



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

AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter XV.—Continued.

Eva entered her grand-mother's room, followed by the pretty mulatto girl, Barbara, and the coal-black Alita. The fidgety old lady gave her complicated orders, which Eva interpreted to the attending hand-maidens; her grand-mother angrily repeating the disrespectful words with which Nelly had assailed her, in the intervals of the weighty business of the toilet.

"Put that basin there—now pour some Cologne into the water, black-face! Hand me that towel, Barbara. You slobber-magell!" exclaimed the irritable old woman, as Alita held up the empty cologne bottle; "you grizzly-headed ape, you! you thick-lipped Hottentot, to waste things in such shocking, sinful manner! Eva, hand me that switch, quick!" But Eva smilingly withheld the switch, and the frightened Alita, giving one bound, stood in the middle of the room, leaving a wide space between her offending head and the wrathful mistress. There she stood, gazing with distended eyes and wide open mouth at the "old one." "You never will be fit to rule these black faces, if you don't gather some strength of character," said the old lady to Eva. "Why won't you let me whip that imp of mischief? that monkey! that two-legged caper-goat, there! Say, Eva, give me the switch!"

"Dear grand-mother," pleaded Eva, with one of her winning smiles, "please forgive her this time, she is a little awkward, but good-natured and willing. It is Christmas, dear grand-mother! let us make all happy around us, let us not cause any one sorrow, this night of joy!"

"Well, well, darling! if you say so, I'll not punish that grizzly head just now. 'Tis Christmas, sure enough; and I ought to enjoy myself, and not be tormented to death by such a lazy, do-nothing set of black faces, ought I? There's that Nelly, I must have a settling with soon. Her impudence is beyond all degrees of comparison. Come, monkey! Miss Eva says I shan't whip you this time; come here, and put on my stockings, ape!" Eva interpreted her grand-mother's pleasure, and the grateful Alita, comprehending Eva's exertions in her behalf, silently kissed her hand; then shyly approaching the old lady, whom she yet eyed suspiciously, she knelt down to put the silken stockings over the outstretched foot. After many delays, and much fussing, the old lady was arrayed to her satisfaction, her sparkling brooch was fastened, her massive chain and watch with its dangling seals, displayed to the best advantage; her fingers covered with rings, (she disdained mittens), and her stiff silk, rustling with every movement. She descended with a haughty step and an erect carriage to the dining hall, there to await the coming of Don Felix. Meanwhile Manuela Gonzales had tastefully arranged the jet-black hair of Agnes in a massive braid at the back of the head, and divided her thickly clustering curls into innumerable small ringlets, and had placed amid the shining tresses a half-wreath of snow-white flowers interspersed with blue. She persuaded Agnes to attire herself in a pink silk, which gave a little freshness to her pallid complexion; she wound a golden chain around her neck, a white lace scarf around her shoulders; then kissing her, fondly declared her "an angel!"

Manuela remained with Agnes until ten o'clock, when her husband called for her. Descending with them to the garden gate, she saw them mount their mules, two attendants following with the children; Manuela kissed Agnes at parting, and promised to pray for her at the *Ermita*. When her friends were out of sight Agnes proceeded to the verandah, there to enjoy the ocean breeze and prospect, and commune with solitude. Don Felix and Eva were seated there; he was obtaining her permission to absent himself for an hour, after which he would return to take her to church. Donna Isabella had sent an invitation to Mrs. Greyson, who, however, the old lady graciously declined accepting. "She could not ride to town in the night, and she didn't trust in moon or starlight." Obtaining Eva's smiling consent, Don Felix passed down the verandah steps, slightly touching his hat to Agnes.

For a long, long time, these two had not been alone. Eva felt painfully oppressed, a sudden moisture rose to her eye, an involuntary yearning of affection filled her heart. "How beautiful and holy are our own unbiased impressions; angel intuitions from the realms of truth! Agnes gazed, deeply reproachful upon her step-daughter's face; gazed upon her, not as shrinking guilt can confront the wronged, but

with the truthful, unfeared gaze of conscious innocence. Thus they looked upon one another in silence; not a word was spoken, but soul read soul, heart gave to heart forgiveness and returning love! Eva advanced a step, with heightened color and a beating heart, the Christmas greeting upon her lips, when the shrill voice of her grand-mother awoke her from the loving dream and resolve. The color faded from her cheeks, her eye resumed its steady light, and with a heavy heart, once more closing upon that suffering face, Eva left, the balcony, and the golden opportunity was lost. Agnes heaved a bitter sigh, and looked out upon the unexed sea, the calm glittering heavens, and prayed for peace!

And where was Mr. Golding all this time? Enjoying the pleasant conversation of the same gentleman whom he had met at the Golden Lion, on the evening of the memorable party given at the *Ri-veros*. They find a strange charm in each other's society; the one inspired by purest, most disinterested feeling; the other actuated by mercenary, selfish calculation. They revolve business plans and future prospects; and before midnight Mr. Golding returns home, for the first time, exhibiting a willingness to entertain company, and submit to the customs of the country.

Don Felix returns for Eva, who throws a white blond veil over her head, and joined by a party of his friends and acquaintances, proceed on foot to the *Ermita*, a joyous, lively company, to whom the winding road will not seem long. The *Ermita* is thronged with worshippers, but they make room for the lovely Northern girl, the bride of Don Felix. Alita has followed her young mistress, carrying the velvet rug, on which the worshippers kneel and sit, there being no pews in those primitive churches. It is more like the aspect of a ball-room than that of a house of prayer. Silks and satins rustle, rich laces gleam, gems sparkle, and bright fans are waved; flowers and perfumes and jewels, love-beaming eyes, and roscate lips that smile bewitchingly; flowers and joyous music, and the hundreds of gleaming wax candles, form a scene of earthly pleasure, rather than a solemn, impressive mystery of a new-born Saviour.

Hark! the midnight chimes ring out—a musical peal of echoing gladness! From the central altar unrolls the curtain that veiled its mystery; a humble sylvan scene appears; sloping hills and fragrant grass surround a manger, whose open door reveals the inmates; the carpenter Joseph, with his tools by his side, the emblematic lily-staff in his hand, gazes in adoring silence upon the new-born babe, unconsciously sleeping in the Virgin mother's lap. Oxen and asses share the humble tenement, but angel forms are floating in the air, peering into the open door. The censor swings, the cock crows shrilly, announcing the infant's birth; the unseen music peals forth joyfully, and the Christmas hymn is sung by the assembled multitude. Then the crowd disperses to seek pleasure and amusement, and the hospitable ceremonies of the night commence. Mirth and dancing, feasting and song, abound in Donna Isabella's mansion, but her brother, with a chosen party of friends, proceeds with Eva to the *Castiglio*; there they partook of the Christmas supper, but Donna Isabella comes not to grace the table. Apologizing for her, Don Felix tells them that she did not leave town, but heard the midnight mass in one of the churches there.

Mrs. Greyson relaxes somewhat of her studied frigidity, and is very amiable and talkative, Don Felix and Eva acting as her interpreters. Mr. Golding is affable and condescending, polite and attentive to his wife. The kind-hearted, thoughtful Manuela has returned from church to the *Castiglio*, and sits beside Agnes at the hospitable board. Her children are sleeping in Agnes' chamber, watched over by the faithful Nelly, who loves all that love her mistress. Eva is surrounded with attentive cavaliers, but her grey eye beams love but on the one; a conscious dignity is in her manner, but a restless feeling at her heart, reproach, when she looks at her step-mother, an undefined dread when she meets the proud glance of the handsome Anita Fernandez fixed so meaningfully upon her face. Amid the glittering plate and crystal, the alabaster vases and their fragrant guests, the choicest delicacies and delicate porcelain, the gleaming lamps and rare festoons, the heart of Agnes is not at rest, and in her breast quivers and shrieks the spirit-chorus of feeling—the

"Lyre strings; quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh! colder than the wind that boozes
Pours, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd." Moore.

Gloomy, thought darkens the brow of Maurice Golding, and furrows his cheeks; care broods within his heart; loss upon loss is diminishing his ample resources, the goddess Fortune frowns, and trembles for the future. He has endeavored, by every available means, to uphold the credit of his house, but in vain. Accustomed to unvarying success for years, he has trusted, blindly and arrogantly, to the fickle dame, whose bandaged eyes see not his inward misery. Two valuable cargoes, on which there was no insurance, have been lost within the year. Several persons have defrauded him; he has collected all his outstanding debts, and they are insufficient for the demands upon him. True, he might retrench his lordly style of living, and, selling *Castiglio del mar*, remove to a humbler dwelling, dismiss the retinue of servants, and live as he once did, before wealth poured in upon him. This the true-hearted Agnes would have counselled him, but he made her no confidante of his troubles and business cares. And for Maurice Golding to descend from his lofty and envied pedestal of wealth and station—never! A false pride and a false ambition possessed his soul, impelled his energetic will; he would be rich and respected, looked upon as powerful, influential, influential in standing; all other aims of life dwindled into insignificance beside this master passion of his soul. Plans and schemes were resolved upon, with his aged mother, who was his only confidante, and whose shrewd mind suggested many an opening, that even his business tact often failed in seeing. But troubles thickened, and a dire and heavy fall appeared inevitable. To meet his pecuniary embarrassments with manly fortitude, to meet his unavoidable failure with honest firmness, to forgo the luxuries of years, and retire to comparative seclusion, was impossible to Mr. Golding; at least, he reasoned himself into that belief, and was firmly sustained in his false views by his plotting and ambitious mother, from whose breast he had derived the pernicious belief, that appearances were life's only aims; wealth its only happiness, elegance and luxury its highest attainments.

His manner towards Agnes became suddenly affectionate and repentant. In the silence of their chamber he entreated her forgiveness for the unmanly act of which he had been guilty; he listened with respectful attention to Agnes' exculpation of herself, and pronounced the letters found in her possession to be a forgery, promising to exert all his influence to find the perpetrators and enemies of their mutual peace; he completely vindicated the character of Frank Wylie, and expressed his regret for his former unjust opinions in regard to the young clerk. The almost heart-broken Agnes listened in delighted astonishment to his outpourings of remorseful love; with fast flowing tears she raised her husband from the kneeling posture he had assumed, tenderly kissed his brow, and promised unconditional forgiveness. All her love gushed back to her heart in a joyful tide, that swept away the gloomy past, and loved the sunrise shore of a flower-decked future. He was repentant, truthful and loving as of yore, in supplication at her feet; he, the proud, unbending, was still her own loved Maurice! repentant and humble before her! Agnes prayed and wept in the fullness of her gratitude to heaven.

"My gentle, forgiving Agnes!" said the husband, fondly straining her to his breast; "show me no more that pale, suffering face, nor seclude yourself from observation. You, who are the rightful mistress of this place, and my own best friend! let me henceforth see you happy; the clouds that a base calumny placed between us have been banished by the strength of affection. Never again shall so cruel a misunderstanding estrange our hearts; never again, my beloved Agnes! You shall be as beloved and as happy as in the first days of our union. My darling, I expect a gentleman to dine with us some day next week; he is one I have a great friendship for; and I know he will prove agreeable to you, who have but little congenial society. He is far-traveled and well-read, a deep thinker, and an elegant speaker, when he warms with his subject. I judge him to be some few years older than myself, but not as blest," said Mr. Golding, smiling and looking affectionately at his wife; "for he is a bachelor, and I have never heard him speak of his family, so I conclude he is a solitary man. We must exert ourselves to render him all due hospitality; you shall invite him to remain with us a week or so. I have rendered him some important services with the custom-house authorities here, and also in some other business transactions; though a poor Spanish scholar, I yet acted as his interpreter, as he does not speak a word of what mother calls 'their heathenish gibberish.' I will not speak to you of his wealth. I know that would be no incentive to friendship with my distinguished little wife; but he is a whole-souled, noble-minded, unselfish being. I want my Agnes to appear in her most becoming dress; and loveliest manner before our friend; I am somewhat peculiarly embarrassed, darling, and Mr. Mackenzie has offered his friendly aid. I know, to a man of his stamp, what an indelible impression domestic arrangements make. He is anxious to become acquainted with my lovely wife and Eva, and mother of course. He has only seen *Castiglio del mar* from a distance, and he says, that with such a home, and such a wife as I have described you, I must be supremely happy. Do not baffle my words, dearest, by appearing sorrowful and absent-minded, but be again my own, loving, happy, contented Agnes."

Agnes smiled, and promised obedience; already, the rose-tint revisited her cheek, her soft brown eyes shined with the sun-light of a love-blessed heart, as she bade her husband choose from among her dresses the one most to his taste, and to select the ornaments he desired her to wear on the occasion of the stranger's visit. Gaily Mr. Golding acquiesced, demanding the key of her wardrobe; he pondered long between a rose-colored satin, and a blue crape, finally deciding in favor of the "celestial robe," as he called it, and telling Agnes to wear pearl ornaments, and diamonds in her hair. "But I want your eyes to outshine the diamonds, remember that," said he, as he kissed her fondly, and left the room.

A sweet content, a lulling sense of purest happiness restored, filled the long-suffering heart of the gentle wife; she followed her husband to the verandah, where, after a long, lingering embrace, she watched his retreating form with love-illumined eyes and proudly beating heart. Poor Agnes!

More joy awaited her that day. In the evening, while seated on the verandah, Mr. Golding led his daughter to Agnes, with the words: "My love, I have had a conversation with Eva about the unhappy affair that plunged us all into so much trouble and misconception. Eva is sorry for having wounded your feelings in any way, and now desires a reconciliation."

Agnes looked up, delight and wonder beaming from her eyes. Eva was gazing steadily but sadly upon her. In that glance Agnes read the conflict of the young girl's soul; prejudice battling with affection, yearning tenderness with doubt and distrust. But Eva's lips parted with her own winning smile, her hand was outstretched. Agnes forgot all things, save the soulful smile and outstretched hand, those sweet tokens of reconciliation; and, bursting into tears, she clasped the young girl to her bosom, and held her there, long and tenderly. Eva stirred not; gentle, holy emotions leaped to her heart with a renovating influence of peace; upon her tearful vision beamed the shadowy countenance of the departed, smiling approval; and the maternal hand seemed resting upon the bowed head in soothing benediction. Silently Eva returned the loving kiss Agnes imparted on her brow; and, hand in hand, the two sat down, the golden moon-beams irradiating their lovely faces with a glorifying power. Mr. Golding regarded wife and daughter with well-pleased attention, but his smile was strange and peculiar.

When Mrs. Greyson came in, Eva withdrew her hand from the loving clasp of her step-mother, and glanced at Agnes with a deprecating look. The gentle heart understood her; she was not to manifest her yearning love, and was to refrain from demonstrations of affection in the presence of the jealous grandmother. But even Mrs. Greyson was comparatively cordial; she offered no apology, and attempted no reconciliation; she was too proud ever to acknowledge herself wrong, or even mistaken; but she had not spoken to her daughter-in-law for months, and now she politely addressed her, and smiled graciously upon her replies.

So passed a never-to-be forgotten week. Eva again visited Agnes in her own room; even Mrs. Greyson would sit there and converse awhile. Nelly was in grateful ecstasies: "Shure, an' it wur me prayin' for the blessed Virgin has brunged all right. She wasn't a goin' to lave the sinate, purty young mistress a frettin' an' a fashin' herself for iver an' a day, beadin' an' shure the epereets of them as is saints in glory, wud be intercedin' wid the Howly Mother, an' that bhrunged the old mistress' heart in the right place, shure; an' Miss Eva, the darlin', an' the master, an' it's a fraid Irish jig it is goin' to dance to night, mistress, honey, an' pray to all the saints, an' give the prastor a dollar for the souls in purgatory. Et only the 'ferret eyes' keeps out o' me sight, it's a blessed, happy cruther Nelly 'll be, thanks to the Howly Virgin!" and Nelly devoutly crossed herself, and embraced her young mistress in exultant glee. (Full of gratitude to the old lady for her reconciliation with Agnes, Nelly discarded her favorite phrase, and most respectfully substituted the "Good old mistress," severely rebuking Alita for her adherence to her favorite word, *vieja*, (old one). Humble and submissive; the dapper little woman offered her services, newly crimped and fluted, the old lady's cap, and waited upon her with all the old affectionateness of her disposition. Poor, Nelly! In the exuberance of her joy, she went to the kitchen, and there, in expressive pantomime, proclaimed the family reconciliation, in token whereof she gave a quantity of coppers to Alita, and a small present in silver to each of the servants.

A happy week passed thus; a week of dream-like joy to Agnes; one of those fair, green resting places to which the eye and heart can turn, unfeared the world's intrusion, or disencumbrance's withering touch. Donna Isabella and Miss Gilman had gone to Valencia, to superintend the repairing and furnishing of the house, and Don Felix accompanied them. Their dark faces intruded not upon Agnes' happiness; her step had regained its elasticity, her eye its youthful fire, her heart its banished hopes. A peaceful Eden bloomed around her, that charmed weeks of happy dream-life. No presentiment intruded, no alloy of doubt or fear clouded its serene, blue sky.

It was on a moonless but star-bright night, that Mr. Golding was absent from his home. (He had left the *Castelo* soon after dinner on business, as he said, for a neighboring plantation.) An unaccountable restlessness had taken possession of Agnes; her husband had requested her not to await his return, as he might not come home till morning; he had announced to her the arrival of the stranger, Mr. Mackenzie,

for the morrow, and desired her to make every preparation for his reception and comfort. But Agnes could not go to rest; though the air was fragrant, the sea murmuring melodiously as ever, the golden near-seeming stars showering soothing influence o'er the moon-breathing earth, Agnes was restless; strangely, unaccountably so. The desire of motion impelled her from place to place; through the silent rooms, and the deserted hall, to the flower-enclosed verandah, thence back to her own chamber, which she paced with uneven steps. Eva had been with her, until late; had fondly kissed her on bidding her good night. Nelly had combed out her long, black hair, and arrayed her in cool, white night-robes; her husband had bidden her an affectionate, playful farewell; the stern old mother had smiled and chatted with her; now, the heavens were beaming serenely; her snowy couch with its drooping curtains of cloud-like lace, beckoned invitingly; her lamp of cocoa nut oil burnt low and dim, proclaiming 'midnight past; but Agnes could not sleep, could not even sit still. An unseen influence seemed to impel her footsteps and send her thoughts toward the flowery bath-house. "What should I do there at this hour?" she reasoned, striving to overcome the impulse. "I do not wish to bathe, there is no light there, and I may step on some venomous reptile, or 'creeping stuff' as my mother-in-law says. Nonsense! I will not go." But stranger and stronger grew the impression, that go there she must, and without delay. Irresistibly attracted towards the quaint little building, yet smiling to herself at the romance of such an expedition, Agnes threw a large blue shawl around her, and left her sleeping chamber, taking with her no lamp, but guided by the "light of stars."

She passed quietly down the broad steps leading to the garden; stepped lightly over the flowery beds, put softly aside the entangling bushes, and clustering, fruit-laden boughs, and stood before the little edifice with its flowery archway and rustic bench.

All the household slept; not a sound broke the solemn stillness, save the ocean's greeting to the pebbly shore, save the breeze's message to the prayerful flowers, bending in adoring beauty beneath the love-glances of the watching stars. The inside shutters of the cool retreat were closed; that is, those on the front; but Agnes saw a light glimmering within. She drew back with a start, but her's was a strong, brave nature, that harbored no superstitious fear. Going to the left side, she beheld the shutters unclosed; advancing on tiptoe, Agnes peered in, the window being alight on a level with her head; she drew back in astonishment, and with a hasty exclamation, "Maurice Golding in earnest conversation with his mother, sat upon the edge of the cool, flower-environment tank; the old lady in a dark dressing gown, with a crimson shawl thrown around her, a silk handkerchief around her head, sat upon a cushion; her son sat on the ground before her, holding a lantern between his knees. Agnes would have returned, deeming it unworthy of herself to act the spy upon the secret conferences of mother and son; but the same uncontrollable influence that guided her there, girded her around, as with an impassible magnetic chain. Her feet seemed rooted to the spot, she could not flee! Her every thought seemed concentrated on the inmates of the little building; with heaving bosom and crouching form, she listened to their conversation; listened attentively and yet reluctantly; every low-spoken word reaching her ear with a terrible distinctness, implanting poisoned arrows within her breast!

"I tell you, mother, a crisis has arrived, and this is my only chance. You know Don Felix and Isabella—here Agnes lost a few words. "So," she heard her husband continue; "her claim is settled and they can never find any fault with me. I should not have made this sacrifice, but out of consideration for you, mother, who are so anxious for Eva's happiness. We must have the wedding soon; before my affairs are bruited about. You can manage all, mother!"

"Yes, yes, whenever you're in a scrape, then all is left for your poor old mother to manage. Well, I'm your mother after all, and shall cling to my Maurice, through thick and thin; not as your wife says, 'only love you as long as you're worthy, and act from principle.' Pooh! stuff that proves there is no love like a mother's, or I should have deserted you years ago!"

"Do not let us go over that ground again, mother," peevishly replied her son. "I am what your example and surrounding circumstances have made me, that's all. I can't live in a cottage, on humble fare. I love ease and luxury too well, and I must and will have comfort while I live. This life is all my certainty—of the other I have no proofs—"

"Hush, hush, Maurice," cried the old lady glancing uneasily around. "Don't tempt Providence! we don't know what's in store for us sinners!" "Mother," exclaimed Mr. Golding impatiently, "don't commence any pharisaical cant before me. It will do very well before Agnes and Eva. I beg to be excused, if there is any world beside our own, you stand as full a chance of punishment as I do, for your example made me what I am; you implanted in me this love of wealth that has become a passion, this inordinate desire for gain and worldly distinction, without which I were much happier. You but you, mother! who but you?"

"Am I to be reproached for having loved and petted you—before my own soul, too! you ungrateful, forgetful, recreant son! oh, ah! ah!" sobbed Mrs. Greyson, bending her head to her knees, and rocking herself violently. "Is this my reward? poor, forsaken old nobody, that I am! my own son, displaces me to my face! Oh Lord! Oh Lord! take me

out of this wicked world this very minute! Oh, do God Lord! for I don't want to stay in the midst of such wicked forgetfulness. Say, Maurice! am I a Hottentot, or a heathenish black face, or a mule slave, or a china image, or am I a good mother? Say, Maurice, say! I'm as patient as a monument!"

"I don't want to get up a scene, mother, and I don't wish to hurt your feelings; but between me and you, there need be no hypocrisy and subterfuge. You know me for a dishonest man, who might have ended my days in prison. You know that my name in Europe is branded, and that in many places I dare not show my face. You know that I wronged an honest man, and with his means exalted myself to my present station; 'so won so gone,' is a truthful adage; I mean to make one bold attempt, and for this summoned you here to-night. Instead of listening to, and advising me, you give me tears and reproaches. I have enough of that sort of thing from my wife."

"Well, well, I won't worry you with my poor old tears. We're born to suffer, I know. I don't mean to reproach you, Maurice, but I ain't so hardened but I've got some religious feelings left, though I ain't no moral reformer, and universal world-betterer, as some folks is. Go on, my son, I'm listening," said the old plotter, wiping her eyes and ceasing her rocking. "Tell me about this Mackensie."

"He is one of the good, easy sort of people, mother. I have shown him some service, and he is full of gratitude. He is in no business that I can see; but he picks up shells, and birds, and curiosities, and must be very wealthy. He has taken a strange fancy to me, and will lend me a sum of money. With a liberal supply, I may retrieve my losses yet, or at once leave the country, and try my luck elsewhere."

"Yes, yes, it's easy for you to talk of leaving the country; mighty easy. What's to become of your poor, dying old mother? left behind like a worn out travel horse, or a blind old dog, eh?"

"My dear mother, you will go with Eva to Valencia, or remain here, as you please; two homes are offered to you, and as soon as fortune smiles again you can rejoin me."

"And leave Eva? Do you think me a good-for-nothing, promise-breaking old body? Say, Maurice, do you? I love the child too well; how can she ever get along without me?"

"That is her lookout; she'll be married (and off my hands," he said in an under tone. "She did without you some years, and can again. Do not distress me and yourself; you know there is no alternative. I am in a deuced plaguy scrape. There is such a thing as ill-luck. My last hope is in this Mackensie."

"And won't you wrong him by loaning money from him?" somewhat ironically demanded the old lady.

"No; for he has neither wife nor child, nor relative, that I know of. He spends his wealth on the unfortunate; is famed for private munificent charities. It will be a charity to lighten him of part of his gold. I mean to try."

"And you want him to be completely taken with your household felicity, eh? But your reconciliation with Agnes is not all a sham. I can see that; I ain't your blind yet. You've got another love-fit upon you, haven't you, say?"

"Mother! in my soul, I believe Agnes innocent of writing and receiving those letters. My apparent love and devotion render her so beautiful and attractive, that I would always behold her so."

"There! I said so! I knew it! Bewitched anew! You simpleton! any goose can outwitted you. You guzzle down everything. Well, thank fortune, I have more gumption."

"Mother! let us not argue the point. You know Agnes is innocent; you must know; and were I determined to sift the matter, I might perhaps trace the accusation."

"Not to me, sir! not to me. I defy you to do it!" indignantly cried his mother, flushing crimson, while her cold blue eyes flashed around uneasily.

"I have not said anything, mother, but I have my doubts," quietly responded her son. "How much will this Mackensie lend you?" asked the old dame. Mr. Golding applied his lips to his mother's ear, and whispered. "That is capital!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "But I'm so grieved that matters have taken such a turn. And you wish to rivet him, by a display of domestic happiness and conjugal attachment? ha! ha! ha! What a consummate actor you are, my son. No wonder Agnes herself is duped. And he is coming to-morrow!"

"To-morrow, to dinner, mother. I need not enjoin you to see that Eva is, becomingly arrayed. That girl has such plebeian notions. You will act your part well, I know."

"And Agnes; how do you think she will behave?"

"Agnes finds joy in obeying me. I have reported Mackensie as a friend—a noble-minded, benevolent man,—and she will exert herself to please him. Her ingenuousness and simplicity will win upon a man who so reverences the sex. With her pleadings, joined to mine, he cannot resist, if he were at all inclined to aid us."

"Now, supposing that Agnes knew of our plot, what think you she would think of it?" queried dame Greyson.

"I am at a loss to answer your question, mother. I have yet to find out whether her love for me is strong enough to outweigh her love of right. One kiss, and a few words of repentant affection, can cause her to forget blows and accusations. But she believes me honorable, strict of principle. If she find me wanting in those qualities she venerates, she may, relying upon her own strength, repulse and hate me. I've met with one strong-minded woman, and may meet with the second. Let her. I'll be conquered and bribed to by no woman living! She must, then, bear the consequences. But if she submits, as is a wife's duty, without clamor or remonstrance, she shall share in all my advantages, for she is true to me, and that is a rare blessing." The old lady frowned.

"I think you have weighty matters pressing upon you just now. If it were me, I should exclude all nonsensical love-thoughts; it's unbecoming your time of life, anyhow. Let her alone; she'll never submit to what she calls wrong; she's as obstinate as a cornered mule. Don't confide anything to her, but let things take their course."

"That's what I mean to do; but if I leave the country, she cannot remain in ignorance of the cause. She would soon hear it from others, and whether she accompanies me at once, or remains here, I must come to an explanation with her. That I will, I tell her love."

"Don't her! Address her!" cried the old lady, as Mr. Golding, in a low voice, said, "I'll be there."

else to say, besides sounding the praises of your wife, I'd rather go to bed."

"I have nothing more to say, mother. Please see that all the plates are placed on the table and sideboard, and tell Marquita to excel herself with the dinner. I will send a case of wine from town. Let all our black folks be neatly dressed, and get the women to wait at table; the more display we make the deeper will be the impression of our wealth and standing on Mr. Mackensie. Come, mother, let us retire."

Maurice rose to his feet, and gave his arm to his mother. Outside, the pale and trembling listener found the spell removed that had hitherto bound her. With flying footsteps, breathless and trembling, she hastened over the flowery beds, crushing her favorite blossoms in her blinded speed; her long, unloosened tresses flying on the air, the blue shawl dragging to the ground, with wildly outstretched hands she sped—across the garden, the fragrant lemon boughs, the flowering *reseda* striking across her face; up the broad marble steps, along the darkened corridors—on, on, with flying footsteps, tear-blinded eyes, and streaming hair, until she reached her chamber. There she fell upon her knees and prayed, long and fervently; then folding up the shawl and putting it away, she extinguished the yet glimmering lamp, and retired to the inviting couch, but not to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Thou friend of many days!
Of saddest days, of home and hearth!
Will not thy spirit aid me then to rise
The trembling plume of my hope from earth?"

By every lofty theme,
Wherein, in low-toned reverences we have spoken;
By our communion in each fervent dream,
That sought from realms beyond the grave, a token."
—MRS. HEMANS.

The next morning Mr. Golding left the Castle quite early, and the opportunity that Agnes had hoped for, was lost for that day. Agnes had resolved to appeal to his better feelings, no matter what the consequences to herself might be, to boldly confront him with a knowledge of his past life, truthfully acknowledging her sources of information. Her soul seemed nerved with power and endurance; a holy enthusiasm, none less fervent than that which fired the martyr breasts of old, impelled the noble woman in the path of duty. She feared not the impending ruin, the threatened poverty; but she dreaded the fell temptation, the alluring gold-demon, beckoning her beloved husband on the slippery path. Transfixed with sorrow, sore and bleeding as was that heart, it yet cherished the lingering image of a love she had deemed so pure, so worthy! Those tear-filled eyes, from which the beautifying veil was falling, through whose rosy mistiness she had worshipped her soul's ideal, they yet retained the love-light of purity, and were upraised to him above in earnest supplication for him, the erring and misguided. Agnes well knew her husband's impetuous temper; her cheek paler still more, as she thought of encountering his anger, listening to his overwhelming reproaches, as he called her a spy upon his actions, for going what may, the truth-loving woman determined to confess her nocturnal visit to the bath-house, and that there she heard enough to reveal his past to her, and cause her to tremble for his future. It was her duty to warn him from the path of dishonesty. Oh! surely, God would endow her with eloquence; she would forget all past injuries, even if to-day he spurned and blamed her, she would bear it all if he would but listen to her pleadings, if he would but promise to forego his wrongful intentions upon the unsuspecting stranger. In suspense, and grief, and terror, Agnes paced her room, fervently praying, at intervals weeping bitterly.

"My God!" exclaimed the suffering woman, "from my earliest childhood, when first my heart thrilled in responsive veneration at mention of Thy holy name—I dedicated myself to the obedience of Thy laws, to the worship of Thy sublimated attributes, Love and Justice! I have endeavored—oh! Thou knowest how earnestly! to keep myself unspotted amid the world; shall the love I have cherished as Thy best gift, prove my soul's degradation? Forgetting my individual responsibility, shall I share in another's plottings for evil, though that other be my life's best part—my husband? Never! oh, never! I swear it, by the blue heavens above me! I will be worthy of my higher destiny, my immortal portion, though earthly love be buried, and my heart wrecked in the attempt! Father of Mercies! have I been so blinded, so falsely led by false appearances? He, the eloquent, love-worshipping spirit, a disbeliever in the life to come, a mere materialist, dishonest and profane! And this is my fate! I, who yearned for kindred aspirations, and loved him only for his noble soul! Oh, where is truth on earth? and is love, the love I deemed a holy, redeeming angel, is it but an idle dream—a desecrated plaything, for man's leisure hours? Oh! it was my fresh young face that attracted him; the jewels of mind and heart he casts aside with a careless hand. And his mother—that aged woman—trotting on the very brink of eternity, she abets him in his evil schemes! Peace and rectitude and household joy all sacrificed for gold! gold that bears the tempter's blighting mark. Oh, Eva! poor, innocent Eva! so proud, so guileless! poor, unfortunate child, doubly orphaned! For thy dear sake will I endeavor to win him back to the paths of peace—for thy sake, my daughter, for mine, for us all!" But no opportunity offered that day, Mr. Golding was absent, and had left a message for his wife that he would not be home until near the dinner hour, when Mr. Mackensie would accompany him. As Mrs. Greyson and Nelly undertook to superintend all the necessary arrangements, Agnes could enjoy her seclusion unmolested. Even Eva was kept busily employed by her fidgety grandmother, and when, late in the afternoon, she entered her step-mother's room, she found her fully arrayed, Alita having given her some slight assistance. In obedience to her husband's wishes, she wore the blue corset dress, with pearl ornaments on her arms and neck, and pendants in her ears. A rich lace cape was thrown over her white shoulders, fastened by a diamond brooch. A blue ribbon, fastened by a pearl buckle of antique workmanship, encircled her slender waist; and amid the jetty coil of her magnificent hair, glistened sprigs of diamond, that seemed showering sparkling dew-drops over that regal head. Expectation and resolve had flushed her cheeks, had sent a bright, though unsteady light, to her soft, brown eyes. She looked supremely beautiful, triumphantly radiant. Yes, Agnes was beautiful that night; radiant with a spiritual beauty, firm, and proud, and regal in her womanhood's resolve, in her soul's sworn victory!

Eva gazed admiringly upon her step-mother, a glow of gladness filled the lustrous orbs of her eyes, as she beheld the radiant beauty of her dear mother. "How beautiful she is!" she murmured, "and how brave! I wish I could be like her!"

"Eva, my child, look up! You are not well. You are overcome. Oh, my child, you are not looking so wellly on your best friend!" cried Mackensie, alarmed at her strange language, and gently stroking her glossy curls, while Eva hastened forward, and Mr. Golding and his mother drew near in alarm.

But Agnes still clung to her early friend, murmuring in a lower key: "Oh! the forget-me-nots cluster at the water's edge; mother Augustine tends the honeysuckles, and the roses bloom over my step-mother's grave. The old man looks out for the white-winged vesper that is to bring Agnes home! Home to her vine-clad, humble, happy home! There, my friend—my father! forgive me. I am not well; I am bewildered! I have suffered much! I will fulfill my duty—my heart will break—but angels will rejoice in Heaven! My mother—my protector—"

amid the gems that glistened there, a pure, white rose, that fell forward droopingly upon the clustering, jetty ringlets.

With the assistance of Nelly, Barbara and Alita, (Eva of course acting as interpreter), Mrs. Greyson had gone through the momentous business of the toilet. Her stately figure had been robed in stiff brocade, of a bright green, with white and purple flowers, a black lace cape, a very gay cap, and a handsome brooch, costly rings, and a massive chain fastened to, an old-time enameled watch; rendered the old lady, as she herself expressed it, "fit to be seen." The "old mistress" had expended so much time in dressing, that afternoon, that it caused the observant Nelly to whisper to herself, "Shure, an' it's a settin' her cap for the strange jintleman, the old mistress must be. Sumthin's a going on, be-dad!" But Mrs. Greyson's good humor and self-control was what Nelly most wondered at. She only called Alita monkey twice during the whole progress of attiring; only demanded the switch of Eva once; and when Barbara spilt some water on the floor, said, "never mind." Nelly attributed the blessed change to "the howly Vargin's intercedin'."

Mrs. Greyson entered Agnes' room, with a view to criticize that lady's dress; but she found her so faultlessly attired, looking so beautifully lovely, that her only fault-finding consisted in telling her "she had better put on a bracelet; bare arms, with nothing on them didn't look well." But Agnes cared not to display so much ornament, and quietly excused herself from donning any more.

"Only think, Mrs. Golding! if Eva isn't too provoking—I wanted her to put on her amber-colored satin, that's so becoming to her, and her peard and topaz set, and here she goes and puts on that white spangled flayaw, gauzy thing, and those eternal curls, and wouldn't put a thing on her head, but that common white rose. I really can't see what people find in flowers, by way of ornament. I expect I never tried to see, and that's why there ain't any poetry or moonshine in me. Oh, Eva! I'm so afraid your father will be vexed at your simple appearance. This Mr. Mackensie is such a refined gentleman, so used to good society. Do, my gold pet, put on the amber-colored satin."

"Father never notices my dress, grandmother, dear!" replied Eva, with a sigh. Then smiling archly, she continued, "I know that I look as pretty in your eyes, grandmother, as if I had on a queen's robes; and Agnes thinks I look quite beautiful. So I please those I love, what need I care for the outside world; so do let poor little Eva dress as she pleases. You know I dote upon white; it's the angel's livery, and the corals I love, because I love the ocean, and claim affinity with the mermaids." And the young girl gaily kissed her grandmother, and bounded from the room.

"I shall go and sit upon the verandah with Eva, and there await my son and our distinguished guest," said the old lady, pompously. "We are to be presented first, then Mr. Golding will call for you, Agnes," and with that the stately, and for the day, doubly consequential old dame left the room. Proceeding to the verandah, she sat down beside Eva, her figure erect and dignified, her blue eyes twinkling with expectation.

Clear-sighted as affection usually is, perverse ambition blinded the plotting old woman even in the minor details of life, or she would never have suggested to her granddaughter the heavy silks and cumbersome satins, when a pure simplicity so well became her glorious, youthful beauty. As she sat there, arrayed in spotless India muslin, silver stars gleaming amid the snowy folds, a chain of coral twined around her neck, no envious lace concealing her white shoulders, her sculptured arms bare, and gleaming with the ocean's ornament, a single white rose, nestling amid the dark-brown hair, what aid of art or ornament could enhance that girlish loveliness? What gems could vie with the spiritual lustre of those deep, grey eyes? What earth-formed coronet impress the stamp of nobleness upon that intellectual brow? And Eva's tastes were simple as her soul was pure and guileless.

The old lady smoothed her dress, and called forth her most enchanting smile, as her son dismounted at the garden gate, and the awaiting servant helped the stranger from his horse. Arm in arm the master of the house and the distinguished guest ascended the broad marble steps, and stood before the venerable woman, and the blooming girl.

"My friend, Mr. Mackensie—my mother, Mrs. Greyson; this, my daughter Eva," said Mr. Golding. The old lady bowed with a formal courtesy, and took the stranger's proffered hand, welcoming him to her son's house with profuse ceremony and wordy hospitality. Eva bent her head in salutation, and gracefully welcomed him to *Castillo del mar*. But while holding the young girl's hand, his attention was divided between Mrs. Greyson, who volubly entered into conversation, and his friend, who desired to be excused for a few moments, as he was going to apprise his wife of the arrival of their valued guest.

Eva's sweetly worded welcome was therefore lost upon his ear; but when he seated himself between "venerable age and blooming loveliness," as he mentally designated them, he politely confessed to Eva that he had lost her charming welcome, and would she not indulge an old man by his repetition?"

Eva smilingly complied; but Mr. Mackensie started at the first sounds of her voice. That voice, so ringingly melodious, so peculiarly musical, seemed to exert a strange and powerful influence upon the stranger. His face flushed and paled, with some strong emotion on awakened memory; he could not trust his voice with a reply, but listened spell-bound to her beautiful descriptions of tropical scenery and customs; to her poetic narration of the secluded and contented life she lived in the sea-washed, flower-encircled *Castillo del mar*. The usually shy and reserved Eva was talkative, and completely at ease in the presence of the far-traveled stranger. He, the brilliant conversationalist, was silent and agitated, glancing furtively at the eloquent countenance of the lovely girl.

Eva's eyes upraised to his benevolent face, noted the changing hue, and the apparent effort at self-control. She wondered, but it was without fear; that face inspired her with a sudden confidence, as if she had met with some dear, familiar friend, unseen for years. And well was that countenance adapted to inspire esteem and confidence. Matured life and deep thought had furrowed it with lines of care, perhaps of sorrow. The open, benevolent brow, bore an impress of deep religious veneration; the blue eyes beamed with a yearning melancholy; the sadly smiling mouth closed over rows of pearly teeth; the raven hair was interwoven with lines of silver; a beard, half light, half shadow, the herald of time or grief, mingling with its curly blackness, added this expressive countenance, that

was mainly in its revelation of unyielding firmness, and marvellous truth, womanly in its expression of ideal purity and loftiness of thought. His voice was deep and sonorous; his conversation untinged by the melancholy that marked his face and manner; his bearing was graceful and unassuming; he appeared about forty-five years old, was dressed without any pretension, but with the most scrupulous neatness; a heavy and valuable gold watch was suspended by a black ribbon around his neck, and was never ostentatiously displayed.

"My dear young lady," said he, gazing long and tenderly upon Eva, "I owe many favors to your father; but the pleasure of your acquaintance outweighs all the rest. You will not accuse an old man of flattery now; you must be used to compliment; this is the land of the flower language, and of exaggerated compliment. I am your blunt old countryman. You are very very like your father, Miss Eva. But your voice, it has recalled to me the childish prattle of one long since—the voice of one—but I will not sadden you"—his voice faltered. "But I shall claim the privilege your father's friendship allows me, and ask you to sing for me this evening. I have heard of your musical attainments, and long to hear your voice in song. I am sorry that our party will be incomplete; you are engaged to be married, Miss Eva, and your intended is absent. Do not blush, my dear child, before an old man like me. You have my heart's best wishes."

Eva smiled, and with a heightened color, looked up into the stranger's face. The blue eyes were veiled in tears; a loving impulse stirred in Eva's bosom; sympathetic tears trembled in her bright grey eyes.

"I am happy to think I resemble any one you have known or cherished," she said, softly. "Father has told us all so much about you, Mr. Mackensie. I shall certainly sing for you, if you wish it; but you must hear my step-mother play and sing. She has been my teacher, and excels me as the nightingale does the little insignificant wild bird."

"My friend Golding speaks in enthusiastic terms of his young wife. No doubt you are a happy, contented family. It is a blessing heaven has not allotted me, yet am I happy in the happiness of others, and contented with my destiny."

"Have you no relatives, Mr. Mackensie?" queried Eva, gently, as if fearful of arousing sorrowful remembrances.

"I have but one living relative, my child, and that one—but this more some other time. I have been a great traveler, but now intend to settle somewhere, for a few years, at least. This climate agrees with me; and if I could find so romantic a spot as this, I should feel tempted to strike my tent awhile."

Mrs. Greyson, who had been attentively listening to the conversation, though her head was politely turned away, now chimed in with a few words of regret that no houses were for sale in the neighborhood, not even to rent; but she was sure her son would be too happy to accommodate Mr. Mackensie at the Castle for the present; and the future—well, that would bring its own light," she philosophically remarked. The stranger's agitation had escaped her notice; busy with her own thoughts, although intently listening to the conversation, she had not noted the strange impression her grand-daughter's voice had left upon her guest.

"Is your step-mother an English lady, Miss Eva? I forgot to ask my friend Golding. It is so refreshing to me to meet with countrymen and women. But here is your father with the lady herself." And Mr. Mackensie rose to welcome Agnes, who entered leaning upon her husband's arm. Her bare arms were graced by two costly bracelets, which she had donned at his express desire. Her eyes were bent upon the bouquet in her hand, as she advanced to greet the unsuspecting friend. A hasty exclamation from the stranger, caused her to lift those soulful orbs of softest brown; a crimson tide rushed over her face and bosom; with a loud cry of joyful recognition she leaped into the stranger's outstretched arms. He, fondly clasping her to his breast, cried in broken accents, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Agnes! My Agnes! my child! You the wife of my friend? Oh, God be praised! Unerring justice! bountiful Providence! thy love be praised! And I find thee so blest, so beautiful! so rich and happy! My dear, dear Agnes!"

The past and the future seemed swept away before the vision of Agnes. She lived in the joyful present—the joy-teeming, grateful present, that restored her the benefactor of her girlhood—the guardian friend who had watched and prayed, and wept beside her!

"My friend! my benefactor! Oh, God is good!" she cried, still clinging to him, tears flooding her face, uncontrollable emotion shaking her slender frame. Mr. Golding looked on in wonderment; Mrs. Greyson pulled her cap awry, in a vain attempt to comprehend the "goings on." Eva, comprehending all, wept for sympathy.

"My friend," sobbed Mr. Mackensie, "I owe you an explanation and an apology for all this: You will be pleased to know—doubtless Agnes has spoken of me before—that I am a friend she knew when a girl—then only known to her as Mr. Malcolm. My name is Malcolm Mackensie. Compose yourself, my child," he said to Agnes, gently unwinding her clasping hands. "Thank God for this joyful meeting. Do not distress yourself so. Render thanks unto the Giver of all, that I find you so happy, so cherished and beloved! Surely all that renders life a blessing is yours, dear Agnes! God has blessed you, and you are worthy of His bounties. Oh, Heavenly Father, this world is beautiful!" The blue and melancholy eyes were cast reverently upwards; deep, heart-spoken words of prayer issued from his lips. Still clinging to him tenderly, frantically kissing his hands; noble, honorable, and unselfish as he was—the full tide of bitter recollections swept across the heart of Agnes. The last night's bitter disclosures; the calumnies and outrages she had submitted to; her glided misery; her loveless life, the threatening future, the plot against her only friend!

For the second time in her life, self-control and energy forsook her; trembling and pale, she clung to her girlhood's friend; broken accents, incoherent sentences falling from her lips; bitter tears welling from her pleading eyes.

"My only friend! Agnes is happy—happy, now that she has met you. She will be grateful for the favors ones—oh, benefactor! the poor orphan girl is true, is true! Agnes will die rather than prove false to you—to God—to truth! I am the mistress of this spacious mansion, black servants wait on me; yes, yes! I am rich, admired. Am I beloved? Oh, my Father in Heaven, knows; the watching midnight stars have seen—"

"Agnes, my child! look up! You are not well. You are overcome. Oh, my child, you are not looking so wellly on your best friend!" cried Mackensie, alarmed at her strange language, and gently stroking her glossy curls, while Eva hastened forward, and Mr. Golding and his mother drew near in alarm.

But Agnes still clung to her early friend, murmuring in a lower key: "Oh! the forget-me-nots cluster at the water's edge; mother Augustine tends the honeysuckles, and the roses bloom over my step-mother's grave. The old man looks out for the white-winged vesper that is to bring Agnes home! Home to her vine-clad, humble, happy home! There, my friend—my father! forgive me. I am not well; I am bewildered! I have suffered much! I will fulfill my duty—my heart will break—but angels will rejoice in Heaven! My mother—my protector—"

They gathered around in consternation; Eva assisting the stranger to place the inanimate form of her step-mother on a rustic bench. Mrs. Greyson hurried off for smelling salts and other restoratives; Eva taking a glass of water from a table close by, sprinkled the deathly face, and fanned her with her handkerchief. Mr. Golding looked on with a clouded brow and compressed lips. Mr. Mackensie tenderly supported the poor head, around which the loosened mass of hair, with its entangled diamonds, was wildly floating; the rich dress was crushed beneath her; the pearly, bedecking arm and bosom gleaming tear-like upon the lifeless form.

A slight sigh heaved the bosom, a quiver of returning life stirred the eyelids, and Eva smiled amid her tears. With unusual bustle, and a pale face, with staring eyes and hurried manner, Nelly rushed upon the party, exclaiming:

"How! saints and Vargin mother! what ails the young mistress? who's been a fashin' her? what's bin dun to the swate, purty, sufferin' lamb? Let me to her! let me to her! she knows her own Nelly, as vud die to serve her. I brunged her too afore this, me did, shure! let me to her, please, strange jintleman! me is her own maid, me is, sur!"

Mr. Mackensie willingly gave Agnes into her charge; and continued sprinkling her face, and rubbing her hands, until Agnes returned to perfect consciousness, and smiled gratefully upon her.

"Run Miss Eva, honey, and fetch the young mistress's shawl; any on 'em, so she can wrap up, an' git to her room. D'ye feel better darlin'?"

Agnes bowed her head, and looked steadily, mournfully around. Her husband was whispering to the friend of her youth; he was telling him, that the tropical climate disagreed with his wife; that she was subject to fainting fits, and slight aberration of mind, in consequence of any strong or sudden emotion.

With apparent solicitude Mr. Golding assisted her to her own room, Eva remaining with Mr. Mackensie. Nelly following, ran full against the "old mistress" who was entering with her hands full of cologne and smelling bottles, burnt feathers, and hartsbom. Finding her tardy services unnecessary, she emptied her hands into Nelly's apron, and composedly sat down to entertain the guest.

Mr. Golding accompanied his wife to her chamber, and there bid her compose herself, and arrange her dress and to be ready in a quarter of an hour at the dinner-table. His brow gloomed menacingly upon her, and his eyes darted angry flashes; but she heeded him not; fear was banished from her bosom—a high and holy resolve had taken its place.

When Mr. Golding returned to his friend, his brow was calm, his manner gentlemanly and self-possessed. In a quarter of an hour, Agnes returned to the company; her face was still very pale, but its expression was serene, composed, determined. Quietly she greeted her friend, smiled sweetly upon Eva, and gracefully performed the honors of the table. She had changed her dress, and now wore white, without a single ornament, save a light gold chain. She often appeared, deep in thought, and took little share in the conversation. As she stood beside Mr. Mackensie on the verandah, after the lengthened repast had been concluded—its excellence and magnificence having been sufficiently extolled by the guest—she whispered hurriedly: "I must see you to-morrow—do not leave the house before I see you—it is important." He bowed assent; and the evening passed pleasantly. Agnes deeming herself sufficiently recovered to entertain the worthy friend of her youth, played and sang for him. Eva sang his favorite songs, and spoke Spanish for him, that he might judge of the effect of her voice, in the soft, flowery speech of the country. It was high on to midnight when they retired to rest. Mr. Mackensie was shown into a spacious and well-furnished bedroom, silver and porcelain glittering around him, and soft lace curtains excluding the swarming mosquitoes and troublesome flies.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.—From a very old Magazine.—Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a Will o' the Wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little pony because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it.

MODERN POLITIC ELOQUENCE.—A correspondent of one of the Boston newspapers gives the following extract from a sermon recently delivered by a Professor at Harvard University: "Viewing the subject from the esoteric standpoint of Christian exegetical analysis, and agglutinating the polysynthetic blasts of homogenous asceticism, we perceive at once the absolute individuality of this entity; while from that other standpoint of spuriousness synthesis, which characterizes the xenocratic hierarchy of the Jews, we are constantly impressed with the profoundly antipathetic quality thereof."

TALKING THE TALK.—"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocular old fellow, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'Oh, Lord, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast, she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to.' And then, when she goes to bed, she says, 'I've been thinking in my sleep, but I don't want to.'"

Poetry.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY CHARLES MACLAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And wood-larks sing the way—
We love to nod from daisy cars,
To breathe the country balm air—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh and sport—and dance and sing.
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue,
Quoth he "I'm Love, the youth and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in! come in! you saucy elf!
And who's your friend?"—"His friendship's self!"
"Come each—come both, our sports to share;
There's welcome kilt, and room to spare,
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?
"Come tell your errand, if you please;
You look so sour and ill at ease,
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Boredom!" and "Weariness of Life!"
"If such your names, we hate your kin!
This place is full, you can't come in."
Amid the new-mown hay.

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow unwrinkled, fair and high—
With sunburnt face and rugged eye,
And asks you leave to stay.
Quoth he "I'm Fun, your right good friend!"
"Come in! come in; with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

RETRIBUTION.

OR,

THE DOUBLE PUNISHMENT.

In one of the by-streets of Vienna—one not absolutely secluded, and yet not very much frequented—dwelt Master Wilhelm Von Grippgold, a notary public; and, although this was not publicly understood, but generally known, a most hard and gripping usurer.

His dwelling had originally been the residence of an Austrian noble; but fashion, as the fickle goddess will do, had changed her venue to another quarter, and the neighborhood, in consequence, suffered a decadence. The dwelling was therefore left, either for less than half its value, or was—no one knew exactly how—absolutely in the possession of old Wilhelm Von Grippgold.

The fact was, these conjectures took their rise from the fact, that while every other resident in the Strasse found their landlord most punctual in his call upon them, no one had ever seen the landlord of old Von Grippgold. If he had a landlord, it was quite certain, from the nature of the old usurer, that he did not pay him half the value of the house. If it was absolutely his own, there was a mystery as to the manner in which it had come into his possession. There was one thing, the house had the reputation of being haunted—that is, it had a haunted chamber in it, in which no one was permitted to go, because a spirit was said to walk in it at night, and one or two domestics, more curious than wise, had nearly died from fright by placing themselves to watch for a ghost who was polite enough not to disappoint them. Perhaps it was on this account that he obtained undisturbed possession of it. Certainly, nobody offered to dispute his claim to it.

Wilhelm Von Grippgold, many years back, had first made his appearance in the house in which he lived as partner with one Engleheart, also a notary, and reputed as enormously wealthy. He was said to be a miser, and at the time he took Von Grippgold into partnership, it was said that it was with no view of obtaining assistance in his practice or pecuniary aid, but simply to take all Grippgold possessed, and offer him a miserable stipend, as interest on the money he had put into the concern. The terms were declared to be very hard, but Grippgold apparently assented to them; at least, he never uttered a word against them, and if he did feel aggrieved, he kept his troubles and vexations to himself. He performed the task allotted to him with readiness and alacrity, if not with cheerfulness; he, therefore, left people to say or to think whatever they chose, and kept on his way, very much after the fashion of his senior partner and seeming master.

There was one thing he did, and with avidity too, and that was to perform all such parts of the notary's business as he could induce old Engleheart to allot to him. As this involved no increase of expense, and saved the old man labor, Grippgold was favored by having poured upon his shoulders as much work as he could get through. The consequence of this was, that if the junior partner was hard worked, he decidedly became master of every branch of the business. By degrees, he went in place of old Engleheart to attend contracts of marriage, attest signatures, and other such branches of the profession, although there was usually a squabble between the two partners on the score of fees received. Grippgold never brought home the sums Engleheart calculated he would receive; and Grippgold, swearing that he accounted for every farthing paid to him, declared that either the world was growing poorer, or people were becoming niggardly. Engleheart would dance with fury, and would for a week or so go himself, but his accounts to the partnership were no brighter than his assistant's; and as he found himself fatigued by the business, he permitted Grippgold to attend for him, only to go through the same process of antic making and theft charges as before.

Incessant application to his business had brought on violent neuralgic pains in the head, and general derangement of the system; and the medical man whom, with the greatest reluctance, he called in, insisted upon his trying the benefit of his native air; indeed, he said that it was the only remedy by which he would escape sudden and immediate death. He resisted the remedy for some time, but as his headache grew worse, and his depression grew greater, he, with the most unequivocal unwillingness, announced his intention of taking a journey to a village in Bohemia, where he was born, to try and find if any of his family or relations were living. Years had passed, and he had corresponded with none. Only one relative had called upon him in Vienna, but as he wanted monetary assistance, Engleheart kicked him out of the house. From that time the history of his family was a sealed book to him. He had no doubt they were aggrieved at his silence; but he did not for a moment conceive that they

would receive him coldly, for he should return to them with at least the reputation of being rich. So, as we have said, though with a heavy heart, he commenced his preparations for his journey, which was to extend to at least a six-months' absence.

Among the considerations which rendered the expedition to his home annoying to him, was what to do with his child. Yes, his child; for he had a child, and strange as it may seem, he had been married. His hard, cold heart, then, had been warmed by the genial fire of love? Thus it was.

On security of house and stock in trade, he had lent a sum of money to a tradesman who had one daughter, a very pretty, quiet, shy, modest girl, with no will of her own, and easily persuaded to do anything. Her father died suddenly, leaving her sole heir of all he possessed. Engleheart knew this, for he had drawn up the will; he knew the stock in trade and house, when sold, would fetch just ten times what he had lent, although that was a stiffish sum. So he set about speculating how to get it; and after a long and anxious consideration he reflected that he must—as he did—keep a servant; and that by marrying the pretty Madelon Von Alpen—he should obtain all her money, and save the servant into the bargain; for the keep of Madelon, and her dress, would certainly not exceed the cost of a servant with a voracious appetite, and who would have wages, too, in addition.

So, in the hour of her grief, when the human mind is susceptible and pliable, he pointed out to her that she would be left without a protector, and quite alone in the world. She listened to him—believed in him—and when he offered to wed her, she threw herself in his arms, and wept her consent.

They were married, and at the expiration of a year, gave birth to a boy; but for want of proper necessities, and with her mind bowed down to the lowest extremity, by the most unhappy, wretched, and selfish life she was compelled to endure by her husband, expired within a fortnight after his birth. The physician, seeing how matters were going, insisted that the child should be placed with a proper nurse, who was to be adequately remunerated; to insure which, he called in the aid of the government authorities, of whom Meister Engleheart had a wholesome fear; and so the boy at the age of three years old was hardy and robust, and Engleheart then obtained permission to bring him home, where he might be able to starve him at his leisure.

This boy, now five years old, was his trouble, and he mentioned the difficulty to his partner.

"I will take care of him—he be afraid," replied Von Grippgold. "He does not eat much, and he shall share what I have. I will take care of him, I vow."

That point being settled, there remained nothing more for Engleheart to do but to complete his arrangements, and go. Accordingly, the folks in the neighborhood were not surprised to learn that he had gone, though no one saw him go. Yet it was certain he was gone, for no one had ever seen him in Vienna since.

About a month after this, Von Grippgold, as he said, wearied with the boy's noisy play, his increasing appetite, and the necessity of keeping somebody to look after him, sent him away to a German college where education was cheap, and living cheaper—the amount upon which human life could be just maintained being calculated to a nicety. Still the boy thrived; he grew healthy and strong; and while the minimum of food, which all received impartial fairness, killed some, it rendered him as hard as iron.

Years passed on, but Engleheart the elder never returned from his native place, and gradually he became forgotten; the change of the name from Engleheart and Von Grippgold to Von Grippgold only, excited no surprise; and the sole member of the house, as we have said, having united usury to his practice of notary, went on amassing wealth, without ever entertaining the preposterous notion of enjoying it—overlooking the fact that the day would come when he would be summoned away, and all his scraped and heaped riches would be expended in the very pleasures from which he had debarr'd himself.

At the age of sixteen, Leopold Engleheart was summoned from his school to Grippgold's house: the bill for his education and his boarding had reached an item, to part with which made Grippgold have a sore throat; and, therefore, he resolved to discontinue that expense, and make use of the services of the son of his former partner in return for his keep.

Leopold was a tall, well-formed, handsome youth, like his father in feature, but with a bold, manly, captivating air, which his father never had. Von Grippgold, always bony, was now scraggy, and when he welcomed young Leopold home, he looked ghastly, starting and almost screaming at the sight of him. Leopold, concerned, asked him if he were ill, but he replied in the negative, and told him that he had so much altered he should not have known him. Still he trembled excessively, and was obliged to go and lay down to recover his shaken nerves, refusing even to transact a piece of usury by which he would have netted more than cent per cent.

Leopold, in spite of every drawback, was well-educated, and strong enough to stand the meagre fare he had come home to share; in fact, he had gone through a very severe probation for it. He made some inquiries respecting his father, but received short and evasive replies from Grippgold, who said he had heard nothing of him since he went away. Leopold inquired what property he left behind him, and Grippgold grinned.

"Your excellent father," he said, "was as arrant a miser as ever lived, and he would not trust me, so he converted everything he was worth in the world into securities and gold—even to an estimated share in the partnership, which I was sorely put to to meet; but I did it, and he went away."

"Without leaving any provision for me?"

"No; he left me the money to pay for your schooling for one year, which concluded your board. Surely I faithfully discharged my trust, for I have kept you at your school until now, though I could but ill afford it!"

"You have been kind, indeed," said Leopold, with some emotion. "How can I repay you?"

"Oh, I shall make you servicable, I have no doubt," replied Grippgold, with a grim smile.

And so he did, for he kept him hard at work as a copying clerk; and if he did give him a trifle, it was, perhaps, in some unusual fit of generosity—when he had received something uncommon in the way of fees, or a debt deemed hopelessly bad had been repaid to him.

Of course, this young man was poorer than a church mouse; but, of course, he fell in love with a young girl not much better off than himself in fact; his only recommendation was her extreme beauty. He had been with Grippgold three years, and was now in his twentieth year. He was quick, shrewd, and knew as much of the notary's duties as he did him-

self, and was capable of performing them as efficiently. Where he did so there was no quarrel about fees. The miser, Grippgold, had no suspicion of his honesty, though he had that he would soon demand a salary.

It was just after he had passed his nineteenth year, during Lent, and he was returning one night from complaisance for though lively and gay, he attended to his religious duties—a trait in his disposition which Grippgold much encouraged, because it kept him from indulging, or wishing to indulge, in expensive tastes—when he perceived before him a man, dodging the footsteps of a young female. As the young girl hurriedly walked on, the man quickened his steps, and whispered something in her ear. It was plain she sought to avoid him; for she bent her head down, turned aside, and increased her pace to a run. The man then got before her, and caught hold of her. Almost at the same instant, Leopold's hand was upon his collar. A hasty explanation proved him to be a stranger to the maiden whom he had perseveringly followed, and scandalously insulted. Although of larger frame than Leopold, he had to bear a severe lashing with a stick which he carried, and a smart kick to help him on his way, which he took, when released, at the top of his speed. Leopold gallantly then offered his escort to the young girl, which was gratefully accepted, and he accompanied her to the door of her dwelling.

On taking leave of her, she raised her veil to offer to him once more her earnest thanks for his gallantry and his chivalrous courage. Leopold almost fainted at the sight of her exquisite loveliness. As soon as he could recover his breath, he begged her to tell him her name, and to grant him permission to call and inquire after her health. She informed him that her name was Roschen Von Alpen, and she certainly could not refuse so small a request, which in itself was a compliment to one who had acted so bravely in her behalf; and in joy unutterable he left her.

Refuse that request? When about to retire to rest, she sat upon her humble couch, and reproduced every lineament of his noble, handsome face. Dear, gallant, brave youth! Oh! that he would keep his promise, and come again to see her. She kissed the hand he had pressed; and she lay down her face upon her pillow, wondering if ever she should have the happiness to rest it in loving tenderness upon his soft cheek.

He came again, and often, very often, they went to the cathedral together; no fear of her being insulted now. They walked on the ramparts, to the gardens, wherever it assuaged their feelings—that is, when they could be alone—for Roschen lived with an aunt, who would only too often accompany her niece either to teasers, or in her evening walks.

Roschen was an embroidress of considerable skill; but the pay was poor, and though she and her aunt earned sufficient to keep themselves respectably—at least, decently—there was nothing left to put by, and Leopold began to grow restive at his own position, which he considered yet worse than Roschen's; so he determined to strike for a fair and just salary.

Grippgold, however, anticipated him; for, one day, he called him into his inner apartment, where he transacted his knavish usury, and said to him—

"What is this I hear, Leopold? You are gadding about at night with a girl?"

"Sir!"

"Ay, sir; I have it from good authority. It is not respectable, sir! The practice leads to irregularity and infamy. You must leave it off at once. You must see her no more, whoever she is!"

"I do not understand you, sir!"

"Do you tell me you do not ever walk about in the evening with a young female?"

"No, I do not deny it! But the maiden is very respectable, and good and virtuous. I love her, sir!"

"Love her!—fiddlers! Pray, tell me what your love will lead to?"

"Marriage, I hope, sir."

"Marriage!" almost shrieked Grippgold. "Marriage! Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Certainly, I never was more clear on any point than the intention I have to marry the young maiden to whom you have alluded."

"And who is to keep her? Tell me that! Will you? Can you? Do you think I am to keep her as well as you? Do you imagine that because I am ass enough to keep one beggar, I am to keep a dozen?"

"Beggars! Whom do you mean?"

"You!"

"You lie!"

"What?"

"How dare you call me beggar? I have worked, and earned all I have had from you. I should still continue to do so. I ask no favor at your hands. If I marry, I will make my salary keep both me and my wife; I should come to you for nothing."

"Your salary!—ha, ha! What salary?—ho, ho! You are dreaming."

"Not I! I am aware all expectation of salary is now for you hopeless, but Herr Domville, whose practice is rapidly increasing, will give me a good salary to-morrow, if I go to him, which I shall."

"Indeed!" responded Grippgold, with a sneer.

Now, he did not wish to part with Leopold. There were potent reasons for not doing so; and, therefore, he felt disposed to compromise the matter; so, after a moment's cogitation, as Leopold, burning with indignation, was about to leave the room, he said—

"Stay! I cannot wipe off the connection of years in a moment, if you can, and so gratefully. Listen! Give up the girl, and I will give you a liberal salary, for a young man of your age."

"Never, sir!" Death alone will part I and Roschen Von Alpen!"

"Who?" thundered Grippgold.

Leopold repeated the name of the young and beautiful maiden.

Grippgold staggered to a seat, and pressed his hand over his brow.

"It must not be," he said. "Give her up, and I will double—nay, treble your annual income!"

"I would rather surrender my life," exclaimed Leopold, firmly.

Grippgold paced up and down the chamber in evidently painful excitement. Then suddenly, as if he had formed a conclusion, he stopped, and confronting Leopold, exclaimed—

"Have your own headstrong way, ungrateful boy; leave me! and to-morrow be it. But you cannot remain in Vienna. You know my influence, and you know that to oppose my wish, is, if I choose it, to place you in a dungeon. Drive me not to so desperate an act! If you attempt to stop here after to-morrow, be prepared for the inevitable consequences. Go! Speak to me no more, unless it be to acknowledge your error, crave my pardon, and, in future, be guided in your conduct solely by my direction!"

"I met your threats at defiance!" cried Leopold, indignantly. "I shall not as circumstances may direct me, and do not fear the utmost evil you can do me!"

He hastened out of the room and went into his office, where he fulfilled his usual duties, and in the evening he had an interview with Roschen, to whom he detailed all that had passed. When he spoke of Grippgold's emotion at the name of Roschen Von Alpen, the maiden mentioned to him, with blushing cheeks—though she was sad at the recital she had heard—that she had made a confidant of her aunt, and told her of their love, and that the good, kind creature had not scolded her, only given to her many long lessons of prudence; but she had mentioned that a cousin of her's had married one Meister Engleheart, a notary, and that she wondered if Leopold was related to him.

Leopold would now see the aunt, and pretty Roschen, pressing his fingers with her own soft, gentle hand, led him to her, when a general explanation took place, and Roschen confessed to Leopold, in presence of her aunt, that his love for her could not exceed that she bore for him—nay, he was the very life and centre of her hopes, the animating impulse of her being—that she not less adored than loved him.

After the emotions occasioned by this love-confessing had subsided, the aunt proceeded to relate the history and the fate of Madelon Von Alpen, who wedded Herr Engleheart, a notary, and died shortly after giving birth to a child, which had been christened Leopold; and since then all trace of them, father and son, had been lost. Leopold knew now that his mother had been a relative of Roschen's, and that endeared her yet more to him, and impelled him to persist in his determination to make her his bride, as soon after he was established with Herr Domville as possible.

It was late when he parted with pretty Roschen, and on reaching the house, which was no longer to be his home, he found it closed against him. The door through which he usually passed at night was fastened securely, and he was left to the streets, or to obtain a bed where he could. But he was not to be so baffled; and, knowing of a window at the rear of the premises, not usually secured, he glided round to it, found it to be unfastened, and, clambering up, was once more within the house, and with stealthy steps he stole towards the sleeping chamber he always occupied, but found the door locked and the key removed. He was now uncertain what to do or where to go to sleep the night away; presently a thought seemed to strike him, and, slipping off his boots, he proceeded, on tip-toe, along the corridor.

It has been stated at the commencement of this tale, that a report was abroad that the house possessed a haunted chamber—the chamber in which, when there, Herr Engleheart, Leopold's father, always slept. It was said a tall figure, all in white, wandered up and down the apartment at the midnight hour; and some domestics asserted they had seen it, but that was long ago. Leopold had seen nothing of the sort, and had no belief in its truth. There was, to be sure, one strange matter in connection with it, which was that Grippgold would have the bed within the chamber made every day and kept warmed. His reason was, that he would not believe in the death of Engleheart, and was not sure he might not return some day unexpectedly, and at a moment's notice. It was to this chamber and to this bed that Leopold took his way. He groped his way there; and gained it in safety, and without disturbing any one. He threw off his clothes, and was soon within its comfortable embrace. He, however, could not sleep. The thoughts of what had that day transpired, and the future which lay before him, kept him awake until the deep notes of the cathedral bell told the hour of midnight.

The last stroke of the clapper was yet vibrating in his ear, when he became conscious of the glimmer of a light at the door of the room which he had gently closed. What was his surprise to perceive that door open noiselessly, and a tall, gaunt figure, clad in white from neck to heels, enter the apartment. At first, he could not distinguish any visible shape; but he saw the hard, grim features of a man, around whose head was bound, in many folds, a white cloth, and, who in his hand bore a lamp. Leopold felt a strange sensation at his heart—a species of shuddering dread—which he could not subdue, and, as the figure drew near, he half rose up in the bed and watched it with intense attention. It was strange that the phantom, if such it was, did not turn its face towards him; but seemed to regard an antique cabinet, which stood in the chamber, with steadfast gaze. For a moment it stood motionless; and then, in a hissing whisper, the creature exclaimed—

"The hour has come at last. He must die! It is his son who has doomed him. My soul sickens at the task;—yet it is but to compress the old man's throat with both hands, and squeeze—squeeze—squeeze, until life has gone, and I am free from further torture and dread of discovery. Yes, it must be done—it must be done! All I have toiled for is lost without it. It must be done!"

Setting down the lamp upon the floor, the figure proceeded to the cabinet, and pressing a spring, the top portion slowly revolved, and disclosed an opening. Almost immediately Leopold felt a chill, cold air rush from it into the room; at the same time, almost to his consternation, he saw that the phantom was no other than Grippgold.

He yet remained perfectly motionless in the bed, when he saw him gaze into the opening, and utter, in a hoarse voice, "Engleheart, I come to thee!—but for the last time!"

Ere he had time to move, Leopold leaped from the bed, and seized him by both wrists. He glared at him in the face, and said, "Villain! what is the meaning of this?"

Grippgold uttered a yell of horror, and, catching sight of Leopold's features, screamed out the words, "Retribution! Retribution! Retribution!" and fell in a fit backwards upon the floor—the hold which Leopold had of his wrists, however, serving to break the violence of his concussion with the ground.

Leopold now shouted for help, but there was only one old woman in the house. He, however, as soon as she came, despatched her for assistance, and very quickly several neighbors entered, as well as two or three gendarmes or night-guard, together with a medical man, for Grippgold yet remained in his swoon.

"Come, one of you, with me," exclaimed Leopold; "let us search below. There has been foul play!"

Seizing the lamp, he sprang through the opening, followed by one of the officers, and, descending a spiral staircase, came, on reaching the bottom, into a species of cell, from which a faint, dank smell arose. From the haste with which he descended, his lamp was all but extinguished, and he had to pause a minute before he could distinguish any object, although he heard a feeble cry, as it were, of joy proceed from

one corner. Elevating his lamp, he saw extended upon some wretched straw, and partly covered by an old blanket, the figure of an aged man, with long, white hair, and a lengthy white beard, who was chained to the wall.

"God has, at length, heard my prayers!" he exclaimed, in a faint voice. "You have come to release me! Oh! that villain Grippold!"

They were, however, anxious, unable to release him from his chain; but he pointed to a key, hanging on a nail in the wall.

"The key of these accursed chains is there!" he exclaimed. "With a devilish refinement of cruelty it was placed there within my sight, and beyond my reach."

The chains were quickly unlocked, and the old man was released.

"Your name is Engleheart?" said Leopold.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I am Engleheart, the notary."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Leopold, and clasped him affectionately in his arms. The old man pushed him off to gaze upon his face; and then said: "Child of murdered Madelon, oh! I am unworthy thy embrace! I broke her heart; but in this dreadful dungeon—in this wretched, lonely cell I have sought with my tears, my prayers, to expiate my deep offence. Oh! my Madelon!—my slain Madelon!"

The old man wept and trembled, so that they feared he would faint. Leopold wrapped his blanket round him, and then, lifting him like an infant, he bore him gently upwards, till they reached the chamber where Grippgold had just been restored to his senses, and was gazing with wondering eyes upon those around him. At the sight of Leopold emerging from the spiral staircase with his almost lifeless burden, he uttered a shrill cry, and then fell upon his knees, exclaiming—

"I am guilty!—I am guilty! Pardon!—pardon!"

"You are my prisoner!" ejaculated one of the officers, who had been an attentive witness of the whole of the events which had occurred since he had been first called in, and who immediately guessed the truth.

"I know—I know!" he said. "Yet ere you convey me away, let me make one act of reparation. I am yet free—uncharged with any crime. See, Leopold!"—"He drew from his vest a parchment—this is properly drawn up and attested. It is my will, bequeathing all I die possessed of to him to whom I present it. Witness all of you; I give this my will to Leopold Engleheart, that when I am dead, he may possess all the wealth I have amassed, and which to me has been the source of continued wretchedness, but which to him, I pray, if the prayers of so guilty a wretch can be heard, may be the means of endless happiness. I dare not look on the man I have wronged. I dare say no more; but I dare do this!"

He drew swiftly, as he spoke, a small phial from his pocket, and put it to his mouth. The gendarme was quick, and with iron grip seized his wrist, and pulled it away; but yet he was too late, for Grippgold had swallowed prussic acid, and he fell dead in his arms.

The explanation of the mysterious disappearance of Engleheart is soon told. Von Grippgold had, in fretting about the old antique cabinet, accidentally discovered the spring which revealed the descent into the cell beneath. Engleheart was about leaving for his native village, and the design entered his head to elay him and bury him there. He gave him laudanum in his drink the night before he was to leave, and when senseless, he removed him to the place below, having carefully possessed himself of all his money and valuables. There he laid the body, intending to bury it; but, on the next night, descending for the purpose, he found Engleheart alive; though prostrate from the effects of the opiate; and unable to repeat the attempt at murder, he chained him there, the manacles being all ready for use; and in the hope he would die of the confinement, and thus remove the stain of murder from his soul, he visited him with food nearly every night up to the time when Leopold so providentially discovered him, and thus was the means of rescuing his father.

The body of Grippgold was removed and buried, and in two or three weeks, by very careful treatment, old Engleheart was able to get about again; and soon a radiant color began to take the place of that odious, sallow hue occasioned by long confinement, and he grew quick lively and generous—oh, so liberal! He had learned a terrible lesson in confinement—his miserable habits were all scared away.

Leopold found the will of Grippgold most circumstantial and explicit, and the wealth it conferred upon him enormous. As soon as it was realized and he had removed to another mansion, then, oh! happy day!—sweet Roschen became his willing, joyful bride, loving him so much that her very heart ached with the intensity of her affection.

Old Engleheart became so fondly, passionately attached to the lovely Roschen, that he would scarcely permit her from his sight, and hardly knew how to lavish enough tenderness upon her. He called her his little Madelon—his dear little Madelon—always, little Madelon, and often would he weep bitter tears as he did so. Surely he, as well as Grippgold, had to make, for their misdeeds, ample reparation.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness, and in what direction the secret lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices; her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes! We doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; no woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.

Plums and other fruit stung by insects are now falling to the ground, and should be gathered up and fed to hogs, or otherwise destroyed. In this way a host of insects may be killed. A few years of such treatment will in a great measure overcome the evil.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. H. Weston, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager; J. H. Weston, Assistant Manager. The Orchestra will rise at 7:15 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. H. Weston, Assistant Manager. Engagement of the Kellars Troupe. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7:15. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Engagement of Mrs. D. P. BOWEN. Doors open at 6:15 o'clock; performance, commencing at 7:15. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Hall, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7:34 o'clock.

MELODEON.—Last week of Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages. Last week of Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages. The celebrated dog "Blitz"—Equine Vocal Tunes—Katyke, Little, &c. Every evening at 8 o'clock—Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.—PROMENADE CONCERTS! Three Concerts this week. Tuesday evening—Germania Band; Thursday evening—Germania Band; Saturday evening—Gillmore's Salem Brass Band. Tickets, 15 cents; admittance a gentleman and lady, 25 cents. The Concerts will commence at 8 o'clock.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1857.

LUTHER COLBY & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.
Single copies per year, \$3 00
" " six months, 1 00
" " three months, 50

For club rates, see eighth page.

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

CINCINNATI.—R. DUNCAN is our authorized Agent in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

—NO. 24.—

FIRST PAGE.—Agnes, the Step-mother, by Corn Willmar.

SECOND PAGE.—Agnes, continued; Description of Love; Harvard Pulpit Eloquence.

THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: The New Mown Hay, by Charles Mackay; Introduction, or the Double Punishment; Advice to Wives.

FOURTH PAGE.—Editorials.

FIFTH PAGE.—Editorials: News; Abstract of Thomas Gales Foster's Address, delivered September 6th; Fun, &c.

SIXTH PAGE.—Address through the organ of Thomas Gales Foster, at Music Hall, Sunday morning, August 24. One of our tests discussed under the head of Spiritualism.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Extracts from the Notes of an Inquirer, by J. W. Edmonds, No. 6, a highly interesting article; The Messenger.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Pearls: an original sketch, entitled "Oliver Lee"; "Seven Years with the Spirits," &c.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

A glance at the first page of the Banner, will show you that six months of its publication has nearly been accomplished. We have labored under many difficulties during this term, most of which have now ceased to annoy us; yet we have presented quite a readable paper, not confined to satisfying one taste, but presenting all classes of readers with instructive mental food.

That our plan has met with approbation, we are enabled unhesitatingly to affirm; and if we were to be puffed up, we should find encomiums sufficient, in the numerous letters received from correspondents and subscribers, to cause us to put on a pair of extra high-heeled boots, and a beaver of very elevated dimensions. But that kind of self-esteem which would lead to such extravagancies, has not happened to develop itself on our cranium; we are happy in the conviction that we have performed our duty as well as we could, and at this turn in the tide of our affairs, we look forward to a pleasant future, which will be rendered so by unceasing efforts in the good work.

We commenced without a subscriber—without even having asked one friend if he would take the Banner we were going to unfurl. We had some of this world's riches, and confidence that the plan would succeed, which, when we first began to slip in the school of Spiritualism, had its birth in minds which had gone forward. At the time of which we speak, we were exceedingly incredulous, but as months and years passed on, circumstances changed; and what at the previous time we regarded as a pleasant joke, recommended itself to our judgment, and—the prophecy was fulfilled, and the Banner floated in the world of newspaper literature.

Our Faith, which was guided and guarded by Reason, was not misplaced, and at the close of our first volume, after only six months of quiet labor, without any very extraordinary efforts to crowd our paper upon the friends of Truth, we have a subscription list second in numbers to no paper which advocates the Rights of Man to think for himself, and urges each one to exercise the Deific attribute of his soul, Reason, and to reject anything, wherever, or whenever, or by whomsoever presented, which does not accord therewith, or which infringes at all on the injunctions of the Divine Nazarene, "Love one another."

We have endeavored to steer our bark clear of the shoals of Fanaticism, on which too many good men have wrecked their influence, and by running on which, they have carried the light within their souls so far beyond their fellow men, that they cannot see it. We have preferred to be in the world, that whatever glimmer of light we might have, would be seen by its children, content to move on as they moved after us; unwilling to go out of the world where we were sure they would not go to find us. We have not striven to uproot society or its existing forms, because we thought they were not in accordance with Right and Truth. Dead as they are, they are better than nothing, and they must be suffered to live for those who need them, until we can give them something which they will acknowledge to be a brighter light and more sure guide to Heaven. We have endeavored to inculcate the doctrine that individual reform, individual purity, was the duty of all who believed in the coming of the angels, and that by it, and it alone, would society be renovated and redeemed.

The amount of reading matter we give weekly is our kind, nearly of that of any other journal with similar aims. We have been careful as to quality, and we think that to perfect certain arrangements for a true spirit in the good work, believed in the

Western part of our country, and who is destined to add to his fame in our own portion of the land, which will render the Banner more a favorite with the people.

The distinguishing feature of our paper, "The Message Department," will in future be more efficient, as Mrs. Conant has given up all other engagements, and will exercise her powers for its exclusive benefit, as long as this branch of Spiritualism shall be demanded by the people.

If our present patrons are pleased with us, we ask them to increase our usefulness, by increasing our subscription list. There are many improvements we might make, if our means were increased. There are many minds anxious to give forth Truth through such a journal as ours, but who must earn the bread they eat. We could scatter a few dollars every week in these channels which would bring rich harvests to our readers and the world. But as our days, so must our strength be. If our patrons will put their shoulders to the wheel, they may easily give us Fifty Thousand Subscribers. Let some energetic man in every town take the responsibility upon himself of canvassing his town for us, and the thing is done. In some towns we have such friends—men who have seen that it was useless to "hope the Banner will succeed," but have insured its success by obtaining subscribers for it—by giving us material aid for spiritual wants supplied.

There is not a State or Territory in this Union the Banner does not visit. This is saying a great deal for so young a child—no traveler ever accomplished so much in so short a time—but it is the truth. We want its wide circulation increased in numbers, and wish every man who subscribes for it to act as our agent to attain this end.

In conclusion we will say, that our next number will contain blank receipts to those subscribers whose term will expire with the first volume of twenty-six Numbers. On receipt they will please return them with the money for the next term, when they will be filled out and transmitted.

In order to protect the public and avoid losses, all papers will be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which payment is made.

SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

It is a great error, and a popular one, that there is nothing like association to carry forward any reform, or to advance any measure that ends in the development of the soul. The worst feature of the error is the cowardice and want of trust it begets; as if we were but to lean on one another, and the point would be carried by the sheer force of numbers and organization. Then another element in it is the lack of self-reliance which it so industriously inculcates. When by any means the sinews are extracted from the heart of a man, there is little hope that he is going to do much of anything for himself.

The professed object of associating together in the pursuit of reforms, is that the work may be done more thoroughly and speedily. Certainly no candid person supposes that the object is to divide the labor and shirk the responsibility. And yet the practice is found to lead, by almost certain steps, to such an unfortunate result. What is everybody's business is nobody's business; and the homely rule holds as well in morals as in the purification of a city.

Emerson says in his fine Essay on Self-Reliance—and we wish Spiritualists would study the writings of Emerson more than they do—that there is no real advance of the individual by the resolutions and action of assemblies. A man must fall back on himself, and begin the work of purification in his own heart. "Work out your salvation, with fear and trembling." "In like manner," says Emerson, "the reformers summon conventions, and vote and resolve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the God design to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town."

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

Our institutions have first expelled the courage from our breasts, and afterwards taught us that we can hope to do nothing but through their means and instrumentality. It is all wrong, from beginning to end. We must first of all learn to go alone. Between our souls and God, no others may seek to interpose their feeble helps.

Now-a-days, if a new plan is to be put into operation that is designed to benefit the public, the incalculable power of association is brought in to give it a push along; and men confusedly reason that as it is in politics and police matters, so must it be also in spiritual development. They do not stop to consider that the two subjects are very wide apart, and no-wise related. To protect our property and our lives from malicious assaults, we may require the machinery of associations and organizations; but to develop the gifts of the soul, to open the doors within which doubt and darkness have hitherto taken up their abode, and let in the sunlight of truth to make the path of life clear, and the conduct of life radiant and beautiful, requires no efforts of meetings and assemblies—nothing but the perpetual and prayerful aspirations of the soul itself towards God and his indescribable purity.

Social converse, we know, is a pleasant excitement, and may be profitably turned to account in the work of regeneration. So are the comparisons of views and experiences at public conventions and assemblies; and they tend to provoke additional exertion in the line of improvement. But the danger is that in these public meetings the individuality of a man soon finds itself swallowed up—absorbed entirely; after that, a spirit of ambitious pride steps in and suggests rhetorical speeches, impressive resolutions, and carefully prepared reports, through which the real spirituality and essence of the assemblies at length evaporate and are lost. Thenceforth these conventions and organizations become one-sided and partisan, and not all-sided, throwing out their sympathies as well for the individual as for the entire world. Useful as they are, it is not to be denied that they are too apt to depart from their original object, and that they will always continue to do so as long as they are looked to to initiate and carry forward spiritual reforms.

Napoleon used to say, that there was but one true way for the soldier to follow, if he would conquer in battle; he must throw away the thimblebrains with which he was overloaded, and fall back upon his naked, personal resources. An army made up of such men, he believed, would be always invincible. So with individuals in the battle of life. They must first be the conquering habit of leaning on extraneous

stays and supports, and fall back upon their own souls. Reform, if anywhere, is to begin there. There is, where it is to be properly initiated. There is where the thorough and entire work is to be accomplished.

For, look thoughtfully at it; if every individual has become pure, seeking only his own highest, and most permanent good, setting up, an example that illumines the worldly—waste all around him, and showing to all other men the beauty and perfect peace that *God*, and not *conventional* Spiritualism creates for his enjoyment—is not the world reformed already? And what need of conventions then? What will they find to do, when the very object of their organization has been accomplished, and without their aid, too?

It will do to bestow on these things a sober, second thought. It is claimed for Spiritualism by those who are devoted to its spread over the world, that it is the surest agent by which the chains of religious tyranny will be broken; that it will speedily abolish everything like partisanship in matters pertaining to the soul's highest welfare; and that perfect freedom, (not license, as its enemies blindly insist,) will become the sure possession of every man's spiritual nature and aspirations. The first precaution, then, to be taken is, lest its friends and advocates stumble into the same pitfalls of error, and uncharitableness and bigotry, that have characterized the history of all religious organizations since the dawning of the Reformation.

If they accept the worn-out customs of these organizations, such as this in particular of trying to get on through conventions rather than through individual effort and aspiration, their hopes must fall to the ground. In spiritual growth there can be nothing but freedom in every direction. No conditions will answer as appendages, save those which the good Father has incorporated with the spiritual nature. Leaning on one another is no way to develop one's self. Social converse is sweet, and we know how profitable it may be made; the sympathy of the assembly is warming and stimulating to the soul, for the time being; but after these always comes silence; temptation offers only when the soul is unaided; then obstacles chiefly arise in the path, and then the temper of the nature is most severely tried. And unless the previous discipline and training have been of the individual's own self, all the sympathy of the assembly goes for naught. Conventions and resolutions help a man nothing then.

We ask our friends to carefully consider these things, and see if they be not so. Let them pursue self-knowledge, and so will they become wise indeed. Let them not hope to reform and spiritualize the world by means of the empty formalities of votes and resolutions; they can hope to effect such a work only through themselves—through their own examples—through the persuasive precepts which their lives inculcate from beginning to end.

An error like that which is so palpable in the history of sectarian organizations, is to be avoided by true Spiritualists as a fatal one for them. We believe that God will work through his own appointed means; but we do not believe that those means are such as have proved themselves to be merely of man's invention, and entirely incapable of working the reformation so long needed in the heart of every individual, and, of course, of the world.

CV.

There is a writer in Plymouth, who, over these mystic letters, has published a letter in the Courier from that quiet town on the trial of the unhappy Mrs. Gardner for the murder of her husband. We of course are entirely ignorant of who the writer may be, though we cannot avoid the conclusion that for want of charity, for religious intolerance, and for bigotry—classing them all, as he does, under the head of fealty to the religious institutions of the present time—he is as distinguished among those who know him as any person we ever remember to have seen or heard of. He evidently knew very well what he was about when he forwarded his letter to the publishers of the Courier. There he knew he would have a ready hearing and a welcome.

"CV" undertakes to sentimentalize on the scene presented in the court room. He thinks it astounding that the law should be so powerful, so steady and straightforward in its operations, and so deaf to all the entreaties of even a woman in her suffering. The machinery of the thing it is that imposes on him. And after he gets through his homily and his sentimental reflections, he turns to bestow his attention upon the probable causes of this and similar crimes. Finding himself in the woods, however, on that part of the subject, he is quite unexpectedly fallen in with by a stranger guide, who kindly—two should judge rather officiously—offers to show him the way safely out again.

This is what he says was the cause of that most foul and unnatural murder, suggested (?) by the gentleman over the left, who so opportunely came to his relief:—

"We felt that we were gazing on a moral phenomenon, but before we had time to cast round in our thoughts for an explanation, a plausible one was vouchsafed to us, by a gentleman near, who remarked:—There is a great deal more in her case than will come out in the trial. Her husband was a Universalist, and she has been a Baptist, but has latterly become interested in Spiritualism." That's it, then, we remarked. She found her Spiritual affinity, probably, and no further explanation is necessary, if she has been guilty of the crime imputed to her. But I am trenching on dangerous ground."

We fully agree with "CV" in his final conclusion, he is "trenching on dangerous ground." He has no business there at all. Because he is treading on the bogs of suspicion, and prejudice, and narrow bigotry, and falsehood.

This extract is another fair illustration of the fact stated by us, and pretty fully commented on at the time, in a previous article entitled "All the Curses." Spiritualism, as we said then, has to take all the kicks, all the cuffs, and all the curses. Every case of morbidity of mind, every unfortunate instance of insanity, half the contentions in family circles, and more than half the poisonings and murders that appear in the public prints, are at once set down to the account of Spiritualism; and by men, too, who, like the writer of the Plymouth letter in the Courier, knows nothing of the philosophy, the precepts, or the character of the subject he thinks to handle, but would himself, in all likelihood, be one of the first to become cracked, fanatical, or insane, if he attempted an investigation of its pregnant mysteries.

We are patient with such men; for what other disposition is it possible to sustain towards them? We can only pity their ignorance, and forgive their wrong intentions. If they think they write in defence of the true Christian religion, how little do they know of the gentle and charitable teachings of its founder! They make but poor partisans indeed, and

bring no credit to the cause, they believe they have espoused. If professed Christian Spiritualists should make an exhibition, either in their writings or their speeches, of a title of the prejudice and maliciousness that are every day employed by their oppressors, they would be justly denounced, and despised as a bigoted and unchristian class, who never tasted the very first experience, that pure and undefiled religion brings to the heart.

We ask all these writers who, either through thoughtlessness or malice, seek to defame a cause of which they know nothing: practically, to show any one particular point in which Spiritualism is answerable for the crimes or follies with which they would associate it. Its advocates may err, as human nature everywhere errs; but if their errors beshown them, they are in no sense believers in the cause they attempt to expound, if they do not instantly turn, and confess and correct them. And no other class of persons can consistently lay any claim to a religious profession, if they come short of a practice so universally enjoined by the precepts and teachings of our Saviour.

This reckless habit of keeping up all possible prejudice against a cause, is doomed to defeat itself, instead of making the mischief originally intended. The human mind is destined to work out its freedom. Epithets do not have the force now they once had. Misrepresentations are good only till they are fairly explained. We trust that "CV," and everybody else will try and remember this when they sit down to write against Spiritualism.

SPECULATION.

The land abounds with everything. Flour and corn are plenty, and more than plenty. The granaries and barns are groaning with their loads of harvest; the root crops promise to do their part towards producing the general happiness and contentment that are looked for, and peace smiles like a blessing from heaven over the whole of our fair land.

But still it costs the poor man, who relies upon his daily labor to live, all he can earn to sustain his little family. He must work early and late to accomplish that affectionate end. And not the poor laboring man only, but those who are, as a general thing, able to purchase all the comforts, and most of what are styled the luxuries of civilized life, feel obliged to deny themselves the articles which they once thought they could never do without. Why this is so, when all the products of the earth are so plenty, no longer remains an open question.

In the single article of sugar alone, the prices are kept up without the least show of reason or justice. Sugar is very plenty, and nearly the whole of last year's crop is at present in store. There is anything but a scarcity, and yet the prices are nothing less than famine prices. People deny themselves "sweetening" as far as they possibly can. And some families, to whom it has so long been a necessity, are now compelled to forego the use of it entirely. It is a great hardship, and all the more cruel because there is no necessity for it to be felt at a time like this.

The most complete illustration of the wickedness practised by the speculators in these articles, is contained in the paragraphs below, which we have extracted from the Boston Journal. It tells one in so many words what the actual and exact state of the case is. Sugar enough in all conscience; but the speculators do not allow people to get at it. Cuba never produced a better crop than the present one; and the last year's crop is still unused; stored away against the time when it can be sold for higher prices. But it is evident that this state of things cannot continue long. There must come a reaction, with such an immense stock on hand, and then comes the crash. All who have lent their aid to this iniquitous business ought to lose by it; for it is nothing but a system of gambling, with the necessities of life for the stakes. We believe that man ought not to be kept out of his right to the honest living which he is disposed to earn. The following is the article from the Journal:—

SUGAR AND MOLASSES BY THE ACRE. We understand that there is now stored on the Boston wharf, South Boston, in bond, over six acres of these two articles. There are also large quantities in other localities. What is to become of it all? There is a similarly large stock in all the principal cities of the United States, showing clearly that it was not a scarcity of these articles, now become a necessary of life, that has run up the price more than double within a year.

There is now in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, more than three times the stock of sugar that there was a year since.

We learn that a large wholesale dealer here, who supplies many retailers, reports that he has not sold a tenth part of the amount of these articles this year, compared with his former sales. Very few families use acid fruits this year, or put up preserves, and every family purchases a pound or two, instead of their usual barrel or half barrel. Brown sugars at 14, and white at 15 cents per pound, and New Orleans molasses at 75 cents per gallon, is too high for consumption. Within a year or two, New Orleans molasses has been purchased there at 12-15 cents per gallon.

Since writing the above, it looks as if sugars were to come down at last. And the indications are now that bread is very soon to be within the reach of all. Flour of the best quality is offered in the Cincinnati market for \$5 per barrel, which is certainly as low as could be reasonably asked for. The crops of the present year are splendid; nothing better could be asked. And with the abundant productions across the water, and, of course, a diminished demand upon us, our people will have no obstacle interposed between themselves and a chance to live.

Beef and mutton have likewise fallen in the market and there is hope of snow and then getting a bite. We have been bitten about long enough. The financial crash in New York and the West has precipitated this result—a result which we have confidently looked for this long time. The falling money concerns have kept up the speculators, and the speculators have held back the meat, and grain, and sugar; and the moment the banks and Trust Fund Companies went, it was a signal for us to look for the swift disappearance of the latter class also. They are getting sucked under the current faster than we had even dared hope for.

The people can have no sort of sympathy with a class of men whose occupation it is, and ever has been, to defraud them. It is asking rather too much of the poor man to expect him to entertain pity for the deserved misfortune of those who have robbed him. He will rejoice at the fall of his natural enemy, because it opens the way for him to comfort. His labor he cannot, heard away, as the speculator, aided by the power of the banks, is able to store away his timely purchases. He must use that at once, or it is gone forever. In muscle and sinew there is unfortunately no chance for their possessors for a time speculation.

A falling market, after such famine prices as have been needlessly and cruelly inflicted on us, is something that we hail with delight. When the necessities of life are dear, all goes wrong; the very order of the State seems inverted. But as they begin to recede and come down to reasonable and reachable figures, we see smiling faces all over the land, and we know that cheerful hearts alone provoke them.

There has been no excuse at all for this state of things, from which we trust we are now at last emerging. It has been produced and continued by the power of a combination of men, who do not scruple to gamble in the very sustenance on which a nation depends for its life. If it has only come to a final end, we shall rejoice the more. No crisis can be too severe that succeeds in outrooting and destroying a power whose aims are nothing but destruction to others.

Dramatic.

THE BOSTON THEATRE opened on Monday evening, the 7th inst., with a fine programme and an excellent company. Writing so soon after the event, we have no time to properly jot down our impressions of either the management or the company. It is sufficient, however, to state that Mr. Barry is still at the head of this magnificent dramatic temple, and that he has made such extensive and ample arrangements for every variety of amusement—dramatic, operatic, and scenic—during the coming season, as will insure crowded houses from beginning to end. It is a hard matter to beat Mr. Barry in management. One new feature will prove popular, and that is the reduction of the prices; the seats in the parquette, balcony, and first tier boxes, are fifty cents; in the family circle, twenty-five cents.

THE HOWARD ATHENAEUM is packed nightly with crowds, who are delighted with the personations of the wonderful Marsh children. They exhibit something more than mere training, or even stage skill; it is undoubted that they are possessed of true genius. Miss Louise, Master George, and "Little Mary," are all that could be asked for in such wonderful little witches. They take the house nightly after night by storm. Mr. Marsh may expect a long run of luck in Boston with this incomparable troupe of juvenile artists, and will undoubtedly reap all the profit from it that he desires. We advise every one to be sure and see the wonderful Marsh children. There is nothing like them in this country.

AT THE NATIONAL they are getting on as swimmingly, under Mr. English's management, as could be desired. The theatre is filled full every night, and the plaudits that Miss Lucille and Helen draw down are given with a heartiness and soul that show what favorites they are. This week the famous Keller Ballet Troupe commence their performances at the National, and it is expected that the house will be crammed fuller than ever. Mr. English carries the whole North End with him, and the "Old National" is one of the features that they would not think of doing without, any more than without their breakfasts and newspapers.

Mrs. GLADSTONE continues to attract admiring audiences at the MUSEUM, and has fairly established herself in the good opinion of critical theatre-goers. Her acting is capital. No better stock actress treads the boards in Boston. Mr. Kimball knew what he was about when he engaged her services, and will know enough to keep her. Boston audiences rarely forget their favorites. Mrs. Gladstone has appeared in a great variety of parts during the past week, and in them all has shown a versatility and truthfulness that are rare to be found. Warren still continues to illustrate the performances at the Museum, and the rest of the company are up to the former mark for attractiveness.

ORDWAY HALL is a nice little resort for the lovers of minstrelsy, who do not forget to improve their opportunities. This is the ninth season of the manager. The entertainments are of the most attractive kind, and will make people laugh in spite of themselves. Go to Ordway's, and you will always get double the worth of your money in fun.

KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION is on the last week of its exhibition in Boston, and those who would know more of the terrors and dangers of a winter near the North Pole, together with the suffering and privations through which Dr. Kane and his men went, should not omit to improve the present opportunity to visit the exhibition at the Melodeon. Mr. McGary, the 2nd officer of the expedition, died very suddenly in the city last week.

In New York the Ravels are performing at Niblo's Garden. Mrs. John Wood and Miss Agnes Robertson are at Wallack's theatre; and Edwin Booth at Burton's; Mlle. Frezzolini makes her first appearance on Monday night at the Academy of Music.

Editor's Table.

Reply to William T. Dwight, D. D., on Spiritualism, by Jabez C. Woodman, Esq., Counsellor at Law, Portland; George R. Davis & Bro. Boston; Bela Marsh. New York: Charles Partridge.

In another column will be found "Elegant Extracts" from a professed review of this pamphlet in the columns of the Courier. "One need but read this most able and searching reply, to be satisfied for himself that the notice of it—not of the ability of its author—by the Courier writer was one of the meanest productions that has yet emanated from his pen. Instead of advancing to the open investigation of the great subject involved, and dealing with the arguments and illustrations so skillfully brought forward by Mr. Woodman, he has suffered his pen to run off into the use of the same intemperate epithets and slang that has marked the entire history of his connexion with this subject." After reading this reply, and its pretended "review," one can very readily understand the reason why so many people begin to apprehend insanity in the case of the unreasonable "reviewer." His treatment of the subject provokes now nothing but pity. He has exhausted even the rich vocabulary in which he was thought to hold an undisputed and unlimited interest.

Believers in Spiritualism, one and all, should read this pamphlet without fail. It is more than a mere refutation of Dr. Dwight. It is a masterly and most undisputable defence of Spiritualism itself. We have not read a better one more clear, succinct, plain and thoroughly satisfactory. Let the truth be scattered in this form all over the earth; productions like that of Mr. Woodman will do blessed missionary work wherever they go. We bespeak for it the universal and perpetual benediction of all true spirits. The King of Naples has forbidden the practice of the photographic art in his dominions, for his ed and

LECTURE

BY THOMAS GALE FORSTER.
AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 6, 1887.

So God made man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.—Genesis, I, 27.

Various systems of ethics have prevailed in the past with regard to the deductions to be drawn from these words, concerning man's past, present, and future condition—the most prominent of which, throughout Christendom, is that system which associates with these words the most palpable contradictions. It has been theologically taught—at the same time that it is declared that man is created in the image of God—that man is prone to evil, that he can do nothing good of himself, that he is totally depraved. But how can this be true of man, if he be really created in the image of his Father? As a necessary sequence of the assumption that man is created evil, and as there must be an origin for this evil, the promulgators of this theory have declared that somewhere in the range of existence, a devil or evil spirit lived, who generated the evil that has manifested itself in humanity. But this is utterly antagonistic to the character of the Divine mind, if he be worthy of the reverence of his children, and is wholly at variance with the declaration in the words of the text, and with the honest aspirations of the human being. If such an evil spirit exists, he must be either self-existent, (and this is practically, though not theoretically, taught by Christendom) and therefore co-existent with God, and independent of him, and so you have two antagonistic principles at work in the universe. Or he must have been created by God, and if so, he was created with some design, as are all of God's works, and he gives forth his manifestations under the Father's guidance, and so cannot be condemned for aught that he does, nor can man be condemned for aught that he does under the instigation of this being. Or if God did not make him by design, he must exist by some oversight of the Deity. Each of these hypotheses is in direct contradiction to the character of a perfect God. Philosophy, independent of spiritualistic manifestations, is already beginning to perceive and demonstrate the falsity of these assumptions of theology. Modern Spiritualism repudiates any hypothesis that would in the slightest degree arraign any one of the attributes of the Deity. It assumes that the moral and religious tendencies of the race are inherent, and evil tendencies are but the result of unfavorable conditions and circumstances. That man is essentially and inherently good, and progresses towards good, as history, philosophically considered, will demonstrate. There are two streams of humanity, as it were, flowing from the past to the great ocean of eternity, running in different channels; one turbid, and vexed by storms, and the other clear, and moving smoothly on; and you find in this age that the latter is beginning to reflect the glory and grandeur of the firmament above it, and the stars of eternal truth are mirrored in its depths. The first is the dark stream of materialism, of animal existence; the other, the bright stream of spiritual progress. In the rise of Greece and Rome you see a brilliant evidence of progress. It is contended by some, that because these nations reached so lofty a height, and then fell, the race of men was not progressive. But a broader view should be taken; Greece and Rome were far behind the present age in moral grandeur. But how dark the rest of Europe and Asia at the same time. Barbarism encompassed these cities, and they were the only spots of light on the black night of the race. In the history of every age you will find here and there individual manifestations of progress, and the harmonial philosophy assumes that the manifestations in such cases were the result of a universal, eternal law, and if any one man progressed, then all God's children progressed. In the Jewish literature, the thought of one God, which towered so high over the Polytheism antecedent to it, is an evidence of progress; also, the demonstrations of the Nazarene with regard to the spirituality of God, and the affinity that existed between God and man. These isolated cases give evidence that the principle of progress was inherent in the race. But after the Christian Era, the material stream began to be more and more apparent, and to give forth more positive manifestations, and the spiritualistic idea of the interior organic divinity of the race, found only here and there a representative. It was manifested by Charlemagne, Alfred of England, and Harek al Raschid, and his successors, and to some extent by Mahomet—and these emanations on the brighter stream of humanity produced a very marked influence, which has come down to us. Through a long cordon of human posts, so to speak, erected on the banks of this stream, God hath telegraphed from one age to another the beauty and grandeur of the inherent progressive tendency of the race. There may have been a lack of appreciation of this truth, but that is no evidence that it never existed. These manifestations, isolated as they are, are sufficient to establish this assumption of modern Spiritualism, that man is progressive. Now, if man is thus progressive, the hypothesis that he is totally depraved is overthrown. Again, at the dawn of the Reformation, you find increasing individual manifestations of this progress, and brighter stars burst forth, and are reflected on the great moral stream; and still later, you find still more individual, and also material examples of this progress—all demonstrating the truth of the letter of my text.

But, my friends, objection is made to these higher ideas concerning the existence of the devil, and of sin, that man is not naturally sinful, and that there is no devil; and men ask how we account for the fact that the entire surface of humanity indicates the existence of evil; that the newspapers of Christendom are a Catalogue of crime. Why is this? In order that man should be progressive, it was necessary that he should become impressive to all external influences, and this law of impressibility renders him subject to the influences that retard, as well as those that advance him. Evil is not, as has been declared, a positive, emphatic condition in the spheres; but only the result of the conditions growing out of the misapplication of the inherent laws in man, which naturally lead to good. Man being an evolution from the animal, partakes thereof, and in proportion as he exercises his animal, or his spiritual faculties upon his will, he will produce evil or good. Therefore man is necessarily his own saviour, because he inherits from the Divine source, in the finite sense, capacity to govern his own little world. Oh, then, learn this beautiful thought, in order to recognize your paternity, that you are made in the image of God. Do not go out into the field of speculation, pursuing every wild chimera that may attempt to fasten itself on the developing tendencies of the race; but look within yourself, and you will

find there an epitome of all that you should know; a microcosm and a macrocosm at the same time, representations of all that has gone before, and all that is to come, and you will learn the lesson of the past, and behold the glorious promise of the future. Not only in Christendom has man manifested his tendency for good, but in the most savage and ignorant races, amid all the manifestations of idolatry, there is seen the same tendency; and so on through every age, barbarous or civilized, until in the nineteenth century the wild speculations of the past and the myths of ignorance begin to fade before the glorious thought of the individualized divinity of the entire race.

How grossly ignorant must have been the originators of the theory that man is depraved by nature! how deplorable for Christendom was it when Christianity was baptized by Judaism and its errors infused into the mild and beautiful precepts of the Nazarene. When you consider that God designs as an ultimate the good of all his children, that every passion, every appetite was given for a good purpose, as well as the highest faculties, and that all man's faculties, even though subject to misdirection and misapplication, will finally result in good, that every manifestation in the material world and in the human plane shows that the ultimate design of the Father is the benefit of his children—then how beautiful becomes the study of man, how excellent seems the effort at progress on his part! and if men could but appreciate this as they should, they would abnegate the thought that their proclivities are naturally towards evil, they would turn their thoughts inward and learn there the manifestation of God in his love, and then how beautiful would your age appear, what a glorious presentation for the bright eye of the Everlasting would there be!

But alas! what a picture does the human plane present. This belief that man can do nothing good of himself has resulted in an apathy with regard to religion; church organizations have terminated in material systems of forms and ceremonies; almost all Christendom is materialized, and Christianity has become a means of worldly progress—a stepping stone to position and grandeur. This comes from the fact that men look abroad for the source of their evil, and look abroad for a saviour from it, when they should look within themselves, where they would find that evil was only a negative condition, and salvation from it lay in themselves. Modern Spiritualism calls upon you to eschew the thought that through fear of the devil the race is ever to be impelled into propriety; that the improprieties of men are to be cured except through individual aspiration, individual progress. It calls on you as intellectual beings to look within yourselves for the manifestations of the capacities of progress, and through these capacities to strive to generate the will that will move you onward toward the Father.

Another fruitful source of unhappiness arises from the misdirection of early childhood. Mothers, keep your children from those nurseries of fanaticism and superstition, the Sunday schools as they are now managed! Let not your little children be taught that they cannot do anything good, and then expect them to be honest; let them not imbibe the idea that God is angry with them, but impress on their tender consciousness that God is love; that all the human family are made in God's image, and that all the proclivities of man are upward, and then you will have between men and women; there will not be that misdirection and misapplication of the organic tendencies towards good which there has been heretofore; then will humanity appreciate the fact that there must be interior individualization of the race, and the phalanx of God's children will move onward, rising higher and higher on the plane of being, and the thought will die out that God made an error in the creation of man, but the opposite thought will exhibit itself in every department of being—the thought that there is ever an increasing tendency of man onward and upward towards good.

FREE SABBATH MEETINGS.

At a meeting of the friends of Spiritualism, held August 22, 1887, at the house of D. Farrar, Esq., 14 Hancock street, Boston, the following persons were appointed a Committee to consider and report upon a plan of operations for the advancement of spiritual truth in this community, viz.:—Messrs. Edward Haynes, H. F. Gardner, Alvin Adams, Daniel Farrar and L. A. Huntington.

At a subsequent meeting, August 29, this Committee submitted the following

REPORT.

That, in their opinion, notwithstanding the great and rapid advancement of Spiritualism in this vicinity, aided only by individual effort, the time has now arrived when the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity are called upon to unite under some simple form of organization for the promotion of the following objects, viz.:—

First.—To secure regular and permanent meetings on Sundays, where the truths of a Living Inspiration may be freely dispensed, through the best and most cultivated minds.

Second.—To aid in the dissemination of spiritual truth, by means of the Press, a Reading and News Room, and in such other ways as may be deemed advisable.

Third.—By benevolent action; that is, so far as possible, to inspire and give a right direction to the spirit of benevolence and brotherly love; so universally inculcated in all true spiritual teachings.

And as a basis of operations, we recommend that a subscription be first obtained, of sufficient amount to sustain the contemplated association.

We therefore propose that a Committee be appointed, to solicit pledges of subscriptions; with the understanding, that when the necessary amount is secured, a meeting of the subscribers will be called to perfect an organization.

This report being accepted and adopted, the following persons were appointed a Committee, with power to add to their number at discretion, to carry into effect these recommendations, viz., Alvin Adams, Edward Haynes, and A. E. Newton.

It is understood that this movement has in view the securing of the services (either permanently, or for such season as shall be deemed advisable) of that able and eloquent instrument of modern inspiration, Thomas G. Forster, whose labors have given such high satisfaction in this community.

So far as the endeavors of these gentlemen are exerted towards establishing free meetings on the Sabbath, and securing the services of Mr. Forster, they will meet with a hearty response from all the friends of the cause. Mr. Gardner has acted well his part in the management of the Sunday services heretofore, but it seems that the cause has progressed in numbers and strength of its advocates sufficiently to support meetings which shall be free to the public.

These are the prime objects we understand, of the association, and it is desirable that the friends come forward at once, and pledge their names to either of the gentlemen composing the Committee, for such contributions as their means will admit.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

From a recent Article in the Harvard Organ, which is doing more (in its way) to advance the cause of true Spiritualism than its proprietors would be glad to admit, we take the trouble to make a few extracts, such as will show the character of articles on Spiritual matters that from time to time garnish its editorial columns. The production professes to be a review of Mr. Jabez C. Woodman's "Defence of Spiritualism," and our readers will see for themselves how terribly it has been reviewed. The popular "blood and thunder" tales of the day offer nothing, that for attractiveness of a certain sort can come up to it.

We go about the job without any more of a preface, wondering what sort of a faceted learned and classical author must have made up while engaged in its painful composition. The list of elegant phrases runs like this:—"False arguments,"—"unfounded assumptions,"—"conscious fraud,"—"glaringly false,"—"absurdity and blasphemy,"—"charlatan and forger,"—"lying pretence,"—"clumsy trickster,"—"impostors of both sexes,"—"monstrous fraud,"—"infamous trade,"—"monstrous fables,"—"wicked falsehoods,"—"vildest imposture,"—"wretched drivell,"—"quacks who advertise in the Banner of Light," and pick the pockets of the ignorant and superstitious,"—"wondering audience,"—"mountebanks,"—"paltry tricks, evasive descriptions, and lies of the mediums,"—"ingenious rogues,"—"rhyming cheat,"—"fabricator of silly falsehoods,"—"waste of nonsense and tawdry verbiage,"—"wordy charlatan" and his long-crested followers,"—"unmeaning pieces of jingle,"—"preposterous lies of Spiritualism,"—"silly stories,"—"absurd and childish,"—"feeble,"—"unmeaning epithets,"—"wishy-washy stuff,"—"an imposture that aims to subvert public morals, and is equally at war with common sense, reason and revelation."

We have dipped in just as we went along; and when we got through, we were obliged to throw our pen away and try another. This is the "style" of the Greek Professor at Harvard. No one would charge him with being a Spiritualist, certainly. He never need trouble himself about being suspected even of knowing what Spiritual perceptions are.

These are the words and phrases that garnish the repeated articles of the Professor in the Courier, and help earn him the wide celebrity he now enjoys. To well-bred people such language is Greek indeed. With him, however, it seems to be one of the chief sources of his inspiration. Poor man! We pity him!

Written for the Banner of Light.

LADY MARION.

Fair Lady Marion! the flowers are blooming;
It seems they bloom wherever thou dost tread—
And all the air their fragrance is performing.
And when thou com'st my heart's deep sadness fled.
Sweet Lady Marion! the day is fleeting—
The clouds ride high, the night comes dark and drear,
Yet if each star were hidden from my seeing
It would be lights, if thou wert only here.
Oh, then forget me not, but learn to cherish
A heart which breathes not love, but still is thine;
Enraptured in Friendship's folds, (which ne'er can perish)
To lay its richest jewels at thy shrine.
'Tis said thy brightest colors soften when they blend—
Then let us join our hands, and call each other friend.

Squire.

The Pacific Coast.

New York, Sept. 3.—The steamer Illinois arrived at this port at midnight. She brings nearly \$1,600,000 in specie; and 600 passengers, and connected with the Golden Age, which brought down upward of \$2,000,000.

The Illinois left at Aspinwall, 19th, the U. S. frigate Wabash, Commodore Paulding. The sloop-of-war Saratoga sailed for San Juan del Norte, August 16.

The news from California is unimportant.

The politicians were actively engaged in the gubernatorial canvass. Major G. W. Bowie, whig candidate for Congress in 1864, is the nominee of the American party.

The propriety of a Constitutional Convention was discussed in the papers.

The reports from the mining districts continued favorable.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—There is no political news of importance from Guatemala. The cholera had broken out among the troops returning from Nicaragua.

A revolution had broken out on the borders of San Salvador, but it had been quelled.

The accounts from Nicaragua are meagre. Gen. Canas still occupied the country with a Costa Rican force, and the presidential election had not taken place.

The Costa Rican Congress meets on the 7th September, when, it is said, Mora will be chosen President for life.

Flashes of Fun.

How many knaves do you suppose live in this street beside yourself? "Beside myself! Do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then, how many do reckon including yourself?"

A YOUNG LADY explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "You may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it."

The city authorities of Keokuk, Iowa, are searching the hotel registers, and when they find a stranger has passed thirty days there, they charge him two dollars for street improvements.

"SHALL we take a 'bus up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town. "Oh, dear, no!" said the alarmed girl, "I would not do that in the street."

The following questions have been recommended to the attention of debating societies:—Can the pressure of the times be used as a propelling power? When a man cannot contain himself, is he too large or too small? Do ships wear wigs after they have been scudding under bare poles? Are oxen employed in what are called the bulwarks? Of what style of architecture is the fore-castle? Does the gallows elevate mankind?

A PROFESSOR at a University was lately displaced because he regulated the astronomical clock to keep mean time.

"TELL your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a lodger to a female domestic. "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as extra rent."

HEZEKIAH says that if his landlady "knew beans" she would not buy the article called "burnt and ground coffee."

CON.—Why is a hen, sitting on a fence, like a cent? "Because head is on one side, and tail on the other."

The Busy World.

THE CORRESPONDENCE between Professor Silliman and others, and the President of the United States, in relation to Kansas affairs, has finally been published, and excites various kinds of comment from the press. Some think the President went out of his way to reply to such a letter. His reply, however, is calm, temperate, and quite explicit.

MR. JAMES McGEARY, second officer of Dr. Kane's expedition, died very suddenly in this city. His remains were carried to New London, Conn. for interment.

THE U. S. AGRICULTURAL FAIR, at Louisville, Ky., was a great affair. The show of horses and cattle was very fine. A majority of the premiums for saddle, carriage, and matched horses were awarded to Kentucky. Vice-President Breckenridge, and many other distinguished gentlemen were present. Premiums to the patentees of the mowers and reapers exhibited at Syracuse last July, were also awarded. The weather has been delightful, and the display fine. The contribution of agricultural machines was quite large, and the visitors more numerous than before.

A CUTTER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—The revenue cutter Tancy was struck by lightning off Tybee, Georgia, on Monday morning, which shivered the foremast, topmasts, foremast and flagstaff, then passing into the hold. The decks were spread with fragments. The cutter was momentarily a sheet of flame, but the fire was subdued. No one was killed, but several persons were stunned.

The growth of Wisconsin has been one of the marvels of the western world. In 1840 its population was only 30,945. In 1850 it was 305,538. In 1855 it was 522,109.

The Conference Committee of the double-headed Constitutional Convention of Minnesota have at last agreed upon a report, which was adopted in the respective bodies. But one Constitution will be submitted to the people.

THE TELEGRAPH reports the loss of the steamship City of Toronto, from Liverpool for Montreal, which ran on shore on Monday, the 17th August, in the Straits of Belle Isle. No lives were lost, and a considerable quantity of the merchandise on board was saved.

DR. RAE's schooner, the Iceberg, with which he intended, next spring, to go in search of Sir John Franklin's remains, it is supposed has been lost on Lake Ontario, with all on board. She sailed from Cleveland for Kingston, with coal.

THE MARINE losses for the month of August have been light, as compared with other months of the year. And but for the series of wrecks which have occurred just at its close on Jersey Beach, the Marine Insurers would have but little cause to complain.

The injunction against Miller & Curtis, publishers of Putnam's Magazine, was brought to a close by the parties consenting to the appointment of a Receiver of the effects of the late firm of Miller & Curtis.

A WOMAN was instantly killed by the down express train near Hastings, on the Hudson River Railroad. She was walking on the track, and it is supposed, she thought the train was on the other track.

POLITICIANS in Massachusetts are beginning to wake up again. The formation of political clubs has begun, and a spirited canvass is anticipated.

THE trial of Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, for murdering her husband last winter, by poisoning, has resulted in the jury's not being able to agree. Judge Merrick's charge is pronounced very able and impartial. The unhappy woman made some remarks to the Court, before the charge was delivered.

COUNTERFEIT 5's on the Housatonic Bank, Mass., Merchant's Exchange Bank, Bridgeport, Conn., and Boylston Bank, Boston, are circulating in Brooklyn.

Just as the steamer Arabia was about to sail from New York, Mr. W. T. Barnum, who had taken passage for Liverpool, was arrested on a "Jerome Clock note," held, as he says, by a broker, who shaved it at about half its face. Mr. B. told the officer that if the broker wanted his "body," he was welcome to it for he had not known what to do with it these two years. Barnum says that most of his persecutors are men who obtained the Clock notes at unlawful interest, and he looks to the Courts to liberate him from their grasp.

THE OCEAN EMBLEM says that the army worm has been quite destructive in the salt grass along the Jersey shore. In the neighborhood of Forked River and Waretown it is feared by some that the crop of salt hay will be so far shortened by the ravages of these worms as to render it necessary to sell off their cattle. When these worms move from one field to another, they go in a body, devastating the land of every green thing in their reach.

A SAVANNAH gentleman recently found a frog embedded in a lump of Northern ice, which, upon being thawed out, manifested the natural activity of his race.

A CONVICT was discharged from Sing Sing Prison on the 6th inst., who had spent thirty years in the State Prison.

THE LAW OF INDIANA prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from settling in that State under penalty of a heavy fine, has been pronounced unconstitutional on technical grounds.

THE WESTERN portion of the lands sold for the Delaware Indians produced \$587,000; which, added to nearly half a million for the eastern lands, makes a fund to be invested for the benefit of nine hundred persons of over a million of dollars.

MISS O. M. BEEBEE.

The Sheboygan, Wis., City Times says that this eloquent speaker delivered a course of lectures on Spiritualism at Sheboygan Falls, recently, and it is said, made a very favorable impression on her audiences, which completely filled the Free Hall. Those who heard her, say that she fully sustained the reputation which the press in New England, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, have given her, of being an able and eloquent lecturer. We believe she has been permanently employed in Milwaukee, as a lecturer, for some months to come.

CONNECTION.—In our remarks on the communication of Capt. Charles Davis, we are made to say, that on first turning their aberrations of mind were visible in the medium, after a few visits were off. Place the money-value "but" before "after," and the correction is made.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT and all the weekly papers of the day can be had of W. J. Appleton, 114 Cambridge street. Give him a call and you will be well served.

Late European Items.

The Steamship Vanderbilt, arrived at New York from Southampton, bringing dates to Aug. 22. Her news is three days later. The latest intelligence from India was received by telegraph on the day of the sailing of the steamer, and confirms the former statement of the capture of Cawnpore by the insurgents, and the massacre of the European inhabitants of the place. Delhi still held out, and the native troops in Oude had revolted. The complication of Indian affairs began to excite alarm in England. Vigorous debates had taken place in Parliament, and the rapid drain of men and vessels for India was regarded as a means of weakening the country of its defenses.

The Vanderbilt brings additional information of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Up to the 22d, the Directors had not decided upon the practicability of making another attempt to lay the cable this season. A conference, however, had been held in London between the Directors of the Company and the commanding officers of the ships composing the Telegraphic Expedition. The results of this conference appear to have been eminently satisfactory. They unanimously expressed the opinion that no form of submarine telegraph could be devised more suitable to the object intended to be accomplished. They also stated that no natural obstacles exist to prevent the laying of the cable. These, in their present condition, are pronounced unsuitable, and they will probably be modified. The officers inclined to the belief that an attempt to lay the cable in the months of October and November would be successful. A correspondent of the London Times branches a novel idea—that the mammoth steamship Great Eastern, which could with ease contain the entire cable, be employed in the place of any other vessel. A letter from Mr. Cyrus W. Field, addressed to his family in New York, speaks hopefully of this enterprise.

The commercial news by this arrival is favorable; large sales of Cotton are reported; Grain was lower; Consols 90 3/4.

It is said in London, that a plan had been submitted to the Board of Control and the India House for establishing a postal communication with India via Asiatic Turkey.

It was rumored in Paris that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe would be recalled from Constantinople, and probably succeeded by Lord Howden, the English Ambassador at Madrid.

The Russians were stated to have been defeated on the banks of the Kuban; they lost 6 guns, and 64 packhorses. It is said that Schamyl, with 25,000 Circassians, had also defeated the Russian Army, which attempted to dislodge him from the banks of a river commanding some passes.

After a battle which lasted ten hours, the Russians were driven across the river. Several fortified places built by the Russians at great cost for the maintenance of their communications, fell into Schamyl's hands.

Queen Maria Christina was expected at Biarritz, and it was rumored that she was about to return to Spain, to be present at her daughter's accouchement, in October.

Rossini had taken up his residence in Paris. Intelligence from Tunis of the 18th announces that a sanguinary disturbance took place three days before against the Jews, and even the Christians were menaced. Several persons were killed, and the English Consul insulted.

Official confirmation had been received in England of the murders of the African travelers, Dr. Vogel and Corporal Maguire, Royal Engineers.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 5.—The U. S. Mail Steamship Arago, Capt. Lines, from Havre and Southampton 25th ult., passed Cape Race at about noon of Thursday, 3d inst. Her advices, which are four days later, commercially, are of considerable importance, but in a political point of view of but little interest.

The Arago has about two hundred and twenty passengers, and one hundred thousand dollars in specie.

ENGLAND.—Parliament had been prorogued. It was reported that Lord John Russell was about to be elevated to the Peerage.

Several failures among commercial men at Liverpool are reported—the names not given in the despatch.

FRANCE.—French ships of war are ordered to render every aid in their power to the English vessels proceeding to India with troops.

The news from Algeria is favorable to the French arms.

ITALY.—The differences between the cabinets of Turin and Naples are unsettled, and matters look decidedly unfavorable in that quarter.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls to lecture in the New England States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

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

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

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, September 13, at 3 1/2 and 8 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Mr. T. G. FORSTER will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

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

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, (leading from Washington street,) in a quiet and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their power at 8 o'clock P. M., and 8 in the evening.

Private circles if requested.

This is one of the best opportunities to witness this class of Spiritual Phenomena, ever presented to our citizens. Every man can now satisfy himself as to whether these manifestations do take place, leaving the question of their spirit origin to be settled after.

Are these things so?—Is the first question to be decided. Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence. Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.

ADDRESS.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF MR. THOMAS GALE
FOSTER, AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY MORNING,
AUGUST 2, 1887.

It is something less than half a century, by your calendar, since the spirit who is about to address you commenced ministerial service in your world through his own organism. In the year 1813, in the month of August, I preached my first sermon in East Brookfield, in your State, in the old Baptist church, which stood then by the pond. In the year 1814, I was regularly ordained as a Universalist minister in Westmoreland, N. H. In 1816, in New Hartford, N. Y., I preached the first Universalist sermon delivered in the first Universalist church that was built within the confines of the State of New York. Early in June, 1816, at the invitation of a friend, I visited, what was then, comparatively speaking, a dense wilderness, Western New York; and in the afternoon of the 24th of June, 1816, I preached my first discourse in the city from whence we have brought the medium we now use to you—Buffalo; my text was contained in the 6th verse of the 126th Psalm: "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again bearing his sheaves with him." Twenty-four years thereafter I preached in the same city from the same text, and my congregation numbered more, perhaps, than did the entire population of the parish when first I preached there. On the first occasion I occupied a new barn attached to one of the taverns of the place. Some two or three years previous to my visit, the town had been consumed, with the exception of three houses, one of them a jail. During this year, while I was pioneering with regard to the bright truths of Universalism, the father of the medium I now control, was the pioneer of Unitarianism in the heart of American slavery, South Carolina; and whilst the Rev. Anthony Foster was attempting to inculcate the Southern mind with the beauties and truths of Unitarianism, I was attempting to do the same for the minds of the people in Western New York, in regard to Universalism. And how were we met? With the cry from almost every mind, "INFIDELITY! INFIDELITY!" Well, my friends, I continued in Erie county and vicinity until the month of December, in the following year, when I returned East. Again I was called to labor in that city in 1843, where I continued till the 17th of February, 1850, when I closed my earthly labors, and ascended to my congenial home. I have come back to earth, believing that from the inculcations of experience, I can add additional brilliancy to the glorious truths, both of Universalism and Unitarianism; and while the spirit of the Universalist seeks through the organism of the child of the Unitarian, to advocate the truthfulness of this brighter and newer light, still, notwithstanding the glorious effulgence emanating therefrom, throughout well nigh the length and breadth of your land, the cry is still, "INFIDELITY." But I am accustomed to it; I met it before I left the form with all the energy and will of my character, and I will meet it yet as long as I can control a human organism through the operations of organic law. Notwithstanding this cry of infidelity, a few minds, comparatively speaking, throughout your sphere, are beginning to recognize these higher truths; and let me tell you the more you will investigate them the brighter and more beautiful will they appear; and humanity shall yet realize the fact from these inculcations, that

"And the rolling ages an unseen purpose runs,
And the minds of men are widening with the process of the suns."

One of the chief objections raised, and honestly raised too, by many, to the inculcations of modern Spiritualism—the subject matter just now in part under discussion—is that it attempts to refute the positions of the Bible. Now the same charge was brought against Universalism and Unitarianism, and still is brought against those two beautiful systems of ethics. But they well substantiated the falsity of the allegation, and I seek also to substantiate the falsity of the allegation against modern Spiritualism; and in order to do so, I shall advert somewhat particularly to that book. Before I advert to it, however, let me repeat the remark made to you last Sabbath by the spirit who addressed you through the organism whom I now control, that many of you in the past have perhaps revered that book too much, whilst you have forgotten the source of all thought; and others have not paid it that respect due to it as the record of other ages. Modern Spiritualism claims that its assumptions are demonstrated, not only by every rule that can be brought to bear upon it from the deep womb of nature, not only by every scientific and philosophic argument, but that it is also sustained by what has been denominated throughout Christendom, Divine Revelation—that it is sustained by the Bible; and that through its inculcations a brighter light is thrown upon those pages, and that consequently, the true Spiritualist, aiming at advancement, can perceive more beauties and loftier thoughts within the lids of that old book than have ever been found before by the materialistic minds of the past. I shall advert to a few texts in order to illustrate the general assumptions.

Let me call your attention to the fact that in Genesis 16th it is declared that an angel appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, and comforted her. In Genesis 18th it is declared that three angels appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, that he entertained them (mark this) with material food, of which they partook. And here let me refer to the promise made to Abraham and Sarah during this interview with the spirits, that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed. In connection with this you will remember the genealogical tree erected in the first chapter of Matthew, having its root in Abraham, and running down through forty-two generations to Joseph, who married the mother of Jesus. You will remember that upon these two facts, the promise given to Abraham and the demonstration given in the genealogical tree, is based the assumption with regard to the vicarious atonement; and therefore all the assumptions with respect to this atonement, whether true or false, are based upon the spiritual manifestation to which I have adverted—upon the material appearance of spirits to a human being in the form; and while the promise was being given of the coming Saviour—for such is the interpretation given by Christendom—they were partaking of material food; therefore theology should be compelled to admit that spirits can come and communicate with individuals still remaining in the mortal state, or the entire theory of the atonement must be overthrown.

In Genesis 19th, it is declared that two angels, in the shape of men, visited Lot in the gate of Sodom, and it is also represented that three angels conducted Lot, his wife and daughter, out of the city, and it will be remembered, too, that it is there declared that the wife of Lot—for what the development of the nineteenth century would deem to be a very slight act—looking back upon her old homestead—was converted into a pillar of salt. Now the wife of Lot, it must be admitted by minds of the present age, was the best of the family; and yet for this natural, simple act of looking back to the home of her early associations, she was punished—while the disgusting conduct of Lot himself and his daughters, after they had left the city of Sodom, is passed over, comparatively speaking, without any punishment! Although Spiritualism recognizes the truthfulness—demonstrated by modern manifestations—of the appearance of the angels to Lot, yet it cannot recognize the unphilosophical and unchristian declarations that follow that announcement.

In Genesis 21st, it is declared that an angel appeared to Hagar in the wilderness in behalf of the boy Ishmael, and prophesied with regard to the boy, and comforted the mother. In Genesis 22d, it is declared that an angel arrested the hand of Abraham when he was about to murder his son, under the injunction, as it is alleged, of the Almighty, given to him by way of temptation. In Genesis 31st, it is declared that an angel appeared to Jacob in a dream, and gave him instructions which resulted in the curious procedure by means of which his uncle Laban's cattle were transferred into his possession. In Exodus 3d, it is declared that an angel appeared to Moses while watching the flocks of his father-in-law, Jethro, near Mount Horeb, and during this interview Moses was appointed to be the leader of the children of Israel from the captivity of Egypt. Now mark what follows, particularly those who have given credence to the declaration that modern Spiritualism tends to the degradation of humanity, that its tendency is demoralizing. Instructions were given to Moses especially with regard to the children of Israel, but it was also enjoined upon him that the Jewish daughters should fraudulently possess themselves of the jewels of the Egyptian women before they departed!

In Exodus 14th, it is declared that an angel preceded the host of Israel in its exodus from captivity. In Numbers 22d, it is declared that an angel met Balaam by the wayside, as he was proceeding to the plain of the Moabites. In Judges 2d, it is declared that an angel spoke to all the people at Beulah. In Judges 6th, it is declared that an angel appeared to Gideon at the time Israel was oppressed by Midian, and Gideon was appointed captain against the Midianites. Now let me ask what "fanatic of modern Spiritualism" has ever recorded a more ridiculous test than was demanded by Gideon, with regard to the fleece of wool, on this occasion, and yet by the manifestations that he received, he was encouraged to proceed against the Midianites. In Judges 13th, it is declared that an angel appeared to the wife of Manoah, and promised her a child, and afterwards appeared to Manoah and his wife, and so familiar was the intercourse, that neither Manoah nor his wife at all suspected that it was an angel, until he ascended in the flame of their burnt offering. In I Kings, 19th, it is declared that an angel appeared more than once to Elijah as he was fleeing from the anger of Jezebel to Mount Horeb, and that he fed Elijah with material food, who was exhausted on account of the fatigues of his journey. In II Kings, 6th, it is declared that Elisha, by the mediumistic power, he possessed, caused iron to sink upon the surface of the Jordan. Now, ye skeptics of Boston, who repudiate in toto the physical

manifestations of Spiritualism, on account of their materiality, can you find in the speaking through a trumpet or the beating of a drum, or in any of the other manifestations of modern Spiritualism, anything more material than the swimming of iron on the river Jordan? And if Elisha lived to-day, many would denounce his manifestations, unless he would tell them how they were done! In I Chronicles, 21st, you will remember, that after David had angered God, by numbering the people of Israel, He awarded him the choice of three punishments; and the means of communication that God had with David was the agency of Gad the Seer, who corresponds precisely to the seers of modern Spiritualism. In the same chapter it is said that an angel stood by the threshing floor of Ornan. In Ezekiel 1st, 2d, and 3d, you will find that the prophet had visions, and these visions are not more rational nor more easily understood than the visions of modern media, nor the declaration that during these visions a spirit entered into him, and enabled him to hear the voice from the skies. In Daniel 3d, it is declared that an angel appeared to Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego, in the fiery furnace, and by media-mistic agency, controlled the devouring element. In Daniel 5th, it is declared that an angel's hand wrote with the magnetic fires of eternal truth upon the palace walls of the trembling Belshazzar, and a medium interpreted the spiritual chirography. Ye who doubt the presentation of hands in modern spiritual manifestations, how will you account for this manifestation recorded in the book ye consider infallible? Will the intelligent audiences of Boston assume that the Eternal Father of the Universe can become finite, that he was there in a finite form, that as his hand was there, his body was also? I opine not. In Daniel 6th, it is declared that an angel appeared to Daniel in the lion's den, and through the power he was enabled to bring to bear by the agency of Daniel's mediumistic relations and conditions, demonstrated that magnetic influences can be brought into effect even with the brute creation. In Daniel 10th, Daniel declares that a spirit, having the appearance of a man, appeared to him while he was in a deep sleep, and touched him; and yet the theology of Christendom affirms that spirit cannot come into contact with matter. After fasting, as is the custom of modern media, Daniel is entranced, it is also declared, and a beautiful vision is presented to him. In Nehemiah 9th, it is declared that all the people of Israel rejoiced. For what? Because God had sent a good spirit to speak to them. In Zechariah 1st, 3d, 4th, and 11th, it is declared that the prophet had many visions presented to him, not a whit more rational than the visions now given to media, throughout the different manifestations of modern Spiritualism.

To turn over a few pages of this book, and come to Matthew 28th, you will find it emphatically declared that an angel appeared to the two Marys, at the sepulchre, and they performed the physical manifestation of removing the gravestone from the door, and what is still further applicable, it was done in the dark, before the dawn; and yet a universal tirade pervades the material portion of the world against the manifestations of modern Spiritualism, because they are done in the dark—because the spirits require certain conditions, that certain effects may be produced. The manifestations of spirit power throughout all nature—many of them—are given in the dark. I do not mean to speak irreverently, but the material essences of Nature hold a dark circle once in every twenty-four hours—the broad table-lands of earth are turned up side down once per diem, whilst the bright-eyed stars shine forth! But modern theology, in its general denial of the operation of spirit upon matter, must in effect fall back upon the mystic teachings of a darker age—which would convert the grandeur and the glory of the starry canopy, into midnight tapers, hanging out to "light your native towers!" In Luke 1st, it is declared that an angel appeared to Zacharias, and foretold the birth of Jesus. In Luke 2d, it is affirmed that angel appeared to the shepherds, announcing the birth of Christ. In Luke 9th, it is recorded that Jesus, James, Peter, and John, were visited by the spirits of Moses and Elias. In Acts 5th, it is declared that by the visit of an angel the prison door of Peter was unlocked, and Peter was entranced—for such is the interpretation now given of the condition of Peter at that time—and he did not awake until he was removed into the street; and in the same chapter, the apostles were enabled, by spiritual impression, to detect the deception of Ananias and Sapphira! In Revelation 1st, it is declared that by the agency of an angel the mysteries of the Apocalypse were about to be delivered to John.

Now, with regard to these different manifestations recorded in the Old Testament and the New, it is alleged by the teachers throughout Christendom that they were not such angels or spirits as modern Spiritualism represents them to be—that they were not the spirits of the departed, that once inhabited forms upon your sphere; but that they were angels of light, who had always existed in the heavenly spheres, and had never occupied human organizations. This argument is brought by Christendom in antagonism to the assumption of modern Spiritualism,—that the Bible demonstrates its truth. Look a little further at the delivery of the mysteries of the Apocalypse in this connection, and you will find that John, in the last chapter of Revelations, made the same mistake as the opponents of modern Spiritualism; he supposed that God in person was ministering to him, and had brought down these truths from the great reservoir above, and he fell down and worshipped; but the spirit said to him, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God." In this you have the authority of the Bible, that the spirit of a man came back and ministered according to its affinities and attractions. Again—let me re-advert to the declaration on the part of theology, with respect to the condition of the angel world; it is alleged that the spirits therefrom are of heavenly birth; that they never occupied the human organization. Now take this demonstration of modern Christendom, in connection with the corollaries of thought attempted to be built up by it, and you will find that there is a contradiction through all the different lineaments of their system. It is declared with regard to the origin of the devil, you will remember, that he was once an angel of light; but the authority for this idea belongs more to Milton than it does to the Bible, though many honest minds are not aware of the fact. It is declared that Michael and his followers warred in heaven; let me ask by what means these angels of light, who had existed there always, pure,—never having been identified with materialism at all,—could have been tempted to revolt? A being to be tempted must be tempted through the agency of some quality or property inherent or acquired; was there any such property in the organization of the heavenly world? Where could the tempter have come from, and on what was based the temptation? Therefore you see one position of their argument overthrows the other. Again—admitting that the devil did war against heaven, what does it forbode for man? From every pulpit you will learn that the devil has been accumulating strength ever since, and that nine-tenths of the human family are finding their way to the domain of darkness; consequently the devil is continually increasing in the number and strength of his forces. Now if this be so, and it should enter into the imagination of the devil to revolt at some future period, with all his increased force that he may be expected to possess at that time, may he not succeed in overthrowing the everlasting? Thus, according to theology, there is no security for the throne of the Eternal.

I think I have demonstrated that the Bible is replete—although I have given but a few of the many texts that might be quoted—with evidence in favor of the abstract fact of spirit intercourse. Now modern Spiritualism asserts that it is sustained by this book, but it does not adhere to the facts, nor the tenets sought to be established by those facts, because they are in the Bible; it only brings in the Bible as an adjunct, relying on a more forcible and truthful basis. I do not mean to be disrespectful to the book, or the truths contained in it, but I speak now of the principles of the interior constitution of the race, of the inherent recognition on the part of humanity of its immortality, and of the vast unrecognized faculties of the human soul. Nature presents a book to humanity—a broader book, more beautiful and truthful; not that there are higher truths in the one than in the other, because wherever truth may be, it is a component part of the eternal unity of truth; for truth is a unity in multiplied variety; and wherever it presents itself it belongs to the eternal centre, whether in nature or in the Bible. But because there are truths in the Bible, it does not follow that the intelligent mind should adopt all the errors by which these truths have been surrounded through the agency of a darker period. Then let me advert to this beautiful book of Nature—this large volume—open to the investigation of humanity. As man rises higher and higher on the spiritual plane, chapter after chapter is presented to him; needing not the sanction of Constantine, or the confirmation of an association of bishops, to render them canonical; the feathered songsters of the woods utter forth a higher note of praise to Deity than was ever sounded through the agency of pulpitory; the evening zephyr, and the balmy breezes of morning, as they kiss your cheek, declare more beautifully and truthfully the grandeur of the Everlasting, than was ever promulgated through the agency of the ministry; from the tiniest little flower that lifts its head above the bosom of the earth, smiling in the sunshine or bending in the shower, up to the loftiest emerald peak that rises far above the confusion of the earth below, Ayl from the thunderbolt of a volcanic eruption, all along through the consecutive conditions of being, down to the slightest whisper of the gentlest angel that ever spoke through organic law to humanity—all bespeak the love, purity, glory and grandeur of the common Father of the race. Oh, then! you of modern times, let me urge upon you to accept what you find of truth from the past, but deem not that you should take all the error that has been brought up with it. You must remember that in the present phase of the human

mind, a loftier degree of sentiment, and a holier degree of aspiration, exist than ever before, and you must bring to bear all the faculties and capacities of the human soul on the conditions of the things of your age, and not the dim taper that gave light under the murky influences of other years. Keep your own lamp or reason burnished brightly, and burning, as did the wise virgins, for the coming of the bridegroom. Throughout the lineaments of this larger book, and by the inculcations given to that portion of humanity that has recognized the abstract fact of spirit intercourse, man is beginning to learn a different lesson with regard to the race—a higher and holier lesson with regard to humanity; and he is beginning to learn, also, how to appreciate these spiritual lessons of which I have been speaking in the past. You are well aware that the advocates for the manifestations contained in the Bible, while they repudiate modern manifestations, have never been able to arrive at any definite conclusion with regard to the truth of those of the past; but the modern spiritualist can do so, because, through the inculcations he is now receiving, the organic laws of being are gradually opened to the inspection of man, and through the operation of these laws the truthful investigator is enabled to look down on the past, and see the why and wherefore of the manifestations that are represented as having taken place in other ages, and is thus offered an opportunity of learning still higher lessons than were gathered in by the men of these ages—because the mind is in progress under the operation of divine will, impelling it onward to its ultimate destiny; and, therefore, as the general plane of mind is rising, a more general appreciation obtains with regard to the manifestations of the past, and as man begins to recognize the facts of modern Spiritualism, coloring, as they do, the delineations which have been brought out by the advancement of intellect, he looks back and sees, not only the mere facts of the past, but also the philosophy of their spiritual development; and therefore from the Bible, Spiritualism may learn many beautiful principles that theology has never taught mankind.

Through modern Spiritualism man is beginning to perceive that he must rely on himself for progress and advancement, and that dependent upon his own aspiration will be his corresponding elevation in the scale of being. He recognizes through the agency of the harmonious philosophy, the fact that there may be said to exist in humanity three distinct departments—the physical, the moral, and the religious. Now modern Spiritualism draws a line of distinction between the moral and religious faculties, and I shall attempt briefly to demonstrate that distinction. The inherent moral faculty of humanity needs cultivation, and so does the inherent religious quality, and the inherent physical quality. The physical quality belongs to the mere animal existence and its appurtenances; the moral quality belongs to that principle within man which enables him to perceive what is truthful in regard to man, and has reference to his mutual relations to his fellow-man; the religious quality is that essence of being that inclines man towards devotion and leads him to look upward ever for the everlasting source of his being, aiming at all times to elevate the human into harmony with the Divine. Modern Spiritualism demonstrates that in order that humanity may progress harmoniously, all these different qualities must be cultivated; but in the past the general mind had not progressed to a point which could appreciate the tendencies comprehended within the individual, and you therefore find the misapprehension of those ages, leading to fanaticism, and a cultivation of one quality to the neglect of the others; and you will find it still the case that men are fanatical with regard to one quality of their being, whilst the cultivation of other qualities seem entirely abnegated, and that some are cultivating two of those qualities to the neglect of the third, and thus man fails to progress as he should do, according to the original design. In order to illustrate what I mean—look back at some of these manifestations to which I have adverted. It is evident that an angel appeared to Abraham and instructed him with regard to the sacrifice of his boy. Now Abraham was eminently a religious man; he had cultivated the religious faculty to the neglect of the moral; if the moral had been cultivated, it would have said to him, "Your boy has human rights which you must not violate!" and if there had been a proper religious cultivation, it would have taught him that no wise God would have given such a command; and he would not have been guilty of the design to commit such an act. Then you find that Lot and Jacob have manifestations which would have been considered immoral and irreligious in this age. Why? Because your age has a conception of moral duties to humanity above that of the past; and this element, I trust, is being more and more cultivated. Look at the conduct of Jacob; he, through the fanatical influences of religious zeal, and through the neglect of a moral cultivation, was guilty of a fraud to his brother, and yet Jacob was one of the prominent men of that age, and, relatively speaking, a religious man; but in your age man is morally advanced as well as religiously, and therefore the refinement and moral culture of Boston would repudiate such selfishness. Look at the disgusting conduct of Lot, and yet he is held up as a type of mankind at that age. Therefore, it is legitimate that the religious and moral characters of these persons should be discussed, and modern Spiritualism, drawing the lesson from ancient Spiritualism, seeks to inculcate the mind with the fact that harmony should be generated in the human bosom, and there should be an equilibrium through all the parts of being, that man may progress harmoniously. Still, notwithstanding the intellectual development to which you have attained, you find fanaticism prowling unheeded amid the empire of mind, manifesting throughout the sectarian world such a feeling of religious zeal, that were it not for the counteracting influences of public sentiment, an edict would be issued to-day in Boston against modern Spiritualism, and it would be persecuted even unto death. It is by the abnegation of the moral that the religious has run into fanaticism; but let the moral be also cultivated and you will find men striving for religious as well as political liberty. Again, you will find many minds, through neglect of the religious element, running into fanaticism on the plane of materialism, denying the existence of all spirit, and declaring creation to be the result of chance. This absence of equilibrium is as apparent in the fanatical Christian as the fanatical Atheist, and the one has no more right to damn the other, than the other has to damn the one, because both fail of preserving the individual equilibrium of the character, and therefore fail to keep the narrow pathway of individual rectitude.

Now modern Spiritualism seeks to establish the individualization of the race, and its grand thought is this: that man shall cease aiming to force his brother into any belief—that humanity, under the influences of this individualizing process, shall cease to persecute for opinion's sake, cease to abnegate the claims which are made upon him socially, morally, or religiously, because his brother happens to disagree with him; and that he shall seek to cultivate his own interior, and to establish an equilibrium within himself. That he shall not allow the weeds of fanaticism, superstition, or materialism to overrun the indigenous plants of his own garden, whilst he climbs upon the fence to see what his brother has planted in his; but cultivating the soil of his own heart, future plants will there be born in the atmosphere suited to them, and they will put forth their blossoms and rejoice in the glorious sunlight of the sky, and will fructify for the benefit of the race.

In this wise, modern Spiritualism seeks the reformation of humanity, and there are other adjuncts by which it is aided in this design. It is declared that the tendencies of Spiritualism are immoral, but I avow that no system of ethics ever known is so admirably adapted to reform humanity. Why? Because it not only appeals to the intellect of man, but also to his sympathies and feelings, and teaches him in the ethics to which I have alluded, and in the facts given forth, that there is a work to be accomplished by him through his manifestations on earth, that will have a relative bearing forever and ever, not only upon the mere ephemeral conditions of earth and in regard to local heaven, but also upon the moral and religious character of the world; and that every action of humanity will be indented relatively upon the future progress of being. The heart of a human being should be the messenger from God unto itself, for upon the tablet of the soul, the pen of organic law is constantly and hourly inscribing its judgment, giving its decision with regard to the perpetration of every act; and every act is indented its effect, which the soul will carry with it to the other sphere, and in proportion to the indentations will be the relative condition of the being. Is not this thought more forcible, and does it not come to the human mind with more overpowering eloquence than any system of ethics the world has known before? The legitimate result of the promulgation of the idea of a local heaven and final judgment has been to induce humanity to postpone the day of judgment; and what is the consequence? Materialism is manifesting itself in almost every department of the social relations; the entire body of Christendom seems covered with an incrustation, and there is great difficulty in penetrating this covering. Oh, then! reform the intellectual minds of this locality to the necessity of a reform of some character that will elevate even Christendom itself from the rank bed of materialism in which it welters.

I have said that Spiritualism has other adjuncts. The thought of an hourly judgment is one that comes with great force to the mind; there is another, and it is this: that all of those whom you have loved, who have been removed from your sphere, and whom you have been taught by theology to believe are dead, but a little way above you in the scale of being, are dividing lines in the realm of your Father, and away-offer are more or less connected with yours, and that this intelligent which animates you here, will animate you in the future; that the affections that gladdened the eye here, will do so there, and that all the actuating impulses of humanity go with the being, whatever he seeks; and as a consequence, modern Spiritualism, being itself upon its own facts and thoughts, in the result of

which I have alluded, assumes, that you have an influence in what you do on the minds that have gone before. And let me tell you, that if the fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and brothers, and wives, and husbands, and friends, of Boston, who have in times past performed their duty and left their example to you, those who went long since, and those who have recently gone—are all cognizant of what you do; believe me, if ever a dark shadow is thrown across the aspiring soul in the heavenly spheres, it is when the tear of sympathy falls there for the suffering and the erring of earth. Now if this thought, which modern Spiritualism seeks to inculcate, that your father, mother, or sister, knows what you are about, that your brother, whose soul is linked to yours by highest acts of love and sympathy, may be pained by your conduct—if this thought could be impressed on the human mind, where would you find a system so admirably adapted to reach humanity? And it will reach every phase of humanity; it cannot be purchased, it cannot be influenced by the conventionalism of life; it has its effect over the entire race; wherever man has set foot, there the same law of love, sympathy, affinity, and attraction, is drawing the angel world down to commune with the children of earth, and exciting in them a still deeper and increasing interest for their younger brethren who still exist in your sphere. And here and there through the ages of the past, you see that spirits have been endeavoring to inculcate humanity with this thought; through all history you can see here and there the lesser lights of truth, so to speak, shining occasionally through the general darkness which prevails, becoming more and more apparent, increasing in brilliancy, until, amid the splendor of the intellectual and political advancement of the present age, the truth has burst forth with flaming light—the central sun of wisdom has arisen, and has illuminated at least one half the hemispheres. Then recognize this thought, and believe that there is an interest for you in the skies!

There is in Christendom too great a disposition to condemn the perpetrators of error. Was that the spirit of ancient Spiritualism? Do you find Christ acting thus with the woman who had sinned? Do the churches follow his example? Does any system seek to love humanity into reform? No! a system of ostracism exists—a system which condemns the poor inebriate, who has a splat that may be as bright as the highest; and were he to attempt to enter the door of one of your spired and richly-furnished churches, the sexton would turn him away. If a poorly clad child of God should enter one of these churches, he would be told, "Sit thou here," after off, while the wealthy man would be seated near the altar. Spiritualism makes no such distinctions; it reaches the poor widow, and tells her of the voice she loved before the clay was cold, and that her husband is waiting for her in the spheres above, and is aiding in the preparations of one of the mansions designed for those who are honestly seeking truth. The poor inebriate, Spiritualism would seek, not only in the gutter, but in the deepest dungeons where humanity indurates its children, after having made scoundrels of them through the misapplication of law, and the misinterpretation of the genius of the race; Spiritualism will go into these dungeons, and sympathize with the unfortunate inmates, believing that man is innately pure, though the circumstances and conventionalisms of earth may have given him a character entirely the reverse. Oh, then! why—in the name of the true and living Father of all humanity—is it that those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who had not where to lay his head—why is it that they, of all others, should oppose this advance of love, that comes with the army of the skies, wooing man, that he may be benefited and elevated? It is a beautiful thought—the truly aspiring soul, that everything that man does in earth bears its record onward; that not even a thought of humanity dies; that your thoughts go forth into the spheres, and have their relative and corresponding influences and effects.

It has been well said by one, that "A bright thought never dies." It goes forth from some heart, and it finds its way over the undulating waves of time, until it reaches another heart wherein congeniality may be found with the sentiment, and there again it daguerotypes its image, and moves on, benefiting here a heart and there a heart, and so on through all the consecutive conditions of creation, demonstrating the glorious fact, that I relatively understood before I left the form, but the gorgeous brilliancy of which I am but now beginning to perceive—that the most unhappy soul is ultimately destined, through the agency of his brother man, to be elevated into a higher and holier appreciation of the Father; and secondly, that God in the highest dispensations of his general providence will eventually restore all things.

Oh, then, my friends, look deeply into this subject before you reject it—listen not to the idle droll of the head of any college or church, but thank God that this individual religion, reaches the interior chambers of man's soul, and may enter into yours if you will but receive it. Reject not these glorious truths, for if you do you are shutting out much of the happiness that may be enjoyed on earth, and materially affecting your future condition in the spheres. Believe me, the angels of the skies are deeply interested for your condition. I see the aged father and mother, that long since closed their physical eyes, I see the man of usefulness, and the man that towered on the topmost wave of ambition, now become as little children; I behold a vast concourse, many, many mothers, and fathers, brothers and sisters of Boston, all hovering above this audience, and seeking by the electric chain of connection that unites them to you, to aid in ennobling what I am now trying to say through this stranger organization. Oh, friends, listen to these friends, if not to me. Believe me, they are decorated with smiles and tears; there I see many beautiful little children, whose short graves lie in your cemeteries, and the little creatures, through the influence of their guardian angels, are beginning to recognize something of the truths now dawning on earth, and they are looking with the intense anxiety of developing cherubs, for the effect that is to be had upon their loved ones on earth. I see the tear as it starts from the eyelid; but, thank God, it is decorated with the rainbow of hope. Listen, friends—oh, listen to the angel-whispers, and remember that—

"You shape yourselves, your joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made;
And fill your future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The issue of the life to be
You weave with colors all your own;
And in the field of destiny
You reap as you have sown.
So shall the soul around it call
The shadows that it gathered here;
And painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear."

SPIRITUALISM.

A friend of ours clipped the following from a Newburyport paper, but forgot to add the name of the journal to the article, and we are therefore unable to credit it. We can assure our brother type that Tom never was thrown in the way of our acquaintance while on earth, nor did we know of his death at the time. Indeed, it was disputed by a person of whom we inquired relative to it, as he had met him in Boston but a few weeks previous to the alleged decease.

The medium could not have known of his death any more than we, and though years ago she remembered him as a stage-driver, she was very much surprised when she read it.

"We confess to having read much, and witnessed somewhat of the effect of Spiritualism. But notwithstanding all the efforts of our friends, backed by a desire on our own part, we have been classed among the doubting ones, and have never been able to satisfy ourselves fully of the correctness of the theory, that spirits—real, living spirits of those who for a dead certainty had cast off this mortal coil, did, would, or could, visit this mundane sphere and by sundry raps, tips, et cetera, and so forth, impart information to us poor mortals who are compelled still to remain. To most of the spiritual communications which have come under our eye there has been a lack of improvement in those who have gone to the spirit-land, and so far as we are able to judge they have failed to give evidence even of the same amount of intelligence possessed by their authors when here below. On taking up a copy of the 'Banner of Light,' a Spiritual publication which stands at the top of the heap in this city, we find a communication which sounds exactly like its professed author, and which we are inclined to think must have been dictated by him or some one who knew him as well as he did himself. The communication purports to be from Thomas Allen, known to everybody who has ever resided on the stage route from Newburyport to Concord as Tom Allen, a good-hearted, jovial stage-driver, who was never happier than when on his 'box' with a very team before him, and a pretty girl by his side. Alas! for poor Tom. He died young, and the recollection of him brings up many an incident, with which we might furnish our readers, but it is not that they may hereafter and their way to us in better shape from his own spirit, now that, has compassed business, and we fear to interrupt it, as the first opportunity we have of consulting a medium we shall have a string of questions to ask

power so to do, as God gives the same to me. More in good time." Francis Stearns, son of Dr. Stearns of Wayland, N. H.

to the old woman who took care of the Smiths. The "medium" says she must make her sick. A "good" man (a spirit) says, I must go.

and that what they did
died in consequence.

time I have chosen, that I may, for the first time, bid them to seek and find. I wish them to taste the fruits of the first Resurrection, and will give them power so to do, as God gives the same to me. "Morning good time." Francis Stearns, son of Dr. Stearns.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels, and words-long,
That on the stretched floor of all Time
Sparkle forever.

The loaded bee the lowest flies;
The richest pearl the deepest lies;
The staff the most replenished
Both low the most its modest head;
Thus deep humility we find
The mark of every inward mind;
The highest gift lowliness bends,
And merit meekness condescends,
And shuns the fame that fools adore—
That puff that bids the feather soar.

Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of every-
thing; it is just as cheap, and three times as good, for
digestion.

Had but the heart that thrills a three-year's boy
A voice to speak, 'twould say that life is joy;
Not then the youth whose impulse nought can tame,
That life is action, tongue and limbs proclaim;
The man whose well-earned years from dread release
Secure in knowledge tells these life is peace;
And the gray sage, who smiles beside the grave,
Knows life is all, and death a dusty slave.

The most disagreeable situation for a man is, to be unable
to regulate his heart and conduct.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit
familiar, yet superior to our own.

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet bird yields it, and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in Beauty's bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of its native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among its perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the colors of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshens wilted, and sweetest goes to rest?

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at
once to what it teaches.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OLIVE LEE.

ANGEL GUARDIANSHIP.

She was a strange child, and strange influences
surrounded her from her birth. She was born be-
neath the poetical skies of India, in a beautiful se-
questered spot, that commanded a view of the near
and mighty city, with its oriental splendor, its varied
pagodas and bustling crowds, assembling there from
many nations. From the marble portico of her fa-
ther's picturesque retreat, the child beheld the
smoothly flowing river, bearing upon its bosom the
freighted barks, wending their graceful way toward
that Eastern metropolis. Around her bloomed a
paradise of bloom and sunshine, beneath the palm
tree and the nodding date, she often slumbered in
the midday heat, or sat listlessly beneath the jas-
mine leaves or scattered roses over the gleaming
sanded shore. Not long did her gentle English moth-
er watch over her childish pastimes; day by day the
rose that paled upon the wasting cheek, the rounded
form became attenuated, the dark eyes grew most
strangely luminous. The physicians said she was
dying of consumption, indeed by the excessive heat
of the climate. The young mother only smiled, and
refused to leave her quiet home for a Northern clime.
She had lived in that "land of the sun" from a
child, and her step had passed as lightly over its
gorgeous flowers and luxuriant mass, as in her early
childhood's days it had pressed the velvety green
sward of her native clime.

But the affections of earth returned not the melo-
dious response that enthusiastic soul had sought.
The sweet voices of Nature alone responded to the
woman's yearning and uncomprehended grief; for
human hearts understood her not. The chosen hus-
band of her youth doted upon her fragile beauty, and
decked his idol's form with gems and costly silks;
but alas! her lofty aspirations, her ideal faith, her
exalted love, that knew no taint of earth, and claim-
ed eternal duration, he understood her not, and called
her fanciful and romantic, smiling at her imagin-
ative sallies, as he termed them. Poor Ella Lee! the
outward forms of religion, the studied, formal
prayers never satisfied her soul. She saw the mani-
festations of the Father's love in every upspringing
flower, in every murmuring wave; she heard His
accents in the breeze's tone, in the sea shells utter-
ance, and her prayer gushed forth in melodious uni-
son with Nature's adoring, myriad voices!

There was a dreary world within the young moth-
er's soul, a ceaseless yearning for communion with
kindred mind. The gay, and rich and frivolous that
visited at her lordly mansion, met not this craving;
and her little Olive was yet too young to comprehend
so strange a sorrow. So day by day the slender fig-
ure wasted, the large dark eyes grew bright with the
reflections of another world; and as physical health
and strength departed, loving and remembered faces
cheered her solitude, soft hands were laid in bene-
diction on her pining brow, and melodies of love and
welcome were wafted to her listening ear, whose
sweet refrain said tenderly, "Come, come away!"

One silent midnight Ella clasped the little Olive
to her bosom, and whispered softly, "I am going,
my child, to the bright land I have told you of. They
call me—the angel friends beckon—I can no longer
stay. But I will be with thee often, darling! Never
forget thy mother! Trust in God—when trial and
temptation comes. Thou wilt suffer, my child, but
thy mother will be permitted to aid thee. Be ever
pure and true! Now kiss me, darling, and say fare-
well!"

The little Olive nestled to her mother's bosom,
kissed her cold brow, and lovingly wound her arms
around her. Softly the dark lashes closed over the
weary eyes, and a heavenly smile wreathed the
silent lips; a gentle sigh broke upon the night air,
and the love-sick spirit passed to its awaiting
home.

gone home with the angels. Loud and vehement
was the husband's grief as he bent over the form of
the departed, as he knew how to love. With much
pomp and pageantry, she was carried to the
grave, and a costly monument erected to her
memory, amid a shady grove.

But Olive, the strange child, mourned not for the
departed mother; she said, "Mamma is gone to the
angels, and she often comes to her little Olive." I
see her in dreams, and sometimes when I'm awake;
mamma is much more beautiful now; she wears a
wreath of flowers that shine like stars. She smiles
and kisses me on the forehead, and sometimes I go
home with her. Oh! mamma's home is such a beau-
tiful place! Such large roses and beautiful purple
grapes, and silver leaves. Oh! papa, it's so beau-
tiful!"

But papa listened with divided attention to this
childish prattle, and as Olive persisted in her love
of solitary rambles, and dreamy narrations, never
weeping for her mother, yet strange and thoughtful
for her age, he deemed her fanciful, cold and reflect-
ing.

As time passed on, the young and wealthy man,
wearied of the stately monotony of his lordly home,
and he brought from the neighboring city a fair
young bride to enliven his solitude. What a contrast
to the gentle and spiritual Ella, this gay and dash-
ing young creature seemed! A native of France, all
the sunny vivacity of her nation beamed from her
sparkling black eyes, clustered around her red, smil-
ing lips, bounded in her dancing step, rung out in
her fresh young voice. She was kind and attentive
to her little step-daughter, but oh! so uncongenial.
She had no tales of heaven or angels wherewith
to regale her childish listener. She lived but in this
life, for its pleasures and fleeting enjoyments only.
Little Olive stole away from the merry lady, and
haunted to her mother's tomb, there to listen to
sweet, mysterious voices, to feel the touch of spirit
hands, and join her voice to the angel melodies
wafted around the quiet spot. And Adela, her fa-
ther's proud young wife, pronounced the child "a sil-
ly dreamer, and a cold-hearted little thing, to sit and
sing beside her mother's grave."

Years sped on, silver threads began to mingle
with her father's dark brown hair; the once slender
figure of Adela had grown full and matronly, other
children disported around—two boys and a girl—
merry, intelligent children, full of life and frolic,
and on them centered the affections of Atwood Lee.
They corresponded to his own nature, and found
there responsive love; but the strange, wayward,
dreaming Olive, he could not love her, and the girl
of sixteen wandered about her father's house un-
cared for and companionless.

Not companionless, either, for exalted beings com-
muned with her, a mother's holy influence surround-
ed her. Untaught, unloved, unsought, bright visions
illuminated her inner world, and promised realization
of what earth denied. Her soul attained to poetic
inspirations, her heart alive to every beautifying in-
fluence, her affections brightened beneath supernatural
sway; spiritually elevated, naturally religious, and
trustfully loving, the lonely dreamer walked the
earth, calmly awaiting earth's changes, calmly
awaiting that brightest change of all that opens the
gates of heaven unto the longing soul.

Earth changes swept across the happy household;
the deatifying fever seized upon her young brothers.
With untiring devotion Olive watched beside them,
unfearing the infection, heedless of all but love and
duty. But when their spirits passed from suffering,
the strange girl wept not, but smiled and looked up
to heaven, as if recognizing there, their glorified
souls! A long illness prostrated her step-mother,
induced by sorrow for the loss of her children. A
dela moved about the house, a weary, care-worn
woman, refusing all comfort and weeping incessantly
for the lost.

Time passed on, and the young Selinda, the favorite
daughter married, and departed for the distant shores
of Europe; yet Olive remained, solitary and un-
sought, the unknown guardian angel of that quiet
home beside the Hooghly's banks. The enervating
influence of the climate, joined to her suicidal grief,
shortened the days of Adela Lee. Merriment and
festivity had been her elements of enjoyment; she
could not withstand bereavement and grief. Loving-
ly, untiringly, Olive watched beside her, and strove
to cheer the despairing spirit with sunlight from
above. But the creed-bound soul of Adela could not
admit the beautiful belief of Olive; could not see the
Father's highest attribute of Love, but turned in
fear and trembling to His shadowed aspect of de-
nunciating fear! And so she died; and calmly and
tearlessly Olive closed her eyes and decently com-
posed her limbs to rest. Loud and vehement was
again the sorrow of Atwood Lee, and a second monu-
ment, costly with carved figures and gilding, marked
the resting-place of his second wife.

Peevish and querulous, and prematurely old, Mr.
Lee wandered about his solitary abode; memory re-
calling the happy past; despair revealing the aim-
less future. But his heart softened towards the
only thing left to love him, the hitherto unheeded
daughter; and though she could not impress him
with her own lofty intuitions, or gain him to the
belief in her mother's ever present guardianship and
felt influence; he no longer called her a dreamer, or
scoffed at her relations, but leaned upon her as his
only stay in life. And Olive smiled gratefully, and
vowed to fulfill her mission.

The star of love rose brightly upon the pathway
of Olive Lee; its crown of heaven-gathered roses
blossomed upon her maiden brow; truth and fidelity
attested the genuineness of the earth-born feeling;
but earthly intrusion laid its withering hand upon
the sacred flowers. His fate was laid in another
hemisphere; Olive could not desert her feeble old
father, cold and harsh as he had been; so the icy
hands of separation were laid upon two loving
hearts; and weeping, well nigh heart-broken, the
poor girl knelt beside her mother's tomb, after that
bitter farewell was said.

But hark! the melodies of the spirit land enfold
the weeping mourner; the sunlight of a glorious
vicinity illumines the future's realm, just now so
bleak and dark! Spirit hands in benediction laid
upon the suffering brow—loved faces beaming
radiant joy, and thrilling tones that whisper, "Vic-
tory to the pure in heart! Joy to the strong soul,
overcoming its mortal weakness! Love is eternal;
fear not its privations here." And o'er the heart of
Olive Lee descended a rapturous calm, and patient
and fearless she renewed her quiet life of usefulness;
her quiet unobtrusive life, that history never
chronicled, nor verse extolled.

Years sped on, and the old man departed to the
spirit land, his last hours cheered, and his awakened
soul strengthened by the noble daughter's un-
failing devotion. Calmly and tearlessly Olive prayed

beside the lifeless clay, then gazing upward, ex-
claimed with joyful ecstasy: "My father! blest and
radiant! thou knowest that my dreams were all
realities." Loving and beloved, Olive lived the soli-
tary mistress of that lordly villa. The servants
almost worshipped her for her gentleness and
charity; the poor prayed for her; the native idola-
ter enshrined her name as something holy. Never
again did Olive listen with a willing heart to the
pleadings of earthly love; her heart was with the
absent, and unheard of for years.

One day, the news reached her, that a vessel bound
for India had been lost near the Cape of Good Hope.
On further inquiry, she obtained a list of the ill-
fated passengers. Alas! his name was among the
lost. Once more, Olive wept long and bitterly, and
with fervent prayers invoked heaven's consolation.
Again the entrancing melodies of the better land
swept across her heart's troubled billows, silencing
there the voice of grief. Again the seeking eyes
beheld the radiant, maternal angel, the star-crowned,
white-robed joy! most blessed recognition! Beside her
mother's form, like her, star-wreathed and calmly
smiling upon her, stands the idol of her earthly
worship, the kindred soul—her own! With a
burst of triumphant song that angel host proclaim
Love's divinity and eternal duration. Olive smiles
and weeps no more. Calmly, unobtrusively glided,
on her life unto the awaiting ocean—the awaiting
bliss of Eternity.

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.

Chapter X.—Continued.

One of the ladies jumped up, frightened. I turned
sharply round to my right hand neighbor, the move-
ment being from right to left, asking him rather an-
grily, "Why did you push the table?" But he look-
ed as much asghast as every one of us, except the me-
dium, who was sitting in the same easy reclining po-
sition as when the furniture began to move. All this
was the work of not much more than a minute. My
chair, which had been quite near the table, was now
at such a distance, that I could just reach it with my
outstretched arm. The movement had ceased as soon
as the lady had jumped up, and the circle was
broken.

The footman announced the carriage for my friend's
sister. I found the man looked extremely curious,
and I could not help thinking of the conversations
which no doubt had been going on 'below' between
him and the other servants, about our mysterious
proceedings up stairs. "Only one question before I
go," said the lady, and her eyes looked down. Rap-
tap-tap. Her finger went over the numerals 1-1-61
One hundred and sixteen years! We always thought
that she must be of that age!

"Ah, you were thinking of old Nurse . . . I was,
indeed; she died last Tuesday, you know." And I
was told how that old nurse had been long known in
the family, and nursed the children on whose heads
now

"Gray-do something mingle with your younger brown,"
and how then; some forty years ago, she was an old
shrivelled person.

"Wrinkled deep in time,"
and how she would never tell her age, but how she
used to say that she had been present at the coronation
of George the Third, when the young man to whom
she was to have been married fell from the scaffold,
and died. Being pressed to say how old she
was, she would say ninety-three; and she had never
advanced beyond that figure, since many years. We
sat down to tea, five, with the medium. There were
no rappings, and the conversation was general, some-
times loud. None of us, apparently, thought of con-
versation with the dead. Mrs. Hayden (the medium)
was telling me a number of anecdotes—some very
amusing—of what she had heard and seen here, and
in America, in the course of her career. I was de-
monstrating to her the effects upon the chief doctrines
of Christianity of the simple fact that spirits were so
conditioned as those who had conversed with us, and
all others must be, and she was telling me what re-
velations spirits had made her regarding their state,
feelings, and degree of happiness. All of a sudden
she turned round. "There was rapping! I did not
hear it." "But I did," said my friend, who had been
silent for some time; "and I have summoned my
grandfather. Perhaps he can now tell me when his
grandfather died. Can you?" Rap-tap-tap. And the
year was given, whether correct could not be as-
certained at the time.

After Mrs. Hayden was gone, our first thought was
the table. There it stood, firm, solid, on four legs,
a good-sized, heavy dining table. We found it impos-
sible to swerve it by pushing or wrenching one of its
legs by the foot, least of all to move it in a circular
direction.

Mrs. Hayden had been sitting quite still, in an
easy, reclining position, which would have been very
difficult to preserve, had she made any efforts with
her feet. Besides, the table was moving as on a
pivot, and the large, high lamp standing in the
middle, remained as firm as before; there was
not the slightest quivering of the glass tube against
the shade, which struck me particularly, and the
whole movement, when beginning and ceasing, was
without a jerk, but smooth as if the table had been
lifted off the ground. I must not omit to state, how-
ever, that we requested a further movement after the
first had ceased. "You need not sit down again," we
were told. "They will do it just the same when we
are standing round." We did stand, round and Mrs.
Hayden repeatedly and most politely requested the
spirits to move the table again. "Oh, I have seen
them move furniture so quick, that people were
obliged to run out of the way, to avoid being hurt;
they have moved it often over the whole length of
the room! We were full of expectation, but no
further movement came.

I have read somewhere that the raps are produced
with the toes, and for that purpose the rappers must
be in a hot room in order to keep their feet and toes
warm. I can only say, that the room in which we
were with Mrs. Hayden, for some three hours, was
very cold indeed, it being of large dimensions, and
the evening one of the coldest that we have had in
February.

These facts were novel and startling, and at once
awakened the curiosity and aroused the egotism of
Mr. G. H. Lewis who had charge of the literary de-
partment of the Leader; he thought his friend had
been vastly humbugged, or that his senses of hearing,
feeling and seeing were not so acute as his own, and
he determined in the glory of his own strength, to
demolish the "Rappings," and to show to the world
that everybody was a fool and a dupe, but the val-
iant Mr. Lewis—he was too gunning for the rappers
—he had invented a trap, and he felt more than cer-
tain that he should catch Mrs. Hayden in it. Ac-
cordingly, for that purpose, it was arranged that he
should be invited to give them a lesson at once.

The following memorandum from our engagement-
book gives the time and place of rendezvous:
"Saturday, March 6th, at Owen Jones, Esq., 9
Argyle Place, Regent street, at seven o'clock, P. M."
Mrs. Hayden attended promptly at the time de-
sired, and was honored by an introduction to Mr.
G. H. Lewis, who was all smiles, and sympathetic
smiles—his head resembling more the mouth of Mi-

Vesuvius in an eruption than ought else we can com-
pare it to—eyes of a basilisk, darting their fiery
glances at you with fearful rapidity. There was a
wicked cunning in those malicious orbs that made a
shudder run through one's veins as when a deadly
serpent strikes out his murderous fangs to inflict
death on you—his face deeply pitted, and his little
whirly body continually twisting and writhing about.
Such, reader, is a fair picture of Mr. G. H. Lewis;
of the London Leader, who with that assurance for
which he has been so celebrated, opened the proceed-
ings and led off in gallant style, and propounded (as
he says, and who will doubt the word of such a pa-
ragon of truth,) the following wonderfully clever (I use
the word in the English sense) questions:

"Had Hamlet's father seven noses?"
"Was Pontius Pilate an American?"
"Was he a leading tragedian?"
"Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?"

To all of which profound problems he affirms that
he received an unequivocal affirmative, so it must all
be imposture, and poor Mrs. Hayden was in the art-
ful trap which that precious genius had invented.
It seems to us, that it is almost an unpardonable sin
and neglect on the part of the 'British public' that
they have not long ere this presented a superb gilt-
ed leather medal to him for his "explosion" of one of
God's immutable laws; but it is ever thus that na-
tions are ungrateful or forgetful of their greatest
benefactors. Poor, sapient Mr. Lewis, he quite for-
got that "like begets like," that had he attracted
spirits like himself, and if he had asked the more rea-
sonable question if he was a booby or a blockhead, he
might have received a more truthful affirmative.
However Mr. Lewis was but a laborer in another
department of the field to help on the good work,
lending his time and paper free of expense to call
public attention to the subject. It was a settled
fact long ago, that where there is much smoke there
must be some fire.

Immediately after the seance at Mr. Jones', large
handbills were posted up with this telling heading—
"The Rappings exposed in this week's Leader." This
attracted much attention, and for two or three weeks
the Editors of the Leader were overrun with com-
munications pro and con, but a few of those in favor
found a place, while the scurrility was welcomed.
Two letters from Sir Charles Isham, of Lampport Hall,
in favor of the phenomena, and one from a Mr. Wood,
of Davenport, also a portion of a letter from Dr. Ash-
burner, the part omitted being of a personal nature,
and reflecting very severely and justly on the charac-
ter of Mr. Lewis. The whole of which will be found
in this narrative. Shortly after this discussion the
"Table Turning" mania became all the rage, to
Mr. Lewis was a convert, and on copying an ar-
ticle into his paper from a German journal on the
subject, he appended the following editorial line,
which shows the man in his true light:

"This is not Mrs. Hayden's mode of moving
tables."

Reader, does not the above sentence prove the
knavery and dishonesty of the man? But comment
is superfluous, and we take our leave of the poor
creature with more of pity than anger, with this
leat from his life, which is not generally known in
this country.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the celebrated American
actress, became, while in London, acquainted with a
young and friendless girl in her own profession, and
with that kindness and generosity so characteristic
of her, took her under her protection, counseled, and
befriended her. Unfortunately Lewis, who had
written a play, called the "Noble Heart," became
stage-struck, and obtained admittance behind the
scenes, where he made acquaintance with the young
lady referred to, and, although a married man, he
sought by his wily arts to ruin her, but in this he
was thwarted by Miss Cushman, who interfered, and
saved her from his pestiferous fangs. This so en-
raged Lewis that he poured out his distilled venom
against the irreproachable character of Miss Cush-
man, who had him arrested for his slanders and
brought the strong arm of the law upon him, to
avoid the penalties of which he crouched at her feet
like a whipped spavil, promising not to offend in
like manner again if she would spare him, which
she graciously consented to do, on probation, still
keeping him under the law.

We have gone a little out of our way in detailing
the above that the world may know the true charac-
ter of our traducers in Europe.

[To be continued.]

LITERARY LABOR is undervalued, chiefly because the
tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain
made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing
followed hard after a breaking-up plough, the pro-
duce of the mind would at once assert a place in the
prices current. If a writer could be so equipped
with wheels and pinions, as entirely to conceal the
man within, like the automaton chess-player, and
sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a
living hand, the expression of thought would be at a
premium, because the clock-work would seem to
show that it cost something to make it.

"What a blessed change for society," says Punch,
"it would be, if all the rascals now upon the turf
were under it, instead."

Advertisements.

L. K. COONLEY, of North Andover, Trance Breaker and
Healing Medium, will answer calls to lecture in Maine, Mas-
sachusetts, or Connecticut; answering Theological questions
in the trance state. He may be addressed at this office.
June 20

S. W. GLEASON, DEVELOPING AND HEALING ME-
DIUM, 181 Meridian Street, East Boston. Terms \$1.00
per visit. The poor considered. 15-24. Sept. 12

"WHAT'S O'CLOCK?"—SPIRITUAL MANIFESTA-
TIONS. Are they in accordance with Reason and
Revelation? Where on chondral-plate of the Reason and
Century points most significantly the finger of God? Pub-
lished this day by T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones street,
New York. 15-20. Aug. 18

T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, NO. 1 AVON
PLACE, BOSTON. Having for two years tested his power,
he will endeavor the cure of all diseases, however obstinate.
He will be assisted by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly
developed mediums of the age. Patients visited in or out of
the city. April 11-12

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS,
Labels, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest
style of the typographical art, will be executed promptly, and
upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT,
17 Washington Street. June 11

MRS. D. C. FRENCH—Recently from Winchester, N. H.,
has been consulted as a Test Medium for medical purposes, from
9 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms one dollar.
Boston, July 24, 1857. 17-28

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, NO. 1 AVON
PLACE, BOSTON. April 11-12

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPPING, WRITING, TESTIM-
ONIAL MEDIUM, (Letters on the Arm) and CLAIRVOYANT
FATHER MEDIUM, 15 Hayward Place Boston. May 14-15
D. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MES-
MERIST, 5 Hayward Place. May 14

BANNER OF LIGHT.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF
ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL IN-
TELLIGENCE.

Is published in Boston every Thursday, and contains in a
compact and readable form of the largest size, FORTY COLUMNS
OF PRACTICE READING, comprising Capital, Original
Stories; Original Sketches of Life; Historical Pictures;
Thrilling Adventures; Home Circle; Ladies' and Children's
Department; Agricultural Facts; Mechanical Inventions;
Art, Science, Wit, Wisdom, and the Beauties of Poetry, and a Gen-
eral Summary of Political and Social News.

TERMS. Two Dollars per annum.
One Dollar for six months.
One copy, Five CENTS.
SINGLE COPIES, FOUR CENTS.
Clubs of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half each
copy, per year.
Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies, will
receive one copy in addition.
From the above there will be no variation.
Sample copies sent free.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
Those desirous of receiving this paper by mail, are informed
that money sent in advance is not returned to our risk.

SOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.
In order to protect the public from imposition, every agent
who is authorized by us to collect subscriptions, is furnished
with receipts signed by us. The public are cautioned against
paying subscriptions to any person not having the same.
LECTURERS and Agents furnished with these receipts on
application to us.
All letters must be addressed to the undersigned.
LUTHER COLBY & CO.

LIST OF AGENTS.

NEW YORK.
S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York City.
Ross & Towner, 103 Nassau Street.
Thomas H. Hays, 31 State Street, Albany.
E. A. Tappan, 240 River Street, Troy.
JAMES McDONOUGH, No. 1 Exchange Building, Utica.
D. M. Dewar, Arcade Hall, Rochester.
F. A. DRYDEN, No. 47 South Third Street, Philadelphia.
Barnes & Hoxce, 330 Race Street.
H. TAYLOR, Baltimore.
H. DUNGAN, 102 Vine Street, Cincinnati.
HAWKES & BROTHER, Cleveland Ohio.
NYE & BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.
McNALLY & Co., 15 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
J. H. WATKINS, Watch Tower Building, Adrian, Mich.
A. D'APPERT, New Orleans.
W. V. SENECA, corner Washington and Water Streets, Boston.
BETA MANER, 15 Franklin Street, Boston.
FROBENIER & Co., No. 9 Court Street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER & Co., No. 11 Court Street, Boston.
A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington Street, Boston.
HITCHKISS & Co., No. 20 School Street, Boston.
REDDING & Co., 8 State Street, Boston.
E. S. McDONALD, 78 Central Street, Lowell.
S. B. NICHOLS, Burlington, Vt.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, EXAMINING AND PRESOR-
ING MEDIUM, No. 12 Wilnot Street, Portland, Maine,
having been more than three years in Portland and vicinity,
in restoring many that were given up by physicians, now
feel constrained to offer her services to those who may need
them. Mrs. D. will give special attention to female com-
plaints. Examinations private and strictly confidential.
Mrs. Danforth's course of treatment cleanses the blood,
gives circulation to the fluids and vitalizes the system. Epi-
lepsy, Complain, Dropsy, Scrofula, Herpes, Canker, Paralysis, Eri-
atic Affections, Gravel, and those subject to Rheumatism, are
restored to health. Persons from the country are request-
ed to give their name, age, and town they live in, and they will
have a description and prescription sent, and medicine, if
requested. The fee for examination enclosed will secure atten-
tion. Medicines all vegetable.
Texas—Examination and prescription if present at the
house, \$1.50; in the city, absent \$1.00; out of the city, \$2.
June 11, 1857.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE, HAVING NO SYMPATHY
with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a
combination of speculating individuals, having no higher ob-
ject than the money making, I have come to the conclusion that
I may establish myself in an institution alone, proposing
that I have cured more of the THOUSANDS OF CASES OF DIS-
EASE by which mortals are afflicted, than any other physician
in my locality, during the long period in which I have been
thus engaged.
Will attend at office, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,
and will prescribe and apply for all diseases usually attended
in office practice. Mrs. R. E. DILLINGHAM, Assistant, who
will be present at all times, for the reception of ladies, and
will prescribe for them, when more consistent and desirable.
Will attend to calls personally in and out of the city, as
usual, when not engaged in office.
Office is connected with a store of Eclectic, Botanic, Thom-
sonian and Patent Medicines, of the best quality, which will
be scientifically prepared, and carefully put up for patients
and for transient sale; also, the great variety of my own
PECULIAR COMPOUNDS. Office, No. 50 Kneeland Street.
May 28. N. H. DILLINGHAM, M. D.

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT,
A. Bridgeport Conn. Terms—Clairvoyant Examination
and prescription \$3. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent
systems are given, \$5; if not given, \$3. Answering sealed
letters. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be
advanced.
"Dr. Stiles' superior Clairvoyant powers, his thorough
Medical and Surgical education, with his experience from an
extensive practice for over sixteen years, eminently qualify
him for the best CLAIRVOYANT, Physician of the age. In all
chronic diseases he stands unrivaled."
Office—No. 227 Main Street. May 7-15

REMOVAL. J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WRITING MEDIUM,
(ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS) gives notice to the
public that he may be consulted at this date, at No. 3
Winter Street, near Washington Street, (over George Tread-
well & Co.'s dry goods store), the rapidly increasing interest
in the phenomena of spirit communion rendering it necessary
for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of visit-
ors.
Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely
necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be
accompanied with the small fee he charges. Consequently
no letters will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied
with \$1. (ONE DOLLAR), and three postage stamps.
Audience hours from two to three o'clock, each afternoon,
Sundays excepted. June 15, 1857.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY
LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MARR,
Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at
No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accom-
modate patients desiring treatment by the above process on
moderate terms. Fully qualified, and having been in ad-
vance, that suitable arrangements may be made before
their arrival.