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AGNES,
THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter IX.—Continued.

After a short absence, Agnes returned, a bright glow upon her cheeks, the soft light of benevolence irradiating her large, dewy eyes; she held in one hand a little box formed of cloves. Agnes possessed both tact and delicacy, she would not offer a purse with money, or rudely thrust the glittering gold pieces into the shrinking, half-reluctant hand.

"Please accept this little box, Mr. Wylie; you will surely not refuse me," said Agnes, pleadingly, as the young man rose, and waved his hand with a declining gesture. "Mr. Wylie, do not let pride mislead you; it is for your mother's comfort, for the case of one who for you has borne much toil and suffering, that I entreat your acceptance of this. I too, have tasted of that bitter draught, have felt the galling chains of poverty; but I have always made a distinction between the haughty patronage that wounds in giving, and the friendly hand outstretched in the hour of need. My education, perhaps even my present position and happiness, I owe to a stranger's benevolence. Will you not accept from a friend a friendly offering, that may lengthen, nay, save your mother's life?"

Deeply moved, the young man bowed his head; never before, in his storm-tossed and friendless career, had a human voice thus spoken; his talent, his abilities had been weighed in the scales of business calculation, and had procured him employment, and an honorable name; but friendship, sympathy, unasked for aid! he had almost ceased to look for them. Only his mother's soul seemed capable of answering his soul's outpourings of love and tenderness. When he raised his eyes, they met those of Agnes fixed in entreaty upon him. The spell of her goodness and active sympathy overcame his hitherto stubborn pride; his blue eyes, filled with tears that would not be repressed, and he took the proffered boon from her hand. Reverentially that life-bestowing hand was raised to his lips, and his voice faltering with grateful emotion, whispered, "From the mother of Eva!" Long and silently Agnes gazed upon him, as if to read his very soul. The broad, open, forehead, the deep cerulean eyes, with their veiled expression of yearning tenderness, the varying color betokening a heart yet pure and untouched by worldly contact, the firm, sadly-expressive lips, the waving light brown hair, with its golden gleams, the slender figure, strong with its uplifting pride and earnestness of purpose, all impressed her favorably.

His was not a handsome face, nor a commanding presence; but that boyish form enshrined as true and pure a spirit as ever clothed itself with material garb. Beneath that unassuming exterior there beat a heart of wondrous power, an untuned, poet's lyre, its strings all quivering to the awakening touch of earth's most exalted feeling—pure and holy love, that he deemed hopeless. The spiritual vision of Agnes beheld that loving soul revealed; and her heart breathed a fervent prayer as her lips responded, "Yes, take it, as coming from the mother of Eva! and now good-night, and God bless you, my friend."

Dreamily the young man went his way; hope framing rainbow hues of promise around his path, one beautiful image beaming star-bright, and beckoning him onward to fame, and love and joy.

In the silence of her chamber Agnes relapsed into thought. "I know that I am weak and foolish," she said to herself, leaning from the casement, and gazing up to the brilliant heavens; "but I cannot throw off the weight of apprehension that presses upon my heart and spirits. Since my early childhood I have had presentiments, and seldom have they failed in being verified. I cannot define this feeling; it announces danger, trouble, discord; but how avert it? Is it possible that my mother-in-law could have been in earnest, in her accusations, or were her words merely spoken on the impulse of vexation, in an unreflected moment? She is old, and my husband's mother, and as such I love and respect her; but then, to accuse me of feigning sickness, of endeavoring to estrange Eva's affections from her, oh, that was cruel, was most unjust! And Maurice worships his mother, I honor him for it; filial love is so beautiful, so ennobling a trait! but if she should seek to prejudice my husband, no! I will not harbor so unworthy a thought of his mother. But she dislikes me, I know, I feel it; her eyes beamed on me yesterday with an expression almost of hatred and malignity! And Eva, so young, so good, so firm in many things, yet led so easily by

those who have won her confidence! And this fete of tonight—would I were there; I think I could form my conclusions. Maurice knows not the character of these Riveros; they are wealthy and aristocratic, that entitles them to the place they hold in society. And Eva's fancy is taken captive, if not yet her heart; she blushes when Don Felix is mentioned; her soul is the abode of purity and exalted feeling; oh, may he who wins her heart be worthy of the inestimable treasure of her love! Frank Wylie loves her, and if I read his soul aright, it is in contrast to that of the dark-browed Creole, what an angel's affection is to a demon's persecution. But I will do my duty, and shield my Eva from all evil influences."

The loving woman upraised her tear-filled eyes to the starlit heavens, and a fervent prayer issued from her soul for the beloved daughter, so innocent of worldly wiles and delusive appearances.

Night wore on, the blue waves answering the questioning breezes; the flowers bending beneath the lone rays of the twinkling stars. Filled with high resolves and loving aspirations, Agnes slept the sleep of innocence and truth; in her dreams, all eyes were love-gleams, all voices borrowed a music cadence; and the pressure of the hands enfolding her arm, was warm with heart-warmth, strong in sincerity. Sleep on, yet happy dreamer. The storm-cloud advances, and the soul-tempest, the ordeal of thy life, draws nigh!

In the mansion of the Riveros, the merry music resounds, and the gay dance goes on. Eva Golding, her sylph-like figure attired in amber-colored satin, ornaments of pearl and topaz gleaming upon her arms and bosom, diamonds wreathed within her dark waving hair, a garle of pearls around her slender waist; is the queen of beauty, the intellectual star of the company. Don Felix is by her side, and as they glide along the intricacies of the dance, his dark eyes rest upon her beauty with undisguised admiration; his voice murmurs sweetest flatteries; his gloved hand gently presses hers, and Eva listens with modestly downcast eyes and rising blushes; unknowingly to herself treasuring each glance, hoarding each music tone. Beneath the fostering influence of a genial mind, and a love-filled heart, Eva's views of life and happiness have expanded; limitless worlds of thought opened to her vision; and gleaming shrines, richly bedecked with spiritual knowledge, with the gems of poetry and song, unfolded to her own deep longings for "the bright, the far, the unattained." And beneath this life-bestowing influence, the eye has kindled, the smile has brightened, the rose-tint deepened, and the busy heart sent forth its powerful impress of spirit beauty to dwell upon the youthful face. Therefore to-night is Eva the queen of beauty, the intellectual star of the company. To thee, sweet Agnes, is the beautifying change attributable. Wilt thou reap gratitude or unrest for thy soul's best endeavors?

By the side of Donna Isabella sits Mrs. Greyson; pompous and erect in stiff brocade, of gold and purple colors, her massive watch and chain ostentatiously displayed; the time-piece glittering with brilliant, small rubies interlaced with the chain's golden links. Her black lace cap is adorned with expensive purple ribbons, her face is beaming with smiles, her cold blue eyes lighting up with triumph, as they rest upon her grand-daughter's transcendent beauty and splendid attire. Donna Isabella showers flatteries and attentions upon her, and Mrs. Greyson's heart is won.

In a room of the *Pasada del Leon*, (the Hotel of the Lion), sits Maurice Golding, in animated conversation with a stranger, an elderly man of erect frame and weather-beaten cheek. It is late when Mr. Golding returns to his castle, but his mother and daughter do not accompany him. They remain at Donna Isabella's to take the morrow's rest.

In a happy reverie sits Frank Wylie beneath the starlit sky; joy and love and gratitude upraising his long-bowed soul unto the portals of heaven itself. The tears of a grateful heart bedew the gold pieces, his mother's ransom from want and sickness.

At length the human elements are at rest; the tumultuous strivings of ambition, the plotting schemes, the restless strivings of the search for gold. The far-spreading net of treachery and deception falls from the nerveless grasp, and throbbing hearts and eager eyes yield to sleep's soothing influence. Love alone, the angel watcher defying the mandates of earthly weakness, slumbers not in the depths of the pure, watchful heart, beams in holy radiance from the watch-towers in the spirit world.

CHAPTER X.

"In thy presence I stand
Are breathing glowing with prophetic thrill
To the low footsteps of each coming ill;
Oh, can't thou dream of rest!" MRS. FINNANS.

Six months have elapsed since the fete of the Riveros, and in that short space of time many changes have taken place, even outward changes. In the household of Mr. Golding, leaving on the hearts of all life's varying impressions of impending gloom.—Day by day, the breach has widened betwixt mother and daughter-in-law; as first Agnes sought with untiring endeavor, to regain the old lady's love and confidence, which she trustingly believed she had once possessed. But when every loving effort proved vain, when her conciliating advances were met by haughty coldness and repellent scorn, then, Agnes secure in possession of an untroubled conscience, certain of having well fulfilled each duty allotted her, retired within herself, and shrinking from all further humiliating effort, spent most of her time in the retirement of her own chamber; in playing over the sweet, wild melodies of her native land, adding her own sorrowful improvisations to music's store. She passed much of her time in prayer; not in the attitude of supplication, not in framing lengthy petitions, but in those outpourings of the soul that are surely wafted to the ear of a pitying Father! Agnes met the coldness and bitter sarcasms of her mother-in-law with dignified fortitude, with unswerving gentleness and resignation. No angry retort rose to her lips, no murmurs were poured into the husband's ear; she bore all patiently, enduring all, suffering much. But Eva too was changed; her grandmother had regained her way; she but seldom visited her stepmother, and when she came, her manner was constrained, and her stay was short.

On the brow of Maurice Golding also lowered anxious clouds; and although his affection appeared undiminished, his absence from home was frequent. When Agnes tenderly questioned him, he attributed his abstracted manner and clouded brow to weighty business cares, and the confiding soul of the gentle wife reposed in the one consolation left, let come what would, her husband loved her; alas! she knew not that the spells of his mother's influence were twining around him; that even his faith in her truth would begin to waver; the fascination of her presence be unfelt, and her power forever rudely thrust aside! She had spoken to him the day following the party at the Riveros, spoken with her heart-inspired earnestness, of the necessity of the declining their further intercourse. She told him all that she had heard of the character of Don Felix, and so forcibly did she place the picture before him of the misery that might result to Eva, of the duty of shielding her from evil fascinations, that the heart of Maurice Golding was touched, and he promised Agnes that all intercourse between the families should promptly cease. He had an interview with his mother on the subject; but the old lady was bent upon the furtherance of her design. "It was no such thing! Don Felix could not be such a monster; it was all envy and jealousy that said so; Mrs. Golding might have views of her own for Eva; she wouldn't give up the friendship of the Riveros, not for fifty Agnes! Who told her all about Mr. Felix? Frank Wylie was it, eh! he was a meddling, foolish, perhaps he had an eye on Eva, and Mrs. Golding was in the plot! Yes, she saw through it all now, and her son was a fool if he didn't. The Riveros were rich, and while she lived, no beggarly clerk should marry her grand-daughter. You, of course, believe all your wife tells you, and guzzle it down for truth; but mark me, Maurice, you'll live to find out, that all is not gold that glitters; and that all she says isn't gospel truth!" was the return the old lady gave to her son's expostulations. "You are continually dropping innuendoes concerning Agnes, mother. I wish you would explain yourself," her son impatiently replied.

"Wait awhile; wait awhile, Maurice Golding! and you'll know more than you like to know; time proves all things," answered his mother, with a doleful and mysterious shake of the head.

"Well mother, let the subject drop; but I must so far concede to Agnes as not to encourage these Riveros' visiting here; and I know you would not wish Eva to be seen in disreputable company."

The old lady knew by experience that it was useless to contend with her son; that if his love for her was strong, so also was his self-will; and she submitted with apparent resignation; determining to gain by stratagem what she could not obtain by fair and open means. Don Felix had vauntingly spoken of his wealth and inland estates; not to be outdone, the old lady replied in the same boasting strain, greatly exaggerating her own wealth and consequence; acknowledging to him, that for the present all her money was invested in her son's business, from whence however she would withdraw it, on the occasion of Eva's marriage, and with the greater portion endow her darling child. All these reciprocal confidences were exchanged on the eventful birthday-night; the old lady's natural reserve having been conquered by the well-directed flatteries of her wily hostess; the imaginative, love-yearning heart of Eva taken captive by the studied and delicate attentions, the subtle flatteries of Don Felix. With the speedy insight he had obtained of her frank, yet proud nature, of her boundless worship of truth and virtue, her exalted views of life and happiness, he well knew that the grosser flatteries so acceptable to most women would fall unheard upon her ear; that to praise her beauty and accomplishments would gain him no approving smile from her lips. There was around Eva Golding, an atmosphere of purity that enhanced her many attractions, an unconscious air of dignity that repelled the expression of frivolous sentiments. The rapid compliments of the day could not be addressed to her; she banished upon even the heartless Felix a vision of ennobling loveliness.

"With eyes so pure, that from their ray,
Dark vice would turn ashamed away."

So he spoke with seeming enthusiasm and thrilling eloquence, of the delights of nature; of the beauties of art its glorious imitator; of sweet domestic joys, and of the happiness of a love, boundless and exalted, a love daring and braving all things, save wrong and dishonor, for the one beloved! Eva listened spell-bound to his poetic utterance of lofty, manly sentiments, and the combined fascinations of mental excellence and superior physical beauty, enthralled her heart; enchained her spirit; and she loved him as he desired to be loved by her, without one lingering doubt or fear; truthfully and confidently, passionately and purely.

Had the charm of a strong, pure nature, started its moral influence, and brought within the sphere of true and sanctifying love, that heart long dedicated to the "idols of the baser worship?" Could Eva, the innocent, the frank, the loving, regenerate his moral nature and wean his soul from vice? Alas, no. Her singular beauty dazzled and captivated; her well-stored mind, her brilliant conversation, and unaffected manners charmed him. Then, she was wealthy, part of her father's riches, and her grand-dame's fortune would be hers; she was a prize well worth the winning. Such a wife would render him the envy of all the cavaliers in La Toma; with her means he could rebuild his shattered fortunes, now considerably wrecked by wilful extravagances and dissipations. He would win Eva Golding; the way to her girlish heart was found with scarcely an effort. Mrs. Greyson was completely won; he hoped to conciliate the father, and he defied the stepmother. He knew that his evil fame had gone abroad, but he despaired not of triumphantly cloaking his vices, and repelling the charges against him. On his visit to the *Castillo*, a few days subsequent to his sister's party, he had been received by Mrs. Greyson; and on renewing his flattering salutations with that lady, that she might intercede in his behalf with Eva, pleading the strength of his unbounded love as an excuse for this unseasonable haste; he was told with many expressions of regret that it was impossible. With well acted astonishment and sorrow, he entreated to be informed of the cause of this sudden change in his "beloved and venerable friend," expressing himself in his somewhat broken English, to the complete satisfaction of his listener. With feigned reluctance Mrs. Greyson told him all, how "he had been slandered, she knew it was all a made up story;" and when he eagerly besought her to name the traducers, lavishing flatteries upon her, and invoking a thousand blessings upon her "venerable head," calling her his "comforting angel," she could not resist his pleading, and named the slanderers, as her daughter-in-law, and the young clerk, Frank Wylie.

With a muttered imprecation upon both, the Spaniard proceeded to convince his "comforting angel" that all that she had heard concerning him was false, were inventions of his enemies, rivalry and envy of others, aspiring to Eva's hand and heart. And Mrs. Greyson fully believed him. And then, he so dazzled her mental vision with descriptions of his plantations and country seats; his ancestral dignity, and the worldly eminence to which Eva would attain as his wife. So completely was she fascinated by the splendor he evoked, and the eloquence he displayed, that when he entreated for a few moments interview with Eva, the pitying heart could not frame a refusal, but sent Alita to summon the young girl to her presence. Unconscious that any visitor was with her grandmother, Eva entered with a quick, bounding step, but she stopped upon the threshold with a conscious blush and an embarrassed air, as she beheld Don Felix. In her grandmother's presence, they held a long and animated conversation. Don Felix exerting to the utmost his powers of pleasing, impressing upon the pliant mind before him, that he stood before her, an innocent, and an injured man. She had already heard of the evil reports circulated concerning him, her grandmother's enthusiastic defence, and her own heart's pleadings already pronounced him guiltless. Deep in her hitherto unsuspecting nature, had the thorn of suspicion been cast, by the revered hand of her grandmother, who dropping many a mysterious allusion to the malevolence and plotting of step-mothers, renewed in the young girl's soul, those bitter feelings with which she had at first regarded Agnes. And now, when he so boldly and eloquently exculpated himself, and to her partial vision so completely vindicated his honor and his principles; the lurking doubt of her stepmother's faith grew strong, as well as her belief in her lover's worthiness. He spoke no word of love during this eventful interview, though he might have done so with impunity as with the old lady's permission he addressed Eva in the soft southern tongue. But when he requested permission to write to her, Eva blushing appealed to her grandmother; her strict sense of right refraining her from giving consent to a clandestine correspondence. But the old lady gave her unqualified consent; "she would soon have all things righted with her son; after all she was the mistress of the house, and if Mr. Felix Rivero desired to write to her grand-daughter, she gave her full and free consent." Don Felix departed delighted with the success of his mission, and vowing future vengeance upon "the prudish, meddling step-mother, and the beggarly clerk."

The letter came next day, a masterpiece of eloquence, wherein he portrayed his eternal love and the injustice he was so innocently subjected to. In

a poetic and impassioned strain, he vowed life-long affection and constancy, entreating for the slightest token of answering regard; determined, if she but loved him, to gain her father's consent to their union, to overcome her stepmother's dislike, to conquer all his enemies, if necessary to overthrow a world! "This letter, so full of the glowing power of affection, bearing the seeming impress of a noble soul's sincerity, completed the spell; and Eva acknowledged to her grandmother, as she had already to her own heart's questioning, that she loved Don Felix. Strange, sudden and bewildering, clad with tropical might and beauty, the potent charm had worked; her inexperienced heart had yielded. And her old grandmother, faithless guardian of her child, trust, encouraged her, and soothed her maiden fears. When the messenger that bore the letter returned to his expectant master, he was the bearer of a flowery message; he had received from Eva's hand a blushing rose, surrounded by its emerald leaves, and divested of every thorn; signifying in the emblematic language of flowers, "Hope and fear not."

Mr. Golding loved peace and domestic quiet; no matter at what price obtained. He had missed those beautifiers of the household in his first marriage; he had hoped to retain their presence now; but his mother besieged him with complainings, and reproaches of his infatuation for his wife; accused him of utter indifference to his daughter's welfare. Don Felix waited upon him at the counting-house and entered upon a full display of his conversational powers, giving explanation and defence; mingling indirect accusations against his traducers with deferential homage to Mr. Golding's superior judgment. All his brilliant oratory fell unheeded upon the worldly man, proof as he was against flattery, skeptical as he had ever been of human truth and excellence. Unwilling to offend, he entreated Don Felix to postpone the matter until some future time as Eva was very young, and time would prove all things. To the young man's entreaties that he might be permitted to see Eva occasionally, he gave a reluctant consent, stipulating that these visits should not become frequent, nor of long duration. There were weighty business cares pressing upon his attention. He listened to his wife's reasoning with apparent interest, entreating her for his sake to bear with the occasional visits of Don Felix, as he was an especial favorite with his mother, and pledging his word that Eva never should become his wife.

On the heart of Frank Wylie, the presence of Don Felix acted like the presence of a crushing wrong; and though Mr. Golding never condescended to ask for any information respecting Frank's knowledge of his character, the young man read in the Spaniard's curling lip and flashing eye, the life-long enmity he had incurred. Mr. Golding occasionally asked his clerk to dinner; he had sometimes passed Sunday afternoon at the Castle; but now, the invitation came seldom, and when it was given, the aspect of affairs in his employer's home struck many a pang and fear to the sympathising soul of Frank. The old lady, formerly so gracious and condescending, now scarcely noticed him; Mr. Golding wore an abstracted and anxious mien; Eva was silent and reserved, and his beneficence—she wore the subdued expression of a settled sorrow. He felt the estrangement, the cold barriers of misconception upraised between loving hearts, and with heartfelt sympathy his pitying glances rested on the pale face of Agnes. Seated at the hospitable board, the watchful Celestina Gilman; noted every change that swept across his countenance, every glance of Agnes, every lowering shadow upon her husband's brow.

The peace of that household seemed departing, and Maurice Golding felt it so. His wife's long fits of abstraction, he often found her with swollen eyelids, as if she had been weeping much; his daughter's more than usual reserve, his mother's anxious and troubled manner—all this combining with unfavorable news from abroad, rested gloomily upon his spirit, and darkened home to his eyes. Agnes never complained, and he knew not how cruelly his mother thwarted her every wish; even forbidding the servants to obey her orders; he knew not that Eva's heart had admitted the evil visitants doubt and suspicion; how by well directed and constant repetitions she had come to believe her stepmother in league against her happiness, opposed to her earthly welfare, for selfish, mercenary motives of her own. Most artfully the grandmother kept Eva and Agnes apart, there was no time given for explanation, for a renewal of soul communion. Eva now seldom visited her step-mother, when she did, it was usually accompanied by her grandmother, or Miss Gilman; that lady spending the greater portion of her time at the castle, at the express desire of Mrs. Greyson, who declared Celestina's society to be necessary for her health and happiness.

Nelly had gone over to the enemy; truthful and clear-sighted, the little woman had not been misled by false appearances. Her unconquerable dislike of Miss Gilman caused her to absent herself from the "ould un's" room, whenever the "ferret eyes" made a lengthened stay. However bitter the "ould un" felt towards her waiting woman for her allegiance to the hated daughter-in-law, she as yet concealed that feeling somewhat. When Don Felix called, Agnes had thought it her duty to receive him, but the cold and chilling manner with which the flatterer met her, the covert innuendoes and sarcastic tone of her mother-in-law, had driven her to her chamber, where the humble Nelly was often the sole witness of the anguish that must find vent; the sole comforter of her solitude. It was in vain that the kind soul endeavored to reason with Mrs. Greyson, and prove to her that "the sweet party young

mistress often cried her eyes out, and she didn't do anything, the darlin' angel as she was, boded!" She was told to mind her business, and not pry into other people's affairs. Eva, when appealed to, haughtily bade her confine herself to the duties of her station; and of Mr. Golding, Nelly stood in the greatest awe.

It is six months after the *fete* at the Riveros'; sadly pondering and alone, Agnes sits within the vine and flower encircled verandah; the fresh bloom of health and happiness has faded from her cheeks; unnumbered sufferings have chased it thence. She is embroidering a pair of slippers; and, as if in union with her saddened life, she has chosen colors the least bright and attractive. On a ground of black velvet she is forming clusters of drooping purple flowers, with silver hearts, emblematic of the melancholy within her soul.

A hasty advancing footstep aroused her from the reverie into which she had fallen. Looking up, she beheld Frank Wylie, pale with agitation, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"I have come to bid you farewell, Mrs. Golding," said the young man, with a faltering voice, his blue eyes filling with the tears he vainly endeavored to repress. "I have received a summons to hasten to New York, if I would behold my mother alive. I received the letter day before yesterday; fortunately a ship sails in the morning. I have taken my passage; Mrs. Golding, may God bless you for your kindness!"

Agnes put down her embroidery; with tearful sympathy she took the young man's proffered hand.

"This is indeed sudden, Mr. Wylie; I have hoped for your mother's restoration to health; in fact, for her arrival here."

"Yes, Mrs. Golding, I long cherished that hope. When you so generously bestowed on me a sum more than sufficient for my mother's passage to this country, and Mr. Golding added his donation, I entertained the hope of her speedy recovery, nay, even for the last few weeks I have vainly hoped and trusted. Six months ago, the physician forbade her departure, because it was winter at the North; then, as spring advanced, she became weaker, yet still I hoped, till now they tell me that hope is past—that she must die; oh, my mother! my childhood's angel! shall I once more behold you living; my mother, oh, my mother!"

Unable any longer to control his feelings, the young man fell into a seat, and, covering his face with his hands, shed bitter tears of foreboded bereavement. Agnes rose and went towards him; pityingly, tenderly, she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, while the tears of sympathy rained down her cheeks, said, solemnly:

"Do not falter in your trust and faith; the sorrows of life are the purifiers of the heart! Be comforted; the spirit of maternal love will ever abide and guide you. A mother's love is imperishable; removed from earth, it still exerts its holy influence. Better to weep over the loved departed, than mourn for the living and estranged."

Frank looked up into her face; a shadow of inexpressible anguish sat upon it. Long, long afterwards he remembered her look and attitude.

"You have been a noble, a disinterested friend to me, Mrs. Golding. I am going to presume on that friendship. I will not speak of condescension and favor; I know your soul is above all petty distinctions of worldly station. May I speak to Miss Eva?—a few words only before I leave, perhaps never to return?"

"Certainly—that is, I will summon Eva here; I see my step-daughter but seldom now," said Agnes, sadly; "but why have you been such a stranger? you were wont to call oftener, you have neglected for many weeks."

"I will be frank with you," replied the young man, after a moment's hesitation. "I did not wish to meet Don Felix here, and Mr. Golding's manner has been more than usually distant and constrained of late. Then, pardon my frankness, I thought the usual happy aspect of this household changed; I could not, dared not interfere, and I saw my best friend, my benefactress, suffering. I retired from the sorrow I might not alleviate, nor even know."

"You were right," said Agnes, a slight color suffusing her cheeks. "I appreciate your motives, and now farewell, Mr. Wylie, may God bless you! and grant you the strength and consolation you need in this great trial of your life. I will call Eva."

"Farewell, Mrs. Golding, my kind benefactress!" said Frank, taking her proffered hand; "may God bless you, and ever keep you what you are, the ministering angel of the afflicted, the beloved of all feeling hearts! Pray for me sometimes; Mrs. Golding, that heaven may uphold me in my coming bereavement, in the great sorrow of going hence—of perhaps never again beholding your long and silently worshipped daughter! In this parting how I may confide to you my secret. I know that I may never win her; but I know, too, that she will never come to harm beneath your care. You will never consent to her union with that alluring hypocrite."

The face of Agnes flushed painfully; well had she read his secret aspirations, his most fervent hope.

"I shall always do my duty," she answered sadly, "do you endeavor to forget," she murmured, as, with a lingering pressure of the hand, she bade him once more farewell, and hurried from the spot, her heart painfully oppressed, tears raining from her pitying eyes.

On her way to call Nelly, she met Eva, and telling her that Mr. Wylie was upon the verandah, desiring to bid her farewell, she hastened to her own room.

Never had Eva appeared so beautiful to the saddened gaze of young Frank Wylie. Her slender form arrayed in spotless white, her luxuriant hair braided around her head, and waved upon the pure, high brow; her expressive grey eye shaded by its jetty lashes, a soft paleness upon her cheek, but a dewy brightness upon her lips; with a pomegranate blossom gleaming crimson amid her dark hair; coral ornaments, pendant like ripe berries from her neck and arms.

Their conference was not long. When the young girl left the verandah, there was a crimson glow upon her cheeks; her eyes starry light was quenched in tears; her step was faltering, and an expression of sadness and regret was on her face. Frank Wylie hastened across the garden with rapid steps, his broad-brimmed hat concealing his face, and holding in his hand, as it were, a gem of countless price, a pomegranate blossom, that had been taken from amid Eva's glossy tresses. Not even to her grandmother did Eva reveal the secret of that noble heart, that had dedicated to her life's every aim and purpose, she could not give him hope, but she had given him friendship.

CHAPTER XL

"And to make idols, and to find them false,
And to bewail that worship—therefore say,"
—MRS. HEMANS.

Some weeks after the departure of Frank Wylie, Mr. Golding received a package of letters, which caused him to shut himself up for a whole afternoon in his study, at the Castle. He issued thence with clouded brow and troubled mien; was more than usually abstracted that evening, and at night, when Agnes slept, he held a long and secret conference with his mother. Let us intrude upon their well-secured privacy, and listen to their mysterious confab.

"I shall be ruined, mother, if things continue going on so against me," said Maurice Golding, as, seated in his mother's heavy arm chair, he tightly grasped his brow with both hands.

"Hush, hush, Maurice! speak low; the walls have ears. Can you not extricate yourself from your financial troubles?"

"If I could, would you see me thus before you, mother? Robertson has absconded with all the proceeds of last year's profits on the hide speculation; but that is not all, I borrowed money from various merchants in the country, and that, too, has all gone; I invested it all in that accursed speculation. I must not lose my credit, that has stood the proof of years; I am famed for the rectitude and punctuality of my business transactions. For heaven's sake, mother, do advise me, you are so shrewd and business-like."

"Ay, ay, have to come back to your poor old mother, after all, when you're in trouble and hard pressed, eh, my son? Your wife, it seems, cannot advise you in business matters; I knew it! I knew my Maurice wouldn't quite forsake his poor, forlorn old mother!"

"My dear mother! don't reproach me; I can't stand it now, I'm nearly crazed with difficulties. How can I seek advice upon pecuniary matters from Agnes, young and inexperienced as she is? She knows nothing of my past life, and looks up to me with so much affection and unsuspecting trust."

"Tut, tut, don't commence sounding her praises; you ought to be well over your love-fit by this time, I think; but let us talk of business," and the old lady drew her chair still closer to her son.

"By the way," she continued, "there's a few thousands of mine invested in this hide business of yours. Oh, Maurice, how could you be so foolish as to confide to that red-faced, frocked, owl-headed Robertson? If you had only taken my advice!"

"For pity's sake, mother, spare me your reproaches, how could I foresee such villany, such a breach of faith?"

"No worse than what you've done yourself, my son," coolly replied the old lady.

"Mother!" exclaimed Mr. Golding in a voice of suppressed passion, his face turning deathly pale, "you will drive me mad by these remembrances! I long to forget that ever—I was tempted by gold to—oh, if Agnes knew—"

"Yes, she thinks you an immaculate angel, of course; nonsense! I dare say she's not so over particular; women pretend a great many things they don't feel. If she was such a miracle of scrupulousity, think she would have married you, not knowing an earthly thing about you? Let me alone; I thought a son of mine would have had more gumption."

"Do let Agnes alone, mother; and tell me what I can do to get out of this infernal scrape."

"Borrow some money from Marino, he's wealthy, and won't refuse you. You borrowed some when you went to Europe, and you honestly repaid it, do so again."

"But Don Marino is in the United States, and may not return for months, and I need the money immediately."

"Go to Donna Isabella Rivero's; she is wealthy; old Birdall left her plenty; she will not refuse you."

"Donna Isabella, the sister of Don Felix? but what security can I offer for the amount? I cannot repay it in a hurry, and she is almost a stranger to me."

"Let Felix marry our Eva, and all is settled; he loves her to distraction, and has often sworn he would take her without a penny. She loves him, too, and is pining and moping away, because he don't visit here often. Be a man for once, and give your consent, in spite of your wife's prejudices, and you'll get out of the scrape, and poor Eva out of reach of her step-mother, and I'll have a home where I can be happy in my old days."

"But, mother, people say the young man is a gambler and a libertine. I have no superfluous love for Eva, that you know, but I do not wish the girl married to a black-leg, for the honor of my own name."

"Who cares what people say," retorted Mrs. Greyson; "this is a miserable, heathenish, gossiping country! The young man may have been a little wild, but he proved to me that all said against him was sheer calumny. Mr. Frank Wylie had reasons of his own for getting up that scandalous tale, and your wife had some motive for repeating it. Felix Rivero honors the aged, and don't allow baby faces to fascinate him; that's why some people can't abide him; but I like him, and so does Eva; and he shall have her, if I have aught to say."

"I wish Eva were safely off my hands," said Mr. Golding, bitterly; "that girl reminds me too much of her mother."

"Then you're reminded of as good a woman as ever lived, let me tell you, sir!" replied his mother, angrily; "and I won't allow you to say one disrespectful word of her in my presence; she was worth two hundred of your Agnes's, if she was older, and not as good-looking; that is, what you call good-looking. If I had chosen your second wife—"

"Oh, mother, do cease harping on that string. How can you eternally praise that unfaithful woman?"

"No more unfaithful than I was, you jealous simpleton, you! Your 'conclusive evidences,' as you called them, never convinced me. I don't go by appearances, and condemn people unheard. Oh, if she were but living, my poor, faithful Emilia!" and the old lady walked up and down her chamber, in strong agitation.

A mocking smile disfigured the lip of Maurice Golding; he paused awhile, then made reply.

"Let the past be buried, mother. I am in an emergency; contrive to get me the money that my credit may be saved, and dispose of your grand-daughter as you see fit."

"Your hand upon it, Maurice! you will not retract? You will turn a deaf ear to your wife's insinuations? In three days you shall have the money. Make some excuse and accompany me to town tomorrow; I knew you would follow my advice; my darling pet, my Eva, shall be happy!" cried the old flatterer, triumphantly.

"Try to get the money that I need be in no hurry."

ry to repay it. If I can, but gain time I may retrieve all my losses, and repay you, dear mother."

"Never mind me, Maurice; only let me see my Eva happy, (and Agnes split!)" she said in a low, hoarse key. "I'll trust you to remember your poor old mother. And now, tell me, have you ever heard from Marshall, and that quarter that you dreaded so much some time ago?"

"No, mother, the letter I received was a false alarm. I really thought they had tracked me here; and then, discovery and ruin would have followed. To that affair I owe my present station, but I would it were otherwise, and I could undo the past."

"Well! well! I don't worry about that my son; but cheer up and hold a high head. It's good for you, you have a business-like mother; go to rest now, and leave me to settle all." But they parried yet awhile, of the present and future; leaving the gloomy and remorseful past. The night was far advanced, when Mr. Golding kissed his mother's brow, and stole stealthily from the room. Flushed with triumph, the old lady proceeded to her grand-daughter's sleeping room, and shading the lamp with her hand, gazed with exultation upon the sleeping girl, as she lay with her lips slightly parted, one small hand half hid amid her clustering unbound hair, the other reposing on the light, snowy coverlid, and holding a half-opened rose-bud, perhaps the last flowery token of Don Felix.

The gauzy white curtains were gently waved by the sea-breeze that swept in from the open casement, its briny fragrance mingling with the sweet, penetrating odor of the magnolia and the lily; the full moon showering a flood of silver radiance upon the matted floor.

"Your old grandmother has conquered, my pet!" murmured the old lady; and in her soul she believed she had acted for her grand-daughter's welfare; so much can flattery and deception win even upon the shrewd and worldly wise; blinding even the clear-sightedness of affection.

"Agnes," said Mr. Golding, next morning, to his wife, as he sat beside her on the verandah, awaiting the summons to breakfast; "I shall go to town with mother this afternoon, she wants to go to the modiste's. Do not keep dinner waiting, as we shall dine in town; and if I do not return to-night, you need not be alarmed, as the fatigue of returning the same day would be too much for mother. She will invite Donna Isabella Rivero here for a few days, and I entreat you, Agnes, for my sake, be courteous and affable towards her; if aught, be more than polite, be friendly; circumstances render it imperatively necessary."

Agnes looked up with surprise. "I shall endeavor to do as you wish, my husband; but if I fail, I hope you will not think me unwilling to fulfill your wishes. I cannot like Donna Isabella."

"I do not wish you to like her, Agnes; only, show cordiality whether you feel it or not."

"You cannot mean that, dear Maurice!" earnestly replied his wife, yet with a sweet, confiding smile, "You have so often spoken in praise of truthfulness and candor; you will not counsel me to feign what I do not feel! For your sake I will endeavor to overcome my repugnance to her society, but I cannot manifest a friendship foreign to my heart."

Maurice gazed intently upon his wife, as if reading her very soul; his brow contracted, and his lips were momentarily compressed. For the first time he discovered in the gentle and loving nature, soft and pliant as he deemed it, the elements of opposition to his plans. Yes, Maurice Golding! the struggle has begun in the heart of Agnes, the struggle of inclination with duty; the battle of affection with principle. Her's is a nature deeply affectional and passionately devoted; but her's is also a pure and lofty spirit, firmly wedded to truth and right.

"Agnes," said Mr. Golding, with emphasis, "I have particular reasons, for impressing you with the necessity of cultivating the good will of Donna Isabella. She will prove a friend to our family, and her brother will be the husband of our Eva."

"Impossible! Maurice, you cannot be in earnest exclaimed Agnes, the color forsaking her cheeks, and her eyes anxiously searching her husband's face. "You cannot intend bestowing the treasure of your daughter's love upon a man of his character; misery and regret would await her."

"You talk strangely Agnes; and you take a strange interest in this affair. Why, what is Eva to you?—you ought to be glad to get rid of the supervision of a young girl; besides she loves this Don Felix."

"What is Eva to me," repeated Agnes, and tears trembled upon her jetty lashes; "she is all to me of sister, child, companion, friend! that is—I mean"—and her voice grew low and faltering, "she was all that my yearning heart had sought. And yet, cold and estranged as she is, I love her; love her with all a mother's yearning! To shield her from sorrow, I would myself bear its burdens; to guard her from wrong, I would brave a thousand dangers; all the solitary, hoarded love of my childhood, the unsatisfied longing of my heart for friend and sister are centered upon that young girl, though she no longer loves me, but looks coldly upon me, and avoids my very glance. I often steal to her chamber, when she is sleeping, and kiss her unconscious brow; oh Maurice! and you can ask me, what is Eva to me?"

Bitter, very bitter, sounded the praises of his young daughter these confessions of a treasured affection from his wife's lips. Why need she love so intensely the disregarded child of an unfaithful mother? Angry passions were surging within the breast of Maurice Golding; and dark and forbidding seemed his countenance as he replied.

"You are not very complimentary to your husband, Agnes; since you centre so much affection upon a young girl, who may be none of my blood. But my mind is sufficiently harassed with business cares, I have no time for sentimental outpourings. Your strange opposition to Eva's union with Don Felix, has caused the estrangement you complain of; I know of no other cause, you opposed the young man's suit and then repelled Donna Isabella's hospitable advances. I give you permission to communicate to Eva that I have given my consent to her marriage, and the young man may now visit here as her accepted suitor. That piece of news will soon restore you to her good graces."

"I be the bearer of tidings that will seal her eternal misery!—I breathe the words that will consign her to the keeping of a demon in human form! Never, Maurice never!—I love your child too well!"

"What on earth do you mean by 'eternal misery,' and the 'keeping of a demon'?"—one would think I was forcing Eva into some unwilling marriage. You must have been reading some high flown novels, Mrs. Golding. I tell you the girl loves Don Felix."

"Her young heart has been taken captive, by de-

lusive appearances; she is young and romantic, loving and enthusiastic; she beholds in him the ideal of her girlish dreams; the impersonation of every noble, manly attribute. She loves him for what he seems to be; she would despise him if she knew him as he is; for I know she is incapable of bestowing affection upon the mean and vile. Oh! far better awaken now, than when it is too late!"

"You are very eloquent, Mrs. Golding; and you use some very strong epithets; I always thought you of too gentle a nature to cherish hatred."

"Nor do I, Maurice; I do not hate Don Felix, I only despise him; I pity him, that such brilliant gifts should be wasted; that he should so misapply his powers of mind; and I cannot help feeling repelled by his total want of principle."

"Let us end this discussion. You know nothing about him, and as for what that foolish boy, Frank Wylie, told you, that is all untrue. Perhaps," and Mr. Golding scornfully curled his lip, "the beggarly clerk thought he stood a chance of winning Eva Golding; and so he thought he would make up any number of exaggerated stories, about his more successful rival. However, if you will not acquiesce in my wishes, my mother shall; in that quarter I shall not meet with opposition."

"Forgive me, Maurice; indeed I do not wish to oppose you, even in thought; but you are unjust, my husband. Frank Wylie is the soul of truth and honesty; his poverty is no disgrace; his earnings have been spent upon a sick mother, and if he loved Eva—"

"Enough, madam, enough! not one word more! I do not wish to hear the praises of my subordinate sounded by my wife. I thought you had left your plebeian notions upon the banks of the Rhine."

The harsh, unfeeling tone thrilled painfully to the heart of Agnes; more so than the accompanying bitter taunt. Before her rose a vision of the distant humble home, with its flower-decked beauty, the truthful hearts that ever praised and never blamed her. She contrasted with the sunny picture her present solitary grandeur, her darkening life and gilded misery, and bursting into tears exclaimed: "Oh that I were there! that I had never left it!" Dark as midnight grew her husband's face; tightly grasping her arm, he whispered in her ear: "You are in Venezuela now, and must submit to your husband. Do as I bid you, without demur, or—*rue it*." Pale and speechless with astonishment, Agnes gazed into her husband's face, doubting the evidence of her own senses; skeptical of the reality of all things surrounding her. Was that the countenance once irradiated with the light of love?—the grey eyes beaming upon her with so cold and steel-like a glare, were they the same, that not long since expressed a boundless worship, a soul's loving homage?—that tight grasp upon her arm, so different from the warm clasp of affection—the hissing voice, the altered manner—could this be her husband, her devoted, loving Maurice? She stood for a while in thought, pale and pondering, even though he had released her arm, then, as the sharp, tinkling of the breakfast bell resounded, she passed her hand across her bewildered brow, and moved forward as if to follow her husband to the breakfast room. But on the threshold she paused; her footsteps faltered, with a low moan she fell forwards, and Maurice Golding turning, caught her fainting in his arms.

When Mr. Golding entered the breakfast room, unaccompanied by Agnes, his brow was still clouded, and an uneasy twitching about his mouth betokened a mind ill at rest. He found his mother and daughter already seated at the table. He excused his wife's absence on the plea of indisposition; and stole one glance at his daughter's face. He saw that it was unnecessary to tell her of his wishes; his anxious and triumphant mother had already acquainted the young girl, with her father's consent to her happiness. That she was to be bartered for a loan of money she was never to know. Don Felix's impassioned pleadings, and the old grandmother's entreaties had won the father's heart, and he magnanimously consented to the union of two loving hearts. The plotting stepmother's plans were cast aside, but she was sick with disappointment, and Eva must not mind her. What a web of falsehood and treachery enclosed that guileless confiding heart! The face of Eva was radiant with untroubled joy, her long lashes veiled with maiden modesty, her love sparkling eyes; a sweet expectant smile wreathed her rose-bud lips, and fleeting blushes swept across her delicate cheek, like rosy clouds across the sun-gilded morning sky. Mr. Golding sighed and eat but little; there was a feeling at his heart resembling remorse, and he was ill at ease. As he rose from the table, Eva timidly advanced towards him; her face all roseate with conscious joy and heartfelt gratitude. With inimitable grace she raised his hand to her lips. "You have made me very happy, dear, dear father! May God bless you! Grandmother has told me of all your goodness," faltered the young girl, tears of feeling standing in her star-bright eyes.

"All right, Eva; may you be happy!" answered her father less coldly than usual, and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. "Good-bye, mother, I shall come for you at four o'clock, please be ready;" and slowly and thoughtfully, Mr. Golding left the room.

"And has it come to this?" murmured Agnes in the solitude of her chamber; "have you too become estranged, my beloved, my husband!—But I was too rash, too bold; I wished myself at home again, that poor home from which he took me out of pure love. I have wounded his sensitive, proud nature, I have displayed an unforgiving spirit. But this marriage, that my soul shrinks from, and he is bent upon—oh, if I could but speak with Eva, free and unreservedly, as in the days when she loved and trusted me. Heaven would endow me with eloquence to dispel this illusion that charms her life but to embitter its future. And Maurice desires that I shall meet them with hypocritical smiles and a feigned welcome! Can it be that he would counsel deception? Oh, my heart is wrung with doubt and fear! My bright hopes are darkening, my faith is shaken. How can he sacrifice his only child to such a monster!—but no—he believeth all that is said of him, his mother has persuaded him to this; my Maurice cannot be the cold, unfeeling being he seems at times; he cannot be the advocate of deceit and falsehood. Oh! sooner would I die, than believe him capable of one dishonorable action, for then I could not love him, and my heart would break! Oh, Maurice, my still beloved, my heart's first idol and its last!"

"My darling gold pet! how beautiful you look! Thanks to your poor old grandmother, you shall be as happy as the day is long. Your step-mother has been outwitted, and all her plottings against my darling have resulted in her own confusion. Eh! keeps her room out of spite and envy, lovely! I'm

going to Donna Isabella's, I'll return to-morrow morning to breakfast, pet; for I'm going on business, and then I don't feel the fatigue; that's my element, business is; and I'll bring your Don Felix and his sister along with me. Mind, dear, and have a good breakfast ready, and see to the chocolate yourself; these Spanish folks are very particular; and make that black face Alita comb out and plait her wool and put a clean bandanna around her noddie. As for Nelly, she's past my jurisdiction; your cunning step-mother has completely won her over; but perhaps you can get her to superintend the cleaning of the silver; and, pet, put on your topaz ornaments, they are so becoming to my pretty dear!" and the voluble and joyfully excited old lady kissed her grand-daughter again and again.

"Dear, dear grandmother," answered the affectionate and sadly deluded girl, "how much I owe you; how can I ever repay you?"

"Only be happy, darling, and your poor old grandmother will die contented," replied the busy, heartless old schemer.

"Two nice gold doubloons!" soliloquized Miss Gilman, counting her treasure, as she sat in the shade of the flowery bath-house, secure from all intrusion. She is now almost a resident of the Castle of the Sea, and in almost constant attendance upon Mrs. Greyson. This fine-lady like agrees with her; her patroness has bestowed sundry dresses and a handsome black lace scarf upon her, and she hopes for more dresses and gold. Who knows but the old lady may make ample provision for her in her will? "Two nice gold doubloons!" repeats the uncelestial Celestina, "from that nice young man, Don Felix, and who knows what he'll give me when the wedding takes place? What a strange taste, to fancy that chit of a girl, with her large grey eyes, and Creolily walk, skimming along like a butterfly, instead of stepping like a lady in a dignified manner; it appears the little thing made quite a sensation at the party, and that's ever so long ago. There's two or three of the *Caballeros* have written to her, and sent her messages in flowers; but, as I was in the secret, I frustrated their plans; not a letter has she received, not one bouquet. I stopped them all myself at the gate; why, I walked out upon the road one morning, and snatched the flowers from one of the rag-muffin messengers, as Mrs. Greyson calls them, who was coming at full speed; but then, Don Felix pays me well; he's a cunning chap, and knows how to strive for a prize, though I can't for the life of me see that she's such a prize, any how; but it wouldn't do to say so before the old lady; she doats upon the little fool. Then there's young Edward Olden loves Eva, and thinks her a musical angel. Pshaw! such stuff! I suppose out of gratitude to his father and mother, for giving me a nook in their house and a morsel to eat, I'm to be his love messenger; if he had offered me any compensation, I might so far have lowered my dignity as to be the bearer of his compliments, etcetera. Then there's three or four more of the same stamp, all half dying for that grey-eyed thing! I can't see her 'expressive beauty,' as they style it, nor her 'grace of motion' and 'sweetness of voice.' There was Frank Wylie, a blue-eyed upstart clerk, hardly even noticed me, because I used to watch him, casting love-glances on Eva; but he's out of the way, and if he returns he'll find his angel Mrs. Felix Rivero. I don't believe she'll be happy with him, but that's a none of my business. Don Felix pays me well, and it's my duty to serve him," and the mercenary creature chuckled and grinned with delight at her own superior cunning.

THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them:—

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away, without even thanking him.

Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentlemanly hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother out the loaf, there fell out of it quite a number of bright silver pieces.

The mother was alarmed, and said, "take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake."

Francesca carried it back; but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

"Better a poor but peaceful life,
Than wealth and fortune bought with strife."

NATURE HAS NO IDLE DUST AT ALL.—She finds the dead where we have laid them, and transfigures the crumbling forms into shapes of life and beauty.

The grave by whose subsided swell we mourn, may be without a tenant, for the tree that bends above us, that the wind and the summer woe may have had use for the empty chrysalis; and the bird that rustled out of its green depths of shade, with a song, may bear away upon its wing, gleams and glimmers of the beauty we fancy dead.

Who shall say the blue violets that sprinkle the field of Inkermann, did not catch their tint from the many eyes that closed forever there? Who shall say, the leaves the rose-tree sheds upon the tomb, do not share the beauty of the cheek we used to press?

DOG TRAINING.—A hopeful youth who was the owner of a young bull terrier, was one day training the animal in the art of being ferocious, and wanting some animated object to set the dog upon, his daddy, after considerable persuasion, consented to get down upon all fours and make fight with Mr. Bull. Young America began to urge on the dog—"After that, seize him!" &c. At last the dog made a dash, and got a good hold upon the old man's profligate, and get the dog off he couldn't. So he began to cry out, with the pain caused by the fangs of the dog, "Oh, oh, oh, and bear it, old man!" shouted the young man, "Grin and bear it!" (will be the making of the dog)

Poetry.

SUNSHINE ON THE PILLOW.

They tell how Florence Nightingale
Came like the blessed angel's ray,
Mid suffering, pain, and sorrow wall,
Where a poor wounded soldier lay,
And watched her coming day by day.

Until at last he learned to know
Her very shadow on the wall,
And his poor lonely heart would glow
To hear her footsteps fairy fall,
The coming angel's token, all.

I read of this, with smiling heart,
And blessed the angel Florence, too;
And thought the story's counterpart,
In my own present life I knew,
May I not whisper it to you?

For you have read of little Paul,
The mock-eyed suffering angel boy,
Who saw the sunshine on the wall,
And asked twixt childish fear and joy,
"What are the waters saying Flo?"

I have a friend, a pale, sweet friend,
Whose lot has been for lonely years,
Her life time's freshness all to spend,
Through anguish such as Nature fears,
Baptized and crowned with patient tears.

And ever on a couch of pain,
Within her darkened room she lies,
Scarce knows when spring comes round again,
For the soft beauty of the skies
Is curtains from her sad sweet eyes.

And even the softest summer breeze,
Must kiss her gently; murmuring streams
Sing from afar, with whispering trees,
As music from a starry night seem,
Or angel voices heard in dream.

Yet patient, smiling, and serene,
Even through her sufferings and her cares,
As music from a starry night seem,
Or angel voices heard in dream,
The sweetness of her spirit shares.

She may not even sit beside
Her window, and her curtains part,
To see the glad earth "like a bride"
To sudden joy, and beauty start,
Clasped to the summer's throbbing heart.

But in those short cold wintry days,
When sunshine is a blessing rare,
The setting sun's declining rays,
Stead through a western window there,
And bring their joys for her to share.

A few brief moments on the wall,
The golden currents ebb and flow,
And on her snowy pillows fall;
And round her pale face seem to throw,
A halo like a seraph's glow.

She tells me that she learns to greet
Its coming with a heart elate,
As for a friend beloved and sweet;
To me 'tis like a golden gate,
Where angels, faith and patience wait.

Wait, and with gentle hands unclose
The realms where better years begin;
Where weary limbs shall find repose,
And tender hands shall lead her in,
The seraph's robe and crown to win.

The Valley Cottage;

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

At a small, humble, but prettily-situated cottage, built in a vale, in a picturesque part of Essex, dwelt a young couple, who had been married about five years. They were most affectionately attached to each other; and though they had been united for a period certainly long enough to eliminate differences of opinion, or disparity in temper, yet they had not once in the term quarrelled; nor, indeed, had there passed an angry, or even cross word on either side. They were blessed with two children; and these small gifts only tended to cement their fondness for each other, and render their union yet happier.

The husband, Harry Mitford, held an excellent situation with a farmer, who owned an extensive farm, at no great distance from their pretty abode, known as the Valley Cottage, from the circumstance of its being the only cot in the vale in which it stood; and, as he was steady, industrious, and skillful, the farmer took a great interest in him, and improved every year the value of the post he entrusted to him. The wife kept her little household in the neatest order, and ministered to the wants of her children and the comforts of her husband in a manner which not only made him the happiest of men, but won for her the good opinion of all far and near.

One night, as she sat, with her children at her knee, watching at the window for the return of her husband, a man, whom she had observed issue from the plantation, at no great distance from the cottage, advanced direct to the window, and accosted her.

He was a ruffian-looking man—young, but with a grim aspect. His hair was straggling and matted; his beard unshaven and grimy; his face haggard; and his clothes ragged. At first, she took him for a vagrant tramp, who, guessing she was alone, had come to the cottage with the object of robbing it. She was soon undeceived; for, after he had gazed in her face hard, and perceived that she regarded him with an affrighted look, he said: "Have you forgotten me, Nell?"

"Forgotten you?" she echoed, faintly.

"Ah!" he said, with a coarse laugh; "have you forgotten your husband, Reuben Gale?"

The young woman looked agonizedly into his face, uttered a shrill cry, and fell senseless on the floor. The children screamed with terror; but the man, pushing the latched door open, entered the cottage, and raised her off the ground. He placed her in a chair, and then ran for some water, with which he bathed her temples.

"Dang my buttons!" he murmured: "I did not mean to frighten thee, lass, like this!"

Poor Nell was in a strong fit; for when the water brought back animation, the very sight of the fellow's countenance sent her into convulsions. The man Reuben kept dashing cold water in her face, but without, being able to restore her to calmness and consciousness. The children screamed terribly, and though he spoke soothingly to them, they only seemed more terrified.

In the midst of all this, Harry Mitford appeared. For a moment, the sight, he beheld, when he opened the cottage door, almost paralyzed him. Another minute, however, sufficed to make him fasten upon the throat of Reuben Gale.

"Bounder!—thief!—murderer!" cried Mitford, with frantic excitement; "you have killed my wife!"

Reuben Gale was a strong fellow, and, by an exertion of violent strength, he flung Harry off.

"Keep back!" he said. "Are you mad? Nelly Mills is my wife, and you know it. I am Reuben—Reuben, Harry!—Reuben Gale!"

With a groan, Harry Mitford sunk back in the chair, and looked upon him aghast.

"Ah!" said Reuben; "you both thought I was dead. You wished me so; but here I am, come for Nelly—and I mean to have her, too!"

Harry put his hands before his eyes, and burst into tears, sobbing in dire agony.

"Come, come," cried Reuben, with a snarl, "it's no use snivelling; you had better set to work and recover Nelly. She'll heed you. I am a stranger to her, you see."

Harry did dash the tears from his eyes, but there was an air of strange determination about his features. His brow was knitted, his lips were set closely together, and his teeth were clenched. He went to Nelly and raised her up. Reuben would have aided him, but he shouted, in a voice of thunder, "Stand off! We will settle accounts presently."

"Oh! very well!" said Reuben, carelessly. "I shall stay here to-night, at all events. I am hungry, Harry: where do you keep the grub?"

Harry made no answer, but bearing his wife tenderly in his arms, he conveyed her to their sleeping-room, calling, as he did, to his little ones to follow him. They trotted after him, and Reuben was left alone. He proceeded at once to the larder or cupboard, and, cutting himself some food, commenced eating ravenously. By the time he had completed his meal, Harry had succeeded in restoring his wife to something like composure; and, bidding her cheer up and be hopeful, for all might yet go well, he descended to the floor beneath, where Reuben was just washing down his meal with a long draught of home-brewed ale.

"Now, Reuben," said Harry, in very decisive terms; "you must leave here!"

"I shan't!" he cried, defiantly.

"I tell you you must!" he returned, firmly.

He produced from his pocket, as he spoke, a pistol, and placed its muzzle close to Reuben's temple. The fellow started back electrified.

"Hollo!" he cried; "what are you going to do?"

"Shoot you, as I would a dog, if you don't leave this instantly."

"What, would you commit murder?"

"If you like to call it so. Don't attempt to struggle with me. Your certain death will follow any such movement," he added, as he saw Reuben preparing to spring upon him.

"Why, you'd be hanged—hanged, if you shot me, you know!" cried Reuben, beginning to dislike the steady aspect of the pistol's muzzle placed so close to him; and which a contraction of a muscle would cause to belch out death to him.

"Would that prolong your life one minute?" cried Harry. "Go! my finger is on the trigger, and the spasm of holding it so long, there, will, if you stay another minute, compel me to fire."

"Nell is my wife!—she must come with me!" said Reuben, doggedly.

"We will settle that hereafter!" returned Harry. "Go from here now, you must, and shall, or within half an hour you will be under four feet of earth in the plantation, so help me heaven!"

Harry almost shrieked the last words; and they had their effect, for Reuben rose up and said: "Well! if I must, but I have you and her up for bigamy, you know. I'll be here at daylight with a constable; praps in an hour, praps sooner."

"When you will—but you must go now!"

Reuben rose slowly up, and walked out of the cottage, accompanied by Harry, to the coach-road leading to the nearest village; and when the latter perceived that Reuben was far enough on his way thither to render the prospect of his immediate return unlikely, he hurried back to the cottage, made Nelly put on her bonnet and shawl, and dress the children, also. When this was done, he took them under his charge, and went direct to the farmer who employed him—a man of considerable intelligence and experience. His employer, who was about retiring to rest, was astonished to see him; and perceiving that something was wrong, ushered them into his parlor, where he could listen undisturbed to what they had to relate.

"Something wrong has transpired," he said, as soon as they were alone. "You want my advice; now, tell me all, and reserve nothing."

"Cheer up, Nelly, dearest!" said Harry, tenderly, to his wife. "Tell Mr. Grant all; he will help us out of this strait."

"My story is not a long, though a sad one," exclaimed Nelly. "Oh, sir! if you can only help us, it will save me from death, and my dear, dear Harry and children from misery."

"There, there, dry your tears, and go on with your story. All will go right, I dare say."

"Well, sir, Harry here—oh, heaven!—Harry Mitford and I were brought up together at Manning tree, and from children we loved each other dearly. When we were old enough to know what love meant, we plighted our troth together, and vowed to be true to each other. Well, sir, my father fell into difficulties, and Harry's mother was poor. A situation offered down here, and he came to take it. After he was gone, Reuben Gale, the son of old Gale—"

"What? the son of old Ralph Gale, who kept the Bell and Wagon so many years?" asked Mr. Grant.

"The same, sir," returned Nelly; "he took a fancy to me, and asked me to have him, but I refused him; I would not listen to him, and always avoided him;—indeed I did, sir. But he had great control over his father, and he set him to work to persuade me, but I would not give ear to him, for I loved Harry too well, and I was sworn to him. Well, sir, old Ralph Gale was father's landlord, and father owed him a great deal of money, and he threatened to put father in jail unless I consented to marry Reuben. I was not fifteen then, sir; and I prayed to father not to urge me to consent. I told him I would beg for him rather than I would marry the man I now hated; but they were all like stones to my prayers, for I prayed to them all. Then father was on a sick bed, and the men came to take him to jail, and—then—oh, my God!—then they gave me the chance of marrying Reuben, or killing my father by seducing him to prison; and I—I—consented—and I did marry Reuben."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir; it is true—we were married!" and here Nelly burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"This is indeed a bad job," said Mr. Grant. "But tell me what followed? How came you to leave Reuben and live with Mitford?"

"The very day, sir, we were married—when, Heaven forgive me! I was in my bed-room preparing to commit self-murder—I heard a great noise below, and, descending, I found that Reuben, who, a year or two before, had enlisted in a drunken freak, and had deserted, had been found out by a sergeant of his regiment: he was marched off there and then a prisoner by a party of soldiers with guns and bayonets. We heard, sir, he went to India, and his father had a letter to say he died on the passage; shortly after this my father died, and Harry came to Manningtree, redeemed his promise to me, and I, believing myself free, married him. To-night Reuben Gale has returned and claimed me."

Here she burst into another fit of tears; but Mr. Grant, after pausing for a moment, bade the unhappy couple return home, and said that in the morning he would see what could be done for them. He sent also a couple of his men to stay at the Valley Cottage

until next day, to protect Harry and his family from any violence Reuben might attempt.

At daybreak Reuben made his appearance with two constables, and gave Nelly in charge for bigamy. In spite of all entreaties to grant her time, they were conveying her away, when Mr. Grant made his appearance. He, also, had two or three gentlemen with him; one the rector of the parish. He listened quietly to Reuben Gale's charge, repeated very innocently by him.

"But," said he, "who is to prove that you are Reuben Gale, the son of old Ralph Gale, of Manningtree?"

"I'll swear that I am," cried Reuben.

"You will?" cried Mr. Grant. "This is not a court of justice," he added, as Reuben readily assented, "but we will take your oath."

The rector administered the oath, and then Mr. Grant said, with a very emphatic enunciation, "I give Reuben Gale in charge to the parish constables here for deserting his wife, married by him in Colchester, some ten years back. I was a guardian at the time, and signed the warrant for his apprehension; but he escaped us, for he enlisted, and we could not find the regiment he joined. The rector here performed the ceremony of uniting him with one Jane Moss, and is ready to swear that she is now living. Be happy, therefore, Mrs. Mitford, for your marriage with him was null and void, and you may be happy with your true husband, Henry Mitford."

We pass over the scene of congratulations and joy that ensued. Reuben Gale was borne away in custody; he was proved to be a deserter from the regiment to which he was attached, when on his way to India, and was to have been tried for that offence; but in attempting one night to escape from his prison, he fell from a great height, and broke his neck. Harry Mitford, and his wife Nelly, on the contrary, lived the remainder of their lives in peaceful happiness at the Valley Cottage.

Written for the Banner of Light.
ANGEL WATCHWORDS.

BY CORA WILSON.

A low and thrilling whisper,
Has lulled my soul to rest;
A strain of angel music
Brought peace unto my breast.
Heaven's glory in the sunshine,
Life-rafts in the flower,
Wave magic spells of beauty
Best gifts of angel power!
My weary spirit lulling
In an infantile repose,
And o'er my pathway flinging
The hawthorn and the rose.

The radiant face of Nature
Unveiled, in joy appears;
And from my heart has fallen
The misty veil of tears;
That hid the sunset's glory,
And brooded with dark spell
Beside the spirit altar,
In love's secluded dell.

From the lofty spirit mountains,
Floats a banner, wide unfurled,
Consecrated at life's fountain,
Bearing "Freedom to the World!"

The golden dawn is breaking
O'er a long benighted earth,
From Heaven's inner courts of glory,
To bereavement's silent hearth
Gilds a spirit, pure and lovely,
Crowned with amaranthine wreath;
Thrills the watchword of the angels,
"Praise to God, there is no death!"

Inpiration's soulful whispers
Penetrate the souls of all,
From the rap, clear-seeing vision,
Falls the dense funeral pall.

On the brows of the departed,
In the place of cypress, gleams
Holy joy, in the fulfillment
Of Love's heaven-prophetic dreams.
Star-bright flowers of inner feeling,
Soul-gems of the angel clime
Mid their snowy vestments glisten
To the joy-bells ringing chime;
And the watchword of Progression
Calls to slumbering sea and shore
For the universal anthem,
"Upward! Onward! evermore!"

PHILADELPHIA, 51st July, 1837.

THE BOND OF KINDNESS.

"MAMMA," said Ellen Banks one day, "don't you think everybody makes a great deal of fuss about Margaret Gore?"

"First, my love, I should like to know what you mean by a 'fuss?' and then who is the offending 'everybody?'"

"Oh, I don't know exactly; but people all say she is so very amiable, so kind—now what does she do so very wonderful?"

"Nothing wonderful, Ellen; I never heard Margaret accused of any particular conduct."

"Accused, mamma?"

"Accused; I consider peculiarity in conduct or manners so unfeminine that I purposely use the word. Now your 'everybody,' Margaret's few friends, all agree in praising her unobtrusive sweetness of character and thoughtfulness."

"But what does she do, mamma?"

"Let us see if we can discover, my child—you may learn something in the search. Now, for what does old Mrs. Parsons so constantly praise her?"

"Oh! now that is really ridiculous. Why, Mrs. Parsons says she is the nicest girl she knows, so 'pretty-behaved;' she always can hear every word she says."

"And what is there ridiculous in Mrs. Parsons' praise, Ellen? I think it very kind of Margaret to speak so as that deaf old woman may hear her."

"But is 'hawling' 'pretty-behaved,' mamma? I'm sure it is very tiresome, and you often tell me to speak lower."

"I am not deaf, Ellen; but had I that sad misfortune, I should think it very kind in you to take pains to make me understand you. Should you ever be out off from general intercourse, as that poor woman is, you will understand why she calls Margaret 'pretty-behaved.'"

"I never thought of that before. I dare say Mrs. Parsons is vexed when she cannot understand what people are saying, but she is so fidgety."

"And you, I fear, are not very patient; but why does Miss Benson admire Margaret?"

"That is just what I cannot make out, mamma. I am sure Miss Benson likes her much better than any one of the other girls, though some of them make her such handsome presents, and Selina Johnson and her mamma have recommended ever so many good pupils to her. Was not that kind?"

"Yes, but only just; for Miss Benson is an excellent mistress, and took exceeding pains with Selina."

"Well, but is it not odd that she should like Margaret best?"

"No, my child, for love cannot be bought. Now, though the Johnsons have been very efficient patrons to Miss Benson, yet they have been nothing more. Do you remember when she was invited to that large party at their house, Selina never came near her all the evening?"

"Oh yes, and she did look so mopey, sitting all alone by the piano. I was very glad when you went up to her, mamma."

"And so was I, Ellen; for then Miss Benson told me how attentive Margaret had been, how she joined her after each dance, and run over to her house to help her to dress; the tears started to her eyes as she showed me the bouquet her darling little friend had brought her. These were little things, but our happiness depends a great deal on trifles. My love, every one has not the opportunity of becoming a benefactor, but we may all be kind and obliging."

"And Margaret was very obliging, mamma; for I remember she took her lesson before breakfast that day, to allow Miss Benson more time. It must have been very old work that Christmas weather—and Margaret is so chilly, and likes her bed."

"So here we see unvarying attention and a little self-sacrifice shown in one action. I think Miss Benson may be allowed to love Margaret, Ellen?"

"Oh yes, mamma, I am sure I like her too, very much indeed, only I could not see why she was so much better than the rest of us."

"Not so much better, but more thoughtful, more unselfish. For instance, you were very generous to Jane Pearson, I will allow that; you spent all your pocket-money in toys for her while she was so ill."

"That I did, and yet I very much wanted to buy a knitting-box for myself; but would you believe it, mamma, Jane is fonder of Margaret than of me after all I did for her?"

"What all, Ellen?"

"Why, mamma, you yourself said I was generous."

"In gifts, my love; but Margaret gave kindness. If you saw a pretty toy that excited your admiration, it was instantly purchased for little Jane, without your considering if it were likely to suit her taste. Among other things, of what use was a battledoor and shuttlecock to a child confined to her bed?"

"It was so pretty, and a French one, mamma; Jane liked it at first."

"And tired of it directly; then you were cross, and called her ungrateful. You were indefatigable in borrowing books for the little sufferer, you ransacked the village for them, and chose—such as you had never read before."

"But mamma—"

"Wait a bit, Ellen. You were quite at liberty to satisfy your own curiosity, but you should not have called it obliging Jane."

"I read them all to her, mamma; because of the hard words—"

"Yes, but she could not understand them; she was far more gratified when Margaret brought her a penny picture-book, and told her of A, apple-pie."

"She is so stupid—such an ignorant child."

"But she was very ill, and if you wished to please her, you should have studied her fancies, not your own. She is not thankless, for she always talks of your pretty presents, though Margaret's long visits and merry chat have excited deeper gratitude."

"I am sure I meant to be kind, mamma."

"Yes, my love, you did; but not being accustomed, like Margaret, to think of yourself last, you were mistaken in your means; you spent more money, did less good, and obtained less gratitude."

"It seems very hard, for I never thought of these things; I could have done every one of them, and perhaps people would love me too."

"They would indeed, my dear; but I don't despair of seeing you a lady-like little girl yet."

"I should hate to be vulgar, but what has that to do with kindness, mamma?"

"Everything, my love—true politeness is only refined kindness. There are certain conventional rules which depend on fashion, and which help to form good manners or etiquette. A lady-like person will not only act on these, but will also treat all around her with kindness and attention; she will not wound the feelings of an inferior by rudeness or neglect, nor display her advantages or accomplishments so as to mortify those less fortunate than herself."

"Is it being unkind, then, that makes quizzing and mimicking vulgar?"

"Yes; these things are not 'pretty-behaved,' as Mrs. Parsons would say, therefore they are vulgar. And now I will tell you a little story about this."

"Oh! thank you, mamma."

"Many years ago a party of young men who had been down to Scotland on a pleasure expedition, were returning in the steamer from Leith. In those days this was a very common way of traveling; we had no railroads, and it was cheaper and quicker than traveling by land. Those who were not subject to sea-sickness, used to call it very pleasant also; but I think we may rejoice that we are not economically condemned to these voyages now. They lasted two or three days, and persons made a kind of acquaintance on board, if well enough to move about."

"The young men of whom I speak, were all in good health and high spirits, quite alive to anything promising what they considered fun, and they were not long in extracting some from an odd little woman who had taken a passage in the fore-cabin. That you know is less select than the saloon, without separate cabins for the ladies; hence the stranger was evidently not a lady—that is to say, she was poor; and silly thoughtless persons are apt to think that gentility depends on a long purse, and judge entirely from externals. The Scotchwoman, too, when she ventured on deck, on that appropriated to the fore-cabin passengers, was such a bundle of muffings that she would have elicited a smile from the gravest spectator."

"Just like Mrs. Parsons, mamma; you know what a lot of traps she always bears. Dr. Morris says he wonders how she can carry the weight."

"Yes. My old woman was as much overloaded in plaids of all colors, and being short and stout, she looked more than as broad as she was long. She had also an innumerable lot of baskets and bundles, which she dragged from one seat to another with her, as if she dared not leave them out of her sight for a moment; and yet, to look at them, they seemed a mere collection of rubbish. John Grant, as I shall call one of the young men, was much amused by the poor lady's fussiness, and was the first to set the example of teasing her, by ely abstracting one of her parcels. It was soon hidden, and they greatly enjoyed her perplexity when she missed it, especially as her ejaculations were given in the broadest Scotch. The stolen packet, too, contained a mutton ham and a bottle of whisky, and

her tormentors were instantly persuaded that she was a 'tippler.'"

"Quite now, laddie," she asked, turning to one of them, "have ye no seen my ham, a richt large one, I smoked it myself—have ye no seen it? I wud nae have lost it for muckle—a ham and a pint o' whisky."

"Whisky, madam, did you say?" cried Tom. "Is it possible! You are not aware that it is high treason by act of parliament to bring whisky to England?"

"Deed I did nae—but wha made it high treason? and what mair I do nae?"

"Nothing, madam; better say nothing about it; none would suspect a person of your appearance of being a dram-drinker?"

"A dram-drinker, sir?—ma certie ye're no that cooill—it's juist for my brither I brocht it."

"Well, then, I beg pardon most humbly; but no one will fancy that you were likely to have spirits about you, so you will not be suspected if the bottle be found, and will escape the penalties of high treason—the officers are on board now to search for contraband articles."

"The old lady was both alarmed and offended, feeling it was just possible whisky might be contraband, and yet unwilling to lose her property; and half alive to Tom's quizzing, and added to this she was growing sea-sick, but, unable to carry her cherished bundles, was afraid to move, and, being an inexperienced traveler, knew not to whom she could apply for assistance. In this dilemma she at last fairly burst into tears."

"Oh, mamma! the poor old woman, I should have been sorry to see her cry—but was not that rather childish?"

"Suppose you were quite alone, in a strange situation, none but strangers around you, feeling ill, and knowing that you had either innocently transgressed the laws, or were being robbed, I fancy even your own wisdom, Ellen, would not restrain you from tears."

"Perhaps not, mamma; no, she must have felt uncomfortable. What did that Tom do then?"

"He would not give up his joke, although he was rather sorry to see her weep, but was still endeavoring to comfort her in what she felt was an impertinent, though good-natured manner, when another of his party came up, who had, from the first, been opposed to this jest. Not choosing to observe her agitation, Edward, so I shall call the stranger, quietly produced her parcel. 'I believe this is yours,' he said."

"She looked so pleased and grateful, and then he seated himself near her, and, seeing how pale she was, advised her to go down below."

"And how will I win there, my br' laddie—the vessel shakes till I canna keep my ain. Are ye sure there's no danger?"

"None in the least. Will you take my arm? I will see you down."

"Add the gear? Oh, mon! but there'd be an awful spulzie gin the sailors laddie hae it."

"Oh, the steward and I will carry them for you, or shall I fetch you a pillow or two and make you comfortable here?"

"She gladly accepted that offer, and from time to time he came to her side to have a 'crack,' as she called it, being just a little talk. He thus learned that she was going up to London to join her only brother, who was returning from abroad, in such delicate health that his native air was considered too keen for him; and as she had 'a bairn—a wee bonnie lassie,' and his sister did not know what income he might have, she wished to travel as economically as possible, as his illness might be long and expensive. The whisky, mutton, ham, and other things which had seemed so ridiculous to Tom and his friends, were national delicacies she was bringing up, in the hope they might suit the failing appetite of the sick man."

"Edward's friends quizzed him desperately on his attention to the odd little lady, but he persevered in them to the very last. On reaching the Custom-house stairs, his first care was to look after her luggage, and fetch her a cab—things she could never have done for herself, she was so bewildered by the bustle and novelty of the scene; and as soon as she was safely off, he rejoined his friends."

"I say, Ned," cried Tom, "what do you expect for your work? It was a shabby thing of you to do us out of that whisky. I could have frightened the old woman into making me a present of it."

"It would have been very shabby in you to take it—but look, what a handsome turn-out this is! whose is it, I wonder?"

"I don't know; a servant belonging to it has been on board looking for some Mrs. Somebody—Mae Something, who has not turned up, I fancy."

"It was some months before Edward heard any more of his little old woman, and then quite by chance. He had forgotten the whole affair, when, as he was walking in the park one afternoon, a stylish-looking carriage, the same he had admired that day at the Custom-house, suddenly drew up by him, and he was telegraphed to the window by the old Scotch lady, who introduced him as her kind young friend to her brother, Colonel Macintosh."

"Colonel Macintosh, mamma? why?"

"Wait a bit, Ellen. The Colonel was very warm in his thanks for Edward's kind and gentlemanly attentions to Mrs. Eleanor Macintosh, and invited him to his house, where he soon became very intimate. It appeared that Colonel Macintosh, who had met with some losses, had inadvertently written in so desponding a tone to his sister, that she fancied him a ruined man, and had not ventured to ask Edward to come and see her; hence, too, her great economy, by which she had missed the Colonel's servants, who were sent to meet her, but had never thought of inquiring among the fore-cabin passengers for their master's sister. The Scotch dainties had been very welcome to the Colonel, and he had been quite anxious to thank the gentleman who had so kindly and politely saved them for him. He did more than that, he gradually grew very fond of Edward Banks."

"Oh, mamma!"

"And as he had great interest, he obtained him a good situation under government—"

"And eventually let him marry his daughter, mamma; and it was papa and Aunt Eleanor you were telling me about. Well, she does speak broad Scotch sometimes, but I wonder that Tom could not see she was a lady."

"She had several harmless peculiarities, Ellen, which made her seem very odd to strangers, but papa and grandpapa cured her of many."

"I am sure she would do anything to please papa, she is so fond of him."

"Yes, my love, for as she often says, there is a Bond of Kindness."

yielding will, by marrying his heart to some leading design, it is then that his efforts rebound the most to his credit, and secure to him those abundant rewards that make the recollection of his labors so pleasant.

PURITY OF LIFE.

The most transparent character is always the most beautiful. The one which is free from deceit and guile, whose motives are all as unselfish and noble as honor itself, and the moral atmosphere of whose influence invests it like a halo, is the transparent character. You can read it at a single glance; and yet as the world goes, it piques men, and surprises them even more than if it were a hundred-sided to everybody, and true to no one.

Many people, who do not make up estimates of things for themselves, but are content to receive the hasty opinions and prejudices of others, seem to consider that there is something woefully weak about a pure man, as if in familiarity with vice and sin of one degree and another there was to be found a mysterious power of manliness. They judge that a white life, kept spotless, is a feminine one, considerably beneath the estimate which they usually affix to such things. They, therefore, twit a pure man with being pigeon-livered, and exclaim with outcries of astonishment, if one such is now and then driven by their coarse bullying into knocking a body down in self-defense.

They who have professed to set us the "examples" for so many years have much to answer for, we admit, since they have labored so successfully to make everything that is true and good appear so hard, repulsive, and unlovely. They have sought to make us ascetics, rather than dwellers in realms of beauty. They have attached the greater portion of the importance to the drawing down of the eyes, the lengthening of the countenance, and the stiffening of the gait and demeanor. They have overlooked the first principles, in their anxiety to be certain that the second and third be established.

It is not such a bug-bear to be called a man of a pure character, either. Thousands are afraid lest such a phrase shall ever be applied to them, and that is why it never will. There is no peace so sweet, there is no serenity of soul so complete, there is no self-poise and balance of character so perfect, as that which proceeds out of guilelessness. It is possible in worldly matters for a man to be as wise as a serpent, and yet as harmless as a dove. In letting the light pass through and penetrate his whole nature, he becomes radiant to all men. He only keeps dark-lurking places within his breast, who has dark and deceitful thoughts to come in and occupy them. The man without deceit, is the man without fear. He who is not afraid to turn his very thoughts inside out for others to look at, can conclude that he is thoroughly brave, and of a purity that cannot be questioned.

A REMARKABLE TEST.

Mr. Basset—A short time since I was seated with Mr. Basset, a medium in Salem, and was receiving communications from my son, when he wrote that it was his desire that I should go to Boston the next day. Upon questioning him as to his reason for desiring me to do so, he told me that a gentleman had recently arrived there with a portrait that he wished me very much to see. As I have a very peculiar interest in spirit portraits, at this time, and was anxious to see one, if possible, I interrogated him further in reference to the subject. He told me that the gentleman's name was Thomas G. Forster, and that the portrait was one of Professor Edgar C. Dayton, painted by Mr. Rogers, of Cleveland, while in the trance state.

I had previously heard of this portrait from Franky, through mediums, which made me more desirous to see it; accordingly, after ascertaining from him that Mr. Forster was at the Fountain House, I went to Boston, and to the Fountain House, where, after some conversation with Captain Davenport, I became acquainted with Mr. Forster, saw the portrait, and found the statement of my spirit son correct in every particular. He had traced the portrait from Buffalo to Boston, and then wished me to see it. Neither Mr. Basset nor myself knew or could have known anything in relation to the whereabouts of either the portrait or Mr. Forster at this time.

What theory, except that of spirit communication, could account for this interchange of thought between Boston and Salem? I am promised by my son, through the same medium, (Mr. Basset,) a still greater manifestation than any I have received yet, and I believe that I have been, peculiarly fortunate in getting some of the most wonderful tests and manifestations that have ever been given. Many who read this will remember with gratification the amusing communications and startling manifestations which have been received from the post-boy, Franky.

I know that Mrs. Hayden, Mr. Redman, Mr. Basset, and a host of other mediums, will bear me out in saying that I have been very fortunate in my intercourse with the other world.

I place confidence in them and their revelations, and they, in turn, place confidence in me. This mutual confidence is always productive of happy results, and I have never had occasion to regret my intercommunication with the inhabitants of the other world, as I firmly believe them to be. E. A. H. SALEM, Mass., August, 1867.

A JUST REBUKE.

The Courier has published a letter from its Portland correspondent, on the subject of Spiritualism, which we are certain must be productive of much good to the conductors of that paper. There are thousands of cultivated, thoughtful, and respectable people, who will not consent to be called fools, merely because they entertain opinions at variance with the editors of the Courier; and these are they who have watched the course of that paper, as well as the insanity of Professor Felton, with feelings to which they had rather not give expression.

It is to be hoped that the Courier will take a hint from the letter of its correspondent in Portland, and if it wishes to discuss the matter of Spiritualism, will do it with fairness, candor, and common sense, or else let it alone (as it seems to be doing now), altogether. We publish an extract from the letter as follows:

"The only fault I have heard found with the Courier is the course you have been fit to take upon the subject of Spiritualism; not that you opposed it, but for your supposed unequalled condemnation of all who did not agree with you in regard to it. It is thought by some that your course on this subject has not been in accordance with your usual fairness upon open questions. Whether Spiritualism, as it is called, be true or false, in whole or in part, is to be decided, I suppose, not by anybody of professors, or

by any self-constituted ecclesiastical hierarchy. The time has gone by when such decisions have any effect, but the right of private judgment still remains. Errors may be combated and opinions discussed, but when you allow any one, in the columns of the Courier, to denounce all who differ in opinion from the writer, as knaves, fools and hypocrites, I think you depart from the high-spirited character of your journal, and do injustice to friendly readers.

I do not know what sort of a phase of Spiritualism you may have in Boston, and I do not care to advocate or condemn it. My faith is between me and my Maker, and no man can stand between us. But I know that there are those in this city who agree with you in many things, but differ from you in this, perhaps, at the present time, who stand as high in all moral and intellectual qualities as any in this community, and who, respecting others, and respecting themselves also, feel that, for that honest difference of opinion they ought not to find themselves denounced in a journal they have been accustomed to regard as so conservative, fair and liberal in all things—denounced to the world and to their own families as 'fools,' 'knaves,' 'hypocrites,' or 'immoral persons.' They feel that, with as much propriety, you might select any one, as any other body of men or women for your attacks, and denounce all who disagree with you. They regard it as, out of place in the Courier, and as something they cannot wholly account for."

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

During the Session of the late Convention of Spiritualists held in Rockford, Ill., a Convention including delegates from Beloit, Byron, Waukegan, Yellow Creek, Elgin and other neighboring towns, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee on resolutions:

Joel Tiffany, Esq., New York City,
Ira Porter, Esq., Waukegan,
Rev. Herman Snow, Rockford,
Cyrus F. Miller, Esq.,
Henry P. Kimball, "

And reported the following, which were discussed and adopted:

Resolved, That all formal, written expressions of this Convention, of its opinions upon any abstract question of religious belief, is a step towards sectarianism and inexpedient.

Resolved, That we will extend our fraternal fellowship to every human being, and that we will patiently listen to and seek to harmonize with, whoever will listen to and seek to harmonize with us, irrespective of their nation, color or religious belief.

Resolved, That we will make it the chief effort of our lives to be wiser to-morrow than we are to-day; and we therefore announce to the world that we base our claims to consistency upon our adherence to that principle, and not to our present expressed forms of belief.

Resolved, That man will do right when he is right; therefore man should strive to be right in character, that he may do right in act; and that whoever is prepared to live, is prepared to die.

Resolved, That the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism are indispensable necessary to convince the world of the immortality of the soul, and to hereby enlighten the mind in respect to its relations to the future, and that these modern phenomena have, during the last seven years, done more to establish, in man, a faith in a future life, than all the teachings of the clergy for the last thousand years.

Resolved, That the "material" or "mundane" philosophy which shall explain away the phenomena of modern spiritualism without the agency of spiritual beings, will be competent to explain away all spiritual phenomena of any age, and thereby it will put an end to all faith in a spiritual life, and will leave the earth shrouded in Atheism and night.

Resolved, That the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism demonstrate that harmony or oneness can only be obtained by agreement or likeness, and consequently that man can attain to oneness with God only by becoming in character like God.

Resolved, That Spiritualism, according to the modern acceptance of the term, embraces all those who believe in the immortality of the soul, and in conscious communion between those living in the material body on the earth and the spirits of deceased human beings, and that beyond this common faith there is no doctrine or creed necessarily incident to Spiritualism; that all other articles of faith entertained by individual Spiritualists, belong to the individual and not to Spiritualism.

Resolved, That Spiritualists have never recognized or approved "Free Love," as commonly understood, as one of their doctrines; but on the contrary have repudiated it both in theory and practice.

Resolved, That all differences between men respecting the Being and Action of God are theological and not religious.

Resolved, That the religious sentiment in man is a part and parcel of his own immortal nature, a constituent of the mental organization of every human being however degraded; that it imperiously demands our every day culture, and that its brightest manifestations are found where there is the greatest freedom of thought and expression.

Resolved, That we have unlimited confidence in the power of truth to combat error and to overcome it; and that we therefore cordially invite all those who differ with us in opinion to meet with us to express their sentiments frankly and freely, in order that they may if possible dispel our darkness by their light—and that we will meet their efforts in a similar spirit of Christian reciprocity.

Resolved, That ignorance is the ban of human existence, leading its victims to a distrust of the power of God and the Omnipotence of truth—to a jealousy of, and consequent hatred towards their fellow men; therefore these Pharisee Doctors of Divinity who, unacquainted with us, and ignorant of our opinions, publicly malign our characters and denounce our belief, should not be the objects of our anger, but of our sympathy, and that our hearty prayer for them should be, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Resolved, That each member of the human family must work out his own salvation by the free and active exercise of his own faculties; and that in our opinion a salaried, sectarian, creed-bound priesthood has a tendency to lead a majority of mankind to depend upon its dogmas and not their own individual efforts, and that such priesthood is therefore an obstacle instead of an aid to the intellectual, moral and religious progress of mankind.

Resolved, That it is proper that we should make ourselves known to the world, as men and women determinedly engaged in the cultivation of our own immortal souls, and in the great work of human reform, and that we should adopt some general cognomen indicative of our unity of purpose.

Whereas, There has for several years past existed in Pennsylvania a Society whose aim and object is kindred to our own, who without transgressing its members with sectarian creeds are striving like ourselves to live up to their highest light, and are now known by the name of "Progressive Friends," and whereas that name is an unquestionable indication of the sentiments we ardently cherish, therefore,

Resolved, That we cordially recommend its adoption.

Resolved, That we have unwavering faith in the sure advent of the "good time coming." In other words, in the certainty of the long predicted millennial age, and that it must be produced by innumerable changes in the existing opinions and practices of society, and that under these convictions we deem it our duty to listen to and carefully investigate every proposed reform.

Whereas, Our present system of Education is radically defective, therefore,

Resolved, That we recommend to the Progressive Friends everywhere at the earliest practicable period, to organize and endow Common Schools, Seminaries and Sabbath Schools, better adapted to the proper education and development of their youth.

TESTS CORROBORATED.

A few weeks since we published a communication purporting to be given through the organism of Mrs. Leonard by a spirit, who bore the name of Elder Leonard when on earth. We could not test it, previous to publication, as we always endeavor to do, and so stated at the time.

By all last week we received the following letter:

NEW ORLEANS, AUGUST 11TH, 1867.
Messrs. Editors,—I have had the honor to receive the Banner of Light, of the 30th ult. in which I noticed a communication purporting to come from the spirit of Elder Leonard. You say that all means to discover the truth of the communication have proved unsuccessful. That there was a personage of the character described by the communication, who lived in Maine, is a fact. He used to visit my father's house when I was a child—say thirty years ago. I think he was an itinerant preacher; and my father being of the same denomination, he was in the habit of stopping at his house when he was travelling that way—he then lived ten miles from Augusta.

J. M. W.
Now as we knew nothing of the existence of such a party, and could not ascertain the truth of the communication, where did it originate? Can any good argument be raised against our belief that it was given by the spirit of the man known as Elder Leonard.

In our last number, we published a communication purporting to come from one Samuel Curtis, the object of which seemed to be to heal a breach of love between mother and daughter. Of this we knew nothing at the time it was given, but since publishing it, have received the following letter explanatory of the facts given by the spirit.

MALDEN, AUG. 10TH, 1867.
Banner of Light.—The communication from Samuel Curtis seems singular to me. He was cousin to me, a coach painter by trade, and died about 9 years ago in Concord, N. H. Left a wife and one daughter. The girl has been married, and there has been much trouble between the widow and her son-in-law, and daughter. He left several thousand dollars worth of property. I think it is correct.

Yours with respect, C. H.—Y.
We thank our correspondents for their proofs of the truth and spirit origin of the communications.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE CLERGY OF NEW YORK.

We are credibly informed that Spiritualism is rapidly becoming the faith of the clergymen of New York. The wonderful and oft repeated tokens of spirit presence occurring in their midst have shaken the walls of their doctrinal temples, and they begin to think that God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever—consequently is as ready and willing to give to those who ask now as he was centuries ago. As for those of Boston we may yet hope for their salvation. We do not wholly despair of "our minister." He was seen last week talking with one of his Church who has recently avowed himself a Spiritualist, and we noticed an unusual manifestation of interest, in his features as the latter spoke. The old lady who lives on the corner, and opens her "fore room" every Thursday for the "female prayer meeting," was quite indignant on meeting him arm-in-arm with a rapper. We shall inquire into the matter, and if anything worthy of note transpires duly inform our readers.

THE MESSENGER.

This department of our paper is contracted in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Conant, which has continued for the past two weeks. We are happy to state that she is convalescent, and will be able to resume her sittings after one more paper.

Her duties with us, and her examinations of the sick, have been arduous—too much for her, and hereafter, we think she will do nothing further in Spiritualism than what is required for the Banner.

Late European Items.

The American horses Prior and Prioress made their first appearance on the English Turf, in the race for the Goodwood Cup, on the 10th ult., and were beaten. Fourteen horses ran, and the Americans came in fifth and sixth on the list. The first favorite and two other horses fell off so that the race can scarcely be regarded as a criterion.

All the vessels comprising the expedition for laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable had arrived at Cork. It was intended that they should leave that port for Valentia, on the 31st of July or the 1st of August; and that, the weather permitting, the shore rope should be landed, and the vessels commence sinking the cable on the 3d or 4th of August.

The trial of the Italians and others, for a conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon, was to take place on the 6th or 8th inst.

Letters from France say that the harvest surpasses expectation.

Paris papers report the death of Lablache, the famous Italian singer.

It is reported from Paris that the result of the elections had proved so unsatisfactory that a modification of universal suffrage is contemplated.

Cholera was prevailing extensively at St. Petersburg on the 21st ult.; the number of cases was 174.

Rumors were very prevalent that Delhi had been taken, but according to the last authentic accounts, dated June 17, it was still in the possession of the insurgents. It was very generally believed in London, on Friday evening, on the strength of a communication from the East India House, that Delhi had fallen.

The Bombay Times of July 1, says the rebellion is universal in the Bengal Army, and even the 70th Regiment of Native Infantry, which was publicly thanked by the Governor General in person for its loyalty three weeks before, had been disarmed.

In Calcutta and the neighborhood, great excitement existed, owing to the discovery of a conspiracy for a general uprising on the part of the Musselman population and seizure of the city by them. The inhabitants kept themselves armed, and the public buildings, hotels, and other principal places are garrisoned by sailors belonging to ships in the river. The French Consul at Calcutta called together all the French inhabitants and captains of French vessels, and desired them to furnish and equip a force of armed men to watch over the safety of the European community. French families were being taken on board vessels.

Further details of the naval operations on the Canton river, state that on the 27th of May thirteen junks were destroyed, and that on the 28th twenty-seven heavily armed junks were captured.

On the 6th of June two thousand of the British naval force were engaged, and captured a force, and took or destroyed one hundred and twenty-seven junks, mounting over nine hundred guns, with nine thousand men. The British lost three officers and eight men, and fifty-six wounded, some mortally.

The Busy World.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR says that although the book trade for the last few months has been unusually depressed, it is a gratifying fact that the notes given at the last trade sale, by 160 booksellers, amounting the aggregate to over \$100,000, and all falling due on the 3d inst., were promptly paid except three, the money for two of which was delayed by mail, leaving only one note of \$160 remaining unpaid.

SNOW'S PATHFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE should be in the hands of every traveler. Its publication is authorized by the various railroad corporations in the N. E. States, and consequently the public may place strict reliance upon its figures. It is published monthly at No. 22 Court street, by George L. Snow.

THE N. Y. EVENING POST says that the Chinese sugar plant is reported to thrive well in Texas, and to resist drought. Experiments in producing syrup are said to show good results.

COUNTERFEIT gold dollars are being circulated in Baltimore in large numbers. They are made of tin, of the size of the new emission, and galvanized, and are easily bent with the fingers.

BLACKBERRIES are selling in the market at forty cents per box.

GUSTAVUS BROOKE, the actor, it is said, has realized eight thousand pounds sterling in Australia, since quitting Dublin, his native city, in November, 1854.

THREE men in Philadelphia were firing at a mark in the yard of a hotel in Maiden street, when a ball went through the fence and killed a boy. They were arrested.

IT IS SAID that Narvaez, in Spain, has imprisoned no less than fifteen thousand persons for political offences.

CINCINNATI—Sixty years ago the locality of Cincinnati was a wild wood. Now it is a great city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and seeking a spot of wild woods for a breathing space and shelter from the summer sun.

A DAILY PAPER in German is to be published in Boston next month.

THE CITY AUTHORITIES have taken no precautions on behalf of the citizens against mad dogs as yet. We sincerely trust none of the Aldermen will get bitter before the season of danger is over.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A man in St. Louis was fined \$50 for using obscene language on the street, while ladies were passing.

SOME Southern journals estimate the growth of cotton this year at 3,500,000 bales.

THERE were some 500 failures in this country during the first five months of the year.

A BOY only five years old, and weighing 136 pounds, is on exhibition at Manchester, N. H.

A GENIUS in Bellows Falls, Vt., with a knife, file, hammer, and pegging awl, has constructed a stationary miniature steam engine, with a new kind of valve. The engine is perfect in all its parts.

IT IS SAID that alligators have shed false tears ever since they partook of the garlic made use of as an article of food by the Israelites, while employed in building the pyramids.

—MOUNT VERNON.—One or more of the Masonic Lodges of Richmond, have organized a plan to purchase Mt. Vernon. It is, to get the subordinated lodges to contribute \$1 for each member. The price asked for the Mount Vernon estate is \$200,000, and the Masonic statistics show that the Order numbers three hundred thousand; so that if all the lodges in the Union accede to the proposition—and the probability is that they will—the purchase of Mount Vernon may be looked upon as a fixed fact.

GROUND has been broken for the laying out of the Central Park in New York, and the work may now be considered under way.

THE INDIANS in New Mexico threaten hostilities, refusing to receive presents from the Government Agent, or to enter into a treaty.

EX-MAYOR TOWERS, of Washington, died in that city, Tuesday, after a prolonged illness.

THERE are 475 lawyers in Boston.

In the limits of the United States there are 80,000 schools, 5,000 academies, 234 colleges, and 3,800 churches.

IT IS SAID that Miss Augusta Cunningham is suffering from an incurable malady, much aggravated by recent excitement. It is added that her health is completely shattered and that she cannot live long.

NEW DISSENSIONS have sprung up among the Mormons, and Brigham Young tells them that if they will continue to stand by him, he will be President of the United States in less than ten years.

HON. FRANKLIN DEXTER died at his country house at Beverly on the night of the 13th inst. He was the son of the well-known Samuel Dexter, a friend of Washington Alston's, and a man of wide and varied culture.

MR. GEO. W. STONE, of West Dedham, died from the effects of hydrophobia on the evening of the 11th inst. He had been bitten in the thumb by a dog, on the 4th of July.

MR. GOUIN has been very warmly greeted by the friends of the cause of temperance in England. He is expected to be absent three years.

WRITING A PLAY.—It is said in New York that Coroner Conroy is writing a play founded on the murder of Dr. Burdell.

GOV. WISE, of Virginia, is much out of health at Jordan's Springs, Rock Bridge, Va.

A BALLOON ASCENSION was made from the public green in New Haven on Tuesday week. Three men went up, and landed safely afterwards in Branford.

THE FIVE CHAMPETTES, given at Newport by Mr. Wetmore in honor of Mr. George Peabody, the distinguished London banker, was one of the most brilliant festivals ever attempted in this country. Over three thousand persons were present, and the invitations were sent out two weeks beforehand.

THERE was quite a tornado at Reading, at about 9 o'clock P. M., on the evening of the 10th, when a shop, several barns, a school-house, and dwelling-houses were pretty much demolished, and an orchard was entirely destroyed. The inhabitants were thrown into great trepidation while it lasted, and many of them narrowly escaped with their lives.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook, and the rustle of the corn.

The Pacific Coast.

The arrival of the Central America puts us in possession of later news from the Pacific shore.

In California, mining is progressing with great success, new discoveries of placers and quartz veins being constantly made. Flaming operations on the streams are progressing rapidly and favorably, as the waters are nearly down to the summer level, thus enabling the miner to easily drain the bed of the river.

Agricultural prospects are good, and the crops of grain are being harvested in excellent condition in most of the counties, despite the unprecedented drought which has prevailed. Much attention has been paid to gardening in the interior counties, and already many of the mining precincts are supplied with fruit and vegetables, grown in the immediate vicinity. Peaches, pears, plums, apricots, apples, grapes and berries, all of California growth, are to be had at reasonable rates.

The magnetic telegraph is about to be extended from Marysville to the principal places in the northern part of the State.

The White Sulphur Springs are the grand place of resort for the pleasure seeking portion of the population, and at present there are upwards of two hundred guests at the elegant hotel, which is charmingly culminated amongst the hills of Napa.

From Utah we learn that the destroying angels are busily engaged at their hellish work, murdering and robbing those who are apostates.

One half the population would leave, and will do so, if the Government sends a sufficient force to protect them.

Brigham declares that if the Saints will stand by him and the Church, he will be President of the United States in less than ten years.

Open and avowed murder of all who have and are becoming obnoxious is advocated in public assemblies; in fact, an offer was publicly made in a meeting, by one of the faithful, to murder two Gentile traders at Box Elder, near the city, who had incurred the displeasure of Elder Lorenzo Snow, if they did not leave by June 1.

A train of one hundred wagons had left Salt Lake bound for the States, all of which belonged to Apostles.

Brigham preaches open rebellion to all attempts on the part of the government to establish a foothold in his territory. He has inaugurated a new law, by which he governs disobedient wives by degrading and making menials of them, depriving them of the right to marry or have a protector. It is called an "Earthly Hell."

The latest dates from the Sandwich Islands state that the Privy Council have issued an order forbidding the sale of beer at Lahaina. Extreme drunkenness among the natives is said to be the cause of the order.

The Hawaiian Missionary Society has been chartered by the government.

The lumber trade with the natives is steadily increasing, and shows itself in the improved character of the native houses erected all over the Island.

MUSIO HALL LECTURES.

MR. PARDEE, a Trance Medium, occupied the attention of the audience at the above place last Sabbath. It is not as yet decided whether Mr. Pardee will remain another Sabbath, or whether Mr. Thomas Gales Forster will supply the desk. The latter gentleman is expected to return, and if he does in season he will speak—otherwise Mr. Pardee will officiate.

NOS. 1 AND 4.

We have regular files from the commencement of our paper to this present time, which we will send if ordered.

We are in want of a few numbers one and four, of the Banner, to bind and if our agents have them to spare, we trust they will send them to us before the present half year of our existence is run out, as we wish to bind the first twenty-six numbers in one volume.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. M. A.—The Banner is undoubtedly sent you by a friend, as we never send to parties without orders.

NEW ALSTEAD, N. H.—As soon as Mrs. Conant is able to sit for spirit manifestations, will be happy to attend to your call. Will send you the result, as requested.

Numerous letters, requesting communications through Mrs. Conant are on file, waiting her recovery. They will receive attention in a week or two.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

LORING MOODY will lecture on the Natural Basis and Practical Uses of Spiritualism, at East Arlington, on Sunday, August 10th; Hanson, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 18th and 19th; Penbrooke, on Thursday and Friday, 20th and 21st; Westbury, on Saturday and Sunday, 22d and 23d; Kingston, on Monday and Tuesday, 24th and 25th. Friends of Truth and Progress in the above named places, are requested to make all needful arrangements for the lectures. The meetings will, in all cases, be free; and objections to Spiritualism on whatever grounds they may be urged, will be answered.

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

L. E. COOLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.

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

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

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT, Portland, Me.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, August 23, at 10:15 o'clock A. M., and 3:15 P. M. Singing by the Music Hall. Either M. PARDEE or T. G. FORSTER will officiate.

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.

SALEM.—Meetings in Bowdoin 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.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (

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

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Continued.

"All are now impatient to hear the result. Whereupon the old gentleman informs the company that all the answers are wrong. He had never known any one by the name of Swithey, he never was at a place called Irreghin, (if there be such a place), he was born in 1792, consequently could not have met Swithey in 1790. His sister is now alive, his friend B. died at Dover, though at the time he was questioning he resolved it should be Calais, allowed his mind to dwell on this as he moved his fingers upon the letters, and got that place for an answer."

Although the above is not strictly correct, yet for argument's sake, we will admit it to be so, and by so doing we shall let the writer make out that the old gentleman was an impostor; and like the worthy Mr. Lewis, set a trap and fell into it.

We are told that "like begets like," and this is strictly in accordance with the theory of these invisible "bottomless fancies." Was the old gentleman honest, when he asked—"When did his sister Ann enter the spirit world?" when he knew at the time she was alive and well? Was he honest in trying to force his spirit friend to spell out Calais instead of Dover? Granting all this, it is hardly reasonable to suppose, were it a trick, that the medium would have spelled out such twisting names as "Swithey" and "Irreghin," or to have made "Swithey" say that he met him as far back as 1790, because it was quite unreasonable. So much for the old gentleman.

The remainder of the article contains so much absolute falsehood and ridiculous nonsense that we will not tax the reader's time and patience by giving further extracts, but will conclude with a few remarks. The sentence alluded to, was one of the most successful which Mrs. Hayden has given in England; and a gentleman who was present said "that more than one hundred test questions were answered correctly; and further, that he will give one hundred pounds to any person who will tell him correctly any name he shall think of by reading it in his face or his hands, or by kicking the table, or in any similar manner," and we will add a like sum to it. Mrs. Hayden has a statement of facts in regard to the seance before mentioned, under the signature of the gentleman, which she is at liberty to exhibit to those who may desire to see it.

The writer in the *Zoist* says:—

"Test it! Test it rigidly! If you do not speedily come to the same conclusion with us, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that we have very much underrated your capacity, or over-estimated our own."

Test it! that is precisely what we ask for, and what we want; but we desire that people should do so honestly and then speak the truth, which, we are sorry to say some have not done.

The whole article contradicts itself, and defects the object for which it was written; and no candid person can read it without becoming thoroughly disgusted, and convinced of its absurdity.

We only regret that the writers had not put their names to the wonderful production, so that people might have known its authors; for in less than five years there will not be found an intelligent person in Great Britain who will deny the truth of the phenomena; and the worthy authors would then be compelled to swallow their unwholesome words, and we much doubt if they have not already begun to repent of their haste and folly.

So far as we have been able to learn, it is a very general, if not an universal opinion, that the writer of "Spirit Rapping" has very "much underrated" other people's capacities, and vastly over-rated his own; and what little of Othello's occupation has not already gone, will go quickly.—W. R. H.

CHAPTER IX.

Anecdote of Dr. Elliottson.—A Writing Medium.—The Angel Mother.—A Prescription for Spiritualism.—New Converts.

We must not take leave of Dr. Elliottson without relating the following anecdote of him as it capitally illustrates the true character of the man.

After the appearance of the explosive article published in the *Zoist*, he could not, as a matter of course, have the effrontery to visit Mrs. Hayden to continue his investigations, so he made a proposition to a friend of his—Mr. Henry T.—a gentleman of fortune, and who is considered one of the best mesmerists in England—that he should go to our house and solve the mystery of the "Rappings," the Doctor agreeing to pay the fees until the trick was discovered, on condition that Mr. T.—should furnish a paper to the *Zoist* containing a full account of his investigations. To this arrangement the gentleman readily assented, and at once paid his respects to the "Rappers," and entered upon his labors. This gentleman was like Dr. Elliottson in one respect only—he did not believe in a spiritual existence—a conscious hereafter. He came about twenty times in all, but before he had fulfilled half that number, he acknowledged to Mrs. Hayden his full conviction in the genuineness of the phenomena, without endorsing the spiritual theory.

According to promise, Mr. T. prepared a paper, containing a faithful account of his investigations, which document he submitted to the Doctor by whom, to his great surprise, it was indignantly rejected. The honorable editor fully determined not to be balked in his designs, made a like proposition to a second gentleman, a Mr. F.—an eminent civil engineer, well known for his scientific attainments on both sides of the Atlantic, and as having been selected by the English government to run the boundary line between Canada and the United States. In this gentleman's ability the Doctor had the fullest confidence, and had he listened to the wisdom of his counsel, it would have been much to his credit, as Mr. F. is a clear-headed thinking man, not rash or hasty in his conclusions, and so far as any one's judgment goes, is better adapted to write a calm, philosophic work on Modern Spirit-manifestations, than any individual I have as yet met. He entered upon his task with as sanguine expectations, as did his predecessor, Mr. T., but to his disappointment he found the "Rappers" more than a match for his carefully devised tests. The invisibles not only told him, what was in his mind, but also what had never been there. Being endowed with natural powers, he continued his investigations through about thirty sances.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM AN INVESTIGATOR.

Messrs. Editors.—For some years I have watched with great interest the progress of what is termed Spiritualism. Here and there, as they came under my observation, I have gathered the reliable phenomena, and in the quiet of my own study have sought to analyze and classify them as I would patiently examine and classify a collection of plants, or as a mineralogist his specimens. But I was baffled again and again. Sometimes I fancied that "Somnambulism" and the "Trance" state would include all the actual phenomena which took place, and that the remainder was trickery. I tried to think so, and in sincerity of heart, wished that the whole might be proved to be mere tricks of legerdemain, or the manifestations of diseased brains, which the skillful hand of science could regulate, as the musician banishes the discordant notes of his instrument by tuning it anew.

Inheriting a great deal of conservatism, for I descended from a race of good old fashioned clergymen, whose names are thickly scattered on the Cambridge catalogues, I shrank from all theology rumping rampant, or enthusiasm going to seed. I have a strong penchant for the quiet, stately slow march to heaven of the Cambridge divines, and have tried to train my steps and follow on in the very tracks of my good grandfather who lived and died in all the blessed sanctity of that conservatism. But unfortunately I inherited that troublesome humor of curiosity which all the waters of "Cam" cannot eradicate; now and then it seizes upon me with great force, and while I was trying to pick my way along, going so cautiously forward behind the venerable wigs and flowing black gowns, in the road which had been laid out and graded, and McAdamsed and "guide-boarded" as the only chartered road to the New Jerusalem, I would find myself stepping one side to examine the odd looking weeds by the roadside. Weeds the venerable company called them, for they cared only for the cultivated flowers of the borders, the authorized legitimate roses and peonies and the *cammin* and the *mint*. But, to my curious fancy, the dandelion and the thistles were more interesting to dissect and analyze than flowers that had lost all their natural characteristics by cultivation. Nevertheless I lost none of my reverence for my learned guides, and great was my self reproach when I found one foot-print of my own, one that was not placed in the more firm impression of their heavy tread.

Thus you see white weeds attracted my curiosity, my heart clung to the "way my father went." But suddenly another stepped aside, and it was proclaimed that he had discovered among the roadside weeds, some rare blossoms worthy of examination. A halt, a consultation; the elders after much demurring agreed to make an examination, and with their spectacles, and magnifying glasses, decide upon the merits of the so called weeds.

While they are thus employed, let us retrace our steps a little, and dropping figures, look at this "Spiritualism," if possible, with the simplicity of honest hearts.

I remember well the very first reported manifestations of it, and of my vexation with Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* that he should admit such articles into his paper. So puerile, so degrading, almost seemed it to connect such manifestations with the world beyond, and as it is easy to believe that newspaper articles may be got up for excitement, with no regard to truthfulness, we soon ranked those articles with the moon story, and similar "hashes" furnished by editors for the amusement of their too credulous readers. Not far from us lived a former pupil of my own, a young lady of quiet, reserved manners, good intellect, which had been improved by cultivation, but who had been reared with doubt as to the existence of any spiritual world state.

"Death is an eternal sleep" was the creed of the father, and to the daughter the father's opinions were the law of her mind. She was a reader, keeping herself well informed as to the passing events of the day. Of course the "mysterious rappings" were to her a mere source of amusement, she who believed in "no spirits" smiled at the weakness of human nature. "I will try it," she said laughingly, and her mother added, "Well, bring out grandmother's little table; if there is such a thing as departed spirits having influence here, you'll be allowed no trickery with her furniture."

This grandmother had been a decided, firm Calvinistic Christian, believing in the eternal misery of the wicked, and the happiness of those who believed in her creed. The table was brought, and, after some little while, the young lady found that it would move, and perform rather strange antics, and moreover when she held a pen in her hand as motionless as possible some invisible power wrote, guided the pen, and the name of an old friend was written, a young lady who had been dead some months.

I called upon my former pupil, and knowing well the perfect truthfulness of her character, I said, "E, will you show me how these things are done?"

"I will show you all I know about it," said she, and we spent the evening with a few friends, all skeptical, save one quiet old gentleman who sat still in the corner, watching with deep interest, but making no remarks. The manifestations were such as are now very common the moving of tables and writing.

As soon as I had an opportunity to converse alone with my young friend, I said to her "E. are you convinced that this is the work of spirits?"

"No!" was the prompt reply, (the citadel of her own unbelief was too strong to be easily taken), "but this I know, that there is no deception in the facts; what I believed humbug before, may actually have taken place. It is mysterious to me, and at present unaccountable, but science will some day make it plain. There are laws of matter and mind which we do not now understand any more than the power of electrical fluid was understood before Franklin's day."

I walked home in a brown study. I hoped she had discovered some trick; that by her clear head and truthful heart the mystery would be solved. But no, she was sure it was of the earth, earthy, and would be explained some day by a patient, investigating materialist. I thought I would rest there, and leave the subject, but such a resolve to certain minds, is like trying to raise trout in your cornfield, or grapes in the brook. A friend sent me A. J. Davis' works. I read and closed the book with a feeling of horror and disgust at the flippant manner in which he treated parts of the Bible. "No," said I to myself, "I will cling to the Bible as to a mother's love or a sainted father's blessed memory."

Not long after this, some ministerial association appointed a committee to investigate this subject,

and one of the Deacons was to be the reporter. "Now," thought I, "we will get at the truth of the matter. The fearless, love of progress sort of men that compose this family will be the means of throwing light upon this subject. Their decision will commend itself to common sense and science too."

Impatiently we waited for many weeks, but at last came the decision. "Yes, it was the work of spirits—but of evil spirits—in fine the amount of the decision, if I understand it correctly, was that the evil is at the bottom of the whole matter." Just the decision of Cotton Mather in the days of the Salem witchcraft—and next, thought I, some bolder spirit still will propose that the Devil must be "squeezed, hung or drowned out of them." No, no, no far better the view of my materialist friend.

Next came Judge Edmunds' work, clear, manly, almost convincing. But wise friends said, in whispers, "why he's a monomaniac, you mustn't trust him on religious subjects."

Time passed, curiosity was baffled, and investigation seemed to be like St. Paul's voyage, where neither sun nor stars appeared, and there was constant fear of quicksands.

Meanwhile, amid the mass of what we believed impostors, a young lady near me was said to be a medium. I had known her well as an amiable girl, but more fond of novel reading than of study. As to investigating any very serious or philosophical subject she was averse to it, preferring more frivolous or feminine employment. It was said she was a remarkable medium, but I had little opportunity to test her powers; and supposing that the communications would be, like too many I had seen, very insipid and degrading, rather than elevating one's ideas of the employment of a future state. But one of her communications seems to be peculiar, different from the mass, and I will risk the patience of the reader by giving parts of it. The question was under discussion whether departed spirits, if permitted to return, could foretell future events. "I don't believe they can," said she quickly, but in a few minutes she said, "I am impressed to write," but the nature of the communication she did not know. When the pen was handed to her the following was written, rapidly as the pen could move.

"All the future is pregnant with events, ripening as it were, and becoming ready to take place."

All the space (we call it, you call it time), is filled as completely with what is to come, as is the past with what has taken place. There is a germ in space, which contains all the future of a person's life—this germ during his whole life is ripening, becoming perfected. A variety of circumstances tend to ripen it—well, we can enlarge and take what you call a microscopic view of it, so as to see what is yet contained, but not unfolded to the individual. We can see what is nearest ripe, and most likely to be forced out of the shell (to be plain) by a circumstance which will not upon it. So we could see, (in the change which you call death in this magnified mass of future events) to a certain individual, and judge very nearly what would produce it. It would be, perhaps, no outrage of natural laws, but what you would term an accident, what I call a proof that nature's laws are God's perfect manifestation of himself, which being perfect could not change to accommodate an individual, thrown within the force of law which his being could not withstand. The same wisdom that made the law placed him there for some wise purpose and could you trace all the hearings you could see infinite wisdom displayed in this effecting the perfect harmonies of nature. Every act is a note in the great Harmonica, and its keys are touched with most exquisite skill by the all-wise fingers of divine love.

In the past, people knew no more of the interior and systematic mechanical arrangement of the human physical organization, the circulation of the blood, &c., than you now do of the organization and unfolding of your spiritual being. In one sense people knew nothing of life till they could view it with a microscope. It is nothing now, comparatively, for a practised physician to discover diseases in the physical system, and foretell their result and termination, even years before that termination; and, my dear friends, it is just the same skill that enables a spirit to dissect, investigate, study and unfold the nature and diseases, consequences and results of the spiritual infirmities. Your spiritual organization, though it will never become dust, changes, unfolds, is sick, out of order, and suffers the consequences the same as the physical. God is working through his natural laws as far in the future, as he has in the past, in which no mortal has ever found beginning.

He fills with his infinite presence, the planets and nebulae, or unknown worlds of light, which floods the milky way, and fills the intellectual "via lactea" in which each human nebula may be called a starry system; and mighty nations make up the mysterious pathway of intellectual light. The more magnified your telescopic powers of mind, the more of God and his mysterious works can you take in.

The more enlarged your soul, and the more cultivated your intellectual territory, the more capacious *His* habitations therein. What seems like a cloudy mass of mystic nebula in your mental horizon, will, to your practised eye and extended vision make visible a pathway of unnumbered millions of mighty suns, in each of which God presides in inconceivable magnificence. God fills every capacity to its fullness. He manifests as much of Himself in the most tiny form as the vessel will contain. He fills all things full of His presence, from the animalcules to the elephant, from the weakest intellect to the giant mind. All is full, and as fast as capacity extends it is overflowing with His divine presence. If thou wouldst make thy thought a home for other minds, and for a habitation where God may habit, and fill thy life with His divine love and presence, build it larger."

When the words "via lactea" had been written, the young lady paused, looked at them—There—I do not know myself what these words mean." She was not familiar with Latin.

Now, I must confess, this writing puzzled me, and excited curiosity. However much the learned professors may dissect and criticize, it is very unlike what the young lady would have written in her normal state. It was the product of some other mind than hers, some mind either in or out of the body. Now it is possible that one mind may be so magnetized or "psychologized" as some term it, (but I do not like to use words which I cannot define) that the thoughts of a person present may transferred to the mind of a writer.

But while this article lay upon my table, the newspaper informed me that four of the learned professors of Cambridge were willing to devote time to the investigation of the subject, and with perfect confidence in their wisdom and candor, I rejoiced in this and waited patiently the result. —BROWN

well, it may be so. My belief is not shaken, I was not a believer; but I do know there is a statement of truth in all these so termed "popular delusions." There are facts connected with the subject which are worthy of patient investigation; and though there undoubtedly is deception and trickery with some, they only prove that the existence of counterfeit money is evidence that there is something valuable to counterfeit.

The facts are neither too childish, nor too insignificant to be passed by. In the natural world, close observations of little things is necessary to the student, and the analogy holds good in the intellectual. "M. l'Abbe," said Voltaire to a visitor, who gave him a common place account of some remarkable scenes, "do you know in what respect you differ from Don Quixotte?"

"No," said the Abbe, not half liking the look of the question.

"Why, M. l'Abbe, Don Quixotte took the inns on the road for castles, but you have taken castles for inns."

While some minds would have found in the way-side weeds matters for study and curious investigation, the learned conservative leaders have thrust them aside as worthless.

CHARITY.

TEST THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

Messrs. Editors.—When in Boston the first of July, I called one morning at the rooms of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, "Letter Writing Medium," and left a letter containing the following, written to a lady friend who has been an inhabitant of spirit life about ten years. The letter was well enclosed in an envelope without anything to indicate to whom it was addressed.

"Boston, July 9th, 1857.

Mrs. HARRIET EDWARDS PRENTISS.—My dear friend—Amid the busy cares of earth life with which I am beset, and the troubles incident to my present undeveloped state, how often like one anciently am I led to inquire, "Why am I thus?" or, "Why are these things so?" And knowing your strict regard for truth when in earth life, I am led to make the inquiry of you, believing you will give me valuable information in this particular, and also such advice as will be for my spiritual development. If I know my own heart, I am a sincere seeker after truth and right, and God being my helper, when found and learned, they shall be fearlessly practiced.

Yours in love, A. C. STILES.

Bridgeport, Conn.

July 14th, I received the letter left with Mr. Mansfield precisely as it was, and the following answer written by his hand: and would ask even the Harvard Friends, from whence the intelligence came?

"My Dear Friend—I am glad you have turned aside from the busy cares of your pursuits for a moment, to talk with one whom you were wont to converse with while she was a resident in the earth form. Dear one, I am indeed happy to know that I am still held in remembrance by you. Though my mortal body has long since been food for the earth worms; that spirit part, that thinking part, that God part, lives above, and enjoys the society of angels, and those blest ones made more perfect. Thanks to the Great Author of being, we are permitted to come to earth again, not in mortal form, but spiritual, to cheer the hearts of our beloved earth ones with a certainty of the immortality of the soul; and not only that, but of those joys awaiting the truly pure in heart. I am thankful that you have heretofore found me truthful, and for the implicit confidence which you placed upon my words while in the earth form; for that truth I am also glad; may I never say aught that shall lessen my estimation for truth in your mind. You ask me in regard to the peculiar events of your life, "Why are these things so?" My answer is, because the Great Ruler of all, animate or inanimate substances, wills it to be so. It is all for the best; if it were not so it would have been otherwise. I well know the purity of the motives of your heart, your desire to do good to your fellow man, your wish for the furtherance of the cause of truth, and the self-sacrifice you have made. You seek not your own good, but the good of others. Your reward awaits you. Though your pathway has been often strewn with thorns rather than roses, and the injustice of others has brought you much trouble and sorrow, yet your strength has been sufficient to your day, and the evil others tried to heap upon you, has and will recoil upon themselves. Never has there been an impediment thrown across your path that your heavenly Spirit Guides have not removed, and a clear perception of the evil purposes and evil intents of others have been given you by them. So shall it be with you in the future, if you keep your eye single to the glory of God your Father, as heretofore. Precious friend: you have much to ask God for. He has done much, very much for you through the ministration of His angels, and therefore the sword of truth has been fearlessly by you wielded, even to the condemnation of those who profess to follow the spiritual teachings, but follow their own selfish minds. Go on as you have, ever striving for "truth and right," and yet greater things than those already done will you do, if you but heed the teachings of the spiritual. Then do unto all as you feel it your duty to do. Love God above all things, and fear not whether man approves or condemns, and, bye and bye, you will be called to come up higher. Again, dear brother, let me say, trust in nothing less than your Heavenly Father. Adieu.

HARRIET E. PRENTISS.

To A. C. Stiles, Bridgeport, Conn."

I would here observe that Mr. Mansfield was a stranger to me, we never having met until that time at Boston. Many things here hinted at in the spirit's answer, are to me strong tests, as they could not have been known to Mr. Mansfield. Yours, for the cause of truth, A. C. STILES, M. D.

LETTER FROM L. K. COONLEY.

BRIDGEPORT, AUGUST 1, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—On Monday last I left the busy haunts of Boston to visit this beautiful Pilgrim retreat, and let the spirits scatter a few golden rays from the spheres of Light. Located here is "Pierce's Academy," by the way a most excellent institution, (yet as rigid in orthodoxy as "Old Harvard," and over whose ethics the Lynx-eyed Rev. ————, through the Principal, John W. P. Jenks, A. M., watches with ceaseless vigilance. I understand that many of the standard books formerly used have been excluded, and their places supplied with works that do not breathe the influence of "spiritual theology." Thus far the spiritual mediums were almost unknown to the public in this place. It was announced that I was to speak here on Monday and Tuesday night under spirit influence. The American Hall was engaged, and on entering at the appointed hour, I found a good audience in

attendance. It had been announced that the skeptical might ask any question on theology or physics. The influence was good, and the spirit control, excellent. After the discourse, many questions were propounded, and it is said, by those who heard, that they were all answered promptly and satisfactorily. Among other questions, it is said a Mr. Calgrove, one of the teachers in the academy—asked for "a brief description of the process of digestion," which was elucidated at once, to the astonishment of the professors.

The Rev. Stillman Pratt, (Orthodox) editor of the *Namasket Gazette*, was present and asked many questions, to which he received prompt replies. I clip from his paper this notice of the meeting:—

LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.—We attended the lecture of Mr. Coonley, on Monday evening. He is the trance speaking medium announced last week. We never attended any meeting of the kind before. The course pursued was a first to read the Bible, then work himself into a trance, then to offer prayer, and next permitting Martin Luther to use his organs of speech, he gave a lecture. We must say it was a novelty—but saw not the first particle of evidence that he spoke in a trance state, more than in case of any school-boy who goes on to the stage to perform the part assigned him. He has quite a command of words, but nothing superhuman in manner, language or matter. We cannot imagine on what ground he claims to be a trance speaker.

This I call pretty good for an Orthodox minister. I would here remark that he exchanges with the N. E. Spiritualist, and that the *Gazette* has been known to contain articles identical with those in that clear spiritual paper, without the usual credit.

The point in our friend's notice of the lecture through me, which most attracts attention here, is this:

"The school-boy who goes on the stage to perform the part assigned him!"

Inasmuch as the Rev. Mr. Pratt, and the Rev. Mr. Calgrove, both took such active parts in the exercises of the evening, some of our friends here intimate (?) that these reverend gentlemen were clothed with me before the lecture, and rehearsed for the occasion! Now, I protest that I was innocent of any such private transaction, as I have no acquaintance with either of those gentlemen; yet I do think the credit of having performed their parts honorably; except the neglecting to report, after accepting the appointment, a subject for the lecture on Tuesday evening, as they were selected by the audience for that purpose. I suppose, however, they bore in mind the example of their "illustrious predecessors," the Committee of Harvard, and will report conjointly. Yours truly, L. K. COONLEY.

LETTER FROM SALEM.

Messrs. Editors.—Having lately attended several circles, in this city, where I have witnessed some very striking manifestations of spirit power, or what I, at least, believe to be such, I thought that a description of some of these might not only serve to interest those of your readers who already believe these wonderful manifestations to be the work of disembodied spirits; but may also call the attention of some others, who are as yet disbelievers, to the subject, for the purpose of giving it a candid and thorough investigation, under all its different phases. The manifestations, of which I would more particularly wish to speak, took place at the house of Mr. R. J. Davis, of this city, and were received through the mediumship of Mr. Charles Foster, also of this place. Almost immediately after being seated at the table, which was a mahogany centre table, and around which were seated, at least fifteen persons, nearly all of whom were greatly interested in the subject of spiritualism, the table was raised entirely from the floor, and was held thus suspended, for I should think, about a minute. It may have been more, as it is not possible to be exact, as to time, under such circumstances.

After several communications had been received, by writing, and rapping, for different persons present, Mr. Foster saw, and described, the spirits of a number of persons, friends and relations of those present, some of whom had been dead for many years. Upon the foreheads of several of these were inscribed the names they bore here, with, sometimes, the word innocence, or happiness, beneath; and, in some instances, both. The letters forming these words are, as Mr. Foster describes them, apparently raised in the flesh, so as to be distinctly seen. It may be, as well, also, to state that the spirits appear to him, looking as they did when living here, with all their peculiarities of dress, and feature, about them, that they may be the more readily recognised by their friends. Also, in the written communications, the language used is highly characteristic of the persons, when living.

Mr. Foster was then entranced and said:—Before me I see a vessel upon the ocean, upon the mast of which I read the letters N. P. On the deck, I see several dark-looking men. Oh! they are nailing them to the planks!" The last words were uttered with a look and tone of the utmost horror, and Mr. F. sank fainting upon the floor. After he recovered his consciousness, he passed into the clairvoyant state, and saw and described a man, who was, at once, recognised by some in the room, as having been the husband of a lady present, and who had been lost at sea, I think, it was said, more than twenty years before. The vessel in which he sailed was found with a part of the crew on board of her, dead, but neither he nor the captain were found, and it was supposed that the vessel was boarded by pirates, and all hands murdered. The initials of the vessel's name were N. P., as seen by Mr. F., who, it may be proper to say, could not by any possibility be acquainted with the circumstances; as they transpired before he was born, that is, twenty-nine years since, as I am just told.

Mr. Davis, at whose house we were, had buried a son, some eight years ago, and, at a previous circle, at the house of Mr. Ross, had received a communication from this son, saying that if they would have a circle at his father's house, he would try to make himself heard upon the harp, which had been his favorite instrument, when living. This evening the manifestations had been of so striking a nature, that the promise was forgotten by us, until, the Medium's hand being influenced to write, we were told that James was ready to sound upon the harp. By the directions of the spirit, the room was partially darkened, but was yet light enough to enable us to perceive every object in the room, distinctly. The harp was placed full five feet from Mr. Foster, and between him and it, were seated two other persons. Mr. F. requested some one to sing, for the purpose of creating greater harmony, and a lady was at once impressed to sing one or two verses containing, "Come, sweet spirit, come, the words being, improvised for the occasion." While she was singing, rather when she had done, and while we were wait-

ing with the most earnest attention for the manifestation, Mr. F. agitated into the clairvoyant state, and described the spirit of James, as standing near the harp, but seeming to have some difficulty in approaching it. But while he was speaking, the harp was struck, causing the chords to vibrate with a sound sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard in the adjoining room. This was repeated several times, more than twenty persons being in the room, and some of them being skeptics. I have been particularly, at the risk of being too lengthy, on account of the interest awakened by these things, in the minds of many persons; but I have related a very small part of what I have seen of the wonderful operations of spirit power. Any persons wishing to satisfy themselves more fully with regard to the facts here stated, can do so by calling on Mr. Davis; or any who may desire to witness similar ones can have, at any time, the privilege of doing so, either at the house of Mr. Foster, in Turner street, or at the Lyceum Hall, where a public circle is held on the forenoon of each Sabbath. Very few mediums, if any, possess all the various powers of Mr. Foster, as he not only is a rapping and writing medium, but also possesses the clairvoyant and entrancing power, in the first of which he is conscious of all he says, but, in the last, he is unconscious, the spirit taking full possession of him, and speaking through him. In both of these states I have beheld some most remarkable instances of the exercise of these powers, in the way of his examining into and describing diseases, as well as prescribing for the same; but greatest and best of all, is his speaking in the trance state. Best, because more ennobling and elevating to the soul, and these teachings, if properly listened to, cannot fail to have a purifying influence on the heart. And this, if these manifestations are indeed the work of the spirits, from better and happier spheres, as hundreds of thousands believe them to be, must be the real purpose for which they are sent. I have many things to say upon the subject of spirit-intercourse, and in proof of it, not only in its present mode of manifesting itself, but also with regard to that which has at many different times, and to great numbers of persons come altogether unsolicited; and which, if this should prove acceptable, (for I fear that its unreasonable length may frighten you,) I will employ some future leisure moments to furnish. This is the first time I have devoted my pen to this subject, and I find it so interesting that I really know not where to stop.

Salem, July 13th, 1857.

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

NUMBER FOUR.

November 12, 1852.

This evening, at my house, were present Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Finney, Dr. and Mrs. Dexter, and their two daughters. Shortly after they came in, I read to them a psychometrical character I had been obtaining, and then followed, through Mr. Finney, the subjoined communication:—

PSYCHOMETRY.

They knew and practised it in ancient times. Even your Indians practice it; and, by its means, detect the track of their enemy. This is preliminary, but points to the jugglers of India, and then to the Greeks.

Why! I see on the works of the Grecian artists, they left their impress there. In those caves where the priests of the ancient Mythology used to retire to receive the oracles of the gods, as they called them, they practiced self-magnetism.

I see them throwing themselves at full length on the floor of the cave. I see six of them. They first stood in a circle about a shaft that looks like iron, small, not larger than three fingers. Then raising their arms, they fall prostrate, their heads inward, thus leaving a small circle formed by the heads. Before falling, they invoke the presence of their gods.

(The invocation was here given by the medium in the Greek. We recognized the language, but did not obtain a translation.)

They lay in that position a long time, each lifting his interior upward, trying to draw the gods down to them. By this process their brains became illuminated, and their interior perceptions partially, and sometimes fully opened. They were conscious of the presence of spirits, and thought them gods. Then their souls seemed to put out their feelers into the future, sometimes, and those feelers seemed to be so sensitive and acute as to recognize and discover the shades of approaching events. Thus many of the oracles of the gods in Greece were truthful.

Turn next to the Roman Empire. Julian, called the Apostate, was clairvoyant, and saw his approaching fate, and prophesied it, as you will learn if you read some of those histories.

'Twas thus through the magnetic process that some of the ancients were skilled in reading the minds of others. There was a society for that purpose among the Jews. It was practically understood by the Magi of the East. It was considered a gift of the gods, and was feared by the mass. They were taught to fear it by those who possessed it and had an interest in keeping it concealed. The ancient caves were sacred to the priests and the gods. This was true also of the ancient Egyptians, whence Greece drew her knowledge, partly through Grecian travelers in Egypt, and partly through colonies from Egypt to Greece. Moses, on the Mount, had the same feeling to keep the people at a distance; and the priest, in the dawn of the Christian era, thought it sacrilege for the people to enter the Holy of Holies. It was not a gift universal, but bounded by the line of miracles drawn between the priest and the people.

I inquired when the knowledge was lost?

It was plunged in the darkness of superstition and bigotry, which followed in the train of consequences which necessarily attended the establishment of the church of Rome. But even in that, in its darkest moment, I see occasionally a faint glimmer even in its own bosom. But there they were treated and fostered as miracles. To the ignorant, the priests did work miracles by the magnetic forces, and do so still. They are miracles only to those who do not understand the laws which govern them. It was the same principle in the camp of the Israelites, when they were bitten by serpents. He raised that brazen serpent for them to look upon, and be cured.

I inquired, How was the cure effected?

By the will of the subject. The people were brought around it in circles, and the magnetic forces had tremendous effect. I can see those dark circles now. The people, with one mind, were strongly willing against the poison. Hence, the magnetic forces acted.

I inquired, mentally, Whence did Moses get the idea of raising the brazen serpent? And it was answered,

It was a spiritual revelation. Moses' brain, I see, very strongly and fully developed. His spirituality and veneration were large. His head was generally even, but there was one feature which was very strong in his character. It is embodied in that thing which says, "I say unto you"—which makes the strong distinction between himself and the people. It was his self-esteem, joined with his love of approbation and determined firmness, and the superstition of the age in which he lived, that gave him such mighty power. His concentration was enormous. He could withdraw from the outer to the inner, and lose sight of the external for a long time. He stood on the mount of prophecy at such moments, and his eye caught visions of the coming future. He loved power and influence, and had a peculiar way of obtaining them.

Moses magnetized his people. He psychologized them, in other words. Hence he was their chieftain. Every age has had a similar manifestation of man's magnetic power. Behold the generals of Greece and Rome! See that untutored enthusiasm which, but a few words to the soldiers, would create with manifestations of a magnetic power of man over man. Behold, too, in the force of Napoleon Bonaparte, an illustration of the same principle. Even a movement of his hand towards the enemy, when the conflict was doubtful, seemed to beget new energies.

Take another class in a different field. Imagine yourself in the forum at Rome, listening to the soul-stirring eloquence of Cicero. Behold that living mass of minds swayed by his magnetic power, as the bosom of the deep is tossed by the winds of heaven, made to heave and swell with agitation and commotion. See the more mild, and pathetic, and elevating appeals of his eloquence, calming their troubled bosoms like the sun bursting from a storm-cloud, and calming its fury. At the moment when his soul was inspired by its own energies, and the inspiration of his theme, his whole system, to the vision of spirits evolving an immense amount of magnetic force, could say more in ten minutes in that condition, than in an hour; yea, two hours, and sometimes four hours of his normal state. As he warmed, he drew in the interior elements of the atmosphere, more of them, and in greater amount, and the greatest amount when most illumined, as he calls it—most excited with his theme.

There are principles connected with this, which the world knows not of. The brain, as it acts, absorbs the internal elements of the atmosphere about it, and as it rises and swells in its action, a greater and a greater amount is absorbed and used up in its action. Drawn in by the breath, and thrown out by the eyes and gestures, it seems to emanate from the whole-form. The speaker then seems to be a central vortex, towards which the magnetic elements about him seem to drive and centre. It even goes so far as to draw from the brains of his audience their magnetic aura, and then re-create it and mingle it with the elements, and it is sent forth in a new form to psychologize that audience.

Indeed, wonderfully great is the power of a harmonious and illumined mind, with a fine and beautiful organism to sway the mass. 'Twas thus Patrick Henry seemed to wave a magic wand over the minds before him, lash them to fury by his burning words and startling thoughts—then calm the tumult like the master of storms. Truly did his biographer say of him, "He would create a storm, and ride in his chariot, and direct it." That was a chariot of magnetic fire.

Now take a contrast with this. Go to the veriest sink of your dark rudimental sphere, and behold there a most startling and sickening manifestation of that same power, acting through the lower faculties, misdirected. Behold those victims of the unrighteous influences of the society about them. See the process of destroying virtue, which may well be compared to the viper charming the bird. Look at it in its general manifestations in society at large. When any one of you meet a stranger, you are attracted or repelled without any knowledge of his character, or ever having seen him. You like or you dislike at first sight. And how is it you detect the congeniality of a mere stranger, except by feeling his magnetic sphere?

Ah! the spheres of men have much to do with the harmonies and discords of society and the world.

Were the laws of affinity, magnetism and spirituality understood and obeyed, society would be reorganized on its true and righteous, and, therefore, natural basis. Minds would then move as the elements of social life among themselves, the higher rising above the lower, yet sending down its elevating influence upon them; and all grades would find their appropriate position in the great structure of universal brotherhood. But now how is it? The pre-mind and the aspiring, the righteous and truthful, are surrounded by those less developed, more grovelling, and less pure and elevated.

Hence, I discover many children born with good organizations, but coming in contact with uncongenial and unmagnetic spirits which surround them. Thus their magnetic and spiritual forces and equilibrium are destroyed, and antagonism thus begets the like in the mind of the child; appeals made to the lower faculties of his nature unduly stimulate them; and thus, in the end, seem for the time to destroy the balance of his mental faculties, his spiritual nature. And here is one of the great fountains of evil in the world, and here must be applied the remedy.

'Tis said, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But ignorance is the mother of error, of crime, vice and immorality of every description. Then knowledge is the remedy. It is asked, Knowledge of what? We answer, Man's knowledge of himself.

(Here, in a low tone of voice, as if speaking to myself, I said, *Gnolthi seanton*. The medium paused, repeated the expression, and added, "Know thyself.")

In knowledge there is the remedy for the evils of the world. Man should be schooled, not in the mythology of the ancients, not in the musty volumes of antiquity, on whose pages have settled the dust of ages, but in a knowledge of himself, of his origin, his nature and his destiny, the history of progressive creation, and the development of man.

This, as he advances, will unfold more and more to his mind. When politicians shall leave the beaten and dusty track of arbitrary enactments of human councils—when they shall cease turning over the records of ancient nations for precedents, and turn, instead, to the great scheme of universal human life—nay, the great scheme of nature itself; and when oligarchies shall cease to revere the oracles of ancient mythology, and turn their attention to the Book of Life, of man's interior life, then the world will become rapidly emancipated and disenthralled from the fetters of the past. 'Tis then, and only then, that the division lines between religious sects will become obliterated; then the kingdom of Peace,

Righteousness and Brotherhood, will become the kingdom of universal humanity. 'Tis then the selfish commercial interests of nations will be merged in the immortal interests of the race. 'Tis then that war will cease—that demon, who, like a monstrous million-headed giant, has waded in the blood of man for ages, will fall to rise no more. 'Tis then the bright flag of universal freedom, justice and love, shall wave in calm grandeur wide o'er the world.

Dr. Dexter asked this question, Was there not some juggling in the great manifestations of Moses, and was he not an adept in the Egyptian mysteries?

Yes, he was so. He was schooled in their mysteries, and was under the control of spirits, and was superior to the Egyptians. As to his rod, the people were psychologized. This could easily be effected. And so it was with many of those mysteries.

There are no mysteries but to the ignorant. If man knew all, there would be no mystery.

The Doctor also asked a question as to the medical treatment of the Egyptians, and the medium went through the process of psychologizing a patient, as formerly practiced, and which the Doctor recognized as the same things which are represented in the hieroglyphics.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may give us through the membership of Mrs. J. H. Covert, 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, as we ask for, the communications 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 future beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirit," and not do any thing against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

John Gates.

Once in a while a man who has much acquaintance with spirit manifestations, and is open to receive any and all spirits who desire to communicate, meets with some very curious cases.

When one has any doubts of the spiritual origin of communications through mediums, and imagines that they are by some curious means of which he knows nothing, fished up from his own mind or that of the medium, a manifestation like this, so utterly different from what he or a medium living in this age would be likely to manufacture, comes very appropos, and one is forced to admit that such an one did certainly come from an outer source, beyond the parties connected with its reception. Such was the following communication:

I'm dead, and whoever disputes it don't know much; and I am alive, too, and whoever disputes that don't know much.

Boston is where I used to live. I have been traveling round here since I got so I could see. Who's Governor now? How long have I been dead?

We asked, who was Governor when you died?

Hancock was governor when I died. This don't look like Boston to me. I voted for Hancock. I don't know who was President; Washington was out when I was here. I used to live in Pond street. Where's the mill pond? Where's the boat I used to sail there? I don't see through it—everything looks strange.

We said, you have been dead a long time—some where about sixty years, as near as we can remember now.

Why, look here, I haven't been dead more than a year. What, sixty years! I don't believe you. My name is John Gates, I used to carry bricks and mortar for masons.

You were an Irishman then, said we, thinking of our own day when this race perform the labor spoken of.

Don't you tell me I am not a Yankee—I'm no Irishman, nor a Tory either. I was fifty years old when I died. Where's the children? Wasn't you here when Hancock was Governor? Why, you have been born since I died. Well, the last thing I did was to vote for Hancock. Two friends carried me out to vote for him. I lived to see him Governor. He lived in the stone house on the hill.

I was just going to ask you where I could find my wife and children, but you have been born since I died, so you can't tell me. I have seen lots of the old folks, but I have no idea I had been dead so long.

We have since this seen many manifestations where the spirit passing away while insane, idiotic, or from an abuse of drink, has passed many years of our time, in an inactive, unintelligent state, during which the disease of the spirit has worn off, and it has first learned of its state by returning to earth, and obtained its first ideas of progression by so doing. We are aware this is strange doctrine to write, but facts prove it true. The spirit may suffer disease of a moral nature, as well as the body of a physical nature, and who has not seen an old toper when the possession of any immortal spirit might be denied him. Does the idiot or the insane man become at once sane or reasonable after death, or must the spirit recover its energies gradually? We know it is so; that death is not a curative, but that the spirit which lives forever must become purified and strengthened by rest, and by being taken from those associations which have rendered it diseased.

How's this that I can come and talk to you. Got a good many new roads, I suppose.

We gave him an explanation in answer to his first query, and spoke to him of railroads and traveling by steam on them in answer to his second, at which he expressed great surprise.

Is this earth, or am I talking to somebody in the moon? How can you get by steam unless you have a steamboat? I heard of them, but nobody knew they could go. I believed it, though. Do you know old Joe Warren? He was a farmer, and could fight like the old d—n. I can't understand where I have been since I died. Do you know old Breed? He didn't do anything; had money enough. He'll know me. I worked for him many a time—he owned the big hill. Have you got any Bibles now-a-days? Well, you've got something then that we had. I didn't believe much in it. I couldn't see through it. I couldn't read much, but wife and children could. Little John fell into the water and was drowned—I remember that. I used to get drunk but I haven't drank a drop of liquor this year—don't have any here.

What is all the noise? I should think it was election day.

We remarked that the streets were paved with stones now, and that a great many more teams passed over them every day now, than probably passed through them in a year when he was here.

The streets! none of your new ideas young chap, they're roads—the boys used to call them streets, but I didn't.

You're a printer, are you? I never saw but one and was a little boy—that was little Ben, old Jones' son—shan't tell you who—puzzle it out—there's something for you to do, young man.

Now perhaps I can puzzle you, I remarked—Do you know what kind of clothing you are dressed

in? Perhaps that will be a puzzle to you—suppose you examine yourself? This was a perfect stumbling-block to our visitor—he felt of the medium's dress, of her hair, and exhibited signs of fear as he exclaimed—

Well, it is a mighty funny way of doing. How the d—n! happens it that I am here in a woman's form? Why, you are a wizard. Now, boy, I ain't drunk if I did used to do it, and don't you try to make fun of me this way. My old grand-mother one time got bewitched and she never could get the butter to come. What did she do one day but heat a stone red hot and throw it into the churn, but she fell into the fire herself. My God, you have bewitched me; how old do you call this body?

Now, I want you to let me go. I hear of such people as you are—young chap, explain yourself; I want to know what I am here for. Sally used to read in the Bible about the witch calling up Samuel—you're just like her.

By assuring him of our good intentions, and explaining to him the fact of spirit intercourse, he became calm, and said:—

I don't know what to make of you. Where is God?—where is the devil?

Last time I ever got drunk I fell down, stuck a stone in my head, and was never well after it. I would go to sleep and sleep a long while, and they said I was crazy.

We took occasion here to explain why he had been so long away from earth—without knowing anything of himself or it. Soon he seemed to be able to see a different class of spirits from what he had been used to associating with, and we endeavored to explain to him the cause of their brilliant appearance: as we talked it seems as though they grew more plainly visible, and, somewhat startled him. He seemed determined to go, and left after exclaiming—

Who are these people here? I never saw them before. They are all alive. Oh my God! I don't stop here—no you don't—let me go.

After our strange friend had left, the presiding spirit of our circle entranced the medium, and said:—

Good morning; rather a strange visitor you have had. There you see a spirit, who, before he left the form, was kept entombed for years—an habitual drunkard from his youth. Now he has been entombed in darkness, and its chains have been about him ever since he has been here. A part of his punishment has been passed; a part is to come; for, as he progresses, he will be made aware of the vast amount of happiness he has lost by his evil life. See from this what intemperance will do; see how long after even the spirit leaves the form, intemperance enchains it.

I presume, in the course of your investigations, you will meet many such spirits, for there are plenty of them. It is right that they should come; to be sure the influence he brought did no good to the medium, but it did him more good than it did her harm, so we let him come. He is about being resurrected from his spiritual death.

There are many facts here, and truthful allusions to localities, but of the entire truth of the communication we cannot speak, and did not expect it from such a spirit. We publish it particularly to show that there are various stages of progression in the spirit life.

William Starbird, Boston.

I for sometime have been striving to communicate through your medium, that I may reach my companion on earth. She is anxious to gain intelligence from the spirit land, in regard to the children. I come to give a little advice, however poor it may be.

I am told that all spirits coming to you are expected to identify themselves. Now I don't know in what manner I shall identify myself to you, for I never knew you on earth.

I have communed through mediums, but never through the medium I now use, previous to this morning. Perhaps it would be well to give a few facts in reference to myself, as this is the only way I have of identifying myself.

To begin with, then, I was a tailor in Boston. For a good length of time I pursued my business, and took care of my family in a respectable manner, and was considered a good, upright, moral and respectable man. But I fell into temptation, and was led into a thousand evils. It led me to disagree with my wife, and, after a time, to leave her. After being absent from her some months, I fell into bad company, still worse than that I had previously associated with, and in drinking with them, I presume I was drugged—I think I was, for I was well before it. Perhaps it was done to quench my thirst for liquor; if it was, it certainly proved good. After this poison began to take effect, I started for Boston to find my wife. I told her I had come to her to die, for I felt convinced I had gone as far as I could go on earth. In a few hours I left her, and became a spirit.

Now I will return to what I came here for this morning. I want to tell my wife to be perfectly easy in regard to the children she has put away from her. They are better off than they would be with her, under the circumstances. Sometimes she thinks she has done wrong, but then her better judgment tells her she has done right. She is constantly calling for proof that she has done right, and I come to give her that proof. I shall do all I can to influence her for good, and to make those who have charge of the children deal justly with them.

Are you acquainted with a tailor by the name of Hunt; or one by the name of Powers? I was acquainted with them, and with Newman, also with Huntington. All that craft generally know each other by reputation, nothing more. I knew Barnes, a stout man of our craft. I think he kept on Washington street some seven or eight years since, but am not sure.

My name was William Starbird. Oh, sir, it is a hard thing to be called to the spirit land without any knowledge of that place. It is hard to know you have done wrong, and not know where you are going when there. I have suffered much since I have been here, but I am progressing now, and am striving to attain that position I should have attained when on earth. My wife is sometimes very unhappy. She thinks of better days, and is lead to murmur over her hard lot. But I feel fully assured that if she does right, she will not long be so situated; for I am determined that nothing shall be left undone, on my part, which I can do to make her happy.

You must feel happy, sir, to know that you are aiding us in doing good. I am aware that your position may not be enviable now, because you are running counter to the prejudices of the people; but when our theory is fully established, your position must be an enviable one.

But I am taking up your valuable time with matter which you may already know, so I'll bid you good day.

Mary Jane Smith, of Kansas.

They say there are better times for me—when, I wonder? I know I am in the spirit world, but I feel so when I come back. I died in December, 1856. I know it was December, because it was before Christmas, and I went out to Kansas in 1856, and died there. I had nothing to eat for four days, and no fire. I think, too, I had some kind of an ague, and I could not stand the cold. It was snowing hard.

My name was Mary Jane Smith. I had three children, but they are all in the spirit world. Two came before me, and I buried them myself, for my husband was away trying to get food. He has come to me since, and so has the other child. I was in Kansas—the last place was "The Plains." I lived also in a little village called Menton, in New York. The first post office near was Cherry Valley. I used to have letters from England come there. The Widow Mann lived where I did.

It is a hard thing to die alone, without any friends, but I am as happy now as I want to be; but when

I came here to you, it seemed so much like the last scene of my life, that it makes me feel very bad.

We settled in Kansas, and built a little home, where there was no one near us, so nobody troubled us for a long time. But at last there came a gang of men to my house, and eat up everything I had. Three times I think they came, but they never took my valuables but once, for I fought like a tiger.

When my child was sick I went after medicine, but did not get it, because I had not money enough. The man's name was Glade, and he would not let me have it—there was only six cents wanting. Perhaps if I had got it the child would have died; but I am, after all, glad it did, for it is better off here.

I came from England in 1846. I lived in Manchester. My father and mother died a long time ago, and I lived there with my aunt, who was very poor. I was just married in 1840, when I left Liverpool. I was going to start in May, but did not till September.

My daughter Mary can talk better than I can, though she is a little girl.

We have no means of testing this, but publish it in the hope of hearing from it. It was spoken, as are nearly all our communications, while in the trance state, so that the names of places in Kansas may be spelled wrong—the spirit not knowing how to spell them, and we not having any means of informing ourselves of the names of localities there.

The entrancement of the medium by this spirit, exhibited all the symptoms which would attend the demise of a person from cold, commencing with the chilly feeling experienced in the first stage, and passing on to the sleep in which life terminates. It will be seen that the spirit says she experienced the same sensations which attended her last days on earth.

We think this spirit came to us with an intention of giving truth. The control was not good, however, and the spirit did not know how to spell or to write. Therefore we vouch for nothing only that it was not an offspring of our own minds; still we are inclined to think there may much truth be gleaned from it, by any one in the Territory spoken of.

John Cutts, Omnibus Driver.

I suppose you know that the Bible says God made the sun to shine on the just and on the unjust. Well, then, I suppose God made mediums for unjust people to come through as well as just ones.

Well, I have been here twenty years about, and I have not got on very fast either. This is the first time I ever tried to come; don't you think I do well?

I was just one of the most wicked fellows you ever saw on earth. My name was John Cutts. Allow me to ask you if you have any omnibuses now? Well, I am glad to hear they are going out of date, for I used to drive one, got tipped over, and that was the last thing I knew of earth. I don't know whether I have any folks on earth or not. I was born in old York, Maine, and lived also in Elliot, Maine. I wish I could find out whether I have any friends on earth; but I suppose if I have they do not know anything about spirits coming to earth as we do. I used to drive from Roxbury to Boston.

The above communication was received March 20th, and all inquiries relative to it, have proved unsuccessful in corroborating it. We laid it aside, not caring to publish it without knowing something of its truth, and had entirely forgotten it, when, one day in the latter part of July, John visited us again, and gave the following account of himself, corroborating the former communication, and adding other particulars. Mrs. C. being entranced, he introduced himself in this wise:—

"Don't you recollect me?"

We remarked there was nothing in his manner which conveyed any impression to us as to his identity.

"Well, I'm John Cutts; now do you know me?"

"We remember the name, but have not been able to ascertain anything in regard to you."

"Is there no list of omnibus accidents kept? I was killed by the upsetting of an omnibus."

I was killed somewhere near 1837. I used to drive from Boston to Roxbury, and also out to Brookline; then again I used to drive a conveyance to Charlestown and to Cambridge. Not the same kind of omnibuses as you have now. I was in the habit of getting intoxicated, and it was partly owing to this that I was killed. Charles Davis, John Still, Horace King, and a host of others I knew at that time. I would like to be proved true. Who was coroner at that time? Of course they had an inquest; can't you ascertain something by that? Then again I drove a Broadway omnibus in New York for a long time. Jackson was President, I think, when I was killed. I remember Van Buren, but I do not know of Harrison.

Now if you can't prove this true, just publish this and request information; I think you will get it. I give you the best I can. I was not much on earth, and you can't expect much of me now, for it's a long time since I was here, and I am not much happier; and, besides, I may be expected not to have a very clear remembrance of what occurred.

We have not been able to ascertain any particulars of this case as yet, but publish it, being fully convinced that it was a communication from the spirit world, and thinking that the party giving it, intended to do the best he could. It may call to some mind a recollection of the circumstances detailed, and if so, we shall be pleased to receive information regarding it.

Hattie Wilson.

You will recollect I came to you some time ago, saying I would manifest soon. My name was Hattie Wilson. I have been in the spirit world near four years. I was sick a long time before I died with disease of the heart. I don't know you, nor the medium, but I suppose it will make no difference. I was about fifteen years of age, and I once lived in Watertown. When my friends said they hoped I would live to a good old age, it used to grieve me, for I thought it was beautiful to pass away young—I could not bear to live to old age. And when I knew I was going I was happy; it seemed as though a new life was open to me, and I could see the angels and hear them talk, and thought they were all ready to meet me. The spirit land is very beautiful—I have seen much of the beauty of earth, but never anything like this here. I told my friends I knew Heaven was beautiful, and I wish I could go to them now and talk to them as I do to you. I should like to talk to George and Corney—that was the pet name we used to give her; it sounds strange to you, don't it? Don't you suppose I shall speak to them at home, soon. Oh, how I want them to know how happy I am, and to tell them not to be afraid to die. I was not afraid to die.

I can't give you anything more now, but you will know me when I come again, won't you? Well, good-bye.

William Johnson, Heniker, N. H.

My dear friend, you are a stranger to me, but I come to you that I may make myself known to others that were near and dear to me. I have been in the spirit life quite a number of years; and I feel at the present time that although darkness covers a portion of the earth, the angels may illumine each dark passage; I feel that they may cause many sweet breezes to blow over its fields, and cause mortals to praise the God who gave them birth.

My name was William Johnson; I lived in Heniker, N. H., where I have many friends at the present time. Should they find it proper to communicate with me I shall be most happy to meet them. They may choose their own medium. I will come to you again when I better understand how to communicate.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched finger of a little
Sparkle forever.

High in the holy heavens,
A Pearl of price untold
Shines brighter far than rubies,
More precious than fine gold.
It cannot fade or perish—
Can never pass away;
It is a hope in Jesus,
A trust in God alway.

The darkest cloud which overshadows human life, may
often appear the brightest to the angels who watch over us
from Heaven.

Light! light! light!
Behold! behold! ten thousand isles
Are basking in the sunny smiles
The first and loveliest of morning;
And Flora, goddess bright and fair,
Is winging through the summer air,
With wreaths the brow of day adorning.

There is a secret drawer containing valuables in every
human heart, if we know how to touch the spring.

This whole world is far too spacious
For one earthly soul's embrace,
Only in the father's bosom
Finds it an abiding place.
Human heart is quite too small
For its love to mantle all.
Then, with earnest soul and single,
To a breast that's true and free,
Trusting all and all confiding,
Yield thyself exclusively:
In the love which holds one heart,
All the world shall take a part.

It is more difficult to preserve than to acquire—whatsoever
is won may be lost; and to cease to acquire is to begin to
lose.

Look in my eyes, and mark how true my story.
Nay look; for on their glassy surface lies
Death's my Sylvester. It is Nature's last
And beautiful effort, to leech a fire
To orbs wherein the Spirit's safe through life,
And looked out in its moods of thought and joy,
Revealing all that inward worth and power,
Which else would want their true interpreters.

That clemency we make a virtue of, proceeds sometimes
from vanity, sometimes from indifference, often from fear, and
almost always from a mixture of all three.

Spring gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
The summer went carolling by,
And the autumn browned and the winter frowned,
And I sat me down to sigh;
My friend was false for the sake of gold,
Ere the farmer changed his rye,
And my true love changed with the fickle west wind,
Ere winter dulled the sky;
But the bees are humming—a new spring's coming,
And none the worse am I.

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness has almost
annihilated one's spirit. It is the breathing of the soul
which would otherwise be stifled with continual business.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

A fond and indulgent young mother sat with her
first-born upon her knee; the laughing cherub played
with her flowing ringlets, and pulled at the dainty
lace around her dress, while the happy young mother
smiled on. But when he pulled at the blue ribbon
encircling her waist, she softly and laughingly put
back his rosy fingers, and said, with gentle remon-
strance: "Don't, Charlie, you pull mother's dress all
to pieces." But a rebellious expression swept across
the child's angel-face, that crimsoned 'neath the
slightest opposition to his imperious will. Charlie
had not yet learned to prattle, but expressive ges-
tures took the place of words; he tugged at the rib-
bon with all his might, and the indulgent mother,
fearing to thwart her darling babe, allowed him to
have his own way. His baby eyes glistened with
triumph, and the yet lingering resentment caused
him to lift his tiny hand and strike his mother's
face. It was but a trifling manifestation of the
boy's spirit, thought the mother; he was too little
to be taught the difference between right and wrong;
too young to know self-control, and so that little
hand descended unchecked upon the mother's cheek.
It was not the first conquest gained by the infant, it
was not the first relinquishment of just authority by
the mother, and it bore its fruits.

For the sake of "peace and quietness," the mother
often concealed from the father the growing babe's
outbursts of bad temper. Mr. Ainslie had very
strict notions with respect to the training of chil-
dren; he did not think reasoning or argument of
any avail with a child, but held to the so-called good
old rule of "spare the rod, and spoil the child." A
flogging was, with him, the best settler of all childish
perversities, so master Charlie grew up in dread of
his father; wielding a tyrannic sway over his weak
and yielding mother, who, unable to administer pun-
ishment herself, often shielded him from his father's
anger, when a timely rebuke, or a suitable penalty,
would have restrained the boy, and saved her much
after suffering.

Ten years have elapsed; time has passed lightly
over the face and form of Ellen Ainslie, giving a
calm, matronly dignity to her once girlish figure.
Charles is seated on a low stool beside her, and in a
cradle, on the other side of the room, lies, in sweet
repose, the three year old Letty, Charlie's pretty
baby sister, and that young gentleman has grown up
a spoiled and willful boy; beautiful in form and
feature, but proud and self-willed; bending his mo-
ther to his slightest wish, shrinking from his father's
searching glance, that never fails to bring to the
light his misdeeds. The beautiful blue eyes of Ellen
Ainslie turn wistfully to the clock on the mantel-
piece; it is almost the hour for her husband's return.

"Hush, hush, my son; do not make such a noise,"
said Ellen, very softly caressing his luxuriant, brown
curls; "little sister is asleep, and you know she's
not been well; don't spring that rattle, you make
my head ache."

"I don't care," pantingly responded the boy, con-
tinuing his noisy amusement.
"Oh, Charlie! don't care to give mother the head-
ache, and waken little sister. Oh, do stop, darling."

"I won't!" said Charlie, decidedly, again spring-
ing his wooden torment.

The perplexed mother looked around with anxiety;
her head really ached with the noise; and the little
Letty, awakened by her brother's continued efforts,
sent forth loud and piercing cries. "At this juncture
Mr. Ainslie entered; his brow darkened at the sight
before him.

"What is going on here?" he demanded sternly.
"Oh, nothing, Edward, nothing," said Mrs. Ainslie,
nervously. "Charlie was only making a noise, and
wakened Letty, that's all."

"Put down that rattle, sir, and come here," said

the father. With faltering steps, the crest-fallen
Charlie obeyed. "Now tell me the truth; were you
making a great noise, or not? Speak out!"
"Please, father," blubbered the now penitent
Charles; "I was springing my rattle."
"I did not ask you what you were doing; I ask
you were you making a great noise, and did you stop
when your mother told you?"
"Please, father, I was making a great noise, and I
didn't stop right away when mother told me,"
answered the boy, whose straightforward truthfulness
formed a beautiful redeeming trait of character.

Then was the time for the father to administer
good advice, gentle reproof mingling with a father's
appeal to the child's better and awakened feelings;
but Mr. Ainslie said, "So, you acknowledge your
disobedience, you bad, willful boy!" and gave him
two or three round slaps, then rudely put him out of
the sitting-room door, bidding him, in a loud and
angry voice, "be off to bed!"

Ellen had, as usual, vainly interposed to save her
darling from punishment. With a beating heart,
and tear-filled eyes, she sat down to the tea-table,
listening, in undefined apprehension, to her husband's
prophecy, "that Charlie would come to no good,"
and inwardly resolving not to let Letty have all her
own way.

Charles was fifteen, and Letty eight, when their
father lost his life upon a burning steamboat.
Crushingly fell the weight of sorrow upon the stricken
widow; and when she recovered from the first stun-
ning blow, she found that even her worldly comforts
were departing. Her husband's affairs were in a
sad condition, and she found herself reduced to the
necessity of seeking some humbler home, and endeavor-
ing, by her own efforts, to obtain a livelihood.

With the strictest economy, and by close application
to needle work, she managed to send Letty to school,
and apprentice Charles in a drug store.

But now that all seeming restraint was removed,
the boy's imperious self-will gained strength day by
day, the weak, gentle, heart-broken mother offering
no resistance but her tears; until one morning—I
tremble to relate it—after a long altercation about a
swing that was determined to have, and which
resolved the poor mother combated on account of the
expense—he raised his hand—the hand that now
should have cherished and protected her, and struck
his mother! She attempted not to ward off the
blow; grief and surprise enchain her, as with
strong iron bands; she uttered not a word, she
breathed no sigh; but down her deathlike cheeks
the flood of sorrow rolled, by angels seen and pitied.

Again and again his hand descended on the unresist-
ing form of her who for him had borne so much;
then her attenuated figure slightly swayed, and she
fell fainting upon the carpet. At that sight grief
and remorse chased the evil spirits possessing him;
he sprinkled her pallid face with water, and finding
no signs of returning consciousness, he rushed wildly
into a neighbor's house, and called for assistance.
The kind and unremitting efforts of several neigh-
bors brought back the sufferer to life and pain; she
gazed around in bewilderment, but as her gaze fell
upon Charles, she shuddered and closed her eyes.
He returned not home that night, and for many
days his mother awaited his return in mingled fear
and trembling hope, but he returned not. At length
a letter came, a long, sorrowful, remorseful letter.
He had left his native shores, and gone to sea; never
until years had passed, and he had achieved a name
and fortune, would he return to invoke his mother's
blessing and forgiveness. Ellen wept bitterly over
that repentant letter, partly blaming herself for the
seeds of evil her over-indulgence had sown within
an angel's nature, and deeply mourning her absent
boy.

But Heaven looked down in pity upon her repent-
ant grief; its ministering spirits brought helping
friends around her. Letty grew up a sweet and
sunny tempered girl, solemnly impressed with her
brother's warning example of the necessity and
beauty of self-control. For some years no tidings
came of the wanderer; but at last, a hope-bringing
and affectionate letter gladdened the mother's soul.

Her boy, now a man, was prospering, and in a year
or so would return from the land of gold, with
sufficient of this world's goods to make them all
comfortable. He sent his mother a liberal supply
of money, and his likeness; to his sister Letty a
pretty gold pin of pure California metal. But the
penalty of disobedience was doomed to follow the
repentant son. When he returned to his childhood's
home, elated with anticipation, and flushed with the
triumph of success, the sight of the black crape
streamers attached to his mother's door, sent the
warm blood rushing back upon his heart. He knelt
upon the marble steps, and unheeding the busy
world around, wept bitter tears and cried in his
soul's deep agony: "too late, too late," and here his
sister Letty found him, pale and exhausted—and
henceforth she was his only link to life. He never
married; but when Letty in her turn became the
happy mother of children, he would be a constant
guest at her husband's table; the kindly teacher
and gentle monitor of the loving little ones, who one
and all doted upon "good uncle Charles." His
wealth was freely distributed among the poor and
needy; and, in the autumn of his days, he came to
a knowledge of spiritual intercourse. Since then,
his mournful eyes have brightened, his haggard step
has become secure, his melancholy has given place
to a quiet, holy joy. He holds communion with his
spirit-mother, and her loving messages of recon-
ciliation tell him that his early sin is forgiven, and
that in the life to come, he shall meet with the
beloved one, face to face, and heart to heart!

"Oh, then, that may be reading,
This mournful tale of mine,
If yet thou hast a mother's heart
To be a guide to thine;
Cherish her; lest too late to save,
Thou weep in madness o'er her grave."

ROSS HILL, ROCKLAND, PA., July 17, 1857.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—M. de la Rive,
the celebrated Geneva natural philosopher, is the
author of a long memoir on the aurora borealis, in
which he attempts to account for that phenomenon
in a very simple, and certainly not unphilosophical
way. The distinguished author holds that what is
termed the aurora borealis is owing to electrical
discharges taking place in the polar regions, be-
tween the terrestrial globe and the atmosphere, by
means of icy particles suspended in it there, while
the charge takes place in the equatorial regions by
the direct or the indirect action of the sun. These
electrical discharges taking place constantly, but
with varying intensity, according to the state of the
atmosphere, the aurora borealis must be a daily
phenomenon, although with differing intenseness;
its visibility extends consequently to varying dis-
tances, and depends also on the transparency of the
atmosphere during the night.

Flashes of Fun.

A woman in Jamaica was very fond of going to mis-
sionary meetings, and singing with great appear-
ance and fervor. "Fly abroad thou mighty gospel!"
But whenever the plates went round for contributions
she always sung with her eyes fixed on the ceiling. On
one occasion, a negro touched her with the plate, and
said, "Sissy, it's no use for you to sing. 'Fly broad
mighty gospel,' with your eyes fixed on the corner
of the ceiling; it's no use to sing. 'Fly broad' at
all, unless you give something to make it fly."

A LEMONLESS Irishman was observed one evening
slicing a potato into hot whiskey toddy. "Why,
what are you about?" inquired Charley. "It's punch
I'm makin' dear!" quietly replied Pat. "But what
are you slicing that in for?" "To give it a flavor!"
"What! a potato flavor?" "Sure, and isn't a potato
a flavor, whether it's lemon or patty?"

A CELEBRATED physician boasting at dinner that
he cured his own hams, one of his guests observed,
"Doctor, I would sooner be your ham than your
patient."

A DELICATE INQUIRY.—"I hope you will be able to
support me," said a young lady, while walking out
one day with her intended daughter, a slippery state
of the pavements. "Why—ay—yes," said the some-
what hesitating swain, "with some little assistance
from your father!" There was some confusion and
a profound silence when the lover's colloquy had
ended.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—Seedy sentimental young
gentleman, singing: "Were my bosom as false as
thou deem'st it to be." Watchman: "Come, none o'
that ere; stop your howling, or away you go. The
neighbors say it's wuss than cats."

LEON HUNT was asked by a lady at dessert if he
would not venture on an orange? "Madame," he
replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid
I should tumble off."

FONTENELLE was ninety-eight years of age when a
young lady asked him at what time of life men lose
all taste of gallantry. "Indeed," replied the old
gentleman, "you must ask that question of some one
older than myself."

A FREE MONARCHY.—In a work of James the First,
entitled "True Law of Free Monarchies," it is laid
down that a free monarchy is one in which the mon-
arch is perfectly free to do as he pleases.

REALITIES OF LIFE.—A person being asked what
was meant by realities of life, answered, "Real es-
tate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of
which can be realized without real hard work."

LATOUR MAUBOURG lost his leg at the battle of
Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the
greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pre-
tending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of
your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his mas-
ter, "you know you are glad, for now you will have
only one boot to clean instead of two."

Mr. Rock, the player, once advised a scene-shifter
to get a subscription, on receiving an accident. A
few days after he desired the man to show him the
list of names, which he read, and returned to the
poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said, "Why,
Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?"
"Is it me you mean," said Rock; "why, zounds,
man, didn't I give you the hint?"

ON A NEIGHBORING TOWN-HOUSE in the "Kidentry,"
is a glaring placard. "Persons mutilating these
grounds, fences or appurtenances will be prosecuted ac-
cording to law, or any other nuisance."

WHY MAY the devil be called a perfect gentleman?
Because the Imp o' Darkness can't be (impolite) Imp
o' Light.

THE TWO SMALLEST things in the Bible are said to
be the "widow's mite" and the "wicked flea."

WHAT HAS A CAT that nothing else has? Kittens.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Children should be taught to use their left hand as
well as their right.

Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.
Children should sleep in separate beds, and should
not wear night-caps.

Children under seven years of age should not be
confined over six or seven hours in the house, and
that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people should be made to hold
their heads up and shoulders back, while standing,
sitting or walking.

The best beds for children are of hair, or, in winter,
of hair and cotton.

From one to one pound and a-half of solid food a
day is sufficient for a person in the ordinary avoca-
tion of business.

Persons in sedentary employments should drop
one-half of their food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a
day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging
the chest. We have known three cases of insanity,
terminating in death, which began in this practice.

Every person, both great and small, should wash
all over with cold water every morning.

Reading aloud is conducive to health.

The more clothing we wear, other things being
equal, the less food we need.

Sleeping rooms should have a fire-place or some
mode of ventilation besides the windows.

Young people and others cannot study much by
lamp-light with impunity.

The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use
is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to
them.

WESTERN COURTESY.—Scene: A log cabin boasting
a single room, one-half of which is occupied by two
beds, one containing the "old folks" and baby, the
other, whose duty by day is to stand beneath the
shadow of its loftier mate, laden with five young
members.

Ezekiel.—(In a whisper)—I sware to you, Sary,
I luv you.

Sary.—(In a high key)—Good! Zeke, I'm glad on't.

Zeke.—Will you have me? that's what I want to
know!

Sary.—(Looking astonished)—Here yo? to be sure,
I call'to to.

Zeke.—Well, how, that's what I've been thinking
on; I tolled dat that ef so be he'd go to mill to-mor-
row, we'd got jined next day.

Zeke.—Yer did! well, they say a buss with me.

Father.—(from the bed)—There, now, varmint ef
you've got the business settled, dew quit for to-night;
ye make eloh a racket, a fellow might as well sleep
in bedlam.

Agriculture.

THE CROPS IN THE WEST IN 1857.
The Cincinnati Gazette has the following estimate
of the crops of 1857, compared with the production
of 1849, in the nine great grain-growing States of
the West. The Gazette says the estimates are based
on sound data in relation to increase of population
and ratios of production, and on the assumption that
the crop of this year will be a full average. Of
course providential circumstances may mar this flat-
tering prospect:—

	Wheat Crop of 1849.	Estimate Crop of 1857.
Ohio	14,000,000	20,000,000
Indiana	6,000,000	10,000,000
Illinois	5,000,000	8,000,000
Kentucky	2,000,000	3,000,000
Tennessee	1,500,000	2,000,000
Michigan	6,000,000	8,000,000
Wisconsin	4,000,000	6,000,000
Missouri	3,000,000	5,000,000
Iowa	1,000,000	2,000,000
Aggregate	47,500,000	73,000,000

This shows an advance of 55 per cent. on the pro-
duction of 1849. The increase of population is about
35 per cent., so we have allowed a large margin for
more favorable crops. Looking to the consumption of
Indian corn bread, the consumption of wheat for
flour and seed in these States will not exceed 45,000,
000 bushels, so that there will be, assuming an aver-
age crop, twenty-eight millions of bushels for ex-
portation. This is probably double the amount which
went out of the northwest to the Atlantic coast.

	Corn Crop of 1849.	Corn Crop of 1857.
Ohio	20,000,000	30,000,000
Indiana	10,000,000	15,000,000
Illinois	8,000,000	12,000,000
Kentucky	3,000,000	5,000,000
Tennessee	2,000,000	3,000,000
Michigan	10,000,000	15,000,000
Wisconsin	6,000,000	9,000,000
Missouri	4,000,000	6,000,000
Iowa	1,000,000	2,000,000
Total	53,400,000	79,000,000

This is an increase of 33 per cent., or about the
same with the population. Of this great cereal crop,
fully one-half goes into surplus, partly in bulk, partly
as pork, lard, whisky, cattle. There will be a great-
er surplus in 1857 than in 1850, by full 60,000,000
bushels, which is equivalent to an increase of \$30,
000,000. There will be half the same increase on
wheat, and one-fourth as much on oats. The ad-
vance in hay, which is already much of it gathered,
will be full fifteen millions more, which chiefly ap-
pears in the weight of cattle, horses, &c. In addi-
tion to all these considerations, we must remember
that the crop of 1856 fell below that of 1849 very
much. If our hypothesis of a full average crop
should turn out true, we think the surplus of the
West will be from eighty to a hundred millions of
dollars better than in 1856. There is a full demand
for these, and our railroads furnish a ready and
cheap outlet to all markets.

A SOMEWHAT SIZABLE western man, somewhat ver-
dant, and probably of the Hoosier class, strayed into
the Boston Theatre a few months since. The gen-
tlemanly usher approached him with the intention
of showing him to his seat, for which a numbered
check is always given. In doing so the usher's foot
received a slight compression from the Hoosier's plan-
tation covers. After extricating himself, he asked,
"Your number, sir."

"Wall, stranger, I reckon their fourteens, steel-
peg'd at that," replied the Hoosier displaying one of
the imponderables.

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