

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS  
OF Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN  
are reported for us by the best Phonographers of  
New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.  
EIGHTH PAGE—H. W. Beecher's Sermon.  
THIRD PAGE—Ora Hatch's Discourse.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## ERFINEST;

### THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST.

BY ORO. P. BURNHAM.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### THE DEPARTURE. A NEW FACE.

It was a proud day for Louis Dumont, and a prouder one for his worthy old mother, when he stood upon the quarter deck of the gallant "Queen," trumpet in hand, giving his orders for weighing anchor, and preparing to depart from the English shores.

The final "good by" had been uttered; the final shaking of the hands of scores of friends had taken place; the final parting tear had dropped; the final good wishes and "God-speed" had been given. The anchors were hove; the jib and topsails were flung out to the wind; sail after sail was quickly set; the fresh breeze whistled cheerily through the glistening rigging; and the "Queen" was abroad upon her element, verily like a thing of life. The white "kerchiefs" still waved upon the shore; and the youthful captain still lingered over the stern-rail, glass in hand, to catch a last glimpse of those he loved, and from whom he was now to be separated for many long months. But the good ship stood gallantly on her course. As she disappeared in the far distance, a fervent "God bless and prosper him!" fell from the mother's lips, and an inaudible but earnest "Amen!" succeeded it from the heart of Eugene, as they turned away in silence and re-entered their carriage.

A fortnight passed away, and the family had become somewhat reconciled again to the son's and lover's absence. In the meanwhile, the "Queen" was ploughing her way across the ocean in splendid style, with all sail set; and, wafted on by prosperous gales, she made admirable headway upon her eastern voyage. The more he saw of her performance at sea, the more Captain Dumont was confirmed in the opinion he had formed of the good qualities of the "Queen" upon his first visit to her. He found that she carried an enormous spread of canvas, with the greatest ease; she was as readily managed as a yacht, and everything connected with the ship promised most creditably and satisfactorily. We will leave him, speeding on before a twelve knot breeze, and return awhile to the friends he left behind him at Yarmouth.

It was about two weeks after the sailing of the "Queen," that Mr. Leighton waited upon the family again, and enjoyed a pleasant *tele a tele* with Eugene, during which he discovered in her more grace and good sense than he had hitherto had the opportunity to meet with when in her society. The conversation turned upon the subject uppermost in her thoughts, and she inquired if Mr. Leighton had seen the fine new ship which the Brothers Ellington had latterly sent out to China. In common with the people of the town, he had visited the "Queen," and much admired her.

"I have a friend on board her," said Eugene, modestly.

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Leighton; "so have I. My brother-in-law goes out as her supercargo. He is a relative, I think, of the Ellingtons. Who is your friend, madame?"

"Captain Dumont."

"The master, eh?"

"Yes. Did you ever meet him?"

"No. Is he related to the Mr. Dumont I have once or twice seen here, madame? I think the name is similar."

"He is the same person," said Eugene.

"Ah! But I think we never heard him addressed except as Mr. Dumont, here, and hence my query."

"No; he is master, now, on his first voyage in that capacity."

"I never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. If I remember rightly, he was diffident in society."

"Something so, among strangers. He is a very excellent young man."

"I do not doubt that, madame, since he is the acknowledged friend of Ma'am'selle Erfineest," responded Leighton, politely. "He is on his way to China, you say?"

"Yes, sir. He will be absent a year or more."

Leighton reflected. He had resolved to present himself as a suitor for Eugene's hand. His position and rank in society, his wealth, his reputation, rendered him her equal in all respects. He was polished in his address, good looking, well educated, rich of good connections, and in every way worthy of Eugene Erfineest, or any other lady to whom he would propose himself. He knew what his pretensions were, and he carried himself with a grace and modesty that drew around him myriads of friends, who valued him for himself rather than for his rank or riches.

He reflected upon his course before he undertook to work it out. Resolved upon it, he did not know what it was to turn back, until he had done so. Ordinary obstacles were of no account in his calculations. Impossibilities he did not pretend to sur-

mount. But his temperament was so constituted that he went forward, in all his enterprises, until he had accomplished his aim, or was defeated beyond the shadow of hope. Such was the man—Charles Leighton. He had been struck with the grace and beauty of Eugene Erfineest, and not being aware that he had a living, *bona fide* rival, (who might be preferred by the lady, possibly,) he laid out his plans to win her, if he could!

His ardor was in no wise checked when he heard Eugene speak of Captain Dumont as her "friend." Indeed, he did not give this man a second thought. At the moment it was suggested to him that perhaps the captain might have been well treated by Eugene, and very likely, at some future time, he would, peradventure, promise himself a further acquaintance. But he was gone to the further end of creation, to be absent a year or more. He, surely, would not be in his way, if he ever returned at all; and so he should not waste his time in thinking of Captain Dumont. The bird was worth the caging! She was *now* free; and he would make the most of the present time and opportunity.

Weeks expired, and still young Leighton was a continual visitor at the dwelling of Eugene; dividing his attentions and disposing his favors between that lady and the pretty Lucie—but with a single aim, to wit, the conquest of Madame Erfineest. In the meantime Lucie became attached to him, and he found himself most zealously busy with his own scheme and the entertainment of young Lucie at the same time—the latter being so continuously in Eugene's society. As his loving star would have it, he soon came to be very fond of Lucie, too!

Now, as Charles Leighton was really a sensible and upright man, he saw at once that he could not marry both the young ladies, very conveniently; so he made up his mind only to "esteem Lucie as a very good friend," (the more especially as she was so very intimate with Eugene,) and to make love direct to the other. She might aid him in his enterprise, too! A capital idea, truly—he thought.

The fickle god, Cupid, would unquestionably be a very excellent servant, if it were possible for a lover to subject him, at his will; but, as this little fellow usually "rides a high horse," and is excessively head-strong in his way, he manages, ordinarily, to direct his votaries; and a mighty poor master he makes! Young Leighton was now at the mercy of this unrobin—loving one object, and beloved by another quite as strongly and devotedly.

He soon ascertained that the captain was Lucie's own brother. She had never informed him that any attachment existed between Dumont and Eugene, because she did not know how far matters had gone. And Eugene himself had never informed either Lucie or her mother of the pledges that had passed between them. Thus, comparatively in the dark, Leighton followed up his suit, until he could bear suspense no longer, when he suddenly committed himself. He threw the dice, and lost!

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### CHARLES LEIGHTON'S MISTAKE.

Five months, almost, had expired since Captain Dumont had sailed from Yarmouth, and the family had been anxiously looking for some news from him—when a parcel reached the residence of his mother, from the house of Ellington Brother, enclosing letters to herself and Lucie, and Eugene. The package had come to hand by a return ship, which had spoken the "Queen" two months out of port—reporting all well and prosperous.

In all his letters, Dumont spoke in terms of high praise of the ship he commanded; which had proved herself an extraordinary sailer, staunch in all weather, and admirably constructed for her business. To his lady love, he wrote—

"You cannot imagine, dear Eugene, how more than pleased I am in my new position. Only that I am far from the society of her whose image I worship, constantly, I should realize the extreme of mortal happiness. The sailor's life—though you can never bring your mind to agree with me—is so continuously novel, so eminently inspiring, so constantly diversified with changing pleasures, and startling scenes—that I marvel, often, why it is that the profession is shunned, or condemned. Perhaps my heart is in it; too deeply; yet I confess to you, that when I cannot be at your side, Eugene, I would only be abroad upon the open, beautiful blue sea! Up to the date of this letter, (which, with others that I shall forward to my dear mother and Lucie, by the first opportunity,) we have gone on swimmingly. Everything has worked well, just as I would have had it. Our crew is a good one, the weather has been propitious, the ship is a very excellent performer, and we shall make a speedy voyage, undoubtedly."

Bear my constant remembrance to my family, Eugene. For yourself—shall I write what I would say to you? I cannot do that. For all that I am indebted to you, how can you ever expect to be remunerated? I know your answer is ready. Trust me, then, I am unchanged, unchangeable in my heart's devotion, Eugene. We shall meet again, right soon. Will the days and weeks be long that separate us? Remember, then, that I, too, shall be weary with watching for the coming of the joyous hour that shall again unite us!

I think, decidedly, that there are *graces* in loving, as in many other matters. How dearly I am devoted to you, Eugene, I feel I cannot express. I think of you, Eugene, I blissful moments I have passed with you, very often; and I question, does she so lovingly and constantly remember Louis? And then I answer, yes! For I know full well, your heart.

We have just spoken the ship "Edmund Burke," bound to the Thames, and I must close. God bless you, dear Eugene! Be constant, and accept the best good wishes of Your sailor-lover,

LOUIS.

On the evening following the receipt of this letter,

so gratefully acceptable to Eugene, Mr. Leighton found himself at the residence of the ladies, resolved upon a free confession of his feelings and intentions toward Eugene Erfineest. "Love laughs at locksmiths," so he does, occasionally, at youthful and presumptuous barristers!

In the present instance, young Leighton fancied that Fortune favored him; for Lucie was absent from home, and he found his inamorata alone. After a few minutes of common place chat, the young lawyer unmasked himself, and commenced the work of his own present demolition, in earnest!

"I have deferred, Eugene, until this hour to speak to you," said Leighton, at length, "upon a subject which is so intimately connected with my happiness, that I can no longer delay it, because I desired to give you the opportunity to see and know me, before I intruded upon your confidence and your indulgence."

"I beseech you, Mr. Leighton," said Eugene, quickly, (fearing that he was about to importune her, when she did not feel that she had ever encouraged it,) "I pray you, do not forget yourself."

"No, Eugene, I cannot forget that you have charmed me—that you have enslaved me. But I must tell you of it, and know my doom."

"Mr. Leighton!"

"Permit me to speak, Eugene!"

"Briefly, then; and spare me the pain of saying to you that you comport yourself rashly. I do not know what you are contemplating; but, I fear, that you may have misconstrued my attentions to you; I hope you have not misunderstood me, for I am really your friend; and would not wound your feelings."

"Do not use that cold epithet, Eugene, at this late hour; but, if I tell you that for months I have watched your kindnesses toward me, if I assure you that I have construed them into the results of a warmer disposition than merely friendship for me, if I dare to tell you I have loved you, as men do not always love, if I swear to you, that you, Eugene Erfineest, are the idol of my hopes; and my dreams, will you not respond to my ardent devotion, and crown my wishes with your smiles?"

"Mr. Leighton," she said, "if I have done aught that you have so plainly misconceived, I crave your forgiveness. But in all honesty and candor, I pledge you that you have deceived yourself. I can not respond to your feelings—I can only receive you as a friend. You will not, I think, on reflection, deprive me—deprive *us*—of this privilege? In one word, then, my honor is concerned!"

"How, Eugene?"

"I am already affianced."

"Affianced, Eugene?"

"Yes—Mr. Leighton—to the man of my own free choice, who loves me fondly, and to whom I am devoted heart and soul, believe me!"

A long explanation followed this announcement. Eugene had good reason for the course she chose to adopt, inasmuch as she was aware that Lucie was warmly attached to Leighton; and, while she knew that the fair sister of her lover was fully worthy of him, she also felt that it was a desirable match for Leighton. She had supposed, also, that the visits of Mr. L. were directed in that quarter; never suspecting that he would torture her late civilities toward him into anything that should savor of undue partiality to himself.

Eugene carried herself bravely, however, in this interview. She aimed so to comport herself as that she should be at once rid of further importunity on the part of Leighton, and at the same time retain his respect and esteem—in order that she might eventually aid in influencing a turn of his attachment in Lucie's favor, if possible; for all who were acquainted with him, knew Leighton to be a worthy and highly honorable gentleman, and Eugene would have been very happy to know that her sister (that was to be) should be fortunate enough to please the man whom she so seriously favored.

This was a delicate business to be managed, however, without compromising somebody! Nevertheless, what a clever and pretty woman don't know about the arrangement of such little affairs, is a worth being known! And so Eugene thought. She applied herself at once to the retrieval of any ground that she might have lost with Leighton, in the onset, and thus continued—

"Do me the justice, Mr. Leighton, to believe that I would for no reasonable consideration, disoblige one whom I have learned, from a long and pleasurable intercourse, to esteem so highly as I do your self. And you surely know me well enough to receive my assurance in good faith, when I tell you that it would cause me the deepest pain to know that I had been the innocent cause of discomfiture to you in any way. If you will accept it, then, let me reassure you of my continued friendship; and let me trust that the result of this evening's interview may never mar or interrupt that friendly relation which I have so long enjoyed, and which, on my part, certainly I will rejoice to continue."

Leighton was entirely disarmed, but he loved Eugene none the less ardently after listening to this pretty speech! He saw his mistake, however. He saw that her affections were in another's keeping. He now knew that he had come with his offering too late for its acceptance. Eugene had pledged her truth and her honor, and he thought he knew her too well to believe that her pledge could be broken, through any influence he possessed, or by means of any arguments or protestations he could advance.

He had dreamed, in his blindness, that he had a good cause! His evidences were all in—he had argued his case with his best rhetoric and his most fervent

eloquence—he had enjoyed the benefits of a patient and impartial hearing—but the judge had decided against him—the fiat had gone forth adverse to his interests and wishes, and he was too good a lawyer to appeal to any higher court, when it was, unfortunately for him, so apparent that the original judgment would surely be confirmed!

Eugene deemed the present occasion no fit time for the urging of her plan to favor Lucie's claim upon Leighton's notice. He thanked her for her good wishes, and rose to retire.

"You will come to see us often, Mr. Leighton?" she said, "will you not?"

"I have not the power to avoid it, if I would, madame," he answered.

"But you cannot permit this disappointment—if it be such—to interfere with your good intentions, after what I have so frankly said to you, Mr. Leighton, I feel certain."

"No, Eugene—I will not complain. I would it were—I would to God it could be—otherwise. After your confession of this evening, I will not murmur. I embrace the offer of your continued favor and friendship, and will endeavor to deserve your good opinion of me. Make my regards to madame, and Miss Lucie, whose absence I regret to night. I will call again. Adieu!"

Eugene permitted him to take her hand, and Leighton retired honorably, but sorrowfully, from the field.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### A FRESH PROPOSAL.

When young Leighton stood ready to take his leave of the lady to whom he had so frankly but so rashly committed himself, he hesitated a moment on the threshold, as if he had not yet said all that he desired to say. He halted, because he knew that the lady possessed a highly honorable and judicious perception in such matters, and he did not wish to offend her nice sense and judgment. But still he lingered.

"Can I assist you, Mr. Leighton?" inquired Eugene, who observed his embarrassment.

"I do not know whether to suggest it, or not—for I think I can rely on your discretion in the premises, and the proposal may prove offensive to that delicate sense of honorable conduct which is a characteristic of your daily life, Eugene. But—if you agree with me that the subject of this evening's interview shall be kept a secret, strictly between ourselves, I shall feel grateful to you for the permission."

"There is no possible need that it should ever be referred to again, Mr. Leighton; and I fully appreciate the motives which have suggested this hint on your part. I assure you, I do agree with you in this particular, and you may rely on my silence."

The proposal originally made by Leighton to Madame Erfineest, was never heard of from that moment afterwards.

After the lapse of a little time subsequently to this meeting and frank explanation, the visits of Leighton were renewed once more, and he became a constant caller again at the residence of Mrs. Dumont. During these pleasant visits, he was permitted to enjoy the uninterrupted society of Eugene and Lucie, and scarcely another month had elapsed when his attentions were directed more especially than hitherto, toward the pretty and agreeable Lucie Dumont!

Every possible encouragement that friendship and courtesy could suggest to the quick mind of Eugene Erfineest, was given by her in good earnest, to the furtherance of the now plainly growing and healthful intimacy that existed between the young barrister and the sister of Captain Louis. Rides and walks, and excursions and parties innumerable, were got up for the purpose of keeping the youthful pair in continual association with each other; and Eugene watched the progress of this attachment with the highest and most satisfactory enjoyment.

Three months after the interview that had terminated so unfavorably with Leighton, in Eugene's case, the young lawyer found himself once more alone with her, and in confidential friendly intercourse.

"I have reason to believe," said Leighton, "that my attentions to little Lucie are not disagreeable to her, Eugene."

"And so have I, Mr. Leighton," said Eugene, quickly.

"But you will not have forgotten, too, that on another certain occasion, (which I need hardly hint at) I was quite as sure that my companionship would be as acceptable to another lady. In that instance, you remember, I committed an egregious mistake, though!" he continued, with a friendly smile.

"We will not go back, if you please," said Eugene. "Let the past be forgotten. I am certain that Lucie favors you, Leighton, and she is worthy of all your thoughts and your favor, in return. She is well educated, sound in heart, refined in her sentiments, and respects you for your moral worth. She would make you a more fitting companion than I could have been, because she has that to bestow on you which I had long since parted with—a heart, that I am confident will be entirely your own."

"So I have believed, Eugene! But I had made one unfortunate misstep on the ladder of prospective happiness, and I have feared to move again, as yet, lest I fall to the earth entirely!"

"You need entertain no such fears, I think, Leighton. Lucie is of age, and she can answer for herself. I am not her mouthpiece, of course; but I will not suffer this opportunity now to pass without advising you that it would be a source of genuine happiness

to me to know that you could appreciate her, and that you should love her as she deserves to be loved. If you can win the hand of Lucie Dumont, my word for it, Mr. Leighton, she will prove a brighter jewel in your casket than you have yet conceived of. I am your friend in this matter, believe me; and I repeat it, Lucie is worthy of your best devotion."

"And Lucie has no other friend, whom she will introduce to me, when I may ask her to acknowledge me her suitor, Eugene?"

The lady smiled, and answered that she knew of no such rival.

Charles Leighton resolved to try his fortune with Lucie Dumont; and he went to his lodgings with the determination to make a fresh proposal in that quarter at an early day.

Eugene had kept the subject matter of her own affair with Leighton honorably secret. Lucie never suspected that the man she so honored had ever been a suitor for Eugene's hand, at all. On the contrary, she had always appropriated his attentions to herself; while Eugene had been constant in her endeavours to turn all this over to Lucie's account, and the latter had made the most of her opportunities.

Charles Leighton embraced a moment, when he afterwards found it convenient and timely, to inform Lucie that he had long entertained a passion for her. He told her how he was peculiarly circumstanced, what were his prospects, how sincerely he loved her, and asked her if she would marry him, at a proper time.

Lucie blushed and encouraged his hopes. She consulted with her mother and with Eugene, both of whom were highly gratified with this very respectable and apparently fitting offer for Lucie's hand; and three months before the return of Louis from China, his sister Lucie was the affianced bride of Charles Leighton, Esq., barrister, and counsellor at law.

Thus terminated all further fear of importance from Leighton, on the part of Eugene, who understood the youthful attorney's character thoroughly, and who had effected the accomplishment of two important objects, through the same means. She had secured the preliminaries to a substantial match between Leighton and Lucie, and she still retained the valued and valuable friendship of a gentleman of family and repute, whom she had respected very highly, from her earliest acquaintance with him, in England.

Lucie Dumont stepped with a prouder step than had been her wont. She loved Leighton warmly, and she was too happy to feel that she had won him over to herself. And she soon found that this choice was a good one. Lucie was a sweet girl—ardent, graceful, affectionate, winning in her deportment and manners; and the happiness of herself and her future husband was lasting and sincere.

Mrs. Dumont had cause, indeed, to bless the hour that brought Eugene Erfineest to her humble home. Through her influence, Lucie had secured a good husband; by means of her liberality, the family, had come to be respected and beloved by those with whom they could never otherwise have associated; her interest in Louis had, unquestionably, been the cause of his late important promotion; and she now looked forward, with confident assurance—from the circumstances that had transpired within her own observation—to the hour when her loved and only son should be united in marriage with her beautiful benefactor and constant friend.

Other letters had been received by the family, of late, from Captain Dumont. He had been highly successful, and the time approached when he would return again to England. He had now been absent eleven months, nearly; and the Ellingtons would look for the arrival of the "Queen" in a few weeks, if nothing untoward should intervene to prevent.

Eleven months is a long period of time; and when the parties thus separated begin to count the weeks, and the days, and the hours, that pass by, anticipating, constantly, the return of those in whom they are thus interested, time lingers tediously.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### NEWS FROM ABOARD.

The family of Mrs. Dumont—herself, Eugene and Lucie—in company with Charles Leighton, who had now become an acknowledged intimate of the home circle, and who passed most of his time in their society, were sitting together at dinner, one beautiful, clear day, late in November, 17—, conversing upon the subject of the absence of Louis, and speculating upon the probabilities when he would be with them again.

"The Ellingtons informed me," said Charles, "that he would certainly arrive within a fortnight, now."

"That will be too early to expect him, I think," remarked his mother. "You know I keep an account of his ramblings, and he cannot well be here, I think, much before Christmas time."

"He was to leave Calcutta, homeward bound," added Eugene, "less than ninety days ago. He would stop at St. Helena, and I suppose that the average voyage home is some four months—is it not, mother?"

"You are correct, Eugene. I shall not look for him much before the end of December; though, in his nice, new ship, he may make better time than ordinary."

"I think," added Lucie, happily, "I guess he will be here in a very few days, now. I am famous for my dreams, you know, mother."

"Yes; but the result of your dreams is generally just the reverse of what you prognosticate after you get up from your rest, Lucie."

"Well, I am now about to prophecy once more. I



dreamed that Louis had been gone from us a great while."

"That is astonishing, truly," cried Leighton, "considering that he has been absent little short of a year."

"Now do you keep quiet, Charley, and let me tell my story."

"Go on, then."

"Well, I dreamed that Louis had been gone a long while, and had got back with a fortune, and had given up the business of a sailor, and had got married to our Eugenie, here, and—"

"That will do, I think," exclaimed Miss Erfinest, at this point. "No doubt your dream must all be verified, very shortly," she added, ironically. "I wonder you do not set up for a seeress, Lucie."

"Well, now, you see if this dream goes contrary, my lady. I will guarantee—"

At this juncture the servant entered suddenly, with a letter that had just been left at the door, with orders to deliver it to the family, in haste.

Lucie seized it, broke the seal, devoured its contents at a glance, and springing up, shouted merrily:

"Joy, mother! Joy, Eugenie! Joy, joy, joy!"

"What is it?" cried all.

"He's come—Louis has come! What did I tell you? My dream is out. Here, read!"

The note was from the Ellingtons, as follows:

"MADAME DUMONT—Very unexpectedly, the ship 'Queen' but seventy-eight days from Hong Kong, via Calcutta, has this moment been signalled in the harbor. As the tide is now at the early flood, the vessel will be up in a short time; and we take pleasure in inviting you to our lookout, if agreeable to yourself—and the young ladies at home—to see your son's ship as she enters port, after a very highly successful, and extraordinary quick voyage from China. Respectfully, &c., ELLINGTON BROTHERS."

"Order the carriage, instantly," said Eugenie, as the servant tarried for a reply.

"Send our respects to Messrs. Ellington, and say that we accept their invitation with great pleasure, and will attend them directly," added Mrs. Dumont.

And within half an hour the mother, the sister, and the betrothed of Captain Dumont, attended by Leighton, were seated in Eugenie's private carriage, on the way to the pier, where, within a twelvemonth, they had bid adieu to the son and lover.

The "Queen" had hove in sight but a few minutes before they reached the dock. The Ellingtons were expecting them, and they were immediately shown into the observatory of the merchants, where a fine view of the harbor could be had from the cone. The company were furnished with glasses, and a sight that went to the hearts of that happy trio of ladies, was presented them in the still, far-off distance.

The breeze was gentle but steady from the southward, and the ship came up before it with all sail set, from deck to truck. It was a glorious sight in itself. But, ah! how full of joy and promise and gladness was that scene to the fond hearts of those who now watched the progress of that vessel to the shore, on board of which was the object in which were centred all the future hopes of the mother, the lover, and the sister.

In the last year, or less, Captain Dumont had visited China, where his outward cargo, to Calcutta and Hong Kong, had met with a ready and profitable sale. In addition to the freight he took from England; he had a plentiful supply of specie, for the purchase of a return cargo; and he found his facilities such, through the credit of the Ellingtons, and as partial owner of the "Queen," that he was enabled to procure a full return freight, of teas, and silks, and gunny bags, and opium, and spices, and shawls, amounting to an immense value, making in the aggregate, by far the choicest and most desirable return shipment that was ever brought safely into the port of Yarmouth. The market was quite ready for his arrival, too. Prices of teas and silks were then at the highest ruling rates known for many years; and no accident, no injury of any kind, had occurred to qualify the value, or impair the excellence of the merchandise with which the "Queen" was so heavily laden.

From the hour he left port, to the moment when the order was given to "let go the anchor" in the stream off Yarmouth again, not a spar had been sprung nor a rope had been parted, not a sail had been torn. He had been eminently prospered by wind and weather, and his health, and that of his crew, generally, had been remarkably good. With such good fortune, with such a freight, and with a grateful heart, Captain Dumont now stood again upon the quarter deck of his noble ship, as she came onward steadily and gallantly to the long wished-for haven of his hopes and his ambition.

The "Queen" approached, and sail after sail disappeared at the word. As she passed up to her moorings, through the large fleet of merchantmen and coasters that were at anchor in the harbor of Yarmouth, cheers upon cheers rang out from the sturdy lungs of the various crews who beheld her in her dashing sea dress, with streaming flags and flowing sail, moving on to her temporary anchorage once more, before the gentle breeze that pressed her home.

The telescopes of the ladies were turned steadfastly upon the ship's movements, and every eye in that loving party sought for a glimpse of the form of the gallant captain. Dumont had improved in his personal appearance during his absence, and he had already donned his best shore dress for the occasion—for he determined to proceed to his home directly, the moment the ship came to anchor. But, as yet, he was not to be discovered.

A mile from the shore, the jib and foresail suddenly went down, the bows of the "Queen" turned shoreward, a sharp order was given, a splash was seen, and the ship rounded up safely and firmly, at anchor. The captain's boat was immediately lowered away, and a cry from Eugenie, "There he is! That is Louis!" told the rest.

In a few minutes the boat arrived. The ladies had been escorted to the end of the pier, to receive him, and Louis Dumont landed—in the arms of his mother, his sister, and his betrothed.

They instantly entered the carriage; the crowd of friends who witnessed this exciting scene sent up these ringing cheers of congratulation, and they were driven at once to the residence of Madame Dumont.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

As soon as the first outpourings of joy and gratulation had passed over—when Louis had asked and answered a hundred questions about the past and present—when he had pressed to his warm heart the object of his constant veneration, his dear mother, and had kissed away the tears of joy that

sparkled in the eyes of his Lucie and his Eugenie—he shook the hand of Charles Leighton kindly, and then excused himself, as he had a duty to perform (at the earliest reasonable moment,) with the Ellingtons, his partners and friends.

The old gentlemen were anxiously looking for his return, but they gave him an hour or two to the endearments of his family associations. As soon as he appeared, they greeted him cordially, and then proceeded at once to business.

"You have done famously, captain," said the elder partner, "and you now see the truth of what I asserted to you a year ago, when I proposed first to sell you a share in the ship."

"I appreciated your proposal, Captain Ellington, I remember, but I had not the means of purchasing at that time, you recollect. I now have to thank you for the preference you then gave me, and I indulge the hope that you are satisfied that your confidence in my seamanship and business abilities were not misplaced."

"You are right, Dumont. So good a voyage has never before been made from this port; and the cargo you have returned with, could not come in a more auspicious time, at least within my remembrance."

"I am happy to know this, gentlemen."

Yes, the price of teas is now at the maximum that has been known for years; and your supercargo purchased them low, no notice by your invoices. In silks the market is just now active, and the supply very limited; we shall do admirably well on these. Your gunnies are also in excellent demand, and the opium alone will yield us a very handsome sum. Be assured we are more than satisfied with your trip, and your excellent good management; and we shall insist upon your remaining in charge of the "Queen" as long as you continue to follow the sea as a profession."

"Thank you, thank you. But, upon this latter point, we may as well understand each other; I shall go to sea no more."

"What?"

"No—gentlemen; my sailor-days are done. I promised this before I ventured upon my last voyage, and there are those here to whom I am under obligations, and who will insist upon the redemption of this pledge."

"But, really—Dumont—"

"Well, we won't waste time now on this subject. The "Queen" will be hauled into the pier to-morrow; and, as soon as may be, we will have her discharged. I want an inventory taken of ship and effects, and I desire to have the details put in such a shape that I may know exactly where we all stand, and how much we shall realize by the voyage."

"We will have all these attended to, duly, captain. The sales of the entire cargo may be made in a very few days after she is cleared, as we have customers anxiously awaiting most of the goods. And do we understand you to say that you are desirous to dispose of your one-third interest in the "Queen," also?"

"That is immaterial to me, at present. Perhaps yes—probably not, however. If a good master can be found to take charge of her, I may leave my money where it is. Of this I will determine hereafter. Her freight list and present cargo valuation, according to my reckoning, is something like a hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling."

More than this, captain. The prices we shall realize upon the opium and silks is considerably in advance of your estimates, probably. But, we will see to it all, and you shall have a detailed account-current of the ship and ventures of the voyage, within a month, at the furthest. In the meantime, we shall honor your drafts for any amounts of money that you may want to use, with great pleasure."

"The 'Queen' is a magnificent sailer, gentlemen, and is really a credit to her constructors."

"Yes, your voyage out and back demonstrates this fact, captain; and we could sell her, to day, at a very handsome advance upon cost and interest, notwithstanding the year's wear she has experienced."

"I will see about this, then, in a few days. I have now to go on board, if will you please, signalize my boat, and give directions as to having her hauled into dock. We can get the Customs officers on board to-morrow, and break hatches, at once."

"The sooner, the better, for us all," said Ellington; and a few minutes afterwards, the boat arrived from the ship, and took Captain Dumont back, aboard. The necessary orders were now given, and the "Queen" was put into dock. The next morning they commenced to discharge her splendid cargo, and within a week everything was in store, agreeably to Dumont's wishes. Her spars were then taken down, and she was forthwith put into the hands of the mechanics, for refitting, painting, etc., preparatory for another voyage, before the season should get too late for her to start profitably.

Louis now turned his attention to a little enjoyment with the ladies, and to relaxation from his common duties. He had been unable, hitherto, when temporarily at home—between his voyages—for lack of means, to enjoy much of shore life. He was now rich—rich, in his own right—far beyond the limits of his most sanguine previous calculations; and he determined to look at the world as it exhibited itself on the land side, hereafter. He had now had an ample sufficiency of sailor-experience, he thought, and his promise to his sweet Eugenie he was now willing to redeem. His present means would enable him to provide for the future certain comfort and ease of his mother and sister, and he would still have an ample sum left for his own wants.

He soon learned that Lucie had been betrothed for some months, and he quickly approved the match. He was acquainted with Leighton's family connections, and knew his position in society.

"But, if Lucie is about to slip off in this way, Eugenie," he said, one evening, "we must not permit her to get ahead of us, surely. So put on all sail, now; and let us get into the haven as soon as they can report themselves. What say you, Eugenie, shall we not all be married on the same day?"

"Married, Louis!" screamed Eugenie, "we married? Upon my word, you are in exceeding haste, I think."

"I have waited patiently; and now I have the means to propose this with a becoming grace, I do so the more confidently, Eugenie. So, if you are disposed, I offer you my hand and fortune. Shall we marry upon Lucie's wedding day?"

"If you so elect, dear Louis, I am content," said Eugenie, more soberly.

"Be it thus, then, Eugenie—and we will all go to church together."

The matter of the secret purchase of a portion of the ship, for the benefit of Dumont, was now ex-

plained to him, fully. Eugenie had taken this course to aid him, when she found him fully resolved again to try his luck at sea; and it turned out a judicious movement, that secured to him a name and a competency for life, subsequently. Louis had always suspected that he was indebted to Eugenie for this favor, but until she now gave him the details of her plan to serve him, he was not certain to whom he owed so much.

A series of pleasant parties were now given at the hospitable residence of Madame Dumont, and Louis began to enjoy life at home right heartily. As he became more intimately acquainted with Leighton, he grew to esteem him proportionately to his true worth, and they became fast friends.

The good old lady Dumont was now at the zenith of her happiness. She had seen worse days than those she was now in the midst of; but her prospects were now bright, and she was cheered by the promise of the future continued companionship of all that was left her in life to love.

Preparations were being made for the approaching marriages of the four persons who had so curiously been brought together, and all was joy and prospective happiness at the widow's dwelling.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DENOUEMENT.

The account of the "Queen's" first voyage was made up, after a few weeks' delay, and the goods were all profitably engaged, or disposed of. The value of Louis's third part of the ship was credited in his account at eight thousand pounds. His salary amounted to six hundred pounds. His share of the profits on the outward and return freight and cargo, (minus his debit of interest account,) reached the handsome sum of three-and-twenty thousand four hundred pounds! So that he now found himself safely harbored, at home, in command of over thirty-two thousand sterling—which would yield him, at the current rate of interest at the time, an income of nearly two thousand pounds per annum. This was ample for his needs, and, added to the wealth of Eugenie, (which she still held in her own right,) their joint fortune was a very handsome and sufficient property.

Lieutenant McLeish had been called to quarters in another part of the kingdom; and Eugenie never thought it worth her while again to repeat to Dumont the details of that showy gentleman's adventure with her.

Young Leighton found that the exchange he had made, or rather the transfer he had made of his affections, from Eugenie to Lucie, was a very fortunate arrangement, ultimately. Lucie proved all that he could desire in a loving, faithful, devoted woman. Her disposition suited his own temperament to a charm; and he always contended, in his later experience, that his love belonged to her, originally—and that he intended it should be bestowed upon her, however he might have "flirted" with Eugenie! This was just as well on his part as any other declaration; and no one was disposed to allude to acid grapes, in connection with his assumptions!

The unfortunate history of Eugenie's father was never brought up, because she saw no occasion to explain it. The fact of her having been wrecked at sea, while in his company, then on her way to France and England, she often spoke of, and the particulars of that fatal scene were well known to Louis, who, it will be remembered, was at that time a sailor on board the "Raven"; and beyond this, none knew, or cared to know, who or what she had been. Her education had been well attended to, and she was an apt scholar. She spoke English excellently well, on her arrival at Yarmouth; and since that time, she had aimed to improve herself, so that she would now very readily pass for a native of the country, in ordinary conversation.

Malech continued to preside over the smuggler band that remained yet in the passes of the Sierra d'Estrella, where heaps of merchandise and hoards of riches were constantly being accumulated. The Abbe Dugarre returned to his "mission" at the castle, where he still dwelt, the terror of the menials and the tool of the lord of Estrella—the same scoundrel at heart that he always was, and always would continue to be, there or elsewhere.

Antonio Erfinest had gone the way of all the earth. Eugenie sometimes became shocked as she dwelt upon the singular fate that caused them to be brought together, as lovers, but she saw how her destiny was thus being carried out, and though she mourned his loss, she deemed herself fortunate that matters turned out as they did, in reference to her father's fate.

The "Raven," or her crew, were never afterwards heard of. The associates that "Ostrelo" left behind him at the *Eyre*, believed that he had either been lost at sea, (which was the most probable hypothesis,) or that his vessel had been seized, and himself and crew assassinated, or taken into port as prisoners—in which latter case, they knew his schooner and property would of course have been confiscated to the government; and either supposition precluded the probability of his ever returning again to his camp. Malech, however, though he said nothing of his belief, felt sure that he had run away with the girl he had abducted; and that he was still alive and safe, somewhere!

Among the effects which Eugenie reserved to her own use, after securing the two chests of merchandise from the wreck, were several pieces of choice silks and satins, which were now brought into requisition for the bridal dresses. Herself and Lucie were both to be attired alike, on the occasion of their nuptials, which were soon to take place at the residence of Madame Dumont. In the little box that she had also preserved at that time, were several superb jewels of high value. A portion of these were wrought up and set in tiaras, necklaces and bracelets, and Eugenie divided them with her new sister—that soon was to be.

Louis proposed a transfer of the portion he owned of the "Queen" to Eugenie, or to dispose of it, as he could at a profit, and pay her over the proceeds; but she declined it, on any terms. She had enough without this, she declared, and he was at liberty to do what he pleased with it. He finally sold it, and placed the funds at interest.

A new master was found for the ship, and she soon afterwards sailed for the east again. The Queen was kept in the China trade for several years, and proved a most valuable and profitable concern to her owners.

Mrs. Dumont lived to a green old age, in the enjoyment of all the comforts of life, and died at last surrounded by her children and their children—amidst happiness and plenty.

Agreeably to the arrangements finally made, the two couples—Louis and Eugenie, with Charles and

Lucie—met their friends at the dwelling of the mother, where the rites of matrimony were performed, and where the fortunes of the lovers were thus permanently united. A joyous gathering convened on this brilliant occasion. There were none who were acquainted with the parties most directly interested in this *finale*, who did not most sincerely "give them joy" on the conclusion of this ceremony; for rarely had it been the lot of men and women to be more appropriately matched than were the fortunate and happy brides and bridegrooms.

A tour to the north had, previously to the weddings, been arranged, and immediately after the ceremony, the newly-wedded people, with a brace of servants, departed for London, with a view to visiting Scotland and Ireland before they returned.

This trip was duly accomplished. They were absent from home some four weeks, when they at last returned and settled down, in separate establishments, in and near Yarmouth.

Mr. Leighton continued in the practice of the law, by which profession he rose to eminence. He never had cause to regret the course he took. As a wife and mother, Lucie Dumont proved all and more than he had anticipated; and there were no clouds to mar their future peace and prosperity.

After a few months of leisure, Louis became uneasy, and sighed for his old business again. Eugenie rallied him upon his forgetfulness of his promise. But still he longed to try it "only once more."

"What did you promise me, Louis," she asked, "when you last returned from China?"

"I remember it, perfectly."

"What was it, then?"

"That I would not leave you again, without your permission."

"Without my free permission, was n't it, Louis?"

"I think you are right."

"Well, then, I assure you I shall never consent to it, under any circumstances. We have sufficient of this world's goods—we are happy and safe, on the land. You will never have my free consent that you shall again leave me, to go upon the water."

"Then I will not go, Eugenie," said Louis, decidedly.

And he never did. They remained in the enjoyment of their wealth, content in each other's society. And the happy and beloved Eugenie Erfinest long had cause to bless the hour when was entrusted to her keeping the unfortunate *Smuggler's Secret*.

## ON SABBATH MORN.

BY GEO. F. JONES.

Moethinks the meadows look more fair,  
And gay'er tints the hills adorn,  
And flowers, more free, their perfumes spare  
Upon the still and fragrant air!  
On Sabbath morn!

It is the birthday of the week,  
And new creation, tied and loosed,  
Would seem a day of peace to seek,  
And Nature wears a rosy cheek,  
On Sabbath morn!

The forest birds more sweetly sing,  
In every tree, and bush, and thorn;  
The swallows circle twittering—  
The insects float with brighter wing,  
On Sabbath morn!

Then why not man, from troubles vile,  
Relieve his mind, while joy is born—  
And let his spirit breathe awhile,  
And catch the glow of Nature's smile,  
On Sabbath morn!

Falmouth, Mass., 1850.

## LITERARY PIRACY.

It sometimes becomes our duty to chronicle the advent of a "character" in the field of literature who evidently believes in the truth of that profound Western editor—"Facts is every man's property!" Whether in a high and exalted position or in a comparatively low one in the intellectual arena, a disposition on the part of a person to appropriate the thoughts of others to his own "glory," is decidedly contemptible. Sometimes men are deceived into it in their writing, by an involuntary action of the memory; but even on that ground how can we account for the fact the *Frank Lee*, of Norway, Mo., remembered and wrote out involuntarily a piece like the following. We received from this individual, the piece below—purporting to be

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY FRANK LEE.

There is a land mine eye hath seen,  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright, that all which spreads between,  
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
There those who dwell, no more,  
And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light;  
It hath no need of sun to rise,  
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind,  
Athwart that calm, serene abode;  
The wanderer there a home shall find,  
Within the Paradise of God.

Norway, Mo., Sunday, May 29th, 1850.

Now what we have to say of the above is, that whoever of our readers will take the trouble to turn to the 370 page of the collection of "Hymns for Christian Devotion"—especially adapted for the Universalist Denomination. Edited by J. G. Adams and E. H. Chapin. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 1854"—will find the 664th hymn, under the head "The Better Land," to be the same as this, word for word! How are we to account for this—Frank's was written on "Sunday, May 29th, 1850." The other—which is the same—was published five years before? Oh, do! for shame! Frank, how could you "steal" from a hymn-book, of all things! Let us give you a piece of advice: The broad ocean of Hymn-books is sailed over by the men-of-war of all nations—there isn't the slightest chance for a gentleman with buccannering proclivities to succeed—neither would we recommend you to try the more modern poets; but spread your sail, and speed off into the sea of the Elizabethan era—there, amid some of the minor poets, you may reap a rich harvest.

We take occasion to say to our readers that we exhibit this specimen for the "good of the press" in general—as the police of our cities hang up the portraits of great rogues—for verily there is a man among us who not only depends upon the "ignorance and stupidity of his readers," but also on that of the editorial fraternity!

Go forward, Frank, like a bold disciple of Dampier and Morgan—let your banner stream from the mast, and with your port-fires blazing with poetic frenzy, sweep forth upon your prey—as the old song (which we humbly hope you may not at some future time take occasion to purloin) hath it:

"Then said the rover to his gallant crew—  
With the black flag—down with the 'blue'—  
Fire on the main deck—fire on the bow—  
Fire on the gun-deck—and fire down below!"

WIT AND HUMOR.—"Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping round his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

## THE SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Pure is our peaceful land,  
Dostrown with flowers,  
Thrown from a gentle hand  
To cheer the hours;  
We have no silent tears  
To mar our summer spheres,  
But oft, in thought we listen to the song  
That from sweet cherubs doth itself prolong.

From amber fountains flow  
Waters that blend  
With pearls that lie below  
And lustre lend,  
And music soft breathes forth  
Of some fair spirit's birth—  
Or tells some tale, yet causeth not a sigh,  
Or waits where cooling zephyrs with it fly.

We float where cascades fall,  
Sparkling and bright;  
Or where good shepherds call  
Their flocks at night;  
Or where pure children sleep,  
To soothe them if they weep,  
Or give them of that saving light a gleam,  
Through soft pictures which mortals call a dream.

We impress the mortal  
In all his sin,  
Showing him the portal  
To enter in,  
Where hope forever lives—  
Where peace her mantle gives—  
Where fields of truth before his eyes are spread,  
Luring him on her flowery paths to tread.

We still our progress keep,  
Through spheres above,  
Sowing good, thence to reap  
His boundless love,  
Our mansions bright do loom—  
The entrance is the tomb!  
Come! come then, mortals, and with one accord  
We'll praise our Maker, mighty God, our Lord.

## SPIRITUALISM.

The following is from the pen of Mr. E. G. Folsom, published in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, in answer to two lectures by Dr. Douglas, who made an effort to show that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism were of mundane origin:—

Twice now have we heard Dr. Douglas in his two public attempts at solving the mysteries of modern Spiritualism—once before the Teachers of our High School, and lastly and namely as the bold champion of Cleveland's able clergy.

The second discourse, same as the first, was delivered in the usual gentlemanly, gentle, and dignified manner. His cool and dispassionate style may be proportionate to the certitude of his newly discovered key, with which he, as he supposes, unlocks all modern, and of course all ancient mysteries, which have and still are holding spell-bound the deceived and the deceiving.

He remarked, at the outset, that not until now have the minds of the world sufficiently ripened to receive the true exposition, and on this account has it been withheld, although he had been repeatedly advised to publish it.

We have most intently, and honestly, we trust, listened to what Mr. Douglas and others regard a complete expose of the whole thing. None, we trust, would more readily accept a rational explanation of this most interesting and important subject than ourselves; for there can be no advantage to the immortal mind to be ensnared in the mists of error and ignorance.

As an object of inquiry none can be more intensely interesting, none of greater importance, than these phenomena of the nineteenth century, termed Spiritualism.

Upon the threshold of our inquiry we are met with the two grand contending elements of aggressive thought, viz., Truth and Error, one or the other of which is to have the ascendancy. Let us investigate; then, this as all other objects of inquiry, with great candor, manifest honesty, and a desire to know what is truth and what is error in the premises.

We will now state, as far as we are able, Dr. Douglas's explanation, what are his positions, and what his conclusions. He gave to Mesmer the credit of presenting him the key with which he claims to unlock the mystery. The doctor then brings forward a new faculty of the human intelligence—a "medial faculty"—as the grand key-stone to his expose, although we are at a great loss to know what it is, and where its locality, or what its nature. But, nevertheless, this is his position—this the pivotal point and hinge upon which the whole philosophy rests. Now, granting that his "medial faculty" exists, how is it going to help the doctor to account for the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism? As far as the argument is concerned, we are willing to call impressibility or susceptibility of mediums a "medial faculty," if it is wished, and proceed at once to apply the principle to the phenomena.

The doctor said that a theory to be of any value must cover all the phenomena. He also claimed for the "medial faculty" infallibility, and that by means of this faculty the medium could only echo back the ideas and thoughts of the inquirer. He went even further, and admitted that the mysterious mediumistic faculty could be exercised between parties however far removed from each other. Quite sufficient this; it sounds a little spiritualistic; at least it tends that way, and is all we want to prove the whole colossal theory of spiritual intercommunication between the two worlds. We greatly wonder, indeed, that the doctor should thus concede so much; but it may be accounted for on his theory of homeopathic medicine, which rests upon the great cardinal principle of "*Similia similibus curantur*"—like cures like. So to upset Spiritualism he takes "similia" phenomena, thinking, perhaps, it would prove an effectual cure, but unfortunately we think in this case the "similia" implies the "similibus" the very thing which he has sought in his blunder-buss argument to overthrow.

We will in the first place argue the question in a pure metaphysical point of view, and see whether the doctor's theory is true, and covers the whole subject, without calling to his aid spiritual intelligences, for he did remember that by means of this "medial faculty" he is to account for everything, while in fact he never touched upon raps, tips, playing upon musical instruments, &c., at all. We felt a little curious to know how he could, on any "medial faculty" theory merely, even approach a plausible explanation of one single "tap," to say nothing of other astounding demonstrations all over the world.

He affirms that this "medial faculty" cannot give us any phenomenon whatsoever, except that which is mundane, echoing and re-echoing only the stale and prevalent ideas already possessed as the capital stock of human knowledge. Let us see how this philosophy will work. On his theory, where is the possibility of the world's progress? Then again, we are inquisitive to know how came immortality and eternal life to light as a part of human knowledge? How, in short, has the idea of spiritual existence obtained in the minds of the entire human race? The idea itself is a living, inspiring, and omnipresent resident within every human breast; is constantly glowing and prompting to a higher and nobler life. Not it out, and we are as the beast that perishes; but how comes it a universality with the race and the world?

Right here the doctor's theory failed, or rather, his principle of "medial faculty" was misapplied, for he had only to make right use of his key to have unlocked the vast storehouse of mind, wealth in the vast universals of thought and intelligence.

The doctor may have overlooked the fact, that the very idea of immortality was first lodged in the human intelligence, and is now constantly being recognized in the present as in the past experience and history of the race, on the very principle which he claims to make use of to prove its utter fallacy. It is here we see the use of the "medial faculty," which











claim to be? He took the ground that the philosophy used in the denial of the truth of Spiritualism was far more absurd and improbable than the real philosophy of Spiritualism.

Miss Susie Oliver read in a very effective and very beautiful manner a poem written by John Pierpont, "Passing Away." She also read from the pen of Mrs. Hemans the beautiful appeal to the spirits of departed friends, "Answer me, oh answer me."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

#### Sharp Rebuke from a Sharp Source.

The Springfield Republican says that shallow reasoners, like the philosophers of the Boston Courier, who would suppose that the tricks of an animal magnetizer afford a key to the Christian miracles, jump at once to the conclusion that M. Jobert's experiments in France and Dexter's hat-dancing in New York, exhaust the whole subject of Spiritualism, and explode it forever among all sensible people. No mistake could be greater. These instances do not meet the conditions of one-hundredth part of the spiritual phenomena that are now cognized, and many exhibitions which occur among individuals and in circumstances that preclude all idea of machinery or imposture. What they may be we cannot tell, but they are something more than mere trick and charlatanry, as most people have the means of knowing.

#### Lizzie Doten.

This lady is not without honor in her own country, though she be a Spiritualist. She is speaking for the present over Sunday in Plymouth, her native town, to full houses.

#### Lecturers.

R. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the month of September, October and November, in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. Those desiring his services in these localities can address him, through the month of August, at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage. J. H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in New York and the New England States during the fall and winter months. Those desiring of engaging him will address, until further notice, Upper Lisle, Broome County, N. Y., as all communications will reach him from that point.

#### TO-DAY'S BABY.

He oped his eyes this summer day, As fine a lad as e'er was known, And in his infant features play A hero's lineaments were shown; In every line command was seen, Endowed among his August charms, And his warlike paternal arm, At his command presented arms, Bless the fond home wherein he reigns, Beloved by parents, aunt, and cousin, Till such an ecstasy obtains, They'll deem him quite a Baker's dozen.

P. S. D.

#### Bracing the Brethren.

It must be confessed that those who support their feeble fellows are engaged in a very benevolent work, and if they are not adequately and properly sustained in their praiseworthy and charitable enterprise, the effort to sustain others is certainly not less commendable. Our imperfect humanity is supposed to embrace many delapidated brothers and a few weak sisters. Some are troubled with physical debility, others are weak about the shoulders, while others still have a kind of *prolapsus morali*. All such people must be braced up, and for this purpose the race needs a great number and variety of supporters.

Young ministers, who have no ideas of their own, must lean on the accredited authorities in the church, or brace themselves up, as well as they can, with theological supporters. Without such sustaining instrumentalities they could not reasonably be expected to sustain themselves, much less the cause, which is presumed to rest on their shoulders. But there is one general and serious objection to all the theological supporters, based on the well-known fact that, while they may sustain and uphold the weaker brethren—as baby-jumpers assist the children before they can go alone—they impose many arbitrary restraints on the free, normal action and the complete development of the strong.

The Calvinistic supporters are simple enough in construction, but the materials are inflexible and the whole instrument extremely unyielding, giving an appearance of mechanical precision and stiffness to the manner and movement of the whole man. Some of the other instruments are thought to be full of grace, and they certainly do admit of far greater freedom on the part of those who wear them. For example, the Episcopal theological supporters are remarkable illustrations of adaptability to the peculiarities of the individual, and they were never known to press hard over the gastric region. The Universalist theological supporters were once made after a larger pattern than any other; and so long as they were loose enough for all practical purposes, they were in fair demand. But sometime since several of the old houses undertook to monopolize the business, and, at the same time, determined to make them all of one size, regardless of the respective developments of their customers, since which the inquiry, in this direction, has greatly diminished.

Supporters must be large or small, according to the necessities of those who require to be supported. Moreover, they must be of various kinds to suit the peculiar weaknesses and wants of the people. If a man be destitute of food, and is consequently weak at the stomach, a barrel of flour is an excellent supporter. Those who are inclined to give up when disappointment comes, will find a great sustaining power in the "bright side of the picture" of human life; people who give in, and all who give out, before the contest with the powers of evil fairly begin, will find the examples of greater men and their own strong resolutions excellent supporters. Those who are alone in the world need matrimonial braces, and such as have empty pockets are presumed to require the "Almighty Dollar" supporters. All who "cave in" when the administration changes, want political supporters, which, like fancy stocks, are chiefly created and employed by speculators.

Now it is a plain case that one establishment cannot furnish all the required supporters; nor is it wise to patronize all the old concerns without respect to the quality and fitness of their goods. Those who want supporting with a moral spinal column, are cordially recommended to apply to Theodore Parker or Henry Ward Beecher; those who would possess the vital support of a living gospel, may make application to the Spiritualists; (Spiritualism is the great *Soul-Expanding Brace*); of the age; but all who would have large chests—room enough to perform the work of their own hearts—no aspirer to *respire* freely, and who are determined to develop staid, majestic and graceful forms, are advised to procure Dr. Cutler's CHEST-EXPANDING SUPPERS and SHOULDER BRACE, with the Belt and Skirt attachment, if it be for the use of a Lady. All who are unwilling to be cooped up in a rickety and miserable tenement should go to work with all the aids and supports at their command to build up an elegant mansion for their own souls.

NOTE.—The Doctor's Braces, etc., which are said to be the best now in use—are manufactured by Cutler & Walker, at Lowell, Mass.

#### The Davenport Boys.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Spiritualism at present appears to be on the stand-still in this vicinity. We have not means to employ speakers as often as we could wish; still we hope the times will improve soon, so that we may be able to have our meetings oftener.

Since the Davenport Boys served out their time in the jail at Oswego, they have been giving private circles in Phoenix. I attended one last Friday evening at the house of Brother Richard Frolick. There were some twenty persons present, who witnessed the manifestations, which were truly astounding! I never attended one of their circles before; but it was said by those who had, that the manifestations at that evening rather surpassed anything they had witnessed. The Boys were not confined in their box, [their instruments were laid on the table] and they were to all appearance securely held by a committee of two, who were chosen from among the audience. We had the ringing of a large dinner bell over our heads, speaking through the trumpet, together with a loud thrumming of the guitar and violin; but the most interesting part was the playing of the tambourine, in *perfect time* with a tune played on the violin by one of the audience. The tambourine was played with tremendous power, and moved with lightning speed around the room over our heads, and I should judge, out of the reach of any one. On producing a light, the mediums were found bound securely in their chairs. It was an impossibility for them to have done what I have described, had they been at liberty and exercised their utmost ability.

If it were not spirit who did these things, will our senses of the present age tell us how they were done? How long will the truth be crucified?

Thine in haste,

ORIS DANNAH.

Clay, N. Y., July 24th, 1859.

#### House of Correction in Plymouth.

Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, who is sentenced for life, for the murder of her husband, is still unconvinced to her hard lot. The idea of prison bondage for the remainder of her earthly life makes her perfectly wretched. She says, "I cannot, I cannot stay in this prison." I watch her case with a deep interest, for I regard it as one of the worst cases of *normal obsession*, so many of which afflict humanity. When her soul does yield to the stern, inflexible, unceasing power of chastisement; when it becomes passive and child-like to all government it will be beautiful, and far better prepared for the influx of divine truth and the enjoyment of the perennial beauties of heaven that await it, than it would have been before it passed the awful ordeal. This case of normal obsession, though it produces much apparent evil, is precisely the means necessary to produce in the ultimate the greatest amount of good.

Mr. Thomas, the chaplain of the prison, though he is an Orthodox, is good, charitable, kind and liberal; he is kind to the prisoners, and seems to love everybody. Mr. Goddard, the superintendent, is uncommonly generous in granting freedom to the prisoners; he trusts them, and they are faithful to his confidence. He has a farm in the vicinity of the prison, and takes those prisoners he knows he can trust, to work on his farm, and pays into the treasury for what they do. This is a praiseworthy and beautiful feature of reform in prison "discipline." Mr. Goddard has the perfect confidence of the officers of the law, and the love and respect of the prisoners. Mr. Bagnoll, the turnkey, says, when it is practicable, he trusts to the honor of the prisoners, and they always prove true to his trust.

There is not, perhaps, a prison in the world where prisoners are blessed with more humane treatment. The government of love and kindness is creeping in, notwithstanding the law that makes prisons and prisoners the law of retaliation and hatred.

Three prisoners are in Plymouth House of Correction, for "keeping dogs without a license." Had they have had a little money to pay the small fine which the law imposes, they would not have been imprisoned. I am inclined to believe that John C. Cluer was surely half right when he said that "it is not sin the world goes against, but poverty." Poor men, rather than sinful men, receive the lash.

Mr. Spear, the prisoner's friend, and his good wife, spoke kindly to the prisoners last Sunday. Mr. Spear said, "The prison is my church; and I urge men by good behaviour to go out and keep out of my church, while other preachers urge men to go in and keep in their churches." He said, "You are no worse for being in this prison; it is only the perverted eyes of society that see you, and make you appear worse for being here."

Mr. and Mrs. Spear admonished the prisoners to set an example of true Christianity, by practical goodness for those to follow who had shut them up in prison. A. B. CHILD.

#### R. P. Ambler's last Lecture at Salem.

DEAR BANNER.—R. P. Ambler gave his concluding lecture for this season, at the Lyceum Hall, and gave his eloquent and truth-startling discourse to an audience larger than was usual. His theme was "Salvation"; that word of momentous importance to human souls; that, proclaimed from every altar in the land, led man to think of the future; but led him to think in fear and trembling; led him to cast his sins upon the innocent, to seek for escape from the just and unfailing consequences of wrong-doing, by worthy penitence and prayer, by the meditation of the promised Atonement. The scheme of Salvation, as taught by theology, implied the failure of the Deity in the formation of man; for, had he been perfect, he could not have fallen into temptation; for perfection implies exemption from all power of sin. The idea of salvation through the blood of Christ, appeals to the selfishness of human nature only; not to one noble impulse or aspiration of the soul. It is to be exempted from the consequences of sin in the hereafter; to ride safely and triumphantly to Heaven, leaving our tolling brothers and sisters unheeded, caring only for ourselves—this is the idea taught. And that arrived at that golden haven of ease and blissful enjoyment, we should live inactive lives, and listen with steeled hearts to the walls of despair that arise from the depths below, where the souls of the doomed cry in eternal torment; this is the promised joy of heaven, from which all human feeling has departed, where selfishness reigns supreme.

"Tell me, my friends, is this religion?" asked the lecturer; and doubtless some souls, although the lips were mute, cried "No!" He then proceeded to say that the teachings and example of Jesus were valuable, not because he died, but because he had lived; that the spirit indwelling in those sublime and simple teachings, lived still, would live on for ever, for it was the spirit of immortal truth; as clearly visible, as felt by man, in the present as in the past. To redeem man from selfishness, to teach him that there was no escape possible from the infringement of right; that the natural and unavoidable consequences of obedience to God's laws were peace and harmony; this was what the spiritual unfoldment of the present brought to man. To aid each other along the pathway of life, on earth and in the continued worlds, ever actively employed for each other's good; this was the mission of each one; this is what reason teaches of religion, making no scapegoat of the innocent, but every one expiating his own wrongs; by effort and progression achieving his own salvation. In the reformation of self, in the unceasing aspiration and endeavor for a wider usefulness, and a higher spirituality, would this saving truth be gained and salvation be attained by all.

As usual, the lecture abounded with the rarest gems of thought and feeling; with a poetic leisure and a genuine fervor of truth, that must be heard to be appreciated.

Bro. Ambler returns to Salem in October, to strengthen the growth of the immortal fountains implanted by his eloquent discourses in appreciative and receptive souls.

Hoping for a "good time" at the dedication of the Spiritual Hall, built expressly for the worship of the one true God, and the exposition of his truths, by the liberality of Mr. Bassett at Marlborough, I bid your readers adieu awhile, and am,

Yours for Truth,

CORA WILCOX.

Salem, Mass., August 2d, 1859.

#### Spirit Messages.

O. M. HENDRICK, MARSHFIELD, Mo.—"While reading the messages given by spirits through your columns to their friends on earth, I have wondered if we who live in the West cannot have communications addressed to us as well as those who reside further East. There are certainly numbers in the West who would take a deep interest in Spiritualism could they have convincing evidence of its truth. But, living so far away from those places where the facilities for investigation are to be obtained, they are deprived of the happy privilege of believing in the glorious truths of the new philosophy. For myself I ask no additional evidence, for I have long cherished the belief that the spirits of our departed friends can return to earth and tell us of the beauties of their celestial home; but of late I have been doubly convinced of that consoling fact, and that they exercise a guardian care over us, and by their influence direct our weary steps as we journey through this vale of tears.

If spirits can communicate to their distant friends in this manner, *consequently*, why can they not do the same from solicitation? Why cannot we, when we feel that our spirit friends are nigh, ask them to go to Boston, New York, or any other place where there are good and reliable mediums, and through them communicate with us? I have often wondered why this has not been done frequently, and without solicitation. Perhaps there may be something necessary to bring the medium in rapport with the spirit and the person to be addressed. If so, why cannot my letter serve for that purpose, and I receive an answer from my spirit friends or relatives through your medium and paper? If you feel disposed to try the experiment, you will oblige a sincere seeker for truth."

[Letters are often answered in this way.]

#### A Voice from Canada.

LIBERTY, YARMOUTH, C. W.—In this part of God's moral vineyard the BANNER is yielding a magnificent harvest. Its extensive circulation is a token of the interest with which it is read—evolution by the professors of that theology whose pillars, as they say, it is fast undermining. Those who appear to walk most straightly in the "paths of their forefathers" may be soon secretly entering the new man; and, having procured the "pearl of great price," regale their hungry souls with the Spiritual food which it so richly supplies—carefully concealing it from those who dread it, hate it, and yet love it, (the clergy) lest they be anathematized from the society of the brethren, or, like myself, draw down the vilest vituperations from the fast falling ranks of an iron-bound theology.

Though not a believer in the Harmonical Philosophy, I am styled "a deluded Spiritualist," because I do not unite in the most scurrilous denunciation of the doctrines—denunciations of what I have not investigated. The Progressive Friends are up and doing—lecturing with success, and not unfrequently drawing to God's vast temple in the open air the Orthodox congregation, or, nearly leaving their poor pastor alone in his glory to mourn over the backsliding of the brethren.

#### An Appeal to the Gifted and Kind-hearted.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having been a constant reader of your paper about three years, I have felt a deep interest in all the cures of healing that have been given, as one of the strongest evidences of the truth of the spiritual philosophy you have been aiming to establish, as well as giving a foundation of hope for the relief of suffering humanity. At first they seemed incredible to me, but the evidence became too overwhelming to be resisted.

Soon after making my residence here, about two years since, I became acquainted in a family where there was a young and lovely daughter who had been prostrated for some years by disease in the hips, and for whose relief her father, being a wealthy man, had appropriated large sums of money in the employment of physicians, but without effect; and whenever I have read of a case of healing, my heart has yearned for the recovery of that lovely creature. But this place is so remote and so unknown to mediums and lecturers, that the case seemed hopeless, although one day's ride might bring a medium from Boston to this place.

At length I resolved to make an effort, and accordingly had an interview with the family recently, and they expressed a willingness to have a trial made, if any one would undertake it at their own expense. Having little confidence in the spiritual theory, they do not feel inclined to make themselves liable for an expense that seems probable of no benefit to them; but giving assurance that if the healing should be done, the medium shall be given as large a reward in money as any conscientious person would be willing to take; and, besides, it would not be wisdom to make a promise of defraying the expense of a journey, not knowing to whom it is made; as some impostor might like to come into this white mountain region, if it might be done at another's expense.

May I not hope that this may be an appeal to some one who has the precious gift of healing, and the means of defraying the expense, to risk a journey on this errand of mercy? And now if any one should make a journey here for the purpose above named, for reasons that may be well understood by all who understand human nature, the whole must be kept a secret, if the attempt should fail; and, in order to accomplish that, let the one who comes—if I may should—stop at the "American House," kept at a corner in the village, a few rods distant from where I reside, and send for me.

ENOCK HAZELTIM.

LANCASTER, N. H.

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE eighth chapter of Prof. Brittan's series on "Man and his Relations" arrived too late for publication this week. Its subject is "The Revolving Powers of the Human Mind."

Men and women often fret about trifles until they magnify them into giants, and so make themselves, and others with whom they come in contact, miserable. Let all such read Mr. Beecher's sermon on this subject, which will be found on the eighth page of this paper.

NAHANT.—We know of no more agreeable place of resort during these hot days than this well known peninsula—and of no better way of getting there than to step on board the steamer "Nelly Baker," which plys daily between Boston and Nahant.

FROM YRA CRUZ AND MEXICO.—By the steamer Habana, which arrived at New Orleans August 6th, dates from Vera Cruz to the 28th, and from Mexico to the 10th ult., have been received. Miramon had issued a manifesto, in which he promises to protect the clergy in their power and wealth; favors the plan of a dictatorial government, and declares it to be the traditional policy of Mexico to guard against the encroachments of the United States. General Zuevas was approaching San Luis Potosi with 5000 men, and Miramon's troops were concentrating at Paganator. It was reported that some grand movement was afoot.

He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being, to his place whatever it may. You may clothe him with rags, may immerse him in a dungeon, may chain him to slavish tasks; but he is still great. You may shut him out of your houses, but God opens to him heavenly mansions.

CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y.—H. L. Green keeps the BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at this place. Our friends in Cortland are requested to purchase it of him.

The following "take off" will do. A physician enters an apothecary shop, and accosts the boy thus: "John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw craps on the door the next morning."

"The editor of the Eastern Sentinel is a Nut," said Digby to a like. "Well, what of it?" replied like. "Oh, nothing—only on reading his editorials, it occurred to me that if the bark of this Nut is so palatable, it must be very agreeable to meet him."

SUBSCRIBER FOR IT.—The BANNER OF LIGHT, a literary and religious paper published in Boston, among a great variety of other matters, gives verbatim reports of the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher and E. H. Chapin, every week. The paper gets to the C. R. press post office every Saturday, and offers such a treat, in the way of religious reading, on Sunday morning, as makes the matter of our common sermons seem poor and trivial. The subscription is for two dollars, one can read the sermons of Beecher and Chapin every Sunday in the year.—National Democrat, La Crosse, Wis.

Hon. Richard Rush, of Philadelphia, died on Monday week.

The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company have finally settled with Mrs. Shaw of Needham, by paying her the total of the verdict and costs obtained by her in the Supreme Court—\$24,738.

Dr. George B. Loring, of Salem, is the orator of the Barnstable Agricultural Society at its fair in October.

"Why do they have key-notes in music?" asked like of Digby, yesterday. "Don't know," replied Digby, mournfully, "except that they unlock sudden hearts." He had lost his pet spaniel.

A terrible railroad accident occurred on the Northern Railroad, near Schaghticoke, on Tuesday night—a train being precipitated into the creek below the bridge which spans the Tunnahonock, a distance of twenty to twenty-five feet. Thirteen lives were lost, and many were wounded.

The papers say there were thirteen men in the last Texas legislature who could not write their names.

The battle of Kohn, fought between the Austrians and Prussians, was lost by the latter. Their king, immediately after his defeat, meeting with a Prussian soldier who had received a wound in the face, inquired, "In what shop did you get that scar?" "In one," replied the soldier, "where your majesty paid the reckoning."

THOMAS PAINE.—The many noble qualities of this hero of the late century are now more fully appreciated by the American people. We noticed with pleasure, for we admire Paine's political sentiments—that his name was associated with that of the immortal Washington on the American flag on the morning of the Fourth, in Edinburgh. May the time soon come when Paine's patriotism will be honored and respected more fully than the religious prejudice has formerly permitted.—Edinburgh (Ind.) Visitor.

MUSIC ON BOSTON COMMON.—The city authorities have completed their arrangements for concerts by our various Boston Bands on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. A very splendid arrangement it is, too, in our opinion. Why don't they have the music in the evening, so that all our citizens can have the privilege of hearing it?

A QUESTION FOR THE SAVANS TO SOLVE.—It is well attested fact that two bricks from the same mould—one baked hard, and the other not—differ materially in weight, the one "hard-baked" being the heavier. Who can satisfactorily solve the mystery?

Life is a globe upon which, while it is ever moving, the sun of prosperity is continually pouring its rays. Progression is our watchword in all things. If we stand quiescent, in its ceaseless revolution the sun will leave us in shadow; but if we keep on untiring in our course, we shall ever be in its light, and over be in prosperity.

"God made the country, man made the town." God made both. The country we have direct from the hand of God—the town we have second-hand, given through the hands of men.

PLEASANT EXCURSION.—The late excursion to Little Soda, on Friday, under the direction of the Spiritualists, is spoken of with enthusiastic pleasure. About three hundred ladies and gentlemen participated. The elements were highly propitious and the company enjoyed the passage up and back in social conversation, singing and dancing. Disembarking at Soda in a pleasant grove, the company partook of refreshments of which there was great abundance, and then, while the sun was setting, were amply supplied by others. During the stay on the grounds, Miss Sprague delivered a very eloquent discourse, which was predicated upon a bird's nest, picked up and presented just before she spoke. The beautiful and practical thoughts uttered upon the simple object are said to have been touchingly interesting.—Oswego Patriot.

A correspondent says, "While Miss Hulet was lecturing recently, in Terre Haute, Ind., with so much eloquence and powerful effect, a number of citizens were gathered together one morning on a street corner, discussing the merits of the lecture of the previous evening. One, a gentleman of splendid talents and fine acquisitions, a lawyer, pronounced

Miss H.'s discourse most beautiful and logical; and, another person, speaking disparagingly of it, declared that he could not understand what Miss H. said. The first speaker replied, "That Miss Hulet did most wonderfully in producing such discourses, but it would be too much to expect her, besides, to furnish brains for any one of her auditors!"

The Hartford County Agricultural Society will hold their annual fair at Hartford on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of September.

Mr. Burlingame's speech at Plymouth, on Tuesday week, was a very fine effort. We have room only for a brief specimen:

"If my language rises to exultant eulogium, pardon it to the time and place. We stand by the first altars of liberty. We feel as Scotchmen feel by the birthplace of Robert Burns, and as Switzers feel by the springs of Grutli. We would not measure our praise, but pour our feelings freely and fully in honor of those who honored human nature in their lives. It is true, their theology was false, and their faces were sombre; but they fought the Prince of Darkness, and they needed more than the thunders of Olympian Jove. They were persecuted the world over, and had to look the grimest and gloomiest tyrannies in the eye, and it was needed that their faces should be half-blinded. We desire not to revive these things; but, viewing them in the light of their times, did they not meet their requirements bravely and grandly? In this let us imitate them. As they met the sins of their day, so let us meet the sins of our day. Because the Puritans lived, tyranny is not dead. Men still deny the rights of private judgment; they would still blind the mind and bind the body; they would still substitute their will for the will of God, and their decisions for the decrees of heaven. There are men here in the streaming light of New England, who would put back the hand on the dial plate of time, who would re-open the slave trade with Puritan hands and Puritan ships."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a fool has been shaved by them," he replied.

Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. Spriggs observed that "Ladies that lisped wished to be kissed." The young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but now replied, "The 'I've heard they'."

THE STREET.—We may learn something from every nation and most individuals. Spaniards, and their descendants in America, instead of working through all the heat of the day, quit from eleven or twelve o'clock, until four, and take their siesta, or afternoon sleep, making it up by working earlier mornings and later evenings. In Madrid everybody is wide awake until midnight. In Buenos Ayres it is a popular saying that none but dogs and Englishmen are seen in the streets at midnight. Except by farmers in harvest time, we think the adoption of this principle in the hot summer months would be a decided practical reform.—Vanguard.

#### To our Readers.

We now propose to furnish new subscribers with both the BANNER OF LIGHT and the WORKING FARMER for Two Dollars per annum. The WORKING FARMER is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. Jas. J. Mapes and assistants. Its advertisement in our present number will furnish particulars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers. If

#### A CARD.

DEAR BANNER.—We have been listening to the soul-stirring eloquence of John Pierpont in this place, for some time past, and by a thousand thanks to him, we are enabled to consider him to be one of our best mediums for trance-speaking, although an uneducated youth. We recommend him to all the friends of Spiritualism, as an honest-hearted soul. May angelic ministrations continue to flow through his organs, and may his efforts to do good be as successful as his efforts to his own. We hope that he may be sustained and encouraged to continue in the mission before him.

SAMUEL THEAT STEEL, HIRSH HOGGARTH, MONROE HARRIS, FREDERICK HOGGARTH, MRS. BALLY HARRIS, FREDERICK LEBOMER, DOROTHY LEBOMER.

Somerville, Ct., July 31st, 1859. 1p Aug. 13

#### Answers to Correspondents.

ELIZABETH CHASE, New York.—Send the work to Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street—if you have not already. We should be pleased to assist you in this particular; but we do not deal in books.

G. NORWOOD, PORTLAND.—Thank you for posting us. In the hurry of business we cannot always give that close attention to such matters as we should. You will see an article in another column upon the same subject.

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

[Business notices, set in loaded nonpareil type, will be inserted under this head at twenty-five cents per line.]

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Through your paper I wish to call the attention of the public generally, and the afflicted in particular, to the wonderful mediumistic faculties of a worthy and well-developed medium, now residing in this city, at No. 103 Pleasant street. Mr. William Nutter, of whom I speak, is uncommonly gifted in the faculty of curing diseases by the laying on of hands. His powers have been tested in numerous instances to the patients' miraculous recovery, whose physicians and friends had lost all hope of amendment. Besides his ability of healing, Mr. N. possesses many other astonishing gifts. And the writer takes the liberty of calling the attention of the sick, the seeker after truth, and the curious, to one who is destined to hold a high rank among the mediums of this city. Mr. N. is very courteous, and all will find him able and instructive. His charges are moderate. For other particulars apply at his office, at No. 103 Pleasant street.

Boston, August 13th, 1859.

#### SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists of Adrian, Michigan, will hold a Convention on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of September, 1859. All those friendly to the cause from all parts of the country, are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that all will be present that can. Sept 11 Aug. 13

ADA L. COAR, the well-known rapping and writing test medium, has assumed her profession, and will continue to give sittings at No. 45 Carver street, daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Terms for private sittings one dollar per hour, for one or two persons.

#### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS will commence meetings of religious worship in Opera Hall, No. 13 School street, Boston, August 7th, commencing at half-past 10 A. M., and 3 P. M., to be continued Sundays till further notice.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS in CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Wintonstreet. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

EXETER.—The Spiritualists of Exeter hold free meetings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and five o'clock P. M.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

LYNN.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall Speaking, by mediums and others.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

DOWNTOWN HALL.—Meetings are held at this Hall every Sabbath.

#### THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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Our friends will confer a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the NEWS DEPOT in the towns where they reside. If one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT on his counter.

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