secret of import which you have yet to learn—the secret of poor Antonio's life. Read it, when you read this history, the unfortunate being who relates it will be beyond the reach of blessing or revenge!"

"I am by birth a Corsican. My father was possessed of goodly means; but he was over-indulgent toward his only son, and I was permitted to grow up amid plenty and ease, until my fond parent was attacked by a disease which proved fatal to him after a long and serious confinement. To his confidence and man-of-business he entrusted his whole affairs; and his estate was eventually seized upon by this unfaithful steward, who wronged me (the sole heir of my father's property) of every farthing's value, and finally absconded, leaving the penniless, parentless boy to shift for himself.

Under such adverse circumstances, could it be wondered at that, instead of ascending the ladder of Fortune, I took the road of iniquity? I have no wish to excuse myself—it is too late, alas!—but such was my destiny. I embraced evil rather than good, and years of abandonment and dissipation succeeded my unfortunate father's death, whose entire estate had been squandered by his faithless servant.

My name is Antonio Erfnest. You will start at the perusal of this announcement, for you have heard this name before, Eugenie; but I will quickly unravel the mystery you should now be made acquainted with.

Some score of years ago, I chanced to fall upon the home of a peaceful family in Spain, and found a blooming maiden there, who loved me when she thought she knew me. I was a wild and reckless youth, and sought only the gratification of my own passing happiness or pleasure, without regard to the well being or the rights of others. I was an honored and a welcome guest at her father's house, and months of seeming enjoyment passed away, as we became more intimate together. My Isabel was fair, and gentle as a dove—confiding, truthful, beautiful.

I deserted this lovely flower, Eugenie, and fled—fled from Spain, from home, from friends or foes, from Isabel, forever! And Isabel became a mother! You suspect it all, ere this, and you will rush to the closing paragraph of this brief but mournful history with suspended breath.

That Isabel was your own mother, Eugenie! She died. You found your way to Esirone, at last, where I chanced to cross your path, in the youthful hunter's disguise. I learned of the perils that surrounded you, and I tore the false abbe from the position he occupied, to annoy you. You do not know me yet!

From bad to worse I had gone on, until in the seclusion of a smuggler's life I found only safety from arrest or death. I have acquired fortune, without honor or justice to my fellows. I am rich, but heart-stricken, Eugenie. But you are innocent, you are guiltless—you have been deceived.

The abbe, Dugarre, whom you remember with no regrets, was a liar and a cheat, from first to last. I found him, unexpectedly, at Esirone, but quickly recognized him as the author of my early woes, my father's robber, the squanderer of my patrimony. He knew your history; and when I seized and bore him to my camp, he told me who was Eugenie! I saw the portrait of my ruined Isabel in your hands,

and you will remember the scene of that moment. I beheld in the Eugenie that I had dared to look upon with the eyes of a lover, my own child, the daughter of my long-lost Isabel!

No more, Eugenie—no more! Your father has discharged his last debt, and you need not remember him. I give you all, all I possess, dear Eugenie. With this secret, you will find, also, enclosed the means to live independently and honorably, if you survive your unhappy father. If not, you will not need it, and I shall have passed to my last account. Though he richly deserved punishment, I did not avenge myself upon the miserable Dugarre. He is free, and I forgive him.

We shall meet no more, Eugenie. Preserve this secret in your own breast; be happy, and forgive your unlucky and repentant father. Antonio."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ERFNEST FAMILY.

Paoli Erfnest, the father of Antonio, was a Corsican, and a man of considerable wealth. His wife deceased some three years before him, and the father of Eugenie was their only son. They lived retired from the world, and were happy in their hopes and prospects, until death suddenly took away the wife and mother, leaving the father to mourn her loss, until he was himself relieved from the sufferings of earth.

Erfnest had entrusted to Philippe Dugarre the management of his estate for a series of years, and was in the habit of confiding implicitly to his steward for the account he chose to render of his business affairs. During the last two years of his life, this cunning and deceitful man saw that his master was declining rapidly, and he continued to get his signature, from time to time, to such documents as he pleased to draw up, which disposed of his property in such a manner that Dugarre readily came into possession of it at his death. The final act of this despoilingly unprincipled scoundrel was the forging of the will, to correspond with other conveniences, which completely robbed the heir of Erfnest of his just rights, and made the boy a pauper.

This ill-gotten gain lasted but a brief space of time, however, as has already been stated. Dugarre squandered the property, the boy became dissolute, and both son and steward despatched at length, and left to the mercies of an enterprising occupation. By degrees, Dugarre contrived, through an austere exterior and reserved deportment among those with whom he chanced to associate, to convince them that he was really a man of probity and religion. He turned priest, at last, and obtained favor at Esirone, in his lordship's castle. To this place, after a series of shifts and changes, he managed also to introduce the "orphan" Eugenie, whose history he knew, and whom he soon obtained charge over in his new quarters.

We have seen how he managed, for a time, afterwards. We have already learned how Eugenie eventually escaped from the ducanousness of his surveillance; and how the "abbe," too, was forced from the castle, and borne away to the smugglers' camp; and we have also seen how and why Antonio was lenient toward him, after he discovered who Eugenie was.

And here it may be appropriate to inform the reader, that the pretended "abbe," after his release from the hands of Antonio, lost no time in returning to Esirone, where he magnified the sufferings he had experienced during his absence into a most marvelous outrage, from which he had barely escaped with his life by means of stratagem and threats. All this was duly believed at the castle, and a force was got in readiness to go in search of the abductor; but after a fruitless and tiresome jaunt of two days and nights, they returned to their lord, covered with dust and worn out with fatigue, without getting a sight, even, at the "rebels" they sought to arrest and bring to punishment.

The family name of Isabel—the mother of Eugenie—was Bertald, and by this name the daughter had always been known. She had heard of Erfnest, but she had never been informed of her paternity—being too young, at her mother's death, to appreciate the unfortunate secret of her birth; and subsequently the parties into whose hands she fell had no interest in giving her any information as to these details. Thus she grew up in ignorance of her real name, and learned, for the first time, who and what she was, from the astounding disclosures made to her by means of Antonio's final letter.

We left Eugenie at the wrecker's dwelling, with this document in her hands. Ah! how the hot tears of mortification, and sorrow, and pain, coursed down the cheeks of the delicate girl, as she still pored over this shocking narrative! True, no blame could attach to her; surely, she had had no controlling power over this series of circumstances; but she was, personally, the poor orphan victim of all this deceit; and there was now no one left to her, in the whole wide world, to whom she could turn for sympathy; or in whom she dared to confide her cruel, terrible secret.

Besides all this, she had loved Antonio—not as the relative that she now saw he had been, but as one upon whom she believed she could properly lavish her heart's first affection. The Antonio whom she had thus favored, from the hour they chanced to meet, was her father! She had never dreamed that any such disparagement existed in their ages. He was so attired when they had casually met, from time to time, that she had mistaken him for a much younger man than this fact would seem to warrant. But he was gone, too. Bad as it had resulted, could she have turned to her father for sympathy in her present distress and personal misfortune, how gladly would she have buried her aching head in his bosom, and recognized him still as her best earthly friend.

But this consolation was denied her, and she wept, with none to comfort her.

The anticipations of brighter days than she had hitherto known, were suddenly and terribly clouded by this singular accident, and the disclosure that so soon succeeded it. She had looked forward to joy and continuous happiness in Antonio's society, as soon as they should reach the "home" he had painted to her, far away from all the terrors and misfortunes of her girlhood. With a single blow, all this had been dashed away from her grasp, and she found herself alone, in a stranger land, upon a barren rock, surrounded by those with whom she could not associate or appeal to, bruised and sick in heart and body. But grief, and sorrow, and pain, must have their crisis, and a termination, either in life or death. Oh, how gladly would she have welcomed the latter, at the moment when she discovered her father's secret and her own. Yet this was not her destiny.

Eugenie replaced the documents in her dress, and resolved to face her future fortunes, good or ill.

The sailor Louis and the wrecker returned to the hut at last. They had found the schooner nearly three miles below, lodged fast between the crags; and as the tide fell, and the gale had much abated, they were able to get on board of her and ascertain her condition. Two or three holes had been stove in her bows, her keel had been wrenched off, and her masts were both gone by the board when they found her. Her bulwarks were shattered, and she was otherwise broken up badly; but they found access to her cabin and hold. The freight consisted of only a few boxes and chests, all of which contained valuable and costly goods, however, that were now wet, and consequently more or less damaged. The old wrecker knew their value, nevertheless, and he appealed at once to the cupidity of the sailor, to whom he proposed their entire appropriation, the spoil to be divided between them.

"We can get the cases all out to-morrow," said the wrecker to Louis, "and I will find a market for them. There is nobody to question us. The schooner will go to pieces with the next flood tide or two, and we can make a good operation out of this. What say you?"

"And what becomes of the lady?" asked Louis, referring to the unfortunate Eugenie, whom they had left behind them at the hut.

"Oh—well—yes, I see," said the wrecker. "But that is not our business, you know; and, besides, nobody cares much about her, do you mind. She will be very glad, I've no doubt, to escape with her life, and get away from this place. We can get her over to the main land, and be rid of her, as soon as we secure the merchandise from the wreck."

"And what will she do, alone upon the main land? you speak of, without means, and without friends or acquaintances, pray?"

"But we can't help that, you see," continued the heartless wrecker. "We did not cause the accident, and she must send for her relatives, or do what she chooses, after we get her safely on terra firma."

"Have you any children, old man?" asked Louis, with evident feeling.

"No, no—I do not want any, either."

"Have you a sister?"

"No—no relations but my old woman at home; and she's quite trouble enough to me."

"Well, this lady is a stranger to me, but I have a sister, far away from this, and a mother, both of whom I love. God grant that they may never find themselves wrecked upon this inhospitable shore, without some one to care for and protect them."

"What do you care about the sniveling girl? Look out for your own interest, and never kick for a tune at her, when it comes to you in this way."

"Look you, old man," said Louis, nervously; "you are not the kind of being I had hoped to find you, nor are you the person whom I care to have in this gripe," he continued, setting his teeth and clenching his hands firmly. "But if you attempt to rob that unfortunate woman, and to pillage the vessel in the manner you have hinted at, I will as surely dash your brains out upon these rocks as I now speak these words!"

"What!" exclaimed the hardened wrecker, alarmed and evidently disappointed.

"I mean just what I say," responded Louis. "Try me, if you doubt it."

"But—see—the goods are not hers."

"I will have no buts, but justice, old man. If you choose to respect the lady's rights, in her peculiarly unfortunate predicament, come along, and I will aid you to save the property from the wreck, and you shall be handsomely rewarded for your trouble, and labor, and attentions. If you decline this, I will stand by her, and the Raven may go to pieces, and swamp her cargo."

"You are a foolish fellow—"

"I have said all I will say, then."

"Come on," replied the intimidated wrecker. "I was only trying you, do you mind? Have it your own way."

The next morning the two men got the boxes all ashore in safety, and the "Raven" disappeared entirely within the following four and twenty hours.

CHAPTER XVII.

EUGENIE AND LOUIS DUWONT.

As soon as the property was got into a position where it could be examined, the old wrecker was exceedingly anxious that the cases should be opened, in order that he might determine what should be his share of the plunder, and to ascertain how good a job he had made out of it. But, for the present, Louis objected to this course.

"I know," said he, "pretty well, that the con-

tents of these boxes are valuable, if the water has not spoiled the goods, for I heard the helmsman remark to our captain to this effect, during the storm. But I prefer to consult with the lady first, who can decide what ought to be done in the matter better than I can. I am certain she will do all that is right, so far as you are concerned, at any rate."

This plan was agreed to, after some demurring on the part of the hard-headed old wrecker, who delivered himself of the pointed sentiment, that "women were eternally in the way, for mischief; and for his part, he never could see what women—and especially young girls—were made for, any how." It was barely possible, he admitted, that the sex might have been intended for good; but so far as his experience went, he had never seen any use for them, whatever! As Louis entertained an opinion entirely opposite to this, and as he was decidedly the stronger man of the two, he did not reply to the old fellow's spleen, but to assure him that if he kept himself cool, he would probably improve his pecuniary prospects in this matter. He then waited upon the lady, Eugenie, to learn her pleasure in regard to the disposal of the merchandise, and for the purpose of consulting as to what course she would herself pursue, in her present emergency.

Louis approached Eugenie with the utmost deference and respect, notwithstanding the fact that misfortune had rendered them equals in position, at least for the present.

"I trust, lady," he said, "that you find yourself relieved here, and are quite comfortable, under our rather straitened circumstances?"

"To your kindness and perseverance, Louis," replied Eugenie, pleasantly, "I certainly owe my life. But for your determination and zeal, I should unquestionably have found a grave in the deep, beside the form of my unfortunate father!"

"Your father, lady!" exclaimed Louis, with unfeigned astonishment, "who was he?"

"Erfnest, Louis."

"The 'captain,' madame?"

"Yes, so he was called. There is no hope that he could have been rescued, Louis, I think?" she asked, with tearful eyes.

"No, madame—no!" said Louis; "he is surely lost."

"What then remains for me?" exclaimed Eugenie, as the tears burst forth afresh; "oh! what shall I do—whither shall I turn for counsel?"

"I come, lady, to consult you, now, in regard to your future intentions," continued Louis, respectfully, "and to offer you my humble advice, if you do not see your way more clearly without it. We are alone here, and I trust you will appreciate my motives in offering to you such assistance, in your affliction, as lies in my power."

"You are very kind, Louis. I assure you I am exceedingly grateful to you; and I shall not forget your attentions. Have you anything to suggest? I know nothing of what we ought to do here. I have plenty of means, but we must leave this horrible place, surely."

"Yes, madame—at once. If you happen to have anything of pecuniary value with you—"

"Oh, I have money in plenty, Louis—checks and bills upon London bankers, and jewels—"

"That is just what I want to speak to you of. I say, if you have any valuables, keep them out of sight, here. We shall not need them at present. Your father—or, that is, the 'captain,' as we knew him on board the Raven—was the owner and shipper of the goods we had in the hold, you know, madame."

"I heard my father say that there were some boxes or chests of silks and laces in the vessel, that belonged to him; but I know nothing of the particulars, further."

"Well, madame, we have found the schooner, but she has since gone to pieces, entirely. We got out the goods, and they are near by. What will you have done with them?"

"Me? I—I—really do not know anything about them, Louis. What are they?"

"We have not opened the packages at all, and they are injured, undoubtedly, by the water with which they have been drenched for two days; but, we wait your directions in the premises."

"I can give no directions, Louis, really. Where are we? How shall we get away from this miserable spot? Can it be that Antonio, my father, is lost to me forever? What shall I do, Louis? You must answer for me—to your hands I entrust my interests—in your honor, I will confide."

Eugenie was too young to assume any particular position, in her present frightful circumstances, and her spirits were so depressed and her mind so harassed, that she had no clear idea of what would be best to do, under the circumstances. As to the property that was contained in the chests and boxes that had been saved, she scarcely gave it a thought—entirely ignorant as she was of its amount or value, and caring little about it, in any way, if she could but depart from the scene of her last terrible misfortune. She urged it upon Louis to examine every spot in the region of the place where they were first thrown upon the rocky reef, in the hope that the remains of her father, at least, might be found, if possible. The sailor attended faithfully to her request, but Antonio's body could not be discovered anywhere, nor was it ever seen or heard from after the night of the fatal wreck of the Raven.

The merchandise was finally taken out and examined by Louis and the old wrecker. It was found to consist of rich silks, costly laces and embroideries, velvets, cloths, satins, and fine linens—the whole bearing a heavy value, had it not been for the damage occasioned by the submersion of the boxes in the

water. After further consultation with Eugenie, and repeated proposals and compromises between Louis and his companion in the rescue of the property, it was agreed that the friend of Eugenie should select from the mass such uninjured articles as he thought equitable, under the circumstances, and the remainder, valued at the least at eighteen thousand francs, should go to the wrecker. To this the old man reluctantly assented, with the further proviso, that, (as it was entirely unnecessary to say anything about the affair, for the present,) he should keep the matter a secret; and further, that he should at once provide the means for the transportation of the lady's share, together with himself and Louis, to the nearest convenient port, from whence they could sail for England—all of which he agreed to do forthwith.

Louis went about the work of selecting such of the merchandise as he deemed most valuable, and least in bulk, and after some delay and protests, on the wrecker's part, from time to time, as he proceeded in his duty, he succeeded in securing an invoice of splendid materials, which he packed in two large trunks, and the business between himself and the old man was concluded. He then informed the lady what he had done, to all of which she accorded her prompt approval.

"We are now ready to leave, madame," said Louis, soon afterwards, "whenever your convenience and pleasure suggests."

"Oh, let us go at once, Louis—immediately. I would not tarry here an hour longer."

"To France, or England, madame?"

"I do not know, Louis, why I should go to one or the other place, particularly. I have no friend, in either country; and, surely, I cannot return to Portugal!" she added, "for who is there left to love or care for me?"

"We can proceed with this miserably avaricious old man to the main land, and thence to Cherbourg, in France—from thence we can go—that is, madame, you can go whither you will," added Louis, correcting himself, quickly.

"But, Louis," exclaimed Eugenie, instantly, "you will surely not desert me, there?"

"No, no, madame—I will go with you—that is, I will attend you to Cherbourg, and see that you embark in safety for such destination, subsequently, as you may elect. But I am a poor sailor, only; and have no means but my courage and my hands to provide for myself and those who depend, in a measure, upon my protection at home—a widowed mother and sister, madame. I cannot loiter by the way, but must seek new employment, directly."

"Let us proceed, then, to Cherbourg, forthwith," replied Eugenie. "I will speak with you, further, at our leisure. You say you have satisfied these people, here, for what they have done for us?"

"Amplify—amplify, madame."

"And you can discover no traces of poor Antonio's body?"

"None, madame, though we have devoted ourselves assiduously to the task, since you requested it."

"And the Raven is shattered?"

"Gone to pieces entirely, madame."

"Then we have nothing more to bind us here, Louis. I am ready, whenever you think proper to start."

The two chests were placed on board the wrecker's boat. Eugenie took a kindly leave of the old man's dame; and, with a pleasant breeze, they started from the inhospitable reef of the outer shoals of Guernsey, on their way to the headlands of France.

They arrived there in safety. A vehicle was soon obtained, and Eugenie and Louis proceeded on, with all convenient despatch, to Cherbourg, where they found comfortable quarters, and where Eugenie halted for repose, and for the opportunity to determine what should be her subsequent course and destination.

"Do not leave me, Louis," she said, immediately on their arrival at Cherbourg. "I need your counsel and protection."

"You may rely on my devotedness, lady," replied Louis. And Eugenie thought she discovered an emphasis in this well turned answer!

CHAPTER XVII.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

The band that remained behind, in the mountain passes and promontories of the Sierra d'Estrella, over whom for so long a period Antonio had presided—under the assumed cognomen of *Ostrello*—had not the slightest idea when the "captain" left them, on board the Raven, that he would be absent, at the outside, over ten or twelve days.

At the expiration of the period set down for the farther detention of Dugarre (under the chief's order), as he did not return, the pretended abbe was duly escorted from the limits of the camp, in safety. We have already learned how he found his way back to Estrone, and with what success he managed the expedition afterwards, set on foot at his suggestion by the lord of the castle—but of which *Ostrello's* men never heard a syllable, or had had any intimation whatever!

They watched and waited at the "Eyre," and every speck upon the ocean was scanned, for days and days after the time had passed by, when he should have returned; but the Raven never appeared in sight; and they watched and waited in vain. A fortnight—a month—six weary weeks elapsed, but *Ostrello* did not come! It was passing strange to the minds of all the band, except to that of Maloch. He knew of the abduction, and the subsequent disposal, for a while, of Eugenie; and he felt satisfied, at length, that love and a beautiful girl was at the bottom of the mystery. The captain had fled with his prize! Maloch was certain of this, for he had taken away with him the bulk of his valuables, also—a fact which was only discovered a month after he had gone.

Nearly three months expired, but *Ostrello* did not show himself again at the camp—when Maloch was elected chief in his stead; and matters soon assumed their wonted routine, under the direction of the newly-chosen captain, who was really a brave and accomplished rogue.

Louis Dumont, the unfortunate companion of Eugenie, first arrived at the Eyre, in the Raven, when she made her late trip to that spot. He had shipped on board the schooner at Bayonne, where the vessel stopped a few days on her way from England, (so her clearance papers denoted,) to "Lisbon and a market." He had no idea she was a smuggler, and knew nothing of her destination or employment, when he shipped. He was an Englishman by birth, but spoke the French and Spanish languages fluently—his parents being French, residing, however, on English soil.

He had followed the life of a mariner for twelve

years. When he went on board the Raven, he had but recently arrived at Bayonne, from the wreck of the "Prince John," a brig of which he was then first officer, that had been lost near the coast of France, after a violent hurricane in the Bay of Biscay. He understood that the Raven would return immediately to England; good wages were offered him; he was destitute, and he joined the crew of the smuggler, to learn her real character on his arrival at the depot of the camp of Antonio. He resolved upon quitting the Raven, at the very first opportunity, and was rejoiced to learn that she was about to proceed toward England so soon after he arrived at the "Eyre." They embarked with *Ostrello* and Eugenie on board as passengers—Merrille, as skipper, and four hands. His experience as a seaman was of great service to the commander, and he was, at last, the only man who reached the shore, when the Raven was stranded.

Louis was about twenty-six years of age. His complexion was regular, fair, and his features were mainly and regular. His skin was now embrowned by long exposure to the sun and sea air; but he was a good looking man, of fair education, and a thorough-bred sailor. He had come up from the cabin-boy, and had passed seven or eight years of his sea-faring experience in the fore-castle. He had been second officer upon two voyages, and when he was wrecked (in the "Prince John") he was then first mate of that unfortunate vessel.

His father had long been dead. Louis was the idol of his only remaining sister, and the support of his aged mother. He toiled hard from year's end to year's end; but he had not been able, thus far, to accumulate the means that his application and long service really deserved. But his reward—though he did not realize it—was, finally, near at hand.

"You tell me, Louis," said Eugenie to her protector and associate in the late disaster, "that you have a sister in England near my own age?"

"Yes, madame—that is, she is your senior, somewhat, I think. Lucie is now nearly twenty years old."

"And you love her?"

"With a true sailor's love, madame," replied Louis, ardently.

"And your mother is living, too?"

"Yes, they dwell together."

"You do not meet them often, I suppose?"

"No, once or twice in a year, perhaps."

"How long since you saw your mother and Lucie?"

"Five months, come Sunday next."

"That is a good while."

"It seems longer, when one meets with so much vicissitude as has followed upon my last two voyages."

"Wrecked in both, you say?"

"Yes, madame. But my time has not come yet, you see."

"Would you not like to see your mother and Lucie?" asked Eugenie, cautiously.

"Oh, yes, very much. But I must not go home at present. By and by, when I get some *argent*, I will go; I am now penniless; and that would not do, you know."

"Where will you go, Louis?"

"To sea, again; I can do nothing else. I am a sailor; I love the sea—though old Neptune does not treat me over well of late. However, 'better luck next time,' we always say, after an accident. There is enough that is new and novel to be met with, and so much to learn and amuse one with—barring the bad storms, which none of us like—that the life of the sailor is a happy one, in the main, lady, after all."

"You say you will go."

"I must, madame, very soon."

"And leave me alone, Louis—friendless, without a protector? A fatherless, motherless girl, in a strange land—"

"No, no—I won't do that, you see."

"What will you do?"

"I will find you a passage to London, or to Havre, or where you please."

"If I decline to go?"

"But do you not wish to go?"

"Whither?"

"That is for you to arrange, madame."

"Then I may go where I please, Louis?"

"Of course you will go so, lady."

"Oh I will not go to London, or Havre, at all, Louis, if you please."

"Where, then, madame?"

"Where is your home, Louis?"

"On the bosom of the bright blue sea, lady! I have no home but that."

"Your mother and sister, then; where do they reside?"

"At Yarmouth, on the southern English coast."

"Then I will go to Yarmouth, Louis, by your leave; and you shall give me a letter to your mother and to Lucie."

"That would be very nice, to be sure!" said Louis, gaily. "Really, this did not occur to me at all."

"No, you are not very forward, Louis," continued Eugenie, half in earnest. "But you see it now?"

"Oh, clearly, clearly, Madame. And a very good arrangement this will be, upon my word. Though I must tell you, at first, that we are poor enough, and you will not fancy our mode of living much. But Lucie is so gentle and loving, and my good old mother is always so kind, and attentive, and pleasant, that everybody loves them just as I do, I think, and you will be sure to be pleased with them, I know."

"I do not doubt it, Louis; I will go forward at once. You prefer to write, rather than to accompany me to Yarmouth, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no!" continued Louis, reflectively, as light now began to break in upon his naturally opaque understanding; "not at all, lady. If you wish it, I—I shall do—that is, I will go with—where you direct me. But, really, this proposition of yours is so novel, yet so very agreeable to me, that I am surprised I did not think of it before."

"So am I, Louis!" replied Eugenie, archly. "But you see how very awkward it would be for me to go there alone—"

"I see, I see—exactly, madame. Command my services whenever you are ready."

"Why should we not go at once, Louis?"

"True, madame."

"Then be it so," said Eugenie. "My father has left me with ample pecuniary means, and I will be glad to share it with the family of one who has been so faithfully my friend—when I so much needed friendship—as you have been, Louis. Secure our passage, then, at your early leisure; and we will do part for England, where I do not doubt I shall find repose, and as much happiness as I can enjoy, in the society of those you love."

Louis Dumont was one of the happiest men alive, that night. Within twenty-four hours Eugenie and

her protector were on their passage to Yarmouth, England, in a first class packet that piled between that port and Cherbourg.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOME VOYAGE.

How buoyant is the heart of the mariner, when the warm sun gladdens the sea and sky, when the even breeze fills the broad, white sails of his gallant craft, and he is bounding forward before the prosperous gale toward the home of those he loves! Such were the pleasurable emotions that animated Louis Dumont—though he was now only a passenger—as he paced the deck of the beautiful bark which was bearing himself and Eugenie Erfinest to his English home.

She had adopted her father's name from choice, and out of respect to the memory of Antonio; and by this name she was subsequently known. From the hour when she found herself indebted to the energy and kindness of Louis Dumont for her life, she experienced the liveliest emotions of gratitude toward him. When she subsequently had the opportunity to witness and realize his disinterested but kind devotion to her well, and especially after the disclosure made to her when Antonio was no more, those sentiments ripened into a stronger esteem. When she came to feel, at last, how all alone she was in the world, and reflected again that she owed to Louis her safety—when she learned that he had a mother and a sister in his quiet English home, who might be a mother and a sister to herself, was it unnatural or singular that she should think of other relations that might possibly grow out of all this accident and mishap, if Louis proved worthy of her higher respect, or, eventually, of her purer affections? Thus it turned out, at all events. And before the termination of the voyage, though scarcely six weeks had passed since she first met him, Eugenie had, in her own heart, promised Louis Dumont her hand, if he were bold enough to claim it.

Louis did not suspect this, fairly, however. He saw how kind and attentive was Eugenie, and he was very certain that his companionship was not irksome to her, for he was constantly at her side during the voyage from Cherbourg, homeward. Yet he dared not presume to speak to her of love! He was too modest—sailor though he was—too diffident to have his conduct towards Eugenie construed into anything that should seem like assumption or rudeness. He felt that he could afford to wait awhile, and trust to his fortune, which he really believed had now taken a sudden but clearly favorable turn. And in this state of feeling the silent lovers went forward, happily and contentedly, toward the home of Louis Dumont.

They were within twelve hours' sail of Yarmouth, and the voyage hitherto had been unusually brisk and prosperous, when on a sudden the wind changed from southwest to northeast, and a thick fog-bank was seen rising from the westward, near the land ahead. The change was very quick from pleasant, bracing weather, to a cheerless and cold atmosphere, that soon drove Eugenie below.

"How far are we from Yarmouth, Louis?" she inquired of her friend, as soon as they reached the cabin.

"Less than thirty leagues."

"That is a long distance, then."

"A mere trifle, Eugenie. We should have been in port before midnight but for this queer change in the weather; so sudden, too."

"Yes; and I feel the increased motion of the seas also. Do you observe it?" she inquired, with some alarm. "Does not the vessel rock badly, Louis?"

The sailor smiled cheerfully, and said, "well, this motion is beautiful, Eugenie. But for such agreeable company as yours, I assure you I could quickly and sweetly fall asleep with this 'rocking' that you speak of."

"Do you not feel disturbed, then, amidst such forbidding prospects, Louis—you who have seen so much of accident, with similar warnings, too? I shall be glad when we reach the land again in safety."

"Where we have the sea-rose that we have in the Channel here, we feel no uneasiness, ordinarily," said Louis. "Besides, you observe, the motion is easy and uniform, though it is certainly violent."

"All hands on deck!" was shouted at this moment from above the fore-castle.

"What is that for, pray?" exclaimed Eugenie, overhearing this summons.

"Nothing, I think. That is not uncommon. They wish to shorten sail in a hurry, perhaps. I will go up and see how it looks."

"You will soon return, Louis?"

"Immediately."

The aspect above was by no means cheering or agreeable to Louis, sailor as he was, and he immediately passed to the man at the wheel.

"How does she bear it?" he asked.

"Now, boys, lively! Lower away that foresail, or old Boreas will save you the trouble!" shouted the mate, as he bustled forward, after getting everything snug about. "And look to the jib, there. Stand by to let go at the word! This comes like a thief on us. Steady, Brayson, steady; keep her head up."

"Steady—so," responded the weather-beaten Brayson, at the helm.

"By Jove and old Neptune," said the first officer, "this is the sharpest blow I've seen in a twelvemonth. Let go your jib—haul in, boys, haul in! Stow her snug, and clear away there, forward!"

The barque was under bare poles, scudding before the squall, and night set in, as dark as Erebus. For two long hours the wind blew frightfully, and the heavy sea rolled up its long waves in dreary succession around the staunch and well-found vessel, alarming poor Eugenie greatly, but doing no damage to anything. Before midnight, the storm passed over, the clouds dispersed, the sea calmed considerably, the fog blew up, and the barque cracked on all sail again, and stood upon her course once more for the Isle of Wight.

"It is now quite over, I assure you," said Louis, encouragingly, to Eugenie. "It was a serious blow, for the time being, but it has passed, and we shall be in Yarmouth harbor by noon to-morrow."

The mother of Louis was not yet looking for his return. Some anxiety had been felt that his vessel had not lately been heard from, but they supposed it to be safe, and only learned of his two disasters from his own lips when he reached home at last.

At two o'clock on the day succeeding the storm, the good barque came into the harbor off Yarmouth, in safety, and Louis, with his lady in charge, proceeded at once to his mother's humble dwelling, where a joyful meeting succeeded between the sailor, his mother and his pretty sister.

"I told you, Eugenie," said Louis, pointing around

the neat but plainly-furnished apartment, "I told you that you would find no splendor here. But let me commend you, Ma'm'selle Erfinest, to the favor of my dear mother and my sister Lucie. You will soon get acquainted, all of you, for the sake of Louis," he added, "and I know you will be very happy together."

"You are very welcome, madame," said the mother, in a bland tone; and, while the ladies entered into a pleasant chat, Louis went out to look after the two chests of merchandise he had not yet taken from the vessel, and which were subject to revenue charges.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Oh, this dreary world is a "vale of tears,"
And its shadows are long and deep,
And weary pilgrims, 'mid dangers and fears,
But hardship and sorrow may reap;
Oh, this earthly life is sad and dreary,
And as I pass on I'm lone and weary.

(SECOND VOICE.)

In the "vale of tears" the bright sunbeams play,
The smiles of our Father in Heaven,
And these love-beams chase the shadows away,
And peace to the end is given;
Oh, 'tis sweet to live in this world of ours,
And as we pass on let us call it flowers.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Oh, life on the earth is a cloudy night,
And I wander uncertain here,
And over my pathway there beams no light
My sorrowing heart to cheer;
And the tempests will break above my head,
And their fierce-drawn breath fills my soul with dread.

(SECOND VOICE.)

If such, let our life be a starry night;
The clouds from our spirits arise—
Away with our doubts and the star-beams bright—
Their radiance will shed from the skies;
In tempest and storm, if we look above,
Our Father still guides in wisdom and love.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Our life is a tune of discordant notes,
That painfully jar on the soul,
And like the white cloud that in ether floats,
Or the ocean, whose waters roll
In melody sweet, oh I long to be
From these painfully-jarring discords free.

(SECOND VOICE.)

Our spirits are lyres, and on them we wake
The music our earth-lives inspire;
Dark thoughts and wrong deeds saddest discords make
In the great universal choir;
Then let our spirits in harmony be
With the music of Heaven—pure, holy and free.

East Medway, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ETHEL CLIFFORD;

OR,

THE WIFE'S STORY.

BY ISABELLE EUSTACE PARKER.

Never saw I a being more lovely, more queenly, than Ethel Clare, as she sat beside me in my cosy little room, attired in her morning garments. Already had twenty-nine summers and winters lavished their warmth and cold upon her, and even now had she tasted, ay, drained her cup of bliss and woe.

Early wedded, the one who sought and won her hand had, already, "after life's first fever," passed away, and left her, young and beautiful, to battle with life alone. The world said Ethel Clare was heartless, and wept not over the death of Percy Clifford. They went so far, the cruel gossip, as to say she deemed Hymen's silken chain a yoke, and was glad when it was broken. I when they never saw that proud head bent low, with its wealth of raven tresses veiling the pure, sinless face, and hiding from unfeeling eyes the weight of woe that laid a heavy burden in the broad white brow, and hovered over the sweet lips, quivering them in agony. Ah, Ethel Clifford was mourning her life away in deep, bitter grief, that seeks for no recognition, no sympathy, and no vain words; her grief was pure and hallowed from mortal eye, and ever from her heart the still pale face of her Percy, in all its nobleness, gazed forth upon her, weaving around her a strange calmness and seeming happiness which, when alone, burst forth in torrents of bitter woe, and ceaseless repinings for the love that had woven itself into every tendril and fibre of her strong, passionate heart. Now she was before me, a weird light burning from her tearless eyes; her marble-like face gleaming through the framework of her jetty tresses, that fell in long spiral curls around her delicately moulded form; her small hands clasped tightly, and her red lips glowing and burning with the pent-up agony of her heart, which was struggling to free itself of its terrible load.

The hour had come. I knew Ethel Clifford had wrestled long with her grief, and now it had turned upon her the conqueror; the rosebud lips parted, and the white hands were loosed, and she, the favored and haughty, came to me, in the gleaming of that bright autumn day, meek and tender. She raised her dark, impassioned eyes to my face, while her hands clasped mine with almost frenzied eagerness. She spoke; and her voice was soft, low, earnest and beseeching.

"Eda Lee, I have struggled long with a great woe that is lying heavy upon my soul, blasting all my life's grand aims; crushing me, Eda, body and spirit. Gaze upon me, Eda, and read in this erst tranquil face my woe; pity me, Eda, dearest; fold your arms around me, oh kind friend!"

She crept closer to me, like a wounded dove, and I bent over her, and twined my arms around her, and kissed her pale, woe-crowded brow; and her eyes glowed bright, and flashed forth the yearnings in her soul. She murmured on—her voice, now low and soft, like the dulcet notes of a bird; now wild, passionate, shrieking forth for that which came not; now hollow and hoarse, like the wail of a spirit doomed to despair.

"Oh!" she said, "I am dying—dying, Eda, for my loved one; there is dearth here,"—and her hand was pressed against her beating, throbbing heart; "there is want here, ceaseless cravings after the absent. Oh, my household idol is broken, my heart's secret chamber bereft; there is yearning, wild yearning, for him, the loved and the fled. As hours speed on there is no happiness for me. The master-hand that tuned this fiery heart and drew sweet music therefrom, is cold and still. Oh, Eda, Eda! didst ever know what it was to love, wildly, madly, passionately? Didst ever know what it was to have a will, strong, mighty, and all tender, swaying your soul into tuncful harmony—a will that

drew you near and nearer the true and good—and a love that made your spirit strong, and taught you through that love to seek the high and pure—that brought you even to the portals of Heaven? Then fancy what it is to have all withdrawn—to have the staff broken, and the mighty will, the glorious love, all gone. Eda, oh God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Oh, I could not weep as the proud dead, in all its marvelous beauty, lay prostrate at my feet; I could only pray that her spirit had sought its mate in that long, death-like swoon. I bent over her; I even I, gleamed still, and saw the mournful eyes, glassed forth, still deeper and more spiritual; finally the voice came; I checked it not.

"Eda, dost remember how ambition has always been my ruling passion—how I craved worldly honor and fame? Ah, there was a time when naught, it seemed, should stymy my purposes. Dost remember 'Lella, the Song Bird'?"

I started. When I visited the city of ——— I had heard at the last opera the "Song Bird," which was some years ago. Such a voice was that of the radiant being who greeted the vast assembly—so wild, liquid and passionate—she chained the hearts of the audience to her will, and the stage her light foot had pressed was strewn with flowers, her wreaths of fast spreading fame. Ah, well I remembered, and the voice was murmuring on:

"Eda, I was 'Lella, the Song Bird'; and as the flowers fell, I noticed a singular bouquet, and I stooped and pressed it to my bosom. I knew not what made me, unless it was his will; it was not handsome; it was a cluster of deep, rich violets, the bud of a white lily, an opening rose. They were bound together by a laurel, and a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Be thou like the violet, modest and humble; like the lily in thy purity, and fresh and blooming as the opening rose; and oh, in fame forget not thy womanhood.' I have that even now; it came from Percy. I know not our first introduction; I believe it was at a grand party. I will recollect the sensation that was mine when first we met, when his hand clasped my own. Oh, Eda, a new life seemed flowing into my spirit—a new purpose dawned upon me—a higher, more aspiring one. Never will his image fade from my mind—his high, pale brow, his noble head, and deep, serious eyes! Oh, Eda, I loved him; my whole soul went out to meet his. Peace, that passeth all understanding, was mine; and, from that hour, I lived for Percy Clifford."

A year from our first meeting rolled away, and the esteem of Percy Clifford and Ethel Clare ripened into a love, stronger, mightier than death. He had never spoken to me of his love. No word had he breathed to me of that pure and holy passion that was binding our souls together with inseparable ties. Eda, that year was like a bright, delicious dream to me, fraught with a free, high harmony, and a woman's true and pure desire. I only needed to be with him, and silently powerful, I felt the vast torrent of his love rolling on, on, to me. What life I felt when near him! How the blood would course through my veins! My spirit bound upward with a woman's first, holy love! Ah, I wished no more to bask in the sunlight of flattery and worldly fame. Henceforth I prayed to be better; that, when he came to me, he might find all his expectations realized.

I returned to my own quiet, beautiful home, and a mother's love welcomed the wanderer. Ah, Eda, I knew in our busy little town Percy would remember me. I hid bare, the outlines of my heart's wish and life to my mother; for what child should withhold a pure love from a parent? But, Eda, the deepest feeling was for him alone. I never shall lose the thrill of happiness that entered my being, when, one bright summer's day, he sought me in my home.

Thinkest thou he surprised me thus early? Ah, no. The night before, Eda, I went to my room early, bidding a kind good-night to my beloved parent. I disrobed myself, and donned a cool wrapper, and drew my cushioned chair to the window. As the night was very warm, I threw up the window. The sweet south wind, laden with the breath of many flowers, stole in, and dallied lightly with the white muslin curtains of my bed; it crept over my brow, and lavished kisses thereon. Luna, from above, flooded my room with a soft, silver sheen, and the low, sad notes of the whip-poor-will floated dreamily to my ear. I bent my head upon my hand and gazed upon the world of sleeping beauty, enwrapped in the white glory of the moon. Suddenly my whole being seemed to thrill and vibrate, as though a master hand had touched all the chords of my soul and body, and distended and clear I heard Percy Clifford's voice. Ah, Eda, even to my dying hour shall I remember it, so unearthly sweet, with its burden of pent-up love, calling; 'Ethel—my Ethel Clare!'

not arrive at a state in which they are conscious of being so, they keep away from him, and thus deprive themselves of the rest which they might obtain by going to him while yet in their sins.

The idea of a man going to Christ after he becomes perfect, is like of a man going to a doctor for help and comfort after he has got well. A doctor can do nothing for you if you are well, and therefore he can afford you no comfort; but if you are sick he can aid you, and thus contribute to your peace. What if a man should carry his watch to a horologist when there was nothing the matter with it? The horologist would say to him, "Why did you bring it to me if it runs right?"

Now if you obtain peace from Christ, you have got to go him unfeared, unregretted, uncured of wrong, with your pride and your selfishness betraying you, with al-

The career of this man—Louis Napoleon—is truly a wonderful one. To doubt that he is directly controlled by the power of superior beings, is almost to question the fact that there is such a man in existence. He keeps his own counsel altogether. Those who do not understand that his movements are as regular and plain as their own, consider that his life is wrapped in a complete mystery. But there are powers all around him that guide and control him, and becoming entirely submissive to them he is able to achieve the wonderful successes that have made his name so famous. Hence, though no one was advised with in reference to the present armistice, there is little doubt that Napoleon was carefully consulted by other persons, and he has implicitly to believe that it will eventuate as it should in the end.

Mr. Choate's Death.

The death of Rufus Choate is deeply felt among all classes in our community. He remains calm up to the last moment, and was taken away by St. John's, on Friday last, and the funeral services were held on Saturday, in the church of Dr. Schenck Adams, where he was a constant attendant. The church was filled to overflowing with sympathizing spectators. The services made a deep impression upon the multitude, and during the progress of the funeral the city seemed to be plunged into mourning.

A public meeting of the citizens of Boston was held in Faneuil Hall, on Friday, at twelve o'clock, to offer some proper expression of sorrow at the death of so great a man and so brilliant a genius, and of sympathy with the family of the deceased. It was addressed by Mr. Everett and others, in a strain suitable to such an occasion. The members of the Suffolk bar held a meeting, which was crowded, in the Superior Court Room, at which addresses were made by the leading lawyers and counselors, and appropriate resolutions were adopted. Gov. Banks was present, and offered some very interesting remarks, well-timed and full of liberal thought. The speech of Richard H. Dana, Jr., too, was especially interesting and was well received. On every hand we hear nothing but sincere expressions of sorrow for the going out of so brilliant a light from our midst. The papers abound with similar testimonials. Boston must begin now and look to the young men who are coming forward.

The Sickles' Sensation.

The recent reconciliation of Mr. Daniel E. Sickles with his wife, whose conduct with the late Mr. Philip Barton Key was the cause of his murder, has caused a great deal of talk everywhere. The newspapers have not refrained from indulging in the freest comment on the matter—so novel in itself, and so full of interest to the public. Sickles himself has addressed a general, though an unsatisfactory, reply through the columns of the New York Herald. Mr. Sickles' great point—which he endeavors to make in his letter—is, that he did not know before that it was wrong to forgive a woman. People, however, are not yet generally convinced by his logic, to forgive his wife necessarily implies a willingness to live with her once more in marital relations. They think that if he declared in his frenzy, he took the life of Barton Key because he had forever dishonored his bed, of course lying in that bed again would never wipe out the stain of dishonor. If, too, we remember with any degree of accuracy, Mr. Sickles was the most concerned in the first of it, because his wife's conduct was publicly known—known even though the negro quarters of Washington; if he is ready magnanimously to brave that knowledge on the part of the public now, why was he not just as willing to brave it then and show the same spirit of forgiveness he is willing to exercise now, by forgiving his wife then and staying his hand from the commission of the highest crime known to the laws of God?

Sectarian Feeling.

At the recent anniversary of the Cambridge Divinity School, a resolution expressive of sympathy with Rev. Theodore Parker, and of a sincere wish for his speedy restoration to his friends and family, was introduced by one of the ministers present. This resolution gave rise to a good degree of discussion. It was frankly stated, in the course of the remarks of one speaker in particular, that inasmuch as Mr. Parker, by his preaching, had done nothing but damage to their cause (sectarian), in his own heart he could not find a disposition to pray for his return amongst us! He confessed that he fully sympathized with Mr. Parker in his sickness, as well as in this compelled separation from his friends; but still he was not willing to offer up a petition that he might speedily return, since his coming back argued no good to the cause to which he (the speaker) was attached! This is an illustration of Christian charity. How might well exclaim as he did in relation to another topic—

Verbatim Reporting.

Messrs. Burr and Lord, our reporters of the Rev. Dr. Chapin's sermon, inform us that in all their professional experience, the day of twelve and the other ten years, embracing six sessions, as official reporters in the U. S. Senate, they have never heard, on the whole, so difficult a speaker to follow as that of Dr. Chapin. Public speakers vary in their rate of speech from 80 to 160 words a minute, the average being 120. Those who speak at the maximum rate are few, and seldom keep it up to exceed it, reaching near 300 words. Our reporters have always noted the exact length of Dr. Chapin's discourse, even to the fraction of the minute, and sometimes they noted the time in the midst of the sermon, at the break of places. Upon actual count of the number of words per minute, the rate of speech has been found to average generally 140 to 150 words a minute, the sermon through. But in the sermon of May 20th averaged 164, and for the last twenty minutes 160; and in the sermon of June 20th, the result is as follows:

Number of words in the sermon, exclusive of text, 7888. Time of delivery, 48 min. Average per minute, 164.1-3 words. Number of words, 151-2 minutes, 2074. Average per minute, 191.5-6.

It will be remembered that the calculations are based upon the number of words printed, which probably falls at least five per cent. short of the actually spoken, because the reporter generally omits returns of phrases and prunes redundances. And it will also be observed by the reader that Dr. Chapin uses a great many long and unusual words. Taking into consideration these facts, we think it will be difficult to produce a parallel feat performed by Messrs. Burr and Lord.

Spiritual Manifestations in Ireland.

We make a few extracts from the Belfast agent us from our friend, G. D. G., Philadelphia:

"We hardly know how to describe the leading cause which have occurred in Belfast, since our last publication, which we call the 'revival' movement. The remarkable manifestations which have resulted in at least hundreds of cases, the prolonged comatose condition in which many of the sons remained, and all of the subsequent manifestations, the wildest forms of convulsion, and the most extraordinary and contradictory manner. Meetings held in some of the Presbyterian churches; and, especially, in the case of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Loughborough, and some laymen. Above one o'clock some persons became affected, and had to be removed. On being brought into the air, they uttered distressing cries. At a later hour, some persons were removed to the streets, and the shrieks of women, in particular, were heard. Some were subsequently removed; and each of them appeared in a fainting state, having no control of themselves, physically or mentally. They were respectively raised to cars, and conveyed to their homes. In other churches, we might say that exactly similar occurrences took place. There were great crowds, and several persons were necessarily removed from the buildings, shrieking or almost paralyzed.

This paper mentions numerous cases of persons, young and old, who are suddenly stricken down in the street, and in their houses, and in factories, while at work, and are thereby so prostrated by this unseen influence as to be entirely helpless, requiring the aid of physicians. In most of the cases there is manifested a wild excitement, amounting to temporary delirium. Newspapers published immediately in the districts of Coleraine, Ballymena, Ballymoney, and Rathfriland, also contain long accounts of the same startling and extraordinary manifestations in a large number of other towns in Ireland. Are not these well-marked cases of obsession?"

Spiritualists' Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold their Annual Picnic at Harmony Grove, Reading, on Thursday, July 28th, 1890.

Professor Brittan and other prominent speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises.

Cars leave the Northern Depot, Lowell, at 9 o'clock A. M. Returning, will leave the Grove at 6 P. M. Tickets for the excursion 50 cents. Good music will be in attendance.

The friends in Haverhill, Lawrence, and adjoining towns, can make arrangements with the Boston and Maine Railroad Co. at reduced rates of fare.

A general invitation is extended to all friends of Spiritualism to be present. Should the weather prove unfavorable, the picnic will be held on the day following.

Lecturers.

Our New Hampshire friends should bear in mind that Prof. S. H. Berran is to lecture at Milford, in that State, on the last Sabbath of this month.

Prof. J. L. D. Orr will spend the months of August and September in Connecticut and Rhode Island. He will be happy to address the friends of reform, either upon Education or Spiritualism, or to attend the sick, at any of the following places, or in their vicinity, viz., Norwich, Willimantic, or New London, Ct., during the month of August; and Providence, Newport, or Westerly, R. I., during the month of September, for such compensation as the friends may feel able to give; and will also receive subscriptions and form clubs for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Friends desiring his services will address him at Lowell, Mass., previous to August 1st. After that time, at Norwich, Ct.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson will lecture, in the trance state, at East Cambridge, Vt., July 31st; also, at Fletcher, three miles south of Jericho Centre, (in the grove), August 7th. She will also receive calls to attend funerals, if desired. Address, Cambridge, Vt., till further notice.

[For a fuller list of Movements of Lecturers see seventh page.]

Office Editors.

Henry Ward Beecher is decidedly a practical man. He holds the following truthful language in reference to "Office Editors":

"The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and in a technical sense, the editor is not seen, so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which a paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance, and the watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who guesses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the benefits of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellencies. In like manner, how few of all our readers dream that the *Independent* owes a great deal of its excellence to the editors who are in the office, named Office Editors, in distinction from the editors who originate the articles that appear upon the editorial page?"

"The Western World," Dekalb, Ill.

This paper is decidedly reformatory. It shakes off old sins, and in their place takes on virtues. The editor says what he pleases to say, for the reason that he knows no fear. It appears to be a man of true religious cast, and we guess he don't subscribe to any "creed." We quote the following from one of his leaders:

"The spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance is rapidly vanishing. A few years ago, members of different churches would not fellowship, who were not members of the same great Father; and this feeling is extending to all classes, and we are proud to say that Dekalb is not behind. Here we have Baptists, Methodists, Mormons, Universalists, Infidels, Spiritualists, and persons holding other religious faiths, yet all meet on a common platform, regardless of religious or political belief, and all are treated with common civility and courtesy. Heaven hasten the day when every son and daughter of Adam shall recognize all as brothers or sisters, regardless of belief or circumstances."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE STARRY DOME.

TO G. M.

"Tis said that yonder starry dome,
Whose diamond worlds give night its glory,
Contains the wished for, peaceful home,
Foreshadowed off in song and story.

The savior in his forest wild,
The dusky son of Africa's soil,
The Asiatic's swarthy child,
All, like the Christian, for it toll.

The dying Indian calmly sits
And gazes on the setting sun;
A vision o'er his fancy flits:
The happy hunting-grounds are won.

The Arab on his desert path
Lies parched with thirst and gasps for breath,
But dreams of flowing fountains he bath,
And joy lights up the face of death.

Why does the Hindoo victim leap
Under the wheels of Juggernaut?
'Tis but the climbing of a steep
That leads him to the land he sought.

And why do Christians at the stake,
Say to the fiery faggot, "Come!"
'Tis but the chariot they take
To reach the land in yonder dome.

That land is filled with hope and joy,
For friendships there are always pure,
And happiness without alloy
Unending kindnesses ensue.

Dear friend, such gentle friendship thou
Art over exercising here;
'Tis thus thou mak'st a heaven now,
Ere yet the heavenly heights appear.

May all thy loves and friendships be
Regarded with an equal love,
That thou may'st feel an ecstasy
Akin to what is felt above.

And may those friendships all endure
To bless thee in yon distant home,
Directed by a light as pure
As beams from yonder Starry Dome.

New York, July, 1890.

Book Notices.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER; with some account of his early life and education; contained in a letter to the Rev. Dr. E. L. Rieu, of the Baptist Society of Boston. Rufus L. Ligon, Jr., Boston: 1890.

This book contains nearly two hundred pages, written in the characteristic and able style of Mr. Parker. It is dated at Santa Cruz, April 10, 1859, in reply to a very affectionate letter written to him after his illness, and signed by over three hundred of his congregation. Every man of every religion should read this book, and keep it to read again. Leave out the bitterness and sarcasm that blot its pages, and the whole book sparkles with transcendent beauty.

We make the following quotations:

In the last forty years, I think no New England college, collective faculty or pupils, has shown sympathy with any of the great forward movements of mankind, which are indicated by some national outbreak, like the French Revolution of 1789 or 1848.

From this fatal defect of our scheme of culture, it comes to pass that the class which has the superior education—ministers, professors, lawyers, doctors, and the like—is not only never a leader in any of the great human movements of the age, but is actually a hindrance to them. It is this class, but it continually retards all efforts to reform all evil institutions, or otherwise directly increase the present well-being of the race, or the future progress of mankind. The scholars' culture has palsied their natural instincts of humanity, and they are not interested, neither the personal convictions of free reflection, nor the traditional commands of church and state, but only the maxims of vulgar truth, "get the most for the least; buy cheap, and sell dear!" Exceptional men, like Channing, Pierpont, Emerson, Ripley, Mann, Ransom, Phillips, Sumner, and a few others, only conquer the stultification of the class, and are able to do a selfish class, morally the worst of the mass of men.

Channing preached the equality of man and woman; and some particulars are inferior to the other, but, on yet, mankind and womanhood, though so diverse, are one, and their natural faculties; and have set forth the heresies of both from her position of inferior position, and from the high places of social or political truth.

Channing contains the most intellectual nations of the earth, and from belonging to the dominant Caucasian race, and from occupying regions very friendly to the development of the highest faculties of man. Their two to the domestic history of civilization, political, ecclesiastical, and social, is the history of the intellect. It is this class, but it continually retards all efforts to reform all evil institutions, or otherwise directly increase the present well-being of the race, or the future progress of mankind. The scholars' culture has palsied their natural instincts of humanity, and they are not interested, neither the personal convictions of free reflection, nor the traditional commands of church and state, but only the maxims of vulgar truth, "get the most for the least; buy cheap, and sell dear!" Exceptional men, like Channing, Pierpont, Emerson, Ripley, Mann, Ransom, Phillips, Sumner, and a few others, only conquer the stultification of the class, and are able to do a selfish class, morally the worst of the mass of men.

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ness," and undervaluing personal virtue. Self-denying missions, and the like, are all but a "far-off land" to the "Christians." Small good deeds of it; but they teach loyalty, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justice, mercy, with rational ideas of God and Man, what a conversion there would be of the Gentiles! Two and thirty thousand Christians would be there in the United States, all "converted to Christ," many of them are also men, earnest and devoted; but, their eyes hoodwinked, and their hands chained by their theology, what do they bring to pass? They scarce lessen any vice of the State, the Press, or the Market. They are to "save souls from the wrath of God," and have preached against the "Fundamental Errors" of this well-compacted theological scheme, showing the consequences which follow thereon.

Preaching such doctrines in a place so public, and applying them to life, I am not surprised at the hostility I have met with from the various sects. In no country would it have been less, or tempered more sweetly; no, nor in any age; for certainly I have departed from the Fundamental Principles of the Catholics and the Protestants, denied the fact of a miraculous Revelation, given exclusively to Jews and Christians, denied the claim to supernatural authority, and utterly broke with that Victorianism which puts an alleged revelation in place of common sense, and the blood of a crucified Jesus instead of excellence of character.

Of late years the hatred against me seems to have abated somewhat; old enemies relaxed their brows a little, and took more kindly to my former enemies' attitudes; nay, had kind words and kind deeds for me and mine. "Let bygones be bygones," is a good old rule.

"The fondest, the fairest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget."

AGUECHIEF. Boston: Shephard, Clark and Brown. 1890.

This book has 336 pages, 12mo., very neatly executed. Its contents are sketches of foreign travel and essays on various subjects. The author's name does not appear on the title page of the book, but whoever he be, he has a deep understanding of human life, and describes it so the interest of it stands out before his readers without a shadow to dim its beauty. He describes things as they are, and makes a vivid picture before the reader's eye; he is not a prying misanthrope of one idea, who sees only one side of the octagon, whose eight sides make up a whole truth; but he looks calmly on the whole, sees all sides, "is blessedly content." From the daily walks of life he fishes up deep, fresh thought; and has written them down in the Aguechief. We can commend this book to all our readers as being useful, instructive and interesting.

The Use of Tobacco.

It is estimated that the human family, at a very moderate computation, consume, annually, one thousand million dollars worth of tobacco in the indulgences of smoking, chewing and snuffing. For what is this immense expenditure—expenditure of time and labor in producing the tobacco, and a much larger amount of time in its consumption?

I do not wish any one who reads this article to infer that in the use of tobacco in any form is advocated; neither would I wish to utter one word of regret because it is used, nor blame its devotees for using it, no more than I would blame another for doing anything the world calls wrong. I would simply speak descriptively on the subject, and present facts as they exist. Millions on millions of people now on the earth make daily and almost constant use of tobacco in some form, for the ostensible purpose of stimulating, exhilarating, soothing and quieting the nerves. Whatever may be the object sought in the use of tobacco, the fact exists that innumerable multitudes do and will produce it, and use it.

Is there an overruling power and wisdom that governs humanity? If there is—which I do not for one moment doubt—that power and wisdom has not stood aside for the usurpation of the wrong or evil which we have unhesitatingly attributed to the use of tobacco. If the use of tobacco was not meant to be, why did nature produce it, and why did nature produce the appetite for its use?

The appetite for tobacco in all nations, and among all classes of men, is as yet ungoverned, and by man it seems to be ungovernable. Writing, preaching and talking, swearing off and signing pledges, and all the influences brought to bear against the use of it, do not lessen the appetite for it in the least degree. The appetite is natural, for it is the effect of a natural cause, and nature steps for no preaching or talking, no swearing, no promises; like the running river, she moves on. Make a dam across the river, we stay for a moment the running current, but only to make the water fall more rapidly; starve the natural appetite, and we only create the excessive indulgence which follows.

The use of tobacco so general, so extensive, is a powerful argument in favor of the good it shall do, of a truth which is to us yet in darkness. When the intelligence of men has grown up to light, to real spirit progression, I cannot doubt that they will behold the evils through which they have waded, as having been in their condition the best possible means for the greatest possible good—not only all the evils resulting from the use of tobacco, but all the evils to which the human family are subject.

What makes men use tobacco? A desire to do so. What makes the desire? Nature. Some would answer a depraved appetite—a wicked desire for indulgence. But trace back this depraved appetite and this wicked desire, step by step, and credit must be given to nature at last. It is nature that makes tobacco and the use of tobacco, and all the preaching of the world against it, thus far, has not lessened its use, and I have not the least confidence that it ever will. We might as well blow against the wind to stop its blowing, as to fight against the tide of nature, thinking we can stop her courses. The religions of the past have taught us to war with nature; and long, in pretence, has the battle been fought. But, after all, nature is unharmed; she has the same power, and does her infinite work the same, and men and women will obey her—they will act natural, though they wear the flimsy covering of disguise on the surface and pretend to act unnatural.

Some men will use tobacco, and some men will not; it makes no difference what is said by other people, men will do as they are inclined about tobacco, for or against its use, just the same as they do, and will do, in regard to other evils. Nature is the ruler and the governor of humanity—nature is the God of humanity, notwithstanding the denial that she is God, and a further off God is looked for with intense devotion. Nature makes men smoke and chew and snuff, and it would be foolish to try to put down what nature puts up.

It is a fact that the taste and love for the use of tobacco is acquired by habit; for this reason it might be said that the appetite formed for it was unnatural. So has been the taste and love for church-worship, being acquired by use. Nature leads us through many dark avenues. There can be no inclination or desire of the human soul that is unnatural, whatever it may be—for all life and all matter, all motion, power and inertia, all visible and invisible existence is nature. Nature is certain and unerring in her work. Nature is really and truly all we know of God. Nature has purposes, means and ends. Nature is replete with wisdom and power, and to nature and nature's God I feel no opposition; and the use of tobacco being the natural effect of a natural cause, it needs no words spoken in its favor, and words spoken against it effect no good.

Many incidents have we passed in life which we have counted evil, and which begin now to appear as the greatest blessings; so it shall be with all that we now count evil. Out of evil come good.

Some, probably, even many, will think that these views here expressed on the use of tobacco will make its use more general. No; it is not what is said here or anywhere else that will make people use tobacco, or will make them leave off using it—but all are, and ever have been, ruled by their inclination and appetite, both of which are natural.

Viewed alone from a material standpoint, no one will deny that the use of tobacco is a palpable and noxious evil; but viewed comprehensively, with the conviction that all evil is pregnant with wise purposes of goodness—is in the order of nature—it is a reasonable inference, though yet unproven, that out of this evil will come forth good. A. B. CHILDS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., CORRESPONDENCE.

HEALING AND TESTS.

DEAR BANNER—After a long silence—but not one of choice—I again take pleasure in sending a good word to you from Providence, the land of Roger Williams and Quakerism, though the latter holds but an inferior position to what it did here soon after the welcoming Indians' "What cheer?" saluted the ear of the founder of this goodly, but, (as the proprietor of the Bunyan Tableaux probably thinks, on account of the non-patronage he has received here), ungodly city. It is a pity that his fine paintings have not been more sought after, for, after all, Bunyan's dream should teach us many a good lesson.

The warm weather generally thins away the ranks of all church-goers; but I do not know that Spiritualists have suffered much—probably because our lectures have been so interesting, that people had no opportunity to excuse themselves from attendance. We have been favored with the presence and eloquence of Rosa T. Amodey, Mrs. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio—offspring of the Agitator—a true hearted and whole-souled woman, who has dedicated her life to the elevation of her sex, and who made many friends here; Mr. Wadsworth, of Maine, a fine speaker, and who, though young and

a stranger, has left a very favorable impression, induced by his original way of treating any subject; and now we have Mrs. Byence, than whom no better speaker has stood in our desk. She held her audience spell-bound last evening until ten o'clock—an accomplishment which not many have displayed here. Her subject this afternoon was, "Why do angels communicate?" and this evening a brief review of the Bible and creeds, it being the commencement of a course to be continued through the month.

The people outside are gradually getting more interested in the new science, and I hear of converts every day. We have some excellent mediums here; and among the best for healing and tests, Mrs. Stowe, holds a prominent place. Among her circle of healing spirits is Hahnemann, the founder of Homoeopathy.

She has lately performed an operation—removing a wen from the face of a lady, who blesses her name for the safety and ease with which it was accomplished, she having been first entranced by the spirits through Mrs. S., who was herself entranced.

After this, Mrs. S. was awakened in the night by a voice asking her to "Help my aunt," and found the same lady, with whom she happened to be sleeping, going into a violent fit. She was about to scream for assistance; but the same voice said, "Do not call—we will help you;" and she commenced operating upon her, and soon had her restored; after which the spirits said they had brought the patient there in order to have her where they could work through Mrs. S., and that she would have died without such assistance. Many instances of her strength in healing I might give; but this I write as another evidence of the love and watchful care that our friends bear to us. She is also a good test medium, as I know by personal experience and observation.

A lady in our circle had lost a father, who had, by his will disinherited one child, which fact was unknown to any here, except the daughter and her mother, who was on her way making a visit. The spirit controlled Mrs. S., relating these occurrences, lamenting the course he had taken, and commending that of his children, who had agreed to an equal division of his property. This was very convincing to both, especially the mother, who had seen very little of Spiritualism, but yet was interested in the theory.

But why multiply these tests? Not for myself, nor any Spiritualists, but for skeptical readers, who seek the new dawning light that shall yet illumine the broad heavens, and shed its golden radiance within every dark cavern, and into every sorrowing heart.

Mrs. S. is now before the public as a test, healing and developing medium. [See card in another column.]

Yours for Truth and Humanity, LITA H. BARNETT, July 10th, 1890.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The celebration at Plymouth, on the occasion of the laying the corner stone of the National Monument to the Fathers, will take place August 2d. Distinguished men from all parts of the country are expected to be present.

Dr. Nehemiah Adams preached a sermon on the life and character of his lamented parishioner, Hon. Rufus Choate, on Sabbath week, in which he seemed to have a haunting doubt for the salvation of that noted lawyer and statesman. Mr. Choate has no living enemy who would wish him one moment's pain. Is God milder than men? The blasphemy of bigotry makes one shudder.

Nature is an open book; and there is no time, no place, in which we may not read her lessons.

LITTLE—Rev. Dr. Cheever's society, of New York, have excommunicated Rev. J. L. Hatch, for heresy. The principal charge against him is his disbelief in the authority of the Christian Sabbath, finding more reason in the Bible and out of it, for the observance of Saturday.

"SPEAKING IN MANY TONGUES."—This is the subject of No. 8 of the series of articles on Spiritualism by Judge Edmonds, published in the N. Y. Tribune. We have received a revised copy from the Judge, but it came too late for this issue of the BANNER. It will appear in our next.

The anniversary of the West Indies Emancipation will be observed at Island Grove, Abington, on Saturday, July 30th.

One of our Western editors, speaking of a large and fat comestible, said that if all flesh is grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

"THE WELCOME GUEST" is a welcome guest indeed. Our friend Blackett makes a very readable paper. We wish it success. It is printed at Coldwater, Mich.

Charles Lever, in one of his stories, tells of a dashing individual who bolted his hams in cherry wine; whereas an honest Irishman exclaimed—"Bedad, I wish I was a pig myself!"

VERBALE—A correspondent, sending us a communication for publication, very coolly remarks, by way of parenthesis, "It is all right, except phraseology and punctuation!" We have too much of this sort of matter to rectify. Writers should be more careful in preparing their communications for the press. We often reject communications solely on this account.

CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM.—Miss Coffran, of Manchester, N. H., desires to obtain a situation as clairvoyant. See advertisement.

Miss Lorotta Nickerson has been appointed Postmistress at South Harwich, in place of her father, John F. Nickerson, deceased.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY is a talented periodical. Our readers should have it. For sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

Conscience is a domain on which no human foot must tread. The Promenade Concerts at Music Hall by the Germania Band are excellent, and we are pleased to know, well attended. They are held every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Single tickets, 15 cents; tickets admitting a lady and gentleman, 25 cents.

GOLD.—The whole quantity of gold which has been extracted from the surface and bowels of the earth, from the earliest times to the present day, is estimated to be nine thousand millions of dollars.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW CLOAK.

"I cannot conceive," said a lady, one day, "Why my hair all at once should be growing so gray; Perhaps (she continued) the change may be due to my daily contact with the Essence of Rice."

"That may be," said a wag, "but I really protest The Essence of Time (Hymn) will account for it best!"

Rarely, the horse-tamer, has returned to London from a successful tour in Prussia and Russia, having taken the rarest out of most of the horses in those countries.

Thackeray is to receive \$1750 a month for thirty-two months, for his contributions to the new monthly magazine of Smith, Elder & Co., of London, which has been started in opposition to Dickens' "All the Year Round."

The Boston Common Council have concluded to pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Sumner for his Fourth of July oration. Mr. S. will probably send them back, having already received them from another source.

POPULAR ERRORS CORRECTED.—That the annexation of Lombardy to Sardulia will increase the supply, or diminish the prices of Sardines. That the French troops at Rome are supported on beef from the Pope's bulls. That the Emperor Napoleon was injured by the Papal Bull which lately got loose and gored King Victor Emmanuel, but so severely, that the Emperor Napoleon gives frequent dinner parties to the correspondents of the English and American papers, and talks over his plans with them. We are assured, on good authority, that these common impressions are entirely erroneous. Transcript.

When Lyman Beecher made proposals for marriage, the lady to whom he proposed was taken by surprise, and said that her "answer would require reflection and prayer." Upon which Mr. Beecher said, as he knelt down, "Let us pray."

A SHARP REDUCTION.—It is told of a distinguished clergyman in New York that a few Sundays since, seeing a poor woman tottering up one of the aisles of his church, waiting in vain for one of the congregation to offer her a seat, he paused in his sermon, descended from the pulpit, showed her into his own pew, and quietly returned to his desk again. The rebuke was a severe one, and must have been felt.

The papers say "Sickles has taken back and gone to living with his wife." If so, Digby deserves to know if the Sickles pair should not be considered "forbidden fruit?"

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. To be happy ourselves, we must endeavor to make others happy.

"I live by my pen," said a vulgar author to a lady. "You look, sir, as if you ought to live as a pen."

Excess is the pickpocket of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water or his boots, but gets up at once.

The "doctors" have ascertained that the person who has been exhibiting himself as the "leather man" in various parts of the country, is afflicted with "humbag." The fellow at one of his exhibitions got a "Dr." to drive an awl through his leather—wrist. The Dr. drove it in a diffi-

ent direction from that he was directed to, the result of which was that the "leather" wasn't tough enough to withstand the force, and an exclamation of pain was the consequence. "Aw! right!" said the Dr., turning to the audience. The "leather man" immediately left, to be tanned over again, probably.

We have received a copy of the CONNECTICUT BANK NOTE LIST AND CITY OF HARTFORD MONTHLY ADVERTISER. It is a very useful publication, and every merchant should subscribe for it—and many no doubt will, when they learn that the subscription price is only 50 cents per annum. The publisher is a man of probity, and therefore cannot be bought up by stock exchange or any other kind of brokers.

Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, died at Stockholm, July 8th.

Great preparations are making among the Methodists of Eastern Massachusetts, to attend the Camp Meeting at Hamilton in August. Those interested say it will be the largest similar meeting ever held in this country.

Treasure to the amount of \$2200,000 has arrived at New York from California in the steamers Golden Gate and Cortez. THE PIRATE'S PEAK BUNNET DUNST.—It has turned out just as we expected—exactly as we have been telling our readers all along. Greeley owns up that he has been imposed upon. An extra from the Pacific City Herald says:—

"The statement of Horace Greeley and others was greatly exaggerated, in consequence of the impositions practiced upon these gentlemen by interested parties. He thinks, in a very few instances, \$150 to \$300 have been taken out of certain claims in a day; but these instances are exceedingly rare."

William F. Johnson, the well known comedian, a native of Boston, died at Milwaukee, July 18th.

It is refreshing, in this selfish world of ours—where everybody, almost, is prone to underrate each other's efforts—to now and then find one's labors duly appreciated. We, therefore, are under obligations to many of our contemporaries for their commendatory notices, from time to time, of the BANNER OF LIGHT. To let our readers know what the secular press think of us, we copy the following, as one instance, from the PROVINCETOWN BANNER:—

"The Banner of Light, a paper which,

with two grains of sulphur, becomes what is called Etilop's mineral. Now, to every twenty-five grains of quicksilver there must be added always two grains of sulphur, else the same combination cannot occur. There is no two-thirds of the grain, one-half, or one-third of the grain. There must be a whole one. And if two more grains are added to the same amount of quicksilver, what is the result? A beautiful color, known as vermilion, from the same combination, but different in quantity. Nature is always consistent; for every ten or twenty of any distinctive mineral primate there must be some ten or twenty, or a corresponding number, or whatever is to blend with it. There are no thirds, nor halves, nor fourths of grains, or atoms, because atoms cannot be divided, but must always go in full numbers. This is proven by absolute experiment—which we cannot illustrate, but which you will, if you investigate the science of chemistry sufficiently—which you will all understand.

Again: there is connected with chemistry that most mysterious of all agencies, known as electricity, which is said to be an element outside of it; but it is not. It absolutely pertains and belongs to the investigation of chemistry. To this alone it must be traced; and, until it is joined and connected with the science of chemistry, it can never be understood. Wherever there is any phenomenon in nature which is not understood, electricity is said to produce it. Wherever scientific men are balked, electricity is always the cause. Wherever there is anything which they do not know, that substance is called electricity. Now this is not true. Electric manifestations are simply the result of known and positive chemical combinations, that occur in the atmosphere, in the earth, or wherever electric manifestations are known. Phosphorescent lights are the results of phosphorus, connected with atmosphere, and produce nearly the same effects as electric combustion, which is naturally and positively a part of chemical investigation, which exists everywhere; and wherever a combination of different materials occurs, there combination will surely result. Oxygen is the active agency in combustion.

Again: there exist in nature some materials which, according to strict chemical investigation, are absolutely the same, yet which are not the same in their effects. Pure black carbon, and the sparkling diamond, are composed of precisely the same materials, yet in different degrees or combinations. Sand upon the sea shore, or flint, united with soda, constitutes the beautiful, transparent and most useful substance of practical life, known as glass. And yet glass possesses properties which neither of those two substances very well could possess, and which, under different combinations, they could not possess. Therefore, chemical union, or the properties belonging to chemistry, refer strictly to the additional functions produced upon matter by the combination of two more primitive elements. Oxygen and hydrogen, as gases, are nothing, except they be imponderable air, inhaled perhaps into the lungs; as water they compose the great vivifying agency of life. Again, through the chemical process of heat they are transformed into air, and become vapors, imperceptibly.

Now water possesses in its functions not one chemical quality added to it from its composition of oxygen and hydrogen. The chemist cannot discover anything, though he analyzes these two elements separately, in the atmosphere, condenses them into water, and then analyzes them. We cannot discover anything in the water which he does not discover in the two elements taken separately. What, then, constitutes the difference of power? Simply and only in combination. These flowers, taking up a bouquet which had been placed upon the table, with such diversity of hue, and form, and shape, forms study for the botanist, are, in themselves, no great wonder. They may be composed of precisely the same elements; they may be composed precisely of the same primitive qualities—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and perhaps nitrogen. These, with the mineral properties which are absorbed from the soil, constitute all there is of the flower. And yet how varied is their form, and hue, and perfume. The different degrees of combination constitute the difference. The soil is the same in which they are planted. The chemist cannot discover any difference; all the properties of the soil are the same. The water is the same which falls upon them. The sunlight is the same. Where, then, is the difference but a chemical difference—a difference in the combination of the materials out of which they are composed? From the light each flower absorbs such rays or beams as is appropriate to its purpose; from the heat each one absorbs such a quantity and such a power of heat as it can bear; from the soil each seed, according to its own peculiar formation, according to its properties, according to the requirement of its growth and purposes, absorbs from the soil such mineral properties as will extract such shades of light as are required in its production. How wonderful, then, is the construction of the flower, and yet how simple. And, if you say that the flower cannot be composed of the same material as the sand, or the raindrop, or the sunlight, we say it is composed of a combination of all these. It yields what, as its result? What but perfume? the elements of which, in a diffused form, even the chemist cannot discover, but which, in the form of a concentrated extract, he will tell you is composed of the combined properties of the soil, the sunshine, the heat. In other words, the dew is the distilled nectar of the flower, distilled absolutely from the flower.

It is wonderful to trace the effects of heat in all its various departments upon the structure of plants and animals. This we have not time to do on this occasion, nor perhaps to do it at all without absolute experiments. But your own conceptions of the variety and perfection of the universe, will lead you to the same wonder, when we tell you that the composition of the human form is precisely the same, and contains all the same primitive elements as perhaps the soil beneath your feet—that of all the mineral properties in the earth. We believe the human form contains portions of each and of all the gases in the atmosphere. The human form contains portions of each and of all the known primitive substances. These have absolutely been found, with few exceptions, and we think these are not exceptions, every known primitive element existing in the human form. Where then constitutes the difference in form, in hue, in shape, in action, in life? It is simply from a different combination of atoms and properties. Gold, silver, lead, copper, sulphur and ammonia—all the different primitive elements—are here found in a refined, perfect and beautiful state.

What is the difference between the property or element existing in the soil, or combination of elements known as lime, and the lime which is to be found in human bones, or the bones of animals? By a chemical analysis you will find that they are just the same, absolutely the same; yet when placed upon soil, the bones of animals produce vegetation, whilst lime produces the opposite, causes death to the soil. Why is this? The chemist cannot tell you. It is simply because lime, which exists in the bones of animals, has more perfected; the parts and atoms have been more progressed, if we may be allowed to use that word; they are better adapted to the condition of the soil; for, whilst the lime in its original state is but a dead composition, when it has passed through various forms of animated life, through vegetation up to animal life, it carries with it all the properties of life which it has acquired in vegetation and in the bones of animals; and therefore it can enrich the soil and produce the vegetation and animal life; and perhaps it has entered thousands and thousands of times, first from the soil into the position of plants, and animals, and men, then back again, until at last it becomes perfected and beautified, and life is born along with it. Marble and chalk are chemically the same; yet one is exceedingly hard, and the other very soft, in its structure. Why is it? The chemist cannot tell you. He can only tell you that, analyzed, they are precisely the same. They contain the same proportion of atoms, or the same properties, precisely the same primitive elements, and in the same combinations. The only difference is in the progression of the atoms, or in their combination toward one another. That is the difference—not the chemical difference—and yet it is a chemical difference; for, were chemistry perfected, it would be seen and told how and why that difference exists.

Chemistry is not alone to tell you what are the primitive elements and substances connected with nature, how many they are, how they are to be classified, and what their forms and different combinations are; but chemistry is to tell you why these exist, what are the absolute conditions under which these changes occur, why certain primitive elements will, under certain circumstances, occupying the same relative position to each other, be entirely different. This is the object of true chemical experiment. We cannot illustrate every diversity and variety of form, the different results of experiment connected with chemistry. We can only illustrate by way of a few instances, as those that we have given of the beauty and perfection of this art; but, in all its diversified forms, and in all its perfection, the student of chemistry will be led to adopt more perfectly the system with wonder and astonishment, as connected with the structure of the earth, whilst studying chemistry, than in any other science; for, while the astronomer may be led to wonder, as he gazes upon the structure of the stars, and measures their vast distances, and scarcely is able, with mathematics, to determine their distances, and relation to each other—while he may converse

with them, and seem to hold communion with them every night, he cannot be so struck with their beauty and perfection as the student of absolute nature upon this earth, even as the student of chemistry, who, by dissolving or analyzing one small grain of sand, can give you the precise analysis of the whole sea shore, or of the deep strata of rock.

By the analysis of one grain of sand, you can understand what elements compose all similar grains in the whole world. By the analysis of one combination of soil in a certain position, you can tell, wherever you go, and under whatever circumstances you may find it, what is the position of another. By the understanding of one strata of different soil, as the geologist understands them, wherever you may go, and under whatever circumstances you may see the surface of the earth, you know precisely the chemical properties that are embodied beneath that soil, though you cannot see it, though you have not the power of clairvoyance to penetrate it; still, with mental vision and absolute conception of the mind, you can analyze every particle of earth beneath your feet. The quick eye of the geologist, in that department of chemistry, learns by the surface of the earth what exists beneath, simply by the appearance of the structure and combination of the soil upon the surface; the combinations of the different mineral properties that have existed beneath them, that have come in contact with the air, and through vegetable life, and through heat and light.

We cannot trace to you the different relationships between plants and the mineral kingdom—how each mineral element is absorbed in the plant, and how various combinations of life and heat will affect it; but we can point out to you the relations of natural philosophy to chemistry. And those positive facts upon science must be well understood; and though the student of natural philosophy may have a general knowledge of all the sciences, he must understand distinctly each separate science, and the different relations of the other, before he can be a true student of nature. You cannot be a geologist, unless you are a chemist; you cannot be an astronomer, truly, unless you understand geology; you cannot be a perfect chemist, unless you understand all the material properties connected with the soil as well as experimental facts; and you cannot be a chemist, if you understand only the classifications of the science of chemistry without any absolute experiments. Every person who has seen a taper burn, or the effects of light, or has seen glass made, has seen its form and combination. Every person who has seen the process of vaporization connected with water, or crystallization in various combinations of acid with mineral substances, has seen chemical effects. Now you must understand their causes, you must know why sulphur will combine with iron to form one salt, and with copper to form another, and why it will leave iron for the copper—you must know all this, if you desire to adapt it to the perfect, beautiful conception of science and of art.

The science of Daguerre, which has now become so beautiful and perfect as to almost represent the image upon a plate, was formerly a mystic science, confined only to a few, now the merest child can learn to understand. And why is this? It is strictly a chemical process; for, while the effects of light have long been understood, and while lenses have been prepared to reflect the light in such a form as to produce upon the camera obscura all the combinations in their perfect and natural condition of art, transmitting them permanently to plates and retaining them there, even when they come in contact with light, was an art never dreamed of, until Daguerre perfected it, and which you would scarcely believe had you then lived and been told it existed. He was conceived to be a fanatic, as all persons are who make new discoveries. Now it is not only dreamed, but is known by actual experiment, that colors, and hues, and shapes, as well as the image itself, can be transmitted to the plate; that all the lines connected with the surface of the skin can be transferred; that all the light shed in its different divisions can be transformed, as well as the white light which originates the picture. This is done simply by chemistry. If you are a daguerrean artist, in that degree you are a chemist; if you are a physician, and properly understand your profession, in that degree you know something of chemistry; if you are a druggist, everything you do in connection with your business is chemistry; if you are a dyer, or a tanner, or a brewer, you are in that degree a chemist—for it is simply by a chemical process that the dye is made to form, and it is by a chemical process that dyeing is performed, or tanning is done, that leather can be made in all the beautiful forms which render it practical and useful. How essential, then, is that you understand, in each and every department, not only the primitive elements and facts connected with physical life, but how, by its understanding and comprehension, you can be led into all the mystic recesses of the universe, for absolutely by chemical analysis this whole world, which seems now so wonderfully mysterious, can be solved into a few primitive substances, and you can take upon your table and in your laboratory, with the assistance of fire, every primitive known substance; you can solve the structure of this whole globe. Crystallization, with all its beautiful forms and perfected images, can there be understood. By a combination of acids you can understand how rocks and soils are formed; by mineral combinations you can understand how each separate mineral substance is transformed to make soil; by various combinations of gases you can concentrate them to form even living, palpable substances; and upon your own table, in your own room, you have a secret key to unlock the mysteries, not only of the surface of the earth, but even of the rocks embedded beneath—even the very centre of your earth.

Geology tells you that the physical structure of your earth, the external surface, compared with its bulk, is but as the shell of an egg, compared with the bulk of the egg, and that all these various formations of soil, and rock, and tree, and shrub, and animal life, exist there, with nothing but this shell between you and the burning heat which keeps your earth in motion. Therefore, to every outward action, or every mineral or chemical change, or every geological change, may be attributed the influence of heat; to every concentrating process, to every contracting element may be attributed the influence of cold, which is simply a lesser degree of heat. Now the atmosphere, when it comes in contact with any element which has been embedded beneath the soil, oxygenizes it, and thus produces its capability of combustion. Thus, if combustion existed beneath the surface of the earth, with fire and heat, your earth would constantly consume itself, and there could be no physical surface, there could be no formation of rock and soil; but such is not the case. The atmospheric influence prevents them, and the surface or structure which is thus created, gives the beautiful perfection of nature which is seen around you.

We cannot enter more deeply into the subject on this occasion. In our next lecture we propose to illustrate more perfectly the science of geology, which, as we have said before, is a part of chemistry, though it contains also the physiology of the physical universe.

From the Welcome Guest.

Spirit Portrait Painting.

Brunswick, Me., June 30, 1850.

Messrs. Editors—I design to state a few facts through the columns of the Guest.

A spirit artist is here, by the name of W. P. Anderson, of Illinois, who has taken a number of likenesses from spirits in the spirit-land, that are recognized by their friends as being perfect. Among them he has taken a likeness of my little boy, that is as perfect as any ambrotype I ever saw. He has taken two—one as he is in the spirit-land at the age of six, the other at the age of four. Why I feel so much interest in this subject, and why I feel so much interest in the case outside of the perfect features, that even the strongest skeptic can neither deny nor gainsay. We have a coat in our possession he wore in earth-life, made on his aunt's funeral occasion; and the tallness, in her haste, made a great mistake in cutting, which disappeared the coat very much. My boy is represented in that coat, and the artist could not have got a better imitation if they had the coat before them. It is so near perfect no mortal eye can detect any dissimilarity between them. This is the first one. After this was taken, my wife remarked that she wished he had been taken with his white collar he used to wear in earth-life. While we were talking (we were sitting by the stand) he spelled out by the alphabet, that he would sit again, and have his portrait at the age of four years, if he could do so. This I kept to myself, so as to be sure it would not get to the artist, so that I might see good results.

The third day after the communication my spirit brother came and told me that my little boy had sat for his portrait again. I went down to see, and sure enough it was so; and so near perfect, that my wife often says it does seem as though it must speak. When the first portrait was taken, I remarked that it looked perfect, excepting the mouth—the lips did not protrude enough. This was at Dr. Packard's. When we got home we took our seats at the stand, and he soon made us acquainted with his presence. He said, "Father, the reason you did not recognize my mouth is because my teeth, (four of them) are in my mouth, and the artist did not know it. I told you that my wife told me she had his front teeth in his shoe as stated, and she went to the drawer and produced them. He also stated that he had a scar over his right eye, and had it painted in the picture. We had not noticed it at this time. The next morning we went down to see if we could find it, and sure enough, there it was, as natural as life. There have been quite a number to see the portraits, who were well acquainted with my boy in early life; they all say it is a perfect likeness of the child. The portraits and coat are at my house, and we are happy to show them to any one who wishes to see them. The following is some of the names of those who were acquainted with my boy: Charles Peck, Moses Sprague, Abigail Sprague, Ruth Howard, B. Howard, Ruth Sprague.

Yours truly, B. B. MARSHALL.

LOVES OF THE ANGELS. A VISION.

BY GRANVILLE HARRIS.

Through the ether, where the azure
Gleams my eyes, so mild and soft,
I can see those forms familiar,
That on earth I've seen so oft.

Nearer, nearer they are coming;
Brighter, brighter they appear;
More familiar are their faces,
As they gently hover near.

Loved they all are, but one dearer
To my heart than all the rest,
Is she who in earth-life taught me,
How a mortal man was blest.

Once I thought no more to see her;
Thought that angels stood between
The spirit of my spotless Aida,
And this sombre earthly scene.

Darkness then the earth beclouded;
Darkness to all spirit-light;
All the loved ones that departed,
Disappeared from mortal sight.

Disappeared, save on the tablet
Of the aching heart and brain,
Where their impress, food for sorrow,
Ever, ever did remain.

Now, around me they are seated—
Beauty, purity and love;
And in raptures they are telling
Of their happy home above.

She who while in mortal career
Taught me how the angels love,
Tells me thus the way to travel
To her happy home above:

"Come up higher! lead companion
Of my youthful, mortal days!
Loves of angels shall assist you
Through earth's dark and devious ways.

Broad and beautiful the road is—
Broad and beautiful indeed;
Every mortal travels o'er it,
Every name and every creed.

Though some weary in their travel,
While earth's errors make them moan,
All shall reach that blissful region
Where we happy angels roam.

Troubles on the road, like pebbles,
Though your journey they annoy,
Heed them not, but onward travel
To the realms of endless joy.

Love the rich, the vain and haughty;
Love the poor, the vile and mean;
Love them all, for all are children
Which our Father will redeem.

Aid the lone, the sick and needy;
Shed thy light where darkness reigns;
Dry the tears that flow around thee,
Out of feeble error's stains.

Know that every good thou doest
While thou art a mortal one,
Gives a joy that cannot perish
During all thy life to come.

None are higher, none are lower—
One kind Father loves us all;
His embrace is all around us;
Though we faint, we cannot fall.

Heed me, then, thou once companion
Of my youthful mortal days;
Come up higher, where the angels
Live and learn, and love and praise.

Heed me, when my form you see not,
For my love will then be near,
And your deeds, for good or evil,
To my vision will appear.

Fare thee well, is not for angels;
Those are words that mortals say;
Words that tell of time and distance,
Death and years, and night and day.

Blessings, then, thou dear companion
Of my youthful, mortal days;
Blessings of our heavenly Father,
Crown thee, through earth's devious ways."

Correspondence.

Experiences of an Investigator.—No. 4.

Messrs. Editors.—After the last incident, my investigations were transferred to other and more important fields. I had satisfied myself that I was liable to impostures, and knew the medium was desirous of manifesting powers that were without the line of her development, and that very great care was necessary, in receiving all communications, or indications of intelligence, that were connected with darkness. I therefore rejected all evidences done in the dark, and in my future examinations called from my experiences those that I considered the most reliable, a portion of which I will now give you, as received during a period of two years' scrutiny, among mediums of the following professions: Upping, writing, trance-speaking, and seeing, in the order I have placed them. Of the truthfulness of these media I am satisfied, as in no instance have I detected imposture. My first visit to the table of Mr. Conklin was singularly attended. I was only occasionally permitted to remain in the circle. The work would be suspended, and indications for my withdrawing from that circle given. I found that when only two or three persons were present, my experiments were the most successful, and in no instance were one of my pellets erroneously selected; and they were of the usual tenor, and never less in number than four or five, sometimes prepared before my visit to the medium. This encouraged me to renew my investigations, and I dismissed all prejudices from my mind that the incident with the raps might have produced. But my investigations were chiefly conducted during daylight, with open blinds, so that I could see the whole performance.

The principal intelligences still professed to be those of my father and sister, the control of the latter being stronger with these media than the former, and the test questions for identity, in pellets, were invariably correct. But this vexed question of true identity cannot, in my opinion, be established by either mental questions or pellet tests. There is only one method, which will be described hereafter, and I regard its proof unquestionable. Among the communications I received I select the following, as the strongest characteristic of the natural qualities of the spirits said to be communicating; though I hold to the opinion that if the intelligence can read a question in your mind, it can also take from your mind sufficient record, or date, by which to frame an acceptable reply. You therefore cannot be satisfied that you are not duped by a mischievous spirit, or one desirous to gratify itself at your expense. Both my father and sister have left this earth nearly thirty years, and my memory of their affection is linked with childhood's hours:

"My son, I am always with you, always trying to instill good and holy thoughts into your mind. Do not let any obstacles prevent your continuing your investigations. You will have many difficulties to encounter, but will surmount them all. There is a great and glorious future in store for you and all. Act well your part, and your reward will be in heaven. Let it be your duty, my son, not only to seek for yourself, but continue to scatter these blessed truths to all. Be hopeful!"

My intercourse with this spirit was limited through media, but very important, affectionate, and fearful, after personal development, as will appear in due course.

"My own dear brother—In your calm and silent moments, endeavor to realize my presence more than you do. I am with you often—indeed, I may say always; for spirits love to linger around your continuing your investigations. You will be strong in affection and love. Let your mind be free, my brother; let it soar upwards, and you will soon feel flowing into your inmost being a shower of pure, holy light and love. You are what you were told you would be—much happier than you were a short time since. The promise you have spoken of (the answer to the letter) has not been forgotten. It will be fulfilled. Why do you not sit often at home? Spirits will try to manifest to you, if you will only let them. Would you not love to hear us sound you a welcome from our heavenly home? We will do so, if you will sit passive."

Your sister, JANE.

These selections are given in order to show that the finer qualities of nature predominated in their characters; and this must be borne in mind when perusing the personal experiences after development. I shall now give an account of

the first, or rather second, to me, astounding circumstance connected with my researches into this mysterious subject, the truth of which I had still questioned.

Early one morning, after my first sleep, I lay awake in bed, when suddenly I observed a white form enter my bedroom window, and, as it approached the bed, I perceived that it was a female form, of a gentle, but commanding aspect; her face was bright, wearing a serene, but kind and hopeful expression. She was clothed in a flowing white robe, circled at the waist with a dark or blue band; her hair, which was dark, hung in seemingly undressed order, down nearly to the waist, but on the back, so as to leave the countenance fully exposed in its expressive sweetness. As she glided toward the bed, her right hand beckoned, and I arose—a perfect and distinct form—out of my natural body. She approached, placing her hand upon the left shoulder, and directed my attention to the bed, in which I plainly saw my natural body lying in seeming slumber. Language cannot convey the feeling of wonder and amazement that possessed me; my faculties seemed to brighten, and my form to expand; I felt another being, more incomprehensible to myself than ever, for my active form, standing by the bed with the hand of the mysterious visitor upon me, had all the feeling and sensation of life, while it was debarré from knowing the condition of the body in the bed, though linked, as it knew it was, to it. Some conversation passed, (but of what nature, I, in my natural condition, knew not.) the visitor kissed my forehead, and withdrew, and I returned into my frame, seemingly by the breast, having immediately lost sight of the visitor. I instantly started up from my bed, walked about the room, visited my child, spoke to my wife, and used a variety of means to prove myself awake. After reflecting for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that I had had a singular dream, which I attributed to my investigating Spiritualism, and, therefore, spoke not of it. I laid down again, after awaiting the hour, (S. A. M., I think,) when, in a few minutes, I heard singing—the voice floating above the earth—and plainly distinguished a number, three times conveyed. This I also attributed to fancy. I soon after slept a deep, dreamless, singular sleep for three hours, which made a peculiar impression upon my mind. I determined to keep the affair to myself, to avoid ridicule, and never mentioned it to my family. I was at that time visiting the rooms of the Association in Broadway, and was much interested with the physical manifestations I observed there, one of which I will record: There were about six persons present in an upper room, when the centre table—a large, heavy, low table—began to rock by itself, there only being one lady, a stranger from Brooklyn, and a private medium, near it. She remarked, I think, "That table will move across the room by my pointing my finger to it." She did so, placing her right dexter finger about four inches above it, so that it was distinctly seen. She was not in contact with the table, when off it started, moving gently across the room, (one of about sixteen feet,) twice, much to the surprise of all of us. I laughingly remarked, "If that is spiritism, I wish they would bring that table to me, and put it in my lap."—"It was then eight or nine feet from me. I had no sooner expressed the wish, when directly toward me moved this wooden instrument, and turned over, so as to rest upon my knees. I felt its weight very perceptibly, and was glad to have it removed, which was done upon my requesting it to be moved into the middle of the room. We then desired that the table would rock to and fro by itself, cease, as if disjoining, and imitate the notes of a ship at sea, all of which was complied with. I also witnessed the experiments with the lock, so frequently described in our papers.

During my visits to the rooms of the Association, I saw witnessed very many highly interesting manifestations. I saw one gentleman, a confirmed skeptic, a military man of about sixty years of age, enter the same private room, when this Brooklyn lady was present, in all the firmness of a rooted prejudice, but with an inquiring mind, leave that room in tears, the lady having personated a long lost wife so faithfully as to touch some hidden string in "Memory's harp," that vibrated throughout, leading the seer from the path of egotism and ignorance, to one of reflection and consideration. He entered in ridicule, but left in the fearful influence of awaking thought. So it was with us all; in a moment the most unexpected, the silver cord is touched, and our Divine Maker's mercy shines in dazzling, penetrating rays over the creatures of earth, lifting the human heart in reaction to exclaim, "How wonderful is man; how passing wonder he who has made him such, who has centered in our make such strange extremes." I left that room a wiser, if not a better man. My hour had not come, but it was approaching when identity was brought home to my stubborn heart, and I felt that there were more things in heaven and earth than was dreamed of in my philosophy.

New York, July, 1850.

Mr. Ambler in Salem.

DEAR BANNER—Listening to the beautiful and soul-elevating discourse of Mr. R. P. Ambler, on the Sabbath morning, I deemed it indeed a pity that so few were present to judge of the truths and principles of Spiritualism, so vividly presented by the inspired speaker. The theme was: "The Spiritual Interpretation of Human Nature," and truly the views presented were those of the broadest charity, the most elevated character. Man, viewed as a physical being, by the eye of science only, was a mere machine; and questioning the lifeless body, it made no reply. But when we come to the knowledge, that it is the spirit which is the individualized man; that the power of spirit lights up the eye with intelligence and pales the cheek with emotion, or dyes it with the crimson flood; when we learn that by the command of the spirit the body moves and the mind acts, we also learn to revere the Godlike in man and going beneath the surface, we see the noble aspirations and the heavenly tendencies of spirit, and we then love our brother man, and deem him no more a being totally depraved.

In the city's vilest haunts, where vice and crime and infamy hold revel, we find the lowest, most degraded forms of humanity, rushing madly in pursuit of the feeling phantom Pleasure, even as the more refined and cultivated seek it in less revolting forms. But even there, beneath the fluttering rags, in those squalid dens, in those degraded souls, live better thoughts, and better efforts, and better aims; and it is this we are to direct the eye and urge the consciousness; by the spiritual interpretation that finds some truth and goodness, some reflex of the Father's love in every human soul, can we learn to love our fellows, fulfill toward them our highest duty.

I cannot in this short space give even an outline of the great truths, the glowing eloquence and poetic imagery, with which the lecture abounded, and with a perfect shower of gems. Brother Ambler lectures in this city of peace throughout the month.

Yours, for truth, CORA WILBURN.

Plenio at South Montville, Me.

Messrs. Editors.—The 4th of July was truly a glorious day for our spiritual friends through this section of country. At an early hour our grove was thronged with people from twenty adjacent towns—ladies and gentlemen—well dressed, good, orderly, and the most respectable and sound-minded of the country can afford.

At half-past ten A. M. the vast assemblage of from three to four thousand persons was called to order by Dr. N. P. Dean, of Seabrook, and Hon. T. M. Morrow elected President for the day. His opening remarks were sound, giving a clear and lucid representation of the occasion of so vast a gathering of the yeomanry to unite their hearts and hands in so glorious a freedom from sectarian bigotry and mental servitude of the past. Then followed a sweet strain of music from the band. The Scriptures were read, and followed by an appropriate prayer. Bro. Gibson Smith, of Camden, spoke one hour on the "Philosophy of Spiritual Interference." The subject was handled in a manner which gave satisfaction to believers and unbelievers. It was truly an able production, delivered in strains of stirring eloquence, which forced conviction home to many a heart.

In the afternoon Bro. A. P. Pierce for one hour poured forth one continued strain of eloquence, love and good will to man, as it descended from the spirit-world, giving all hearers more wisdom and higher thought. Our zealous and active friend Hodge, next spoke, in thrilling tones, of freedom from mental slavery and degradation. He was followed by others; and the day's services closed, joyous and happy to all. Not an accident occurred to mar this pleasant reunion. Truly Heaven smiled upon us, and we retired to our several homes more than ever impressed with the benign influence of spirit communion.

Much inquiry was made for Miss E. E. Gibson. If she should make another visit to Maine the coming autumn, her friends would be glad to meet her at the grove. For her past labors in this section of Maine, she is remembered in kindness and affection.

Fraternally yours, N. P. DEAN.

No Death.

E. BORTON, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—"The Orthodox Bible idea is that God's intent was that there should be no sin, and consequently no death. Let us see where this idea, carried out, would lead. In six thousand years, if each couple

should commence bearing children at the age of twenty-five, and should have one child every fifty years, there would be at the present time—allowing one foot of standing room for each person—about three hundred tiers of persons all over the face of the globe, land and water included. Moreover, if there was no death, there would be no spirits, and, consequently, no use for either heaven or hell."

Signs of Progress.

Miss ROSA T. AMBURY, Foxboro', Mass.—"When I first lectured in this place, there were but few who dared to avow themselves Spiritualists, who had only at first a meeting occasionally. Now the Town Hall is occupied as a place of worship for regular Sunday meetings, supported by strong minds and willing hearts—those who are not afraid to invest in the Bank of Truth for fear it will fail."

[Miss Ambury writes, in connection with the above, that she has had a severe attack of illness, and experienced immediate relief from the hands of Dr. Tucker, of that town, who is a healing medium.]

TO HATTIE.

I've kept your bouquet, till the gay tints have perished,
And the petals have dropped from their parental stem;
But perfume still floats from the buds that I've cherished,
And mingling sweet odors I'm breathing from them.

And so may I give, when Youth's morning passes,
And Time leaves the traces of wearisome hours—
When Nature gives way to wig, wrinkles and glasses—
Be sweet in her soul as the scent of her flowers.

WILL.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

S. B. BRITTON will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, July 31st.

LOUISE MOOREY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. Her speaking engagements are as follows: Tremont, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20th and 27th; West Duxbury, Mass., Sunday, July 31st; Kingston, Mass., Monday and Tuesday, August 1st and 2d; West Newbury, Mass., Sunday, August 14th; South Andover, Mass., Monday and Tuesday, August 15th and 16th; Amesbury Mills, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, August 17th and 18th; Newburyport, Mass., Sunday, August 21st.

WALTER CHASE announces that he will lecture in Rochester, N. Y., July 31st; Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 14th; Lowell, Mass., the four Sundays of September; October he will speak in Vermont, if the friends with his services, and let him know by letter at Buffalo or Utica at the above dates. He would like to spend a week at each place he visits in Vermont, giving six or seven lectures, which may be paid for with \$25. If the month is mostly spent in the State; address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Chicopee, Mass., July 31st, and will spend the month of August in Northampton, Mass. She will lecture in Portland, Me., the four Sundays of September; in Lowell, Mass., the four days of October; in Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of November. She will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Sundays. Address, until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.

H. T. STANFORD will speak in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 31st; Great Works, Me., August 7th; in Lowell, Mass., Monday, August 21st; in Dover, Vt., Sunday, August 28th; in Milford, N. H., Sunday, September 4th; in Sutton, N. H., Sunday, Sept. 11th; in Lempster, N. H., Sunday, Sept. 18th. Friends in the vicinity of the above named places, who may wish to engage his services for week evenings, will address as above.

E. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Springfield, Mass., July 31st and August 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 21st; Syracuse, N. Y., August 28th; Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named places at the time designated.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture at Providence, R. I., July 31st, and at Williamstown, Conn., on the 7th and 14th of August. Invitations for her to lecture in the lower adjoining Providence and Williamstown during the week days, may be directed to her at either of those places during her stay there.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: Foxboro', July 31st; Waterbury, Ct., August 7th and 14th; Chicopee, Mass., August 15th and 22nd. She will answer calls to lecture, week evenings, in adjoining places.

Mrs. M. MUNSON, trance-speaker, will lecture in New Bedford, August 21st and 28th, and at Cambridgeport, Sept. 4th. Letters may be addressed to her at this office, as she requests.

Miss ROS

