

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. I. [L. COLBY & CO. PUBLISHERS,] 17 WASHINGTON STREET.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1857.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 18.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857, by LUTHER COLBY & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

"There may the bard's high themes be found,
We die, we pass away;
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay."
The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn, and glory of the rose,
These are undying things."

MRS. HEWANA.

The silence and the charm of evening spread over mountain and plain; a faint rosy hue yet perceptible in the distant western heavens; and the brilliant stars appearing in sudden glory amid the cloudless sky. The blue, softly murmuring wave, laving a beach of silvery whiteness, and reflecting upon its placid bosom the graceful form of the cocoa and of the fan-like palm. In that land of eternal summer there is no lingering twilight, no gradual change from the glories of the day, to the calm and holy splendors of night. As the sun's last rays disappear, and while the shadows rest upon the mountain's side, mingling with the floating rosy clouds that yet linger, appear the golden stars, endowed with a brilliancy all unknown to our colder clime. It would seem as if there, heaven, with its starry hosts, were nigh unto earth, and that night, with its serene tranquillity, partook of the dazzling splendor of the tropical day.

It is "the land of the cocoa and the palm," where nature's loveliness knows not of decay; where no leaf-stripped trees appear; where no changing seasons sadden the earth's blooming face, telling of the passing away of the bright and beautiful. There, the flowers that fade to-day are replaced to-morrow by renovated forms of beauty; and the luxurious foliage, the forest's depths, the velvety green sward, are forever clad in the emerald's richest tints; here gorgeous wild flowers mingle their varied and fantastic forms with the glowing hue of tropical fruit and giant leaf.

Here mingle in wild luxuriance, yet in harmonious beauty, the stately and graceful palm, with the "feathery cocoa," the thickly clustering golden banana, the rich, sun-tinted crimson of the pomegranate, the ripe and dainty guava, with the abundant and sweetly scented *reseda*, (our own *mignonette*), that lines the hedges in friendly union with gayer colored wild flowers. The pure white orange blossoms in-line their fruit-laden branches; the dark green lemon, and the yellow mango—gorgeously hued and scentless flowers, fragrant-buds, and ripe and tempting fruit, mingling in wild profusion, nature's sweet spontaneous offerings—blend their contrasting colors, vass their odorous messages to many a white-winged vessel, sailing o'er the water's calm expanse.

It is the tropical land of perpetual summer, and upon the blooming coast of Venezuela, the scene of this our story of *real life*. The "cloud-capped mountains," towering in majestic loveliness, the guardian keepers of the smiling plains, could not refuse admittance, even within their charmed precincts of beautiful simplicity; to the intruding forms of human suffering; picturesque towns, and serene blue seas could not be forever gazed upon by tranquil, untroubled hearts; and amid the ocean's whispered melody, was oftentimes borne a wail, a message fraught with sorrow's burden, unto listening and awaiting souls, unto spirits bereaved of the sunshine of joy, by those saddest of earth's changes—death and separation.

There are wood-embosomed villas, smiling villages, and whitely gleaming, humble homes, deep, impenetrable forests, and ruins of many an ancient castle or former stronghold, upon that mountain guarded coast, overlooking its azure waters. The flag of liberty, of self-acquired and honorable independence, now waves from those ruined battlements, and peace reigns with triumphant smile o'er the fertile land and unweaned sea.

Towards the West, where a gradual slope leads from the nearest mountain's lofty side, to where the blue waves kiss the pebbly shore, is situated, the scattered, irregularly built, but lovely little town of La Toma. Its low, quaint buildings, of varied form, smilingly encircled by shading trees and blooming gardens. The flat roofs, from many of which floats gracefully the national flag, when illumined by the moonbeams, revealing the graceful forms of the Creole maidens, with all that undulating grace of motion that renders them the very embodiment of the poet's dream of youth, and grace and beauty.

To the eastward of the town, and some miles distant, yet upon the verge of that far extending sandy beach, is the village of Mariposa, and between it and the town, or harbor, lie scattered here and there,

with seeming negligence, yet with picturesque arrangement, (which comes as naturally to the inspired souls of the children of that sun-blessed clime, as does their flowery and poetic language,) many a well-built and spacious mansion, appearing white and prominent, guarded by the clustering hedges, shaded by the drooping cocoa's crest, by plenteous foliage, green and cool.

Among the more prominent habitations that rose to view, scattered along the garden-like coast, was one distinguished by its architectural beauty and elevated position, in full view of the glorious prospect of the unbounded sea; the town partly visible, and the forest's depths that lined the mountain passes forming the back-ground. From its elevated and commanding position, the villa had been named *Castiglio del Mar*, or, *Castle of the Sea*.

This lovely and sequestered abode was the property of a wealthy English merchant, who, at the time our story opens, had been absent two years, leaving the entire establishment, and no small share of his business in town, to the care of his aged mother, a "strong-minded woman," in the harshest sense of that, in our day, so much misused term. Mrs. Greyson, with her son's only daughter, were for two years the sole inmates of the *Castiglio*, with the exception of a number of "black faces," as the old lady superciliously termed the negro servants, and little Irish Nelly, Mrs. Greyson's own waiting woman. The "black faces," however, were all free ones, though, at the period we write of, slavery still existed, it was in its mildest form, and the ultimate hope of freedom, sure and speedy, cheered many a weary, toiling heart, nerved many an arm to labor, inspired many an earnest soul. All the negroes in *Castiglio del Mar* were free, had lived in the family some years, were well remunerated, and by no means overworked.

Mrs. Greyson had been married twice; of her many children, but one son, by her first marriage, lived beyond childhood's term. This was Maurice Golding, the idol of her old age, for whom she had left a comfortable home in England, content to live, as she expressed it, "in such a heathenish, outlandish country, where she didn't understand the language, worn away by the heat, and the lazy impudence of those black faces, that tormented her life out." Between mother and son there existed a more than ordinary attachment. She was his adviser in many an important matter, his secret counsellor, and no step in life had he ever taken without her sanction. Of his father, Mr. Golding had no recollection; of his stepfather, he remembered only too much; hard usage, coarse taunts, and evil example, but he had been dead many years, and his name was never mentioned.

Many years ago Mr. Golding had come over from Europe, and established himself in business, not in La Toma, but in a province of the interior. He made occasional voyages to his native land, but was reserved in his communications regarding himself and family. He purchased the *Castle of the Sea*, from its native owner, and some ten years ago brought with him, across the sea, his little daughter Eva, then a child of some four years old; the little girl wore mourning, as was said, for her departed mother; and long after she had resumed the gay colors suitable to her age, her father still continued wearing the sorrowing badge around his broad rimmed Panama hat. Eva had European teachers, and native attendants in plenty, but the days of her childhood passed in loneliness of heart, for her father, all devoted to business as he seemed, when at evening he returned to his home and its sacred comforts, bestowed on her no gladsome welcoming smile. She found no place upon his knees, her arms were never entwined around his neck in clinging affection. Sweet and expressive as was her father's smile, it beamed upon her no sunshine; the eloquent glances of his commanding eye fell in cold gleams upon her upturned brow. Yearning, loving and sensitive, she felt herself unloved, and while her child's heart vainly thirsted for affection's draught, from childhood's soul arose the anguished prayer, that is too often the full fraught burden of the woman's supplication: "Oh, for one heart to love me, one smile to light my path!"

That unspoken prayer was answered by the arrival of Eva's grandmother, four years after her arrival in La Toma. Of her mother, Eva retained but a faint, shadowy remembrance, as of a tall, yet slender figure, with deep dark eyes, and floating hair of midnight darkness. Often in her dreams such a form hovered near, and a hand, soft, white and attenu-

ated, seemed laid in motherly blessing upon her head. But when her grandmother arrived, the indistinct memory was revived, carefully, lovingly and reverently, and Eva's heart framed a living portrait of the beloved departed, and named it her guardian angel.

The usually cold and impassive Mrs. Greyson warmed into enthusiastic feeling when speaking to Eva of her mother; tears glistened in her cold blue eyes as she recounted her household virtues, her unostentatious piety, her utter disregard of self, her deference towards age and infirmity. Yet, by some tacit understanding, her name was never spoken, her memory never invoked in presence of the son and father. Wherefore, Eva knew not, an unaccountable timidity prevented her from seeking an explanation from her grandmother; and now, as her heart expanded beneath the all-engrossing affection that made life valuable—love for this aged woman—as her form rounded into the opening graces of girlhood, and the light of intellect flashed from eye and brow, there pressed upon her, imaginative as she was, by nature endowed with the power of endurance, joined to the keenest sensitiveness—a sense of mystery, of unsolved wrong; a dread, as it were, of the future's revelations, that, were it not for her strong and fearless mind, would have borne the impress of superstitious fear.

And now, after a two years' absence, her father was about returning; many months ago Eva knew the time when he might be expected, from the letters regularly received by Mrs. Greyson. In those letters but slight mention was made of his only child: "Her father sent his love," and she was always to be obedient to her grandmother, and careful to attend to her studies;" such was the entire purport of her father's communications, as it regarded her, and was the only portion of the letter ever read to the anxious and truly affectionate girl.

But of late, the old lady's brow had clouded on the perusal of her son's letters, and the day that marked the arrival of a ship with letters from the absent one, was partly spent in the seclusion of her own chamber, from which she issued with a triple armament of ill humor and fault-finding—her usual characteristics, but on this occasion her feelings were more than usually excited; she was mingling with her devoted affection for her grandmother, was a natural reserve, a shrinking timidity, by the world often mistaken for pride or coldness, that forbade all questioning that appeared mistimed. Mrs. Greyson's manner had imposed silence, in a far more imperative way than by the mere use of words, and the young girl could not endeavor to gain an unwilling confidence.

CHAPTER II.

"Why do I love the motherless?
Oh, that thou wert as I am!
Who never knew the joys that bless
A cherished infancy,
Who ever felt the dreary void,
The sadness of my lot,
The bitterness of hopes destroyed
By those who knew them not!"

SARAH STICKNEY.

A strange old lady was Mrs. Greyson, "troublesome and capricious," said her dependents; "hospitable and generous in the extreme," said her friends. Her grand-daughter loved her, with so absorbing an affection, that it allowed no ray of illumining light to rest even momentarily upon her faults. To Eva, young, guileless and unsuspecting; above all, clingingly affectionate, doubly orphaned by her mother's death and her father's coldness, the old grandmother was the impersonation of every living virtue, of every noble attribute of womanhood. Her petulance, haughtiness and ill humor, to her partial eyes, were the infirmities of age, and not the expression of her inward self. Alas! to the girlish vision of the inexperienced Eva, all was fair and smooth, while guile and treachery slept beneath, and dark, heart-blighting passions slumbered, awaiting but the breath of opposition to burst into life and power! But not for her the danger; to her, that stern, proud heart yielded an unconscious tribute of surviving love; and the thin lips parted with a truthful smile. And yet for her, too, the danger, if blinded by a partial love, false counsels bend her better judgment, and warp her feeling nature.

In the calm evening hour the twain sat beneath the vine-covered porch of their tropical mansion. The old lady, straight and stern, with quick, yet coldly flashing eyes of blue—such eyes as lighted, but never warm, with almost unwrinkled brow, and fresh and healthy hue, despite her nearly seventy years; her robust frame arrayed in dark and costly silk, her grey hair smoothly parted, on which the black lace cap, with its purple ribbons, sheds a darkening gleam. The young Eva, in robe of white, a single blossom of the pomegranate in her dark glossy hair, her expressive countenance upraised, as was her wont, unto the starlit heavens. Eva was not strictly beautiful, the rose-tint varied upon her cheek, emotion deepened it into the richest crimson, deep thought placed there the lily's paleness. A shade of sadness, sweet and inexpressible, for it was the unspoken yearnings of an orphaned soul, veiled the brightness of her large grey eye, from which, at times, gleamed flashes of the holiest inspirations, uncommunicated messages of love, and heaven-aspiring thought, unseen, unnoted by those around. The candid grace of childhood had stamped the impress of truth indelibly upon her intellectual brow; and those lips, so sweetly, femininely smiling, would curl with a withering scorn at the manifestations of falsehood or deceit. A soft and pliable figure, just rounding into the earliest graces of womanhood, endowed with all the Creole grace of motion, a graceful hand,

and diminutive foot—such was Eva Golding, entering upon her fifteenth year.

"Eva," began Mrs. Greyson, with an imperative gesture, summoning the young girl to a low stool beside her, "I have something to tell you; I ought to have told you long ago, but I could not make up my mind. Your father may come home any day."

"I know, dear grandmother; I knew that long ago," replied Eva, taking the seat indicated, and resting her head upon the old lady's lap.

"I know you know; what's the use of telling me that," retorted Mrs. Greyson, peevishly, "but you don't know what I know."

"Will you not tell me, dear grandmother?" now pleaded Eva, raising her head.

"I would never tell you if I could help it; but you must know. Oh, my pet lamb, my gold treasure, my little singing bird!" (the old lady when excited or under the influence of a sudden outburst of affection bestowed some curiously endearing epithets upon Eva,) "Your home will no longer be the place it has been, while your poor old grandmother had the rule. Oh, dear! that I should live to see the day, after coming across the sea, and submitting to this outlandish life and heathenish country. Oh, Eva! my pet love, all that was to be yours, will go to strangers—your poor old grandmother will die of a broken heart—and they'll bury me under a banana, or a castor oil bush, or—oh! oh! oh!" and the old lady leaned back in her straw-woven arm chair, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

Thoroughly alarmed at this unusual display of grief, Eva threw her arms caressingly around the beloved grandmother, and besought her to explain her words.

"Your father," sobbed the old lady—"I'm ashamed before the very black faces—he has been gone two years—I shall never survive it—I know I shan't—he is—coming home—he's grey headed, or getting so—oh dear, oh dear! he may come to-morrow with—a new—and I here, depriving myself of every comfort—to live in this outlandish country—he's bringing a new—new—good-for-nothing, idle, baby-faced—a new mother for you, Eva!" finally burst forth the indignant woman, and her voice sounded high and shrill as she raked herself to and fro in an agony of rage and grief.

With breathless interest, Eva had listened, intent upon the purport of this singular exhibition of sorrow in one so self-possessed as her grandmother; but when the clearly spoken, bitterly emphasized sentence reached her ear: "a new mother for you, Eva!" all the color fled her face, and a full tide of bitter and rebellious feelings swelled her heart, and flashed in fiery gleams from her illumined eyes. A step-mother! a stranger usurping her worshipped mother's place, a new tyrant! for a bitter prejudice had from early childhood warped her feeling nature, implanted there by her only counsellor, the cherished grandmother. Shril and passionate, all unlike its usual music tones of loving submission, Eva's voice rang out upon the still night air.

"She shall not come here, to usurp my dear mother's place, to rule me, to command my grandmother! to be mistress here! I will not pass the night beneath the roof that shelters her. Oh, grandmother! who is she—this woman, that my father dares to bring to the home where we have been so happy! Tell me, grandmother, who, who is she?"

"I don't know anything about the creature," sobbed Mrs. Greyson; "she's a German—an awkward Dutch waddling thing—young—speaks English like the low Spanish, I'll be bound—knows ever so much—so he says—hasn't got a penny—it's a love match—you know that's all nonsense—they're married already, and I'm told to prepare for a proper reception of her; to tell you, too. Oh, if the ship would but go down! No, no! I don't mean that—then I should lose my only son, but if she were to fall overboard—oh! oh!" and the old lady, who never missed her daily prayers, looked fervently up to Heaven, and clasped her hands in pious entreaty.

It was one of the peculiarities of Eva's strong nature that she seldom wept, and when the unsealed fountains of her feelings gushed forth in tears, it was when no mortal eye could heed them; so even now she wept not, but the hot flush of indignant resentment chased the erst deadly pallor of astonishment; and for the first time, a feeling new and deepening, with stony touch, chilled her glad young heart. It was the peace-destroying touch of hatred, baneful visitant of a young girl's bosom, led to that holy sanctuary by prejudice and misrepresentation. A darkening pall seemed suddenly to overcast the beaming face of meditative nature. Heaven's stars beamed faint and cold, and the freshening sea-breeze brought no coolness to the young girl's fevered brow. The brooding peace of the household seemed departing, and with it the beauty of a trusting heart! With a firm voice Eva demanded of her grandmother the name of her father's wife.

"Her name is Agnes—Agnes Soltan, she's only twenty-four—has never seen any black faces—she'll maybe die soon, if she's homesick—she'll never learn the language, though I can't speak much of it myself—their heathenish jargon—I didn't try to learn, and didn't care to try," said Mrs. Greyson, still holding her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Agnes Soltan," repeated Eva, and she laid her cold hand upon her grandmother's shoulder. "Grandmother, you have told me so many stories about step-mothers—they were all cruel and designing; tell me, did you never meet with a good one?"

"Never, darling! no, no; never in the world! Do you think any young girl would marry a man of your father's age, unless it be for his wealth? And

I know that this Agnes," (how bitterly she emphasized the name) "is one of them. She will tyrannize over us all, perhaps bold and openly; maybe, in a sneaking, underhand kind of a shuffling fashion." (Mrs. Greyson used some odd expressions once in a while.) "Oh, Eva! my darling, pet bird! promise your poor, dying old grandmother, that if this woman tries to draw you to her side—your father says she's so fascinating, that you won't desert your faithful old grandmother—for younger looks and—and—a Dutch waddler!" concluded the old lady, greatly at loss for a comparison.

Subdued by the apparent grief of the beloved grandmother, Eva knelt beside her, and solemnly promised to love her forever; and to repel all the friendly advances of the coming step-mother; to hate her—now, then, and forever!

With exultant step and brightened mien, the cold and selfish woman led her grand-daughter from the vine-encircled porch, and together they spent the night. Anew were Eva's long-imbedded prejudices revived, and newly thought-of stories of scheming stepmothers, poured into her listening ear. For the first time the young girl's sleep was troubled; she tossed about uneasily, and from her dreaming lips, issued as with a moan of pain, the name of "Mother!" The aged calculating woman too slept uneasily, as if in silent wrestlings with a conscience premeditating treachery and wrong.

Far out at sea a noble bark is steering for the mountain guarded coast. Upon the deck, beneath the starlit heavens, stands Agnes beside her lover-husband, a fond and trusting bride. To her loving heart, and sweet poetic fancy, the calm wave murmurs a melodious greeting, and the soft southern breezes bear a fragrant home-welcome. With eager yearning she longs to clasp the girlish form of Eva, whose miniature her husband has given to her; to greet with a daughter's love and deference, the aged mother of the man she loves. Gentle, trusting, and deceived! No presentiment of evil chills the warm current of her young affections. She thinks of her own solitary childhood, of the cruel, exacting step-mother, that for so many years forbade her the enjoyment of even childhood's sunshine; she thinks of her with pitying forgiveness, she thinks of the lonely death-bed of that cold and haughty woman, lonely in all save a stranger's presence, and her own ministering care. Gratefully the love-blessed woman contrasts life's opening joys, with that past and bitter era, and by example warned of her, who so wilfully broke the sacred trust by a dying husband confided to her keeping, vows love and maternal guardianship to the motherless Eva.

Agnes thinks of her childhood's orphanhood and desolation, of her youth's struggles and many toils; and contrasts them with the unfolding future, so summarily spread before her; her lips have uttered, and her heart has registered, a vow, to be indeed a mother, sister, friend and guardian to the motherless child in that far tropic land. Dream on, loving heart! sweet, hopeful spirit, dream on, beneath the starlit heavens; the music whispering waves of ocean seem answering thy request for love and peace. Dream on, though the day of the awakening be nigh, and rude and cold and startling may that awakening be. When has the trust, the strength, the mighty power of woman's faith proved vain? When have the holy endeavors of her truth and love-seeking soul proved worthless?—her example without its attendant influence, strong and all prevailing; her prayers without their answering reward?

"Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here."

CHAPTER III.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

A week has passed since the conversation just recorded between Mrs. Greyson and her grand-daughter. In that short space of time, who shall say what bitter feelings, heretofore all foreign to her nature, as deep sorrow was to her experience, found life and development within Eva's gentle breast! Her grandmother was more affectionate than ever, and over and over again repeated her sorrowing encomiums upon the departed mother, bitterly bewailing her loss, that was now to be replaced by a vulgar, baby-faced, interfering stranger! In the mingled bitterness and expansion of her feelings the old lady communicated much to Eva, much that she had earnestly desired to know, of the heart-enshrined, dimly remembered mother.

"I brought about the marriage," said the old lady, proudly, "for your father obeyed me implicitly in all things then; your mother was some years his senior; well, what of that? she was a right minded, good, accomplished woman; not what some people would call handsome, but what I call majestic; a figure tall and straight as my own, dark eyes and hair; though I don't generally admire them, I did in her. Her voice was sweet and peculiar, so all said, who had once heard it. I knew Emilia Dalton from a child, and loved her to the end. Well, they did not live happily, especially after your birth, Eva; your father said some curious things, which are neither here nor there, about your mother, but I always remained her friend. I believe some malicious people circulated false reports about her; let that be as it will, there occurred many violent scenes between them; my Maurice, in spite of his usual calm, self-possessed manner, is terrible when thoroughly aroused. Poor Emilia suffered much, and after some more than commonly terrible outbreak on your father's part, she left the town, looked

up her house, and taking you with her, want to a distant part of the country, and took up her abode with a brother. She applied for a divorce, and your father joining in the demand, it was speedily obtained. Emilia was wealthy, and needed no maintenance from him; besides she was too proud to accept anything from him. I had my affairs to settle in the town we lived in, but I hurried every thing to an end, so that I could rejoin Emilia, and be with you, my pet; I sold off furniture, and all my knick-knacks; when who should appear all of a sudden, one bitter cold wintry day, but your father, bringing you, a little bit of a toddler, in his arms. Your mother was dead; she had gone to recruit her health at some distant place, and there took sick and died. I fretted over so long, Eva dear, for she was all the world to me, excepting my Maurice, and I know that he felt sorry, when he knew that she was dead. We have neither of us ever seen this brother of hers, but he never attempted to find you out, dear, or in any way care about you. Then Maurice took such a liking to this outlandish place, (I believe he traded here before he was married), and while your mother lived, made several journeys to the Tropics, as you choose to call them; and so he took you with him, and left his poor, old, faithful mother, alone in England.

"And left me here to the care of strangers!" said Eva, sadly, "oh, grandmother, why did you not come with him, for my sake?"

"Why, pet, I couldn't; possibly, just then, you know. I have always been a woman of business, and I had business to settle and arrange; a matter that compromised your father's success and prosperity. Believe me, love, it was for your sake I did not immediately follow to this outlandish place. And now, after all my manœuvring, to think that my little Eva will be cheated out of it by a step-mother! Oh, my pet lamb! you can never know all your old grandmother has risked for you; and this is the reward your father lays up for me!"

There was no occasion to enjoin secrecy upon Eva, as to what she had been told concerning her mother, for never had a free, frank, and social intercourse existed between the father and daughter, so seemingly alike as they were in person, so totally different in mind and principle.

Fully successful in prejudicing the inexperienced girl against the coming stranger, the old lady's next endeavor consisted in dissuading Eva from all open hostility and opposition; nay, she advised every outward manifestation of respect and attention, while secretly guarding defiance and mistrust; and when Eva indignantly refused even the show of submission, as contrary to her inward feelings and love of truth, the old lady, completely bewildered if she did not convince by force of strong and plausible argument, the unreflecting girl. She impressed upon Eva's mind the necessity and duty of submission to her father's will, not through fear of his displeasure; she knew her grand-daughter's strong nature was invulnerable to fear, but in the hope of thereby gaining his approval and affection. Eva knew now that her departed mother had suffered from his violent temper; she felt herself unloved by him; he was bringing home a stranger to his heart and hearth; but still Eva clung to him, to that cold unloving father, with a firm and clinging hold. Yes! to obtain his smile of approval, one word of encouragement from his lips, she would enjoin silence on her rebellious feelings, and she would swallow her deep within her heart the bitter feelings gnawing there; receive with studied smile and courtesy the hated stranger—all for his sake!

"Have patience, my little pet lamb," said the old grandmother, soothingly, "in three years you will be of age, according to the laws of this out-of-the-way country. You know all my ready money is invested in your father's business. He is prospering wonderfully; of course, I come in for my share, I shall in time withdraw it all, so that Mrs. Agnes can't lay her clutches upon anything of mine, and we'll have a home of our own, darling; Heaven only grant it may be away from mosquitoes and black faces! I want to get out of the reach of such terrifically hot weather, for I'm not like you, birdie, I can't see the delights of eternal summer, and the beauties of the tropics, as you call them. I see and feel ten millions of inconveniences—fleas, mosquitoes, and lazy servants, are what I call the miseries of the tropics."

It was early morning, and both were seated in the cool verandah, enjoying their morning coffee, that simple, unassuming repast, that is followed by the sumptuous breakfast at ten o'clock. It was the custom of the country, and the dwellers of *Castillo del Mar* followed its usage to take this first breakfast at sunrise, upon the shady verandah, that looked so invitingly over pebbly beach and smoothly flowing sea. Sweetly scented flowers twined around its pillars, and a long alley of clustering and intermingling fruit trees led from the marble stairway to the road and fields beyond. In the distance the snowy coffee bushes inclined in breezy salutation, and the graceful cocoa waved its chieftain-like crest. It was a still home picture, the table with its snowy cloth and massive silver coffee-urn. The gleaming white and gold-rimmed cups, the fragrant banquet of freshly culled, dew-wet flowers; without the matin song of birds, the shrill twitter of the household parrots, the chaunt of "awakened chantecler," mingling with the fisherman's gay refrain, as he loosened his net upon the still waters, kissed by the sun's first beams of crimsoning glory. Within the sweet peace and stillness of Croco's repose and indolence, no hurried tramp, no bustling tread, but "slow and sure" the motto, as little Alita (a ten year old "black face,") enters leisurely, carrying a plate with hot corn cakes; Eva sits in her straw-woven arm chair, attired in simple white, with coral ornaments; her dark, lustrous hair arranged in two long plaits that descended to her knees, their ends fastened by a crimson ribbon. This mode of wearing the hair heightened the youthful charm, the simple grace of her appearance. On her fresh young face the rose tint blossomed, and from her eloquent eyes of softest grey, now beamed a half saddened, half rebellious spirit; the gentleness of wonted submission warring with intruding thoughts of hatred, of stifled scorn, and resentment.

She had fallen into a deep reverie, her eyes fixed upon the sun-gilded ocean, and had not noticed her grandmother's retreat, which unusual circumstance was occasioned by Nelly's calling her to another part of the house; she left her coffee untasted and followed Nelly, unnoticed by Eva. The young girl was startled from her dreamy mood by the abrupt entrance of her grandmother with a heightened color and hurried manner. She was closely followed by Nelly, whose red, shining face was contracted into an expression of sympathy and dismay.

"They're here! The *Louisa Matilda* is just coming

into the harbor. I saw the ship in the distance first thing this morning, but Pancho has just come from town, and says it's her. Let's hurry with our coffee, Eva. No, stay! I won't hurry for anybody; no, not for the Grand Sultan's Mogul, nor the Pacha of Nineveh," cried the excited and bewildered old lady. "Take up that fan, black face; what are you staring at me so for, eh, imp?"

With panting lip, little black face picked up the fan, and stationed herself at her usual post, behind her mistress's chair.

"What are you standing there for, like a great, idle, do-nothing, eh, Nelly? I don't want you to be looking in my mouth all the time. Do I, say?" almost screamed the exasperated Mrs. Greyson.

"Shure, and ye bid me foller ye's, didn't yer?" retorted Nelly, perty; "haven't I been a trailer after yer's all the way from the garlin? Musha, but it's yersel outwalks a body, if ye be's an ould leddy!" and the well-timed flatterer heaved a deep sigh, as if thoroughly out of breath.

"Yes, yes, I remember, now; I did bid you come with me; never mind, Nelly—the news came so unexpectedly. I am so anxious to embrace my dear son, and of course welcome his lady. Go and get my black silk dress with the purple flowers, the brocade, I mean, and see that my new lace cap is all straight, the one I bought at Madame Tarins's, the other day; and, Nelly, get out my lace collar, the one that woman with the outlandish name sent me for a birthday gift—and, Nelly, hurry up the black faces, that all may be cleared up when they come. Oh! dear sakes alive!" cried the old lady, suddenly starting up from her chair, "I do declare, there's the musquito net to go on the new bedstead, and I forgot all about it, Nelly."

"Don't be a fashing yersel that-a-way; shure, an' it's sick ye'll be nixt wid sich a botheration. Jist give me the key, an' I'll soon have the skeeter nit on. Now do, jist at yer breakfast, mistress dear," said Nelly coaxingly, and with a deep-drawn sigh and a grave shake of the head, Mrs. Greyson produced the key, and Nelly proceeded on her mission.

All this time Eva had not spoken a word; she had nerved herself, as she thought, for the evil hour, as her grandmother termed it, on her stepmother's arrival; but now she stood, with blanched cheek and quivering lip, gazing intently upon her grandmother, a host of tumultuous feelings surging within her breast, and clamoring for utterance, uppermost the bitter, and rapidly approaching reality—the arrival of her new mother!

"Eva, sit down, child, and pour me out some fresh coffee," said Mrs. Greyson, "and don't for pity's sake take on so. Remember, the prying, black faces are always about, and if they can't understand English, they can make sense of your woe-begone, harum-scarum looks. There's one monkey behind my chair now. Come, rouse up, and be yourself, and don't worry your poor, dying old grandmother."

Thus admonished, Eva sat down, and poured out the coffee; but her hand trembled, although her eyes were tearless. Alita, meanwhile, though her knowledge of English was limited to a couple of household phrases, perfectly comprehending the full definition of the word "monkey," was now murmuring audibly, with protruding under lip, "No say mono," (I am no monkey.)

"I command you to drink your coffee and eat that corn bread—this very minute, or I'll go straight and down and let everything go at sixes and sevens. Have you so soon forgotten your obedience and your promises to me? Do you wish to break my heart; to see me die in this heathenish place?" cried Mrs. Greyson, whose ill humor was increased tenfold by the passive suffering of her grand-daughter.

A sudden moisture rose to the eyes of Eva. This trembling, excited old woman, was all she had to love, to cling to on earth. How could she cause her even a moment's pain?

"Forgive me, grandmother!" she plead, with soothing entreaty, with yet quivering lips; "it was a sudden announcement; but I will obey you, dear, dear grandmother, in everything; do not be angry with me," and the affectionate girl knelt before her and kissed her hand.

"There! I knew that my own darling gold pet would not forsake me! Come, child, let us finish, and then prepare for the reception."

There were no carriages in those days as yet in vogue in that tropical region, and Mrs. Greyson was speculating how her son would bring his young wife to the castle, unused as she was to the excessive heat, and mayhap, unaccustomed to ride. From her doubts she was relieved by the arrival of a messenger with a note from her son, announcing his intention of resting in town until evening, when, in the cool shade, he would escort his wife to her new home.

Eva's heart throbbed painfully at this new proof of her father's neglect of her, and careful solicitude for the stranger. "Not a word of love or remembrance for me; no haste to behold the daughter, unseen for two long years; but for her, his wife—the sunbeams may not too warmly touch her." Oh, mother! mother!" cried the excited girl, and still deeper grew the growing hatred of the stranger, that could thus enchain her father's mind and affections.

The long, wearisome day passed on; towards its close Eva felt glad of the reprieve that had been granted her, for now she was calm and self-possessed. Mrs. Greyson was splendidly arrayed; but Eva persisted in wearing simple white, and her favorite coral ornaments. A white rose was added to the usual promargate blossom that decked her glossy hair. A costly bracelet, her grandmother's gift, was all the additional ornament she wore.

In the spacious dining hall the table was set out, with all the household profusion of massive plate and gleaming crystal; fragrant flowers in costly china vases perfumed the atmosphere. The dinner was awaiting the arrival of the master with his new wife.

The sun's last rays were gilding the surrounding mountain sides, the blue sea reflecting heaven's departing roseate gleams, the cool air redolent with fragrance, the odor of a thousand flowers mingling with the briny incense peculiar to the sea shore, when the eager eyes of Nelly, who stood upon the verandah, espied them coming.

There was the stately, well-known form of Mr. Golding, his erect and majestic port, his broad forehead, surmounted by his waving hair of dark brown. He was mounted upon his own bay horse, which he had desired might be sent to him; and by his side, upon a milk white pony, (which she rode with a perfect grace and ease that bespoke an intimate acquaintance with horsemanship,) was the petite figure of a lady. Nelly's hasty summons brought Mrs. Greyson and Eva, the latter striving to control the tumultuous beatings of her heart. Long and earnestly Eva gazed upon her father, with a loving, sorrowing gaze;

then she turned her eyes upon his unwelcome companion. A light, girlish figure, attired in a dress that was not a riding habit, of dark green, met her eye; she could not yet distinguish her features, but she noted that her movements were graceful, as she turned her head, and lifted her hand, pointing to the house. A broad-rimmed straw hat shaded her face; even in the distance Eva discovered that she possessed luxuriant curls of jetty darkness, that floated around a smiling face of pearly complexion, seemingly rose-tinted. The young girl turned her eyes away with a sigh, for unacknowledged, even to herself, a gentler mood had taken possession of her, and the impression made by the so dreaded stepmother, was of a pleasing and a soothing nature.

At the gate opening upon the garden, the travelers reined their horses, and the awaiting servants helped them to dismount. Leading Agnes by the hand, Mr. Golding advanced towards the house; he was about to ascend the steps conducting to the verandah, where his mother and daughter stood—when, with a sudden impulse, forgetful of her pride and prejudices, her studied demeanor, and long thought of speech, Mrs. Greyson rushed down the steps, and clasping her long-absent son in her arms, burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. The presence of the hated daughter-in-law, that morning's anguish, her long hoarded resentment, banished by the potent spell of a holier feeling, by the ennobling ascendancy of maternal love!

Overcome for the moment, the dark grey eyes of Mr. Golding, (so like to Eva's,) moistened with filial heart dew, and he gently and tenderly kissed her cheek.

"My dear mother! do not agitate yourself. I am well and hearty. Agnes, love, let me present you to my mother; may you live long and happy together." A pair of soulful eyes, of the softest brown, were upraised to the old lady's face, with so heart-winning, so angel-pure an expression, it would have softened the strong heart of hatred's self—and for the moment, even Mrs. Greyson was disarmed. Two soft hands took hers, while the graceful head bowed low, and the soft, jetty curls swept the old lady's bosom; Agnes kissed her hand, and with a voice of sweetest cadence spoke: "I am happy to present my love and duty to you, dear madam!" and then she looked around, as if expecting some one else.

"Where is Eva?" inquired Mr. Golding. There she was, leisurely descending the marble steps, with downcast eyes, and a heightened color. As she approached her father, she timidly raised her eyes; he was smiling upon her; the crimson deepened upon her cheek, her heart beat wildly. She advanced and kissed his hand; her whole soul longing to unrestrainedly avow the yearning affection within her, to cast herself upon his bosom, and there shed tears of joy! But she only kissed his hand, and he saluted her upon the forehead, then led her to Agnes.

"My daughter Eva, she is rather shy and reserved, dear Agnes, but that I trust will soon wear off," said Mr. Golding, presenting Eva to his wife.

Agnes would have clasped the young girl in her arms, and kissed her again and again, but her impulsive, yet highly sensitive nature received a check to its free outpourings by the calm and studied frigidity that chilled the warmth and beauty of that girlish presence, as with formal courtesy and shrinking coldness, Eva gave her hand and said, "I bid you welcome, madam."

"Will you not permit me to introduce you, Eva?" said Agnes, rallying from the sudden chilliness that had fallen upon her. "You will surely not think of being formal with me!" and her tones were soft and pleading, as she pressed a kiss upon the young girl's brow.

Eva only murmured, "Thank you, madam," and yet it seemed as if a calm, salutary influence lulled to rest the angry waves, as those soft lips pressed her forehead, as if it were a spirit's signal imprinting their characters of love and peace.

All entered the house; the speaking countenance of Agnes lighted up with ecstatic pleasure as she drank in the beauty of the tropical surroundings, the splendors of her new abode. Mrs. Greyson herself accompanied the young wife to her dressing-room, from which she soon after emerged, dressed like Eva in snowy muslin, pearl ornaments in her ears and on her bosom; a blue ribbon cast around her slender waist, fastened by a massive buckle of antique workmanship. As she passed before Eva to the dining-hall, the young girl could not but admit the gracefulness of her every motion, totally unlike what her grandmother's idea of a "Dutch waddle" had conjured up. Nor could the exquisite beauty of her smile be denied, nor the meed of justice withheld from praising the symmetry of her rounded arms, the aristocratic beauty of her dimpled hands, the silky softness and luxurious abundance of her truly raven tresses, that wound in a thick shining curl around her head, drooped around her face, shading her intellectual brow with a profusion of natural, untrained ringlets. And then her eyes! so soft and yet so bright, with their deep and spiritual lustre, seemed borrowed from some Castilian well. Yes, Eva acknowledged to herself that her stepmother was beautiful, with a sort of inexpressible, soul-expressive loveliness. "Oh, if she were but good, but truly noble and unselfish," sighed Eva, as she thought her father's encomium "so fascinating," well bestowed upon her.

Dinner over, they repaired to the verandah, where the servants served coffee. Mrs. Greyson was agreeable and chatty, Eva silent and reserved, Mr. Golding in happy spirits. To Agnes, all was new and delightful; the tropical scenery, the negro attendants, the unbounded view of sea and forest, the gorgeous mountain surroundings—all impressed with delight and wonder the highly imaginative and poetic mind. With yearning love she gazed upon her young stepdaughter; with affectionate reverence upon the aged mother; with fond and trusting affection upon the husband of her choice; and with pious gratitude upon the splendors of her tropical abode. Peace and Hope sang fairy strains of joy around the couch of Agnes that night. As for Eva's coldness, she attributed it all to girlish diffidence.

CHAPTER IV.

"And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The light of heaven's earth and sea,
The light of song was shrouded." Mrs. HEMANS.

"And so you think her beautiful, Eva?" said Mrs. Greyson, some three months after the return of her son with the new wife. "Pray tell me, for goodness gracious sake, where is the beauty?"

"Why, grandmother," said Eva, smiling, "the truth must be told—she has beautiful eyes, and a sweet low voice," a warm, loving clasp of the hand, splendid hair, and a fairy-like figure."

"Well, I do declare! if you don't beat everything

—has she bewitched you too? oh dear! oh dear! I, of course, shall be nothing but the old, ugly grumpy next. Fairy-like figure! When I was young I was admired for my majestic carriage and queenly air. Beautiful eyes! they've got no more expression than an owl's! Graceful?—yes—like a ring-tailed monkey, capering through the house, screeching what you I suppose call singing, all kinds of outlandish trash, Italian airs and duos, and what-d'ye-call-'em,—call that lady-like, eh?"

"Dear grandmother," said Eva, "let us be just towards her real merits; she is an accomplished woman, we cannot deny that; her voice is magnificent; her knowledge of music vast and extended; her mastery of language is wonderful; and then, she does not appear at all presuming, as if she placed any value on her many accomplishments and varied learning. Perhaps, dear grandmother, she may be all that she seems, truthful and affectionate."

A deep frown gathered on the old lady's brow. Already was this stranger intruding upon that most sacred territory—her grandchild's affections. Her son's love was alienated, her Eva's heart was beginning to yearn towards her, son, and she would be left alone, a poor, forlorn, forsaken old nobody!

"All that may be," she replied, after a considerable pause, "but you are a simpleton if you imagine all her fundness and flattery genuine. I tell you, there's some design and aim in it all. I ought to know, with my years and experience; but never mind, I'll find her out and convince you. She's been here but three months and everybody—"

"Loves her," interrupted Eva, "Oh, grandmother! I do not think it possible that she can be false and designing. How confidently she told me all her history; how she was left fatherless, to the care of a cruel stepmother; how sadly passed her childhood and her opening youth; how her stepmother repented, in the long and lingering illness, through which Agnes attended her. How a kind stranger afforded her the means, wherewith she completed her education. How by dint of energy and perseverance, she became the accomplished woman she now is. How she scorned a marriage for interest, and would only wed for love. How she met my father at the annual fair, held in her own sweet village on the banks of the Rhine, and how she learned to love him. I do not think it at all impossible for any woman to love my father; he is so handsome, so noble in his bearing, so generous, so proudly defiant of worldly meanness," said Eva enthusiastically: "why then may not Agnes—"

"Because she don't," interrupted her grandmother. "I tell you she don't love him. I know better. No young woman like her—she's tolerably good looking—loves a man old enough to be her father, even if it be Maurice Golding. Pooh! stuff! nonsense! only a mother loves disinterestedly. But I see, she has been telling you a long rignarole, and you, of course, guzzled it all down for truth. Oh Eva! Eva!"

"Dear grandmother, I trust to your judgment, and follow your advice in all things, you know I do; but may not the best of us be mistaken? Why even Nelly, your faithful woman and almost confidant;—though determined to dislike Mrs. Golding, now loudly praises her."

"Nelly! here, you Nelly!" screamed Mrs. Greyson, going to the door, "Come here, this very minute, you ungrateful hussy!"

Nelly heard the shrill and angry summons, though she was in the garden beneath, and promptly answered her mistress's call. She was a neat, rose-cheeked, fat little body, on the shady side of thirty, endowed with an inexhaustible fund of good-nature and patience. She had come over from England with Mrs. Greyson, and the indolent ease of a tropical life, (as much of it as her exacting mistress allowed her,) was quite congenial to her careless, life-enjoying temperament. Long and faithful service had given her the privilege of somewhat undue familiarity, which, however, her native shrewdness taught her to season with well-timed flatteries, with which she often soothed Mrs. Greyson's ruffled temper. Yet Nelly was truthful and affectionate.

"What do you want wi' me?" she queried, as she stood in the doorway, holding up her apron with one hand; it was filled with flowers and sweetly scented leaves.

"What were you doing, when I called you?" demanded Mrs. Greyson sternly.

"Shure, an' it's gathering flowers me was, an' I'd wish ye'd let me alone till I were done."

"Who were you arranging these flowers for, woman?" demanded her mistress.

"For the young leddy, shure, Miss Agnes; she smiled as sweet as the mornin' to the day, when I giv her a nosegay; and thinks I plenty of flowers in the garden! only black faces is too lazy to pull 'em, musha but it's meself!"

"And did you ask my permission to go a flower-hunting for other folks? have you no other duties to attend to? have you washed my lace collars, and ironed out my caps and crimped and fluted them, eh? have you aired my silk dresses, and hung up my purple scarf to dry, as I told you?"

"Shure, an' wasn't all that done yesterday? What's the sense of fashin' me now wid the rattle-traps. It's a grumblin' and a growlin' ye be, as if I wud a black face formin' ye," responded Nelly, with an aggrieved tone, but with perfect serenity of temper.

"Do you dare to talk to me that way, you saucy, crab-faced thing!" cried the excited Mrs. Greyson. "You ungrateful rattle-snake! to speak to me so disrespectfully. Say! who brought you over the sea, away from misery and privation? who gave you all the clothes you wear? who paid your passage, and made you look decent? who gave you a prominent situation in this household, and gave you the lead of the black-faces? Hey? speak, who did all this, you forgetful thing—say?"

"Shure, an' I knows it was yersel, my leddy," responded the mollified and grateful Nelly. "Ye brought me over the say, and yersel giv me all my thraps and fineries; shure enough, and the Lord reward ye, for a nice, ould, young-looking leddy as ye are; an now, don't ye be for givin' vexed, now don't misthress darlin' an' shure an' I'll do all ye bids me."

"I want you to go to my room, and fix everything in order there; d'ye hear? But stop! I want your opinion." The old lady's thin lip curled sarcastically—"What do you think of my new daughter-in-law?"

"An' is it what mee thinks of the new young mistress? Shure, an' it's a mortal angel she be. She giv me two gould pieces, an' a bran new fine muslin skirt, she did; but musha, her smile was swater nor the gould, and she thinks ye be such a fine old leddy, and Miss Eva so bea-utiful!"

"So!" muttered the old lady; "that's it, is it? So you think her very good and very beautiful, eh, Nelly?"

"In coorse I does, and mighty clever too; here

she's been only three months, and already the blackies understands her; she's cotched up their gibberish; and here's meeself been here, till I'm gittin' grey as the ould owl at home, and can't spake a wurred to save me sow! As for you, me leddy, it's because ye don't thry, that ye don't spake Spanish, shure, an' it's in yers' anyhow!"

"Well, well, go now, and d'ye hear me? drop those flowers, and do my work. Be off!" and Mrs. Greyson waved her hand majestically in token of dismissal.

"Yes, its pretty clear," continued the old lady, as Nelly left the room, "you are all bewitched, but mark me, Eva, a year will not pass round without some developments. Your stepmother's mask will come off. I have the presentiment. In the meantime, go on with your praises of her, I'm ready to listen, I'm as patient as a monument. Go on."

"It was only going to remark, grandmother, how well she speaks our language—the slightest foreign accent in the pronunciation of some words; and how quickly she is mastering the Spanish—indeed her aptitude for learning languages is astonishing."

"Oh yes! she's a paragon, I'll be bound; shouldn't wonder if some day she got up and made a speech. She's a poetess, too, ain't she?"

"Yes, grandmother; she writes beautiful verses. I would never dare to clothe my thoughts in words, after reading her beautiful effusions. Though I can feel the beauty dwelling in Nature, I cannot find the language wherewith to express my feelings, and Agnes does both; her's is the gift of eloquence to a marvellous extent."

"How indeed! I never yet could see any good in poetry," sneered the matter-of-fact old lady. "I'm sure I could make poetry, but I never thought it worth while to try. It's a waste of time; better learn to make a pudding."

"But Agnes knows all about household matters, grandmother, and then, with such an establishment as ours, with so competent a cook as Mariquita, Agnes' interference would be unnecessary. She is an excellent seamstress, and embroiders exquisitely, dear grandma."

"Who told you to call me grand ma?" snappishly retorted the fault-finding old grumbler. "Is that one of your step-mother's new-fangled expressions, eh? I won't be mad! I'm plain grandmother, and that's a deal grander than star-gazing or moon-poking. Grand ma, indeed!"

A light knock at the door interrupted the conversation. Mrs. Greyson smoothed her dress and her brow, arranged her cap and her smile, and said:—"Come in."

It was Agnes Golding, simply attired in a dress of blue, of a floating gauzy material; her rich black hair disposed in a massive coil at the back of her head, dropping in thick and clustering curls upon her brow and cheek, her exquisitely curved lips parted with a winning smile; a rosy freshness sat enthroned upon her cheeks. She carried a small embroidery frame. From the dark ground of the material she had selected, rose flowers of every hue, encircled by their waving leaves, in such glowing, lifelike semblance, that their fragrance alone seemed wanting.

"I felt lonesome, and thought I would come and sit with you awhile, mother," said Agnes, affectionately saluting the old lady's brow, and kissing Eva on the cheek. "I love solitude, but not at all times, and my husband is absent so much that I might grow melancholy, were it not for you both. But I do not see half as much of you as I desire. You, dear mother, are either employed, or secluded in your chamber, and I sometimes wish that Eva were less industrious; the greater part of her time she is closeted with books and teachers. I wish your school time were over, dear Eva, that we might be more together, and the affectionate, guileless woman looked lovingly upon her step-daughter.

"You know, Mrs. Golding, it is in obedience to my father's wishes, that I study so much," replied Eva, with a warm blush.

"I know it, my love, and I commend your application. You will reap its advantages in after years—I have spoken selfishly, feeling only the want of your society. But why will you speak to me so formally—why not call me Agnes? You have frankly told me, and I love you all the better for it, that you cannot give the sacred name of mother to a stranger. But, surely, you can so far overcome your reserve, and call me as you would an elder sister. Why, I am just nine years older than yourself, Eva," said Agnes smiling.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE THREE TRAGEDIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

There are in human life three tragedies of friendship. First, the deficiency of it—there is so much less than we want. Few are satisfied with their share, or would be if they thought and felt enough to know the depths of their own hearts. "The friend is some fair, floating isle of palms, cluding us, mariners in the Pacific seas." Many and many a man might sigh from his death-bed, "I have pined and prayed all my life, and never found one friend to satisfy my heart," and the breast-harp of millions, tuned to the same experience, would murmur in melancholy repose through the halls of the world. Secondly, the decay or loss of it. Sometimes it cools from day to day—warm confidence giving gradual place to chill civility, civilities swiftly becoming husks of neglect and repugnance. Sometimes its relics touch us with a pang, or we stand at its grave, sobbing, "wounded with a grief whose balsam never grew."

Thirdly, the desecration and explosion of it by hypocrites and traitors. The harshest draught in the cup of life is wrung from betrayed affections. When the guiding light of friendship is quenched in deception, the freezing gloom that surrounds our path grows palpable, and drooping faith and hope perish in its shade. Let one find cold repulse, or mocking treachery where he has garnered up his dearest treasures, and it is not strange if he feels as though the firm realities of time and sense had become shadows, and the solid globe, broken like an empty bead of foam.

And—The outward expression in form or color, of certain great truths, connected with our higher nature, the manifestation, in symbols of the Eternal Beauty, the perception of which and the sentiment for which belong to our common humanity. The Art sentiment is as really a part of perfect human nature as the power of thought, the affections of the heart, the sympathies of the soul for those kindred to itself in creation and intention.

MAN is never wrong while he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the look of a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm, and business of, and to, and of.

Poetry.

EARLY RISING.

BY JOHN G. RAY.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But bless the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the race's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial out-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, are you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about the rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be a-bed,"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery—or else he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to arise in season.
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock, A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or—*asleep!*

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only in the angels' sight.
In sleep's sweet realm so softly shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only DREAM of sin!

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant wren, by early songster caught.
Cried, "serv'd him right!"—It's not at all surprising,
The wren was punished, sir, for early rising!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Rector's Daughter.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

CHAPTER I.

Some ninety miles distant from London lay the quiet and secluded village of Thrapston. It was the close of a warm and lovely day in early June. Through the open casement of the small and vine-clad rectory, the cool air of evening stole gently in, lifting in its delicate touch, the dark masses of wavy hair from off the brow of a young and handsome man, who lay quietly sleeping upon a snowy draped couch.

Beside the invalid sat a fair girl of some eighteen summers, whose blue eyes rested anxiously upon the glorious vision before her, so heavenly in its calm repose.

Suddenly the door of the apartment opened, and an old man entered. Quietly approaching the bedside of the peaceful slumberer, and surveying intently the beautiful countenance exposed to view, he murmured in a low tone, "Thank God, he sleeps!"

A few words of earnest conversation between the rector and his daughter ensued, after which the young girl arose and noiselessly left the room, while the former assumed the post of watcher.

The day previous to the opening of our story, Frederick Hastings, a young English Lord, who was sojourning for a few weeks in the rustic village of Thrapston, was thrown from his horse while riding, and when within a few paces of the rectory. Mr. Lyle, observing the accident from the window, of his studio, hastened to the relief of the unfortunate man. Having conveyed him to the house, by the assistance of a servant, a physician was immediately called, who pronounced his patient to be too severely injured to think for a moment of removing him to his lodgings, at the hotel.

The old rector and his daughter, Alice, lost no time in ministering to the wants of the sufferer, whose fall had rendered him at once insensible. All the night long, Frederick Hastings raved in the wildness of delirium. Until near midnight, Philip Lyle kept his place at his bedside, until tired and worn with fatigue, he at last yielded to the entreaties of his daughter, to seek a few hours repose. Ah! that was a dreary vigil, which the young girl kept that night at the couch of the suffering youth! From out a face pale as marble, (save where the fever spot glowed on either cheek,) gleamed a pair of dark and lustrous eyes, whose light of intelligence seemed forever gone. Alice had seen that countenance the Sunday before in the parish church, over which her father had so long presided. Its rare beauty had attracted her attention, and she had learned from her parent, that it belonged to an English nobleman, who was rusticiating for a season, amid the beauties of their quiet village.

It is not surprising then, that the rector's daughter found all her sympathies enlisted in the cause of the wounded man, whom Providence had most opportunely thrown in her way. As she listened to his incoherent words, while he tossed restlessly about from side to side, upon his comfortable couch, the fear that he might die while under a stranger's roof, devoid of the society and comfort of his parents and friends, crossed her mind, and filled her breast with terror.

Morning came. Oh! what a relief to her who had so faithfully performed the office of nurse, in the solitude of that gloomy chamber. The physician arrived, but his announcement that a brain fever had set in, as he had at first anticipated, served only to depress the spirits of both father and child. To Alice's anxious inquiry if there was no hope of his recovery, the doctor sorrowfully replied, that the case of the patient was a most critical one; but that with great care and quiet, his life might possibly be saved.

With a realizing sense of the new duties devolving upon her youthful head, Alice Lyle set about her task. It is thus engaged that we find her, at the period of the commencement of our tale. That night, for the first time since his illness, Frederick Hastings had slept calmly and soundly. A few moments absence from the room, and then the young girl returned to the bedside of the invalid, while Mr. Lyle adjourned to his humble studio, to prepare his sermon for the coming Sabbath.

The shades of evening were fast deepening into night, when Frederick Hastings unclosed his eyes,

staring wildly about him, as if to penetrate the darkness which filled the entire room, he whispered half audibly, "Where am I?" or, "Have I been dreaming, or was it an angel form that bent over my couch?" A faint sigh escaped the lips of the young girl, as she sat listening and unseen, in the gloom of that sick room.

Lord Hastings' ear caught the sound, and with a strong effort he raised his head from the pillow; but all was silent; and weary with exhaustion, he sank down upon his bed.

A slight rustle, like that produced by the movement of female apparel, and then a delicate hand, was laid lightly upon the brow of the invalid. Tears of gratitude and joy filled the eyes of the latter, as he learned from Alice's lips, the story of his injuries—his miraculous escape from instantaneous death, and the temporary home, which the little rectory had afforded him. Now that reason had once again reasserted her sway, Frederick Hastings awoke to the realization of his shadowy dreams. The beautiful vision which had kept watch over him during his refreshing sleep, was indeed an earthly being;—a woman whose rare loveliness of mind shone through every feature of her spiritual face. To love Alice Lyle was the instinct of the young Englishman's nature.

Yet it was a strange sight to see that proud and haughty man pleading for the heart of the rector's daughter! Her simple tastes and habits were so unlike those of the daughters of wealth and fashion, that Frederick Hastings felt a happy relief in yielding himself entirely up to the charming society of his beautiful companion.

Happily passed the days to the sick one, whose return to health, though slow, seemed nevertheless sure. Fearful of intruding too long upon the generous hospitalities of his benefactor, Lord Hastings had proposed his removal to his apartment at the hotel. But to this neither the old rector nor his daughter would consent. So after much talk upon the subject, by the person in question, and many entreaties on the part of Alice and her father, it was agreed that Frederick Hastings should remain an inmate of the village rectory during his stay in Thrapston.

CHAPTER II.

"A letter with the London post-mark for Philip Lyle," exclaimed Alice, as she rushed, half breathlessly into her father's studio, one fine July morning, where he and Frederick were rearranging the musty volumes in the old library. Quickly taking the letter from his child's hand, the old man eagerly devoured its contents.

At its conclusion he said, "From this, it seems that the quiet of our home-circle is to be broken in upon to-morrow, by a stranger."

"A stranger, papa!" echoed the young girl, in a tone of surprise, while a shade of disappointment passed rapidly over the face of Lord Hastings, at the thought of a second person's becoming a sharer in the affections of one who had so closely entwined herself around his heart.

"Yes, my child, Blanche Stanton, though a distant connection of our family, is nevertheless a stranger to us. Left at an early age an orphan, as well as heir to an immense property, she was placed under the guardianship of an aunt in Paris, where she has resided until within a few months."

"In her letter she states that, having arrived of age, she returned to England to claim her property; when accidentally learning there that a relative of her father's still resided in Thrapston, she felt a strong desire to visit him, and make his acquaintance."

"So your anticipated guest is not a gentleman, after all," remarked Frederick Hastings to his fair companion, after her father had ceased speaking; and feeling inwardly not a little relieved at the announcement just made by his friend, the rector.

"No, but a lady, who, having been used to Parisian gayeties, will, I fear, find but little to interest her in our rural home," replied Alice, thoughtfully.

"Leave all to me, and if, at the expiration of a week, Miss Stanton does not find herself perfectly in love with Thrapston, and my own sweet little Alice," said Lord Hastings, playfully drawing the young girl to his side, "I shall believe her a cold and heartless woman, devoid of all enthusiasm."

Towards evening of the following day, the carriage containing Miss Stanton drew up before the rectory gate. Philip Lyle hastened down the walk to meet the lady, while Frederick and Alice stood in the little porch, their happy countenances radiating a warm welcome.

Alice at once led the way to the cosy little parlor, followed by her father and his guest. Having introduced his daughter, the rector proceeded to present his friend, Lord Hastings, when, to his surprise, the beautiful brunette advanced, and warmly extending her hand to the Englishman, said, in a rich and musical voice, "Methinks we have met before, sir."

"Your pardon, Miss Stanton, but I had forgotten the circumstance. May I ask where?" he added, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"At the residence of the English Ambassador in Paris," replied his companion with a fascinating smile.

"Ah! now I remember," returned Lord Hastings; "it is scarce a year ago; but since my severe illness, my once good memory serves me but indifferently."

Alice, who had stood for the past few moments a silent listener to the above conversation, did not fail to notice the troubled look of Miss Stanton, at her lover's allusion to his late accident. The latter would have questioned him concerning it, had not the young girl seized the opportunity to conduct her newly-arrived guest to her chamber.

A week had sped by, and Blanche Stanton had evidently succeeded in ingratiating herself into the favor of the inmates of the parish rectory. Beside the artificial accomplishments which had formed so large a part in the education of Blanche, she was endowed by nature with one of those delicious voices which thrill the soul and linger upon the ear, long after its tones have ceased to vibrate.

For hours Blanche would sit at the harp—her dark eyes steadily fixed upon the face of Lord Hastings, and pour out, as it were, the impassioned love of her entire nature, in a flood of rich melody. Then again, the strain would be so full of pathos and sadness as to touch even the heart of Philip Lyle.

One evening as the little party were seated in the parlor, whose only light was that which the rising moon shed faintly throughout the apartment, Miss Stanton was entertaining her audience with one of those glorious operatic airs, the inspired creation of some old Italian maestro.

Never before had Blanche Stanton's voice so stirred the inmost depths of Frederick Hastings' soul,

as on that eventful evening. Alice, whose head was pillowed upon the breast of her accepted lover, felt the wild throbbing of that manly heart. Suddenly a tear fell upon her cheek. The young girl started and looked into the face of her companion; but even the averted face could not conceal the pearly drops which trembled upon the dark eyelids, or the slight quiver which disturbed the natural repose of the finely chiseled mouth.

That night after Alice had been folded to his heart and kissed her customary good night, Lord Hastings retired to his chamber. The air of the apartment seemed close and oppressive. A heavy weight lay upon his soul, which he tried vainly to shake off.

Half gasping for breath, he sought the open air. His damps seemed to revive him, and he strolled slowly down the gravelled walk.

"Frederick! dear Frederick!" and a tall and voluptuous figure, robed in a loose white wrapper, threw herself upon the neck of the excited man.

Long lingered they in the moonlight, that beautiful and artful woman, and the noblehearted, but joy-bewildered Englishman. Frederick Hastings had not forgotten the handsome mask who had introduced herself to his acquaintance at the ball given by the English Ambassador, during his late visit to Paris. At parting, too, she had slipped aside her mask, and placing upon his finger a jeweled ring, had whispered in his ear, "Do not forget Blanche Stanton."

The romance of this little adventure produced the desired effect upon the senses of the too susceptible Englishman. Day after day, and night after night, he had vainly sought for the fair *incognita*, but without success. On his return to England he soon forgot, amid the scenes of pleasure there prepared for him, the memory of Blanche Stanton.

Not so with her; the rare beauty of Lord Hastings had at once arrested her attention, and as he had attended the ball unmasked, she found ample chance to feast her eyes upon his finely moulded features. Seizing a favorable opportunity, she addressed him with all the artlessness and freedom of a French woman—for such she might almost be called, inasmuch as her mother was of French birth, and Blanche herself had spent the greater portion of her life in France. She too, had vainly attempted to discover the abode of him who had captivated her heart at first sight. On her arrival in England, to take possession of her immense property, she had accidentally heard from the lips of a friend of Lord Hastings the name of the village where he was rusticiating.

Luck was in her favor. She had often heard her aunt speak of a cousin of her father's who presided over the little parish of Thrapston. It was enough for Blanche Stanton to know that Frederick Hastings breathed the air of that rural retreat.

Speedily making preparations for her journey, she at once set forth with the determination to find and win the heart of the unsuspecting Englishman. Before leaving, she had taken the precaution to indite a letter to Philip Lyle, in order to make sure of a welcome there, humble though it was.

At the village hotel she learned of Lord Hastings' serious accident, and of his confinement at the rectory. I have before mentioned their meeting, and the surprise of Philip Lyle and his daughter, on finding them previously acquainted.

Dear as was Alice Lyle to the heart of Frederick Hastings, the power which the beautiful temptress had exerted over him in the short space of a few days, was wonderful. The warm and passionate love of such a woman. That night, in that garden carried away by the impulse of the hour, Lord Hastings confessed his love for her, who had thus wickedly thrust herself between the object of his choice and himself.

Having once gained the so long-coveted love of the infatuated Hastings, Blanche was ready to descend to any meanness, in order to retain it.

CHAPTER III.

Six months have passed since Frederick Hastings bade adieu to Thrapston, and his loved benefactor, Philip Lyle. His parting with Alice had been a sad one to the devoted heart of the gentle girl. But he had kissed her tears away, with the assurance that he should never cease to love and cherish her while absent, and, in the space of a few months, would return to make her his bride. Methinks the parting benediction which the old rector bestowed upon the head of one he believed so worthy of his gentle child's pure love, must have smote the heart of Frederick Hastings with remorse, for the perjury he had just uttered, for he turned deadly pale, and moved hastily away. Even the well-schooled and artful Blanche turned from the spot to conceal the emotion which she feared her face would be the true index of.

Not long after the departure of Frederick did Miss Stanton remain at Thrapston. A desire to return to London, (and the society of Lord Hastings,) she should have added, was her excuse for leaving. In her close intimacy with the innocent Alice, she had wrung from her heart the confession of her deep love for him; she had rescued him from death. And when the loving girl, in the fullness of her joy, spoke of her promised marriage with the noble Englishman, Blanche, with a hypocritical smile wreathing her coral lips, threw her arms about her companion's neck, and, kissing her tenderly, congratulated her upon the brilliant prospect of happiness the future held in store for her.

Little did the old rector dream, as he clasped the hand of Blanche Stanton at the door of the carriage, which was to bear her away, that she whom he had received into the bosom of his family as a relative and friend, went forth an enemy and a destroyer of its peace.

Left only to the society of her father, Alice's spirits took at times a melancholy turn. Perhaps it was the presage of coming evil, which cast its shadow over her young heart; for day after day she had presented herself at the village post-office, with the hope of receiving a letter from the absent and idolized one. But as weeks and months rolled by, and still brought no intelligence from Lord Hastings, the face of Alice Lyle grew a shade paler, and her blue eyes more thoughtful, than of old.

Yet no word of complaint toward him, who had so soon dispelled the one bright dream of her existence, passed her lips. Philip Lyle noticed the change in his child's looks and appearance; but if she was struggling to crush out the new love which had so lately filled her heart, her tenderness and anxious solicitude for his enfeebled health was only the more manifest to the dimmed eyes of the invalid.

A few short weeks and the old rector was laid to his last sleep, in the village churchyard; and then it was that Alice felt how sad a thing it was to be left alone in the world.

Those who had loved and respected Philip Lyle

while living, now freely offered their sympathies to his orphan child. But alas! their words of friendly comfort failed to soothe the anguish of that desolate heart.

At last two letters came from London, addressed to Alice Lyle. The hopeful girl eagerly tore one open, whose handwriting she believed to be Lord Hastings'. And in this she was not disappointed, although its words of cruel import seemed destined to crush her to the earth. The letter purported to have been written by Frederick himself, who spoke with great enthusiasm of his approaching marriage with her friend and relative Blanche Stanton. It also concluded with the remark, that he should never cease to cherish, while living, the memory of one whom he esteemed as a sister, and to whose kind care and nursing he was now indebted for his present existence and happiness.

This was indeed consolation to the already torn and bleeding heart. Some two or three days elapsed before Alice gained strength sufficient to enable her to peruse the other letter, which had remained unopened. It proved to be from a dear schoolmate and friend of her mother's in London. The widow of a literary gentleman of great celebrity in that city; she now generously extended to the orphan girl the protection of a home.

Feeling no desire to remain longer amid scenes which had proved so painful to her young heart, Alice at once accepted her friend's noble proposal. The old rectory passed into other hands, and Alice left for London.

Some two months after the orphan girl's installation in the home of Mrs. Waldron, cards of invitation were sent, requiring their presence at a small soiree to be given at the house of the French Consul in London.

Alice who had shrunk from all society since her arrival in England, yielding at last to the urgent entreaties of her benefactor, consented to be present. At an early hour, Mrs. Waldron and her protegee, as she loved to term her, were ushered into the drawing-room, where as yet but few guests were assembled. The delicate dress of black crape, which shrouded the form of Alice, was in strange contrast to the showy silks and costly satins about her.

At their entrance, the French Consul advanced to greet them, and begged to introduce to their acquaintance, a friend whom he had recently made. No sooner had the gentleman in question lifted up his eyes to the faces of the ladies than he started back, and pronounced the name of "Alice!" It was Frederick Hastings; both had recognized each other at a glance. Alice, however, showed no apparent emotion, save a slight trembling of her graceful and willowy form, and an icy coldness of the hand which she extended to Frederick.

Seizing an early opportunity, Lord Hastings offered his arm to Alice, and led her away to a quiet nook in the conservatory, where sundry explanations and discoveries took place, which resulted in the forgiveness of the erring and repentant lover, and disclosed the cruelty and base-heartedness of one whom Alice Lyle had believed her friend. It was scarcely midnight when the happy girl excused herself from the company. As she was passing out of the door, leaning on the arm of her restored lover, a carriage stopped, and Blanche Stanton, sparkling with jewels, and attended by a Parisian exquisite, hastily ascended the steps. The light from the hall fell directly across the face of the young girl, (who, recognizing the new-comer, was hurrying away,) and disclosed to view the features of Alice Lyle.

Blanche Stanton bent her flashing eyes momentarily upon the pale face of the terrified girl, and muttering through her firmly set teeth: "Hastings, you shall have sufficient cause to remember this night," rushed wildly into the hall.

The morning marriage of Lord Hastings with Alice Lyle had just been celebrated privately in the drawing-room of Mrs. Waldron, when a servant appeared upon the threshold with a note directed to Lord Hastings. It contained an invitation from Blanche Stanton, requesting the newly wedded pair to dine with her at her hotel, where she anxiously awaited them.

Thinking that the past, if not forgotten was yet forgiven, Alice proposed their acceptance of the kind invitation. Blanche received them with great ease and courtesy. Dinner was speedily announced, and on seating themselves at the table, the brilliant hostess proposed to drink to the health of the bridegroom. Each instinctively raised their glasses to their lips and drank down their ruby contents.

Of a sudden a ghastly pallor overspread the countenance of Blanche, and with the words, "Thou, God, art avenged!" the evil-hearted woman fell upon the floor a lifeless corpse! The wine which Blanche Stanton had drugged for Lord Hastings, had, through the carelessness of a servant, been the cause of her own sudden death.

Thus was revealed to the eyes of Frederick Hastings, the guilt and perfidy of a woman, whose artful machinations had held him so long in her power, and who well merited the name of Blanche, "The Beautiful Temptress!"

THE CHILD'S GIFT.

A young girl with whose mother Gothold was conversing in a garden, approached him at first with a few leaves, and at last with a flower which she had plucked beside the walk, and, with child-like grace, offered it to him as a present. Well, said he, my little maid, why should I not be satisfied with thy small gifts, bestowed as they are with a simple and child-like desire of giving, even as God must needs be with similar gifts of mine. Fondly would I often bring to Him great faith, glowing charity, deep devotion, spiritual praise, sincere prayer and perfect child-like obedience. But, though I search the whole garden of my heart, I can find no such flowers as these, or any worthy of being presented to Him, and He must be content to receive instead, weaknesses, good wishes and intentions, endeavors and commendments. And so he is. He has shown us His fatherly and affectionate heart, by preferring the two milks cast by the poor widow into the treasury, above all the costly gifts of the rich, and by declaring that a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward. Oh, my Father, my soul rejoices and exults that thou art its God—that it can hope to obtain all things from Thee—and that Thou art gracious enough to accept the poor gifts which, with a child's feeble hand, it ventures to present. I will, however, labor at all times to improve my gift. The best products of my powers and faculties I will bring and make oblation of them, by the hand of Jesus my Mediator; that will secure for them, however poor, acceptance from Thee.

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD:

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Continued.

As it may not prove uninteresting to the reader, the article from "The Spirit World," containing extracts from "The Zoist," with our comments, is here inserted:—

BLANDERS OF THE "ZOIST."—THE RAPPING PHENOMENA.

"This is Truth, though opposed to the Philosophers of the Zoist."

"It is an old, but nevertheless a true saying, 'that there is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue,' and we have found it to be so on an occasion, when the best feelings of our nature have been grossly outraged,—when malice, ignorance, and falsehood have misrepresented us in the blackest and most foul manner possible; holding us up as fit objects only for the scorn and contempt of the world. In most cases the injured party may have the libellers and slanderers brought before the proper tribunals, and punished for their crime. In the present instance, however, a subject is involved, which, like many other new and most true phenomena, imperfectly understood by the world at large, looks out the 'hope' that could otherwise be entertained of obtaining justice by an application to public tribunals, contending, as it inevitably must, with popular prejudices.

A sense of duty to ourselves, and to the sacred cause in which we are engaged, has stimulated us to publish a statement of facts, relating to an article which appeared in the April number of the *Zoist*, and which was entitled, "Spirit Rapping." Although the allusions are not specifically applied to Mrs. Hayden, by name, she is sufficiently indicated in this *moreau*, by the parties who place alphabetical symbols at the end of the article, instead of their full names.

We learn from public report, and how far this rumor may be correct we have not the means of ascertaining; that the *Zoist* is the property of Dr. John Eliotson, and that it is under his control and editorship, and this we should judge by the frequent repetition of his own name in its pages. We have been told that this same gentleman has been sorely persecuted, and has suffered much for the sake of Truth. If this be so, it is evident that he has not profited much by his experience, as will be seen by the extracts we shall make from the article headed "Spirit Rappings." There are evidently the brains, if not the pens, of more than one individual, in this discreditable production; but, for convenience sake, we will use the term writer to the plural party, who shows a most gross and unpardonable ignorance of the subject under consideration.

The writer, N. E. E. N., characterises that which has occupied, in serious and calm investigation, some of the ablest minds in the United States of America, as an arrant humbug, an imposition, utterly devoid of a shadow of truth,—setting aside, by his own presumptuous fiat, the evidence of thousands of persons, who, respecting truth, and not worshipping such arrogance as his, have asserted that the phenomena are genuine,—that the subject is true.

"A philosopher," says this writer, "would be justified in rejecting all this at once. We have no proof of the existence of any spirits, as distinct beings in nature; they are merely imaginary, bottomless fancies,—the offspring of bygone times, of ignorance."

It is evident from the above, and what follows, that the writer fears his material doctrine to be in great danger of an overthrow by the "bottomless fancies," as he is pleased to designate them. But to pass on over a few more paragraphs of such logic, until we come to a note, which the writer says, that "she cannot have now made less than two or three hundred pounds, and ought, therefore, no longer to make such charges (half a guinea a head), as rich people only can afford to pay; but, if her object is to publish a great truth, a great spiritual truth, she should, in fulfillment of her mission, admit the more numerous and humble classes at a low rate, or without money and without price, to witness these new revelations!"

Most wise and sage reasoning truly, for one who attempts to prove that spirits and a spiritual existence are mere "bottomless fancies." Now let me ask, does a physician, although reputed to be a rich man, see and prescribe for his patients without his fee? or does the clergyman, who professes to teach spiritual truths, do so without his price? and do not some of them receive enormous sums for so doing? are we not told that "the laborer is worthy of his hire?" Mrs. Hayden and myself are not so well blessed in this world's goods as to be able, were we so inclined, to devote our time gratuitously to the people, and to defray the heavy expense attendant upon our coming to this country and remaining here. Besides, of what have Dr. Eliotson and two of his friends to complain, who are strongly suspected of having aided in the composition of the article in the *Zoist*? Mrs. Hayden has never, to her knowledge, received a penny of their money. They came by invitation. What, pray, has the writer to say to this? "Will he be so good as to be so kind" as to answer how much Mrs. Hayden made by her courtesy, save the abuse and atrocious falsehoods which have found place in the columns of the *Zoist*?

You say that "she cannot have made less than two or three hundred pounds" (an enormous sum, truly, which we regret exceedingly, is not the case.) Twice the sum would not repay us for the sacrifices we have made in visiting England, and ten-fold the amount would not pay for the shameful abuse and malicious falsehoods which has been showered upon her character in the *Zoist*. We trust the writer or writers may live to repent of their folly. The majority of the articles in the *Zoist* bear the names of the authors, and why, we would ask, is it not the case with that on *Spirit Rapping*? We should think that so talented a writer would have been not a little ambitious to have immortalised his name in the pages of the future, and to have let coming generations know to whom they were indebted, not only for so wonderful a production, but for the entire explosion of the *Spirit Manifestations*. What do these four mystical letters at the bottom of the article stand for? May one be informed? or perhaps we may be permitted, being American, to guess. And so we guess. E.—and N. But we may have guessed wrong;—or does it mean simply nothing, but to lead the reader astray as to who did write "Spirit Rapping."

THE NORFOLK HOUSE. The first hotel in the immediate vicinity of Boston, is the Norfolk House, &c. Since the accession of Colonel Drew to the management, it is in every way a first class hotel, worthy the largest city in the world. The hotel has large rooms and suites of rooms, elegantly furnished, the clear air of Mount Pleasant, united to the unobscured politeness and attention of the proprietors and the son, assisted by Messrs. Bullitt and Bates, combine to render its attractions to persons doing business in the city.

Familiar Letters.

You recollect, don't you, an article under this head, entitled, "A ROSE IN THE WILDERNESS." The same hand-writing is again before us. It is very welcome. Yes! Yes! "In other days and calmer hours," as one Byron expresses it, we have lived four miles from a Post Office, and have launched a boat upon the water, in rain or shine, and the arms, propelled by the strong heart within, have waited us to that goal of our expectancy—the far away Post Office. On the green earth, in the shadows of God's branching trees, we have laid down and read and studied the written and the printed, and like Hamlet, in his fit of abstraction, would leap up and bend our energies to the oar, with the same expression in our heart, if not upon our lips, "Words! Words! Words!"

"Blackstone" is welcome not only for the written word, but the substantial deed which proves the earnestness and sincerity.

To THE EDITORS—Did you ever live four miles from a Post Office? Methinks you answer, No! Well, then, you do not know what a treat it is to get an interesting paper, after waiting and watching for an opportunity to send for it, by a kind neighbor. The eyes sparkle; the hand is quickly extended to receive it; and if, perchance, some message from the spirit land is sent to cheer us, reminding us of vanished hours—of parting sighs and fervent prayers—how sweetly, how softly memory dwells on those who think of us. How we meditate on their counsel given to us, while they lived their earth life, and fancy their thoughts, are even now, mingled with our own! How we think of their oft told love, until our souls are strengthened, for we know they will be steadfast, while sunshine friends are fleeing! How we think of their profession of faith, and their bright hope, when they told us of a better, a purer region, where they expected to dwell when their earthly covering was cast aside, and their souls were set free from every obstacle that could impede their progression; and now, shall the tidings of their joy and of the attainment of the glory that there awaited them, be regarded by us as idle words? Whatever may betide, let their words of wisdom be our polar light to shine, and guide us to our last earthly day.

We sometimes hear remarks like the following:—"Of what avail can communications be, from those who were depraved? Of what use can they be to us, when we know their faults, the sins that constituted their character, while they lived among us? Ask yourself this simple question, "Am I not often perplexed and annoyed by those with whom I am called to mingle, in my daily avocations—do they not oppress and grieve me?" Then ask what good would it do for one who had injured you, to make a proper acknowledgment, humbly beg your forgiveness, and declare his intention to make restitution as far as he had the power? Would not such a course call forth the noble sentiment, I forgive—"that mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me." He leaves you—his heart is light and your own too, for you have not withheld the words that would retard his progress in goodness, or his attainment to the stature of a perfect man.

The editor will please to accept every assurance of friendship, for well he knows that—

"This world would be lonely and drear,
And life, but a weary round;
Were there not 'kind words' to cheer,
And friends our path to surround."

FAC-SIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH PRODUCED THROUGH A MEDIUM.

Mr. Editor—I had the curiosity to visit Mrs. Little, a writing and rapping medium the early part of last month, and obtained through her some very convincing tests, as also some disclosures, which have much evidence to support their truth.

A spirit, giving John Sprague as his name when he lived on earth, manifested, and said that he left some written documents in favor of his sister, my wife's mother, among which were his will drawn by McG—, a lawyer, of W— street, New York. He said J. P. B—y, and G— S—h, knew of the existence of the will, as did M—n H—ll and others, and then continued: "That will was left by me in a chest, together with much silver coin, but was taken out by a female who gave it to the lawyer, who destroyed it. I have seen all the injustice which has been done my earth kindred, and your wife's mother sees it, and is much troubled therefor. My nephew is in California. His father, my brother, was the possessor of my property."

"He is troubled at what he has done, and goes about seeking pleasures to quiet his soul. He will yet repent, we trust, and restore your own to you."

In answer to inquiries, he said:—"My body was deposited in a tomb near here, and in sight of a public walk, (on the Common.) J. P. B. is in the spirit world. Something may be done by kind words to induce my brother to do right. By appealing to his honor, he may be made to do something for my niece."

There are many who could do much for you by giving information, but that would do no good, as the writings are destroyed. My brother might do much, but he lacks perseverance."

After some questions of no importance to the reader had been answered, the spirit controlled the hand of the medium to write to my wife, his niece, the following communication:—

"Dear Niece—Justice shall yet be done to my injured sister. The storm-cloud will soon clear away and reveal the sunlight that is now obscured. Those who have wronged you will be made to feel the goadings of a guilty conscience, and will be glad to restore their ill-gotten wealth to its rightful owners, in order to secure peace of mind."

The ways of God are mysterious, but will be made plain to you when you shall have thrown aside the body. Follow in the path of duty—this only will bring peace in the end. I did what I thought was right in disposing of my property, as all my friends know."

Do not be cast down; be up and do your duty, and this will bring happiness to you; a guilty conscience is the instrument that will torment us here as in the spirit world, if we wrong our fellow beings. We are all instruments in the hands of God to bring about mighty changes; there is no such thing as chance. All things will in the future be made plain to us; therefore, leave the concerns of this world to Him who doeth all things well.

The signature to this was compared with a signature written in the family Bible by the same spirit while in the form, and was found to be a fac-simile of it.

This last circumstance is a strong proof of the presumption that this spirit penned the communication, for the medium had never seen my uncle's signature, being a stranger to me, and the imitation which came totally unexpected to us, is not to be accounted for upon any other hypothesis.

With regard to the statement concerning the will said to be destroyed, I can only say there is no proof to sustain it, as we mortals speak of proof, but it has been thought singular that the deceased did not remember his duty to his sister, in the settlement of his estate.

The time may come, and perhaps it is now at hand, when hidden things shall be revealed, and those who have gone to a higher life may expose the misdeeds of designing men in this lower life. If this is so, will there not be an end of sin? A man calculates coldly the chances there are for escaping detection now, and he finds many ways in which to escape, one of which is in the supposed inability of the departed to expose their crimes. If this fails the sinner, will it not prevent his sin? Will not the power of the Tempter be taken away? These are questions worth the Christian's attention.

COMING EVENTS.

The following communication from a spirit, we have received from a friend in Philadelphia. The indications it alludes to as premonitory of coming events, will be recognized as actually existing. For nearly two years past we have been advised of the fact here stated. A large number of mediums, those who have been made greatly useful in the cause of spiritual truth, have remained apparently inactive for a long time. Many of these have repeatedly remarked their condition and alluded to the future as far exceeding in form, and mode, and utility of spirit communication all that has yet been received. They have waited long for the coming Messiah, (the newly developed Truth,) and have been severely tried, both in mind and body.

"Wonderful as the manifestations of the present day seem to many, we feel that they are as nothing when compared to those which are yet to be unfolded to them. Believe me, I make no idle assertion when I say, even those conversant, as they think, with all kinds of manifestations, will stand amazed when the new lights which spirits are preparing, burst upon the world. Everything is now ready but the mediums through whom these wonders are to be transmitted."

Think it not strange, then, if a number of mediums are not influenced for a time, for we are making our selections from among them.

Many will have severe trials, but those who stand firmly will be blessed indeed. Oh! if I could only make mediums understand, how much the influence of spirits tends to raise and expand their own minds, none, I think, would shrink from the ordeal. But the time is coming when Spiritualism will be understood in its true light; and then all will be willing to be co-workers with us.

Scientific and philosophic minds, proud, as they may well be, of their learning, will feel at last they have stepped beyond their depths when they try to explain Spiritualism in any other than a natural way. They will become as little children—hoping and waiting to receive the knowledge which will be showered upon all honest minds freely.

Then will the last bar to our manifestations be removed. Then will be our triumph; but be not afraid, we will use all gently, thanking our God and Father that our efforts have at last been rewarded, and we can travel through the realms of endless space, influencing all, both in your earth home and in our own spheres."

Written for the Banner of Light.

"THE WHOLE TRUTH."

Mr. Editor—I and myself found in a recent number of your paper, as a witness in favor of the reliability of Mrs. Hayden as a medium. The writer says:—

"La Roy Sunderland, the celebrated Psychologist, who has devoted a large portion of his time for the past ten years to the investigation of modern Spiritual manifestations, (one of his daughters, Mrs. Cooper, being a very superior medium,) said, at one of Mrs. Hayden's circles, where there were ten other persons present, that he had seen all the mediums from Maine to Union, N. Y., but had never seen one through whom so many test questions were answered correctly, at one sitting."

When a witness is sworn in our courts of justice he is required to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." And, it is never competent for a witness to testify in any case, where he may not be cross-examined.

The above report of my testimony is true, but it is not the whole truth; it is not all that I uttered in respect to that sitting with Mrs. H., to which I referred. Here is the whole story:—There were seven or ten gentlemen at the sitting, each of whom had test questions answered correctly. Then one gentleman present, thrusting his hands into his pockets, asked "if the spirits could tell what he held in each hand?" adding, that he knew what was in one hand, but not what was in the other. The spirits being appealed to, said they could and would tell what was in both hands; so the question was put, and proved that the spirits knew what the gentleman himself knew; they told what he held in his right hand, which he knew, correctly; but he did not know the name of the cord he held in his left hand, nor could the spirits tell the name of it! With the exception of this failure, the tests were perfectly satisfactory, showing, beyond all doubt, that the spirit which had possessed Mrs. Hayden was clairvoyant, to a remarkable degree.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

MUSIC.

Come now, good city fathers, worthy city fathers, do let us have one or two evenings of enjoyment. You surely can afford to give us a few patriotic tunes, to convince us that we are yet dwellers near to Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill. Let us whisper in your ear. Suppose you omit one of those "jolly" trips on the Henry Morrison, or if that is too much to ask, carry a basket or two less champagne with you, and let us, the toiling, sweltering captives of the town, to whom the sea breeze is a forbidden luxury, enjoy a promenade upon the Common. We will promise to every act "properly," and put ourselves upon our good behavior. Yes, indeed, we will endeavor, to emulate your own august and virtuous body, not, of course, hoping to rival you in good works, but, meekly following your example, and from afar off, looking up to your brilliancy as the Hindoo looks up to the sun. Do take pity on us, poor, benighted and "improper persons," and depend upon it, we will not think less kindly of you, nor vote for you with more reluctance. Just try us once.

European Items.

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer had laid on the table supplementary estimates for the war in China and Persia, and said he would ask for appropriations of half a million pounds in each. He also intimated that he would shortly submit a resolution to continue the existing duties on tea and sugar for two years from the first of April next. The seat for the city of Oxford was declared vacant on the ground of bribery. Sir J. Paekington gave notice of his intention to question the government with reference to the Chinese war, and the employment of troops in India. Sir C. Wood stated in the House of Commons that the government had no information of troops sent out to China having been diverted to India, although it was known that the Governor General of India had written to Lord Elgin for such powers.

A public meeting was held in Liverpool on the 8th inst., for the purpose of hearing and welcoming the Hon. Neal Dow. The attendance was large, and the guest received a warm greeting, mixed, however, with a few hisses. Resolutions in favor of prohibition and complimenting Mr. Dow were adopted.

It was expected that the shipping of the telegraph cable on board the Niagara would be completed about the 20th of July. The U. S. frigate Susquehanna was expected to arrive in the Mersey on the 11th. The Mayor of Liverpool gave a splendid banquet to the officers of the Niagara and others, to the number of about fifty, on the 9th, and the speeches upon the occasion were of the most loving description.

A letter has been received by the owner of the Ann Pitcairn, Sharp, (Mr. A. Henderson,) from the General Registry of Seamen, in London, requesting information as to the position of that vessel at present, as the President of the United States desired to present its captain (Sharp) with a chronometer and gold chain, for services rendered in taking off the crew of the American ship Cathedral, in February last.

Mr. P. T. Barnum having determined to settle in Europe, sent to America for his family, who arrived in the Canada on Monday last.

Prince Louis Napoleon was making his marine tour around the British Isles. He arrived at Dublin on the 9th.

The East India Company have chartered six steamers and eleven sailing vessels for the conveyance of troops to India from Dublin and Portsmouth.

All accounts agree that the result of the second election has created a strong impression in the city of Paris. The opposition vote in the French capital is larger than that cast by the government adherents; so that, not to mention the abstainers, who may all be counted as opponents to the government, the Emperor even finds himself in the minority. The three districts of the city elected Gen. Cavaignac, M. Olliver (a young lawyer, who was Prefect of Versailles under the republic at twenty-four years of age), and M. Darimon, (one of the editors of *La Presse*), by handsome majorities. In the city proper, therefore, the government has three deputies, the opposition five; while in the department of the Seine, which includes Paris, the deputation stands five to five. If all the opposition members elect take the oath of allegiance, they will number ten in the Chamber of Deputies. It is announced that nine of them will take the oath. Gen. Cavaignac refuses to do so; but it is thought that his constituents will be enabled to induce him to take his seat in the Chamber.

Dispatches have been received from the French minister at Turin. They announce that the arrests continued at Genoa, and that Mazzini had left Leghorn on the 2d, in a ship carrying the Portuguese flag. A letter from Leghorn, of the 4th inst., says that the government accounts admit 15 soldiers killed and 20 insurgents shot, who were captured with arms in their hands. Private accounts estimate the soldiers killed at 26, and the insurgents at 60. The bands who attacked the guard-house were composed of 170 armed men. The soldiers, although surprised, ran to their arms, and maintained their position. The insurgents then dispersed through the town and murdered every isolated soldier or gendarme they met.

In the Senate of Spain, on the debate relative to the levy of 50,000 men, Narvaez delivered the following remarks:—"It is necessary, as Gen. O'Donnell has remarked, to have a good army to restrain the Republican and Carlist revolutionists. Those of both parties are at work. At Despreñepers, in Andalusia, bands have appeared, and they have been routed, and I hope to be able to announce to-morrow that revolts which have taken place at Tereul and Malaga have also been put down. The government knows that there exists a secret society which thinks it has the means of disturbing the public tranquillity, but it will not succeed in its object, which is to light up civil war. In order to avoid a civil war, let us keep the army in a good state. I also hope that all those who oppose us will keep in the proper limits in order not to create difficulties, not even the slightest, to the government."

FROM SALT LAKE.

The arrival of the mails to July 1st gives us a few items from the Mormon country.

New potatoes grown in the open air, and measuring nearly nine inches in circumference, made their dinner appearance on the 23d of June, and there was a good prospect of an abundant potato harvest. Elder Smith, who returned from a trip to Provo on the 11th of June, says grasshoppers had gathered several fields on the bench lands at Springville, Provo, and Pleasant Grove. The News asks, "How would the outsiders, who are howling so awfully, like to fence, plow and sow, and then have uninvited gatherers take all the crop, without saying so much as by your leave, sir?"

The territory was in a peaceable condition, and general prosperity prevailed. Rumors of the expedition fitting out by the government had reached Utah, but attracted little attention. Grass was abundant on the plains. The Indians were friendly.

NAHANT, HO!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

With the thermometer at such a height that we even in our highest heeled boots, cannot think of reaching it, we sigh for the breezy shores of rock-bound Nahant. Could we fly at this instant, while the clock points half-past two, we should alight upon the docks of the "Nelly Baker," as the last tone of the bell rung out "Off!" and risk our lives and fortunes—if either are worth anything in this "heated term,"—with Captain Covill. The captain rattle about our ears, and the whirl of a steam engine defends our senses. Oh! for the dashing of the white foam upon the rocks!

The Busy World.

THE OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, of New York, owners of the New York, Southampton, and Bremen line, have resolved to sell their steamers, and liquidate their affairs.

THE BROADTIRE TUNNEL, upon the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, fell in recently for a considerable distance, burying the track beneath tons of earth. The Tunnel is nearly 2700 feet in length, and was constructed at an immense outlay.

JOHNSON, of the Council Bluffs *Bugle*, says that eight years ago he purchased, "with fear and trembling," a lot in Council Bluffs, on Broadway, for \$20, and made the seller take out part of it in goods at his store. A few days since property in that vicinity sold for \$150 a front foot.

THERE ARE 160,000 Swiss in this country, most of whom inhabit the States of the Northwest. In Tennessee there are 2000, the largest portion of whom live in Morgan County, in that State.

WM. ORR, of Bracken County, Ky., has sold his entire last year's crop of native wine, to a gentleman in New York, for \$2 50 per gallon, which is said to be the highest price ever obtained for native wine in this country.

ONLY ONE company of the New York Seventh Regiment has consented to accept the Minie muskets provided for them. They prefer to wait for a portion of the 3000 now being made by order of the Commissary-General, with the Maynard primer, and Ward's improvement.

A NEW LIFE PRESERVER has been introduced into use at Quebec, costing but fifty cents. They are made of a number of pieces of cork, covered with linen, having straps through which to pass the arms, and strings to tie in front of the wearer. A person with one of these articles firmly tied round his person, could not sink if he were desirous to do so.

THE STEAMBOAT TWILIGHT recently returned to St. Louis, after a trip of 2520 miles on the Missouri river, having been absent 51 days.

YACHTING.—A grand regatta at Nahant is on the tapis, to come off the middle of August, in which the crack yachts of the New York squadron are expected to participate.

ONE OF THE DEACONS of a Baptist church, in Michigan, was recently deposed from his office because he voted for Buchanan.

MILITARY.—The first division of New York State Militia now numbers 16 Regiments, and over 6000 men.

CANADA.—The new post office law in Canada took effect on the first of August. The system of passing all newspapers without charges is discontinued, and only those sent directly from newspaper offices are free.

PRINTERS MAKING ROADS.—Among the company who left Memphis, Tennessee, lately, for the purpose of building a wagon road to the Pacific, from Little Rock, Arkansas, there were eight printers.

OMINOUS.—The editor of the St. Paul Pioneer, upon entering his room, a few days ago, found upon the editorial table an elaborately wrought and well-sharpened bowie-knife. The next morning he found, in the same place, a cowhide. Both articles had been placed there in his absence, by an unknown hand.

GOOD SHOOTING.—Miss Curtis, of Hartford, last Saturday, fired 31 shots in a shooting gallery at Saratoga. She hit the bull's eye 11 times, every other shot striking within two inches of it.

AT PACIFIC CITY, IOWA, the Fourth of July was celebrated by the raising of four new buildings by the citizens, who afterwards joined in various amusements.

THE SALT WELL of Col. D. R. Burbank, at Henderson, Kentucky, has reached the depth of 1480 feet. The water flowing from it is of the strongest briny taste, and well adapted to the manufacture of salt. About seventy gallons of water flow out per minute.

THE DETROIT antiquarians are endeavoring to reorganize, on a firm basis, the Michigan State Historical Society.

A COMPANY is to be formed in Fall River, with a capital of \$25,000, for the manufacture of glassware.

THE MAYOR of Hartford receives a salary of \$300. An attempt to raise it to \$500, and that of the City Clerk to \$500, and that of the Treasurer to \$400, has been defeated. The City Auditor has \$30 a year.

THE COMMON COUNCIL of New Haven have ordered the Alanthus trees to be cut down, on account of their disagreeable odor.

SCHOOLS.—Within the borders of the United States are 80,000 schools, 5,000 academies, 334 colleges, and 3,800 churches.

MAYOR WENTWORTH, of Chicago, has been fined \$25 and costs for his late assault on Charles Cameron, of that city. He did not appear before the Court to make any defence.

WORTHLESS BILLS on the old Wolfborough Bank, of New Hampshire, are in circulation. The name of the present bank at Wolfborough is the Lake Bank.

FIREMEN.—At the grand Firemen's Tournament, to come off at Elmira, N. Y., August 31st, six prizes for the best playing are offered, ranging from \$100 to \$180. At least 160 companies are expected to be present.

LABORERS.—There is much demand for laborers in the upper peninsula, of Michigan. One of the railroad companies offers \$1 50 a day and board.

IN NEW YORK, a note or draft given by parties of undoubted credit, is called "first-class paper;" in New Orleans it is known as "fire-proof;" and in Boston as "gilt-edged paper."

THOMAS GALES FOSTER, formerly connected with the press in St. Louis, Mo., lectured at Music Hall on Sunday afternoon and evening, to highly respectable audiences. The two discourses were full of eloquence and replete with brilliant thoughts. We shall report them in our next number.

Dr. Gardner has changed the place of these meetings to Music Hall, on account of its greater facilities for ventilation, during the sultry season.

AN ITINERANT QUACK in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hays' rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had lodged for some time. "I cannot extract this, stranger," said the would-be doctor; "because, to do it would go nigh killin' ye; but I can give ye a box o' pills that will melt it in yer head."

POMEROY said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

Dramatic.

The performances at the Howard Athenaeum defy the sultry, oppressive heat of the dog days. John Brougham is so irresistibly funny, and his burlesque Pocalontas so brimful of wit and drollery, that people seem to forget the raging of the dog star. Miss Mary Hill has joined the combination, appearing as "Mrs. Stenhold," on Monday evening. She is a very welcome addition to the list.

THE SAUNDERS BENEFIT reflected credit upon every one concerned in it. It was a genuine outburst of affectionate feeling for one who was so open-hearted and true as to bind all hearts to him. The monody, by William O. Eaton, Esq., was a feeling and graceful tribute, and was well spoken by Miss Mary Wood. Mr. Proctor spoke warmly of the talents of his late friend, and we rejoice to learn that the receipts placed in the hands of Mrs. Saunders amounted to \$576.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.—Mrs. Henry Vining, mother of Mrs. John Wood, is coming to America. She plays leading heavy business.—Mr. Eddy has opened the Bowery, with James Anderson as stage manager, and H. Watkins, N. B. Clarke, Miss Ada Clifton, Messrs. Eddy and Archbold in the stock.—F. A. Vincent has leased the Albany Theatre.—Mrs. Gladstone is in the city. She is to be the leading actress of the Boston Museum for the coming season.—W. H. Smith is enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, at his farm, at Groton.—The Keller troupe are at Buffalo.—Mr. Forrest is at White Sulphur Springs, Va.—Geo. Weston, formerly known as "the Great Western," the Yankee comedian, died on the 18th inst., at Blinghamton, N. Y.—The St. Louis Theatre has been leased for the three winter months (when De Bar takes his company to the St. Charles, N. O.), by Messrs. Fuller & Waldauer.—Edwin Booth is living upon his farm near Baltimore, recruiting his energies. We may expect some startling performances when the season opens.

THE "RELIGIOUS PRESS."

It is singular with what studied indifference the entire religious press, so called, regard the increasing public interest in the manifestations of Spirit presence. We look through our exchanges of this class each week, anxious to find some token of a recognition of the renewal of the signs that Christ promised should follow those who believe, but in vain.—Everything on earth and what they suppose to be in heaven is discussed, but the question before the world, the greatest question of the age is dodged with an art that defies worldly shrewdness to surpass.

It cannot be supposed that the readers of these journals are indifferent to the subject. It might somewhat astonish the Editors could they be reliably informed of the actual state of mind of their readers in relation to the Spiritual phenomena, and the tangible evidence afforded of an immortal existence beyond the "vale of tears" on which they write their dolorous effusions. We hesitate not to say that of every thousand families in which their papers are received, at least eight hundred of them are interested, if not firm believers in Spiritualism. Is it not to be expected that of all these some look as anxiously as we do for a word on the subject in their "Herald," "Reflector," or "Puritan"? It may be, perhaps, as well that they look in vain, for it is reasonable to suppose that if the columns of these papers contained anything in regard to the matter, it would consist of merely a re-hash of time-worn and type-worn dogmas, and appeals to unreasonable doctrines, resting on the mysterious ways of Providence, which they solemnly aver it is sacrilegious to attempt to look into.

So, after all, we return to the immutable truth of God, "whatever is, is right." Let the "religious press" maintain its integrity, and preach of regeneration, election, the perseverance of saints, and eternal damnation, the truth is with God, and the people are with him, and we are quite willing to leave them all in his hands with the consciousness that "he doeth all things well."

ENCOURAGING.—From information constantly being received, it is safe to estimate that nearly five hundred thousand souls are assembled every Sunday, in the United States alone, to listen to the teachings of Spiritualism.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

Our friends will confer a favor on us and upon our readers by sending us each week short reports of meetings held upon the Sabbath, or at any other time, with announcements of future gatherings. We shall also publish a list of public lecturers and mediums who are disposed to act as agents for this paper and use some exertion in their respective localities to increase its circulation. Will such please address us? Our object is not only to make the "Banner" useful to Spiritualists as a class, and the public at large, but to every individual; and for this purpose we solicit the personal co-operation of each in the work we are carrying on.

Write to us, and talk to us as freely as you would face to face. Let us form a conversational circle that shall extend from one extreme of our country; (and of the world if you say so,) to the other.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES.—Mr. THOMAS GALES FOSTER, formerly of St. Louis, now of Buffalo, N. Y., will lecture in the Music Hall, in the unconscious Trance State, on Sunday, August 2d, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M., and 3 1/2 P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall. At the close of the services, Mr. F. will exhibit two splendid portraits of spirits.

CHICAGO.—L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, at FENNER HALL, Whittier street, at the morning and evening sessions, each Sabbath.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

CAMBRIDGE.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Meetings also at Wall's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOWSER.

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

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Will you allow a humble seeker after truth, who flatters himself he takes a common sense view of matters and things that come before him, to say a word or two on this subject, which is now occupying considerable attention, and worthily so; it will readily be admitted that but few or any are ever converted or disconverted by paragraphs or newspaper arguments. Still, if they lead, as they frequently do, to reflection and investigation, the labor is by no means wasted; one naturally looks for a truthful but partial view of this subject in your columns, perhaps a disinterested, or rather unprejudiced one may not be out of place there, as your sheet frequently meets the eyes of many who are not yet of the rank or file of the spiritual army, but, like the writer, willing "to prove all things, holding fast to that which is good."

Comparatively but little general notice, outside of the converted, was taken of the progress of this sentiment during the few years of its existence as a sect; its spread was silent, but far more extensive than people were generally aware of; a simple incident brought about the discussion of the subject outside of spiritual circles, the facts of which are well known; a Professor in Harvard College, having settled opinions that the so-called "spiritual phenomena" was nothing but trickery, at a sitting with a divinity student, (who was a medium,) thought he detected the *modus operandi* of the manifestations, although satisfactorily explained to people of common sense at the time, he, blinded by his prejudices, reported his facts of the case to the heads of the department; the influence of the Professor, together with the anti-spiritual notions of those educated men, brought about a course of treatment toward the operation, that savored of injustice; a sort of hanging, and trying afterwards process. Considerable sympathy was manifested for the individual by the community, which could not be very easily separated from the subject itself; the friends of Spiritualism taking advantage of this, pushed their views with greater freedom, and those who had identified themselves against the subject, left no stone unturned to maintain their position. Thus the matter progressed, till it led to a meeting for the investigation of its claims, the result of which was not satisfactory to either party; the failure of the Spiritualists to produce the manifestations, strengthened these "men of science" having the matter in hand, in the grounds that had originally taken, while those on the other hand, who have seen the effects, instead of being disheartened in the least, satisfactorily and scientifically account for the failure, and look upon it as a "Bunker Hill," so to speak, nominally a defeat, but, in the end, as truth is sure to prevail over error, a triumph. There is where the matter now stands.

The actual personal observations of the writer of this communication, leads him to believe in the truth, or actual fact, of the following classes of manifestations, viz.: that raps and tips are produced on or with tables, without the operator touching them; that pianos will jump up and down, keeping time with the music; that bells will ring, and guitars be sounded and moved from place to place, untouched; that raised, legible letters, words, names and sentences, show themselves on the arm, without physical contact; that people see, by some peculiar sight, the forms of the departed, which are so accurately described, that they are easily recognized by those who knew them in the form; that written communications come through mediums, giving information beyond their knowledge; that letters addressed to inhabitants of the spirit world are intelligently answered; that uneducated men and women speak in a trance state on subjects of which they have no knowledge, and beyond their powers, if they had, and fully equal, in many instances, to the most cultivated minds, with ample preparation; in fact, all things being equal, they would carry the palm; that said raps, tips, communications and other manifestations, indicate an intelligence disconnected from the medium. The writer has witnessed experiments in every one of the foregoing classes of manifestations, and in light rooms, where deception was utterly out of the question and impossible. We make no mention here of what is seen in the dark, the above in the light is sufficient for our purpose. We can conceive, when we take into consideration the capacities of the human mind admitted, and those yet to be discovered, that these manifestations may be produced without spiritual aid; but until such a discovery is made, the spiritual illumination is the best one, and probably will turn out the true one. A remark the other day in the *Traveller* had much truth in it, viz.: "that the investigation of this subject, bearing as it does, upon the better part of our nature, is full as important as hunting up a stray comet, proving the nebulae of Saturn's rings, or comparing the different species of turtle." No one has been scientific enough yet, to explain satisfactorily to himself or to others, the mysterious connection of soul and body. We know the fact, but when it commenced, and how it continues, and how the apparently unsubstantial spirit carries round, for some seventy years, a hundred and fifty pounds of substantial matter, when almost a puff can dissolve the connection, in beyond our conception. While, then, man himself is such a mystery, and so much that is mysterious in connection with him—the sentiments that take root in his mind, particularly if they have become a religious belief with any large number, should be dealt fairly with. With that object in view, let us look at the subject still further.

Some members of the Boston press have seen this phenomena, and knowing whatever be its origin it could not be attributed to duplicity, modestly took a favorable view of it, were rather more disposed to defend the mediums, however, from unmerited abuse than to defend the "spiritual doctrine," and were disposed to see fair play, and have received some credit for their independence and liberality—a much larger portion of the press kept aloof from the subject were not disposed to discuss a matter looked upon as heterodox by the community in general. The numerous articles on this subject, which have been published in the *Courier*, bear but little upon the sentiment of Spiritualism, but considerable upon the manifestations and the mediums; and though covering a great deal of space can be condensed into a few words, viz.: that it is an unmitigated humbug from beginning to end, without a single qualifying circumstance in connection, that everything claimed by it, out of the usual course, is through trickery and deception. This will represent the sentiment of the anti-Spiritualists:—A few days ago the *Transcript*, in a short, well-expressed article, the only one, I think, they have published on the subject, admits, "That the sincerity of motive of a large class of Spiritualists cannot successfully be impeached—that it was spreading—that if our country had no subject for a national poem, it certainly had material for effective satire," and closes with these words, "But where will they find in all past annals anything that will compare in monstrosity or absurdity, with modern Spiritualism in some of its manifestations." Now these remarks will express pretty fairly the sentiments entertained by a large class, viz.: the indifferent, and perhaps informed on the subject—to be still more brief, the *Courier's* definition will be that it is *trickery and sin*, and the *Transcript's*, that it is *ridiculous and absurd*. Now, having considerable regard for the *Courier*, when it has not committed itself on the wrong side of a subject, and much love for the little *Transcript*, let it be understood that their identities are used for the sentiment expressed—which happens to be the opinion of two classes in the community—both needing more light.

It will be admitted, that if everything, which some have called trickery, sin, absurd, and ridiculous, should have been allowed to have sunk into oblivion, there would have been nothing left for the occupation of the human mind, we should have to begin again, and probably keep doing so; it is said, "There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous." This is true, and applicable to every subject, sacred or profane—the pulpit and the forum—the houses of mourning, as well as the houses of feasting, have the accidents and incidents, where the finger of satire, and the pencil of mirth, can

truthfully teach this sentiment. It is said the author of the "Age of Reason," once quoted this passage of Scripture, where Moses had expressed a wish to see God's person, viz.: "And he said thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live, and the Lord said it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by, and I will take away my hand and thou shalt see my back parts," &c., (Exodus 33: 20)—as a specimen of what was ridiculous in the sublimity of all books—the Bible is conceded to be too sacred ground for satire, but if some things ridiculous can be found in that fount of religion, one may naturally expect Spiritualism to form no exception to the general rule; and with the absurdities connected with religion, it must come in for its share. If there is truth at the bottom of the well, in time a veil will be cast over the absurdities, woven from the substance of what is good in it, to press this point a little further. It is fashionable or customary for well intentioned people to profess a regard for the Bible, and every Spiritualist worthy of the name certainly has, from consistency if from nothing else; but with reverence be it spoken, with all its beauties, all its Christian precepts and its high teachings, to use the words from the *Transcript*, "Where did you ever see anything that would compare with it in absurdity in some of its manifestations." To those who have paid no attention to this subject, or have gathered their information through prejudiced channels, this remark will savor of profanity; to such let it be said, making proper allowance for the dust of ridicule and the acts attributed to the subject without foundation, and an honest investigation of what and what only it claims; the profanity of the remark will entirely vanish, therefore, it is not wise to condemn anything merely on the ground of absurdity.

The article referred to in the *Transcript* contained two things which were particularly true, viz.: "That the sincerity of motive of a large class of Spiritualists cannot successfully be impeached," and that the thing is so general, circles are springing up in almost every community." That being admitted, the question then is, what is its practical effect? The scientific committee in their late award said, "It takes truth from man and impairs the purity of woman." The *Transcript*, in the article referred to, says, "It furnishes the most irrefragable proof, that Satan still roams through the world doing all the mischief he can," &c. With regard to these two answers from respectable sources to the question proposed, the experience and observations made with care, lead this writer to different conclusions—and he feels sure, sounder and truer ones; if it was true, as the *Courier* boldly asserts, that the mediums were all deceivers and the believers dupes, he would subscribe to the committee's opinion; but drawing his experience of the truth of these manifestations from circles beyond reproach and beyond pay, he knows, in common with thousands of others, that such is not the fact. This writer subscribes fully to a remark made by one of the scientific committee, that the congregating of such men (referring to men of letters and science) in the vicinity of Harvard College, was worthily a source of pride to any community, and helps largely to give us a name at home and abroad, of an intellectual people, without qualifying, in the least, the foregoing, it can be truly said that, habituated as they [men of science] are in the slow and careful road of scientific progress or research, while there is no class so ably calculated to do justice to this matter, they having committed themselves against it at first, its claims having appeared so absurd, that the investigations took the form of establishing the truth of their first impressions, rather than an honest search after truth. It is a pity that those interested in convincing that committee were not more successful, for the good of the cause, for such an award, from such a source, is certainly a damper. The failure is easily explained on scientific grounds, and had we space we would attempt it. No one will doubt but that that *immortal* *conclave of worthies*, who would have sacrificed Galileo, occupied as prominent a position then, relatively, as this committee do now; and no doubt their motive was humanity's good and the overthrow of error. The mistakes of eminent men in past times, should be a little encouragement to those who know the question should not be as to the fact, but only as to the origin.

Now among the large number who believe in this thing, a great proportion of them are of a class who are inclined to think for themselves—a class, by the way, larger now than ever before, and larger here, relatively, than in any other country, probably growing out of such privileges as common schools and a cheap press; and among them may be found many of cultivated minds. Now can it for a moment be supposed that these men are one and all deluded, taking hearsay for evidence? It must be allowed that the basis of the doctrine of modern Spiritualism is antagonistic to the general views of the people of this age, and if there was not more than ordinary evidence, far-seeing, thinking, philosophical and practical men would not be found among the believers, and that, this sect contains many such, none can deny.

If a man saw a table move (as this writer has) in a light room without material aid, and in moving, drum a particular march by request, and was satisfied of being both awake and sober, and that it was not an optical delusion, all the negative testimony in the world would not convince him against the evidence of his senses. There are many in just this position—whether or no he would attribute it to spirit agency, is another thing; he would require other and more dignified evidence. The Spiritualists themselves require more; and there may be much on record beneath the dignity of spirit life. Most of the believers have received something satisfactory, which, to them, "is the still small voice," and really they do not require as a basis the application,

"Oh would some power the gift to give us" to see the absurdities in connection; they know that as light shining through stained glass is sometimes changed, so spiritual communications are apt to be shaded by the sources through which they reach us. And because some of the communications from distinguished spirits may show an apparent mental retrograde from their mundane efforts, it is no argument against their genuineness, the fault is most likely in the conditions or sources; a Jewshar gives a different music from an organ, though both may be played by a Beethoven. Really the Spiritualist has as good evidence for his faith as can be claimed for any other subject that does not admit of mathematical demonstration. There will always be room for skepticism till death lifts the curtain, as there is for the doctrine of Salvation by Grace; and it may turn out, referring again to the Scientific Committee, that the following extract from the *Home Journal* is true, and applicable to Spiritualism as it is to Christianity.

"The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens—we dig down to the centre of the earth for systems—and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us; it is in the highway path, and the ploughman treads on it with clouted shoes."

As was said before, outside of the physical manifestations, and the littleness of some of the others, there are higher teachings which have settled into a system of religious truths, the effect of which is undeniably good. This article would be made too long to give the theology of it. In a word, it harmonizes pretty well with the doctrine taught by Channing, Putnam and some others—practical Christianity—if all do not come up to that high standard, it is for the same reason that Christians fall short of perfection—to step aside is human."

A few weeks since, the papers of the day paid a just tribute to the late Calvin Whiting. He was a Spiritualist in full faith, enjoying intercourse with his departed children, leaving records of their communications; we do not doubt, from his nature, he would have been a good man if he had been a heathen. He found Spiritualism congenial to him, and his daily life was its practical effect—whether he has now realized the truth of his intercourse with his children may not be positively known; suffice it to say, he died in the faith and his end was happy, and

whether it is a stupendous delusion as the *Courier* says or not, if it results with all, as with him, who would not like to possess the same delusion? Miron.

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

NUMBER ONE.

All things move. Motion is life. Every living thing moves. All things have life, and that which you call death and supposed to be a cessation of life, is but a different form of life, and has motion still. The motion of the living body is one thing; it is to perpetuate itself in that form. The dead and decaying body has life, seeking to perpetuate itself in another form. So that matter, whether animated by what you regard as life, or inanimate and decaying from what you regard as the absence of life, has life still in some form.

Wherever there is life there is motion. Matter, before it is developed into the animate form, has life; and matter, when developed into the disembodied spirit, has life. The iron, when it rusts, but obeys the law of motion. So the stone, when it crumbles to earth—water, when congealed to ice—the most inert and sluggish form of matter has motion still—motion of itself, independent of that which it has in connection with other particles of matter with which it may be united.

Motion, then, is the great law of the universe, pervading all things—existing everywhere—from the unknown beginning to the unfathomable end.

Could your glance penetrate the vast universe which surrounds you, you would behold the universal prevalence of this law. Could your vision but penetrate the atmosphere in which you live, the earth on which you tread, the unseen existence toward which you are tending, you would behold the universality of motion.

If you seek to understand the world in which you live, how important it is for you to know what is the all-pervading law of its existence, and what are the attributes of that law. It is the first element of knowledge for you. It is the foundation on which alone you can erect a proper superstructure. It is the very Alpha of your schools. And yet how little does man, with all his boasted discoveries, know of it! He hardly recognizes its existence, and much more is he ignorant of its qualities. There is, then, yet much for you to learn, without which you must wander, as man has wandered for ages, in comparative darkness and ignorance. Ye behold effects, and in them ye fancy ye discover a cause, and ye speculate in your narrow wisdom until ye are lost in "a mighty maze," that seems to your contracted vision to be all "without a plan." Thus beholding effects, ye imagine ye can understand why the earth rolls over in its orbit without being drawn to the sun on the one hand, and without on the other, being cast off to roam wildly through space. But unless ye know of and understand this mighty first principle, ye cannot know what it is that sends the vast orbs of the universe through space with a velocity which the mind cannot conceive of, and with a complication of movement beyond its comprehension. Such as is your ignorance when ye do not know of the existence of that principle, equally great are your darkness and obscurity when ye do not know its qualities.

Take, as an instance,—The wheel of iron, revolving rapidly around a centre, manifests an almost irresistible propensity to fly off from the centre. Water revolving in its eddy around a centre, constantly tends towards that centre. Know ye why these opposite effects are produced by the same rotary motion? Who among your philosophers has ever even speculated on that difference? Who has ever attempted to explain it? Yet the fact is before you every day. Every carriage wheel which rolls along your streets shows it in one form. Every running stream over which you cross, shows it in another. Apparently to you it is the same cause, producing opposite results, and ye marvel how it can be! It cannot arise from the fact that one motive is vertical, and the other horizontal, for the same effect is produced by the wheel of iron, when it revolves horizontally, as when it revolves vertically. It cannot be owing to the different density of the different elements, mineral and aqueous, for the comparative density between iron and water is not much greater than that between water and air, yet the whirlwind has the same tendency to the centre that the whirlpool has, and both the whirlwind and the whirlpool have also the same centrifugal force with the wheel of iron. You will behold on the outer edge of the whirlwind the leaves it has gathered in its progress thrown off, and the wheel of iron displays the same tendency to the centre that the whirlpool does. Mark the wheel of your carriage as you drive rapidly along, and observe how often the dirt that is detached from its outer rim, instead of flying off in a tangent, drops directly towards the hub. Here you observe a strange combination of forces in the same matter, existing and operating at the same instant of time, and displaying directly opposite effects.

I have given you these examples on a small scale, that, from familiar matters, you may readily comprehend the lesson I would teach.

That same law pervades the whole universe, and is operating every instant of time upon the globe which you inhabit, upon the system of which your planet is a part, upon the countless worlds, of which your system is a part, and is producing its effects, some of which ye behold, and some ye do not.

But the marvelous complexity of motion which is at work in the universe around you, and the effect of that complexity ye cannot conceive. Take the familiar illustration I have already given you. The wheel of your carriage is revolving on its axis, and is rolling forward. It is thus moving with a combined motion upon a plane—I mean the surface of your earth, which is also rolling around its axis, and also moving forward. The earth on which it thus moves is a satellite to the sun, which also revolves on its axis, and rolls forward through space, and so on far beyond your comprehension. Put this moving carriage wheel upon the moon's surface, and impart to it its motion, and you complicate its motion still more.

Now, who can tell, who can conceive the mighty effects which this complexity of motion must of necessity produce upon the universe of worlds? For it exists everywhere, pervades all space, governs all matter, animate or inanimate. It is the vital spark of creation.

Pause here, and ponder on this question, for at some future and fitting time we shall endeavor to answer it for you.

If we examine the subject, it is not pride that makes us angry, but the want of foundation for pride, and for this reason humbly often displeases us as much.

ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.

NUMBER THREE.

From all I am able to gather as a generalization of the various developments in Spiritualism, we may arrive at the following conclusions:—

First. Man is not mortal, except in the physical sense. But men are not all conscious of their immortality, and most men who have any faith in immortality, have it so confounded with church teachings and errors, that they have a horror of the idea of entering upon the next phase of existence, and this fear or horror is to some an evidence which destroys their faith in immortality.

I said, "man is not mortal." But few are conscious of their immortality.

Second. They who have faith in life beyond the grave, have also many errors engrafted on that faith, whereby they are in no sense any better off than the man who has no faith. There exists a necessity for a change in these things—man being a progressive being—and the mass of humanity are gradually coming up to that standard of mental power, which formerly only a few gifted or favored men have possessed. The progressive nature of man has brought him up to that point where the first few feeble rays of a brighter light could be received and borne without producing discordant results.

Man waits the proof of his immortality, and it is now offered to him.

I said—

Second. They who have faith have also many errors. From this we have, as a natural sequence,

Third. Faith, grounded in error, must be corrected. Ignorance must be enlightened. Therefore, we have a want for certain kinds of knowledge. It comes to us, as is usually the case. There are some things in nature that I can understand in a certain sense, but I cannot fully understand.

I can understand why an apple tree blossoms. I can understand why the fruit should have a use.

Man being a demonstrated existence, I do not understand why he exists, because I cannot place myself at the remote end of the series toward which he is progressing. The apple tree, I understand well enough, but I do not understand man. The apple tree has its uses, by which I may understand it. I appreciate this, as you would. But is there not something, some kind of intelligence that finds uses in man, by which man's existence is understood?

Now this great subject of Spiritualism opens to me new understandings of the mysticisms in that book, so many of our fellows look upon with so much superstition and awe. Christ is revealed to me as a man of pre-eminent sensitiveness to these qualities of things, physical and mental, that we call good and evil. A man, whose spiritual elements were so harmoniously developed, that his existence typified man as he should be, ages hence, after long travail in the developments of his powers. A man, whose harmonious developments none others could sympathize with, for they were almost as much below him as the Hottentot is below the mightiest intellect of the Anglo Saxon type.

A man, of such harmonious developments, that truth flowed spontaneously into his perceptions, and governed all his actions. How little were his teachings known and understood as they should be.

He tried to lift his fellow-men above the plane in which they moved, but the perversity of human nature was there as now. The man who will amuse, is better loved by the mass of brutal minds, than he who instructs.

But I ramble over too much ground. I do not feel competent to undertake to inform you in the matter of Spiritualism. I have seen enough of it in actual demonstration, to be prepared to believe more on well supported evidence of others for new developments, than any of my own senses. I know what I know, but to a man who knows not, in the department of psychology, my knowledge, or any other person's knowledge, would be only incredible evidence.

A PRESENTIMENT.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

It was a clear, cold morning in January, in the year 1821, somewhere about nine o'clock in the morning, when a young man entered his dwelling, and somewhat astonished his wife with the intelligence that he must start immediately for Boston. Now Boston was only ten miles distant to be sure, but at that period there was only a daily stage, which left some two hours earlier in the morning; and a heavy lumbering baggage wagon, whose time was regulated in accordance with the amount of freight it conveyed, so that, to one in a position of life totally dependent upon industrial labor, to supply the wants of a young brood of six or seven, and a wife in delicate health, it was looked upon not only as expensive, but as quite a little journey, not to be taken at all events without some deliberation.

"And, pray, what takes you to Boston?" asked the wife.

"I do not know," was the unsatisfactory reply. "I only know that ever since I opened my eyes this morning, I have been harassed with a strange, unaccountable feeling that I was wanted there; depend upon it, something has happened to cousin Martha or her children; her husband has been some months at sea, she may be sick, who knows?"

"Nonsense! what is to hinder them from writing, if they want you? it isn't likely they are all sick, even if one should be."

"But I have a presentiment, Lizzie! it may seem weak, nay, even foolish, but I cannot shake it off. I tell you Martha is in trouble, and go I must."

"And how, pray, will you go? The stage has been gone two hours, certainly, and you might run all over the village and not find a single person going in that direction."

"I will walk, Lizzie."

"Walk! are you crazy? Walk! this horrid cold day, and the road in such a condition. It is as much as they can do to get the mail through; you'd be buried in the first snow drift. I tell you it is utterly impossible; I never will consent to such an insane undertaking, and all for the sake of a silly freak of the imagination, which you choose to twist into a presentiment. Pah! go back to your work, and if it still troubles you, drive it off; for my part, I don't believe in such fantasies."

"But, Lizzie dear, this is no fantasy; and we are only wasting precious time. I cannot work; I have tried, and it is utterly impossible. It is something of an undertaking, certainly, to walk to Boston just now that a deep snow blocks up the way, nevertheless I shall try it. I dare say you'll laugh at me unmercifully, if I find them all well, and you may be welcome; and more—I promise, if nothing comes of this presentiment, never to heed another."

"Nothing will come of it, unless it be a severe cold, or frost-bitten feet or fingers; and then what will become of us, these hard times? It is just as much as we can do to live now. I wish you would hear to reason."

"Just what I am doing, Lizzie; an argument has been going on in my mind all the morning, every obstacle which has presented itself has been swept away by some potent reason, until the path of duty is as clear to my vision as the sun at noon-day; so, wife of mine, don't borrow needless troubles, they come fast enough in their own way; you'll see me again before to-morrow morning, God willing, so good bye; and, turning away resolutely from her pleading look, he betook himself to his solitary journey. A bright sun shed its influence upon him as he traversed the long, bleak marsh, and the consciousness that he was obeying the dictates of conscience, mysterious as might seem the unseen influence which had impelled him on his friendly mission, gladdened a heart which, in spite of more than a common share of life's vicissitudes, was never weary or cast down.

In much less time than he had deemed it possible, he was in Boston, at the door of the tenement, occupied, as he supposed, by his wife's cousin. A feeling somewhat vague and undefined, came over him while waiting for admission, not that he doubted the necessity of coming, but, to use his own expression, "he was off the track." A perfect stranger at length obeyed the summons, and, in answer to his inquiries, told him that the last occupants of the house had some weeks before removed to Cambridge, in what locality, she could not tell. After a futile effort to glean more from one or two in the neighborhood, and remembering that his cousin was somewhat peculiar in her views, and her circle of acquaintances very limited, he turned his weary footsteps toward Cambridge, and, after some time spent in fruitless endeavors to find the family, began to grow discouraged, and inclined to believe that, after all, Lizzie was right, and he might as well retrace his steps; while there was a chance of overtaking the coach, which, in an hour or so, would be on the return route. Just then hunger prompted him to enter a store in quest of something to satisfy its demands, and again he made the anxious inquiry.

"Yes, such a family had lately come into the vicinity. "Do you know anything about them?" came involuntarily to the lips of the questioner.

"A little; the gentleman rented the house of me a few weeks ago, he is a sea captain, and sailed soon after for the West Indies. Night before last the wife and mother retired to rest in good health; in the morning, her children, (the two little girls were in bed with her,) upon awakening, found her dead. From all appearance, cramp in the stomach was the cause. She was a perfect stranger here, and the poor children, in their half distracted and forlorn state, seemed incapable of any exertion, so I took all upon myself; she was interred yesterday afternoon. Poor things! they ought to be looked after, certainly."

Mr. P. was paralyzed; shocked, would hardly express the feeling for which he had been in a measure prepared. He had dreamed of sickness, surely, but not of death. A few moments brought him to the almost desolate mansion; the boys were absent upon some necessary errand, and the two little girls, one eleven, and the other scarcely seven, were sitting side by side upon the broad, old-fashioned, window-seat, looking wistfully out into the dreary space, for the neighborhood was thinly populated, and the little strangers were shut out from all society by the heavy snow drifts, which, upon that never-to-be-forgotten night, had piled themselves up formidably around them. An abrupt rap upon the door startled them, and instinctively shrinking and clinging closer to each other, they listened to the sound of approaching footsteps, for Mr. P., eager to know the worst, had not waited to be formally admitted. They did not, at first, recognize him, for hot, blinding tears sprang to the eyes of each; it was their first grief, and it was both mighty and overwhelming. The strong man did not disdain to mingle tears of pity and sympathy with the desolate orphans; he did more, he went back for his wife, made every necessary arrangement, took the little bereaved family home, and, with his wife, acted the part of guardian, parent, friend, until the father returned to claim his own.

STRONG PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN NASHUA.

We have received a letter from a friend, giving an account of some remarkable manifestations in Nashua, N. H., from which we make the following extract:—

"I send you to-day a Nashua paper, in which I have marked some articles of interest. One of them contains a capital hit at Agassiz, and one of the committee. I am surprised at finding the general tone of the country papers so favorable to Spiritualism. The cause seems to be triumphing everywhere. There have been two young ladies from Portland here for the last three weeks, astounding the good citizens of Nashua with manifestations of a most extraordinary character. One of them is a medium for music. She has two violins, a guitar, triangle, two accordions, a tambourine, and two bells, placed under the table, and oftentimes all are played upon at once, and the music is said to be very fine. The spirits controlling profess to be Black Hawk, J. R. Hector, and Miss Macomber, two of the Macomber troupe who used to give concerts about the country, and sometimes Madame Sontag. They have one very peculiar manifestation; at the request of the circle, Black Hawk steps around on the table, and places his large moccasined foot in every hand. There it is palpable to the touch, though nothing can be seen."

AN UNEXPECTED RESPONSE.

A correspondent, H. T. O., of Philadelphia, writes us that, in company with T. L. Harris, he visited Laurel Hill Cemetery, on the sixth of May, 1864. Passing by the grave where the remains of General Mercer were entombed, they noticed the marble which marked the spot, and their attention was particularly directed to the sword, and other warlike weapons sculptured thereon. Mr. O. remarked that such emblems, in such a place, did not accord with his views of propriety. Mr. Harris made no reply, but, after passing a short distance, became influenced, and, on entering the trance condition, he beheld a spirit form, dressed in military costume—and described him as a short, stout man, with a broad face. He then spoke as follows:—

"I shook away the body's dust,
And rose sublimely to the sun,
My broken sword was turned to run,
To heaven my upward course I run.
I wave my banner 'mid the skies,
Borne upward through the heavens I rise,
Within these consecrated shades
My spirit form is turned to mould;
And those who cross their little bridge
On earth, are friends in yonder fold."

The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

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

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *finis* beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their *Räksor*, because they have been advised by them to do it.

From B. Langworthy.

Mortals, know ye not that myriads of angels are watching, with intense anxiety, the scene in the battle field below? Know ye not that the Great Head of the Universal Church of Love is looking down upon you through various channels, and will be well pleased if you conquer by Love? In darker ages the people of earth were ruled by fear; yes, up to the time when we find the shepherds upon the plain at night. Behold them watching their flocks! Hark! sounds fill the air; hands of angels are present to the view of wondering shepherds. Listen again! why do they come? what tidings do they bring? "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and to all nations of the earth."

Ye who dwell in the present age are living under the same light—the hallowed star of Love. For He whom angels have proclaimed, says, I come to teach you Love, to tear down the old and rear you more new and beautiful things. I come to establish a new theory, a new mode of salvation. Love is henceforth to be the guiding star of all Christians. If your enemies spitefully use you, pray for them, said Jesus. Let us look within the Temples of the present day; let us look within the hearts of the modern disciples of Christ. When the spark of antagonism is thrown among them, then they catch the fire of retaliation, and have not a sign of Christianity left. Behold them calling their brethren liars, scoundrels, impostors, God-forsaken creatures. They Christians! Where do they keep their Christianity concealed? The eye of angels cannot see it; how then shall mortals discern it?

He that would be a disciple of Christ must be Christ-like; he must pray that all error may cease; he must go forward, fearing nothing, placing reliance only upon God; calling not upon the arm of the church, for that cannot uphold him. It is but the shadow of things when no things are there; a flower without fragrance, a desert without water, an apple without taste, salt without savor, are these modern Christians. And yet we love them else we would not fight them; if we are against them in the outset, we are working for their good. They are a part of us, and we are a part of them; they belong to us, and if it be necessary let us tear down their fabric, that we may rear them a new, perfect temple.

They bear upon their souls a stain black as midnight darkness, and yet it is not so black but love can finally erase it; they stamp you with an eternal stigma—they would annihilate you, they would send you to the lowest hell, and yet they are Christians! They pray to God for the good of mankind, they ask Him to bless the race, yet, in the next breath, they utter curses upon their fellow-men.

They, by force of will, would place the halter around the neck of each believer in Spiritualism. Now what shall you Spiritualists do in return for all this? You shall pity them; you shall look upon them as pilgrims marching towards the same temple, the same God, and yet without a lamp to their feet. They are going a long path to reach the temple, when you are going straight towards it.

Now because they have no light, shall you seek to annihilate them? No, you should have all patience, long forbearance, and charity without bounds.

Again, you should seek to place a light at their feet, and a star at their horizon to guide them, if they rise up in enmity against you. Because you are seeking to do them good, shall you lay down your armor and let the work cease? Or shall you go forward, knowing that He who placed the light before the Israelites to lead them on, will guide you through the Red Sea of Opposition? Ah, if you had faith as a grain of mustard seed, you would not doubt a victory.

One after another of the self-righteous Christians of modern times are falling into Spiritualism; they are casting off their self-made bonds, are divesting themselves of error, and are becoming volunteers in the cause of Spiritualism, and who shall bid this work be still? Have mortals that power? No! the same power that led Jesus leads you, and if you are faithful you shall receive your reward; if not you shall be punished according to your sins.

—You live in a space allotted for you; ten thousand times ten thousand arrows are being hurled from the bows of your enemies. Not one of these penetrate your flesh. If your purposes are high and holy, and you carry forward the work for the good of man and the glory of God, no harm shall come upon you, for God himself will shield you.

The fabric of old theology is tottering, and must soon fall. It has performed its mission; like the old Jewish law, it has served its time. Now comes the new law, the new dispensation, and it must be built upon the ruins of the old, for the old and new cannot dwell together in harmony. Spiritualism—the star of modern times—has been poured into the minds of Christians, and it is like new wine poured into old bottles. Behold the heaven is working its way upward; the old bottles must burst; they cannot contain the new wine. Spiritualism will work its way out of these dying, decaying fabrics, and however heavy the crash, or hard the struggle, it will come forth, and soon the nations of earth will sit under the branches of a noble tree, and praise God that He ever gave them a star like it, to guide them on their way.

Let us take up the ideas of the old poet and revise them—

Brother while you sojourn here,
Fight you must, and without fear;
Foes you have, but you're a friend,
Who will guide you to the end.

Levi Crowell on Suicide.

It is very hard for me to speak through your medium. I come that I may correct certain things regarding myself. By reason of certain conditions over which I seemed to have no control, I became a suicide. I took my own natural life. My kindred, friends, enemies and all, supposed me insane. This was not so. I was fully aware that some powerful influence was urging me on to commit the rash deed against my own reason. But, stranger, I was quite as sane as you are at this moment. I was surrounded by many kind friends. As regards my worldly prospects, they were decently good, and I had no just reason for casting myself uncalled for into the spirit life. Those near and dear to me cast a veil of charity over my sin, and upon that veil I find insanity written. I wish to obliterate it, and for this and this only I come. I find since I became an inhabitant of the Spirit World, that they who sin against the laws of their nature are punished for the same according to their sin. No suicide can be happy until he has wiped the stain from his brow that it places there, for the Creator alone should call the created from his earthly temple, and the created should stay in it until called for.

But your Bible distinctly says, "No self-murderer shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven." This is true, for while I am of that class I do not expect to be happy. But after I have been punished for that sin I do expect to cast off that stain, and shall no doubt be as happy as the highest angel beyond Earth.

The sin of ignorance it is said God winked at. Now all mortals know it is wrong to commit suicide; I knew it, but as I said before, there was a power impelling me on, which finally caused my feet to fall. It seems to me I have much to do to regain my former position.

I am told by those wiser and better than I, that my first step in my progression must be to return to Earth and give its inhabitants to understand my true condition. I would not have my friends mourn for me, nor stamp eternal disgrace upon my spirit, nor cover me with charity which I do not merit. But I would have them know that He who created me, made me to go, some day, as high as His own Heaven, and that however dark my sin, He can in good time cause me to make it white as snow.

The question has been asked by my friends: does the suicide exist after death? Why not? Is not he a spirit? a part of God? and can a Deity obliterate a portion of itself? I think not; for I still seem to possess all the senses I once possessed; nothing seems to be wanting except an old body which, to be sure, I regret having cast off by my own hands.

I shall draw near and communicate with my friends on earth in a more direct manner as soon as possible. I come now that I may advance in happiness, and to let them know how and where I am, and what is the destiny of the suicide. I have tasted the bitter waters, and by the loving kindness of our God I expect to taste the purest water of life eternal.

My name was Levi Crowell. I lived not far from you, in a section of your State called the Cape. My friends will recognize me and will say, how is this? We expected he was annihilated entirely. But it is not so, thank God, for I am here. July 21.

Carmi Atkins—Charles Melvin—A Vision of the Ocean—Clairvoyance.

It is cold here; the wind blows hard, and I am on the water. I see nothing but water and sky. It seems as though if I think at all I shall sink. Somebody is talking to me, but I can't see who. I see a vessel, and he wants me to go into it. There is some one on board dying of fever. His name is Charles Melvin; the name of the ship is "Witch of the Wave." This is the Pacific Ocean, they tell me. They are hanging lamps to the masts. There are four standing near him, fanning him. There are many spirits around him. All the men feel bad—they are crying. There he is—he has just come to the spirit land.

He looks around as though he thought it very strange. They are bound for New York, and have not been out but about ten days.

How black the sky looks, and how noisy it is here. I am away from the vessel now, and I see three planks on the water. The spirit wants me to read what I see on them: I see Hyti on one; it keeps floating about, so it is hard to read it. The spirit says they belong to a sloop. There are two buckets, painted blue, and marked the same way. That sloop is lost; all were saved who were on board. The spirit says she sailed from Fayal. My guide says he was lost at sea some few years ago, and gives me his name as Carmi Atkins. He wants me to have no fear—he goes before me sometimes, and sometimes at my left side. He says he could give me very clear visions of ocean scenes, but is first obliged to free my spirit from its attractions to the land, which all spirits are not able to do. These ideas he gives you are true, he says, as will be proved to you. I seem to be about three feet above the water, and don't sink any lower than that. It is growing cold now, in consequence of my approach to land, he says, the wind being off shore.

Here the influence left the medium, and we were not informed whether this was at the time transpiring, or whether it was a representation of past scenes, for the purpose of identifying the spirit communicating to earth friends.

Emma Knights.

Oh, my mother, my mother! it is—but due you that I return to cheer you in your lone pilgrimage here in the earth life. You are now bereft of nearly all your earthly kindred; yes, nearly all you learned to love, are removed from your sight. Yet you should not murmur, for it is well. Near seventeen years I was permitted to remain with you, that I might be a strong cord to draw you heavenward, when I should pass on and leave you here.

Dear mother, I will now give you what I never had courage to when I was with you. From the first day I was taken sick, I never expected to recover, and when you were vainly striving to give me health, oh, how I longed to tell you it would be useless. For I felt sure I was soon going home. But I knew full well your shattered system could not bear it; therefore, I locked the secret in my own bosom, and in secret prepared myself for the change. Mother, it was well you sent me into the country, for there beneath the blue dome, surrounded by all that was beautiful in your material sphere, I often communed with the angels, who told me I was coming home.

So weep no more for me, mother dear, for know I am at home in heaven. And, dear aunt—she too mourns for me. Oh, I would not have it so—I would see all my dear friends happy. I am often with you, and sometimes long to tell you all about my spirit home. When I first left earth, I could not realize that I was dead, as the world says, everything around me looked so much like earth, only much more beautiful.

Dear mother, you must not feel unhappy when you look at my earthly apparel, as I often see you do. Oh, shed no tears, except they be tears of joy. Carry much love and many thanks to my kind teachers, and tell them I sometimes visit them, but they cannot see me; therefore, I seem to be an unwelcome visitor, and do not tarry long. Remember me to all my friends, and don't fail to tell them how happy I am, and how I shall one day meet them in the home of the spirit, for they must one day all come up hither.

Grandmother is with me, and many others of my dear friends. They will all commune with you as soon as possible.

Oh, my mother, let me once more urge you to be happy—remember it was my wish when on earth. I feel sure you will try to gratify it now for the sake of

To S. Spooner, Boston.

My dearly beloved son: Times without number have I visited you, since I left you to realize the beauties of the Spirit Land. I do not wish you to think of me as dead, or afar off, for death belongs only to such as are morally dead by reason of sin. I wish you to know I am often with your dear companion. I know she is not in good health, but she must not despair. The angels are striving to give her that which she has in a measure lost, health. Dear son do not think it strange that I approach you in this way. I should manifest to you in a more direct manner if it were in my power, but whatever I do must be done in accordance with the law that governs you and me also. And therefore I am compelled to seek out a stranger if I would commune at all. I know you are thirsting for the waters of true Spirit love, and you will not regard the vessel if the waters are pure and will bring health to the soul.

My dear son I wish to see you happy, if possible, under all circumstances; and if the winds of adversity do sometimes blow, fear not—a calm will surely follow, for the bow of promise is already gliding your future horizon. And when the hour of change comes to you, sleep in peace my son, until a call from the redeemed one shall awake you to realize the beauties the Father hath prepared for those who love Light rather than darkness. From Betsey to S. Spooner.

Charles Messo, Newburyport.

Perhaps you recollect my coming to you some months ago. I gave you the name of Chas. Messo. I have been in the spirit land about ten years. I told you I have friends in Newburyport.

God moves in a mysterious way, surely. I have communed through mediums before, but I have never before had a friend at a medium's to say a kind word to me, (while this was given a person who lived in Newburyport about the time he named was in the room.) All spirits passing from earth are enshrouded in mystery; you ask for a thousand little things in proof, and the past seems like a dream, and we are not able to respond always to

your call. I had a brother Thomas, a brother James, and I was in a store on Essex street, as a confectioner. I see the wife of one here I used to know; she says she has tried to manifest here before, and died of poison; she was the wife of a confectioner there. I see one here by the name of Anderson who studied for the ministry, married a niece of Captain Bailey, and went to England.

It may be well to mention here, that the last two statements were unknown to the friend in the room. Some of the others were, though he has been absent in Australia most of the time since the spirit has been in the other life.

Charles Freeman, once Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lowell.

How happy is the man who chooses to walk in Wisdom's way, and how unhappy, how solitary, how desolate, he who walks in the footsteps of Folly.

Ye dwellers upon earth, know ye that ye are surrounded by temptation on every hand. Satan, or the Spirit of Evil, is constantly lurking near you, striving to overthrow the Temple of Wisdom which is in every human soul.

And it behooveth you so to live, that you may keep at a respectable distance the evil influences that would otherwise draw near to you. How true it is, that man or woman is constantly suffering by stepping into folly. Their hell is here—where else should it be?

The time has now arrived when I may manifest to the people of earth with safety. My spirit longed to come years ago, but Wisdom stood afar off, and looked upon the people of earth, and found them wanting in knowledge to receive these things; therefore, I have waited until the present time.

I purpose to denounce no one, but I do purpose so to stir up remorse within the souls of those I have left on earth, that they shall earnestly sue for pardon, and receive the same while they dwell in forms of flesh.

A few years since, and I dwell on earth; I walked in your streets, walked in your market-places, talked with your people, and preached the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Professedly, I was what was called a Christian Baptist. I sought to do good; I strove hard against the tide of Temptation; I oft times was blown away from Heaven's Kingdom by the winds of adversity, yet the gentle breezes of heaven would draw me back to the Father again, and my soul would seem basking in the sunlight of peace.

But as Satan has many doors whereby he may gain access to the human soul, whereby he may overthrow the sentinels which are striving to do their duty, by the power of evil, was cut off in the early time of life, when all around me was smiling in love, and Peace with a heavenly halo, seemed beckoning me on to happiness.

There is one still dwelling on earth, still walking in sin, still reveling in folly, that I would call home to peace, that I would ask to bow before the God of Justice, and ask forgiveness for sins committed. That one, once claimed me for a husband; once spoke holy vows before heaven, and once in a most cruel manner violated those vows.

I do not return to make still darker the stain upon her garments, but I do return to obliterate it if possible—to make her wash her garments in the waters of humility, and to pray for pardon at the hands of Him who is always ready to forgive.

Will she hear me, will she understand me, will she appreciate my coming? I pray for strength that I may penetrate the icy folds which cling about her, that I may break the charm that has dragged her on to ruin—that I may lead her from Eternal Death to Life Eternal. And I come, also, that I may cheer the drooping heart of that child—she who has seen much of the trials of this life—she who has seen nothing of a parent's love. Oh, I pray that holy angels may guide her to a path of peace. I would have her know that when she sits for us to manifest, angels are about her striving to give her joy, peace, and love.

Stranger, the child I speak of is not my own child, but the child of one who once bore the title of wife to me.

There is a balm in Gilead, there is a physician to be found, and if she who has sinned will repent of that sin, how happy she may be; now, there is not an hour of her life, but the dread uncertainty of the future, like the fangs of a serpent, is stealing away all the life of woman, making those things which otherwise might be joyous to her, like the raven, black as midnight.

I earnestly beseech of all who are acquainted with the one of whom I speak, that they teach her wisdom's ways; that they seek to lead her on to new joys, and to make the path of life peaceful. I am not dead, no, for that given to destroy my life, only laid my body low; I live to condemn, to pity, to forgive. I denounce their sin, not their souls.

I have not been idle since I have left earth. I have been seeking to benefit those who sinned against me, themselves, and their God. I forgive them, I pity them, and I only pray them to ask the same of their God. If my coming secures that object, it is well; but if it does not break their stubborn will, I shall come again and again, until the waters of repentance overflow their souls, and lead them to seek their God.

Caroline Page, Danvers, Mass.

I come here this morning that I may commune with my friends. I am not much used to commune through mediums, though I have been to some.

My name was Caroline Page; I used to live in Danvers, Mass. I was 18 years of age. I am assisted to control your medium by my grandfather. I have sisters, brothers, and a mother dwelling on earth. One sister I have, Anna, is a medium. Now, we are very anxious to commune with our friends, but we do not wish to do so while they have fear, while they are so unacquainted with these things. My father has not been long in the spirit life. He is here, and wishes me to tell our friends he is happy, and to tell the children to kindly care for our mother, that when sorrow settles upon her brow they may soothe her aching moments.

As you are a stranger to me, I feel as though I may be encroaching upon you. I was told all spirits might come here and commune, therefore I came. I only wish to open the door through you, that I may pass in, and dwell with my friends.

Just as I was passing away, my mother said to me, "Caroline, are you willing to go? are you happy?" I could hardly tell, for there was a dread uncertainty hanging over the change of death; but now it has passed away, and I rejoice that I was an inhabitant of earth life, and that I have passed on to the spirit home.

I do not know, sir, how I shall prove myself to you, as I am a stranger, and have no means, other than I have given you, to prove me. I wish my friends would form a circle at home, and when they form one, have no fear; we can do much for them.

Charles Wilson, California.

Are you the individual I have got to talk to? Well, things are not now with me as they used to be. I have been dead about three months, as high as I can reckon time. The last I remember was in May, 1857. I died upon the San Juan River, California; was a native of New York, but never lived there much. I never knew what ailed me, exactly, but think I was sun-struck. My name was Charles Wilson; I went out there to trade, but did not do well at that, and then went to digging. I had a sister in New Jersey. I was in company with Jim Saunders, Charley Brown, and Harry Wilson, a cousin of mine. We heard of Spiritualism, and I promised to come back if I could. They told me I had got to die—there was no doctor there. I was 27 years old. I expected to come back to them directly, but it seems I had to come to you, in order to reach them. You may send what I say to them, to Sacramento; as they go to that post office. I am happy and have no will to come back. I want Jim and Henry to have my part. They did well for me, and I want them to be rewarded, as well as I can do it. There is not enough to do

the sister much good. I should like to talk to her, but do not know how she would receive me. The boys will receive it, I know. Good day. July 22.

We have no means of testing this, therefore publish it without any knowledge of its truth. We think the party intended to give truth, and hope it may be found to be so. That it was not the product of our own mind, we can avow; therefore, it is no less a spirit communication, if error is mixed with it.

Betsey Cameron.

Children would always have things round when I was here, (alluding to some paper on the table.) I am an old man. You see I died once, and I live again now. Young man, you didn't know me, I suppose. Well, I'm happy where I live; but I miss the children so much.

They told me to come here and talk to you. I couldn't see well before I died, young man; I lost my eyesight while I was sick. I feel it now. I used to live in New Hampshire, in the village of Derry. My name was Betsey Cameron; I was ninety-eight years old.

But you said you were an old man, we remarked.

Did I? Why, I didn't mean it; how the children would laugh and say it's just like grandmother. Well, I was wrong there.

I don't like that chair—it's like the one they used to keep me in all the time. It's too much tied up. I like to sit on the bed best. I lost the use of my limbs, and couldn't walk well for some time before I died.

In this she alludes to an arm-chair from which she took the medium as soon as she got control.

They tell me you will send this to the children. Well, tell them I'm happy, and don't want to come back any more. Where's Mr. Parker, my minister? My son brought me here.

Did you ever have children? Well, I had grandchildren and great grandchildren, and they used to like to bother me to make me play with them; they used to take my cane away. I was smart when I was young; used to spin all my things till I was twenty. I can remember things which happened when I was young, better than what happened when I was old.

The children used to say, Grandmother will take her snuff-box up to heaven with her; but I want to tell them I don't have that here, though I feel a little like it now I am with this medium, as you call her. I never done a stitch of work for as much as two years; the children were continually plaguing me—little torments, they thought I couldn't see and hear, but sometimes I could.

I'm glad to see you, young man. Poor child, you don't know anything about this world, if you're only thirty. Well, you must do good and love God. Got a wife? Well, it beats all, how these children get married so young.

You've got short arms. That's the only way I could tell about the children before I died—by feeling of them, but I could tell them apart by that, every one of them.

I didn't suffer much when I died. I went to sleep with old age. I don't feel old when I get away from here. Poor child, I guess you'd better let me go, I can't do you any good.

It took me a long while to come, and that old chair—it put me so much in mind of the one I used to sit in when the children took my cane, so I couldn't get round.

They used to coax me to tell them stories; granny will tell us a story, they used to say. One little serpent, as always in mischief. He came running in one day with a pitcher of water, and I couldn't get out of the way, and it went all over me. I used to think sometimes I would give them fun if I could catch them. But poor things, they didn't mean any harm.

Well, poor child, I must go now. I can't talk with you any longer. There, it feels just as it did when I died, not hard—it's easy, young man, not hard at all. Well, good bye.

This was the most perfect personification of the second childhood we ever saw. We completely lost sight of the medium in the conversation with so true a grandmother. It carried us back some years when we had one, whose memory we revere. We publish this without inquiry, as it is full of character, and will probably prove as true as anything from old age can be.

Charley Forristall.

Hallo, sir. I've been here a long time trying to get a chance to come. I promised to a long time ago, and I want to talk to my father and mother; but I couldn't tell now. My mother is sick sometimes, and oh, how I wish I could talk to her more. I could tell her what to do to make her well, and a good many things not to do. My father is not sick much. I have got brothers and sisters too—some of them I never saw; that's funny, ain't it?

There's a spirit here who knows my father, and he wants me to tell my father to take care of that horse, and not work him so hard—the best horse.

I want my father to know that I am with him a good deal, but can't manifest often. Ask him to sit at the table—we shant break any more chairs—he asked us to, or we shouldn't have done that. Don't you think I'm a funny spirit? Well, I always come just as I want to. I have seen lots of mediums, and talked to my father and mother. I could talk nice if I wanted to, and give you a fine communication, but don't want to.

I want you to tell my father not to worry about anything, for he has got lots to take care of him. I promised to come a long time ago, and I have just got here. I'll come bye and bye, and give you a nice communication. My name is Charley Forristall. July 10.

Mercy J. Dunklee.

Blessed be the God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people. Yes, God has come in mighty power, and the inhabitants of earth may testify to the same. Oh how grateful you children should be, ye who are at work in the vineyard of your Master; ye who are standing in the Tower. Oh, let your light shine that many may be drawn towards you; and work ye while the day lasts, for the night cometh, when no man can work. Oh, let every act of your lives be a holy, acceptable gift unto God, for such is only your reasonable service. July 17.

Maria De Esquelon.

I died in Matanzas, Cuba, January, 1849. I have friends there. I would commune with Ricardo Esquelon. My husband's birth-place was in France. He had a coffee estate. Left six children. I was 24. I wish to tell him to keep the children at home. He is going to send them to a Convent in Louisiana. Four of them are females.

Currier, of Lynn.

I should like to manifest, but I do not find conditions exactly right to do so.

A few years ago I lived in Lynn; my name was Currier, and I was a tailor. I have much to say to my friends, but it is impossible for me to give what I wish now.

The spirit here lost control, and we could get nothing more from him.

Richard Donelson.

I come to commune with my son Henry. I wish him to leave off gambling. He came very near being killed last night in San Francisco; I was with him, and saved him. Send this to him. Oh, what will his mother say? She is in Chesapeake City, Delaware. Oh, let me save my son. Tell him to leave that company, for Death is all around him.

Elisha Smith.

Edmund Perry was my wife's grandfather, and he wishes to commune, if possible.

Martha Mason, Lowell.

I wish to inform my children that I am happy, and have no desire to return to earth. At first I was very much alarmed, and could not comprehend my situation, but I soon learned to love my home and have no wish to leave it.

I left four children. I wish them to remember that they have something more to live for than the present time. I want them to realize they are living to fulfill a great mission. I want them to remember my virtues, and forget my faults. I come to make this manifestation to prepare for something more. I am not much used to it, though I have seen much of it, but I never tried to control your instruments myself. I have been in the spirit life six years. I died of heart disease; I felt as well as usual at tea time. The last I seem to remember was going in to wait upon table; the next I remember was that I was in the spirit world, so you see my change was sudden. I kept a few boarders in Lowell, and my name was Martha Mason. I was fifty-seven years of age. I hope to do better the next time I come; now I do not know very well how to do.

Lucretia, to Mrs. Frances Cunningham.

Lucretia wishes to commune with her sister, Mrs. Frances Cunningham.

My dear sister—Fear not, all will be well, the angels will care for you. Let love reign supreme in your soul, and you will outlive all storms. You wished me to come here, and I obey, for it is a lesson to me to do so. LUCRETIA.

Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such Communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

AN INDIAN SPIRIT'S EXPERIENCE.

From MICHAEL COLY, an Indian spirit, through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, of Roxbury:—

My Friend—Indian promise you his experience, and he now come to give it, but he no write perfect English, so you must excuse. When Indian left earth, he thought he go to the Great Spirit, his Father, and the Father of all, both the pale faces and Indians. He expect to see beautiful hunting grounds, where he could hunt much he please without any pale face coming to say, "You must not do so." He expected to find his squaw, who he love, and who love him, but who had gone to the Great Spirit some time before, to wait for her lover. He expected, if he be good, he would be happy, and Indian do as well as he can on earth. Well, Indian come to the spirit land, he found the beautiful hunting grounds; but much more beautiful than he ever dreamed. He found vast plains, high mountains, beautiful rivers, and broad lakes. He found all kinds of animals, all kinds of fruits, all kinds of flowers and trees. Ah! Indian felt very happy; but Indian no thought then he be in the spirit land; he thought he dreaming. By and by he dream of his squaw he love; he see her coming to him in a canoe, across a beautiful river. Indian he stand on bank, he reach out his arms, he yell with happiness, but he could no reach her. He thought he in no dream; yet when he see how beautiful she was, and then see her fade away, he then think he in a dream truly, and see her spirit. Indian grow very sad, he throw himself on the ground, and call on her name; he tear his hair, and beat his head; nothing look beautiful to him then. By and by everything grow dark, but Indian no care for darkness, he no afraid; but, as he lay on the ground, he heard the voice of his squaw, sweeter than the nightingale's song, over his head, saying, "Michael, if you will come to me, be not impatient, call on the Great Spirit, and he will hear you, but have courage, and fear nothing." Indian then feel better; he call for help; he promise he be better; he no get out of patience any more, but wait till the Great Spirit give him his squaw. Indian got up and found himself in a different place; he very much surprised; he thought he waked from his dream, and was not in the spirit land; he was at home; he see his companions; but they were making a great noise, mourning for some one who was drowned. Indian want to know who, but they no tell him, they no notice him at all. Indian grow angry again, and again he find himself in a dark place. Again he call on the Great Spirit, and promise to be good, and the Great Spirit help him again, once more place him in the beautiful hunting grounds. But Indian many times get wrong, and many times was punished. But, when he repent, the Great Spirit, who is all goodness, forgive him again. But Indian keep trying, and at last he come to his squaw, and live in the beautiful wigwam she prepare for him. He very happy; every body happy who try to do right, for the happiness in himself, and when he good inside, everything look beautiful outside, and grow more beautiful as he grows better. Indian no go into all details, because there no need; he only give you a sketch. Indians are not brown in the spirit land, the skin is like the pale faces, but the change is gradual, so he not notice it. My squaw looked brown to me at first, though she told me she was white. When spirit good, he white, when evil, dark;

