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

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter IV.—Continued.

"I cannot yet, Mrs. Golding, and you must excuse me and not think me disobeying," replied Eva, with her usual frankness, but with apologetic warmth of manner. "In the course of time I may—"

"Well, let us leave all things to time," said Agnes, "and you will endeavor to persuade Eva to be less formal with me, will you not, mother?"

"I never strive for authority over my grand-daughter's inclination," replied Mrs. Greyson coldly, then continued with a disingenuous smile, "you see that I have overcome all scruples, and have called you Agnes, ever since you came."

"Certainly; and I have, from the first, taken the liberty to call you mother," said Agnes, stooping to kiss the hand, that fain would crush her.

The young step-mother sat down beside Eva, and explained to her the stitches of her embroidery, and the design of her work; while Mrs. Greyson looked on with lowering brow and hypocritical smile.

The flapping awning of the verandah gave notice of the approach of the evening sea breeze; and the golden and crimson glories of sunset beamed in upon the uncurtained windows with a smiling salutation. Eva's favorite parrot was slowly ascending the wooden lattice, bent upon an excursion among the trees. Agnes' pet dog, the little white curly-pated Loby, crouched at her feet, his dark eyes upturned to his mistress' speaking face. It was a sweet, still home-picture; the young and graceful form of Agnes, bending over her embroidery, the embodiment of trusting love, and faith unchilled by doubt. The girlish figure of Eva, mingling childhood's lingering graces, with the opening charms of womanhood yearning for love, yet admitting suspicious darkening phantom; strong of will and purpose, yet vacillating to admit the genial influences of womanly confidence and proffered affection. And, with seeming outward calm, and steady eye and smile, the old grandmother sits; by custom and affection, the worshipped object of that young girl's heart, that yet happily unreads in the mysteries and concealments of life takes the outward seeming for the reality, and believes all beings truthful—her own soul unknowing falsehood.

Eva's heart was yielding, unconsciously, imperceptibly, to the powerful spells of goodness and genius, and loving warmth of soul; but, unseen by all, a demon shadow stood, upon the very portal, even there where the departing glories of the sunset linger—its dwarfed proportions soon to swell out into a gigantic presence, scattering dismay, and worse than all, estrangement between kindred and congenial souls.

A soft footfall approached, and Mrs. Greyson raised her head. It was Alita (literally "little wing"), who entered with a broad grin upon her shining ebony face, giving expression to one of her hard learned English speeches. "Mr. Golding come."

Up jumped Agnes from her embroidery; again Mrs. Greyson smoothed her dress and arranged her cap. Eva called gaily upon Loby to follow her, and the trio descended to the dining-room.

Mr. Golding's business in town kept him away from his family from ten in the morning until near sundown. He was lying upon a sofa, and had thrown his handkerchief over his face. Agnes stepped up to him and playfully requested permission to fan away the flies, but as she removed the handkerchief from his face, she started back in alarm. The face of her husband was deathly pale, and his brow felt cold, though bathed in perspiration.

"Great Heavens, you are ill, Maurice!" exclaimed the affectionate wife, and her cheek grew pallid as his own.

"It is nothing, Agnes; do not be alarmed. Never mind, mother, don't distress yourself. I heard bad news regarding a friend in Europe, and I have agitated myself unnecessarily. Do not mind me, it will soon pass over. I will take a bath—and tell Mariquita to slice some pine-apples, and soak them in wine," said with a reassuring smile, directed at wife and mother, but without one look at his pale and trembling daughter, Mr. Golding passed out of the hall, and entered the bath-house, which was erected over a tank, and situated in the middle of the garden—a picturesque and quaint little building, overgrown with creeping plants and gorgeous wild flowers.

When Mr. Golding appeared at the dinner-table, all traces of illness or agitation had vanished from his countenance; and the healthful bloom that re-

turned to the cheek of Agnes. The meal passed over as usual, only Mr. Golding seemed at times abstracted, and answered at random; his mother's eyes sought his continually; but he appeared unconscious of their endeavors to attract his attention. The evening was spent upon the moon-illuminated verandah. It was a glorious tropical night, cool and dreamy, laden with calm and fragrance.

Once, as Eva's eyes turned from the resplendent heavens, to her father's face, she saw him looking intently at his mother, then with a quick movement show her a letter, at the same time shaping his mouth, as if articulating a word. She saw the old lady start, and her brow gather into a deep frown.

All this was unseen by Agnes, who was leaning over the verandah railing, lost in a sweet poetic reverie, watching the blue waves rolling past with ceaseless murmur, saluting the pebbled beach with an ever recurring strain. When again Eva looked at her father, he was deep in thought, and her grandmother was nervously pacing the verandah.

At ten o'clock, all retired to rest; but when Agnes slept soundly, Mr. Golding held a long and secret conference with his aged mother.

CHAPTER V.

"Mightier far Than strength of nerve or slow, or the sway Of magic potent over sun and star, Is love, though oft to agony distress'd, And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."

Wordsworth.

Agnes Selten had truly married for love. No worldly motive, no mercenary calculation had induced her, so lovely and yet young, to join her fate to one so many years her senior. Although possessed of a noble, attractive person, with features expressive of the light and beauty of a superior intellect, though his fine grey eyes spoke eloquently, his voice discoursed most pleasant music—yet would all this alone have failed, so fondly to rivet in affection's strongest chain, the yet-untouched heart of Agnes. But in the short intercourse that preceded their union, she had discovered (or fondly dreamt so) within the soul of Maurice Golding, all those high, ennobling attributes, that stamp man truly as "Creation's lord." That the seeming generosity and expansion of soul might be the offspring of the moment's impulse—that the momentary enthusiasm manifested in behalf of truth and honor, owed its inspiration to her presence; that the indifference to the wealth surrounding him, arose not from the depths of a humble, contented mind, but from the insatiate cravings of a restless, tolling ambition, forever crying: "More, still more!" Of all this Agnes thought not. Her soul was the abode of a simple, trusting faith. The hardships attendant upon her earlier years, had been duly felt, and meekly endured; no imaginary evils or forebodings ever pressed upon her; life to her had been cold, and stern, and real; then it had changed to a dawning brightness, and in the fullness of reciprocated love, into the glorious splendors of effulgent day. Agnes dreamt not of hidden wiles and treachery, of concealment masked by fair outer semblance; the enmity of her step-mother had been fully and freely displayed—her hatred manifested in the broad light of day. She had read of deceit and plot even against the pure and duty-fulfilling ones, but with her incapable of sheltering the evil visitants, she repelled every thought of their actual existence.

Thus, when the rich merchant sought the portionless girl, then living with some humble friends; and supporting herself by needle-work and the giving of lessons in music, no fear or doubt intruded upon her heart's bestowal; but the first full, entire offering, of a true woman's affection, showered its wealth upon the soul of Maurice Golding, and for awhile awakened his better nature. Though some endeavored to dissuade Agnes from the fearful risk, as they termed it, of wedding a stranger, one so utterly unknown, save by his apparent wealth, and hinted at the necessity of investigating his character, and learning somewhat of his past life: Agnes only smiled in return for their kind solicitude, and acknowledged herself convinced of her lover's worthiness. So, without pomp or ostentation the humble Agnes Selten, wedded the wealthy man, and with a heart overladen with earth's mightiest blessings, with serene faith and unflinching trust, left her childhood's home, her sweet native village, and followed her "bosom's lord" across the main.

Usually stern and unbending, as he had been for years, the world-enrusted nature of Maurice Gold-

ing yielded to the sweet spells of a pure woman's love; to the holy influence of a gifted intellect joined to a feeling heart. The tedious hours of the long sea voyage were beguiled by the narrations of his young wife; and every sentence that fell from her lips, every event revealed of her childhood and youth, gave the assurance of a firm, well-balanced mind, a lofty enthusiasm dwelling in a soul devoid of guile, a heart devoted to the worship of the True, the Beautiful, and the Divine.

She told him how, in her sad and solitary childhood, she had sought solace from books, and pets, and flowers, since human affection smiled not upon her; how the love of music and poetry had sprung up within her soul, and yet her beautifying and artistic tastes had slumbered for want of development, the means, and the cheering encouragement. How her heart had yearned for sympathy for a congenial friend, for one soul to comprehend and share her spirit's aspirations. In part, how her prayer had been answered. While upon the sick bed to which a lingering disease confined her step-mother, when their scanty means were well nigh spent, and sorrow and poverty darkened around the now repentant woman, there came to the village a stranger, travelling for his pleasure, as people said. He heard of Agnes, universally beloved and pitied as she was, and sought her in her humble abode. From his ample means he bought the dying woman's pathway, and relieved the young girl from her double responsibilities of watcher and incessant toiler; he watched beside the dying bed, and when the humbled, repentant woman besought the pardon of the girl she had so bitterly wronged, the stranger's tears fell in unison with those of Agnes, and his consoling words ratified the full and free forgiveness the gentle girl awarded. The step-mother was buried, quietly and reverently laid to rest in the village churchyard, and Agnes, set to the *Damen Institute* at C—, a city some thirty miles distant, and a yearly sum allowed her for the furtherance of her studies, and all other necessary expenditures. There she made rapid progress, and gained the love and approbation of teachers and school-mates. She learned the French language, the French and the Italian, became a proficient in music, and in every department of feminine labor, a sweet singer, a graceful and accomplished dancer; and her skill with the pencil won from her the admiration of friends and strangers. She remained four years in C—, and in that time she saw her benefactor only twice. When she returned to her native village he placed a sum at her disposal, and upon her representing to him, that she was now fully competent to earn her own support, without much toil, he bade her make use of the money in any manner she saw fit, but would not permit its return. Appropriating the smallest portion for her own use, Agnes devoted the remainder to the alleviation of the sick, to the clothing of the poor, to the benefit of the orphan and the widow. She chose her abode with a worthy old fashioned couple, and lived as her nature prompted her, a simple, useful life, preferring the quiet and beauty of the country, to the bustle and fashion of a city life. Her benefactor she had not seen for two years previous to her marriage; he had given his name as Mr. Malcolm, acknowledging to Agnes that was not his real appellation. She besought him to give his address, but he smilingly, yet firmly, declined. "My child," said he, "I do not wish it. I have no permanent abode; my life is spent in wandering, in a hitherto fruitless search. Pray for me, Agnes, that God may aid and direct me."

"The last time I saw him," said Agnes, as her eyes filled with grateful tears, was some two years ago. His last words to me were, 'Pray for me, my child, that Heaven may direct me, and if ever you leave your native place, let me know of your whereabouts, of all concerning you wherever you go, and forget not your prayers in my behalf.' I know not what he meant, and could never take courage to question him, there was about him such an air of majestic grief, if I may use the term, as of a strong and noble spirit bent beneath a burden of woe. He was a man of middle age, of tall, imposing presence, his black hair was thickly interwoven with silver, his eyes were blue, of a sweet and melancholy expression, and his smile, though sad, bespoke a benevolent nature. I often pray for this generous stranger; I believe him to be an Englishman, from his pronunciation and his imperfect knowledge of the German; he always preferred speaking in English with me. Whatever his search be for, it must be for something good and noble, and most fervently do I entreat Heaven in his behalf. In my native place, as in C—, he was honored and beloved by all; his generosity was unbounded; his good deeds knew no limit. I have left a letter for him, telling him of my present happiness, of my departure for your dear tropical abode."

In return for the confidence of Agnes, her husband told her much of the country to which they were going; of its strange, yet hospitable customs; of his somewhat peculiar, yet kind old mother, of whom he spoke with unbounded affection. Of his daughter, Mr. Golding spoke little; he praised her aptitude for learning, and said she gave promise of growing beautiful; but when he gave Agnes that daughter's likeness, and she bent over the sweet girlish face with unaffected admiration and glad surprise, he joined hot in her warm encomiums, nor warmed into praises of his lovely child.

It was with sincere regret, that Agnes, soon after her arrival, noted the coldness of her step-daughter towards her; and the seeming estrangement between father and child. The former she hoped to overcome with time, by unwearied, loving efforts, of the latter, as her shyness and reserve towards her husband, (for at first she stood somewhat in awe of him, not as regards worldly position, but in respect to his firm, unyielding will), wore away, she ventured to inquire the cause. The brow of Maurice Golding clouded, and he bit his lips in a perturbed mood, as he answered, "Agnes, you have touched a point I wish you had never thought upon. Eva has every want supplied, her education is secured to her; her every need attended to; and such recreation as the country affords I allow her. What can I do more?"

"Dear Maurice! all that you mention, I too enjoy, and more, though I am done with books and teachers. This lovely house, dress and adornment, liberty and recreation; yet what were all this to me without your love?"

"Do not make comparisons, Agnes. You are my wife, justly entitled to your share in every thing I possess. Eva is but a girl."

"And your daughter, dearest," smilingly interrupted the young wife.

"My daughter!" said Mr. Golding, bitterly; and the broad veins upon his forehead swelled with some awakened feeling. "Listen, Agnes, you have simply and confidently, as a pure woman should, revealed all to me of your past life. I have not done so; not because I have ought to conceal, but because the recital is painful; the memory is humiliating; but now, you have put me to the question, it becometh me to reply; I will tell you all, Agnes, and then you will not think me cold-hearted or capricious, and I know, that never again, will you ask me, why I do not love my daughter. Sit down beside me, wife; you are my only trust, as you are my better angel!"

They were standing on the threshold of the flower-bath-house, in the early morning. The voices of awakened Nature responding to the sun's rising glory. A small rustic bench stood on one side of the jasmine-covered arch that formed a leafy gateway, leading to that cool retreat. Mr. Golding seated himself, and softly drew his wife beside him. The face of Agnes had become pensive; she had unwittingly given pain to him she loved best on earth; she was about to listen to a revelation that might cloud her heart with sympathetic sorrow, and her bosom heaved beneath her giddy morning dreams, in undefined apprehension. She raised her tearful eyes to her husband's face; he was gazing upon her with mingled pity and admiration.

"Do not speak, Agnes. I know all that you would say, I read your regret for having broached this unwelcome subject, in that expressive face of yours, don't interrupt me, darling. I will tell you, and at once, and I must hasten, for my mother, you know, is punctual, and will soon ring the bell for coffee. Give me your hand, love, and listen patiently."

"When I was young, and as yet inexperienced in the world's ways and falsehoods—my mother, and I have always implicitly yielded to her wishes and advice—persuaded me to marry. We were not wealthy then; my step-father (Mr. Golding ground his teeth, and again the thick veins swelled adder like upon his forehead), squandered my father's property. The lady selected by my mother was some six or seven years my senior, of a good family, moderately handsome, and extremely wealthy. I had never loved any woman; I was ambitious; she loved me, or at least imposed that belief upon me; thoroughly blinded my dear old mother, who to this day reveres her memory—but prejudices, whether for good or evil, are difficult to eradicate. Well, after a brief courtship, we were married in a small country town in England, where my wife owned some lands. We traveled much, and finally settled awhile in France, in the city of B—, whither business conducted me. We lived, if not happily, at least seemingly contented with one another, though our every taste differed, and I often submitted to her wishes, out of obedience to my mother, who loved her. Enilia had strange ideas, indulged in metaphysical ranges of thought, not at all in accordance with my views of life, or woman's sphere of usefulness. Her love was only second to her pride, none of the sweet timidity and modest subjection of the loving wife. A careless one, ever so faintly repulsed, she never again attempted. My dear mother called this 'strength of character.' I thought it obstinacy. She would uphold an argument with a certain eloquence, but with such pertinacity that while it caused me to wonder at her powers, yet considerably diminished, my no ways ardent affection. She began to look upon me as cold-hearted and indifferent; I saw in her a visionary, with no rational views of life; a woman enshrouding herself in ideal fancies, utterly at variance with the time we lived in; nay, I almost believed her insane at times. No longer in her first youth, no romantic school girl could have more exaggerated imaginings of love, no dreamy enthusiast such Utopian views of life. And yet so cold and haughty and repellent, when she found me so ungenerous, as she termed it! But let me hasten over all this. You, too, my Agnes, indulge in poetic dreaming, but you do not forget the 'sweet courtesies of life,' and the bestowal of love and sympathy. Eva was born, and then that strange woman's affections centred on the child, with an intensity that partook of madness; she feared continually that some one would carry off the child, spoke incessantly of pre-sentiments, and of warning voices in the air. While matters were in this condition, I received several letters, anonymously written, warning me of house-hold treachery, and imputing to Eva's mother that grossest of all derelictions from duty, forgetfulness of her marriage-vows. At first I disbelieved the statements, but I sought proofs and found them, plain and undeniable and damning proofs! Letters in her handwriting to an absent lover, his lengthy

and impassioned answers, thanking her for the timely and pecuniary assistance rendered! Agnes, I never loved that woman, but then I hated, I despised, I cursed her! I heard of silent meetings and stolen interviews with an unknown man, during my frequent absences on business. I was convinced of her baseness; not so my confiding mother, and she would not believe her guilty; that woman exercised a strange influence over my strong-minded mother. I knew that to argue with either was in vain, but I resolved to rescue the child from her evil guardianship. I applied for and obtained a divorce, substituting other grounds for the real ones. It pleased Providence soon to call her away. Eva was then four years old; so I took her with me and settled here; the smallest portion of Enilia's fortune was willed to her child, and the rest must have gone to a brother, of whom I often heard her speak, but had never seen. And now, Agnes, say, can you blame me, that I look coldly upon the daughter of such a mother, that I doubt and hesitate to clasp Eva to my bosom—as my child?"

Overcome by this sudden revelation, Agnes remained silent, tears of sympathy stealing down her cheeks; sympathy for her husband's sorrows, pity for the erring wife; and a stronger and deeper pity yet, filled her heart for the motherless girl. "Poor, forsaken one," thought she; "innocently doomed to expiate a mother's fault." With a graceful and caressing motion, Agnes raised her husband's hand to her lips, and there held it long, her falling tears moistening it, while her soft voice murmured—

"Dear Maurice! do not visit the mother's fault upon the daughter's head. Eva is so young, so guileless; within her heart there can be no germ of evil; has she not always had the best of examples? Oh, beloved! and Agnes' soft arms twined around his form, "be noble, be forgiving, for believe me, that as sure as the morning sunshine beams around us, so surely is Eva your own child, her eyes, her smile, her expression would proclaim her your daughter everywhere."

Agnes had spoken with rising enthusiasm, in that most sacred cause, defence of the absent; her husband was about to reply, when the sharp sound of the breakfast-bell came to their ears, and little Alita was seen, leisurely descending the verandah steps.

"Hasten to your chamber, Agnes, and compose yourself awhile, before appearing at the table, and not a word of all this to mother! I will precede you," hurriedly whispered Mr. Golding, as the awarthy little messenger approached.

"Ya esta el Cafe! Senor," said Alita, dropping a curtsey. "Very well," said Mr. Golding, waving her away with his hand, "I'm coming."

In the usual place, upon the open, flower-encircled verandah, stood the breakfast-table, with its steaming silver-urn and snowy cups and plates, its fragrant morning offering of choicest wild flowers and scented leaves. The punctual and irritable Mrs. Greyson, saluted her son with a shrill—"Goodness! sakes alive, Maurice! where on earth were you wandering about, that I had to ring the bell so long, and then send that little monkey after you?"

"I was sitting in the shade of the bath-house, mother," answered Mr. Golding.

"Alone?" queried the old lady.

"No, Agnes was with me, enjoying the cool morning breeze."

"Then why the deuce ain't she here now? the coffee will be as cold as cucumbers. Nelly, go call Mrs. Golding."

"Where is Eva?" inquired her father; "after all your hurry, mother, your grand-daughter is not yet here."

"Eva's gone to feed the parquets, and will be here before the coffee's poured out. Nelly, you disrespectful creature, why don't you go when I bid you?"

"Bedad! an' it was yisterday ye bid me niver call the young mistress, but jist lave her come as late as she pleased; and ye told me niver to disobey orders, an' it's obeyin' ye, I am, shure."

"You impudent, chuckle-headed, goose-pate, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Greyson; "is that the way you dare answer me, in presence of my son too? Go this very minute and call Mrs. Golding; never mind now, sirraps," as Agnes entered, all traces of tears removed, but with a subdued and pensive thoughtfulness lingering upon her features.

"Good morning, mother," said the young wife, kissing the old lady's cheek, and turning round to greet Eva, who just then entered, followed by Loby, a bright-green, pink-footed parrot perched upon her shoulder. There was more than usual cordiality in the kiss, bestowed on Eva's cheek, that morning by her loving stepmother, as there was more than usual coldness in her father's greeting. The young girl smiled pleasantly, and once more saluting her jealous grandmother, took her seat next to Agnes.

The meal passed silently. Near its close, Mrs. Greyson inquired of Agnes: "What were you talking about, so early in the morning, sitting on that damp bench in the bath-house; that's what some people call romantic, I suppose. If 'twere me, I should be afraid of the rheumatism, or of stepping on some poisonous snake, or scorpion, or some such creeping stuff; what entertained you there so long, Agnes, eh?"

Now Agnes was endowed with a boundless reverence for truth, all falsehood and subterfuge was foreign to her nature; but her husband had forbidden her to name the subject, and delicacy and regard for Eva's feelings, would at all times have sealed her lips. So slightly coloring, she replied, "We were speaking of the past."

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BY JOHN C. SAGE

What Impious mockery, when, with soulless art,
Fashion, intrusive, seeks to rule the heart;
Directs how grief may tastefully be borne;
Instructs Bereavement just how long to mourn;
Shows Sorrow how by nice degrees to fade,
And marks its measure in a riband's shade!
More Impious still, when through her wanton laws,
She degrades Religion's sacred cause;
Shows how the narrow road is easiest trod,
And how genteel worms may worship God;
How sacred rites may bear a worldly grace,
And self-abasement wear a haughty face;
How sinners, long in Folly's mazes whirled,
With pomp and splendour may 'triumph' the world;
How 'with this' admits her nearer to appear,
Yet quit to escape the vulgar portion here.

husbandry and industry, with ploughshares turned into swords, toward the footmen went—onward the horsemen drove, the latter shrieking and suffering more from the fiery breath of the artillery, that with roar and belching flames, and hurtling shot, mowed them down, and the dreadful noise became general, sanguinary, and unutterably fierce and deadly.

Simultaneously with this charge, the brave little garrison, seeing its time, made a sally. The Duke's picked body-guard, and a company of English mercenary soldiers, stood their ground stoutly at first, but suddenly turned and fled. "Remember Bril! Remember Granson!" shouted the Swiss, as their great war-horns brayed and pealed above the shock of the fight; and the second army of Charles began to divide itself into two bodies—the living and the dead—into fugitives, and those who could fly no longer.

Among those who formed the contribution of the Fribourgese, was a youth named Berchthold, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," whom, in imitation of the noble Spartan mother, she had sent to that war, which was neither for conquest, aggrandizement, nor the desire of plunder; but to protect the most sacred rights which can place weapons in men's hands, and make them stand before living men as mortal foes, in the defence of country, and with that, all that constitutes the sum of man's earthly happiness. Old and young were pressed into the dread service; and if the grandeur went, only to wait on the wounded, or to carry weapons to those that lacked them, should the young and the bold-hearted stay?

So Berchthold arose, kissed the tears from his mother's eyes, as she placed her husband's crossbow in her boy's hands—for he could draw it home, and aim well. Berchthold put aside his Alp-stock, and the horn to which the cattle replied, with a soft, musical lowing, in the evening. He put down his knife, with which he used to carve deftly in wood those pretty and quaint toys that lightened the tedium of the winter nights, and joined the band going forth out of the gates; and entering the battle, fought too, until he was sorely wounded, and the whole extent of the field of battle was covered, besides those of the slain Swiss, with fifteen thousand corpses, in addition to thousands who, in wild, blind flight, were drowned in the neighboring lake, or sank in the yielding morasses.

This complete success, like the previous one at Granson, was obtained against such fearful odds, and under circumstances so hopeless and almost desperate, that it might be likened to some of those great victories which the Jewish leaders of old won, and as if through the direct interposition of Heaven. There was an array of martial prowess, of practised skill, only to be acquired by repeated campaigns, of grey-bearded soldiers, men-at-arms, and mercenaries—the flower of Charles's troops, with which he had ravaged many a French province—placed against men whose peaceful burgher lives scarcely indicated the prowess they could exercise in an open field, and beyond the shelter of their walls. Charles, foaming like a wild boar, fled, without once halting, to Morges, and, despite the desire of many to pursue, and complete what had been begun—the beginning being, indeed, almost the end—the confederates decided upon returning homeward, the garrison back to Morat, others to village, town, and city, of the confederate cantons, to carry home the glorious news; but already one among them was first, and this was Berchthold.

When the victorious cry rang exultant throughout the field—while the slain were being despoiled, and scattered men were rallying back to surround their leaders, there arose one—young, bold, active yet, though sorely wounded—from the midst of others fallen, wounded, or slain, and still with the cry of "Victory!" issuing from his lips, waving a branch he had torn from a lime tree on the field; like a champion of his own native mountains, he turned towards Fribourg, and ran—ran, not fled, but ran—with the tidings, with the branch in his hand, and the deathless word on his lips, "Victory! victory! victory!"

On this day of fear and anxious doubt, when the battle was raging about a dozen miles away, the few Fribourgese left were gathered in clusters at the gates, the sentinels and watchers looking the way towards Morat. Among them, with scarcely moving lips and solemn face—with others as solemn and as prayerful at hand, with lives dear and beloved at stake—was the mother of the brave lad Berchthold.

"Seest thou aught? hearest thou aught?" were the half-murmured questions, as eyes were bent afar down the roads and over the country, and ears were keenly listening for any sound of battle, dreading the cry of woe—hoping almost against conviction, but hoping still for tidings of joy to come.

"We see no cloud of dust, no horseman riding with captured banner, no crowds hurrying from the field of fight, no messenger with our fate upon his lips, no conqueror's herald coming to summon us to surrender Fribourg!" Such was the reply of those that looked forth.

"Listen again, look! Hear you no trumpet heralding the victors? Come there no maimed crowds—no wounded borne here to be healed or to die in our arms?"

"We hear naught—We see nothing."

And so, hearing nothing, beholding as yet nothing that might tell them what the momentous result might be, the groups—in that awful earnestness and breathless suspense, where everything vital is at stake—murmured their surmises, and prayed for their beloved their hope, their trust and shield, and waited—waited on till the noon had gone by, and the afternoon was slowly crawling away.

"At last! at last!" the murmur rose and deepened. The groups grew agitated, and moved hither and thither. Those at the gates as yet beheld not, but from the watchers on the quaint towers and the walls, the words were swiftly passed—

"They come—they come!" "Yes comes—the messenger—at last. He waves a branch above his head. He shouts aloud—"

"What does he say? What is the cry?" Is the impatient demand.

"He runs—he bounds on. He reels like a wearied or wounded man. Man! It is a youth, a mere lad, and he shouts—"

"What does he shout? Oh, God! what does he shout?"

"He shouts out 'Victory! victory!' Hurray! It is Berchthold. It is the widow's son. Go forth to meet him; some—He reels—he falls, but still he cries out 'Victory! victory!' and still he waves the branch—"

"Brave as a lion the peasant-soldier, wounded, shedding his heart's blood on the way, and by the almost unnatural exertion his heroic, exulting heart prompted him to, the wound that might have been healed becoming mortal—on he came, panting, breathless,

bleeding, the first out of the host, having run like a deer for miles terrible, painful miles; he waves his branch aloft, and with a shout of 'Victory! victory!' still sounding, and coming near and nearer, he falls at last to the ground, and can rise up no more.

"Armed men hurry forth from the gates, the crowd follow, and among them also, but at a slower pace, the widow: she heard his name mentioned. Her boy had brought, the tidings—her boy, wounded in the battle, but not leaving it till all was over, and his comrades conquerors. A mist fell over her eyes, and she tottered forward—now helped on with tender respect by stronger arms.

"Make way—his mother is here. Let the widow pass to the side of her boy—hero," said some one; and gently leading her forward, she knelt down by him, and, suppressing her sobs, kissed his brow and lips, saying—

"My brave, brave Berchthold—I am proud of you, my son!"

A Fribourgese had got to his side, had lifted up his head, and held it on his knee. Meeting his mother's gaze, while he pressed his hand on the side whence the blood still was flowing, and his life ebbing with it, a smile, beautiful in its great calm, lit up his face as he faintly said, "Mother—dear mother!"

"Have you no leech, no surgeon, no help for him?" she cried.

"Too late," murmured the dying boy; "and better to die thus. Kiss me, mother. God—bless you!" and gathering his remaining energies in one great cry of "Victory!" he fell back on the knee that supported him, and never stirred more!

They took the branch which he had carried with him from the field of strife, and bore the body with those silent honors the brave pay to the dead who have died bravely—bore it into the city, where it was buried with such rites as best became their hero, who was thenceforth to become a model for their future youth.

"The Lime Tree of Morat," says a recent guide-book, "now fourteen feet in circumference, stands opposite the ancient Rathaus; (Hotel de Ville), in the Place des Villouls, planted from the branch borne by the Friburgian lad, who ran back, wounded and breathless, from Morat, with the glad tidings of the Burgundians' defeat, and fell dead in announcing the victory."

Subsequently, at the siege of Nanoy, Charles the Bold, and the desperate, was slain, and the most formidable foe of the cantons next to Louis, was dead.

Long have the brave mountaineers enjoyed in peace the honors they have so hardly won in well-fought fields, and long may they continue to possess that pearl of earthly prizes—LIBERTY, FREEDOM!

SCOLDING.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortune gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling, it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good; you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie, seeing the effect of her words, hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, Lizzie, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much, when my little girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not bad, you are a good mamma, only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, like I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and oh, I sometimes fear, I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck, and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

HAPPINESS.

There is one fact which it is not likely the world will ever learn, to wit, that happiness is not necessarily dependent on outward condition. The man of robust health often complains of trifling, and even imaginary diseases, as much as the confirmed val-tudinarian; a man with millions of wealth may as really be a pauper, stinting himself and dreading poverty, as the day-laborer, who has no certainty in the morning that he may have bread enough during the day to satisfy his hunger; he who acquires fame and influence, may be even more dissatisfied than the one who is hopelessly struggling to attain the same eminence; in social life, they are by no means the most happy who have the most conveniences; envy and jealousy are by no means confined to the neglected. Thus, through the whole circle of human experience, they seek happiness in vain who seek for it in outward circumstances. The mild is its best cultivator cheerfulness, contentment, benevolence, and above all, godliness, which includes the others, and happiness, which the world pursues after in vain, or at least as large a share of it as is consistent with our present fallen condition, will come of itself. This is a secret worth knowing. It will operate far more effectively than the empirical prescriptions of the

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

By JIMMY.

The old man sits in his creaking chair By the ingle-side to-day. With his wrinkled brow and his frame so weak, And his palsied limbs and his shrunken cheek, And his looks so thin and gray.

And he gazes long at the ruddy blaze As it curls and flickers and glows, And he seems to see in its changeful light The forms that the years, in their rapid flight, Have borne to the death repose.

There cometh the form of a maiden fair, With laughing, mischievous eyes— He had never beheld such another pair, And the love-lights of that he seeth there Seem borrowed from the skies.

And she wreatheth a smile with her ruby lips, Such as ne'er another hath done, And she cometh again, as she did of yore, And bendeth low o'er his forehead hear, As she did in days long gone.

And she twineeth her arms with a loving embrace Round his neck, and she presseth a kiss, With her glowing lips, on his aged brow, And the shrivelled old man is young again now, Living over rich seasons of bliss.

And then there cometh a tiny form And shareth his kind cares, And his heart yearneth o'er the tiny one, As a father yearneth o'er his first-born son, And prayeth kind Heaven to bless.

And it chanceth again, and a prattling boy Is nestled upon his knee, And other wee forms are round him now, And pride sits enthroned on the old man's brow As he holds to their childish gloe.

The beautiful maiden with laughing eyes Is the wife of his early years, And that tiny one was the oldest child, And that prattling group that his heart beguiled, Are the babes of his prayers and tears.

But the fire burns low, and a dimness steals O'er the old man's vision now, And there cometh the shape of the bluer and pall, And his fondly-loved wife, and his children, all Are shrouded beneath it now.

The flame dies out, and a stifled groan Bursts forth from the old man's heart, The vision hath fled—he's awake again— A lonely old man with anguish and pain, Awaiting his call to depart.

A Pleasure Excursion.

"Two gentlemen in the parlor for Miss Kate," said Maggie, thrusting her head into my aunt's room, where we were sitting at our sewing one pleasant summer morning.

"Gentlemen, Maggie? Who are they? Did they give their names?"

"Faith, and that they didn't, Miss Kate. But they're just some of them young sparks that do be comin' here so often that they think I know them well by now. Shall I tell 'em ye're comin' down, Miss Kate?"

"No, Maggie, I am coming to tell them myself," I replied, smoothing down my hair before the glass, and pulling my collar straight.

"Never mind, Kate, you'll do very well for the gentlemen," said my aunt. "It can't be somebody, for he was here last night—there, don't blush so, I've no more to say."

"What a dear, provoking auntie!" I answered, kissing her; and then, concluding that I did look well enough for the two gentlemen, I went down stairs.

To tell the truth, I did half expect to see somebody when I opened the parlor door. The green, Venetian blinds were closed to exclude the light, but the room was not so dark as to prevent my recognizing the two gentlemen, who arose as I entered.

"Good morning, good morning, Miss Kate," they chorused, in laughing tones. "You deserve credit for not making us wait, as Miss Lane did, whom we called upon just now."

"She came down dressed as if for a party," said Mr. Roberts. "But Miss Kate knows better. She knows that beauty, when unadorned, is most adorned."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts, for giving me so much credit for knowledge," I replied; "but I am at a loss to understand how I have gained it."

"Ah, you know very well what I mean," he said; "but I must not say any more, for Mr. Stowe is impatient to do his errand, I see, and then we must be off."

"Be seated, then, gentlemen," said I, "and I will listen. On so warm a morning everything should be done coolly and deliberately. There—I am ready to hear, and you to speak, I think."

"Well, the fact is, that we are ambassadors, Miss Kate, with proper credentials, empowered by—in fact, 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' we are sent in the name of the Bachelors' Club, to invite you to an excursion for the 20th, provided it should be a pleasant day—if not, the first fine day afterward. We have chartered the *Paul Pry*, and are going to spend the day upon Ash Island. We shall have music and something by way of entertainers, and are going to invite all the young ladies in town. Will you go?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I shall be very happy to do so, if my friends are going. Have all the young ladies accepted the invitation?"

"All conditionally, if not fully. Some of the ladies we have called upon feared they had engagements for that day, and others wished to consult their mamma's. All seemed pleased with the proposition, however, and I think will attend, if possible."

"Consider me engaged for the excursion, then," I said, as the gentlemen rose to go. "I thank you much for affording me so delightful a project in anticipation."

The gentlemen bowed themselves out, and I ran up to impart to my aunt a knowledge of this delightful invitation. There was one thought connected with it which I did not impart, but sat dreaming over it as I sewed mechanically upon a long seam. Somebody belonged to the Bachelors' Club now, and somebody was sure to be my particular escort on the 20th; and there were delightful groves in which we might ramble, the long, bright day through, upon Ash Island.

Well, well, we have all had our dreams, I suppose! Happy for us if the dear somebody of our youth has not long since faded out of them!

The sun rose bright up into the clear sky on the long-expected morning of the 20th. At ten o'clock somebody called, and 'you may be sure he was not kept waiting very long. We walked along the pleasant streets, usually so quiet, but now gay with the pretty summer toils of the young ladies, and their bright faces, as they wended their way, each with one of the "Bachelors" by her side, toward the pier where the *Paul Pry* was moored. The little boat,

that with its inquisitive, saucy air, seemed to merit the name bestowed upon it, was in its best trim that day—the decks scoured to the last degree of whiteness, flags and streamers waving from its mast-head, all festooned was the tiny cabin, and a general holiday jauntiness prevailed, as if it was about setting out upon some pleasant mission.

Presently everybody was on board, and all was ready. The escape-pipe ceased sending forth its thunder, the paddles moved slowly round, and, with the band upon the deck playing a lively air, the *Paul Pry* backed-trab-wis out of "the cove," turned in a broad, circling track when she reached the open bay, and then sped upon her course; while faint over the waters, from the receding shore, came the loud hurrahs of the crowd of idle men and boys who had gathered to see us off.

Oh, how beautiful were the blue waters of that lovely bay that summer morning!—every tiny ripple sending back sparks of light as the sun-rays played upon it; while the green shires, dotted with white hamlets and scattered farm-houses, with here and there a church spire pointing upward into the infinite blue, where the fleecy clouds sailing on, like the wings of angels hovering over the beautiful earth, seemed smiling in vernal beauty, and rejoicing in the sweetest harmonies of nature, never felt more deeply than in that peaceful and lovely spot. Youth and joy and beauty—ye sang to me your divinest song that summer morning of long ago! Discords and grief notes have mingled with the strain as the years rolled on, but its pristine melody has never melted from my ear!

I wore slight mourning for a dear friend but recently "gone home," and so did not mingle in the dance which merry youths and maidens kept up on the white deck with undiminished spirit all the morning, until the wooded points and tiny islands, green as emeralds rising up out of the blue water, being passed, the *Paul Pry* came out upon the open lake, where there were waves rolling high enough to make their footing a little unsteady. Promenading and flirting, much sensible talk and also much chattering, filled up the time until the *Paul Pry* rounded up towards Ash Island and cast anchor in a little bay between two jutting points, and the party were speedily disembarked.

Very joyously and happily passed that long summer afternoon. The gayer ones of the party danced merrily upon the velvet greensward, so smooth and level that one and all declared it must have been the fairies' rendezvous. The sentimental ones strolled in groups or pairs among the trees, or followed the course of the prattling brook that emptied its bright waters into the bay where the *Paul Pry* was moored. Others embarked with their fishing-tackle upon a tiny lakelet, which, without visible outlet or inlet, or connection with the lake, was embedded in the green, setting off the ancient trees that rose above the highest point of the island. Meanwhile, busy servants were laying a long table beneath the trees, and flitting to and fro as they prepared to serve the excellent dinner which the host of the principal hotel had sent on board the *Paul Pry* just before we started.

Walter Stowe, one of the famous committee whose visit was mentioned at the head of this little sketch, had long been attached to sweet Annie Barton. Walter was a young lawyer, and as he had a flourishing professional business, it was confidently supposed the marriage would not be much longer delayed.

Annie Barton was an orphan who found a pleasant home in the house of a rich, childless uncle and aunt; where she was as a daughter to the old couple, who almost worshipped her in return for the love she bestowed upon them. They had made but one condition to their consent to her marriage—that was, that she should still continue to reside with them. When Mr. Stowe would have declined this condition, as detracting something from his independence and his just pride in desiring to provide a home, all his own, for his lovely bride, Mr. Barton had silenced his scruples by saying, "This house and all I have will be Annie's when I am gone. My life cannot be prolonged many years; and surely you would not deprive its declining days of the sunshine of Annie's presence. The 'aunt wife' and I would walk in darkness the remnant of our lives if Annie went from us."

Walter yielded, as who would not to such an appeal? and so it was settled that an adopted son would soon be added to the Bartons' household. To-day the lovers walked apart, and talked in low tones of their happiness, and discussed their plans for the new life which was about to commence. To them everything around put on an added beauty, seen through the medium of their deep happiness.

Strolling along the woodland paths with somebody beside me, I saw Walter and Annie seated upon the mossy roots of a huge beech, and would have turned away, unwilling to interrupt their conversation, which I saw was engrossing; but Annie caught sight of us, and gaily called us to her side. Walter gave me his place, and the two gentlemen, themselves as fast friends as Annie and myself, stood leaning against the tree and looking down upon us while we discussed the plans of the approaching wedding, and the fitting up of those rooms in the Barton mansion which were to be devoted to the married pair. I was to be Annie's bridesmaid, and somebody had promised to be bridegroom's man, "just to learn how to conduct himself when his turn came."

We sat there, deeply interested in our talk, until the summons to dinner was heard; and the separate party of strollers and anglers were seen making their way towards the verdant dining-hall. The fairies' ball-room was deserted, and nymphs who had tripped upon the green-sward, almost as lightly as Titania's subject, were soon seen at table, entering into a consumption of the excellent viands with appetites that showed they were but human beings, after all.

Mirth and laughter, jest and song, passed round the "festive board," until full justice had been done to the good things gathered there; and then the party dispersed again—some fleeing to the ball-room, as they termed it, with renewed gaiety, and others starting off through the wood for the lakelet, in the hopes of catching a few more fish—at any rate, of being able to boast of having sailed over the surface of its mysterious waters.

The four who had sat beneath the beech-tree were of this party. When we reached the shore we found the boat so old and crazy that Annie and I both shrank from entering it. I was always fearful and timid about going upon the water in small boats, and could not be persuaded to enter this; but Annie, more courageous, or more trustful in Walter's promises that no harm should come to her, than I in those whispered in my ear, finally consented.

Walter assisted her into the boat. As he was about to follow, he suddenly turned back to me.

"Miss Kate," said he, "I can't tell why it should be so, but ever since our conversation this afternoon these words have been ringing in my ears, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' Can it be that anything will come in to thwart our plans and to mar our happiness?"

He looked at me so appealingly that, though his words struck a chill to my heart, I could not refrain from answering, with a light laugh, "Nonsense, don't be sentimental, Mr. Stowe. 'Away with melancholy,' was our motto for to-day, you know, and now Annie is waiting for you, and wondering at this mysterious conference."

I could see that my light words jarred unpleasantly upon some chord of feeling, and I half repented having uttered them. But before I had time to say more he turned away and leaped into the boat.

I stood upon the bank watching them as they rowed out into the centre of the lakelet and threw out their lines. There were several fish caught, and we could hear the merry voices and the little screams of the girls at some sudden motion of the boat, or as the little creatures they lifted out of their element were thrown into their midst. In a few minutes the signal was given to return to the shore, and the steam was heard escaping from the *Paul Pry's* pipe. The gentlemen lifted their oars, and turned the boat towards the little landing where we stood.

I never knew how it happened, or whether any one deserved blame, but suddenly the crazy boat careened and filled, and in a moment the whole party were precipitated into the water.

"Run for assistance!" sounded in my ear, above the shrieks of the drowning. I turned just as my friend plunged into the water to swim to the rescue. Frantically I sped along the rough path, unheeding the briars that tore my dress and wounded my flesh, or the stones over which I stumbled. My cries brought assistance, and by the time I returned all the party save one had been drawn on shore. Annie Barton was not yet found, and Walter Stowe was madly insisting on plunging again into the lake in search of her. He soon relapsed into insensibility, for he had gone down several times in search of her before he would allow himself to be drawn upon the shore, and was fearfully exhausted by his exertions. He, with the rest, was conveyed on board the steamboat, while the little lake was dragged with boat-hooks as thoroughly as possible, in hope of finding the body of Annie Barton.

At last, but not until the twilight had fallen solemnly upon the dark woods and tiny lake, the hook grappled in her white dress, and she was raised to the surface. I saw her as they laid her upon the beach, so cold and white. There was a dark wound upon her temple, which had probably caused insensibility, if not almost instant death. Thus she had sunk at once, and never risen.

In what a sad procession we bore the dead girl back to the boat, which she had left that morning with a heart beating beneath its burden of happiness! How solemnly we sailed out upon the dim lake, bearing that still form to the home which the sunlight of her radiant face would no more illuminate! How silently we sat there, with the hearts which had swelled with joy at morning, now, as the stars came out and shone down hoily upon us, aching beneath the weight of our great sorrow!

The hours seemed very long before we found ourselves entering the cove and approaching the crowded pier. Then we would fain have added many more to their number, if we might thus have delayed the announcement of the sorrowful finale of our day of pleasuring. But the boat came slowly up to the pier, and we began to see the faces of anxious fathers and elder brothers, whom wonder at our late return had congregated thither.

"Where's my little Sunshine?" we heard Mr. Barton's cheery voice saying, as he stood in the front ranks, with his servant John by his side, holding a lantern so as to throw its light upon the deck. "Where's Annie?" he repeated. "Here, Stowe—Walter, my boy, why don't you bring Annie ashore?"

Poor Walter could only moan and shudder as he sat in the little cabin, holding the dead girl's hand in his.

"What shall we do, Walter?" whispered Roberts.

"Don't you hear Mr. Barton?"

"Go to him, Roberts," said Walter. "I cannot face him yet. Ah," he added, "he little knows what a sad burden his carriage will convey to his home to-night! Kate," he said, turning to me, "do you remember what I said to you as I was entering the boat? I would have given anything, almost, if you would have uttered one word then to dissuade me from going."

Cries of horror and surprise sounded from the pier. The announcement had been made, and the crowd surged back, as some one cried out that Mr. Barton had fallen in a fit. Then as he was borne away to his carriage, which was waiting at the pier head, the crowd swayed again and commenced pouring aboard the boat. Four stout arms lifted the slight form of the drowned girl, and carried her out of the little cabin; through the throng that pressed forward for a last look upon her sweet pale face, and laid her in the carriage beside her still insensible uncle. The party dispersed to carry the tale of horror to their homes, the crowd retired, and soon the *Paul Pry* lay in solitude and darkness off the pier. Thus ended our day of pleasuring!

Light and gladness went out of Annie Barton's home when they bore her forth to burial. The old people did not long survive her, and then the beautiful home, that should have been Walter's and Annie's, passed into the hands of strangers, and her name was heard no more in the halls where it had so long been the synonym of joy and light.

It was long, very long, before Walter Stowe recovered from the fearful shock he had received. A long illness followed, and soon after his recovery he left the town. The very place had become hateful to him, since it had witnessed both his great happiness and his overwhelming sorrow. Years have passed since his name has greeted my ears. I once heard that he was a rising man, but I know that no breath of fame, no height of gratified ambition could ever make him the happy man that he was on that lovely day, long ago, when he last looked upon the living face of his promised bride—sweet Annie Barton.

Light hearts have grown heavy since that day—dark locks have been streaked with snowy monitors of age, or mementoes of suffering—hopes have faded, joys have withered; Death has claimed his victims, misfortune here; and, scattered wide o'er the world's broad battle-plain, they who are left still struggle on, waiting patiently for the day of rest, or of deliverance.

Banner of Light.

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Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

CIRCULARS.—Messrs. DUNCAN & INNES are our authorized Agents in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

Scarcely have the echoes of the rejoicing cannon and the peals of the victory bells died out over the towers of London, gloomy with the mourning weeds gathered from the harvest of Sebastopol, ere from China and from India, arise the same dread cries of havoc and war. China sullenly and sternly resisting the encroachments of British power, has, at the moment when that power was concentrating itself, and preparing to make an exhibition of its strength, found a most efficient ally. India, so long held beneath the iron sway of despotism, has arisen in rebellion, with an energy which has startled the dreaming rulers. For more than a hundred years, the strong arm of British authority has been extended over India, until it seemed to have become immovable. During that rule many reforms have been introduced and many evils removed, but the rule was nevertheless most despotic. To India, Englishmen have always turned as to a land of gold. From it has come many of the richest fortunes, until an "East India nabob" has passed into a proverb. And as the rapacious greed has been satisfied, and the sweat and toll of the native millions heaped up the coffers and surrounded with luxuries the handful of European masters, have the workers progressed, in anything, save civilization and the so-called Christian faith? Are they not at the present day the same weary toilers? While creating the milk and the honey for the few, have not the great masses been waved off from all participation in that enjoyment? The answers are obvious; British despotism, unrelenting as it has been in all the phases of its colonial governments, has in none manifested itself with such a stern, crushing tyranny as in India. The native population have been made to feel the yoke of the most galling and terrible slavery. Rapacious and grasping avarice has seized upon all their possessions, grappled out all their natural rights, and reduced them to the level of beasts of burden. From the first, they have been treated like captive slaves bound to the chariot wheels of a Roman conqueror. What wonder, then, that rebellion should ensue? The wonder is, rather, that the millions have lain dormant so long. The years of tyranny and misrule are fast passing away, and the time is rapidly approaching when files of hireling soldiers, bristling bayonets and thunder-mouthed cannon shall be powerless, in the cause of despotism. Meanwhile, England is in a blaze of excitement. The sleepy lords are slowly opening their eyes. They who only laughed in scorn, when the few more liberal and far-seeing statesmen warned them of the effect of their coercive measures towards India, are awakening to their error, as they did when the news first reached other like rulers, that a stern resistance to a like policy had been made at Bunker Hill and Lexington. Energetic measures have been taken to quell the insurrection. Steamers have been dispatched to intercept the troops destined to China, and a few weeks will probably give an addition of 12,000 to 14,000 British troops in India. But the revolt is a serious one, and can only be quelled by the indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon race. The disaffection is not confined to a single locality, but pervades the length and breadth of the immense territory, which is equal in extent to the whole of continental Europe, Russia excepted, covering, as it does, an area of 1,363,113 miles, with a population of about two hundred millions.

The total military force at the disposal of the Governor-General is about 322,000 men. Of these 20,480 are Queen's troops; 20,000 Company's European troops; 240,000 Company's native troops, and 32,000 are native contingents, commanded by British officers and available under treaties. Out of the 322,000, only forty-nine thousand are English.

Glorying, as we do, in the exploits of the Anglo-Saxon race, loving the innate yearning for liberty which pervades it, and proud of its advancement in all the arts which adorn and beautify the world, our sympathies must always be upon the side of the nations struggling for freedom. The love of liberty is the leaven of the world. It is the trumpet which calls it up from an inglorious sleep, and cheers it onward in its march towards the light. However crude may be the form in which it develops itself, it is still the flash which tells that the fire is yet aglow. If the rebellion in India is crushed, and crushed it probably will be, will the luxurious rulers heed the warning, and learn that the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" are still men, or will they lie back once more in their cushioned chairs, only to awake when the earthquake engulfs them? Time will decide.

BERANGER.

The musical welcoming into a purer and more congenial existence has saluted the ears of another of the children of song. Beranger, the poet, whose songs have so long swayed the hearts of the French people, has passed away from earth. Feared and hated by tyrants; beloved and venerated by the people, he lived; and even thus he died. As if the rulers feared that his freed spirit would stir up a flame of enthusiasm for liberty, they hurried his mortal remains into the grave with an immense display of military force, to overawe the throngs who crowded to manifest the deep hold he had upon their affections. But Beranger lives still—still breathes his inspirations into the hearts of the people. Yes, and long after kings, emperors, thrones and dynasties shall have been numbered with the unnoticed wrecks thrown aside from the never ceasing and progressive march of Time, shall the poet's songs still awaken the noble impulses of the soul. From the lips of the aged man shall the boy catch the enthusiasm of the melody, from the gentle voice of the mother shall the babe drink it into its soul. Mausoleums, and monuments, lofty domes and sculptured architraves, may fall and crumble into the dust, but the poet lives in eternal youth. Yet

crowned and purple enrobed tyrants, when the little of good you have done is forgotten, and your crimes only remembered, those pure hearted men, you hate and would crush, shall shine as the stars in the firmament.

REFRESHING NOTES FROM HARVARD.

Professor Felton has given, since our last, a few variations on the scientific penny trumpet of Harvard. The theme—as Thalberg would say—on which the variations were composed, is taken from an article in which we jocularly expressed our fears that the Professor was suffering from an attack of illness peculiar to the dog days.

The learned Professor, it seems, did not relish the joke, and we doubt not that so many bitter herbs have been mixed with the Greek and Hebrew roots he has been digesting during the greater portion of his life, that it is difficult for him to do so. Still, a gratifying change has taken place in the style of the Professor's writing. Instead of those shocking hard words which usually constitute the base and apex of his arguments, he turns his attention to the subject of teachers' salaries, and dwells evidently with much pleasure upon the theme. Indeed, it seems as if he merely seized our article as a means of keeping that important subject before the public.

The learned Professor does not seem to be able to understand the date of our paper. Twice he has shown his obliviousness at that point. It is evident he does not know everything, and it might be well for him to look over the dates of the weekly papers, and learn that the major part of them are issued about two weeks in advance of the date of publication. We do not admire the arrangement, but are sorry to see the learned Professor so ignorant of so common a fact. We trust it will not puzzle his brain any longer, for we want that exercised in lecturing and writing against Spiritualism. That seems to be the field wherein he can work to the best advantage for the good of our cause.

The next peculiarity we notice, is a display of the "mutual admiration" principle applied to the Courier by the Professor, which paper endorses the *views* of Harvard, and is in turn endorsed by them on the "tickle me, I'll tickle you" order of things.

He winds up the variations in this style:—

"I could not expect such a train of remark to be approved either by the cheats or the dupes in this 'stupendous delusion!' nor could I reasonably suppose, after what the *Banner of Light* has done in the way of falsification and forgery in other cases, that it would keep to the truth in noticing my remarks. I call attention to its procedure in this case merely as one of a series of falsehoods which, from the first number to the last, have formed the soul and substance of that paper."

Yours truly, C. C. FELTON.

The falsification and forgery particularly applies to the message of young Bird, of Watertown, which we beg leave to remind the gentleman was neither one nor the other. His charges are as worthy of attention as his assertions that material bodies are not moved by other than physical force, and that all mediums are impostors and cheats—a series of falsifications, so apparent to thousands who do not account for them on the theory of spiritual force, that the Professor's veracity is called in question, when people are not charitable enough to charge them to ignorance and prejudice, which we are willing to do.

This view of Prof. Felton's conduct is not confined to Spiritualists, but is taken by men who are yet so dark in their notions of it as to deplore the spread of Spiritualism. A correspondent in the *Daily Traveller* says:—

Professor Felton, in his remarks at the recent Normal School examination at Bridgewater, while denouncing Spiritualism as an "atrocious humbug," is reported to have said that "not a table could be moved by a spiritual medium, unless it was moved as a less pretending mortal would do it—by force and arms." I understand him to mean by this language that the tables are not moved in any case, or other similar manifestations made, except by ordinary physical forces.

It is probable Prof. Felton has not witnessed the best manifestations under circumstances favorable for testing them, and in denying their reality, against the testimony of many thousand cautious and unprejudiced persons, without making himself fully acquainted with the facts in the case, he is gaining a kind of popularity that a man in his position cannot have much reason to be proud of.

While I have no confidence in Spiritualism, I can say I know tables are moved, and other manifestations are made, by other than ordinary physical forces. Instead of denying the reality of those phenomena, without the means of proving his statements true, let him furnish a natural and scientific explanation of them, and he will render the public generally, and Spiritualists in particular, some useful service. His sweeping statements imply that all mediums are wilful deceivers, and who does not know, except those whose bigotry has made them determined not to know, that such statements are as unjust as they are unreasonable and injudicious?

The Professor has but fallen into the error of all opponents of Truth. The weapons Error gives to its apostles are terrible in bitterness, but this very poison is its own antidote.

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

How naturally the love of the bright and the beautiful springs up in the heart of a child. A flower, a picture, or a glittering gem, will cause the bright little eyes to sparkle, and the round, plump arms to be extended in pleasure. It is not confined to any portion or any class, it is an inherent, universal passion, implanted in the heart of the newly created image of God, a part and parcel of Himself. It pervades and glorifies the whole child-being. So the child, as it grows up, thrills at the recital of poetical language, its fresh memory grasps the jingling rhymes, because of their musical sound. Emulation to excel in money-getting, but rarely creeps unaided into the heart of a child. Its admiration extends more strongly to the noble and the generous. But as day by day the stern lessons of selfishness and hardness of heart are taught it, this worship of bright things fades away, the eyes lose their impulsive light, and the heart its generous throbbings. Cold and calculating grow the glances which are cast upon all objects. Speculative, icy and selfish grow the promptings of the heart. Over the beauties of nature and of art are drawn veils, mysterious with the cabalistic figures of the multiplication table. Then arises up that strife which crushes down all the kindly human sympathies, all the pure, generous emotions, and all the sweet contentment which made the earlier hours of childhood, a type of the garden of Eden, e'er Sin, and her, handmaid, Sorrow, had entered into it. The tares choke the wheat, and the soil, once so blooming and fruitful, becomes barren, rugged and sterile.

Only a few, the poets of the world, grow up amid the mass, like flowers which spring from the soil.

crevices of the rock, cherishing, always, the fair, the bright and the generous, and they pass over the thorny ways of the world, pierced at every turn, seeking for kindred hearts in vain, standing amid the crowd, "among them, but not of them." And the pampered arithmetician, whose nightly vigils have been kept over algebraic problems, jingles the coin in his pocket, and laughs at them. To their bright dreaming fancies, and their precepts of Love and Faith, they turn a deaf ear, or cry out in derision. As their chariot wheels roll by, the chariot on which, instead of the trumped up armorial bearings, should be the simple figure of a grasping hand, they scornfully toss their heads at those who were so foolish (in their opinion) as to indulge any other passion than that of greed.

And who are happiest? They who cherish all their pure, warm feelings, their love of the beautiful; in whose hearts the fountains of Charity and Good-Will are ever fresh and overflowing, or those who stone them up and seal them from the light with the golden stamp? When the young man came to Christ, asking what he should do, to be saved, and went away sorrowful after having been told to sell that he had, and give to the poor, Jesus said, "That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." It was not enough his protestation, that he had kept the commandments from his youth up, still Jesus said his whole duty to his fellow-men had not been accomplished.

Yes, though thorny the ways, through which the true hearts way pass for a time, the future opens bright and beautiful beyond. There their soul-yearnings will be realized; there, in never fading gardens, shall bloom the bright blossoms whose perfumes have been wafted through their dreams. The beautiful and the pure are not lost, their existence is eternal, and their brightness ever increases, halloving and blessing the hearts of their worshippers.

OUT OF TOWN.

Sitting in our cosy and comfortable room at the Norfolk—the prince of suburban hotels—and looking out over the green hills, covered with spacious mansions and graceful vine-covered cottages, our fancies stray back to the city, and in imagination we hear the ceaseless rumble of the carts, the never ending hurry and confusion of the crowd. It is the Sabbath. Musically chime the bells, and, in gay attire, the church-goers wend their way to their accustomed places. Mechanically they pace up the isles and recline upon the well-cushioned seats. Now through the open windows float to our ears one of those old tunes wedded to memory by the music of a mother's voice. How clear and harmonious the notes linger on the air. There is true soul-inspiring melody in the sounds. Sitting here, we cannot hear the words of the preacher, but none the less do our thoughts arise in homage to Him who created all the forest-crowned hills upon which our eyes linger with delight, and all the sweet sounds which thrill our senses and waft our memories into happy dreams of the past and the future. God is everywhere, and the heart which seeks communion with Him, may find Him as well upon the hill-side or the shores of the sea, as within the temple. The bells have ceased.

We will walk out upon the hills. How clear and balmy is the atmosphere. Far as the eye can reach a placid stillness and repose rests upon all things, save now and then the notes of some joyous bird bursting forth in grateful music. How gently and soothingly the quiet harmony around wraps the heart in its embrace, how the shadows float off, and the rich warm sunshine melts into the dark chambers of the soul. Bitter thoughts die out under the benign influence, and peaceful contentment sits smilingly at the open door.

We stand now upon a hill, fraught with many pleasant memories. On either hand are woodlands, thick with dark green foliage, before us a sweep of meadow land, where cattle are grazing, and in the distance arise lofty hills, on the slopes of which repose tasteful cottages—God grant that they are "homes of peace and contentment." Just below us a group of merry children, partly seated upon the green sward and partly chasing one another around in circles, while a noble Newfoundland dog enters into the enjoyment with—we had almost said his whole soul—and why not, his language is not the same as men's, but 'faith he acts more intelligently, and certainly with less dishonesty and selfishness than many of them. It is a scene peculiar to the Highlands of Roxbury. Nature here, seems rather assisted than injured by art, the forest trees being in most cases allowed to remain in their natural positions about the dwellings. It is an evidence of good taste, not too often met with. At a short distance arises a spire surmounted by a gilt cross. It is the Catholic church. Winding down the hill a little road leads to a principal street. As we stand on the height above, the congregation issues from the church; a vast concourse, filling up the entire road. Before them four-fifths are women, and as they defile through the narrow road, their many bright colors of dress, glowing in the rich sunshine, contrasting with the deep green verdure of the fields and the overhanging branches, form a picture which would repay miles of travel to look upon.

Dwellers of the city, come out from your dusty streets and your oven-like houses, and breathe the invigorating air and view with appreciative eyes the wondrous beauty of the hill-side, so shall your hearts grow cheerful and your weary burdens light. Ah! well the air gives one an appetite—we will stray back to the Norfolk and with a good book and a mild Havana await a soundless musical than the songs of the birds, but not unwelcome to the hungry—the dinner-gong.

THAT INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

In another column will be found a statement of the occurrences which transpired before the savans of Harvard in their failure to investigate Spiritualism.

It is from the pen of Rev. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, a gentleman whose veracity would not be questioned, even had not the *Courier*, the organ of the "Investigators," endorsed it in a recent article. There has been so much delay in the production of the promised report of the Committee, and so anxious is the public to hear somewhat of the affair, that Mr. Putnam has written what he saw and his impressions thereof, to supply the demand for light.

So far as can now be learned, Dr. Gardner's report will not precede that of the Committee. It is the desire of the friends that they open the light. Therefore for any further light on this subject, kept so dark by Harvard, the public must wait until its forces are brought into the field.

COUNTERTREASURY \$3 bills on the Union Bank, of New London, Ct., are in circulation in the vicinity of New York.

MR. FOSTER AT MUSIC HALL.

J. G. Foster, of Buffalo, has, for two Sabbaths occupied the desk at the Music Hall, to the delight of the Spiritualists of our city.

We promised a report of his first lecture, but the statement of Mr. Putnam in regard to the Committee of Investigation, has crowded it out this week. We felt that just at this moment this would be more acceptable to the public mind.

On Sunday, August 24, we listened to both discourses given through the organism of Mr. F. and in common with the highly respectable audience assembled, were greatly pleased with both performances.

The discourse in the forenoon was a powerful argument drawn from the Bible to prove the possibility of spirit communication, and to reconcile the spirit manifestations of to-day and those of the past, as recorded in that book, showing that the same objections urged against those of our day, apply with equal force to those recorded in the Old and New Testaments; and that the manifestations of to-day strengthen all that is true in the Bible, and explain some of its absurdities.

The discourse in the afternoon was of a different nature, calculated for a different class of minds, but was replete with sound philosophy and scientific facts. The subject was the Creation of Man, his past, his present, and his future. It was an eloquent, chaste and powerful argument against the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, and other Orthodox ideas of Man's Future. The controlling spirit ignored the idea of believing any system of Religion which was at war with science, believing that no religion which could not live in harmony with the facts of science should hereafter be acceptable to man.

Mr. Foster is decidedly the most successful Trance Medium we have yet had, and we are happy to announce that he will lecture at the same place on Sunday, August 26th.

We think an arrangement will be concluded during the week, whereby we shall be enabled to give these discourses to our readers in full.

MUSQUITOES.

We don't mean anything in reference to the country over which the rulers of Great Britain constituted a very large, very black, and very ugly looking individual, king; thereby violating the words of Shakespeare—"a king of shreds and patches." No, the matter we write of is one of more importance to the general feelings of mankind. Those whizzing, buzzing, stinging, winged creatures, sometimes denominated "skeeters," certain varieties of which are said to carry bristly bands under their wings to sharpen their billon, constitute the subject of our present thoughts. We are free to say, we don't like them; we don't like the impudent manner in which they are constantly presenting their bills; and their obstinate and ungovernably refusal to "call again to-morrow," is highly disagreeable. We had much rather be awake at midnight by a serenade from Bond's Cornet, albeit they are infantry only, to being roused by the shrill bugles of these flying dragons. In short we consider "skeeters" perfect bores.

We were led into this train of thought not from any great personal inconvenience at the present time, for owing to the waywardness of the season, their beleaguering legions have not yet made a charge upon us, but here and there an avant-courier announces the approach of the invaders. The Key West correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury*, however, gives a thrilling picture of their operations in that delectable region. Hear him:—

At Fort Dallas, Fla., mosquitoes are so plentiful that both officers and men rave; the guard on duty pass their whole time under bars. The sentry is provided with a mosquito veil or bag, thrown over the head, and kept out from the face by a hoop; woolen clothes, boots and gauntleted gloves protect the limbs and body from their murderous attacks. Persons who have not experienced this beauty of overglad life will scarcely believe that horses and cattle are actually led to death in a single night; and woe be to that soldier or seaman who, by means of liquor, loses command of himself and falls to the ground, helpless and unprotected—these insatiable vampires will fasten their fangs upon him, and draw from his bosom body what fevered blood remains. The heavy rains of the early part of the month filled the ponds with fresh water, and the ninth day after the first fall the hum of the forthcoming host was heard. They are now a perfect pest. Man and beast suffer alike. The cattle, dogs and poultry are kept awake the live long night with such concerts as proceed from the united howlings of 200 cows, the howlings of 750 dogs, and the crowing of 40 roosters, spurred on by the applause of an audience of myriads of mosquitoes.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PRESS AND THE MEDIUMS.

Messrs. Editors.—The excitement began a long time ago at Cambridge over the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, and continued by the strange and inexcusable manner in which the subject was afterwards treated by the Professors, and finally by their unbroken silence in reference to the Report for which the public have been waiting so impatiently, it was found necessary to allay in some degree by turning over the examination of this most mysterious subject to other parties, whose willingness to investigate it with candor and calmness was sufficient guarantee that the business would at least be transacted with the seriousness it deserved.

Accordingly, on the 1st day of July the first meeting of the several conductors of the press of Boston, was held in the Albion building, in the same room that was attempted to be used for the same purpose in the case of the Cambridge Professors. Dr. Gardner, who had conducted the examination before, so far as making all the necessary preliminary arrangements was concerned, was present at the meeting, and indeed, with a single exception, we believe, at all of them. Besides the members of the press, the several meetings were attended by Rev. Allen Putnam, Alvin Adams, Esq., Luther V. Bell, Esq., and other parties invited in.

At the first meeting, which was held at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Mr. Redman, of New York, was introduced as the medium. The entire party took their seats around a large dining-table, after having carefully scrutinized the sections of the platform placed upon the floor, and all other objects in which the very ghost of suspicion might lurk, and very soon afterwards raps were heard. Every person present was then requested by the medium to write the names of several of his spirit friends, which was done secretly upon several slips of paper, each one of which was afterwards rolled into a small pellet and thrown into the common heap on the table. They were then stirred about as much as was desired by the members of the party. Mr. Redman took his pen and commenced pointing to one of them after another. Having passed over several without any notice being taken of them, at last, at

he came to a particular one, three raps were distinctly given on the table, indicating that the right one had been touched. Each person present then proceeded to inquire if it was a friend of his; and finally an affirmative answer was returned. The medium asked if the spirit present would write out his name, and the answer came, yes. The hand of the medium was then controlled, and he wrote out the name Edward with his pen, which, on opening the slip of paper in question, was found to be the very name contained upon it.

Tests of various kinds were obtained through the medium by two or three of the gentlemen at the table, some of which were as striking and powerful as they were unaccountable—except on the single theory that these communications came from disembodied spirits. One of the gentlemen was offered enough of them, and where he was least looking for them, too, to both astonish and amuse the rest of the company during the greater part of the sitting. When at length the question of material tests was suggested, a patent steel yard was sent for, by which the ordinary weight of the table (lifted at one end only) was found to be sixteen pounds. The finger tips of all present still touching the table, the spirits were requested to make the end of the table as light as possible; whereupon the index of the balance indicated but eight pounds. Being asked again to make the end of the table as heavy as they could, the finger pointed to fifty pounds, the full capacity of the balance—and even more power than sufficient to overcome the resistance of fifty pounds had to be exerted in order to raise that end of the table. All parties appeared satisfied with this experiment, since "seeing was believing."

The next meeting was held on the following afternoon, when Mrs. Brown and Miss Kate Fox, from Rochester, were present with the members of the press. After another examination of the raised platform on which the table stood, and of the various articles of furniture about the room, all sat around the table with the mediums, and in a very short time raps were heard plentifully upon the table and the floor. A friend of a person present announced himself, and rapped out his name from a list of those written down by the gentleman in question. A long list of questions were then put to the spirit, not only by the gentleman himself but by several others, and every one received an immediate and correct answer. In order to destroy even the remotest possibility of collusion or clairvoyance, questions were put to a spirit that appeared to another gentleman of the party, not directly, but through a third person; for example, a list of towns having been written down, it was passed to a third person to inquire in which one the departed one was born; and the response came correctly. The ladies stood upon a sofa with a spring cushion, and, by touching their fingers to the door, produced the raps on the door; by doing the same with the wall, succeeded in producing them both upon and within the wall.

The session with the Davenport boys, which was held in the evening, was the most wonderful of all. You have not space for me to describe all the preparations that were made with such care by those present to prevent any possibility of deceit and fraud, as well as to satisfy themselves the more abundantly of the superhuman agency—if such it should prove itself—by which these manifestations were produced. The two boys were placed in a box standing on legs, whose interior measured some eight feet long, by three broad, and five high, and pieces of stout rope were thrown in after them. There was a door in the center of the box, and a seat was secured within the box at each end. Through both the seat and the box augur-holes had been bored.

The gas having been turned off, the request was made of the spirits to tie the boys; but this they refused to do. The light was produced again, and the boys bound by gentlemen present (members of the press) hand and foot. The wrists were tied separately, and the arms were secured above the elbows behind the back. Having been lifted into the box the boys now suffered their legs to be tied about the thighs and ankles, while the ropes were passed this way and that through the augur-holes in the seat and the box. Such thorough tying I never witnessed before. If a person could get away from that, then rope-walks and spun-yarn would be of no further service. The boys sat secure on their seats, unable to move hand or foot, much more to touch one another in any possible manner.

The company became seated, and a cord was drawn through the button-hole of each gentleman's coat, and the ends tied across the room. If one moved, of course all must go too. The operator turned off the gas again, and instantly sat down and was held by two persons who helped compose the circle. In a moment the door of the box, which had been left wide open, was slammed to with much violence, and presently the swift moving of ropes was to be heard through the holes through which they had been passed. In fifteen minutes' time the boys called for the light, and on going to them they were found to be perfectly free! This was certainly one of the greatest wonders we ever saw.

After a recess, the boys were once more put into the box, with the same ropes. They shut and bolted the door on the inside, and the lights were put out. In a little more than five minutes there was a call to strike up the light again, and there sat the boys, the door having been previously unbolted and thrown back, tied exactly as they had been tied before—at the wrists, elbows, thighs, and ankles! It was totally impossible for them to have done this thing themselves, every one present was forced to admit. While still secured, several musical instruments were played in the box, the company were seated, and the lights extinguished. The door was instantly closed and bolted on the inside, and the instruments were played on to everybody's satisfaction, or satiety. The door having been opened once more, and the gas again lighted, the boys were found tied just as before. Again the lights were put out, and in two minutes the boys were as free as ever they were!

On the afternoon of the 6th, Mr. J. V. Mansfield was present with the representatives of the press. The most of them had previously prepared a letter, which, on being brought into the room, were all secured in envelopes from the same package, so that no one could distinguish his own production from another's. Mr. M. was not influenced, to answer a single communication at that time, but, on their being carefully sealed with wax and taken to his office, several were answered within a short time afterwards; and in every case emphatically. One received an answer from the spirit of Stephen Phillips, of Salem. Another had his returned with the word Blank written on the wrapper, and a third contained correct (or appropriate) answers to eight different questions, and was signed with a name the signature of the friend addressed with it. All of the

REV. ALLEN PUTNAM'S STATEMENT RESPECTING THE HARVARD "INVESTIGATION" OF SPIRITUALISM.

Messrs. Editors:—In presenting to the public the statement of Mr. Putnam, it is only necessary for me to say, that five weeks have elapsed since the publication of the *AWARD* of the Scientific Committee appointed by the Boston Courier to investigate the subject of Spiritualism, and the promised report of their proceedings having, for some unexpected reason, been withheld, I deem it due to the public that a brief statement of some of the principal facts in the case should be furnished it. Therefore, I consider the occasion sufficiently urgent to excuse my publishing the subjoined statement at this time. Much that was said and done during the sittings at the "Albion" Rooms, of which no mention has been made by Mr. P. in his statement, together with the conversations held and agreements entered into by and between the representative of the Boston Courier, the members of the Committee, and myself, will be published at some future time. For the present I will only add, that the statement of Mr. Putnam requires no endorsement by me or any other person, as his reputation for truthfulness and candor is unblemished.

I refer the reader to the annexed letter of Mr. Putnam, which will explain his position.

H. F. GARDNER.

ROXBURY, July 18, 1887.

DR. H. F. GARDNER:—Dear Sir:—Your intimation to-day, that an account of my doings and observations in connection with the matter between you and the Boston Courier might be wanted before my return from the West, at the latter part of September, induces me to leave with you the rough memoranda which I wrote out a week or more ago. They are not in the form in which I should put them had I time to rewrite. As they are now shaped, they present most prominently the reasons why I expected a fair and full investigation, and my personal disappointment. This point has more interest for me than for others, and I should wish it less prominent if I were sure that the statement is to be published. Wait my return before you use it, unless the reasons for a different course are urgent. In that case, exercise your discretion.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

P. 8.—My quotation marks must not be understood as indicating the exact language of the several speakers, but only the substance of what was said and is remembered. I took no notes at the time.

MR. PUTNAM'S STATEMENT.

Dr. Gardner remarked, in my hearing, that he was disposed to arrange for a trial before the gentlemen named by the Courier, and asked my opinion in reference to doing so. My reply was, that he ought first to stipulate that the trial should be had under such circumstances as would permit free compliance with those *natural laws* which govern and control spirits when they manifest themselves to us.

Subsequently, Dr. G. invited me to accompany him to Cambridge, where he was to meet the Committee; while on the way out there, I remarked to him that the \$500 was an unpleasant feature in the business; and that I could not suppose that the gentlemen were to be called upon or could consent to be mere lookers-on and stake-holders. He answered, "I have been thinking that I will waive that, and, if we are successful, permit the Courier to pay the bills, but decline anything more."

We met the four gentlemen at Cambridge, and soon found that they had been named as commissioners, without their own knowledge or consent; and that the first question with them was, whether the services and conditions asked for were such that they could serve. Consequently, a free and prolonged conversation followed, in which the representative of the Courier maintained that, according to the terms of the offer, it would be incumbent on Dr. G., if a chair should be moved by some invisible power, to show that that power was *spirit-power*, before he could be entitled to the \$500. The Doctor replied that, if such was to be considered the true meaning, he, of course, should not make an attempt. Very promptly, Mr. Gould said that the obvious import of the whole article in the Courier would find its requirements met, if the works should be performed by some power not recognized by common observation, or not known to science. My own opinion was that both of the gentlemen, Lunt and Gould, were correct; a strict construction of the one sentence in which the offer was made, would otherwise render that sentence incongruous with the design of the whole article.

Passing from that point, with an apparent concession that Mr. Gould had given it its just interpretation, we came to a consideration of those "natural laws within which we believe spirits are confined in producing the manifestations." Here Dr. G. turned to myself, and asked for statements from me. My position taken then, as at other times, was, that there is some subtle, natural fluid which is essential to the spirits as an instrument, whenever they work here or near the earth's surface; that this fluid can be very easily disturbed and dissipated by the embodied persons present, and this so effectually as to prevent all spirit operations; that lack of quiet and harmonious feelings among the persons present; that intense mental action; that the magnetic rays from the human eye; that rays of light, &c., might frustrate its use and prevent manifestations. Therefore, that it was in the power of the gentlemen there present to make the trial a failure, by ejecting certain forces from their own minds and eyes. I stated that it would be best that all should sit in a circle; that all should conform, in the order of sitting, to the wishes of the mediums; that all should avoid intense mental action, &c. Professor Agassiz at once objected to being in the circle under any circumstances, and I think the gentlemen all felt that, when acting as judges, such would not be a desirable position.

Concerning the nature or properties of that fluid which the spirits uniformly state that they use, and which many Clairvoyants tell us that they see, there was considerable conversation. I thought its properties quite different from those of common electricity, and more like those which Reichenbach, in his *Dynamics*, ascribes to his "od" or *odyle* force. It was obviously something which some human organisms contain in great abundance, either as fountains or reservoirs; something with which tables, chairs, and most objects around us can be measurably charged, and with which rooms can be measurably filled. That it will remain for a short time where it has been gathered, and depart gradually when the producing cause is removed. That some localities and states of atmosphere are more favorable to its collection than others. And that such points ought not to be overlooked when arranging for and conducting the contemplated trial.

Another point, which required many statements for its elucidation with these gentlemen, as it does with most people who are not familiar with the subject, was the powerlessness of the managers of the arrangements, and also of the media. Even men of science were not free from the influence of the notions that the working powers in spirit manifestations are, on the one hand, subject to man's control, and, on the other, that they are almost omniscient and omnipotent, or at least that they can, at any time, overpower man. Prof. Agassiz stated that, in all their scientific experiments, if a thing could be done once, it could be repeated twenty times; and, therefore, that they might require the same here; he said this, apparently forgetting that we claimed that the real actor is an individual intelligence acting according to his or her own will and powers, and not in compliance with our dictation.

Prof. Pierce inquired if we could not ask the spirits whether they would come and manifest themselves at the trial? "Yes," was the answer, "we can ask." "And," said he, "can you not get an answer?" "Probably," we said, "their reply will be, 'yes' or 'no'." "Why can't they tell certainly?" he continued. We said, "Can Mr. Gould now promise certainly that he will examine some particular star in the heavens to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, while as yet he knows not whether there will then be clouds or fog?" "No," said Mr. Pierce, "he can only promise to point the telescope." "Very good," we said, "the spirits can only promise to try; and can, at the time of trial, perform only what the conditions permit." Prof. Gardner repeated, in the presence of the company, what he had

said to me in reference to the \$500, and expressed an entire willingness to arrange for the trial, and at its close report the amount of expenses, and leave it to the option of the Courier, whether to pay the bills or not, and to thus dispose of the pecuniary point at once and finally. This avowal seemed to give much pleasure to Prof. Agassiz in particular, who conveyed the idea that it placed the whole matter before them in a much pleasanter aspect, and would give to them more freedom in the investigation. No dissent from his view was then expressed.

From that time, however, the confidence of the gentlemen in Dr. G. seemed to be greater, and more genial feelings pervaded the company. Near the close of the Conference, Prof. Agassiz said to me, "Why is it, Mr. Putnam, that you wish to control the arrangements and conditions so fully yourselves?" I answered, "If I desired to show you what my steam engine could accomplish, I should ask for the privilege of making up the fires, and getting up steam in my own way." "Very good," said he, "if that be it—if you have anything like science—manage everything in your own way; only give us a fair chance to examine your engine after it gets at work." "That we will do with pleasure, sir," said I; "and you now grant all that we can ask." The Committee said, "It was proposed to Dr. Gardner that he should be permitted to have his own way in everything, even to the selection of the room and time, the determination of all accessory circumstances." Though this, their own language, goes somewhat further than what my recollection would lead me to use, in indicating my own understanding as to how far the Committee promised compliance with every wish the Doctor might express as to their own positions and deportment in the room, yet I had no doubt that they then indicated a purpose to give the general subject of Spiritualism free scope and fair play, and not a purpose to act simply as judges as to whether certain specified acts could be performed in their presence, they remaining inattentive to proper conditions just so far as they chose. I was not quite sure that they abandoned the money matter to Dr. Gardner and the Courier, nor that they gave consent to be assigned their seats in circles, and to conform in their mental states and outward deportment to all requests which might be made. Yet the general purport of the whole conversation came near to this, and they used language which implies that it came fully up to this, when they say that it was proposed to give to Dr. G. "the determination of all the accessory circumstances."

Thus the matter stood when I returned from Cambridge, on the evening of June 1st. There were reasonable grounds for expectation that the money question might be entirely removed from the thoughts of the referees, and that Dr. Gardner might have free and full control of all things, even to "accessory circumstances." My connection with the business was at an end, as I supposed, as soon as that first preliminary meeting closed, and I carried from the meeting an expectation that the four gentlemen would lend cheerful co-operation with Dr. Gardner in all efforts to learn what the new or unrecognized force can accomplish under the most favorable circumstances. This expectation was often expressed in the hearing of others. Under its influence, I soon addressed a letter to Prof. Pierce, of which I retain no copy, but of which I remember enough to justify me in saying, that I attempted there to lay before the Committee some of the conclusions in reference to the power, instrumentality, the laws and conditions of spirit intercourse, to which my observations and reflections had led me, and that these were presented by me as suggestions and helps to genuine investigators. Such, I had no doubt, the Committee would be; and I must think that the letter referred to contains, in the general scope and tone, internal evidence that such was my confident expectation.

Near the close of that letter will be found a sentence, in which the hope is expressed that the money question will be definitely disposed of, and that thus the observations of others and the science of the Committee may join hands in labors to discover truth.

Not long after this, some of the public papers stated that the money question had been set aside or removed from the case. Dr. Gardner had stated that he was unwilling to claim or to receive the award under any circumstances; and thus, in good faith I came to suppose that the pecuniary influences were not to act upon any mind. Then—and then first—did I say to Dr. G., that I was willing to contribute toward defraying the necessary expenses, and to assist him in making the necessary arrangements. He was soon called to New York, and considerable labor devolved upon me. I performed it cheerfully, because I thought myself laboring in the cause of important truth, without hope of pecuniary reward. Prof. Pierce will not forget that, in his own study, I made some remarks about incurring expense, which induced him to say, "you will not be losers if you are successful in exhibiting the phenomena, because we shall sooner pay the bills by a contribution among ourselves than have you do that. At this time, which I think was June 18, (and I had not been present at the meeting on the 9th, nor had I seen nor been informed as to the articles of agreement then signed,) Prof. Pierce, I must think, understood me as supposing that no money was to be awarded or thought of by the Committee, and he said nothing to lead me to a different conclusion. With Prof. Horsford, on the same day, I was acting under the same impression, though I do not remember that this point was brought to his notice. One hour or more was spent very pleasantly in conversation with him, and he made me acquainted with the apparatus of various kinds by which he proposed to test the wonder-working power; and it gives me much pleasure to say, that in all of them he was seeking for only slight power, and even that to be manifested under very proper conditions. All indicated preparations for a fair trial, and the same disposition was shown by this gentleman at every occasion on which I have since had the pleasure to meet him. My point here is, that his preparations indicated a wish to be a co-worker in search after truth, and not a holder of stakes. And it is not his fault that the higher purpose was not carried out.

From that time, June 18, up to the day of the trial, my belief was unflinching that the Committee would submit the control of every influencing circumstance to Dr. Gardner—that they would be co-operators with him, having ignored the money question, and I was repeatedly heard to express a belief that the learned gentlemen would enter heartily into a courteous and fair investigation, and that palpable and good manifestations would be obtained. Such was my expectation; and it was deduced and was fairly deducible from what the members of the Committee had themselves said, and done, and listened to without dissent, in my presence at least. Many have called me incredulous. I am so. I have much faith in man's fairness and truth; so much as sometimes to be deceived by those who ought to be above a willingness to suffer even misleading inferences to be deducible from their acts and words. I expected success—but

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." We met at the Albion. Mrs. Brown and her sister, Miss O. Fox, were present as mediums. A conversation was started which was carried on mostly, but not entirely, by Mr. Lunt, the representative of the Courier, and Major Rains, of Newburg, N. Y., a graduate of West Point, once assistant Professor there, and who in connection with Judge Edmonds and others, made a long continued investigation of spiritual powers scientifically. This conversation related to the instrumentality and processes by which Spirits work, and Major Rains expressed some of his views as to the proper processes for a scientific investigation of this particular subject. Also, there was conversation, mostly between Prof. Agassiz and Mrs. Brown as to when and how the Fox family first learned that they possessed this "mediumistic susceptibility." The substance of this "harmonious" with what has often been published. After a time, the mediums and a few others being at the table, raps were heard, mostly on the floor, but rather upon a three or four inch platform covering the stuffed or cushioned floor, while a few gentlemen were felt and heard as if made on the table. After

ward, when Mrs. Brown stood by a large wooden box, position, and looking very intently upon Redman, although he said to Prof. Pierce, "throw that one out," meaning the slip just written upon. There was the appearance of much mental disturbance in Prof. A., as shown by his attitudes, his changes of position, his wild gaze, and his tones when he spoke. No raps came, nothing claiming to be spiritual was done by or through Mr. Redman in the public room. At some time during this sitting Dr. Gardner drew attention to the points of disturbance, through strong mental action and intent use of the eyes. Mr. Lunt was understood to say that he had been using both mind and eyes intently, and with much effect; but I was on the opposite side of the room from him when he spoke, and may not have taken in the exact import of his words.

Similar want of success attended the other mediums, at all the subsequent sittings up to the meeting of the Davenport, on the last evening. These boys, or young men, were entrusted almost entirely to the management of the Committee, and those of us who were but spectators are not so informed as to make it proper to state in advance of the Committee, what was attempted nor what the success. We do know that at the close Prof. Agassiz held up a small, short piece of thread, which he said had been "broken," and that that was the test. Having uttered these words in a very rough tone and emphatic manner, he, in a similar tone, said, "good night, gentle," and put first his finger and then a common pencil against the box, the raps were heard there as on the box and near her hand. Again, when she stood upon a covered stool, the sounds seemed to be made beneath her on the platform. Again, when the two mediums were both standing on the stuffed seat of a sofa, the persons near them remarked that they heard sounds as from the wood of the sofa, and also from the ceiling against which the sofa stood. My position was distant from the sofa, and I only state what others who were near remarked. Many of the raps upon the platform and one or two upon the box were quite distinctly heard in most parts of the room.

Near the close of their sitting, Prof. Agassiz stated that the production of such sounds could be referred to known laws, and said, "Before the investigation is over we will explain to you how they may be produced."

When about to separate, Maj. Rains expressed a wish that all would stop and compare notes, and come to an agreement as to what had actually occurred or been exhibited. A few sentences as to the propriety or importance of this course were exchanged between him and Prof. Pierce; when the Prof. said, in a very ironical and discourteous tone and look, "we thank you, sir, for your advice," and bowing, hastily left the room. This occurred while a portion of the company were about leaving the room, while nearly all were standing and ready to go—while promiscuous conversation was going on—and it is not probable that many heard or saw what is here described. I was standing by the side of Maj. Rains, and saw and heard the whole most distinctly. Mortified and ashamed at the tones and looks of this representative of *Alma Mater* and of Science, when addressed to a gentleman stranger, and a man of science, I turned silently away, and was not surprised when, shortly after, Maj. R. said to me, "There seems no occasion for me to remain here because of any knowledge or skill which my experience in such investigations may have given me; there is no attempt, no purpose, to have an investigation of the general subject. I had better return home." And soon he did go, as then proposed.

Now the "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." At the next gathering I asked, privately, and learned from both Prof. Pierce and Mr. Gould, that they considered the money question as still before them, and that they were but judges and not investigators. From that time my relations to them and to that particular trial became relatively unpleasant. I had little to do or say, and nothing to hope for, because of the necessary antagonism in the room.

At their next sitting Mr. Redman was the medium. Raps and tipping of the table did not come as they usually do with him; yet he asked those at the table to slip the names of deceased friends and roll up the slips. Prof. Pierce commenced writing in a book. Prof. Agassiz, in the meanwhile, was standing near his back, frequently changing his own attitude and men, and hastily left us.

Prof. Pierce then said to Dr. Gardner, "I suppose you are through with us." The Doctor replied, "No, you have promised to show us how the raps were made." "Not as a Committee," said Prof. Pierce; Mr. Agassiz made that promise as an individual, and thus the affair closed—as we as much disappointed at the failure of Agassiz to keep his word and unveil the mystery of rapping, as at any one failure during the sittings.

The investigation, in fact, was a trial of the correctness of the statements made at the preliminary meeting, viz: "that it was in the power of the gentlemen there present to make the trial a failure, by ejecting certain forces from their own minds and eyes." In this they were successful.

Two of the gentlemen, Prof. Agassiz and Mr. Lunt, omitted throughout all the sessions to comply with invitations to sit in the circle around the table, and there was not in any instance or at any point any opportunity for Dr. Gardner to exercise "the determination of all the accessory circumstances." The former gentleman, it seems, was permitted to exercise his own choice as to being in the circle, but not so the latter. Dr. Gardner's friends have been disappointed, and the chief disappointment was at the manners and actions and mental and emotional states of two of the Committee and a representative of the Courier.

No chickens were hatched on this occasion, where the hen was kept in perpetual agitation, and was often driven from her nest during the period of incubation, but it does not follow that eggs never contain a vital principle. Let the proper conditions be observed, let natural laws have legitimate play, and the latent vital principle will take form and embodiment and come forth from the shell a thing of life and power. It is easy to prevent the hatching of an egg, for the Committee did that with very little trouble. But many hens "steal their nests," and in secluded spots, where natural laws are conformed to, the hatching processes still go on in spite of human science.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

Roxbury, July 10, 1887.

THE QUADRANT ONCE MORE.

We have seen a letter from Baltimore addressed to George A. Sawyer, Esq., of the Nautical Academy, Tromont street, by Captain M. P. Spear, wherein he states that his experimental trip from Boston to Washington on the 18th of July, with Captain Ayling's Quadrant, proved perfectly satisfactory as to the correctness of that instrument. Commander Hallet, of the steamer William Jenkins, and several practically scientific gentlemen, passengers on board, were highly delighted with its workings. The wise men of the East, who composed the Committee of Harvard College, will yet be forced to acknowledge that facts are far preferable to theories.

MELODEON.

The Panorama of the Arctic Expeditions, now on exhibition at the Melodeon, is truly a work of high art. No panorama yet exhibited in this city, can bear comparison with it. One scene, sunset changing into moonlight, is worth twice the amount of admission fee to behold. And then there is William Morton, the tried and trusty friend of Dr. Kane, who feelingly describes the scenes through which that brave little band battled in a noble cause. And last, not least, there is "Ethel," looking as wise as a professor. Those who fail to visit this exhibition will have lost a feast to which they are seldom invited.

The Busy World.

WHEAT.—A gentleman from Alabama received from the Patent Office some spring wheat from the "Farm of Abraham," at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, which he sowed during the past spring. It came to maturity in seven weeks, producing a large, full head, with a berry in every respect equal to the original. The wheat is reputed to ripen in Syria in sixty days, from sowing. It will thus be seen that our climate hastened its period of maturity eleven days.

BASS POINT.—This delightful locality in Nahant, is a place of great resort during these "dog days," by people who cannot afford to pay the exorbitant rates charged at the "big house." Mr. E. Newhall, the presiding genius of the Point, prepares excellent "chowders" and "fries" for his customers.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has completed the purchase of sixty-six acres of land of Edward W. Howland, of New Bedford, for the construction of the fortifications on Clark's Point, and the operations will be commenced immediately, under the direction of Capt. Benham, of the United States Corps of Engineers.

HAY.—The legislature of Austria L., now in session at Port au Prince, have voted to raise that potentate's salary from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year, but that is only about \$12,000 a year of our currency.

SUN FLOWERS.—Near Edith, S. C., a crop is about to be gathered of four acres of sunflowers. The seed will be used for oil and to feed cattle and poultry, as in the South of France; but the chief object is to obtain the fibres of the stalks for paper making.

THE STEAMSHIP PERSIA sailed from New York at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 8th of July, and arrived at Liverpool at 4 o'clock on the evening of the 19th; consequently her mean time was 9 days 3 hours.

A STEAMER FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.—Mr. Paul Curtis, of East Boston, has just concluded a contract to build for the Russian Government a steamer of 750 tons.

A CEMETERY for foreign seamen who die in the port of New York has just been prepared at an expense of \$15,000, two thirds of which sum was contributed by the merchants of New York, and the remainder was appropriated by Congress.

A BOARD OF ARMY OFFICERS is to assemble at West Point, New York, for the purpose of making trials of breech-loading rifles, with a view to ascertain which arm of this description is best suited to the military service. The trials will commence on the 17th of August.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A gentleman in Illinois, who had a quantity of Chinese sugar cane in his field last year, was somewhat surprised this summer to see another crop growing. Although he had planted none. It must have come from the seed which fell from the stalk last fall—a proof that the plant is harder than some supposed.

THE EASTERN RAILROAD COMPANY are to erect a tower upon their depot in Causeway street, and place a clock upon it, which may be seen as far as Hancock street.

TWO CARGOES of Coolies have lately arrived in Havana. They number 752, and the deaths reported are 80 from one vessel and 30 from the other.

A NEW STYLE of fruit has appeared in New York, from Yonkers; it is called the cherry currant, and a branch fifteen inches long contained three quarters of a pound of fruit.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, California, the Merced Mining Company have prevailed in two applications for injunctions against John C. Fremont and his associates.

THREE LARGE CARGOES of oil from the South Pacific are expected at Panama, to be transported over the Panama railroad, and thus avoid the tedious and perilous passage around the boisterous region of Cape Horn.

THE ENCAMPMENT of the Fifth Division of Maine Militia will commence on Tuesday, September 1st, near Portland. Brigadier General S. J. Anderson will be in command.

SIX MEN have been hung by mobs in Iowa within the past eight weeks.

THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON has received sixty dollars in an anonymous letter. The writer says the sum is due to the Corporation.

A NEPHEW of Kossoth was among the graduates from Union College, Schenectady, this year.

JAMES ADAMS, of Leesburg, Va., recently ploughed up in that vicinity, a gold coin of King Charles the First, bearing date 1648.

THE PRIZES at the firemen's muster in Worcester, of the 3d and 4th of September, amount to \$750; and competition is invited from all companies abroad.

ALL THE CONDUCTORS of cars in New York, as well as those having charge of trains running out of that city, and within the jurisdiction of the Police Commissioners, are to be appointed Special Policemen.

SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC.

Friday, August 7th, is announced by Dr. Gardner for one of these pleasant re-unions, the first edition of which went off so pleasantly a short time since.

The cars will start from the Old Colony Depot at half-past eight o'clock A. M., for the Grove at Abington. Fare 50 cents for the trip out and back.

Mr. J. G. Foster will accompany the friends from Boston, and those wonderful portraits of spirits, taken by the medium at the West, will be exhibited on the grounds.

These two features should be sufficient to bring together all the friends who live within reach of Abington. Mr. Foster's presence will be especially welcome.

The train will stop at way stations, from which to the Grove the fare will be one-half the usual rates.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

There is no human power equal to that of kindness. It is the subduing, all-saving and all-entrancing power that none would resist if they could. It disarms all other powers, and makes willing subjects of the most opposite characters—so sweet is it to be moved by kind words, and kind deeds. Hate shrinks in shame from its presence, and retreats to feed on its own venom; anger becomes mute and submissive; envy grows full of regret and would fain forget its existence; jealousy, torn with a thousand pangs, looks up in humiliating sorrow through its tears; and love and truth bow before it in proud adoration, too blest to happy to think of another God, or dream of another heaven—for kindness is indeed a shadow of the one, and a foretaste of the other.

Latest European Items.

In the House of Commons, Thursday, Mr. Roebuck moved the following resolutions: That the war with Persia was declared, prosecuted and conducted without such transactions being communicated to Parliament, while expensive armaments were equipped without sanction of a vote of the House, that such conduct tends to weaken its just authority, and to dispense with its control over the finances of the country, and renders it requisite for the House to express its strong reprobation of such a course of proceeding. He supported his motion in a speech of much bitterness, and accused Palmerston of having, by denuding India of troops for the Persian war, brought about the present state of affairs in India.

A warm debate ensued, in which Mr. Roebuck found many supporters, but who declined to vote for the resolution.

Palmerston asserted the constitutional right of the Crown to make war or peace at pleasure, although he admitted it to be the duty of the government to acquaint Parliament at the earliest possible opportunity, with the grounds for having done so.

The British government intend sending to India a steam squadron, and a considerable force of artillery, by the most rapid conveyance at hand, and in addition to the troops already mentioned. The force which had been appropriated for the Chinese operations, had all been intercepted and ordered for service in India. This force is to be compensated for in China by a battalion of marines, to be despatched to Hong Kong without delay.

Immediately on the receipt of the disastrous Indian news in London, a Cabinet Council was held, and in twenty-four hours afterward Sir Collin Campbell, who had consented to take command of the Indian army, left vacant by the death of Gen. Ansen, was en route to Marseilles, where he embarked for India.

The 14,000 troops already under orders would follow as soon as ships and stores could be provided.

Reinforcements were also on the way from Bombay, Madras and Ceylon.

All the influential communities of Calcutta, including the Mohammedans, had presented addresses to the government, with assurances of loyalty.

The French police, according to a letter to the *Nord* of Brussels, continue to display the greatest activity in their researches after all the Italians suspected of having taken part in the late conspiracy. About thirty have been arrested at Marseilles and on the frontiers.

Complete returns of supplementary elections in France show the return of eleven opposition Deputies in all.

The harvest prospects throughout France are most cheering. In some places the reaping is over.

The Spanish semi-official journal says: "Our government occupies itself at this moment with the important Mexican question, and proofs will soon be seen that Spain is enduring only until she is wounded in her national honor. To this end it is said two war steamers are about to sail from Cadix for Havana, taking out instructions for Concha from Madrid; the government also conveying more troops and materials of war for the expedition against Mexico, which Spain will inevitably undertake, unless she receives full satisfaction from that Republic."

From China, we learn that Canton was suffering from famine.

A severe battle between the rebels and imperialists had been fought above Foo-chow-foo; the result is not certainly known, but it is believed the imperialists were victorious.

Sir John Bowring had intimated that compensation for losses sustained by British subjects, would be demanded from the Chinese government.

Lord Elgin and suite arrived at Singapore, June 3.

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 unconsecrated Trance State, on Sunday, August 9th, 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.

CHELSEA.—L. K. COONLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Giddard, at FARMOST HALL, Wilmismet street, at the morning and evening sessions, each Sabbath.

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

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—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.

BALEM.—Meetings in Bower 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. TOWNEY.

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

SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC.

At ABINGTON GROVE, on Friday, August 7th inst. A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Depot for the Grove at 8 1/2 o'clock A. M., stopping at Harrison Square, Neponset, Quincy, Braintree, and South Braintree, to receive passengers. Tickets for the excursion, fifty cents; half tickets, twenty-five cents. Other stations, half the usual fare, if obtained at ticket office. Good music will be provided. It is expected that THOMAS GALES FOSTER, of Buffalo, L. J. J. PARKER, and other eminent trance speakers, will be present, and address the audience.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

The private circles having ended, these powerful Mediums for Physical Manifestations commenced public sittings at No. 8 Winter street, on Tuesday evening, July 25, at eight o'clock, and will continue until further notice.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.
WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

NOTICE.

L. K. COONLEY, of Portland, Me., TRANCE SPEAKER and HEALING MEDIUM, will answer calls to lectures in Maine, Massachusetts, or Connecticut; answering Theological questions in the Trance state. He may be addressed at this office. June 30

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1887, by WILLIAM B. HAYDEN, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court of Massachusetts.]

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE
OLD AND NEW WORLD:
BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. B. 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 B. HAYDEN.

Continued.

"The idea of anything peculiar, awful, unearthly, in the sound is ridiculous. There are slight raps from little children, strong ones from gentlemen spirits; and soft raps from lady spirits."

Indeed if this be the case, you will tell us how the medium obtained her knowledge that the parties had lost little children, and how she distinguishes the spirit by the sound, when no intimation had been given her as to age, sex, or relationship? Here the writer is making out a strong case in favor of the truth of the phenomena. Go on.

"You are informed that the spirits are those of departed persons, and that, if you employ the word death or die, they will not answer; but that you must express your meaning by asking when they went into the spirit world: when they left this world, &c., &c. Though they stand up for this etiquette, as becomes spirited people, they do not take offence at rudeness; for you are told that while waiting for their raps you may chat and laugh as much as you please."

This is a very grave charge. Very criminal certainly it must be for a poor mortal to laugh and indulge in social conversation, and we feel sure that no one but a long-faced sanctified hypocrite would ever have made the least objection to so harmless a pastime. The voice is considered the intelligence and the music of the body, and a smile is the light of the soul, which sheds rays of gladness and joy on the faces of all when it is not that of mockery and derision.

The writer is pleased to dwell sarcastically on the medium's asking, "Will the spirits have the kindness or the goodness" to do thus, and so on. Now this probably arises from the "ignorance of Mrs. Medium," and for the want of that courtesy which you have been pleased to extend to her.

"The petticoated medium has her feet under the table, and is near enough to reach a leg of it, and of course can always on emergency reach a leg of her own chair."

Here is an insinuation as false as it is base, for in the majority of cases Mrs. Hayden is placed so that had she the desire to kick the table, it would be impossible for her to do it; and often her feet are resting in such a manner that some of the party are actually watching them. Notwithstanding all this, the sound comes from the table as before. The sounds cannot be well initiated, as the writer asserts, by the striking the edge of the finger nail, or by the feet, in any way. On one occasion a friend of Dr. Eliotson, and a writer in the *Zeit*, with a party of ladies, had a Seance at Thompson's Hotel, and one of the party held Mrs. Hayden's feet, notwithstanding which, the table moved beyond her reach, to the entire satisfaction of the persons present.

"The name of the departed person mentioned, or silently thought of, is often spelt out by the rappings, either quite correctly or tolerably so; and the inquirer is thunderstruck: and the rest of the party are agitated at hearing him say that 'indeed the name is quite correct.'"

Is it to be wondered at that they are thunderstruck and agitated when these "bottomless fancies" reveal to them their inmost secrets, and many things long since forgotten, and others that they did not know at the time, and which could not have been known to any one but the inhabitants of the spirit world.

"The medium keeps a sharp look out at your eyes, or your hands, or both, and listens anxiously if you speak."

Does she? we suppose by this that the writer would infer that Mrs. Hayden reads in their faces and hands their secrets, names, history, thoughts, and the future. Now the inquiry might be made of any person candidly, would you not whip a school-boy and call him a dunce, if he were to attempt to explain anything half so stupidly as has been done in this article of the *Zeit*.

"Questions are then asked regarding the history of the deceased, and perhaps answered with equal and wonderful accuracy. The company becomes excited, and the excitement increases. Enquiries are made without the alphabet, questions are asked aloud, and the spirits blandly requested by the medium to be so good, to be so kind, to tap if the answer is affirmative: no tap being negative."

So by the above we are to understand that questions respecting events in the history of persons long since gone to their final home, and which she never knew or heard of before, are answered "with equal and wonderful accuracy." "The company becomes excited." Well, have they not good reason to be so, when such extraordinary manifestations are given to them?

"A lady will now ask 'how many children she has.' Seven taps. 'Quite right.' 'How many boys?' Four. 'Quite right.' 'How many children has my mother had?' 'Thirteen.' 'Quite right.' 'When was my mother's birthday?' 'It was Michaelmas day.' 'When was my own—the first of May?' No rap. 'The first of April?' 'Quite right.' 'When did my mother leave this world?' (not die, observe, as there would be no rap at such vulgar language.) 'Last Lady-day.' 'Where was my brother buried?' 'Kensal Green.' 'What is inscribed on his tomb?' 'He died in peace.' The lady now throws down her card of letters and numerals, and in great agitation declares that every answer was 'most frightfully correct.'"

Well, reader, do you not think our opponent is making a strong case against us, for the last extract we will do him the justice to say is "most frightfully correct," and that the answers were given to a lady who had the candor and honesty to acknowledge the truth, and we wish we could say as much for the writer in the *Zeit*, but we cannot. We will review the last extract, and see to what conclusion we shall be forced to arrive.

"LAVES are light and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God, in his wisdom, has made them part of the oak. In so doing, he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the light sometimes without."

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

NUMBER TWO.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD'S WORKS.

The Circle of Progress met at Mr. Sweet's house, New York, March 2, 1884, when Mrs. Sweet was influenced, and said:

An angel comes with radiant brow
From far off worlds of light,
His story to unfold.

No smiles on every mortal here,
And strikes his harp of gold,
With silvery words and music sweet,
His story to unfold.

"A multitude of spirits have assembled here to-night. They come very near. Every one present is enveloped in an atmosphere of spiritual light. Friends, we will breathe into the heart of each one, thoughts of the all-powerful, irresistible love of the 'most high God.' Give us but the passive attention which we require, and we will soothe and harmonize your souls, by bringing them into contact with the stream whose waters will fill you with peace and joy unspeakable. Yes! and if a man drink of this water he shall thirst for more, and his soul shall become merry and glad with the joy thereof."

Friends, would that I could speak with the tongue of an angel through this instrument, and tell you of the glorious beauties which now are before mine eyes, but which you do not behold. "I would tell thee, Oh mortal, of more beauty and serene joy, (through the greater ecstasy of bliss,) than thy soul, in its earthly materialism, ever dreamed of. The art of the painter hath failed to give thee even the faintest glimpses of the Heavenly Elysium, and yet thou dost think thine earth beautiful, thy sun glorious, and thy moon resplendent in her mild softness; and thou dost feel humiliated when thou dost behold these wonderful works of thy Father, who is in Heaven. Thou dost think thy mountains high and towering, because their tops do reach and penetrate the clouds. Thou dost think thy ocean broad and boundless, because thy puny arm cannot encompass them as thou dost smaller things. And thy soul is filled with wonder when thou dost behold the bright and twinkling stars; and thy imagination is endeavoring in vain to conceive of the multitude of worlds which are above thee. Oh, man! thou art but as the least atom—as the smallest particle of all these wonderful creations. Thy soul, which at times seems filled with great and mighty thoughts, would become humbled in the very dust shouldst thou but conceive how small a thing thou art, and how great and omnipotent is the power which giveth thee being—is the mind from which thou dost emanate. Thy days on earth are few and fleeting; thou art, as one of the shadows which sometimes float through the mind in a dream. Thou dost perform thy part, sometimes well, and sometimes ill, in thy brief career; but it leaves an indelible mark on thy spirit for its entrance into another state. And when thy fevered existence hath closed, and thy spirit mounted up, up, higher into the vast creation above thee—the spiritual world, then will thine eyes be opened, then shalt thou see as much more of the glory and sublimity of the works of thy Creator, as thy spirit is able to bear; for according to thy earthly life wilt thou be more or less able to partake of its greatness. And now if thy soul hath become so quickened and expanded in its spirit light, thou shalt be taken by the hand by one of the white-robed angels, and he will show thee of the glory and majesty of the kingdom of thy Creator. He will point thee to worlds rolling in space, upheld by his will, dazzling by their light, because of their nearness, because of their purity, and because of the smile of the most high God, which ever shineth on them. He will show thee blazing suns, one of whose rays would outshine thy earthly luminary. He will show thee moons and stars, whose beauty and splendor thou hadst never conceived of. And oceans, whose waters are so pure and placid in that spiritual land, that the angels soar over and dip their wings, and then are refreshed by drinking of their waters. And mountains, whose tops thou canst not reach with thy puny gaze. Oh, how vast and broad, how illimitable and grand beyond the greatest and highest conceptions of all earth's children, is the length and breadth of the universe—the spiritual world, which lies just beyond your own! And, verily, when thy soul hath entered its precincts, thou wilt fall down and worship. And, in thy deep humility, thou wilt say, I was naught but a worm of earth; I was no better than a clod of the valley; therefore, give me strength and wisdom, that I may praise thee in all thy works, Oh, my Father."

After a time the medium was again entranced, (supposed to be by another spirit,) and spoke as follows:—
Glorious and heavenly influences are here to-night, dear friends; angels are whispering in your hearts. Open wide the doors, that they may enter and take possession.

The brightest and most shining angels in the spheres of love and purity are those who, on earth, were humble and obscure, who were meek and lowly, preferring the love of God, and a calm and peaceful conscience in communion with his angels, to the noise, and confusion, and wrangling of the world. Aye, verily, they have their reward. Many, in days gone by, suffered and died for what they thought the truth. They were the martyrs; and they preferred the still small voice which spoke to their hearts in tones of gentleness and peace, to the outward laws and forms of man. They were willing to die, that truth might live. And all we desire of the friends who listen to our voices in these latter days, is, that they will live the life of truth, which may not die; the life of the honest and upright man, not the God-fearing, but the God-loving man; not the cringing, abject slave, but the son who is heir to eternal happiness, because his Father who made him is happy, and delights to see all his children basking in the sunshine of his love.

Let thy soul become so blended and commingled with the angel guardians, that thou mayest feel their gentle and loving influence; and if thou canst not feel their presence near thee, then let the communications of thy spirit reach still higher. And thou shalt be held aloof from temptation, and shalt sit looking ever onward, to see that the witness be ever bright and living; and thou shalt draw down thy food from the skies, and thy face will ever be turned heavenward in the hours of thy meditation and serenity. The rude world may not then jostle thee aside from thy spiritual enjoyment; even by its selfishness and grasping avarice, for thou wilt be filled with the richness and prosperity of thy spiritual, and better inheritance in the heavens, of which no man can rob thee."

SPIRIT VISITANTS.

Written for the Banner of Light.
BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
[Authoress of Carrie Emerson.]

Some years ago, a lady, not in the least degree superstitious, was awakened by a singular noise in an adjoining room, about the hour of midnight. It seemed like a prolonged succession of raps upon a sheet iron over the fire place, and although in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, which, with the wind making considerable racket, was plainly heard. Not at all alarmed, although a little startled for a moment, she procured a light, and proceeded to the spot. She stood perhaps five minutes, wondering if, after all, it might not have been a dream, when there came a repetition, so loud and distinct that it thrilled every nerve for a moment with terror. Spiritualism at that time was scarcely known, and she who had all her life scoffed at the idea of anything supernatural, was not very willing to attribute anything to such a cause. There were ways enough to account for everything of the kind; it might be rats or mice; so she struck the sheet a blow with her hand to drive them away, and concluded she would not be disturbed again, when no sooner than the ringing sound had subsided, the same mysterious rapping was repeated, loud, clear and distinct. "What can it be? shall I call any one?" she ejaculated, in somewhat husky tones; for strong of nerve and fearless as she prided herself upon being, it must be confessed she was shaken now. A slight vibration, as if in reply, reassured and decided her, and, unbeliever, as she was, she waited some other demonstration of the unseen power. It came, but in a different manner. It was as if a soft, clear voice, close beside her, spoke. Annette! was all it said; the tone spoke volumes. Without a word or doubt as to the propriety or necessity of what followed, she decided upon her course; and as calmly as if nothing had happened; went back to her chamber, and was soon asleep. Now Annette was the name of a relative some thirty miles distant; the best beloved playmate of her earlier years, as all through life a dear and true friend. For many months she had been severely suffering from a complication of disorders, over which nervous debility seemed likely to triumph. It was some weeks since she had heard particularly the invalid being too ill to write often. At day break she awoke the servant and bade her prepare a slight repast, as she was going to see her cousin, and would take the first train.

"But it rains very hard; you will get wet through, won't you wait until to-morrow? it will be fair by that time," the girl said, pleadingly.

"No, Julia, I must go now, as soon as possible, Annette is sick, and needs me. I shall return to-night, so you can simply say to the family that I had a sudden call, and was obliged to respond to it."

The girl looked extremely puzzled, and well she might; it was a sudden and incomprehensible movement; the lady very seldom left home, no person had been at the house, or any letter received for some days, and altogether it did look strange; however, the lady did not choose to explain, and although it never rained harder, she took her seat in the cars, and in due time arrived at L. When she arrived at the residence of her friend, the mother of the young lady held up her hands in astonishment.

"What! you here in all this rain! How strange it is; why, father (meaning her husband) said you'd be here to-day, but of course I didn't believe it; how strange it is, his predictions about you always turn out right. Oh, I am so glad you came, for I do believe Annette is about to die."

"Is she very sick? well, pray let me see her at once, for I must go home again to-day."

The mother led the way to the sick room, remarking as she went, that Annette had not left it for some weeks, and probably never would again until she was carried out.

"Well, Annette," said the lady, after the usual greeting was exchanged, "I want to take you home with me, will you go?"

"Yes, cousin, I'll go," was the response, uttered in so calm and decided a tone that the mother was perfectly amazed.

"Do, pray, come in," she said to her husband, who just then made his appearance at the door, "here's the Annette, and she says she came for Annette, and the poor sick thing thinks she can go with her. I believe both of them are crazy."

"No such thing, wife; let her go, it will save her. I told you she was coming."

"But it rains so; she never can go, she shall not, positively. Annette must stay until to-morrow; she will be better able to judge."

"No, no, aunt, I cannot stay. I engaged a carriage to come at one o'clock to take us to the depot; trust Annette to me. When she gets better I'll bring her home. Now get her ready, for go she must and shall. I was sent here;" and in a few brief words she related the last night's adventure.

The strange recital awed the listeners into silence, overcame the fears of the mother, who set about the necessary preparations with an alacrity which was somewhat surprising, believing, as she did, her daughter past relief, and strengthened the faith of the good old pious father, who at this present time is like a full shock of corn, ready for the reaper, one of the most faithful of God's most humble servants, who probably, although he does not know it, has been an impressive medium all his life; heeding influences, which many times to others appeared absurd, from the belief that it was simply his duty, he owed it to his conscience.

In this instance he had his reward. His daughter arrived safely before night-fall at the residence of her cousin; was immediately subjected to a course of treatment suggested by the good country physician, who, after cupping and bleeding, advised her to throw physic to the dogs, take plenty of air and exercise, sea bathing, etc., and she would get well. She followed his advice to the letter, and in the course of six weeks went home perfectly restored. Was this spiritual influence? If not, what was it? Could it possibly be self-delusion? It must be a very powerful imagination that could give sound and motion; and a powerful delusion that would impel a lady, under any ordinary circumstances, to take even a shorter journey in such inclement weather; or to persuade one, to all appearance just upon the verge of the grave, to venture out in the storm; her mind must have been previously prepared, else why yield so readily?

The above is a simple and brief narrative of facts, every person mentioned still living, of sound mind, and perfectly reliable, not one of them mediums, unless the old gentleman, without his knowledge, be an impressive one, and I think not even believers in the doctrine.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH

MR. SQUIRE.

The following communication is from the *New York Tribune* of July 22d, being a letter from a regular correspondent of that paper, a well known gentleman of our city. We understand, from Mr. Squire, that when he requested the gentleman to witness the manifestations peculiar to his mediumship, he invited the closest scrutiny, remarking that if he should give publicity to his investigation, he wished him to do so in a perfectly impartial manner, stating everything precisely as it should occur, whether for or against him:

In one of my letters last week I gave you an account of a visit which Professors Felton and Rustis, of Cambridge, paid to Mr. Squire, a famous medium in this city, one of whose remarkable feats, performed in the dark, was reproduced in the light by Professor Rustis. I related the incident to you at second hand—telling the tale as it was told to me. My statement led to some controversy, and procured me the favor of a visit from Mr. Squire. He is not, as I had supposed, a professional medium. He is a young man, nineteen years of age, a student of law in the office of an attorney in Court street. His personal appearance is very prepossessing. He is handsome, singularly well made. Prof. Felton, in an article in *The Courier*, compares him to the god Mercury in figure as well as in attitude—more than ordinarily intelligent, and has a bright, open look, well calculated to inspire confidence. The only unfavorable symptom of his appearance noticed by the Professors is a certain levity or flightiness, which appears to me to be the result of high animal spirits and a peculiarly nervous organization. During his performances as a medium, he manifests itself in easy and popular appeals to his familiar spirit to make haste with his work and not keep gentlemen waiting. His familiar spirit is named George; and on one occasion, in Prof. Felton's presence, Mr. Squire grew impatient at the spirit's delay in performing some feat, and exclaimed, "Now, George, do it quick; I'll give you fourpence if you'll do it right off!"—an irreverence highly shocking to the learned Professor, who seems to hold spirits in great awe, and to be fearfully in earnest in his investigations into the manifestations. It is, however, but natural that Mr. Squire should be on free and easy terms with a spirit who for several years has night after night frolicked and gambled with him like a playmate. His levity seems to me a mark of sincerity rather than of imposture, as the Professors regard it. Hypocritical deceptions usually affect a solemn air, and prefer to play the part of Job Trotter rather than that of Alfred Jingle.

Mr. Squire, as I said, is not a professional medium. He acts as a medium only in a single house, the dwelling of Mr. F., a wealthy and highly respectable merchant of this city, who resides in Hancock street, a few doors from the residence of Charles Sumner. The spirit who uses him as a medium professes to be George F., the eldest son of Mr. F. He died a few years ago at about the age of twenty, and it is now nearly three years since he began to manifest himself in the house of his parents. Mr. F. was at first utterly incredulous, and has only been satisfied of the reality of the manifestations and of Mr. Squire's pretensions to mediumship by long and careful observation.

Being invited by Mr. Squire to witness his performances and satisfy myself of their nature, I embraced the opportunity, and at 8 o'clock one evening called at No. 14 Hancock street. I found Mr. Squire in the parlor, where we were presently joined by Mr. F., who said that in consequence of the sometimes violent nature of the manifestations they had ceased to use the parlor for them and had lately made use of an upper chamber where there were fewer fragile and costly articles of furniture. To this upper chamber I was accordingly conducted. It is a room about twenty feet in length by fifteen in width, carpeted and furnished with heavy chairs, a French bedstead placed sideways against the longest wall, and a table used in the manifestations. This table was made expressly for the purpose by direction of the Spirit "George." It is of cherry, oval in shape, three feet long and two feet eight inches in width. The top is thick and solid, and supported on four thick legs strongly clamped with iron. Mr. F. informed me that it weighed 96 pounds. While I was examining it Mrs. F. entered the room. We sat down to the table, Mrs. F. opposite to me, the medium at my right hand, and Mr. F. at my left. The room was fully lighted by gas. Mr. F. handed me a gold watch to examine. I opened the outside case, the inside case, and took off the cap of the watch, which I then replaced and secured, carefully closing the cases. A gold chain, somewhat more than a foot in length, was attached to the watch. The medium took hold of this chain at the end, inserting the middle finger of his right hand in a ring; he closed his hand, doubling up his fist, with the thumb inside. Mr. F. handed me a large silk handkerchief which I wound carefully and tightly around the medium's fist, so that no part of his hand was visible, the chain passing through the end of the ball or lump formed by the handkerchief, and allowing the watch to hang down about a foot. I tied the handkerchief as tightly as I could; and then took another, a large linen one, and wound it also around the hand, tying it tightly. I also planned the folds of the handkerchief to make it still more secure. So perfectly was the hand covered that I could not with my fingers, without unpinning and untieing the handkerchief, feel the flesh of the medium's hand, nor could I see any portion of the hand. I tried to pull off the handkerchiefs; but they were too well secured at the wrist to be removed.

During this preparation I had not for an instant lost sight of the watch or of the medium's left hand, which was, at my request, placed upon the table. When I had satisfied myself of the condition of the watch, and of his right hand, the medium let the watch hang down beneath the table. His feet he placed so that I could see them, and the whole of his legs. Every part of his figure was visible, except his right hand and wrist, half way to the elbow. I fixed my eyes upon his right arm. He held it steadily for a few minutes, occasionally saying, "Come, George, open it quickly, and take off the cap." Presently he said, "He is doing it"—and a moment after I heard beneath the table a smart click, as if the outer case of the watch had suddenly opened. A few minutes more elapsed, when another click announced the opening of the inner case. A moment after, something dropped upon the floor. I immediately looked beneath the table. The watch hung nearly a foot from the medium's banded hand, and beneath it, on the carpet, lay the watch cap, which I picked up. I examined the watch; it was open, and the cap was off. The handkerchiefs around the medium's hand were tight as at first, and I vainly endeavored to pull them off, or to get access to his fingers. It took me several minutes to unpin and untie the handkerchiefs, so tightly were they bound and knotted.

Now, this affair of the watch may be merely a trick performed by adroit juggling, but, notwithstanding the closest scrutiny, I am wholly unable to conceive how it can be done by the medium, nor have I met with any one who can give me even a plausible solution of the mystery.

The next experiment tried by Mr. Squire, was a writing one. He took in his right hand a piece of pasteboard, about as large as a page of newspaper, perfectly blank, with the exception of a mark made by myself, as a means of identification, placed a common lead pencil on the paper, and held the whole under the table, until our patience was exhausted. "George" would not, or could not write; only a few random scratches appeared on the paper. The experiment was a failure.

Mr. Squire next placed a chair, with its back against the front side of the bed. I tied his ankles to the legs of the chair, tightly, with handkerchiefs. The table was placed in front of him. I seated myself at his side, at arm's length. He gave me his right hand, to hold, placing his left hand upon the table. Mr. and Mrs. F. put out the light, and went

into the entry, leaving me alone with the victim. In about a minute the table began to move violently, rising from, and falling back upon the floor, with a heavy jar, the four legs leaving the floor at the same time. The motion grew more and more violent, until at the end of perhaps three minutes from its commencement, I heard a whizzing noise, as of some heavy object rushing through the air over the medium's head, and falling on the bed. I called for light, and Mr. F., who had remained in the entry with his hand upon the handle of the door, instantly threw light into the room. The medium, whose hand I had held throughout the performance, was sitting quietly, without any marks, that I could perceive, of exercise or exertion. The table, which, as I have said, weighs ninety-six pounds, was lying, legs uppermost, on the bed directly behind him. I do not believe that he could possibly have thrown it there with his left hand. Professor Rustis, it is said, threw it over his head with his left hand; but Mr. F., who witnessed that feat, informs me that it was done by a great and evident exertion, by using both hands at first to get the table upon his knees, and then by leaning back and sliding it over his face. But if Squire does the feat himself, he does it with no perceptible exertion. He can only do it by an extraordinary or prodigious strength of the hand and wrist.

I unbound Squire, and we placed the table in the centre of the room. He stood beside it and took hold of the edge nearest him with his thumbs and fore-fingers. I placed myself close beside him, and took hold of the table in like manner, taking care to place my hands so close to his, that our fingers touched, and overlapped. Mr. F. again went into the entry, and by closing the door, left us alone in darkness. Almost immediately the table began to move. It rose from the floor with a slow, irregular motion, the side opposite to that of which we had hold rising highest, as if some invisible persons were trying, as they raised it from the floor, to turn it so that the legs should be uppermost. In about a minute and a half this was effected, and the table, thus elevated, of which I had been compelled, by its gyrations, to relinquish my hold, rested with its top pressing gently on my head and on that of the medium, who was standing motionless beside me. I called for light, Mr. F. opened the door, and the table flung, or rather apparently flung itself on to the bed.

Mr. Squire and I then took the table and placed it opposite the bed at the other side of the room. We placed a heavy mahogany chair on each side of the table. Mr. Squire seated himself in one of these chairs, to the legs of which I tied him tightly with handkerchiefs—a handkerchief around each ankle and each thigh. With another handkerchief I tied the chair in which he sat to a vacant chair behind it, in such a manner that every movement of his chair would make the two chairs clash together. I then sat down opposite him; and at his request put my hands upon the table, touching his hands, which were also spread out upon it. Mr. F. again with-drew into the entry. In a few moments the table began to rise and fall with an even, regular motion, the side next to me rising equally with the other. The motion soon grew so rapid and violent, that I could not retain my hold of the table, which in fact presently rolled over and thumped about the floor in the centre of the room, with a din that might have been heard in the street below. The medium wore a white coat, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness I could dimly discern his figure. He was sitting quietly, and gave no token of making any exertion. Presently the table tumbled toward him, rested an instant, and was then thrown with great force across the room upon the bed.

Mr. F., hearing the shock, instantly opened the door. The medium was in his chair, not panting nor perspiring, though the night was warm and the room close. I examined the ligatures carefully before I untied him. They were as tight as at first. So far as I could judge, the chair had not moved from its place. Certainly it had not moved much, or it would have disturbed the chair to which I had tied it, whose position was apparently unaltered. On examining the table, I found that it had struck the bedstead with such force as to make a long dint half an inch deep in the table-top. One of the casters of the bedstead, of iron half an inch thick, was also broken off by the blow. I measured the distance across which the table was thrown. It was nine feet. You can judge as well as I can how probable it is that a slender youth, nineteen years of age, five feet nine inches in height, who leads the sedentary life of a student, and whose muscles are not hardened or strengthened by toil or exercise, could, while seated with his legs tightly bound to the chair, seize a clumsy table weighing ninety-six pounds, and hurl it nine feet with such prodigious force. It is possible to be sure, for it is possible that Mr. Squire may possess a Samson-like strength far exceeding that of ordinary men. But persons who are most intimate with him, and have known him for years, do not think so. Mr. F., at whose house he is an almost daily visitant, is entirely persuaded that Mr. Squire does not himself move the table. "Mr. F. says, in fact, that the things which I have described as having been done in the dark, he has repeatedly seen done in the light, and even my skeptical friends of the University at Cambridge, cordially admit that the character of Mr. F. is such that his word cannot be doubted, though they doubt his powers of observation. I can see no reason to distrust his judgment any more than his veracity. He stands in the first class of our intelligent and successful business men, whose pursuits train them to habits of observation, and of caution in coming to conclusions, quite as much as the pursuits of the naturalist or mathematician, while in the important point of estimating moral evidence and judging character, the training of the man of business is much better than that of the college professor. The moral evidence in favor of Mr. Squire is certainly very strong. It is difficult to imagine what inducement can lead a youth of his parts and prospects to engage in so base and fruitless an imposture, if imposture it be. It brings him no money, and little or no consideration.

On the contrary, it has brought upon him a good deal of contumely and inconvenience, and a species of notoriety which a person of his sense must well know will be injurious to him in the profession which he has adopted. Mere amusement would scarcely furnish motive enough for so protracted a hoax, which, by this time, if it be a hoax, must have lost its novelty, and become wearisome even to himself.

Still, human nature is susceptible of very strange pranks. The recollection of Paimanazar, of Ireland, and of other ingenious youths who have contrived and carried out almost incredible impostures, at great trouble and with little profit to themselves, warns us not to rely too much on moral evidence in cases of this sort.

AN ASTONISHING EVIDENCE.

A friend in whom we have the utmost confidence, relates to us the following as having occurred in his presence at Buffalo. A number of persons had met for the purpose of witnessing some of the events said to take place with the Davenport Boys. The mediums were strongly bound by our informant and others, the ropes crossing and recrossing in all directions the jackets of the boys. The light was extinguished, and relit within sixty seconds; when the jackets were found to have been taken off and thrown aside—the ropes remaining upon the boys precisely as they had been placed! The light was again extinguished, and in the same short space of time relit, when the jackets were found replaced on the boys, the ropes remaining apparently unchanged in their position. After this the hands, arms and feet of the boys were bound with red tape, and the ends of the tape tucked to the box and sealed with wax. A number of musical instruments were then placed in the box—the door closed, and at once the instruments were played upon. At the close of the performance the door was opened and the boys were found closely bound, and every real unbroken link of their

Correspondence.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 27, 1897.
Messrs. Editors.—We have, to report, at this late day, the first public move, as I believe, of our cause in this city.

Mr. William B. Jocelyn, a highly developed Trance Healing and Developing Medium, held meetings here on Saturday evening and Sunday morning and afternoon, (25th and 26th.) The audience was not large, but what it lacked in numbers was made up in intelligence; and it will not be without its effect. There was no general notice given, which may account for the non-attendance of many who would have embraced the opportunity.

The eloquence of the speaker, the extended range of his thought, and the beautiful language in which his impressions were couched, were objects of admiration and interest to all. What we now want is a good test medium. The people demand this. There is a good lecture room in a central part of the city, that I have been assured will be at the service of any such as may favor us with a call. We have some twenty thousand inhabitants, all of whom have souls to develop, intellects to unfold, and I cannot help but think it is altogether a mistake that we have been so long neglected.

Yours for the cause, T. S. B.

WONDERS OF NATURE.

A correspondent writing from Bryan, Wisconsin, says:

There is in this town a great natural curiosity in the water with which the town is supplied. The water is obtained by boring first from 15 to 20 feet through a gravel and sandy substance, and second through a strata of blue clay, and third through a hard pan of earth nearly as hard as a stone. Immediately below this strata of hard earth the water is reached which immediately rises to the surface of the ground, a distance of from 40 to 75 feet. In some instances large quantities of fish come up through these holes from the bowels of the earth. It is a great curiosity indeed thus to witness large groups of fish from four to six inches in length coming forth from the ground.

It is supposed that the source of these waters is a small lake which lies some twenty miles distant in the southern border of the State of Michigan. It is called "Nettle Lake" and has no outlet upon the surface of the ground.

There are some pools of water here which send forth streams three and four inches in diameter, and they continue to run year after year with great force. The water is slightly impregnated with iron and sulphur. In some cases the water is conducted several feet above the surface of the earth, and used in propelling machinery for mechanical purposes.

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.

THE FUNDAMENTAL, OR EARTHLY STATE.

[Through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma A. Knight, Roxbury.]

This state is of the first and greatest importance, and the longer a person remains there, the greater and faster the progression in the next sphere; consequently the younger one dies, or comes here, the more they have lost in discipline, and the harder it will be to learn it here. People generally think it is better for a child to die than an adult, because the former is more innocent; but this is not right; the adult can comprehend and progress faster in the next sphere than the infant. A rose spire should remain in the ground until it is well rooted, before it be transplanted, for then its growth is more hardy and certain; but if taken up too soon, it requires much care and attention to enable it to grow up at all. If a child remains on earth as it advances in years, it must meet trials, and buffet the storms it will be obliged to encounter. This develops and matures the character, and brings forth qualities which would lay dormant but for these circumstances.

The time has been, and will come again, when no person can die but of old age, and then pass into the next sphere, as quietly and with as little fear as you would go to sleep. People will live more according to the laws of Nature, and she in return will not allow them to be sick; they will feel bright, and comprehend with clearness what is now unknown. Then will genius shine forth in all its native brilliancy, fostered not by the excesses of living that blinds and drowns its quality; then shall be known great sciences that are yet slumbering in their infancy; then shall man understand himself and his future. He will be able to hold open communion with those in the higher spheres, and also to see the beauty and loveliness of what is above him—he will mingle with spirits as with mortals, for they will be one and the same, with only the difference in grade and development; for, as he lives according to the spirit and the laws of God, his vision is made more clear and spiritual. As those in the second sphere can gaze on the beauties of the third, so will those in the first comprehend and view the second. And this is to encourage and lead him on to higher and better things, until at last all shall be united in the Father's mansion, and dwell forever in happiness and purity. Is not this a gratifying theme? Is not this a work fit for God's highest angels? It is even so. Many of our highest spirits are engaged in this work, and mortals cannot comprehend with what ardor and interest they labor. It is a work of love, truly—a love that, all have for their kind—and it cannot fail until its end is accomplished.

This must be gradual; and yet see what a progress it has made in the last few years. One may well be astonished to look back and see what a change has taken place. You hear of its workings in the wilderness, as well as in the city—in the hovel, as in the palace—with the uneducated, as with the talented—and everywhere can the print of its footsteps be seen. Little by little it creeps into your houses, and into your hearts, through the love of some lost relative, inquiring for those who are dear. Your own eyes are opened, and you view for the first time the beauty of this new phenomenon. You are astonished and bewildered by its brightness. Yet, having once had a glimpse, you cannot go back to your former darkness. You investigate, perhaps thinking you may be deluded, but the more you see, the more you are convinced of the truth of this philosophy, and you go your way rejoicing—you look back with astonishment on the darkness of your former views, and feel a lightness of heart and spirit at the certainty and brightness of the future. You are thus the better enabled to encounter the trials of earth, when by so doing you are nearing your haven of rest, and the more love, charity, and good will you have for your fellow-men, the greater shall be your reward when you pass into the higher class of spheres. As the sailor will buffet the storm with a stout heart when he sees the beacon of light in the distance, so may you pass through the hardships of earth and faster, not knowing and seeing, as you do, the ultimate end.

CHARLES WENDENBURG.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given, us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conner, 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 communicated, 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 fixate beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits" and not do anything against their wishes, because they have been advised by them to do it.

Answers to Correspondents.

MARY M. M., of R. I.—Answer this, and tell the child she is a medium. Tell her to sit one hour each day, and we will in time do well through her.

GRANDFATHER MACOMBER.

The above lady requests an answer from a father and a sister whose names she sends us in her letter. She receives an answer from another party, which is a far better test, as the name was not mentioned nor any allusion made to it.

"ATWATER."—Yes from Spirits. Sit with a good medium and you shall soon be developed, and shall no longer ask, give me something I can understand.

WM. H., of MASS.

FRANKLIN, N. H.—I have not been here long enough to answer. N. D. W.

G. P. J., of M.—Sir, I have often communed with the author of this, and will do so soon through the medium. JOHN ENDICOTT.

T. W. S., of N. Y.—My husband's maternal uncle wishes me to say he cannot communicate through this medium at the present time. He will do so when he can. MARY TAYLOR.

P.—Yes, tell Fenne I wish to, and will manifest to him, if he will try me. He is a medium, and I can do better by first coming to him. CHARLES SAUNDERS.

Hints to Spiritualists.

Jesus of Nazareth taught his disciples to place confidence in those spirits who communed with them in the name of the Lord. Blessed are they who come in the name of the Father. They, says Jesus, who come teaching you other doctrines than I have given, are false, and their teachings will come to naught. Jesus gave us a guideboard; Love; all true spirits will give you the same at the present day. By the fruits you receive from the spirit, you may know what manner of spirit it is that speaks to you. Jesus taught this, and we, coming at the present day, teach you the same doctrine.

Many mortals are asking, why do not spirits give us Truth instead of falsehood. If they give you falsehood knowingly, know that they are evil; therefore, walk not in their footsteps. If they give you Truth, know that they come in the name of the Lord. Gather together the Truth and walk in its paths, and cast the Error aside.

Oh, ye Spiritualists of modern times, have ye no guide? Travel back eighteen hundred years ago—be guided by one who walked on earth at that time. Much of his life you have; take pattern by it, and be redeemed from all sin, here and hereafter. Jesus said, I come to do away with the old and establish the new. He did not say, I come to see if I can do it, but he said I come to do it. Ye Spiritualists may do away with all old things and make all new. Let your motto be what Jesus' was: I come to do it. Does that imply Fear, or did he have Faith?

Now, in coming to you we are obliged to shield you on every side; and if a few arrows from your opponents reach you, but few of you stand. Jesus walked uncovered and stood among his enemies—so may you, and still carry on your work. Fear not the arrows of your enemies, for on the point of each is placed something that will render it harmless. The same power that sustained the three in the furnace will sustain you, even if it be heated seven times.

You have now started upon a mighty warfare, and you must expect at the rising of the sun, and at the going down thereof, and at the mid-day, thousands of shafts from the enemy. But you must put on the shield of Truth and you shall stand.

Frederic T. Gray.

Blessed are they who have part in the first resurrection, for on such the second death hath no power.

This you will find given in your Bible, which but few understand the contents of. What think you is meant by the first resurrection and the second death? We understand it thus: Ye who have received Light, by that Light have been resurrected from your sins, from your errors and superstition, and from your bigotry; and if you are indeed disciples of that Light, you are resurrected from that death, the first death, which is sin. For on such the second death has no power. What is the second death? Why the resurrection—not of this mortal body, but of the spirit.

Behold they who have part in the first resurrection—on them the second death hath no power. They shall have no fear of the valley and shadow of death, because of the Light they have gained from the first resurrection.

It matters not in what manner you are resurrected from sin, or have part in the first resurrection; whether you have received part in the first from Spiritualism, or from the Church, it matters not, so you have put off the robes of sin, and robed yourselves in the garments of righteousness. There are a thousand doors whereby you may enter into the first resurrection. Spiritualism is not the only way, though in it we find many Lights which lead you to become children of the first resurrection.

Again, the child of the first resurrection fears not the second, because he feels fully assured that the Light which surrounds him will illumine the shadow of death.

These bodies which are fashioned to enrobe the spirit while in this world, are at one time called for by their common Mother Earth; from that moment they are never called for again in form like this. Theologians may tell you different, but their ideas of this matter are generally good for nothing. Mankind are so bound to the material body they inhabit so long, that hence arises this theory. It springs from their own unenlightened minds—not from the spiritual being. For the very law of their nature condemns it. Death or decay is marked upon the body—it belongs to earth; the spirit belongs to a higher and nobler element, hence it must go to that element.

When the spirit loses its hold on the mortal body, it is resurrected just as you are resurrected from error and sin.

Behold the two spheres connected by a thousand channels, mingling into one; when you pass from this mortal, you are in the spirit life, yet you may be an inhabitant of this very room.

I was drawn hither this morning by your conversation—by the Light I found within your souls. You were speaking of one who is about to come to us. Soon you with your mortal eyes behold him no more. Even at this moment the second resurrection is taking place. He has been resurrected from sin, and as his own lips will tell you, he even now is taking part in the glorious faith of the second resurrection. He is prepared by it to pass unhindered through the second resurrection, for death has no terror to him.

In the spiritual and material nature of your brother, you may behold a shining light placed within him by angel hands; those angels being in turn dictated by a superior power; the Godhead. For by him we live, as you live, more as you move,

and without permission of Divinity we could not return to commune with you. We could not return and commune with our coming brother, unless sent by our Father.

He is well pleased with the present work—all these troubles you see around you are harmonious; all carry out the grand plan of the redemption of man.

One word more, and then we leave you. Ye Spiritualists who have not been resurrected from sin by the Light which has been sent you from the higher life, let us, children of the second resurrection, enjoin upon you to enjoy at once the fruits of the first resurrection.

Friend, may you, like the brother we speak of, stand upon the shore of the spiritual life, all ready to pass over in perfect confidence. And that you may do so is the holiest wish of

FREDERIC T. GRAY.

The above was spoken by the medium, after we had heard of the expected departure of the friend to whose sick bed we were sent, as recorded in No. 16 of the Banner. We afterwards ascertained that the spirit, who gave us the name at the head of this, was pastor of a church at which our friend once attended. This was unknown to us at the time, and the strain of thought here presented, was not in our mind at the time. We were occupied with the thought of the physical sufferings attending his decease.

John Adams.

Bless God for Light, for Knowledge, for Strength. I promised to return, and I am here; I promised to manifest, and I shall do so as well as I can. First allow me to thank you for your kindness. Thank the old gentleman whose name I do not recollect, who came with you to my house. Thank all my friends, and tell them I am not unmindful of their kindness. I think God sent you to me for a Light, that I might not die in Darkness. I found things much as I expected, but the struggle of going was much harder, though soon over.

I found my friends all ready to meet me, as they promised. It is true—every word that was told me is true. I want to talk to Susan; I want her to remain where she is at present and get rest and quiet. I want the boy to remain where he is, but I want her to teach him these things. Bring him up in the way of Light, not Darkness. Tell her everything was conducted as I wished, and I am happy. Tell her I shall often come to her to help and strengthen her.

I promised Mr. Winkley I would remember him. I told him what I heard, and that I believed in Spiritualism. I promised that when I arrived at Our Father's mansion I would remember him. I have not forgotten him tell him, and that it is all true, and that sure as God rules, he must believe it sooner or later.

He is a good man, but he is in error; half of the time he preaches what he does not believe, and can't help it. I want him to know that I remember what he said to me. He requested to be remembered by me. He thought I was happy—so I was; in the religion of Christ which he taught 1800 years ago—in Spiritualism as it is now called; and however mixed it may be with evil, there is truth there. Tell him death did not obliterate my remembrance of his request. I want him to know that the faith I espoused so late, was good enough to carry me home. I lived a skeptic, died a Spiritualist.

I don't want Susan to be fannatical at all; I want her to be a candid, sober, Christian Spiritualist. I want her to believe that part of Spiritualism that is Christlike, nothing else. Tell Susan to let my body rest where it is, and when conditions are favorable, she may place a neat white stone there.

On the stone I would like to have an inscription something like this:

"Erected in memory of John Adams, who was Resurrected from the natural to the Spiritual life"—giving dates as they are. I want it perfectly plain and neat.

Thomas Campbell is here—he is my friend. I thought he would get here about the time I got here. Thomas and I and a great many others have been here all night. We did not have to do with the manifestations which were caused here by anxiety. When he came to see me and told me he was sick, I felt that the money he then gave Susan would be the last he would give her, and I was right.

I want Susan to stay where she is about three months longer.

First manifesting as I do in this way, I feel just as I did before I left. They tell me I shall, after coming a few times, throw this off. Publish what I have given; for if it is not so clear, it is true, and comes from me, nobody else.

JULY 29.

The Spirit here manifesting was the same man to whose sick bed we were sent by Spirit direction. ere we knew of such a man or his illness, the circumstances of which were detailed in No. 16 of this paper. The visit was on July 7th., and during the week following his material body was buried. He manifested to us in a partial manner about a week after his departure.

We could have no more doubt of this Spirit's identity by the manifestation through Mrs. C. than we could have of our own.

William Harper, Cincinnati.

I am glad of it—glad I am dead. Thirty years was long enough for the world to abuse me. Curses on all your monied institutions; curses on all those who have money; blessings on those who have none. Those are my sentiments, dead or living. The poor man has not so much as a foot of ground whereon he may raise enough to support his body, while the rich man has thousands of acres. Curses on the rich, I say; I only finished what they, the rich, began, and thinking they lengthened out the job, I finished it, and am glad I am here, dead, and yet living all at the same time.

No man offered me a day's work or a dollar to buy bread for myself. I was willing to work; I loved to work; but I wanted pay for it. The Bible says it is hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, and I say if they do, there is no just God. They are all alike; there are not good men enough among the rich to save ten men. Are you a rich man? If you are, curse you. I know you not, except that you receive messages. If Abel's blood cried for vengeance, why may not mine? I was murdered at the hands of my brethren; my blood has as good a right to cry for vengeance as Abel's had.

What was my trouble? It was that which is heaped upon nine-tenths of the people of earth—poverty. I was ambitious, and sought to rise, but, as fast as I rose one step, I was knocked back three; and by whom? The rich, curse them!

I lived in Cincinnati. I presume I drank near three gallons of alcohol, and thus ended my existence on earth; not that I was addicted to drinking, but I chose that as my deliverer. Now, I must pay the penalty of this trespass upon the laws of my nature; and who must pay the penalty of this keeping me in hell for so many years? If the rich men who wronged me do not, there is no justice in God. He made the poor; the devil made the rich.

America is spoken of all over the world as being a free country, and there are more lords here than in any country I know of; more self-conceited bigots, more kings, more hell-begotten children.

Go, yes, I am gone from earth, where the rich cease from troubling, and the poor may chance to find rest. No wonder there are a certain class of people on earth who doubt the existence of a God. I am well aware of such a personage as the devil. I see him in every man's soul who carries much gold in his pocket; there's where I see him; know him, understand him, and in coming in contact with such, my own soul is tainted with hell. Years ago I received a liberal education, my parents were fair, and everything looked pleasant. But suddenly there came a mighty rushing wind, which I saw and it swept from me all that brought

pleasure to me. And in after years, they looked upon me as a poor, depraved thing. Who made me so? Who robbed me of my very soul, even? Why, they; for I look upon a man who thirsts for vengeance as I do, as one without a soul.

Scarce two weeks have passed since I was on earth, and yet I am here. I hold no fellowship with mankind, nor will I until I have that I never had on earth—justice. My name was William Harper.

The above was a very singular manifestation. It is seldom we meet with a spirit in whom the thirst for revenge, and hatred to man, is so strongly expressed. Of the truth of the statements made, we have no knowledge. The point of time is very liable to be wrong in such cases. Independent of the fact, that spirits find it difficult to mark time, there is the probability that this spirit, passing from earth in the manner it did, would not have the ordinary advantages necessary for it.

Whether true or false, there is no doubt but many a spirit is ushered into the spirit world with just such hatred of those who, being Steward's of God's Treasury, will not use His own for the good of man, but pile up riches and wrath against the day of wrath.

May not, such a spirit be an instrument in the hands of God, to punish the rich man who wronged him when on earth? We have no doubt of the power of spirits to work for the injury of men; and when those men are by their habits in harmony with evil, we have no doubt of their power to operate successfully in their ruin. By stimulating the evil in their nature, they lead them into sin. Evil spirits may strive to overthrow the good, by plying temptations in their way, but meeting with a strong determination to adhere to the right, the Tempter is foiled. There is much insight to be obtained by spirit communion, in the ways of men, and the reason of their sin.

Lizzie Murphy, of Yarmouth, N. S.

I wish to talk to my people. My name was Lizzie Murphy, and I used to live in Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia, a little way from Halifax. I died of fever when about twelve years old. My grandmother teaches me how to talk to you. I want to tell my mother that I am alive, and I want her to give away my clothes to cousin David's girl. She is a little smaller than I was. His wife's name is Margaret.

And I want to tell Sophia and Mary that I did not suffer much. I want her to know how happy I am; and Mrs. Enos—I want to tell her too. She was in our house most of the time. My cousin David has gone to Baltimore, now, or he was going there after I died, and I suppose he has gone. I used to get the raps. People said I was a medium. Tell mother, too, that I can rap to her. She wished I would come to her so much, and I did come, but I did not know how to rap. I have not got any folks in Boston. My mother's name is Elizabeth Murphy. I had one sister that was named after mother, but never saw her before I came here. I knew she was there because I heard mother speak of her. Mother was going to move to Halifax; I wonder if she has. We used to live there once. My father was a tailor. When I was with mother, as I told you just now, it was before I went away at all, the next night after the day I died. Since I went away I can't get so high her as I wish.

The statement in the last paragraph may need some explanation to those not acquainted with spirit manifestations. It is said to be the case, very frequently, that the spirit hovers about its earthly home some days, ere it takes up its residence in the part of creation it has been fitted for while here. It seems to have been so here, as the raps she made were before her spirit had passed beyond earth. Since which time she does not appear to have seen her mother's movements clearly.

We publish this without inquiry. We think the spirit communicating gave us as near truth as she could. That she did as well as her understanding of the manner of communicating admitted, we are satisfied. We never could have had any knowledge of these parties, or any circumstances like these. It is clearly an intelligence beyond, or not emanating from us, whether it stands the test of inquiry or not. We think it will, as the influence was of a mild, pleasant, innocent character.

William Shirley.

Full forty years have passed since my spirit left earth; and strange as it may seem to some, I now return to manifest, to commune, to speak. The time spoken of by the Prophets of olden times seems to have arrived. The graves of darkness, error and superstition are opened, and the dead are coming forth. My last wish on earth was this—that I might be permitted, at some time, to return and see what was being done upon earth, after I should have passed from thence.

And now that my body has turned to dust and I have been full forty years from earth, that time has arrived, and I for the first time am permitted to look upon earth and see what is being turned out by the great Mill of Progression. And the work is immense; I see a thousand new beauties unfolded since I dwelt here, and thousands of inventions proceeding from man's mind. This like returning home, after a long absence to a distant country. I am naturalized, as it were, to my new home, and I would not change; but the knowledge of earth still clings to me, and draws me back to fit among the scenes of gladness I once enjoyed, and to see how many changes the finger of Progress has made in the place where I once dwelt.

Now, amid all this mighty change, is it wonderful that Spiritualism is one of the Lights, thrown in among the many gems shed upon earth to cause them to sparkle? Ancient men proclaimed this epoch, foretold of our coming, and we have come, in strict accordance with prophecy and natural law, and it is in vain to endeavor to come in any other way.

I have grand-children dwelling in Boston and very many kindreds, and if there be any among them who would like to converse with one of their kindred named William Shirley, they are at liberty to try the wires, and see what manifestations may come. I will answer their call, and endeavor to satisfy them, for the time has now come when anxiety is ripe with me to commune with them.

When on earth I lived on a small isthmus of land near Boston, but called Boston my home, as I was much of the time there.

Cast this communication upon the waters of the minds of the people, and in due time it will return to you again bearing knowledge of the same.

Henry Jewell, formerly of Salisbury, Mass.

I was a native of Salisbury, Mass. The name I bore on earth was Henry Jewell. In 1810 I left my native town, and made Louisiana my home. I owned a portion of a plantation for many years previous to my departure from earth. For years previous to my death I was lost to my friends, and they do not, to this day, know of themselves, that I am in the spirit world. Betsey Jewell was my sister; she has communed with you, if I mistake not. There is quite a discussion going on among those I left on earth, in regard to Spiritualism. Some are saying, "I wonder if Uncle Henry is in the spirit land? Why does he not give us to understand why he was so long silent?" Now, I am able to do this; before, I was unable.

In reply to their question, Why was he so long silent? I have little to say. Business, cares of the world, and of a family, kept me so. I heard of the departure of one after another of those who were dear to me, away from my home, and I did not go out of that circle. I only return, now, to satisfy skepticism. I cannot see how the skeptic can stand on so slippery a foundation; neither can I see how the "evil" Spiritualists can stand in his sin, with so

many swords of vengeance standing round about him.

I should be happy to visit in spirit with some good medium that spot I once loved so well; where I have seen the red man pitch his tent, and paddled his canoe. I speak of the old Powow. Well do I remember standing beside those whom the whites once called their enemies. Many of them I have met here, and been welcomed by them to their pleasures and their hunting grounds. But I presume things have changed since I was there. A greater portion of them have passed on—to spheres below me, above me, perhaps around me, but I have met with few of them.

My father was a farmer, and went down to the grave at the age of 76 years. My kindred are respectable people. A long line of them have passed on, and a long line are still to come. I have little to say to my people, for I know not what to say. I would have them, however, seek to know the truth; to cast aside bigotry, and investigate for themselves. If they find truth, they surely will not cast it aside; if they find error, they may easily retrace their steps. I come at the call of a skeptical trumpet; if I succeed in awakening those who spoke, to a knowledge of the life which is to come, I shall not have been called in vain. Good day, sir. (July 28.)

Hugh Haggerty, New York.

And so you're a Yankee? Well, there's some good Yankees, I suppose. I like them and their country pretty well, but if old Ireland was what it should be, or the people there, I should like that better. I have been away from there eighteen years; I was born in Limerick, and died in New York. But perhaps you think I've no business here; if so, I'll leave. I thought I was doing right when I was on earth; I thought I had the right religion. Well, I came as near as anybody. The Catholic religion is a spiritual religion, and the Catholics are every one of them Spiritualists, in their belief, only they don't know it. They are far from right in some things, for the priest keeps the knowledge, while the people have the ignorance. They are not all ignorant, for I was bound to inform myself in spite of pope, bishop, or priest. When I speak of the religion, I speak of the creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

I don't suppose you know anything about the catechism?

We assured him our head was never bothered with that kind of knowledge.

Well, it's something like this: "I believe in God the Father, maker of Heaven and Earth; in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son, our Lord; born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into Hell, and the third day he arose and ascended into Heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty. From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." This goes before the first question.

I can teach you Catholicity pretty well, don't you believe I can? I believed it when on earth as understood by the Catholic church; now I believe in under Universal Salvation. I believed in the Holy Mother Church, and I believe in it now. I believe that the saints intercede for our salvation. I know it, for if you pray to God, your prayer has got to ascend to Him through all the spheres, and must be felt as far as it goes by all the dwellers therein. I see the doctrine a little different now from what I did on earth.

Now, suppose I catechise you a little, to see if you have written my creed aright?

On reading our intended copy of his words, we had made some errors in writing it down, which the spirit corrected. We knew that creed was never in our mind. If we doubted Spiritualism, that would be sufficient proof to us that mind, other than ours, was expressing itself.

You hold to Progression beyond earth—so do the Catholics. You ask that your spirit friends will intercede for you, and Catholics pray the saints to intercede for them.

Now, in spite of all the error in the Church, I want you to understand that it is not as far from right as you may suppose.

The last prayer I ever offered on earth was something like this:

"Holy Mother, unto thee I commend my spirit. Intercede for me that I stand forgiven at Heaven's gate."

Now, I prayed as I best knew how, and I think that prayer was good. I prayed for forgiveness, and I got it, and since I have been here I have learned much—for I was always fond of learning.

My name was Hugh Haggerty. I was in a store part of the time, but was generally employed in receiving packages, emigrants, and the like. Well, suppose the Irishman and the Yankee part for a time.

Here is one of the many facts which are presented to the investigator, showing that spirits retain their individuality after leaving earth. This man is satisfied with the Catholic religion, and sees Truth enough in it to satisfy him.

Thomas Aiken, Mail Carrier, Newburyport.

Good God! what a place! Well, old fellow, you might as well make up your mind to be happy here as in any other place. I never was anywhere before to speak this way, and you'll not wonder at it, when I tell you how long I have been in this place.

I suppose this is 1897, and this place is Boston. Well, I'm not very unhappy, but I don't understand things. Since the last week in June, this year, I have found out Spiritualism to be a reality. My name was Thomas Aiken when I was on earth. I lived in Georgetown and in Newburyport—was mail agent—that is, I carried the mail. Louisa Haskell was the name of the woman I married. I expect I took cold, which was the first cause of my sickness and death. I have seen old Bill Bailey here. I am not sorry I'm here; I'm as happy here as I deserve to be. I have seen an infant I had, since I have been here.

Pearls.

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

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom—more than wealth—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

All personal antagonisms are informal. Hence, he who cherishes hatred against his fellow-man, shows that he himself is a bad man.

"Oh! It is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please;
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,
And cheek afloat, see rivers flow of gold
Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveler, go
From mount to mount through Cleveland, gorgeous land;
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed, with inward light,
Behold the LILIAN and the OYSTERS
Rise to the swelling of the vocal sea."

Right is eternal. It is the incorruptible inheritance of all true work.

Look up with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.

Many a man has rashness enough to do wrong, who has not courage enough to confess it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SIGNET RING;

OR

THE CARNIVAL MASQUE! A TALE OF MADRID.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

The carnival of 1847 opened with unusual brilliancy in Madrid, despite the caprice that actuated the queen to retire to her royal residence at Aranjuez, instead of remaining in the city to participate in the festivities of the season. But it would seem as if the number of balls and amusements were doubled in compensation.

On the night of the twelfth of January, an entertainment of unusual magnificence was given by the Marchioness de Mondecar to her "dear and hundred friends." The very elite of the capital were assembled in her elegant mansion under disguises noble and ignoble, while the universal masks rendered the brilliant illuminations of no practical use, save as ornaments.

Through the gay throng that swayed and glittered to and fro like waves in the sunlight; a solitary mask threaded her way, apparently guided by circumstances and fancy. Her costume, though neither original nor conspicuous, was exceedingly piquant, and admirably suited to the wearer. A short, full skirt of orange exposed a pair of feet and limbs that could belong to Andalusia only, and a bodice of purple, laced and embroidered with gold cord, displayed a form of rare proportions. A flat Leghorn hat, decorated with light ribbons, was jauntily placed on one side, above the shining plaits of hair, and on her wonderfully beautiful arm was suspended a gayly ornamented basket of oranges. From the tip of her black velvet slipper, with its fall of gold fringe across the instep, to the demi mask whose lace curtain shaded a mouth and chin of most peculiar order, each line curve was in strict accordance with the line of beauty, every motion the perfection of grace.

It was difficult to select any portion of this lovely whole as being of superior merit. Yet among a nation renowned for inimitable feet, the exquisite pair in question were perhaps less to be wondered at than the matchless formation of those arms and shoulders, which were joined to a throat, and hands, that had not their mates in all Europe.

At least, so a certain cavalier, leaning in the shade against a pillar, was willing to swear, after watching their owner intently for some fifteen minutes. And, as if by accident, in this direction, the object of his admiration now bent her steps.

"First at the tryst, Sir Knight?" was her merry greeting.

"Nay—I am not so fortunate as to have an appointment with any fair lady—I only watch the happiness of others."

"Why do you not seek a partner?"

"I fear a repulse."

"You shall no longer plead that excuse—I elect you as my attendant cavalier."

Bowing low, the masker lifted his companion's hand to his lips, expressing his deep sense of the honor thus conferred on him. Arm in arm they promenade the halls, and each moment the gentleman became more and more puzzled; there was a strange fascination in the piquant sallies and charming conversation of the orange girl; yet such were the contradictions of speech, manner and opinion, that he could not presume to hazard a guess concerning the rank or condition of the witty creature beside him. At one instant he was certain she was a lady of high position, and the next, as positive that she was of the lower classes, having smuggled herself in by virtue of a masquerade costume; this supposition was finally confirmed by the very evident fact of her being without any protector. But vainly did he endeavor to discover her precise standing or occupation. Carelessly, but skillfully, she parried all thrusts direct and indirect, and finding her about to take alarm, and desert him in the crowd, he repressed his curiosity, and without further questioning was content "to take the good the gods provide."

Presently they joined the dances, and the enamored swain soon found, to his cost, that his lively partner was an unwearied devotee to the waltz. Being somewhat portly in figure, the exercise was better suited to his companion than himself. But disregarding his entreaties and protestations of fatigue, the giddy danseuse flew with him round and round the circle, until all the objects therein seemed tangled in one confused whirl. After a while the unmerciful spirit relented, and drawing him away she merrily exclaimed:—

"Ah, ha, General! Now you have had a touch of the VIII! Confess you would be no match for one if you fell into her hands."

Starting violently, the gentleman exclaimed, "How do you know me?"

"How? Bless me—what an innocent way the man has of putting a silly question! Do you imagine

line I could converse with you the whole evening, and not discover to whom I was talking?"

"But you may mistake."

"That I never do. I am as certain that I address General—, the favorite of the queen, adviser and councillor to her majesty, as that I am in existence."

"This is coming out in a new light," thought the soldier, much amused; then he added aloud, "You would make a capital prime minister—who would have suspected you had recognized me?"

"I knew you before I accosted you this evening—I should not have wasted my time on a person that I was not sure would afford me either pleasure or profit."

"What an enigmatical sentence!" cried the General. I shall begin to think you the Sphinx as well as the VIII, if you puzzle me much longer with these mysteries."

A merry laugh rang clear and silvery in his ears. "And I shall think you a wizard, if you guess so shrewdly! I invite you to sup with me at the foot of the Pyramids, at midnight."

"Alas! how unfortunate am I. This very night at twelve I am obliged to set forth for Aranjuez."

"Surely some other time will suffice for that—a lady's commands should precede all others."

"But my journey will be in a lady's service."

"Indeed! Then you prefer her pleasure to mine?"

"Ah, fair one! I go by order of Her Majesty, the queen, to attend a cabinet council."

"In that case you are excusable. I will suppose you sacrifice inclination to duty."

"You may, indeed; I assure you a *petit souper* with so charming a companion as yourself, would be infinitely more alluring than a long, tedious ride with no company at all."

"Especially the supper!" replied his new friend, laughing mischievously. The gallant general colored deeply, for his devotion to the culinary art was somewhat celebrated.

"Never mind," continued the orange girl; "I do not always mean all I say. But you go alone? Are you not afraid of brigands?"

"Oh, no! So little terrors do they possess for me that I never carry the slightest weapon."

"Take care, my brave general! Best not boast too loudly, lest some robber overhear, and take up the gauntlet."

"Small danger of that! I am far more apprehensive of the thefts those bright eyes may commit, than of all the lawless freebooters between here and the Pyrenees."

"Appearances are deceitful—be not too sure that even a woman's eyes are harmless. They are quick to observe, and usually accompany a tongue as ready to report."

"You seek in vain to alarm me, pretty one!" replied the general, complacently.

"Very well. If you fall into danger through your own incredulity, remember, *I give you warning!*"

The General started. A sudden change in the speaker's voice made it sound strangely familiar—he turned to address her again—but she had vanished!

For several minutes he stood spell-bound. A peculiar meaning in her tone as she had uttered the last words, caused him to ponder deeply on their probable signification. "Did danger really threaten him? If such were the case, how should he be aware of it, since she was evidently ignorant that he intended to set forth alone to Aranjuez? It was most unlikely that she should be possessed of one fact without knowing the other also; but granting even that, what possible motive could she have to apprise him of any plot against his safety? With a laugh at his own simplicity in attaching any meaning to a mere carnival frolic, he turned away, determined to seek his enigmatical companion, and revenge himself.

But to no purpose did he scan the various groups, and plunge into the thickest crowds. Nowhere did the well remembered vision greet his gaze, and he wandered on from room to room, until he suddenly became aware that he stood in the centre of a large circle surrounded by laughing spectators, while a young girl who had bounded lightly forward into the ring, stood directly opposite, in a most composed attitude, awaiting the signal of the orchestra to commence a fancy dance.

She wore a short scarlet skirt with black lace points, a black velvet bodice, laced, and ornamented with gold cord, and her massive wreaths of purplish black hair were confined in place by a row of pearl pins across the crown of her lovely head, having the appearance of a little diadem.

Hastily retreating, the discomfited General scanned the graceful being before him, more closely. At first he thought her face was uncovered, but presently discovered that it was concealed by a delicate wax mask, whose fine features were doubtless very different from those of the wearer.

The signal was given, and with the airy lightness of a fairy, she sprang forward, striking the measure with a precision as inspiring as wonderful, and fascinating every eye by the bewildering beauty of each position, every step of those twinkling feet, and every witching motion of those rounded, alabaster arms, as they gaily rattled the castanets above her head. Now sinking on one knee, and describing a circle, her slender, pliant waist swaying in perfect time, then springing up and executing various figures on the tips of her Cinderella feet, alike beautiful in all, she finally crowned the performance by whirling around the enclosed space as easily as a feather floats in the air, and then, with one triumphant ring of her ivory castanets, vanished amid the crowd, who loudly manifested its applause.

It so happened that the General stood directly in the line of those who made way for her to pass, and as she tripped along, she bent toward him, and, in so low a tone that none but he could hear, exclaimed:—

"It is I! Beware!"

Struck with amazement at this unexpected revelation of her identity with the orange girl, whom he had been seeking, he involuntarily stretched out his hand, and grasped her gossamer scarf to detain her. But, flinging her arms above his head, she sounded such a peal in his ears, as nearly deafened him, and turning several times on tip toe, with lightning rapidity flew from his sight, leaving the mantle from which she had so dexterously unwound herself, in his hands.

For the third time that evening had she made him a butt for the ridicule of herself and others. Full of chagrin, the General rose from his gallant position of supplication, and joined in the conversation of the group nearest him.

"It must be Mademoiselle Victorine, the first danseuse of the Opera troupe, whom our hostess has employed to surprise her guests with," said one.

"None but a first class danseuse, could have exe-

cuted a performance in that style," remarked a second.

"And none but a stage jilt would have the impudence to be so saucy!" growled the General, still smarting under the mortification so publicly endured.

Just then the clock of a neighboring church struck twelve, and the General was obliged to leave the revel and seek for his carriage.

"Strange!" he muttered to himself, "why did I not guess at once the secret of her surprising knowledge of everybody and everything? These danseuses know the affairs of the court and camp better than the courtiers and officers themselves. An intriguing set! Always, up to some mischief. She was acquainted with me, too—strange that I cannot remember having met her before—and yet she seemed familiar. Who can she be? I could almost swear that there is not one of the Opera troupe that has such a figure."

These reflections were cut short by impatience at the delay which the press of vehicles occasioned. Just as he was beginning to fear he should be late at his appointment, the carriage drew up, and he was speedily on his route.

Absorbed in reverie, the landscape, illuminated by the full moon, was lost upon the General, who was not noted for romance or star gazing, and it was not until a partial darkness succeeded the bright flood of light, that he glanced out at the window. He was passing through a woody defile, and the thick boughs overhead obscured the rays of the moon. Satisfied that nearly a third of the distance was accomplished, he settled back again, and rearranged his schemes for the approaching council.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, the door opened, disclosing three brigands, armed to the teeth. A slight scuffle outside informed our hero that his coachman was conquered, and that one of the besiegers had usurped the reins. Then the two who had remained standing at the steps, entered, and, seating themselves, ordered the driver to proceed.

The General was no coward, but he saw that resistance would be useless, for he had not so much as a pen-knife to defend himself with, and pistols and carbines flashed and rattled on all sides. Also, to his surprise, no attempt was made to rob him, and wondering what this adventure might portend, he resigned himself to quietly await the ending.

The one who seemed the chief, sat beside him, and presently broke the silence.

"Now, my good sir—fair play is a jewel." You shall give us a lift on our way, and, in return, we will protect you from any other members of our profession, less peaceably disposed than ourselves, for, in spite of your declaration to my fair sister this evening, that there was no sort of danger from brigands, the case is quite the contrary, as you perceive by actual demonstration!"

Somewhat reassured by the rough good nature of the speaker, that no personal injury was intended, the General took courage to hope this would all pass off as a joke—he could not help wishing, however, that the perpetrators were a little less numerous and questionable in regard to social position, and a little more subdued in their jollity, and avowed contempt of etiquette. Otherwise, he would have enjoyed the jest extremely.

"It is not every night that gentlemen of our much abused fraternity have the honor to escort the favorite of the Queen. I assure you we fully appreciate the overwhelming distinction, and are but too delighted that we are permitted to serve you."

The strong provincial accent of the chief was in ludicrous contrast to his assumed courtliness, and such it would have been felt to be, had not uneasiness deprived the poor victim of all capacity to enjoy and criticize.

"Now, seeing that we are all friends here present, there can be no harm in our discussing our neighbors a little. Don't be bashful, General, speak your mind freely—we will deliver our opinion likewise, and will consider nothing of an individual nature that you may choose to confide. Suppose, then, that you inform us what the pretty Countess de— was dismissed from court for, last week?"

"Indeed—I am not at liberty to say."

"Don't be too scrupulous, my friend—no malice is intended—we merely ask for the sake of information."

"But why do you wish to know?" inquired the puzzled and hapless General.

"Only because we happen to possess inquiring minds—don't trouble yourself to find reasons—that is our affair."

In despair at the cool firmness of the speaker, the poor General attempted to manufacture an account, but soon finding that his persecutor knew just enough of the matter to detect imposture, he was forced to detail the court gossip relative to the affair.

"Very well," observed the chief, patronizingly. Now let us hear who are in favor with Her Majesty?"

"You are strange highwaymen!" exclaimed the General. "How can these matters interest you?"

"Comrade! Curiosity was the ruin of Eve, and will yet be of you, I fear," was the sententious reply. "Nevertheless, I do not mind informing you that I have sometimes meditated quitting my present occupation, and in case I should then wish to apply for a situation at court, a little knowledge of politics may prove extremely serviceable. Come—my time is valuable—speak briefly, and to the point."

This command, enforced by a slight thrust of a carbine, checked the rising compliment on his audacity, that had risen to the exasperated General's lips; the latter did not doubt, by this time, that some political opponent, in disfavor at court, had hired the services of these desperadoes, to ascertain important State secrets, and nearly growling with rage at being thus entrapped, without hope of rescue, he reluctantly named over several whom the Queen secretly favored.

"Are those all?" demanded the brigand. "Comrades, we shall be obliged to refresh the gentleman's memory."

Thus gently admonished, the remainder of the list was added.

"I fear you will think us exacting, General," said the chief, as he finished repeating the names, "but I must now ask a question in behalf of a lady. My pretty sister has a quantity of lovers at court that she has caught with her feet and castanets. She would like to know what appointments are to be made, that she may choose profitably on whom to bestow herself."

"That fend of an orange girl!" mentally ejaculated the distressed courtier. Then aloud, "This is insufferable! I must positively refuse to answer that question."

"My friend," said he of the carbine, drily, "it would grieve me extremely should you refuse me so small a favor as to answer so civil a question, civilly asked. If you decline, however, I should be forced

to proceed to extremities, which happen, just at this present time, to be remarkably sharp," and he tried the end of his pike with his fingers, carefully.

With another half stifled groan, the general complied with this request, and was tortured to think of the horrible advantage he was affording his enemies.

"Now, one more question, and I have done," said the brigand. What dismissals are contemplated?"

"Oh, this is too much!" cried the tormented politician. "This is more important than all the rest!"

"We are fully aware of the fact, and it is precisely for that reason that we wish to know," was the cool reply of his companion.

"Candidly, then, I will not tell you!" cried the prisoner, now grown desperate.

"You will not?" calmly inquired the chief, nonchalantly cocking a pistol. "I am sorry to observe such a breach of politeness in your manners. Now, I am very desirous of knowing, besides I am celebrated for my powers of persuasion, and should not like to lose that reputation." Here he elevated the weapon to the general's ear.

Thus entreated, the general confessed, heartily consigning his companions to a warmer climate, and resolving never again to travel by night, unarmed.

When he concluded his reply, the brigand expressed much satisfaction at the accession to his stock of knowledge, and praised the generous confidence of his victim.

"General," said he, at length, "I have taken quite a fancy to your signet ring. Do yourself the favor to present it to me. You will not? Now, permit me to ask, what is the use of scandalizing us with such untruths? This is the third time you have positively refused to comply with my reasonable requests, and each time before, you have broken your vow. Such trifling with your word is unwarrantable in a soldier and a gentleman. But I will charitably suppose you too much overwhelmed by my conferring on you, the distinction of allowing you to present me your ring, to answer properly? Permit me—"

and he slipped the signet off of the feebly resisting hand on to his own finger.

After turning it about in the moonlight, and admiring it for awhile, he remarked:

"And now, general, I find myself under the painful necessity of quitting your entertaining society. I am the more pained as I am confident the regret is mutual; but the best of friends must part, and we will now leave you, hoping to meet again soon."

Then ordering the carriage to stop, he suffered his accomplices to precede him, and getting out, bestowed a profound bow on the crestfallen, agonized general, saying:

"A pleasant journey the remainder of the way, I have the honor to bid you good night, or rather good morning!"

The alarmed coachman now applied the lash to his horses, and in a few seconds, flying round a corner of the road, the general lost sight of his uninvited guests. His cup of misery was now full; with his much prized signet ring an incalculable amount of mischief might be done. With that, and the information just obtained, documents might be sent abroad before he could interpose, that would overthrow the well laid schemes of months.

From this time the unfortunate general had no peace, day or night. He was continually racking his brains to divine who were the instigators of the bold movement, and in whose possession were the precious secrets. Every time any little incident thwarted his plans, he was in the greatest trepidation, confident that this was the beginning of hostilities on the part of his opponents. Sleep fled his eyelids, and flesh forsook his bones. Ten thousand times a day he cursed his ill luck that threw him in the way of the orange-girl, who was at the bottom of it all, or at least the chief agent of his enemies. To no purpose did he seek her amid the ranks of the opera figurantes; she had fled, and left no trace behind. And so he hugged his troubles to his heart in silence, until he really fell into a most pitiable condition of mind and body.

Matters stood thus, when one day our hero was slowly promenading a deserted portion of the Prado, (a public walk in Madrid,) with his hands behind him, plunged in a profound reverie, as usual. As he was retracing his steps and his ideas for the fiftieth time, a female figure robed in black, and thickly veiled, approached, and mysteriously beckoned to him.

Something impelled him to follow her; and at the foot of the walk she stopped for him to join her.

"General," she said, and at the sound of her voice he started, and gazed piercingly at her. "I have noticed of late that something weighs upon your mind. Now, although you chose to slight my invitation to sup at the base of the Pyramids once, I have long since forgiven you, and—"

"The ten thousand!" exclaimed her companion, amazed at her, for whom he had sought so long, starting up from under his feet, as it were—"The ten thousand! Are you witch, or woman?"

"A little of both, perhaps," was the demure reply.

"And by virtue of my double capacity, I am come to relieve you from the trouble which I have noticed has worn upon you for some time past."

His astonishment increased. "Where in the name of all the saints have you been this while, that you could watch my looks and actions unknown to me? I have made the strictest search for you."

"I am well aware of that fact. But my travels to the North Pole, and the Mountains of the Moon, would not permit me to appear before you bodily. Seriously, general, my conscience will not permit me to carry this Carnival joke further. Learn, then, that the sole author of this frolic, (accidentally suggested by finding you were to go alone to Aranjuez, the orange girl, and danseuse of the masked ball, the dashing, saucy, ferocious brigand, who stopped your carriage, and entering with two other wild companions, extorted a dozen court secrets from you, and stole your signet ring—is none other than she who stands before you!"

"You! you! In Heaven's name who are you then?" cried the bewildered questioner.

Slowly the figure unrolled, displaying the light hair and regular blue eyes of a familiar face, one that he had met nearly every day for the last three years, disclosed the features of Eugene de Toba, Countess of Montijo!

"Can you forgive me, general?" she inquired in her own, undisguised voice, at the same time extending to him the signet ring, so deeply mourned.

Astonishment kept him dumb for a few seconds, then in the overwhelming tide of joyful relief at discovering he was not the victim of a state conspiracy, he raised her hand to his lips, and warmly assured her of his forgiveness and gratitude.

Each promised the other never to mention this incident, but there were three others in the secret, and they were women. Now women have tongues; and both men and women have ears, so what could you expect? Just what really happened—before three days, it was all over Madrid!

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Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. May 28

A GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE CURE."—Prescribed through the mediumship of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, the Clairvoyant, Office No. 10 Main Street, BOSTON. Heals the sick by the laying on of hands, and other remedies. When sickness or distance prevents personal attendance, by enclosing a lock of hair with the name, age and place of residence, the patient will receive an examination written out, with all requisite instructions. Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent, \$3, payable in advance. Office hours from 9 o'clock to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. June 4

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