

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Onward for the truths of God!
Onward for the right!
Firmly let the field be trod,
In life's coming fight;
Heaven's own hand will lead thee on,
Guard thee till thy task be done!"

All the next day Agnes watched anxiously for the opportunity of seeing her friend alone; but the every Mrs. Greyson seemed determined to prevent the meeting her daughter-in-law so earnestly sought. She remained in the room as long as Mr. Mackensie was present; she followed him to the verandah, and when he retired to his own room to write letters, she sent Baldwin, a little negro boy, to attend upon him there. This boy, who spoke English, was commanded by Mrs. Greyson to report to her all that Mr. Mackensie said and did; who visited his room, and where he went to; when he left it. Baldwin was ordered to follow him wherever he went. Believing this to be a custom of the country, and a mark of respect tendered him, the guest was grateful and pleased; but the sad, foregone experiences of Agnes, gave her too true an insight into the present plotting. They feared she might confide in the friend of her youth, and thereby reveal their characters to the stranger. They sought to win to their interests. Poor Agnes passed a long, wearisome day of torturing anxiety. She managed, however, to whisper to him, as he sat beside her at luncheon; "Do not retire early—I must speak to you—in the garden—do not think it strange—"

here the lynx-eyes of her mother-in-law rested upon her, and she could not complete the sentence. Heaven seemed to smile upon her good intentions; that night Mr. Golding returned not to his Castle; business called him suddenly from home, immediately after dinner, to a distant town; and he would not return for some days. With many apologies for his sudden departure, Maurice Golding exacted the promise from his friend, that he would accept the hospitalities of his mansion until the owner's return, and Mr. Mackensie smiled compliance.

That night, when all slept soundly, Agnes stole on tiptoe along the darkened passages, and through the silent rooms, passed down the broad marble staircase to the garden gate, there with a beating heart and trembling frame to meet and warn her friend. He was there before her, his noble head uncovered, the cool night air playing amid his hair, and fanning his upturned brow; he manifested no undue anxiety or astonishment at the strange appointment and the unseasonable hour. But his expressive countenance clouded with sorrow as Agnes seized his hands, and pressing them to her lips and bosom, rained tears upon them—a heart-wrung, burning shower! as uncontrollable sobs shook her slender frame, and yet no word of explanation passed her pallid lips.

"My dear child!" he said at length, with fatherly kindness stroking the bowed head, and lifting from her face the disheveled ringlets; "What means this sorrow—this unaccountable agitation?—I begin to fear that my Agnes is not happy! Come, my child, tell friend Malcolm all!"

Agnes raised her pure, truthful glance to his face. Most eloquently they appealed to his heart; those soft brown eyes, with their mute entreaty, and tear-dimmed lustre! Volumes of unspoken tenderness and unfeigned suffering were revealed in that anguished, upraised glance. Mackensie felt his eyes filling with sympathetic heart-dew. "Not here! not here!" she whispered hurriedly. "They watch—they fear I may betray them—may tell you. Come, my friend! follow me. If I incur death this night, I must and will warn you—follow me." She led the way to the flower-encircled bath-house; Mackensie followed, silently wondering. The night was a clear and starry one; the golden orbs beamed near and brilliant; and as the boughs of orange and lemon, and flowering *rosas* struck playfully against his face, as the lily and jasmine scattered their leaves and sweet perfume upon the rising breeze, Mackensie wondered that sorrow could have entered the loving breast of the pure and truthful Agnes, even there, where the ocean sang so sweetly lulling a strain, beneath a scene so heavenly, a home so beautiful. He followed beneath the jasmine-covered archway and entered the cool retreat. Agnes drew from beneath the folds of her shawl a small lantern and struck a light; then opening one of the east-shutters, to admit the air, the feeble rays of the lantern and the starry radiance fell aslant upon the cool, still tank; and seemed to awaken to life and color the variegated flowers blooming upon its banks, and to call forth their rich perfumes. Mr. Mackensie looked around admiringly, and said, "What a fairy-like, cool retreat!" Yes, nature had made it

beautiful, but human passions had desecrated the once welcome spot, and Agnes turned from its calm and flowery beauty in silent loathing. There, on the very spot, where guile and cunning had wreathed their nets—womanly truthfulness and gratitude, fulfilling the mandates of duty, would efface the record, and expiate the premeditated treachery!

Mr. Mackensie found a little stool, and placed it before Agnes; but she gently refused to sit. She stood for a moment irresolute, her hand upon her brow, a deep flush mounting to her very temples, her breast heaving wildly. Mackensie gazed upon her with mingled pity and rising apprehension.

"Agnes, my child! I entreat you, confide in me. Have you lost confidence in your old friend, that you hesitate? Tell me all, and if I can do aught—"

Agnes had sunk upon her knees before him, her blue shawl had fallen from her shoulders, and now trailed upon the dew-wet grass. With her white robes cast carelessly around her, her eyes upraised in mute supplication to his face, her hands clasped as with the anguished entreaty for life; pale, and mute and tearful, she appeared the embodiment of Purity's sorrowing angel, interceding for a fallen humanity.

Mackensie could not behold unmoved that kneeling figure; striving with its great sorrow; his was too sensitive a soul, too pure a heart to behold suffering unmoved. With paternal tenderness he raised her from the ground; and gently as a mother would, stroked back the jetty ringlets veiling those sorrowing eyes. Gradually, a comparative calm lulled to rest the tumultuous waves of grief; a mighty resolve chased the intruding tears, a holy enthusiasm enkindled anew the star-light of her soulful orbs, and endowed with strength and courage that trembling woman's heart!

"My friend!" she said; "my conduct must appear incomprehensible to you. I will explain; for this purpose am I here. But how begin?—and yet there is no alternative. I must accuse those I love to the one who now esteems them! Oh, mine is a bitter fate! and a cruel duty devolves upon me! Oh God, I cannot speak it—I cannot accuse him—and yet—"

"Fear not, my dear child! speak freely to your best friend. Has my Agnes met with disappointment in her married life?—fear not to reveal all to me—all that I can do shall speedily be done. Look upon me truly as a father. Has the young Eva perhaps—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Agnes eagerly. "Eva is an angel of truth and goodness! if ever her young heart has been estranged, it is because—but I must not speak to you of other things—time wanes—I may even now be watched by my mother-in-law's emissaries. My husband has requested the loan of a sum of money from you?"

"Why, not exactly, my dear. He has rendered me many services, and I have, of course, offered him my friendly aid in return. He has told me of the great help a certain sum would be to him; and I, as in duty bound, tendered its acceptance to him."

"I wish you to recall that promise—to deny it to him when he demands it!"

"Why, Agnes!" said Mr. Mackensie, with a look of astonishment, "what reason can you possibly have for desiring me to refuse a favor to your husband?—there is some mystery in this. Explain yourself, my child!"

"The sum my husband desires you to lend him—did he promise repayment? And how, when?" demanded Agnes, looking anxiously into her companion's face.

"We have not entered into any preliminaries," he replied; "but I would at any time trust a friend; how much more so the husband of my little adopted daughter."

"And have you never been deceived?" asked Agnes, never taking her eyes from his face.

"Oh, very often, my dear. I have lost much by knavery and deception; but I have met with a few sterling souls; and because I have been duped sometimes, it does not follow that I must cease doing good whenever I can," he said, with his own peculiar smile.

"Will you now follow the advice of your grateful Agnes? Will you take counsel of the orphan who have made the truth-loving and self-reliant woman? Will you promise to grant me one prayer—one last request my soul demands of you?" entreated Agnes, looking pleadingly into his eyes, and taking his hand.

"I will do whatever you wish, Agnes! Anything to render you happy—I promise! I know you are possessed of a sound, unbiased judgment. But you no longer object to my helping your husband? That was but a whim of my little Agnes, was it not?"

"Promise me," said Agnes, impressively, never taking her eyes from his face. "Give me your word—that is oath sufficient, to refuse my husband's request for a loan of money."

"Agnes! this is strange—why insist upon this point? I have given my promise to your husband; my word has been passed. Tell me your reason—confide in me—here is some strange mystery; tell me, Agnes. I swear secrecy."

"Oh! must I speak the cruel words that will degrade him in your eyes! that will sprinkle the gray hairs of that aged woman with dishonor! Oh, Mr. Malcolm, urge me not! I cannot, dare not—"

"Agnes," said Mr. Mackensie, tenderly, but very firmly, "there is a mystery in all this, that my reason tells me were better all explained, even for your own sake. Come, confide in me, as you did in your girlish days. Tell me all that troubles you, and I will act for you as your own father would. I have attentively observed you to-day; you are pale and care-worn. Your rounded figure has grown thin and wasted. You have a secret sorrow, it is weighing you down. Rely upon me, my child; if your husband is unloving, is harsh, is not what he seems—tell me, perhaps I can find a remedy."

"Oh! it is not that—not that only—not that troubles me now. I am in sorrow—in trouble—in fear—for you, my dear—"

"For me, my child? What have I—"

Agnes cast her eyes towards Heaven with a despairing glance, then said, hurriedly, glancing uneasily around, "There is a plot laid—I overheard it—to deceive you. My husband is in difficulty; he relies upon your means to extricate himself—but he will not—ever—return you the money. Oh, God! that I, his wife, should lie to say it! he is not honest—I overheard them—he was plotting here—on the very spot you stand in—to wrong you; his aged mother is his adviser, he heard it all—concealed outside—impelled by some uncontrollable influence! It was God's will that I should shield my benefactor! Oh, friend Malcolm! the gilded misery that surrounds me—it is perhaps coined from the orphan and the widow's tears! He is dishonest—his name—oh, that I should be his accuser! that I should cease to love and learn to despise my husband!"

She buried her face in her hands, as if to exclude the light, and the searching gaze of her listener. Her frame shook with the violence of her grief and shame; and scalding tear-drops fell between her fingers upon the thirsting flowers. She stood thus awhile, in her solitary grief, when she felt a protecting-arm thrown around her, as if to shield her from the world's contumely; and a warm hand gently laid upon her brow. She looked up with renewed confidence, a flood of gratitude filling her heart with a feeling akin to joy. The face of her benefactor was very pale, and his open brow was contracted as if in pain; his blue eyes swam in tears, but his voice was firm, as he said: "My poor Agnes! And so you, too, have been deceived, and the fair outward semblance is all! I should have staked my life upon his word. That aged woman, too! and my heart bowed to her in reverence! But tell me more, my child. You have nobly fulfilled a most painful duty. I know the struggle it must have cost you. But tell me all; be explicit, my child, however painful the duty is. Be my own heroic Agnes; angels will look down upon you in approval; doubt it not, dear child. Spiritual beings are ever high, to strengthen and fortify the good. Know, dear Agnes, that were I to lose the sum your husband requests as a loan, I should become reduced to comparative poverty; that I could bear for myself, but there are others dependent upon me—one in particular. Traveling has greatly diminished my once ample store."

"And your generous donations to the sick and laboring," said Agnes. "Thank Heaven! in one way the girl you have blest with your benevolence has been able to avert a wrong from you. But you speak of one dear to you—are you married?"

"No, my child, but I have one living relative, who is my all, as I am hers. I dare not become impoverished for her sake."

"And you do not despise me for having dared to accuse my husband?" faltered Agnes, low and tearfully.

Mr. Mackensie heard her not; he was abstracted; lost in a painful reverie. Agnes tremblingly repeated her question. He smiled his own peculiar, melancholy smile, and replied, "Despise you! I should then despise all that is noble and praiseworthy. Dear child! I well know what this struggle has cost you. My poor Agnes! whom I deemed so well-mated and happy! But tell me, does he maltreat you; does his mother—"

"Oh, ask me not! ask me not! let me be silent as regards myself! enough that I am wretched and unloved! Only one passion rules in his breast, insatiate, burning, blighting, unholly ambition! Once Eva loved me, as a mother—that aged woman extinguished the young girl's affection. Never, oh never again, will Eva love me as then! there is distrust and doubt of me within her breast. Oh, friend of my early days! for long months I have had no one to cling to but that humble, faithful little Irish woman, Nelly; no one to look love or pity on me but my poor faithful dog!"

Agnes wept, and the fatherly friend reverentially kissed her pure, pale brow, murmuring, "My poor,

poor child! deserving of a better fate, my poor Agnes!"

A slight rustling outside startled them; Mr. Mackensie hastened to the door; a small, white, moving object was distinctly visible among the waving grass; he advanced to meet it, and smiled as it revealed itself in the form of little Loby, Agnes's pet dog, who, missing his beloved mistress in her chamber, had sought her everywhere, and finally tracked her to the bath-house. Returning to where Agnes stood, pale and crouching, he put her little favorite in her arms, who licked her face and hands in silent joy, and, as if aware that any loud demonstrations would be unreasonable, sensibly refrained from barking.

"Never despair of human truth and fidelity, dear child!" said Mr. Mackensie; "when this little animal presents so beautiful an instance of unswerving devotion. You have been cruelly deceived, my poor girl! but take courage. And now, fulfill your painful but heroic mission; give me all the details you feel at liberty to give."

Agnes, complying with her friend's request, repeated the substance of the conversation she had overheard there in that very spot. Mr. Mackensie listened attentively; his face flushed and paled alternately, and deep emotion heaved his breast. Agnes implored him to be lenient in his judgment of her husband. She presented him as perverted by the early influence of his mother's example, misdirected by a false ambition, lured to ruin by the glitter of gold. But strange thoughts were passing in her benefactor's brain; strange, confusedly mingling memories were passing through the avenues of thought, and pointing to the Present's revelations. He spoke to Agnes in a voice so changed by emotion, that she started in fear. "Agnes," he said, impressively; "I must sift this matter thoroughly. Fear not, no harm shall befall your husband; it is not my province either to threaten or punish. I seek the benefit of you all. You say you know nothing of his past-life, but what he has told you, and that you do not feel at liberty to reveal to me. Agnes, I admire your strict adherence to truth and principle; but I will tell you a tale—tomorrow. But first I must see your husband. I must have certainly tomorrow, not later. I will write to him, and you shall hear my story, and see whether you find yourself absolved from your promise of secrecy. He has not been confiding with you, for reasons of his own, perhaps. Oh, could it be! but it cannot—oh, God! it cannot be! but to-morrow I shall have certainty—oh! the search of years may not prove in vain. It is a wild and improbable thought—that here—in this far tropic land—but it impresses me so strongly! Oh, Father in heaven! if it could be!" Mr. Mackensie paused in strong agitation, his manly frame all shaken with the power of the memories he evoked, and the certainty he desired, yet dreaded. Agnes looked upon him, sharing his agitation, mute and inquiringly.

He gently pressed her hand. "Do not let me alarm you, dear child. I shall write a long letter to Mr. Golding to-morrow; and you must aid me in the task of gaining information, by giving me all you know upon the subject. To-night, I cannot bear either certainty or disappointment now—I am too much overcome. All will yet be well, dear Agnes, fear not! And should he again maltreat you—I see by your manner, although you will not acknowledge it, that he has done so already, I shall take measures to ensure you a happier life. If your unwavering love and pure example cannot reconcile him to happiness, and lead him to the path of rectitude, he is indeed past all hope; but you shall not suffer thereby! Thanks, my child, for the revelations of this night; for your saving gratitude and holy friendship, thanks! And now let us return to the house."

Agnes closed the shutters, and extinguished the light. Drawing her shawl around her, she took the arm of her friend, and they left the cool retreat, followed by Loby. A sharp bark from the little favorite startled them both from their painful meditations, and they beheld the tall figure of a negro emerging from behind a shady banana grove. Closely pursued by the barking Loby, he ran at full speed towards the Castle, disappearing in one of the rancheros or huts, that served as dwellings for the servants of *Castillo del mar*. Agnes had recognized Pedro. She tightly grasped the arm of her friend, and cried: "You see, I am watched; God help me!"

"Poor, persecuted lamb!" said Mackensie, tenderly. "Yes, I see, and feel for you. Can there be so much wickedness in so beautiful a place! To think that that venerable woman should so degrade her womanhood, her silver hairs oh, 'tis terrible! but God is good, and though your fate is hard, it shall tend to the purification of your heart and spirit. Doubt it not, dear Agnes, 'tis a difficult faith to admit, but you will find its truthfulness and use. Sorrow and trials elevate, purify, exalt the soul! Good night, my child! pray for me, and for thyself; fear not, and commend thy earthly fate into the hands of Him who is all Love."

On the flower-encircled verandah they parted for the night; with a lingering pressure of the hand, and a solemn benediction upon her head, Mackensie left her; returning to his chamber to write and ponder. Agnes retired to her room, not to sleep, but to weep and pray.

CHAPTER XIX.

"One moment o'er my chequered path
Thy smile hath shed its gladdening ray:
A rainbow on a cloud of wrath—
And wilt thou, also, go away?
Thou'rt going! well, thou knowest

What prayers arise for thee;
And where'er thou goest,
Bear gentle thoughts of me."

The next day brought a letter from Mr. Golding, addressed to his mother, enjoining her to use persuasion, and every available means at her command to induce Mr. Mackensie to remain at the Castle until his return. She was to urge upon Agnes and Eva the necessity of gaining their guest's good will, and Agnes, in particular, was to exert her influence to win her early friend to the interests of the family. The old lady communicated her son's request to her daughter-in-law, by taking the trouble of going to that lady's room, and there making known her lord's pleasure. Agnes listened quietly, and made no reply. She awaited the old lady's reproaches for her nocturnal visit to the bath-house, believing her to be cognizant of that fact, but she betrayed no such knowledge, and maintained a friendly manner and a dignified deportment.

Mr. Mackensie declared himself a willing captive, and on being told that Mr. Golding's business called him to an interior province, and that there was much risk of his letter never reaching him, he determined to postpone the writing, and await his return. He endeavored to gain some information from Mrs. Greyson, respecting her son's former marriage; but the old lady was wary and suspicious. Entirely self-possessed and dignified, she answered evasively, yet with an air of perfect unconcern, that puzzled Mr. Mackensie. Agnes felt saw not again alone; but Eva, who felt irresistibly attracted towards him, spent the greater part of the day with him. With intense and mysterious delight he listened to her voice, bending low his head when she spoke to him, as if to drink into his soul each of those music tones. The old lady looked on delightedly, and Agnes smiled her satisfaction.

They were seated upon the verandah, sipping their after-dinner coffee, when a galloping mule, bearing a swarthy messenger, was seen approaching the Castle. It was Diego, one of the servants of the hotel, who had been left in charge of Mr. Mackensie's baggage and letters. Covered with perspiration, he dismounted at the gate, and, hurrying up the steps, presented a letter to "Senor." It bore the English post-stamp, and was marked "immediate."

Mr. Mackensie hastily tore the envelope, and grew pale as he read. Agnes bent eagerly forward, the old lady hoped "there wasn't any bad news for her dear guest;" Eva looked sympathizingly upon him, and Nelly, who was assisting Martina and Alita in serving the coffee, muttered: "poor jittleman! good folks alters has troubles."

"My friends!" said Mr. Mackensie, with a faltering voice, I must leave you, leave you suddenly, and with a heavy heart! A very near and dear friend is dangerously ill, and I am summoned to her side. You will therefore not think me ungrateful, if I leave you hastily. Miss Eva, will you be my interpreter, and ask this kind messenger when this letter arrived, and when the packet sails for England?"

Eva did as he requested. The letter had been left at the hotel that morning; the packet for St. Thomas would sail early next morning, to be in time for the return packet to England, to sail in about a week. Eva's voice faltered, the rose-tint had fled from her cheek, as she heard of their guest's intended departure. As if, the dear, dying friend he spoke of, claimed a part of her affection also, a gloomy shadow fell upon the heart of Eva, a yearning, mournful tenderness filled her soul, a wishful, inexplicable longing to be with and comfort him in his grief, and to behold the loved one that summoned him from afar. Tears trembled on her long lashes; and, with growing tenderness, Mackensie gazed upon her; strange feelings rising in his breast, wild and improbable hopes clamoring there for admittance.

Sympathetic distress beamed from the face of Agnes, as she tearfully regarded him. Disappointment lowered upon the brow of Mrs. Greyson; the rich prize was about to escape. She mumbled some indistinct expressions of regret, and gazed mournfully on vacancy.

"Here, my friend!" said Mr. Mackensie, extending his hand to the awaiting negro, "thank you for your promptitude; here is something for your trouble. The man bowed respectfully, and was about to withdraw, when Agnes told Alita to take him to the kitchen, and give him some refreshment, while he rested his wearied beast.

"I must gather up my books and papers into my valise," said Mackensie. "Fortunately my baggage is left in town; as Mr. Golding has taken his horse, I suppose I must walk to town, as I could not get a mule in the neighborhood."

"You can have Zephyr," said Agnes. "I will tell Pancho to saddle him. Must you leave us to-night?"

"I must, my child; much as it grieves me, but every moment lost is an age of agony to me. I would not miss the first packet for Europe, or all the riches of this republic! If I am to lose her, oh, let me receive her last words, and let her spirit wing its flight to heaven from my arms! Grant me this favor, oh, Thou dispenser of all good! he fervently implored, raising his mild blue eyes to heaven.

Agnes hastened to give orders for the saddling of Zephyr; that done, she sat down upon the verandah steps, giving way to her grief; this, then, was the fate of earth's good and true ones—sorrow and separation.

Mrs. Greyson muttered to herself: "she wouldn't have Zephyr saddled for the Grand Paoha of Ninoveb—no, not for the Khan of China, or the Emperor of the Sandwich Islands—not she; but she'd do anything for this Mackensie." Then smiling blandly upon the guest, she inquired, with due mournful

precision of voice and manner, whether the dear, sick lady was a near relative?

"My only sister, madam," replied Mackensie, with a deep sigh. "But pray excuse me, I must hasten to pack up my papers."

"Can I assist you, Mr. Mackensie?" asked Eva, timidly; "you have left some of your books in the dining saloon, shall I fetch them for you? You are agitated by the sudden news, and I would so like to do something for you!"

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said Mrs. Greyson, to whom the young girl appealed to with a timid glance.

"You have my full permission to show all possible respect and attention to our honored guest; but you can call up some of the black fusts. Call Jose, or Antonio, or some of them, and you can entertain Mr. Mackensie while the horse is getting ready. Where's Baldwin, that black imp?"

"I don't know, grandmother; but I'll run for the books." Mr. Mackensie smiled lovingly upon her, and taking her small white hand, said: "Many thanks for your friendship and kindness of heart, my sweet child! You have enlivened the hours spent here with a charm that will never leave my memory. Will you give me a keepsake? Then, please, gather me some tropical blossoms; they will serve me as pleasant remembrances until we meet again, as my heart tells me we shall."

Eva hastened to obey his wishes. Passing down the verdant steps, she found the weeping Agnes, her head bowed upon the clustering vines. Pity and love were fast regaining their angel sway within the bosom of the gentle girl; bending down, she pressed her lips to her step-mother's brow, saying tearfully: "We are all sorry that he is going away; don't grieve so, dear Agnes." And she hastened to cull the flowers, whose bright colors mingled strangely before her tear-filled eyes.

Meanwhile, the old dame, having somewhat recovered from the shock, occasioned by the sudden announcement of their guest's departure, was volubly commenting upon her son's grief, when he should hear of his valued friend's sudden absence. "He thinks all the world of you, Mr. Mackensie, and he'll feel as sorry as if it were his own twin-brother leaving him. But you'll write, Mr. Mackensie, and let us know how your dear sister is, and when we may expect you to return? You promise to do that for us, we shall be so anxious on your account! You intend returning to this country, do you not? and you will make a long, long stay with us?"

Mr. Mackensie promised to write, and avowed his intention of returning as soon as circumstances permitted. The clouded brow of the old plotter unbent somewhat, and she left him to attend to his packing.

As he entered his room, he found Agnes there, seated upon a low stool—her head bowed upon her knees—deep sobs shaking her wasted frame. He gently put his hand upon her head; she started and lifted her heavy eyes to his face.

"Agnes, my child!" he said, in a voice, mildly reproachful. "I must chide you for thus giving way to grief. Where is your strength and fortitude, that firm religious trust, and beautiful power of endurance you displayed beside your step-mother's bed, when poverty and almost famine encompassed you? But, forgive me! I will not say another word that may sound reproachfully, poor suffering heart! I will not grieve thee. Do not look at me so mournfully, my poor, poor Agnes! You have suffered much; more than you will acknowledge, even to your best friend. But listen, my child! I have need of all my fortitude, the fortitude that has been tried for years. My only sister, of whom you have never heard me speak—she is about to depart for that life of which even here, she has been a participator. Oh, Agnes! I cannot speak of her. If over there was a saint, a heaven-delegated martyr, a noble, enthusiastic reformer, she is one. Alas! for the darkened age we live in! that cannot appreciate her gifts of heart and intellect. I would have had a lengthy conversation with you to-day, my child; it is now too late, but I shall write—probably from St. Thomas. And now, Agnes, say farewell; here, where no prying eyes are upon us. I shall return, come what will, for your sake, for I see trouble gathering around you; again, as in days long past, I say, Agnes, pray for me! And now I add, pray for her, my sister. Swerve not from principle, for love of aught earthly, for fear of aught human. Be as you have ever been, truthful, and pure, and good! With time, even your earthly lot shall be brighter; such a heart as yours was never formed for abiding sorrow. Farewell, dear child! I shall return as soon as circumstances permit, and endeavor to brighten thy lot."

"Oh!" cried Agnes, kissing his extended hand, "dark and threatening are the clouds that encompass me! You, too, believe in spiritual intuitions, in premonitions from on high. I know that trials, stern and gloomy trials, await me; his love is alienated—it's manifestations are feigned—his mother hates me—and you, my best friend—my only one—you leave me—never, never to return!"

"Hush, hush—calm yourself, my poor child! When has friend Malcolm failed in keeping sacred his promise? If I live, I shall return. Trust me; rely upon my word, and now say farewell, dear Agnes!"

"Farewell!" she sobbed; "and oh! forgive me, if in aught I have said or done, I have wounded your generous, sensitive heart!"

"Rise, rise, my child; kneel to God alone," said Mackensie, gently rising her from the attitude she had assumed at his feet. "Do not unman me," he pleaded, dashing away the tears that veiled his mild, blue eyes. "Take my fatherly blessing, Agnes! But stay, I had almost forgotten. You may need pecuniary assistance; we know not what may occur before we meet again. You are seemingly wealthy, but how deceptive are appearances. From what you have told me, ruin may overtake you at any moment; take this from your old friend, and he placed a roll within her hand."

"No, no!" remonstrated Agnes; "this is too much; I do not need it. I have some money, and abundance of jewelry and fine dresses, that in any emergency—"

"Do not refuse me!" entreated her kind friend, "let me repeat to you my words of yore; if not for yourself, take it for others; use it in charity, if you find no need for it. I have somewhat exceeded my usual expenses, or there would be more there. Take it, dear child."

Agnes resisted no longer; and smiling amid her tears, said: "Let me not cloud this, our parting hour. You have grief enough of your own; for your sake, dear father—that is the name my heart gives you—I will bear my lot, and whatever it be, endeavor to live and suffer until you return, and will

pray for you, oh, so fervently! for her, your sister, pray that she may be spared for many years to gladden your life! Farewell—my best friend—I will no longer detain you—my benefactor! my father—farewell! As she bent to kiss his hand, he fondly strained her to his breast, as a parent would a beloved daughter; then gently unwinding her clinging arms, he led her to the door, with a tearful, "God bless you!"

With her handkerchief to her eyes, Agnes hastened to her room; there falling on her knees, she prayed long and fervently.

Eva had gathered her fragrant offering; had tied it with a blue and silver ribbon, and with a pensive countenance and an oppressed heart, sat waiting for Mackensie's reappearance. He came at last, followed by Baldwin carrying the valise. His face was pale, and his blue eyes swam in moisture. Eva rose, and offered her flowers; he took them with a melancholy smile, holding her soft white hand, gazing intently, tenderly, upon her face. "Eva! let me call you thus, without prefix or compliment," he said, "I thank you for your unwearied kindness and attention. You will ever hold a loving place in my affections; let me make one request at parting from you. It is, that at the twilight hour, you will sometimes sing that beautiful hymn, to which, your gentle step-mother has written such appropriate words. I mean 'Sweet Home.' Sing it, my child, when the first stars look out; and through the distance my spirit shall respond, and delight in your sweet, familiar voice. Will you comply with an old man's fancy?"

"Willingly, Mr. Mackensie," said Eva; and oh, I do hope you will return to us, we shall miss you so much!"

"I shall return, if it please God! and that very soon." Eva's countenance brightened. "I have already said farewell to Agnes; and now farewell to you, my sweet child! One word more—be loving to your step-mother, she is worthy of your affection. And now—God bless and shield you from all harm!" He extended both hands; impelled by an uncontrollable impulse of affection, Eva stooped and kissed those hands; she felt herself enfolded in his embrace, gathered to his heart! A quick kiss was imprinted on her cheek, and a hot tear fell upon her brow; her farewell was unspoken, for a poignant sorrow filled her breast. Eva leaned against the flower-encircled balustrade and wept; wept for the departure of one she had known but a few days. Mr. Mackensie took a formal leave of the stately old lady, who had been gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the "goings on." Knowing her to be treacherous to him, and false to Agnes, he could not feign a cordiality foreign to his feelings. The old dame was volubly sorrowful for his departure, and anxiously solicitous for his speedy return. Nelly stood in a corner of the verandah, wiping her eyes with her apron; she almost worshipped "the strange gentleman, who was so like a father to the swate, purty young mistress, shure!" Mr. Mackensie beckoned her to approach, and giving her a gold piece, and some silver to be distributed among the negroes, he requested her to remain faithful and kind to Agnes.

"That me will, yer honor!" said Nelly, dropping her lowliest curtsy; "an' tin thousand blessings on yer honor's head! me would go through fire and wather for the young leddy, bedad! The saints presarve yer honor, and give ye a happy journey across the big sea!" Mr. Mackensie thanked her, and with another lingering glance at Eva, as if to impress her image indelibly upon his memory, he descended the marble steps, and passing the garden gate, mounted the awaiting Zephyr, and accompanied by Pancho, was soon lost to view. He turned his head often towards the gleaming lights of the Castle, and sighed as its white outline faded in the distance.

"Come, come, Eva!" said Mrs. Greyson, pettishly, "what's the use of moping and crying? One would think you were in love with this stranger; he is half in love with you, I do declare. What would Mr. Felix say, I wonder? Come, pet; don't take on so; he's a very fine man, but then he isn't anything to us. You make more fuss about him, than about your own father! What are you blubbering about, Nelly, eh?"

"An' it's a mortal angel, that jintleman is, barrin' the wjngs in course! I'll light a wax candle this very evenin' to me patron saint, an' pray him safe across the great big sea!" sobbed the grateful Nelly.

Poor Eva was contrasting this warm-hearted stranger's manner, with her father's coldness and neglect; and a gush of filial feeling leaped towards him; she longed to nestle to his bosom, and hear him call her daughter!

"Come, come! am I going to have a crying hospital here, or a funeral march played? Dear me! dear me! I wonder whether you'd all make such a fuss and a catastrophe, if I were to go away. Come, Eva, to my room, and read me that new story in the American papers your Felix left here. Nelly, tell Alita to come to me immediately, and give her a new fan. D'ye hear? Come, gold pet, come!"

Eva, still weeping, followed her exacting grandmother.

CHAPTER XX.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers of the tier to shed, A crown for the brow of the early dead. For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst, For this in the woods is the violet nursed. Though they smile in vain for what once was ours, They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!"

So fixed and holy from that marble brow— Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal The signet-ring of Heaven. MRS. HEMANS.

Let us now wend our way across the blooming fields, or along the sanded beach that skirts *Castiglio del mar*, to where the easy footpath leads to the village of Mariposa. There, where the path diverges amid shady hedges of mignonette and clustering orange trees, the open "Place of Tamarinds" coolingly invites to repose; let us pass on, and up yon flower-decked hilly side; where white and prominent stands the stately mansion of Don Ramon Gonzalez. It is not so near the waves' murmured greeting as *Castiglio del mar*, but is embowered amid shady fruit-trees that exclude the glimmering vistas of the deep blue sea. A towering and solitary palm tree stands sentinel beside the iron fence enclosing the garden, and from it the mansion has received its name—*La palma sola*.

Outwardly, it is inferior in architectural beauty to the Castle of the Sea, nor are its surroundings so picturesque and grand; but the interior excels in lavish ornament and luxurious display. European taste, and elegant simplicity have there presided, but here, the fantastic and extravagant ostentation of the Creole character held unlimited sway. The floor of the reception hall and dining room is of white,

gleaming marble, but rose leaves and fragrant shrubs are scattered with lavish hand, from corridor to sleeping chamber; the scented lily, the fragrant orange blossoms, the aromatic leaves of the forest are trodden under foot; and crushed, give forth a double sweetness. Curtains of lace and delicate pink silk, in one place, of deep sea-green and crimson in another, serve in the place of doors. There is costly furniture with much gilding upon it, alabaster vases with rich carving, porcelain ornaments of fantastic shapes and varied hues; soft lounges and handsome mirrors; but few pictures or statues, or books. In Donna Manuela's sleeping room and *boudoir* there are scattered around no signs of female occupation or literary taste; but there is a piano, a harp and guitar in the large airy room, appropriated to her comfort, and the reception of her most intimate friends. No drawing materials, nor scattered or neatly folded up sewing, no favorite books, there greet the eye. But over chairs, and tables, and ottomans, over lounge and toilet table, were tossed and mingled in careless profusion, costly silk and satin dresses; lace mantillas and velvet coverlets, thrown together in one confused mass of gayest colors. Amid the crystal bottles, the gold and silver flacons and gem-inlaid baguettes of the toilet; glistened diamond rings, and pearl necklaces; ruby bracelets and emerald pendants. To-morrow is a festival day, and Donna Manuela has been selecting among her robes and ornaments the morrow's suitable attire; but without arriving at any conclusion. From her perplexed investigations of her wardrobe, she has been called away to superintend the morning bath of her little daughter; and now, her motherly heart is racked with apprehension, for the little girl, on being taken out of the water, looks flushed and feverish; her face burns, and her eyes are intensely bright.

"*Mamma, me duela!*" exclaims the little one, putting her plump little hand to her head.

"*Pobrecita!*" (poor thing) says the mother tearfully, "her head pains," and she rocks her to sleep on her bosom, and calls *Maria la paz*, a little black slave, to fan away the intruding flies from her darling's face.

But Angela's sleep is restless; she tosses about in her mother's arms, the flush deepens upon her face, spreads over her pure wide brow, while her pulse beats faster and faster, and her little heart beats wildly against her mother's bosom. Once in a while her eyes unclose only again to droop in weariness, heavy with lethargic sleep.

The mother becomes anxious and perturbed. She endeavors vainly to arouse the little sleeper. Her impetuous nature can bear the suspense no longer, she cannot resist the terror that is creeping to her heart. She calls her attendants, in so startled, so unnatural a voice, they rush alarmed into the room, with widely distended eyes. With tears and wail exclamations, she points to the suffering child; bidding one go immediately for an old woman, living near by, who is famed for her skill in the treatment of infant maladies; another is despatched to town, to summon Dr. Walter, and a third to entreat her husband's immediate return. Not knowing where to find Don Ramon, several messengers were sent in various directions to summon him home. Manuela ordered her favorite woman, Dolores, to light the Virgin's lamp, and bidding her female attendants follow her, and join in prayer, she proceeded to her oratory, bearing the sick child in her arms.

This oratory was a small room adjoining the lady's sleeping chamber. On a marble slab supported by carved feet of silver and ivory, stood a beautifully executed painting of the Virgin Mother with her infant son. Various images of renowned and minor saints, in rich gilt frames, were disposed around, and pictures of Guardian Angels, blessed medals, and a small font with holy water decked the household altar. In commemoration of the recovery of her husband from a severe illness, a small golden image of himself was attached by a golden chain to the Virgin's portrait. As a token of devotion and gratitude for the rescue of her beloved boy from a snake, a silver serpent, with glistening ruby eyes twined around Our Lady's image. Little silver feet and porcelain hands, artificial flowers, and many a trinket adorned the solid gilded frames of saint and martyr; many ornaments were disposed around, offerings of devotion from the pious dwellers of the household.

A lamp of burnished silver, of a graceful, flowery form, graced the Virgin's altar; it had been lighted in obedience to the mistress's commands. The air was redolent with rose and orange blossom, the penetrating odors of the lily, the geranium and the rose, mingling with the sweet perfume of the jasmine, and the unnamed wild-flowers. A choice bouquet was arranged in a silver vase beside the Virgin's shrine; it was the daily offering of the pious Manuela.

Creeping vines, and crimson pomegranate flowers clustered outside the wide, arched windows, and peeped smilingly in upon the devotees of those simple hearts. A velvet rug, of a bright blue color was spread before the altar, well contrasting with the marble floor; on it Manuela knelt to repeat her rosary.

With her sick child resting upon her lap, she now implored the Virgin Mother's intercession, while her attendants fervently and tearfully joined in the responses of the rosary. Manuela, although proud and capricious, indolent and exacting, was a kind, indulgent mistress, forgiving and generous to a fault.

But her prayers availed not; the child appeared to be sinking into a still heavier stupor, and almost distracted between grief and terror, Manuela arose from her prayers, and hurried to her sleeping room, threw aside the pink gauze curtains of the bed, and placed the little sufferer upon the snowy coverlid. She sat down beside her, fanning away the intruding flies, with pallid face and streaming eyes; her women grouped around, regarded her with tender looks and whispered among themselves; then one after another offered her advice, and presented this and the other household remedy. They bathed the child's face with fragrant waters, and applied cooling leaves to her heated brow; bathed the little feet, and called to her in the most endearing epithets to awake and speak to them.

An hour wore on; one of the messengers returned; the old woman was not at home, and could not be found in the neighborhood. Manuela clasped her hands in agony. Angela breathed quick and heavy, but her long lashes drooped upon her fever-oppressed cheeks; she moaned as if in pain, but seemed totally unconscious of her mother's presence; her prayers and entreaties fell unheeded upon her ear; her anguished prayer, that she would but awaken, would but look upon her mother's face once more! Manuela could endure this no longer; desiring Dolores to take her place, she hastened from the room, and despatched messengers to meet her husband and the physician, and bid them speed.

most distracted by grief, she bade the little Ramon's attendant to keep away from the sick chamber, fearing that Angela's fever might be contagious. With burning tears she supplicated all the saints for her darling's recovery; then with trembling limbs she re-entered the sick room, and sat down beside the child. Angela sighed and moaned, but gave no signs of awakening from that deadly sleep. Manuela wrung her hands, and clutched her long disheveled tresses in the mighty impotence of her grief; "*Dios mio!*" she cried; "*Virgin sanctissima!* save my child!" but the forenoon passed, and neither meat or drink passed the lips of the half-frenzied mother. Her grief and growing alarm found vent in shrieks and incoherent exclamations, her frightened attendants vainly endeavoring to tranquillize and console her. But she was deaf to entreaty and consolation, and impatiently waved them aside. At last, thank Heaven! hurried steps approached, and rushing out into the entry she is clasped in the arms of her husband, who is followed by Doctor Walter.

"Hush, hush! my love," said Don Ramon, soothingly, with loving hand caressing his wife's disheveled hair. "Angela may not be so very ill; see, here is our good doctor, whose skill has saved half the community. He will do his best for our good little girl; do not so distress yourself, dear Manuela! Where is our child?"

"Oh, doctor! doctor!" cried Manuela impetuously, flinging herself upon her knees before him, "save her and take my life in return! Oh! I could not live without my little Angela! oh, save her, doctor, or I shall die;" and she frantically kissed his hand.

A benevolent, tender, well nigh breaking heart, joined to a God-like self-control, must be the portion of the tried physician. What painful memories, what sublime emotions, must swell his pitying bosom; what unseen tears are shed, what unheard prayers are uttered from his lacerated soul, that to its inmost depths is stirred by the aspect of "another's woe!"

"My dear madam!" said the kind practitioner, (who spoke the Spanish fluently) do not distress yourself unnecessarily. Come, lead me to my little patient, and let us see what the matter is. Young mothers are apt to become easily alarmed." The good man smiled benevolently, and Manuela led the way to the bedside of the suffering child. Doctor Walter bent over her, felt her pulse, her breast, her heated brow.

A perturbed expression passed across his face; fleeting as it was, Don Ramon noted it, and his face became deathly pale.

"You know I am averse to drugging and bleeding," said the good man, "especially in the case of one so young. Have a warm bath prepared for the child, and let her remain in it fifteen minutes; then give her some boiled lemonade, and every two hours one of these powders." He drew a small box from his pocket, and carefully selecting some minute papers, handed them to the mother.

"Will she get well, doctor? She will recover, my child! my angel! It is not dangerous, or you would leech or bleed her; is it not so? Oh, tell me, doctor! for the Blessed Mother's sake, tell me!" implored Manuela.

"The child is young and very tender, and fever makes sad inroads on such constitutions. She is very ill, but with God's help may recover. Let her have plenty of fresh air; I will call again to-night."

"Oh! my child will die! I see it in your looks, I read it in your countenance. You have signed my child's death warrant! Oh! Mother of Heaven! my child will die!" shrieked Manuela, wildly grasping the doctor by the arm.

"My dear madam," he gently replied, looking calmly and benevolently into her excited face, "you must control yourself, or you will shock the system of your little one, should she return to consciousness. Be patient and hopeful, dear Donna Manuela, — all may be well!"

"Oh! I will speak in whispers! I will walk bare-foot, so that my tread may not disturb her; but oh! give me hope—tell me that my child will live!"

"We are in the hands of God!" solemnly returned the physician. "All that human skill can do, shall be done. I shall bring Doctor Vardon along with me this evening. In the meantime, for your husband's sake, for the sake of your other child, be patient, Donna Manuela."

"Oh! it's easy for you to preach patience!" cried the excited mother. "You never lost a child!" The white-haired physician smiled a melancholy smile; he had three of his heart's tendrils transplanted to the better land; their little earth forms reposed beneath the distant soil of his native land. He knew that to reason with the almost frantic mother, in the present state, was of no avail, so bidding her farewell, and promising a speedy return, he left the room, followed by Don Ramon.

"I will not deny to you that your child is dangerously ill," he said, as they stood upon the balcony. "Your wife should have some female friend to remain with her during this trial; some one that can be calm and resolute, should the worst occur."

"You think that my little one will not recover? Oh, I saw your countenance change, dear doctor, when you bent over her. Oh, my poor, poor Manuela! she will not survive the loss of her child. Oh, doctor! this is a terrible blow! we were all so happy!"

"Take courage, friend!" said Doctor Walter. "Life is in the hands of God; her's is a dangerous case, for the attack has been sudden. If she awakes out of her present stupor, she will recover; if she sleeps after sunset, it is my duty to tell you, though my heart bleeds for you, that there is no hope. Bear up against this sorrow, my friend! You are not the only mourner in this world." The father wept, and the good doctor's eyes were suffused with tears.

"I will go for Donna, Agnes holding as soon as the sun goes down somewhat," said Don Ramon. "She is my wife's best friend, and the only one I could trust my poor Manuela to. What say you, doctor?" and with a manly effort he controlled his agitation.

"Do so, do so, my friend," replied Doctor Walter eagerly. "She is the very person; there is in her a wonderful power of self-command and endurance. She is a noble woman. Bear up, Don Ramon, all may yet be well. I shall return early this evening. Good-bye. Don't accompany me, but return to your wife."

thirsty at present;" and with a lingering pressure of the hand, the worthy man departed; and Don Ramon returned to the sick room of his child, to console his afflicted wife, and watch every movement of the unconscious sleeper. The day wore on; no change in the little Angela, but that same torpid slumber, and crimsoned face. The sumptuous afternoon repast was partaken of by the servants only. Manuela refused meat and drink, and her devoted husband watched and prayed beside her. When the sun descended behind the towering mountains, Don Ramon mounted his horse, and galloped towards *Castiglio del mar*.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SLEEP AND DEATH.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Two angels once, twin brothers,
Held their vigils o'er a child;
While beside the couch a mother
Look'd calmly on and smiled;

For sleep was gently fanning
The hot and fever'd brow—
And though the mother whisper'd softly,
He resteth sweetly now.

And then her voice grew tremulous,
As with excess of joy;
She thank'd her God that sleep at length
Had bless'd her suffering boy.

"Tis ever thus, said Death! you come,
And the throbbing breast grows calm;
They feel that 'neath your gentle wing
'They rest secure from harm.

For me! my presence bringeth grief,
And a sorrowing sense of ill;
But though mine is a sterner task,
I do but the Father's will.

See when I touch that baby brow,
How the fair young mother will weep;
Though I only hush it to deeper rest,
A sweet and more dreamless sleep.

Courage, my brother! 'tis true I bring
To the weary a brief repose;
But better by far is the peaceful sleep,
Which no bitter waking knows.

And when at the resurrection morn,
From their tranquil sleep they come,
They too will bless the friendly hand
Which gave them their passport home.

ROBERT EMMETT AND HIS LOVE.

"Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate, desiring admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon, opened the massive door, then closed it again, and the two lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmett turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of his boyhood had been his pole-star—the maiden who sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of the chains sounded like a death-knell in her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmett said, but little, but he pressed her warmly to his bosom. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body; he spoke of bygone days, the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious; and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood; and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she would cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met—they could not say farewell! The door swung open to its heavy hinges, and they parted forever! No! no! never—is there not a heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to his country and to liberty.

"Twas in the land of Italy; it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy; what a magnificent scene! A pale, emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh! I was it not hard for her to die far from her home in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul! No! her star had set—her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth, close, burning ties, what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit than to find the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing flower?" Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmett—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the notes of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

"WE DIE DAILY."

The bodies of animals are continually undergoing a series of invisible changes of substance, of which they are entirely unconscious. We look at our hand to-day as we write, and we fancy it is the same substance we saw yesterday, or last year—as it was ten years ago. The form of each finger, of each nail, is the same. Scars made in our infancy are still there. Nothing is altered or obliterated; and yet it is not the same hand. It has been renewed over and over again since the days of our youth. The skin, and flesh and bone have been frequently removed and replaced. And so it is, more or less, with our whole body. The arms and limbs that sustained us in our schoolboy struggles long since consigned to the dust, and have perhaps lived over again more than once in plant, or flower, or animal. *In from three to five years the entire body is taken out and built in again with new materials.* A continued activity prevails among the living agencies to which this hidden work is committed. Every day a small part is carried away, just as if a single brick were every day taken out of an old wall, or a single wheel out of a watch, and its place supplied by another. The body, therefore, requires constant supplies, at every period of its life, of all those things of which its several parts are built up.—*North British Review.*

BISHOP OTREY, of Tennessee, is not opposed to the cultivation of innocent amusement. His pleasant disposition is illustrated by the following remark of his: "Thirty years ago I came to Tennessee with my wife, my fiddle, and a horse and sulkey. My horse and sulkey are long since gone, but my wife and fiddle remain as good as new.

"If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it."

Original Poem.

THE SONG OF LILLA.

BY MATTHEW RICKFORD.

[The following poem was recited, or rather sung, to the lady whose name it bears, by a spirit who, upon earth, was a "Fair Circassian Maid." The latest events of her life in this world, and the cause of her early departure to that of which she is now a resident, are here given, and graphically portray the fate of thousands of fair beings in the land of beauty and song. We are of the opinion that this poem is a truthful record of actual occurrences, and, as such, will be read with interest, as also admired for its high-toned sentiment and beauty of expression.]

O, bright Circassian was my home,
Her breezes wafted my hair;
I had no thought, no wish to roam
From scenes so pure and fair.
Then by a spirit who had gone,
Nor deemed that such a tale
Or loftier mountains or could be,
Than those I learned to prize.

O, land of passion and of song,
Thou land of murmuring waters,
Alas! thou land of foolish wrong,
Unto thy spirit I have fled,
To thee I tune my simple lay;
In measure sad and broken;
To thee my notes shall wing their way,
Words all as yet unspoken.

My lot was sad; to be too fair,
Alas! was saddest lot of all;
The sweetest flowers left blooming there,
Who soonest doomed to fall.
So bright with a sunbeams that fair home,
So calm that peaceful dell,
I could not dream that grief would come,
Nor evil hour foretell.

O, Lilla! Lilla! passion flower,
Who knew me in thy light hour,
How true to me thy trial hour,
Would strength to bear be given!
One eye, while sitting near the porch
Of our fair cottage home,
I saw two strangers with a torch
Unto the threshold come.

They said, "Sweet maiden, is your life
Within this humble cot?
I would not have your heart's desire,
I answered, "He is not."
"And is your mother there, bright one?
Go, tell her friends are near."
I answered, "I am all alone,
But they will soon be here."

Then quick they covered o'er my sight,
And o'er my lips they bound
A bandage, closing thick and tight,
So I could see no more around.
I struggled fiercely, but in vain—
On bended knee I plead—
My silent prayer could naught obtain
But curses on my head.

Thou! flower paths they dragged me on,
Where I had played my childish game,
Alas! that since that soiling sun-
Such changes sad should be.
Now heard they voices, and they hushed;
My very soul was racked;
O, God! thy heavens might well have blushed
For this foul, fearful act.

And nearer still the voices grew,
My mother's, soft and glad;
My father's, deep and stern, too—
"Why did'st thou go mad?
So near they came their very breath
Might almost fan my brow,
O, Allah! what to me were death
And all its tortures now?"

A wild deed had I done, my heart;
My pulses all were still;
Hope, strength and sense seemed to depart,
And left me, at their will.
Onward we journeyed thro' the night,
And morning brought no rest;
No friendly form to cheer my sight,
No word to cheer my breast.

They brought me to a Sultan proud,
And all my wits were sold;
And there, within my soul, I vowed
They'd never be bought with gold.
Ah, little did they know the game
They had been careful keeping,
The figures that they thought so tame
Was only mine own heart's being.

The monarch saw my rising ire,
And calmed his sensual smile;
And bade me, if 'twere my desire,
To go and rest awhile.
They took me to a gorgeous room,
More bright than fairy dream,
The scented air with rich perfume,
Made it an Eden seem.

They gave me robes most rich and rare,
And rarest gems beside;
And said I was fairest of the fair,
As fit for the Sultan's bride.
O, how I writhed 'neath that false name,
A name I had not earned;
And I swore in my heart that unborn shame,
Should never on earth be born.

"Come hither, my beauty," the Sultan spoke,
"Come hither, and kneel to me;
And if thou'rt good, a queen I'll make,
A queen of the harem thou'lt be."
With a flashing eye before him I stood,
And said, "When I can feel
By the side of my own heart's good,
Thou'rt better than I'll kneel."

Then the monarch said, "A slave thou art,
But if thou'lt obedient prove,
I'll make thee queen of my throne and heart,
Queen of my life and love."
And fiercely I answered, "I am no slave;
My spirit yet is free;
Nor from the block my head to save
Will I your minion be."

"Well spoken, maiden—all words seem
Most beautiful from thy lips;
And I'm like the little bee, who dreams
Of honey while he sips.
But I'll no longer dream—this hour
I'll taste thy perfume breath."
(O, God! who gave me no power
To crush the life of the death.)

"But no, thou art wearied, I see,
Thy head is bending low;
Thou must not stand, but cheerfully
Then to thy chamber go;
I would not battle with her, worn,
But readily new,
As buds that in the early morn,
Are spangled o'er with dew."

I heard no sigh, no words I named,
My heart was bending low;
My very blood seemed all too shamed,
Thro' my pure veins to flow.
Thou, tho' a monarch, he could dare
To breathe the life of the death;
O, Allah! Allah! hear my prayer,
And take my soul to thee.

"Thou art not sad, for thou art fearless,
Thy only anger makes thee so;
I like thy courage, daunt and fearless,
I like thy rich Circassian glow;
Thou dost not in this fair life languish,
For see the peace that thy cheeks show;
(He knew not that the heart's deep anguish
In flashing colors oftimes speaks.)

"Come, lovely maiden, cease repining,
The heaviest hours are sorrow shorn;
The darkest clouds have silver lining,
And thine will brighten with the morn.
To-morrow all thy doubts
Are gathered for the target spot;
And thou shalt be thy fairy queen;
The rarest arbiter o'er seen."

The morrow came, and with it, too,
Came Lilla, on whose cheek the hue
Bright shone the life, and whose eyes,
The darkest cloud upon the sky,
Thro' all that night in anguish spent,
Her thoughts had gathered one intent,
And in her eye determined sat
The will to battle with her fate.

On velvet dais she calmed at all,
By very look made brave hearts thrill,
While at her nod each bow was sprung,
And thro' the air her praises rung.
One noble youth, whose peerless aim
Had won for him a golden crown,
With manly heart and flashing eyes,
Pressed forward, sure of victory,
Quick sped the arrow, once and twice
Upon its destined way—and thrice
With haughty mien his bow he bent,
But paused before the next intent.

On Lilla's brow a strange light glowed—
No other sign her pale face showed
Of joy or anger, grief or fear;
Nor in her eye a trembling tear.
Slowly she waded her scarp on high,
Then, with a wild and thrilling cry,
She sprang—it pierced her noble heart!
"Saved! saved!" she cried, "no longer now
Shall crimson fluid check my brow
For mention of my very name.
Saved, saved, at last, from crime and shame,
O, Sultan, with thy proud desire,
Thou couldst not see the kindling fire
That in thy victim's breast did rave;
I knew not that the heart's deep anguish
And this is death! and this is death!
It is not hard to give.
To Him who lent me my frail breath,
But it is hard to live."

"The very hard to live away
From where home's waters lave;
O, woe, O, woe, to be the day
That told me I should be a queen;
It joys my parting breath!
For I have o'er the chapel seen,
That crowned me queen of Death,
O, father, mother, now I come
A spirit pure and true,
To dwell among the flowers of home,
And rest in perfume there.
O, Allah! Allah! take me thence,
But one who, in her innocence,
Perished to save her name.

The silent thought, with mournful eyes
And adjoined heart, looked on;
Each thought uplifted to the skies,
Where her pure soul had gone,
And lo! the monarch, he whose fears
Had braved severer tests,
Was all disarmed; and trembling tears
Flowed freely down his breast.
He sadly gazed upon the dead,
Then by her side he knelt,
And as he spoke, upon her head
He placed a jeweled crown;
"O, Lilla! radiant and rare,
And innocent, I ween
That never was a maid so fair,
So fit to be a queen.
Thus o'er my heart I place a veil
From all the world beside,
And my whole life shall be a wall
That thou wert not my bride."

And every year the flowers bloom,
And every year are seen
The brightest buds upon the tomb
Of "Lilla, the Maiden Queen."

Written for the Banner of Light

The Young Author's Triumph.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

"Thank heaven it is at last finished!" The speaker was a young man of some twenty-four summers, and possessed of a fine intellectual countenance, upon which, at times, there rested a slight shade of sorrow and care. The eyes of deep hazel, were large and expressive, while rich curls, of a chestnut hue, lay clustered in wavy masses above the broad and expansive brow.

The words so abruptly uttered, were addressed to an elderly lady at his side, who, although apparently busy with her needle, stole ever and anon an anxious glance at the face of the young man, while absorbed in his writing, such as only a mother's love could prompt.

At the sudden exclamation of her son, Mrs. Clifford looked quickly up from her work, and, after regarding him a moment in silence, said, in a voice whose very tenderness warmed the heart of the pale and weary youth:

"My child, we have indeed much need, to be thankful to God!"

"Providing my newly completed play meets with the desired success, mother," replied the young man, in a tone slightly tinged with hopelessness and fear. But here the conversation was brought to a hasty close, by the entrance of an intimate friend of the young man; and while the two were engaged in earnest talk, I will take the opportunity of giving to my readers a slight sketch of the past life of Charles Clifford.

Charles Clifford was the only son and child of Henry Clifford, a celebrated actor, and afterwards a popular manager, of England. After having won for himself an immense fortune, and a far-famed name in the annals of his profession, Henry Clifford was not content to retire from the stage, and spend the remainder of his days in comfort and the social enjoyments of private life.

Unlike many other celebrated actors and actresses of the present day, Mr. Clifford, however, had the good sense and judgment to withdraw from his profession, while still in the zenith of his fame, and ere decay of mind and body had caused the fickle public to turn from their once loved favorite, to lay their laurels at the feet of some rising star.

Although Henry Clifford had, as the world terms it, taken his farewell leave of the stage, his ambition was not yet fully satisfied. Contrary to the wishes of his wife, and the advice of his numerous friends, Mr. Clifford resolved to undertake the management of one of the oldest theatres in London, which had been for sometime past sadly shorn of its former glory, owing to the inefficiency of its management.

The immense success that had attended his efforts as an actor, induced Mr. Clifford to believe that he would be equally successful in the discharge of his new duties. But, contrary to his expectations, and despite the fair signs of promise evinced in the first two or three months of his career, Henry Clifford was doomed to disappointment, and ere his first year in the service had actually closed, the once wealthy and retired actor found himself a penniless and destitute man.

Unable to bear up under his heavy loss, and the deep sense of mortification which he experienced at the entire failure of his plans, Mr. Clifford, attended by his wife and son, fled to America, with the hope of restoring once again his lost fortune. On arriving at New York, homeless, and in a stranger land, Mr. Clifford felt it necessary for him to do something at once, for the immediate support of his wife and child, and accordingly resumed his much-loved profession as an actor.

But alas! in the New World the name of the once celebrated actor was unknown, and already the lesser stars were fast being superseded by the rising names of Booth, Macready, and our own American actor, Forrest.

Vexed and downcast at the slight appreciation which his labors met with in New York, Henry Clifford became at once an altered man. The parts assigned him at the theatre were of an inferior order, while the compensation received furnished but a meagre support for his small family.

Shamed and stung to the heart's core by the poverty and disgrace of his situation, the wretched actor sought to drown his grief and disappointment in the exciting pleasures of the wine cup. It is needless for me to say that it required but a few years of constant dissipation to effect the final ruin of the once brilliant and talented Henry Clifford.

Upon his death-bed, the dying man implored his son to avoid, by all means, the stage and its numerous temptations; adding, that his bitter experience should prove an example for all young persons similarly inclined.

What wonder, then, that, with fear and trembling, Mrs. Clifford watched the progress of her only boy from youth to manhood.

Notwithstanding his father's dying injunction, Charles Clifford inherited the same love for the drama that had inspired the breast of his lamented parent. But alas! he well knew that he lacked certain essentials and traits of character which were necessary to ensure the success of a great actor.

Too proud to enter upon a career in which he was not destined to shine as a star and ornament, Charles Clifford turned his talents and attention to the writing of plays.

At the time of the opening of our story, he had just completed his first production—a tragedy, founded upon facts relating to the history of England; a literary effort, which had caused him many weeks of severe mental labor.

Discouraging and uncertain as was the career, upon which Charles had entered, to Mrs. Clifford's mind, she nevertheless refrained from remonstrating against that subject, knowing, as she did, the extreme sensitiveness of her child's nature.

A few weeks later, and the morning papers announced the advent of a new tragedy, by a young gentleman of New York; whose name, was for a time, to remain a secret. The greatest excitement and curiosity prevailed, among the lovers of the drama, who were extremely anxious to test the merits of the new author.

Charles Clifford had induced the manager, of one of the first theatres in the Empire City, to permit him a single representation of his new play. Upon that one night, the young man based all his hopes for future success and action. The morning preceding the eventful evening arrived. Mrs. Clifford was, as usual, busy with her sewing, although slightly nervous, in regard to the events of the coming night.

Suddenly the door opened, and Charles rushed into the room, exclaiming, in a loud voice, "I know that the fates would be against me, in this my new undertaking!" and hastily flinging aside his hat, the agitated youth threw himself upon a low sofa, that stood near.

"What is the matter, my son?" calmly inquired Mrs. Clifford, as she noticed the unusual excitement, visible in the manner of Charles.

"Matter, mother! Why, Miss Stanley, who was to personate the heroine—the young Queen of Scots—and, in truth, for whom the part was expressly written, is at this moment lying seriously ill; and, in consequence of which, the manager will be obliged to substitute one of the inferior actresses, belonging to the company."

"Calm yourself, my son," said Mrs. Clifford, rising and pushing back the disordered hair of her child, which lay in damp masses upon his brow; then adding, "I have no doubt but that the manager will do the best in his power towards casting the play properly, for it's success involves not only your interest, but that of his own also."

"I know that very well," replied the young man in a disconsolate tone, "and I tried to persuade him to delay its representation, for a few nights, until Miss Stanley should recover, but he said it was now too late to change the bill."

Mrs. Clifford tried her utmost to encourage and cheer the heart of her desponding child, and although she herself entertained strong fears as to the success of his scheme, yet with all a mother's tact, she kept them closely locked within her own breast.

Early in the afternoon, Charles Clifford despatched a note to the residence of Miss Stanley, the young actress, whose sudden and unlooked-for indisposition had almost instantaneously blasted the hopes of our author. The contents of the hastily penned missive were strongly expressive of regret in regard to the serious illness of the aforesaid lady, together with the greatest fear and anxiety evinced, concerning the reception of the new tragedy, when deprived of its main feature—the heroine.

As night approached, and no answer was returned to the note of our hero, his excitement increased. Rage, despair, doubt and fear, crowded thickly upon his dizzy brain. Not even the soothing words of his loved mother had power to calm the wild unrest of his soul. Refusing all food, he locked himself within his chamber, to await the eve of the approaching crisis.

Miss Clara Stanley, the actress, was an established favorite at the old Park Theatre. An orphan and friendless, she had won her way to fame and distinction, mainly through her own noble energy and perseverance. Her great beauty, combined with her fine dramatic talents, at once gained for the young debutante to public favor, many friends in her chosen profession.

Five years had already passed, since the young actress had tremblingly commenced her uncertain career; and during that time she had won for herself an enviable name, among the most severe critics of the drama, together with no small share of the world's goods.

Charles Clifford had been present at her first appearance in New York, and, as year rolled on year, he had closely followed in her train, content with admiring, even at a distance, one destined to become so brilliant a star, in the bright galaxy of theatrical life.

Until within a week, previous to the time of the announcement of the new play to the public, Charles Clifford had remained unacquainted with the actress. He had been presented to her, however, by the manager, on the occasion of the first rehearsal. Her gentle words, and smile of encouragement, at once assured our hero that in the person of the young actress he would at least find a true friend.

The new tragedy, the first effort of Charles Clifford, had been written with peculiar reference to the particular style of acting of Miss Stanley. The character of the Scottish heroine, he believed to be admirably adapted to her wants; and it was therefore on that account that he had become so dismayed in regard to the success of the piece, when divested of its greatest charm.

The illness of Miss Stanley, as I have before remarked, was as sudden as it was unlooked-for by all. The increasing interest which that lady felt in the young author, only stimulated her to seize, with greater avidity, the glorious conception of the character assigned her. With her text well conned and committed to memory, the young actress was determined that no lack of interest, on her part, should detract from the success of the play. But fate had decreed that it should be otherwise. Her enfeebled health, however, was no less a disappointment to the mind of Clara Stanley than it was to that of the hopeful and expectant author.

At an early hour in the evening, Charles Clifford, pale and excited, was on his way to the theatre. Arriving there, he found things in the most alarming state of confusion. The scenery, which had been hastily gotten up, was barely dry, and evinced but little merit for the skill of the artist. Many of the inferior members of the corps dramatique were still imperfect in their parts, while the superstitaries were undergoing a last and most unsatisfactory drill.

At last, all things (such as they were) were pronounced ready. Taking refuge in a rear stage box, our author concealed himself from public observation behind the heavy folds of drapery. The manager

came forth to announce the sudden indisposition of Miss Stanley, and after imploring the customary leniency, on the part of the audience present, he most respectfully bowed and retired.

Charles Clifford's quick ear did not fail to catch the murmur of disappointment, which ran through that vast assembly; and sick at heart, the hopeless youth sank back into his chair, burying his face in his hands, as if striving to shut out from his brain the memory of the dread scene about to be enacted. Mrs. Clifford, in accordance with the request of her son, had remained at home; and it was perhaps well that she did so, for the gloomy and despondent spirits of her child would have sent a thrill of anguish to that fond heart.

The first bell had already rung, when Clara Stanley, pale and colorless, yet clad in her rich stage attire, and unsupported by the arm of her dressing-maid, made her appearance in the green-room. The book, which the substitute for the night still held in her hand, dropped at once to the floor, and for a moment the rival heroines stood, silently regarding one another. The amazement of the manager was indeed great, on beholding one, whom he deemed so seriously ill, before him. The cloud of anxiety that had rested for a time upon his brow, was now quickly dispelled, as he gazed upon the drooping and motionless form of the actress.

He would fain have addressed some words of thankfulness and cheer to the invalid, but the manifested symptoms of disapprobation on the part of the audience for the long delay experienced, compelled him to remain silent.

The second bell gave forth its tinkling sound—the heavy curtain rolled slowly upward—and Clara Stanley, faint and feeble, staggered, rather than walked, upon the stage. The unexpected appearance of the young actress quite petrified, for a time, the senses of the multitude; then a heavy burst of applause pervaded and vibrated throughout the spacious theatre. At the sound of such unlooked-for demonstrations of delight, upon the part of the audience, Charles Clifford uncovered his eyes and raised them towards the stage. A low murmur of surprise escaped his lips, as he beheld his heart's idol, gracefully bending before that vast assembly; but, with a countenance so pale and wan, as to be scarcely recognizable.

That moment was one of unutterable joy to the heart of the young author; the flame of hope, which had long since been extinguished, was again re-kindled, and now burned brightly within his breast!

The brief space that the audience had devoted to applause, gave Clara Stanley sufficient time to recover herself; and collecting all her energies, and what remained of her feeble strength, she prepared to enter upon the duties of her role. The recitation commenced. Every sound in that dense assembly was hushed into silence and repose. The voice, whose liquid tones had night after night entranced the ear of the public, was now hoarse and tremulous, while Charles Clifford could see by the small hand, that was often pressed heavily against the aching side, that each word spoken by the actress, was at the cost of much pain and exertion.

The second act commenced; but Miss Stanley's presence was not required during its performance. The great amount of prompting, which some of the actors required, was a source of great annoyance to Charles Clifford. Indeed, so heavily did the three or four scenes of that act drag along, that our author was not sorry when he saw the green curtain once again descend.

The re-appearance of Miss Stanley seemed to infuse new life into the play. At the end of the third act, the chief interest of the tragedy seemed to concentrate. The soliloquy of the Scottish Queen, within the walls of her prison, a few hours previous to her execution, was of itself a great masterpiece, in the opinion of the author. Could Miss Stanley but succeed in gaining that one grand point, Charles Clifford felt certain of his triumph.

With the most perfect abandon, the excited actress commenced her sad and pathetic recital; but as the words, "Darnley!" "Darnley!" "Bothwell knows I did not harm him!" burst from her lips, a strange light gleamed in her dark eyes—a bright spot glowed upon her marble cheek, and her slight frame shook violently, as with some deep and powerful emotion. It was the woman! and not the actress! that was playing, at the hazard of her very life, that scene of life-like reality! Clara Stanley, was merged into the unfortunate Mary Stuart; and it was the story of her sad wrongs and injuries, that the interested and spell bound audience now listened to, and deeply sympathized in.

The announcement of the savage executioner, "that all was ready!" seemed to rouse the young queen to her former self, and supported on each side by the arms of her favorite attendants, the blighted flower of royalty was slowly led away, while the curtain descended rapidly upon her retreating footsteps.

Clifford listened eagerly for the anticipated applause. But no like expression of approbation met his ear. He did not know that the hearts of the audience had been so deeply wrought upon, by the intense pathos of the last scene, as to render them wholly insensible for a time to all external things. Where the author had expected applause, the public had returned only tears.

Heart-stricken and overcome by despair, Charles Clifford rushed from the theatre, without uttering a word to any person present. On, through the deserted streets he sped, with all the velocity of an escaped maniac. What mattered it to him if the world heaped everlasting censure and disgrace upon his head, so long as he was not present, to hear their rude sneers and taunts!

Impressed with this thought, Charles Clifford still hurried on, until at last, faint and exhausted, he sank upon the floor in his mother's apartment. Mrs. Clifford, overcome by fatigue, had sought her pillow, not to sleep—but to await her child's coming. She had heard his loud and unsteady step, as he entered the house, and fearful that all was not right, she had called aloud to him, but to her earnest appeal he made no reply.

Hastily dressing herself, Mrs. Clifford was soon at the side of her son. Gently leading him to a seat, she fondly wiped away the cold moisture that lay in large drops upon his brow. She did not question him as to the cause of his grief, for the sorrowful expression of that wild and haggard countenance, told its own tale of despair and bitter disappointment.

But a few moments had elapsed since the precipitous exit of Clifford from the theatre had been made, when a loud knock, and the sound of many voices, was discernable at the door of Mrs. Clifford's dwelling. As his mother's hand tremblingly lifted the latch, the words, "Where's Clifford? we want him

instantaneously!" fell upon the ear of the sorrow-stricken youth.

"Why, my navel! are you thus sitting quietly at home, brooding over your own thoughts, when an enthusiastic multitude are awaiting your appearance at the theatre?" cried Walter Bowen, advancing towards his friend. "Come, return with us at once!" exclaimed half a dozen voices, most vociferously, as they noticed the abstracted silence which Charles Clifford steadily preserved.

"Nay, I cannot to-night!" replied the young man, with a desponding air.

"But you shall!" cried Walter Bowen, at the same time seizing his friend by the arm; and ere the latter had time to reply, the group of young men had led Charles Clifford forth into the street, their prisoner, in spite of himself.

At the close of the fourth and last act of the tragedy, there had burst forth a perfect storm of applause. In accordance with Miss Stanley's request, the manager had begged the audience to excuse her re-appearance before the curtain, in answer to their compliment, on the plea of her serious indisposition and great fatigue.

But the words of the manager were scarce uttered, when loud and repeated calls were heard from all parts of the theatre, for the author. After searching the house over, without success, the manager was obliged to inform the audience that the author was not present; but as they still continued their cries and applause, it was evident that they were by no means inclined to credit the statement.

On the first discovery that Clifford was missing, Walter Bowen, at the head of a party of the young man's friends, had repaired to his house, and as we have seen, at last succeeded in conducting him to the theatre.

The appearance of the author before the audience was but a signal for fresh applause. To their repeated cries, "Speak! speak!" Charles Clifford could only place his hand upon his heart, and bow his thanks. The words which his mind had dictated, his lips, alas! refused to utter.

That evening, as Charles Clifford was about leaving the theatre—the scene of his great triumph—he chanced to meet Miss Stanley, who, attended by her dressing-maid, was on her way to her carriage. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, the young man fell upon his knees before her, and poured forth, in a perfect torrent of thanks, his heart's deep gratitude towards one who had sacrificed and endangered her own health, to aid the cause of a poor and obscure author. Tears filled the eyes of the actress, as she saw how truly and deeply Charles Clifford had appreciated her feeble efforts on that occasion.

Clifford respectfully touched his lips to the hand of Miss Stanley on parting, and then hastened home, to acquaint his mother of his good-fortune and success.

The morning journals spoke in highest terms of praise concerning the new tragedy, whose first representation had been given the evening before. The name of the author was now fearlessly disclosed to the world; and from the earnest congratulations and numerous attentions which Charles Clifford received on every side, it was quite certain that the young author was at least fairly started on the high road to fame.

Weeks of severe illness were but the natural consequence of Miss Stanley's exposure and over-exertion, on the occasion of the performance of Charles Clifford's new tragedy. But she murmured not, since her affliction had gained for her a warm and sincere friend, in the person of Mrs. Clifford, and a devoted admirer, in her son.

Several proposals were now received by our author, from managers of theatres in different parts of the Union, requesting him to write dramas for them; so that with a good share of employment,—the love of a noble heart like that of Clara Stanley's, and the fond regard of a devoted mother, Charles Clifford was truly happy.

The tragedy, which had created so great a sensation on its first advent, and which had been laid aside on account of Miss Stanley's illness, was again revived, with new and additional success, on that lady's return to health. Night after night, the piece was received with the most enthusiastic applause, by the closely packed audiences of the Park Theatre.

By a singular coincidence, Mrs. Clifford discovered the fact, that Clara Stanley was the only child of an old intimate school-mate of hers in England. An orphan, and under the guardianship of a stern uncle, she had eloped with a poor, but worthy young man, to the shores of America, in order to prevent marrying a man whom her uncle had selected for his ward, but whom she utterly despised. Sickness and misfortune had attended them in their new home, and both had sunk into an early grave, leaving a single child to mourn their loss, and to steer unaided, save by Providence, her frail bark through life.

A year from the time of the very night when Charles Clifford achieved his first triumph, he was honored by the hand of the admired actress, Clara Stanley, in marriage. A few days after their union, the happy pair, attended by the mother of Charles Clifford, set sail for England, the home of their birth, and destined to be their future home.

The reception which a London public gave to their countrywoman, the celebrated Clara Stanley, was as flattering a one as the heart of an actress could desire. In the character of the Scottish Queen, (which the young bride had made peculiarly her own) Clara Clifford gained the most unbounded applause, receiving also, the undisguised approbation of even royalty itself.

Years have glided swiftly by, since the feet of Charles and Clara Clifford pressed again their native land. From their united labors, in their respective professions, they have reaped for themselves a golden harvest, and are now in the full tide of enjoyment, amid the pleasures of domestic life. Surely Charles Clifford has much need to bless the night of "The Young Author's Triumph."

SULPHUR IN APPLES TREES.—A friend of ours had an apple tree whose fruit always fell to the ground while quite small. Out of six bushels, he gathered not a half-dozen good apples. On reflection, he decided to give the tree sulphur. He bored a hole in the tree about eighteen inches from the ground; the hole was one inch in diameter, and three inches deep. He put about a table spoonful of sulphur into it, and plugged it up tight with a pine plug. The next year the apples were nearly all good. He thinks that the withering of the fruit was caused by insects, and that they do not like the sulphur, with which the tree becomes impregnated.—Ohio Farmer.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS DART, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, 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. F. BROWN, Acting Manager. Engagement of the Keltic Troupe. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. FROTHINGHAM, Lessee and Manager; J. F. BROWN, Acting Manager. Engagement of the Keltic Troupe. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Engagement of Mrs. D. P. BOWEN. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; performance commences at 7 1/2. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. (Ninth season)—commencing Monday evening, August 6. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7 o'clock; commence at 7 1/4 o'clock.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers whose term expires with No. 26, will receive in the present number (No. 25), a blank receipt, which, if they desire to continue the visits of the Banner, they will at once return with the price of subscription for the next term. The receipt will then be filled up and sent with No. 1 of our second volume.

We advertise to stop all papers at the expiration of the term of subscription, so our patrons will see that promptness in sending their remittances is desirable. It is the only principle upon which subscribers and publishers can act with safety to both. Subscribers have been too long annoyed by publishers sending their publications after their term had expired, and publishers make nothing but poverty by so doing.

INWARD EXPERIENCES.

Of course all experiences are inner; and yet, in ordinary speech, we seem to recognize a distinction. It is in the common conception of the phrase that we design to say what we took up our pen to say.

How usual it is for us all to suppose that the man who can stand up in the face and eyes of a large assembly and rehearse the points of his experience, glibly and impressively, must naturally have passed through a process of development to which we are strangers, and by the side of which our own experience is as the alphabet to the printed volume of thought. How greatly given we are to estimate one's character from the representations he is able to make himself of it. As if in the power of publication consisted the depth of our experience! As if silence were not a thousand times more eloquent than speech, and to be dumb was not to be making confession all the while!

Not every man who thinks he has enjoyed the experiences of some other with whose narration he has been carried away in a storm of enthusiasm, or on a current of sympathy, that has really had any such experiences at all. This watching for outward events, as we watch for the changing of the sun on the points of the dial, is by no manner of means the inner process that works out the final and full development. Our lives are not strictly measured by time; they are not nicked off as a stick may be notched by a prisoner weary of his confinement; but we live in inward events. Whenever we have a new thought, which compels us to act upon it, turning our backs upon our past course, and reforming the conduct radically, it is an event, and a momentous one; and this it is that we can, with truth, call experience.

Many a person lives, thinking nothing of the origin, the end, or the purposes of life. The whole thing is a perfect puzzle; a snarl, that he never expects to see disentangled. No one throws any light upon it, and nobody seems to be any more certain about some things than himself. Therefore, he consents to grope his way along as he best can, hoping all things, fearing all things, and literally believing all things. Now, whenever a new view of life presents itself to the soul, taking captive the thought, seizing hold of the faith, and creating an entirely new philosophy by which to shape and direct the actions—that is a new experience, and a deep one, because it cannot fail to be lasting.

These inner experiences are so silent, that they go unperceived and unknown. In the conduct they may make their appearance on the surface, but very often, even if observed, they are not inquired about. As we have all been brought up, the state of a friend's heart, is the very last matter we take the liberty to inquire about; if we ask simply about his health, we fancy we have gone far as there is any need. Little enough do we actually know of one another, however much we may pretend to familiar acquaintance. Our intercourse does not enrich either ourselves or our friends. It is too cautious, does not deal unflinchingly in generous confidences, and is but poorly impregnated with the true spirit of love.

When these pure and fresh elements shall enter into it, then we may make boast of our friendships indeed.

Who can turn his eyes in upon the soul of another, and read his thoughts, his feelings, his sentiments, and his silent and unrecorded experience? None. Our lives are, after all, nobody's but our own. Away by itself, in the lap of that quiet in which dwells Deity itself, the soul sits and broods. Now it inquires, and now it dreams. All things are new to it. The history of itself it tries to make out as one seeks to read hieroglyphics on a wall. Circumstances come and go outwardly, some of them entering in with their influences, and making an impression that is not easily effaced; and trials offer alalong the way of life, out of the struggle with which new and hitherto unknown powers are born; and temptations come and seek to lead the soul astray by the power of their siren voice, in the giant effort to overcome which we become aware for the first time of new faculties. All these are experience. The world knows not of it while it is thus going on. There is nothing seen—nothing heard—and nothing spoken. And yet a human soul has been unfolding to the reception of truths, that are far more lasting than all the fortunes that are lost and won while the world is looking on and thinking that events are transpiring.

An event is not so common an occurrence as people generally think for. It comes not heralded with the noise of drums, nor is it to be found in the wake of gilded banners and lengthening processions; but its advance is silent, its occurrence is sudden, and its lesson is lasting. A battle may be no event at all, because nothing has been permanently changed by it; whereas, a new and unexpected thought, a better view of life, a noble resolution, or a commendable turn in the conduct, may be one of the most important events in the world. Things that are only fleeting are not to be classed for a moment with those that are real, like the experiences of the soul. Only the spiritual is permanent, and abides forever; money, buildings, cities, battles, governments, and creeds, come and go from century to century, and are no more forever. Hence the inner is greater than the outer. "Is not the life more than the raiment?" confessing that dress and pompous show necessarily make no part of it whatever. If we teach ourselves to heed the "still, small voice," we shall hear much that will make us wiser and better than all the chatter of men in a generation.

FAST LIVING.

As we are all Democrats, or Republicans, in this country, of course one man has as good a right to live well and make a show as his neighbor has. If a young woman sets her heart on marrying, now-a-days, her first thought is, how large a fortune she shall secure. If a young man squints in the least towards matrimony, he is careful to squint only in the direction of the dollars. An opinion prevails that there is nothing to life that is worth seriously thinking of—except rich furniture, splendid equipages, large and costly parties, and incessant display. If a young couple cannot impress their importance upon the world by such means, they give up the thought of doing it at all.

It is a lamentable fact, and one that is doing a surer and speedier work in subverting the very foundations of social virtue and happiness than people have any idea of, that simplicity of life, of manners, of dress, and of character, is sneered at as much by the wealthy (as a class) as by the young noodles and puppies who cannot understand for the life of them what such things mean. It has become quite the fashion to turn up the nose at whatever does not come up to the standard in point of show, and hence beautiful characters and agreeable manners are something, which to meet strikes one with almost as much surprise as it would to see a star fall at his feet.

Those to whom younger people should look up for example, pander in a thousand ways to this wrong and wicked sentiment, and out of their folly springs that general determination to make as good an appearance as they do, which is usually carried out even at the expense of the employer or the corporation. Of course no young man of "spirit" will submit for any reason to be esteemed less than somebody else whom he is positively assured is no better than he. So he launches out, makes a dash, hits or misses; and his ambitious young wife lends him a hand at the business, and they very soon go heels over head to ruin together. The fault in those cases lies largely with older people, who could very soon put an end to such practices by showing how little they deserve their respect. It is for them to frown down such recklessness, and they can do it just as soon as they choose to begin.

Not one young man and woman in ten thousand dares live as he or she oftentimes would prefer to—simply, prudently, and within their means. They are afraid of being thought poor. And what then? Why, if such and such persons suspected that of them, they would very soon stop bowing to them in the street, and coming out of church. They would invite them to no more of their parties, and recognize them at no more assemblages where they might succeed in smuggling themselves in. It would certainly be an awful fatality to one's position and happiness, and perhaps the wonder is not as great as it might be that so few stand out independently as do.

Living beyond one's means, especially at the early start in life, is in itself a source of the most poignant suffering, and never fails to entail a long inheritance of wretchedness on the years that come after. To be frugal, is one step towards being happy. To live a simple life, and yet without a suspicion either of asceticism or meanness, is to live a happy life. Even when people become rich, they are obliged to conform most rigidly to these plain rules, or they pay the penalty in the loss of health and the failure to enjoy what they had counted so much on enjoying.

We wonder that people do not pause and think soberly about it. If they only knew how cheaply happiness could be got, they would all become its possessors immediately. This aping and mimicking others, is the merest nonsense. We have no patience with it, and little charity for those who ruin themselves in the foolish attempt to carry it out. When the objects of life are so noble and so high, if properly considered, it is criminal to fritter away the better qualities of the nature in extravagant and ruinous practices that every day dwarf and belittle the soul, and finally excite only the contempt of the very ones who but just now considered them so necessary to their happiness.

The cultivation of the Chinese Sugar Cane in New Hampshire proves a failure. Rocks, an arctic temperature, deluges and kindred matters, are rather too much for it.

MR. RICE AND THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

We have received the following letter from a person quite as respectable, to say the least, as the Rice, which the Courier swallows so easily. Mr. Rice's statement reads like a foolish fib, and if the public needs proof that it is so, it will be likely to be forthcoming.

Messrs. Editors.—In the Courier of this morning I notice an article signed by B. P. Rice, of Charlestown, Mass., denouncing Mr. Davenport and his two sons as impostors, and asserting that all the Spiritual manifestations purporting to come through these mediums are humbug and delusion. Mr. Rice founds his statement upon a visit or visits made to their rooms on Friday last; and as I happen to know most of the facts in the case, having received them from others present, deem it due to Mr. Davenport and his sons to state that the conduct of Mr. Rice was condemned by all present, and Mr. Davenport was much blamed by the rest of the company for returning Mr. Rice and his companions their money.

As to the arrangement of the box, the process of tying, &c., Mr. R. has given a pretty truthful statement. I will, therefore, let that pass, but in regard to his opening the box I have a word to say, and the true statement is as follows: Mr. Rice, as he asserts, did cut the rope and go to the box, but on arriving there, and taking the violin, he did not find the boy playing upon the instrument. Both boys were tied with their hands behind them, and drawn down to the seat, the rope being made fast under the same, and in this condition they were found when the light was struck.

Mr. Rice has forgotten to state that notwithstanding the boys were so tied fast in the box when he turned away with the violin, he was followed by an unseen hand that struck him with the bell on the back of the head, and then let the bell fall to the floor; perhaps the blow knocked the truth out of him, and that must be his excuse for giving a statement so false in nearly every particular. I have attended quite a number of circles with the Davenport Boys, and have frequently been in the box with them for the purpose of testing the truth of these manifestations. When they first arrived here my prejudices were much against them, and I was disposed to believe it to be a humbug; but after a careful investigation, both outside and inside the box, I can most positively assert that there is no humbug or deception connected with these exhibitions, unless it be the B. F. Rice humbug published in the Courier of this morning. DEXTER DANA.

Roxbury, Sept. 14th, 1857.

Mr. Rice will probably find himself in the position of the hero who marched up the hill and then marched down again, though not with quite so numerous a company. His threats are positively ludicrous, and he gives unmistakable evidence of having caught the mania of the "Ancient Greek." Indeed, it was apparent on the evening alluded to, that he was in about the same condition as was the "Greek," when the "Post" suggested there was "need of a Temperance Professorship at Harvard."

The Davenport Boys will continue their sittings, and will be upheld in all that is honest, and there has been nothing as yet to give an honest man a suspicion of their practising dishonesty. Mr. Rice and his two friends were not the only ones present on the evening he alludes to, they must remember, and there was some slight show of disgust at his conduct, which may again show itself whenever Mr. Rice desires to appear in print or otherwise.

MR. THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

We regret to say that this excellent trance-speaker and affable gentleman, gave us his last public address on Sunday, the 13th, and that he departs for Buffalo on Wednesday. He has gathered about him troops of eager listeners to the burning words which come through his organism, and warm friends who are drawn to him from his urbanity and sociality in his private walks.

We think there is no need for hesitancy in pronouncing him the very best Trance Medium for the masses, that we have ever had. There is deep, bold thought in all that is spoken through him, and an argumentative force, which we have never seen in any other; while there is sufficient of the poetic in his organism to clothe facts and arguments with interest. Some of his passages are full of thrilling eloquence; but the marked difference between him and other trance-speakers lies in the fact that dates, names, and historical incidents, are given with astonishing precision through him. Mr. Forster is as yet an unconscious medium, and is controlled by two spirits, Prof. Edgar C. Dayton and Rev. Stephen R. Smith, a Universalist preacher, more perfectly than any medium we have seen.

We do not wonder that the Spiritualists of Buffalo do not wish to part with him; but we trust they will consider our necessities—bear in mind that we have need here, more than any other place, for just such mediums, because our opposition is stronger, and comes from higher places, and bid him God speed to us again.

He is just such a man as we need with us, and we trust his path of duty and of inclination, will comport with the duties he owes to the material, and that we shall have the sincere gratification of announcing his return to Boston, and that his strong and steady mind will aid us in upholding the "Banner" from that time. We hope in addition to his labors as a speaker, in Boston, the Spiritualists of the whole country will have the pleasure of reading in the Banner of Light, such matter as the thinking mass desire, who are beginning to inquire by what authority the ecclesiastics of the world enslave their minds, and support meaningless forms and ceremonies, instead of pure spiritual religion.

We wish Mr. Forster a pleasant journey to the bosom of his family, and can assure his friends in Buffalo, that he will have a hearty reception on his return to us; and that he is destined to gather around him a congregation in Boston, should it please God to send him hither, which will uphold him in the good work.

THE FRUIT TRADE OF BOSTON.

The amount of fruit sold in this market is but poorly understood. At certain seasons it of course reaches a higher figure than at others. To give some idea of the extent of the receipts of foreign fruit at the port of Boston, we subjoin the following statement from the Transcript, which shows that this market is at the head of the list in its importation of all kinds of fruit, from the Levant and the ports of the Mediterranean.

Since last September, there have been landed here, 61,728 boxes of lemons, 119,812 boxes of oranges, 490,000 packages of figs, 98,000 packages of raisins, &c. &c. The trade of Boston in these articles is with all parts of the country, and the British Prov-

inces. The importations for the year just ended are much larger than for many years past, and will probably increase for the future; for this is a trade that is created in a great measure, and in which the supply does not follow in strict obedience to the law of demand. Fruit eaters are becoming more numerous, as fruit becomes more plenty. Between our foreign and domestic fruit, there is no reason why our people should be denied a single article in this line that they so much crave, and adds so greatly to their general health and happiness.

COMING BACK.

The absent ones are fast coming back to town again. We meet the old familiar faces on the street. We grasp the hands of absent friends again. Sitting down at our leisure, we listen to the animated recital of their pleasant experiences for the past six weeks at the sea-shore, up among the mountains, and away back in the country. It does us good, like a medicine, for although we know very well, that we have lost all this ourselves, being tied down to our work too closely to take the time for recreation, still, by the help of sympathy, we are able to enjoy a great share of the pleasures that our friends step in to describe to us.

Very soon the streets will wear their accustomed appearance. Business is already brightening and brushing up, and every body hopes for an active season ahead. The shop windows display rich and tasteful selections of new goods, gathered from every clime and country during the summer just past. Men walk with more elasticity, and there is more fire in their eyes than a little month ago. The ladies look finer than ever, and the latest advices from Paris report that they will be called upon to use more dry goods than during any previous season. Some will groan at the thought, and submit as they best know how; and others, whose business promises them but little assistance even to meet their notes with, stamp their foot resolutely, and declare they never will put up with it in the world.

So they come—and so they go; people, fashions, opinions, and generations. Change is written indelibly on all things. Progress is the immutable and general law. We rest nowhere long. All the world is in motion. If we pause to dream on the past, we are hurried along by the inevitable pressure of advancing events. There is no rest for the mind that once finds itself thoroughly awake.

But we are off our track. We took up our pen simply to congratulate our friends on their safe return, with such bright eyes and ruddy countenances. Their vacation, we trust, has done wonders for them in the way of recruiting both health and spirits. Those who have climbed old country walls, wandered off into the solemn paths of the woods, fished and swam in the noble rivers, and fared simply, yet generously, among the honest farmers, we know have brought away recollections with them that time itself will be unable to dispel. We wish all continued joy, and extend them our editorial hand.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FRIENDSHIP.

Down through the leaden twilight fell a star,
But left behind a curious chain of light,
Which seemed to link the slumbering lake afar,
Unto the gems that decked the brow of night.
Now from the zenith down the milky way,
A fiery hand a scroll was seen to throw,
Whose peerly brightness made the night as day,
While trailing on the verdant plains below,
But up the chain the scroll now slowly rose,
How strange! for what great sign can this be given?
When, lo! some Power there FRIENDSHIP did disclose
Upon the scroll—and then it passed to Heaven.
Thus when I sigh for friendship, FRIENDSHIP TRULY,
I lift mine eyes where that bright scroll passed through. SQUIRE.

A LITTLE SPOT OF YOUR OWN.

"Oh, how I wish I had a house of my own!"—is a wish that often salutes us; and we never hear it but we echo and re-echo the aspiration from the bottom of our heart. The desire for land-holding, which, after all, is as natural as breathing and eating, is inherent in human nature. Every man seems to long for a privacy, for some dear and quiet little spot where he can shelter himself from the storms of the outside world, and find at least one other soul that will always be ready to love and greet him.

This life in cities possesses a monstrous deal of delusion. There are representations made of it that will not abide the test of truth. Young men are inveigled into its snares without a thought of the consequences. The picture is a taking one, and off they go in quest of the charms they recollect to have seen painted in it. Many a boy in the country, fresh and innocent in the love of father, mother, brother and sister, and radiant with the sunrises and early dews of his native hills and fields, follows the temptation into town, finds himself lost in the exciting whirl of circumstances and events, and very soon feels the weight of a solitude with which that of the woods back of the old homestead is sweetness by comparison. He plunges into business, and often into dissipation. His days fly like a weaver's shuttle, and his nights are ablaze with the excitement whose thick lamps shine out on every side. In a word, the fresh, ruddy, innocent, healthy boy, has become changed suddenly to the care-worn, heavy-hearted, wrinkled man of business or pleasure. Could he have foreseen this, when he paused on the top of the old stone wall in the orchard, and discussed the matter of coming to the city in his mind, he might still have been the ruddy-faced boy matured into manhood, with a light heart and thoughts whose innocence could be compared to nothing but that of the dew, or the fresh scents around him.

But the old memories make us ramble. What we took up our pen to say, can be said in a few words; but it is not so easy in a few words to make people believe, nor yet in many. More absurd than like to confess it. While it is confessed that the idea of having a home of one's own is one of the most acceptable that can present itself to the human heart, there are not ten men in a hundred who seem to care whether they ever become the happy possessors of such a home or not. They need to be told even what they want themselves.

But it is contact with nature that brings us back to ourselves again. We must get rid of this feverishness, and become calm. There is too much waste of the vital powers, and too little chance afforded for their recuperation.

Nowhere can a man, a woman, or a child, be as happy as at home. There is no word in the language that expresses as much as that single one. There are no thoughts—no associations—no dreams, and no memories that take hold of the heart like those that cluster around that dear spot. Then it becomes all to think of securing such a place for themselves. A man is twice the man with a home-spot, that he would be if driven about from pillar to post, whether

in boarding houses or tenement houses. To dig in a little patch of ground that belongs to you, is to keep your feelings fresh always, and the best of them for those dearest to you. Nothing will bring independence sooner than the desire and effort to be independent; and unless a beginning is made in that direction, there will never be any likelihood of a result. The time should come—and may it come soon—when every man can have a home that he may in all senses call his own. It is one of the first possessions after which the heart should aspire. No matter how humble it may be, the atmosphere that breathes around it cannot fail to make it sacred always, and dear to the memory forever.

THE FIRST FROSTS.

Melancholy as they are in many of their results, we cannot but welcome them cordially. The vines begin to turn yellow, to grow dry and sere, and the early autumn frost lays them level with the ground. The leaves begin to fall slowly and still around the old country homesteads, in the silent forests, and all along the sides of the roads. Even the sunlight, though as bright as need be, has lost a degree of its fire, and shines golden and mellow over the varied landscape.

The lovely autumn weather is our delight. June is the Eastern gate by which the summer enters. October is the gorgeous Western one through which she goes out, trailing her garments of purple and gold. In these still-days of autumn, the heart is attuned to the sweet and calming influences of Nature. There is no lack of harmony to the man who goes forth into the fields and woods, with a heart full of love for all created things, and strong with trust in the good Father by whom they were made. For him the tints on the trees are the colors of Paradise. He looks through the haze that is drawn over the face of the landscape, and dreams such dreams as enter neither the heart nor the brain of other men.

These early frosts, reported already in the papers, are suggestive of memories of the most delicious flavor. Our friends in the country will soon live them all through again for themselves; and those who crowd, and drive, and bustle in the cities, will from time to time, find them rising like beautiful pictures before their vision, refreshing and renewing their souls. They bring back thoughts of harvest-time, corn-husking, the piling up of the yellow pumpkins on the floor, and the hanging of the long crook-necks from the low kitchen ceiling. They suggest fires on the hearth, and stiffened flies on the walls and about the windows. The cattle, standing about the barnyards in the middle of the afternoon, chewing their cud of contemplation, and the winds just rustling among the dried cornstalks stacked about the lot, are sights and sounds that will come up freshly in a moment, and excite a feeling of half-homesickness in the breast.

The frosts are the forerunners and the foretellers. They are the far-off prophets of autumn glories, cold rains, and winter comforts. They sketch as fair pictures in the mind as they ever do in December on the window panes. If we could but have our wish, and go where they lead us, back into the thoughtful woods, over the dried stubble fields, down by the pleasant banks of favorite streams, and all along the paths, and lanes, and old country roads where impulse would give the rein, our next-month's enjoyment would be the most perfect of any we have known, with all our pleasant experiences, since the year began.

TO THE SICK.

To those of our readers who may need the services of a Physician, we call attention to the card of Dr. Pike in another column.

It has become absolutely necessary for Mrs. Conant to give up attending to the calls of the sick. She is not strong enough physically to submit to the influences which diseased persons bring to mediums. And being very susceptible to these influences, she feels them in a greater degree than most mediums.

Besides this, a regular physician who understands the human form and the compounding of medicines, and is at the same time willing to receive such aid as spirits may be enabled to give him, is in a far better condition to relieve the ills the human form is subject to, than any medium whose knowledge is altogether derived from spirits. The two blend harmoniously, and the physician who combines his skill with the aid of the science of Magnetism and Spiritualism, is a tower of strength on which his patient may lean.

Dr. Pike studied with Dr. Kittredge, of Portsmouth, the controlling spirit of Mrs. Conant; has become convinced of the truth of spiritual communion by the personalities of Dr. K. through Mrs. Conant. He is a man of mature judgment, of large experience, a most skillful physician, is wedded to no particular school of practice, but wherever he sees a good is willing to use it—is not at all tinctured with fanaticism in Spiritualism, is a kind and affable gentleman, and altogether such a physician as we can recommend to those who have been in the habit of applying to Mrs. Conant for aid. He is at the National House.

FASHION AND THINGS.

From Paris advices we learn that extravagance in ladies clothing is to be increased during the coming season, instead of reformed; a piece of intelligence that will raise hob itself with the temper of many of our elegant women, (see Benton), and no doubt call forth some few vigorous protests, and perhaps sharp retorts, from their acknowledged lords and masters.

If the other sex are going into this business more extensively than they have already, it is to be devoutly hoped that provision will be made for the accommodation of the men along the sidewalks. It is almost impossible to get along now; to do so at all times with courtesy, and without pulling, and hauling, and getting generally mixed up in a mess of hoops and orinolines, is altogether out of the question. We are sorry the fair sex are of opinion that our side require as little room on the walks as they do. It may not do exactly to call them selfish, but sometimes we can't help thinking it looks "mighty like it."

Our prediction is, that if the purse holds out, there is a chance that the ladies may exhibit all the wealth of laces and silks they have done, and do perhaps a little more than that. The importations are enormous every week, we know; but there may be such a thing as a sudden turn the other way. Husband and father may not be able to hold out always. When a gigantic establishment goes down, wives and daughters do not understand at once to what extent their husbands and fathers may be involved.

But there is a law in everything; just as certainly in excess as in moderation. Even error very soon runs itself out, and crime sometimes courses itself. Fashion has nothing to expect better than the rest, and must obey equally with all.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER, ESQ., AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1857.

The subject of my discourse will be the necessity of a practical religion as a means of national progress. The fabric of your government, in many essential points, is an anomaly in the history of nations. It stands amid the monuments of empire like a magnificent column in a desert plain, rich in the grandeur and beauty of its architecture. But in many other essential points it is wanting in the elements of progress. Great evils exist on the moral and religious plane, which have a direct applicability to the condition of the nation, and to these I shall advert—these evils being not alone common to your nation, but to the whole of modern Christendom. A sad picture is presented to the philanthropist when he looks at the great deficiency shown in the history of Christendom in the last half century, with respect to relieving man of the many evils that beset him, when he sees how little has been done by the religion of the day, so called, through its various organizations, to redeem man from these evils, which have come up from the past, which prevailed in the age of force, ere man had risen on the platform of development, when he, through ignorance, ran into all varieties of excess, misapplied and misinterpreted every law that pertained to himself, and violated all the laws that existed on the moral and religious plane.

What hydra-headed monster is this, coursing with giant strides through the length and breadth of Christendom—the torch of the incendiary lighting his path, and the wail of the widow and the orphan the music of his march, leaving his baleful influence on every phase of society? It is the demon of Intemperance, that has cast its slime around almost every hearthstone in America, and left its influence on the threshold of almost every church. What has Christianity done to reform America of her intemperance? Nothing! On the contrary, when the glorious signal of reform was sounded, the church set her face against the movement, and not until public sentiment had enforced its edict, did the church come into the reform. A very different corrective for this evil is needed from that which is afforded by these materialistic organizations, which claim to be the deputed agents of God in the conversion of the world. During the last half century all the manifestations of the reforming principle have come from without the church, through the agency of the various temperance societies, and through individual effort on the social platform. But these have not been sufficient, from the fact that the church has not taken the lead in the movement, but has exercised its influence in the opposite direction. Drunkenness has become almost a national evil, and there is a necessity for some sort of religion that will teach man a principle of reform not dependent on outside manifestations alone. Look back to the history of the past, and see how the grandeur of other nations departed when they yielded to this vice; and may not this be the case with this nation, where the permanency of the government is dependent on the integrity of the individual members of that government? Oh! then, as patriots, look into the cause of this evil, and as philanthropists inquire whether you are standing on the platform that will be a security to yourselves, and enable you to point out to others how they may be secured from the increasing influences of this stream of "wet damnation," thus coursing through every department of American society. The churches have failed to effect a reform in this matter, from the fact that during the past eighteen hundred years they have been retrograding, either directly or indirectly, from the spiritual teachings of Christ, from the individualization of the human being through the recognition of the divinity in that being, until they have culminated mostly in arbitrary organizations, that look to outward form, irrespective of the progress of the individual. Now these materialistic manifestations on the religious platform have driven the intelligent young men of America away from the churches. If these young men were taught to rely on themselves, that they have faculties in them which are God-like, that they are not to depend on certain rules and forms set down in books, or given from the pulpit, not to look to the remote probability of their salvation through a dying Saviour, but to look within themselves, to rely on their own nature and on God—they would be far less liable to yield to this exciting influence. It is from a want of self-reliance on the part of Christendom that this great evil has swelled as it has.

There is another great evil that pertains to you as a nation, and indeed to the whole of Christendom. You find those nations who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, drawing the sword, and going to war with each other, without any cause at times, and at all times without sufficient cause; and when about to engage in battle, invoking Heaven, through the clergy, to aid them in slaughtering their fellow men. What an outrage in the face of the Divine Father is this!

Again, there is another great evil in your land, and it is eminently a national one, peculiar to your country, and that is Slavery. On this subject I speak not as a politician, but allude to it as affecting the morals of the country. What is the position of modern Christianity in regard to it? It will not do to say that the Northern churches oppose slavery; they adopt the same system of ethics that the Southern churches do; they accept the Bible as infallible, taking the old Jewish literature along with the teachings of the Nazarene; and this Jewish literature authorizes every manifestation given forth on the platform of American slavery. Therefore modern Spiritualism, calls upon you to repudiate whatever exists therein opposed to humanity, to the inculcation of the honest convictions of the right! Look at the latest developments of this evil, with reference to Kansas—which is destined one day perhaps to be the great controlling centre of this continent—and how deeply important is it whether it shall be the stronghold of freedom or of slavery. This is a great moral question, involving the future destiny of your nation, and of other empires that shall rise along the shores of the Pacific. Oh, then, is it not time that there should rise on the religious platforms of the United States some principle that would teach man to look within himself for a lesson he has yet to learn? In the inculcations of modern Spiritualism with regard to the individualization of the mass, with regard to self-reliance and self-culture, is to be found the most hopeful promise concerning the cure of this evil. The Southern master is controlled by circumstances, and he never can be induced to do justice to his colored brother through the influence of the teachings that come from the materialistic plane, which your churches occupy at present; but when you teach him to look

within, and that, according to other inculcations of modern Spiritualism, a white man cannot do injustice to a black man without injuring himself, and that in the same ratio that he sins against the divinity of the human he is sinning against the majesty of the Divine, in heaven—through this teaching he will learn to deal justly with others, and there will be but little difficulty in freeing the Southern slave.

This is a religion above the mere conventionalisms of creed, a religion that looks to the reformation of man through the influences of self-examination and self-culture, not merely through the administration of certain rules adopted in other ages—a religion involving the grand and glorious principles that are designed for the elevation of man and the glory of God. Through individual progress in the right direction, the general community will be affected, and then as a nation you will be enabled to look forward to the future with hope and without doubt. This is the teaching of modern Spiritualism.

Come forward, then, and unite with the Spiritualists who are seeking through these truths to promulgate the beauty and the glory of the individualization of man and the spiritualization of the race. Do this, and the standard of your freedom may be planted down into the very heart of your people, while the glorious flag itself shall wave, not only over your nation, but over all the nations of the earth, not a stripe thereon, but with a central star that shall give forth the glorious thought of modern Spiritualism—the unity of God in his children!

HYMN;

Written through the organism of T. Gales Forster, Sunday afternoon, September 13, at the Music Hall.
An—Home, Sweet Home.
Sweet home of the spirit, how calm and serene!
Thy fields of enjoyment—thy mansions, I woo;
Where the soul finds employment in pleasures sublime,
In pleasures unknown, 'mid the turmoil of time;
Home, home, sweet spirit home!
There is no place on earth
Like my own spirit home.
Sweet home of the spirit, far removed above sorrow,
Where the soul in delight knows not to-morrow,
But in constant possession is destined to stay
'Mid the riches and pleasures of a long, happy day.
Sweet home of the spirit, where progress is meet,
And the soul over dwells in fabled sweet;
Where friendship and sympathy forever combine,
To fill to the full the rapture of mind.
Sweet home of the spirit! how blissful could I rove
In the shade of thy bosom, with the friends that I love;
Where the soul's constant vision is eternally bright,
And happiness dwells forever in light.

Dramatic.

On Monday evening, September 7th., the theatres were in full blast. The doors of the Boston Theatre were thrown open, and a large audience greeted the opening night. Shield's five act play of "Evadne" presented a new face, Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport, in the character of "Evadne." This lady received a hearty welcome at the hands of the audience. She is very pretty, possesses a fine figure, is graceful in her walk, but, judging from once hearing, does not possess a voice quite sufficient for so large a house; nevertheless her voice makes up in sweetness what it lacks in volume. In this respect, however, a better acquaintance with the size of the house may meet the deficiency.

The "Ludovico" of the play was Mr. Charles Pope, who is also new with us. His figure is graceful, and upon better acquaintance we may like him. On this occasion his voice was most of the time too low to fill the house.
Mr. Vandenhoff was the "Collona" of the piece. We have the same objection to this gentleman that we have always had. His voice is well suited to the lecture room, but upon the stage it is thin, and lacks volume; and in the delivery of rapid passages he makes mince meat of his author's language, clipping the words in such a manner as to render some portions of the text unintelligible.

Mr. J. B. Howe is returned to us on the occasion, after an absence of three years, in the character of "Vicentio." Mr. Howe is much improved, and received marked demonstrations of approval throughout his rendition; and was honored with a call before the curtain, as was also Miss Davenport, to which they responded at the close of the third act.

Mr. Howe caused the "stage to wait" twice during the play, which displeased the audience; we trust he will correct this in future. He is a careful, studious and promising young actor; let this encourage him, and stimulate him to avoid everything which would tend to injure his rising popularity.
The old faces and favorites, to wit, Messrs. Cowell, Curtis, Johnson, Gilbert, Donaldson, Davenport, &c., and Madames Gilbert, Marshall, and Miss Emmons, received evidence at the hands of the audience that they were remembered, and welcomed back to the scene of their last year's labors.

The comedy of "Masks and Faces" introduced a new face in the person of Mrs. Abbott, a lady blessed with a fine form, a pleasant face, and commanding appearance. She was warmly received, and played the part of "Mrs. Vano" in very good taste. We forgot to mention in the proper place that our old friend "Tom Comer" was received as usual with all the honors, to which he responded in the most polite manner.

Mr. Davidge, the low comedy man, has made a decided impression, and is destined to become a great favorite with the Boston public. "He is comedy" all over, arms and legs, especially the legs, and his walk is so varied in its manner as to be peculiarly adapted to each character he personates.

We have given Miss Josephine Manners, who takes the place of Mrs. Wood, a nightly hearing through the week. She is a pretty figure, and possesses no ordinary personal attractions. She is a pretty singer, but her voice is quite light; her acting is good, and her voice in speaking very pleasant and agreeable. Thus much in her praise; in fact we have nothing to say in disparage of her, only she can never fill the place of Mrs. Wood, either as a singer or an actress; this is not her fault, but her misfortune; in fact, there are very few women now on the boards who could fill Mrs. Wood's place, for that lady possesses rare versatility, and aside from the fault of occasionally singing flat, Mrs. Wood was a very pleasing and talented actress.

To speak of the "Marsh Troupe of Juveniles," is only to repeat what all the papers have declared, again and again. They are wonderful children, interesting from the fact that they are children, but their performances are not fit subjects for criticism. The Howard is doing an excellent business, and we hope Mr. Marsh is being repaid for the labor and expense which he has bestowed upon his "Troupe of Juveniles."

Ordway, with the old faces, and the old songs, and the jokes, fills his hall nightly, but to keep up the interest through the season it will require novelty. We have had so much "negro minstrelsy" that the public will hardly be content to listen to an unchangeable programme for a whole week. The engaging of an occasional solo performer, or some celebrity would greatly aid the finances of Ordway Hall, and add to its popularity as a place of resort for an evening's amusement.

The National presented the famous "Keller Troupe" in the play of "Oberon." A large audience welcomed their return to Boston, and they presented on this occasion some of their fine "tableaux" which were witnessed a while ago at the Howard Athenaeum by admiring audiences. The dramatic performances at the house are full up to the standard of last season, and Mr. English is very fortunate in catering to the taste of his peculiar class of patrons.

Mrs. Bowers, now playing at the Museum, is spoken of in high terms, but we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing her, but shall embrace the first leisure moment to do so, and then speak of her according to her merits.

Editor's Table.

SPIRITUALISM; An Address to the Bristol County Medical Society. By DANIEL KING, M. D. Taunton: Printed by C. A. Bach, 5 Main Street.

A pamphlet with this pretentious title has been sent us. Being an address delivered by an M. D. before the Bristol County Medical Society, we really expected something worthy of a man who undertakes to grapple with so "stupendous a delusion" as Spiritualism. But it presents no arguments, except one to prove what most people well know, that spirit manifestations have always existed, and are always likely to; and this argument is as barren of facts to sustain it, as a granite quarry must be of vegetation. That the writer is not ashamed to put forth such a mass of school-boy twaddle on so grave a subject, is proof positive that his mental capacity is not large, and his self-esteem abominably overgrown. If the Medical Society of Bristol County is satisfied with a mass of well-turned sentences and flowery bombast, without facts or one attempt to account for the origin of the phenomena, the occurrence of which is attracting the attention of the world, they must be far below the proper standard of intellectuality they should present. We can hardly convince ourselves that the whole thing is not a farce; that an M. D. really did read such a mass of trash before a medical society, and then published it, was certainly taking a vast amount of pains to write one's self "down an ass."

Review of J. E. Dwinell's Sermon against Spiritualism, by J. H. W. Tookey. Boston: Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street.

Rev. Mr. Dwinell, of Salem, delivered a discourse in his church June 21st, against Spiritualism. The pamphlet before us is a review of the same, delivered by Br. Tookey in Lyceum Hall, July 5, 1857. Br. T. gives an outline of Mr. D.'s position, and then shows that Spiritualists do not reject the Bible, do not reject the Divinity of Christ in any proper sense, or deny him the proper place as an exemplar and teacher, having divine communion with God and the angels. His next objection that Spiritualism was of Pagan origin and passed with Paganism away, is very judiciously handled. Br. T. admits the proofs presented of the antiquity of Spirit intercourse, strengthens this proof by others drawn from the Scriptures, and then shows that theologians, despite the creeds to which they are bound, still cling to it, and that the belief in the intercourse of spirits with men is a vital part of actual life to them. He quotes from Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Hall, Dr. Owen, Dr. George Townsend, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Albert Barnes, Mr. N. B. Stone, Amos Lawrence, John Frederic Oberlin, and mentions Dr. Adam Clark, the Westleys, &c., to sustain his position.

It is a very interesting production, sarcastic without descending into vulgar personality and abuse, cuts with a sharp blade the Reverend's follies of speech, and is a readable, instructive book.

THE NEW QUADRANT.

No. 12 HARRISON AVENUE, Sept. 11, 1857. G. C. ATLING, Esq.:

My dear Sir—It is but just that I inform you that, having on August 26th left Boston, with your instrument adjusted for this city, I found, on passing over the roads to Hyannis, a constant change in the relative positions of the images of the sun; and on my arrival at Nantucket, found it necessary, in order to bring the images to their original position as at Boston, to move the vernier of the arc, having the longest radius.

This experiment settles, in my mind, all doubt as to the "Primary Fact" in your discovery, viz: that in the change of position there is effected in your instrument a change of relations of the two refractions.

I hope, for the sake of the best interests of humanity, and for your own remuneration and honor, that you will be enabled to establish all that you claim for this important discovery.

Truly, your obedient servant, BENJAMIN H. WEST.

DO SOMETHING.

The poets have been singing of into the misery and wretchedness of "Nothing to do," which, if properly headed by readers generally, has made them tired of the thought of such a thing over and over again. If ever a man is to be pitied, it is when he has nothing to do. The person who is either so be-pinnacled with his wealth, or so ground down by his poverty as to be in that lamentable situation where he finds he has nothing to do, is where we pray we may never be placed as long as we live.

It is a great deal better to work than to be idle, even if nothing is to be made by it. Labor has been found to be our natural element. We are happiest when we are engaged. All our faculties were given us for work, and they are in best condition when we are engaged in working them. An idle man is a sponge, and nothing else. While he lives, he lives off of other people. The more such there are, of course the worse off the world is. We must all become producers in some way, or things go wrong. Work never hurts anybody. If a person is not compelled to it, it is nevertheless better that he should busy himself about some employment a certain number of hours each day, than that he should do nothing at all. Mental labor preserves the mental faculties, and physical labor keeps the body in health and strength. A do-nothing is no better than a vagabond.

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.

Late European Items.

The Europa arrived at Halifax at 1 A. M., on the 9th, bringing three days later intelligence. Parliament was prorogued on the 28th ult. The Queen's speech was delivered by commission, and was read by the Lord Chancellor. Both Houses of Parliament have adjourned sine die. The Queen had gone to Balmoral. Nothing official had been promulgated as to the Atlantic Telegraph, but it appears to be taken for granted that the enterprise will be postponed until next summer.

The London Times and other leading papers strongly urge the immediate construction of a telegraph to India, and the acquisition of the Atlantic cable for the purpose.

Two Princes from Sind were expected in England, for the purpose of entering into commercial treaties with Great Britain.

The Empress Eugenie attended a bull fight at Bayonne on Sunday the 23d ult. A terrible conflagration had occurred at Magdeburg. The large military store houses, railway bridge and terminus, and many private houses were destroyed.

INDIA.—The Indian mails had reached Marseilles and were expected in London the day the Europa sailed.

Bombay dates are to July 30th. The main features of the Government despatch from Cagliari are confirmed, and interesting details are added.

Sir Henry Barnard died of cholera, before Delhi, on the 5th of July, and Sir Henry Lawrence from wounds, died on the 4th, at Lucknow.

The mutineers held Delhi on the 14th of July. They had made three more sorties, and were entirely defeated in each with heavy loss.

Sir Hugh Wheeler was killed at Cawnpore. The garrison there, pressed by famine, surrendered the place to Neua Sahab, by whom, in violation of solemn promises, all were massacred. Neua Sahab was subsequently twice attacked and utterly defeated with great loss, by Gen. Havelock, who re-occupied Cawnpore. By orders of Neua Sahab, two hundred and forty women and children were murdered at Cawnpore, and amongst the killed at that place are Sir George Parker, Col. Williams, Brigadier Yaak, and other officers.

On the 6th of July, an obstinate battle was fought before Agra, between the garrison of that place and the Meerut mutineers, who had marched thither with reinforcements, which brought their number up to 10,000 men. The British forces were obliged to retire with a heavy loss. Several British officers were killed.

Two native regiments mutinied at Seel Kot, Punjab, on the 9th of July, and massacred Capt. Bishop, Dr. Graham, and Rev. Mr. Hunter, with his wife and child. The remaining Europeans were safe in the fort. These mutineers were totally defeated on the 17th, at Meerut.

Gen. Hewitt had been removed from command, for supineness. The Punjab was tranquil. There were some disturbances at Hyderabad, in the Deccan, but they were suppressed.

The Bombay and Madras Presidencies remained tranquil, and their armies loyal. Gen. Reid had succeeded to the command before Delhi.

Although the British had parts of five regiments, only 2,000 men could be mustered for an offensive attack against Delhi. Detachments from these regiments had been sent to attack other places.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Agent of the New York Associated Press is indebted to the extreme kindness of Capt Leitch, of the Europa, for the latest telegraph of Indian news, received at Liverpool at the moment of his departure.

LONDON, Saturday.—The Indian overland mail has arrived, with full details of the late disaster. It appears that the catastrophe at Cawnpore is believed to have occurred on the 24th of June. In consequence of Sir Hugh Wheeler being mortally wounded, the force had accepted the proffer of safety made by Neua Sahab and the mutineers. Neua allowed them to get into the boats, and then fire was opened upon them from the banks of the river, and all were destroyed.

Other accounts state that the wives and children of the officers and soldiers, consisting of 250 persons, were taken into Cawnpore and sold by public auction, and barbarously slaughtered by the inhabitants. It is hoped that a few escaped. It is said that Neua Sahab has more than one hundred European prisoners in his hands, whom he intends to hold as hostages. They are, probably, the remains of Gen. Wheeler's force. Gen Havelock, who left Allahabad with 2000 Europeans, had attacked and totally defeated Neua Sahab and his force.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

New York, Sept. 14.—Steamship Baltic has anchored below in a fog. She brings 135 passengers. There is nothing definite in regard to the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

The details of the Indian mutiny teem with further atrocities. The French papers publish a despatch affirming that the mutiny had shown itself in Bombay, but had been suppressed.

A conference had been held at Shanghai between Lord Elgin and the English and French commanders. The Emperors Napoleon and Alexander meet shortly at Darmstadt.

It is rumored that a secret treaty between the United States and Mexico provides that the former shall furnish 15,000 to 20,000 armed volunteers to take Cuba under the Mexican flag, in case of a war with Spain.

The threatened rupture between Naples and Piedmont has been dispelled. The British Minister at Florence has retired from his post for an alleged insult in a matter of etiquette.

FLOWERS.

Flowers are beautiful mouth pieces of the affection of the common Father of mankind. Wherever the foot of man hath trod the earth, flowers are to be found, blooming in every latitude, under every sun, and they indicate the fact, as man grows more and more appreciative, that God is everywhere; and as the little flowers are blooming, if you will watch them you will find that they constantly blush without crime, and weep without sorrow, picturing forth a beautiful lesson to humanity.

We shall publish abstracts of Mr. Forster's labors last Sabbath in our next.

The Busy World.

The New York engagements of grain for Great Britain have averaged over fifty thousand bushels a day for several days, and if the decline in prices does not prevent the produce from coming forward from the interior, an active business in this line may be expected throughout the fall months.

SALES of whole crops of apples have been made at Marietta, Ohio, at \$1.25 to \$1.40 per barrel, delivered on the banks of the Ohio. This is about 50 cents per bushel—quite a reduction from the last year's prices.

The English ordnance office has sent out to India an admirable plan of Delhi, for the use of the officers.

JOHN MILLER stabbed and killed John Doran, at Santa Fe, on the 4th of July, without provocation, and a party dressed in white, and masked, took Miller from the jail, and hanged him. The two men were United States soldiers.

J. M. LEONARD, of Aiken, South Carolina, is said to be engaged in perfecting an invention by which cotton is to be adapted to a variety of novel uses. It is said that the basis of this invention consists in the solidification of common cotton fibre, by the aid of certain chemical ingredients. Plastic at first, so as to be readily moulded, or worked by hand into any required shape, it becomes, on drying, hard and tenacious, with a somewhat metallic lustre.

It is reported that Mrs. Cunningham has retained David Paul Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia, as he counsel in the coming trial upon the bogus baby charge.

THE WASHINGTON STATES says that at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony of General Walbridge, President Buchanan was prompt to avail himself of the privilege of kissing the bride, when, turning to the General, he said, playfully, "You have deserted our ranks!" "How could I help it?" the General promptly responded, as he pointed to his bride.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS have been subscribed in the neighborhood of Mobile for a monument to the late Major-General E. P. Gaines, of New Orleans.

The harbor of Chicago, on Tuesday, contained a fleet of two hundred and fifty vessels, steamers included.

Gov. GARDNER has been nominated by the American Party for reelection.

THE UNITED STATES Fair at Louisville was another great success. It was attended by thousands of people from beginning to end.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the first sovereign of England that has visited Cherbourg since the time that Normandy belonged to Great Britain. The last English monarch seen under the walls of Cherbourg was Henry V., in 1420.

The subject which Kossuth has chosen for his lectures in Glasgow is, "The Finger of God in History."

AMONG the items of expenditures of the city of Boston, for the year ending April 30, 1857, is the following:—"Food for squirrels \$38.27."

The Municipal election in Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 7th, resulted in the election of the Free State ticket by 260 majority. The Constitutional Convention convened at Leocompton on the 7th.

A. M. JACKSON, of Mississippi, has been appointed Secretary of State for New Mexico, vice, Davis, resigned.

The steamship Texas has arrived from Vera Cruz, 8th inst., with dates from the city of Mexico to the 5th. The Tehuantepec question had been settled at Mexico, by the amendment of both the Garay and Sloc grants. The vomito was abating at Vera Cruz.

A few days ago there was deposited in bank, in Fredericksburg, a bar of gold valued at \$1225, from the Vanoluse mine in Spotsylvania County, Va., the product of twenty days' labor.

THERE was a great fire in Portland, N. B., on the 11th inst., and more than forty houses were burned.

The FLYING ROCK states that Mrs. Giviner, of Iljgham, will certainly be tried again for the murder of her husband, additional evidence against her having been placed in the hands of the Attorney-General.

The first hoghead of new tobacco has been received at New Orleans. It was grown in Tennessee.

ALEXANDER SMITH'S "City Poems" are reviewed in the Athenaeum with considerable sarcasm.

It is REPORTED that Montreal has been selected by Queen Victoria as the permanent seat of Government for Canada, but that the announcement will not be made officially until the opening of Parliament.

THERE are eighteen weekly papers published in Kansas.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square.

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. CHOWELL, 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. K. COOLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me. Wm. K. JOCKLYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 8 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass. H. B. BRONER, Trance Speaking Medium, Address New Haven, Conn.

SPECIAL NOTICES. BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, September 20th, at 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., Anna M. Henderson 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.

MARLBOROUGH, 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 Commodore's 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 powers, at 3 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 their 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 GALES FORSTER, AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY AFTER-NOON, AUGUST 2, 1857.

It has been well said, through a developed organism of your age, that there can be no division between science, philosophy, metaphysics and religion. The first is the rudiment and basis of the second; the second illustrates the first, and typifies the third; the third unites with the second, and flows spontaneously into the fourth; the fourth pervades and comprehends them all, and flows on as spontaneously to a still higher degree of knowledge and perfection. Notwithstanding this grand and beautiful truism in philosophy and in fact, still, throughout the history of the past, as is known to most of you, all the different systems of religious faith have been more or less antagonistic to the demonstrations of science, and the inculcations of philosophy. But in your day, amid the light of your century, there is dawning a new truth with respect to the intimate relationship and connection that exist between science and religion, and it is beginning to be an acknowledged fact on the part of many, that that religion can be of little advantage to mankind, that does not comport in its declarations with the demonstrated facts of science. The religions of Christendom have been characterized by an opposition and antagonism to the developing truths of science and philosophy, and, as a consequence, as the mind of man has been progressing during the last half century, even anterior to that, and up to the present period in your history, intelligent minds are beginning to question the authorities that have been hitherto adduced on the part of these religious faiths, and doubts are beginning to arise with respect to the bases of their assumptions. The harmonial philosophy that it is now attempted to introduce to the human mind through the agency of mediumistic power, becomes antagonistic to most of the teachings of these peculiar systems that have gone before it, from the fact, that it accepts of no theory that cannot be demonstrated by science and philosophy; and accordingly it looks into the broad field of nature, and requires an illustration of any and all propositions that can be laid before the general mind. Secondly, the harmonial philosophy is antagonistic—especially to one of the fundamental teachings of the faith most prevalent in Christendom—that item of faith based upon Genesis, with regard to the origin of man, and the formation of the earth. The harmonial philosophy has long since abnegated the idea of a special providence in this respect; the science of the age is rapidly demonstrating the truth of the assumptions of this philosophy, and as each new truth rises, brighter and still brighter grows the light of the spiritualistic philosophy, and the Jewish literature of other ages is beginning to pale before the dawn of this newer thought. Indeed science, in its developments, is becoming the voice of consolation to humanity, with regard to the great question as respects the past and the present, what the harmonial philosophy is establishing a legitimate postulation with regard to the future. I need not go into detail with respect to the Adamic account of the race. I shall therefore proceed to illustrate the harmonial idea with regard to the origin of man, and the creation of the world, attempting to demonstrate the fact, that a general, not a special providence, is at work throughout all the various ramifications of being; and that through the manifestations of this general providence, it has come to be an established fact in science and in true religion, that progress is the organic condition of the race.

Universal progress, then, is the subject that I shall attempt to discuss, as demonstrated by the comical, acronical and spiritual developments of the past and the present. Of course, in approaching so important a theme, and in attempting to discuss it in one lecture, I must necessarily condense my thoughts to a comparatively small compass; and I must advert to many facts known to some of you, and to many demonstrations of recent occurrence. I shall, therefore, once for all say, that in order to demonstrate the point at which I aim—that of future progress, as well as of progress in the past and present—I must necessarily advert to much already placed on record throughout different departments of the didactics of earth; and thus free myself from the charge of plagiarism in the references which I shall have occasion to make.

It is generally admitted by those who have looked into the developments of science, that matter, which constitutes the globes that form the solar system, was, at some remote period, existing in a general mass, so to speak, in one large embodiment of nebulous material. This fact, so long deemed an assumption on the part of harmonial philosophy, is now generally admitted. The manifestations and demonstrations of science, and the investigations of the scientific and philosophic mind, have established it beyond the possibility of a doubt to the developed intelligence of your age.

But there are many thoughts in connection with this fact, of the primordial condition of matter, which grow up necessarily as corollaries of that, and to these let me advert. This body of matter, it is alleged, has been divided and subdivided into a number of elemental principles, so called, or elements. They are termed elements from the fact that it is supposed that they cannot be reduced into others, and for this reason, it is also supposed, that they are the primary bases of all matter.

But another idea has obtained that these elements are conditions growing out of the state of matter antecedent to their formation, and, therefore, it is analogically assumed—if these elements of earth are formed from the combinations of the primordial matter, that they may exist throughout the different realms of being, as naturally as exist the laws of momentum or of gravitation; and, therefore, the simple substances of your sphere, such as the gases, metals and earths, may exist within the stary region, or within the planetary worlds, as naturally as on the surface of your globe. Whether matter is composed of one element or many, whether there was a primordial condition which may be considered as the basis of all materials or not, will make no difference as to the conclusion to which I expect to arrive with regard to cosmic arrangement. It is known that matter is subject to change, that it is liable to assume a variety of different forms, under peculiar conditions and circumstances; or, to speak philosophically, it represents the operation of organic law, throughout these conditions, as the exponent of the will of the Divine.

Amongst the influences brought to bear upon the condition of matter, is that of heat. Heat is a powerful agent, as you know, in determining the volume of matter and its other conditions. Now it is assumed and demonstrated, on the part of the harmonial philosophy, that this vast mass of nebula, this primordial condition of matter, was in a heated condition, from its immense extension; from the fact that heat expands matter, and is calculated to cause any body of matter to fill an illimitable extent of space, to what, under other circumstances, it might occupy. To illustrate this idea with regard to the demonstrations that matter gives in the sphere of manifestation, varying from the sphere of existence—many of you are aware that some of the gases become liquids when subjected to pressure, and that each particular gas requires a particular pressure.

You are also aware that water becomes ice when submitted to a temperature under 32° Fahrenheit, and that if you raise the temperature to 212° it becomes steam, and fills a much larger space; thus illustrating the idea, that in the sphere of manifestation, matter may continue to give forth its demonstrations, varied, however, much, and still remain matter absolutely and positively in the sphere of its existence. Such is the fact with regard to the vast body of materialism which constitutes your solar system, as well as others.

Thus, this ocean of matter was a sea of heated lava, so to speak, and the eternal will of the Father, through the operations of law, congenial with the then and past conditions of matter, has been, and always will be operating on this vast sea, thus relatively demonstrating the perpetual presence of the everlasting principle of vitality and of being, through the agency of the varied conditions brought to light in the sphere of manifestation. Under the operation of law, then, you will find that this ocean of matter, by laws peculiar to its then condition, began to congregate in atomic particles around nuclei, and thus was developed the beautiful law of attraction—resulting in the formation of the orbicular existences of the spheres—rotating, as they formed, and bringing into sphere of manifestation the centripetal and centrifugal forces—each condition of matter preserving its own peculiar orbit as it revolved around its parent center.

Then the planet which you occupy, the earth, was originally constituted, as was this vast mass of matter, of which it was a component part, and which must have required a long series of ages, in order that the very first cooling operation might take place by means of the rotatory motion of this ball; and during the lapse of these ages, under the operation of law, incrustation commenced, and, in this wise, briefly, was developed the surface of your globe—the first formation, over and above the elemental or primordial condition of matter, comprehended within the whole. Then, again, with regard to the formation of the primary or igneous rocks, in the scientific investigations of your day, there has been demonstrated the non-existence of animal life throughout ages, it being a necessary condition in the formation of these rocks that they should exist for an untold period in a certain state, before newer conditions could be developed on the surface of incrustation; and geological investigation shows this fact, that within these rocks no fossil remains are found; and it also demonstrates, with regard to these igneous rocks, that, in order to constitute a soil suitable for the support of animal and vegetable life, it was necessary that disintegration should occur, and it is an admitted fact, that the soil of New England, for instance, was not created originally so, but it is emphatically a disintegrated rock—thus showing the position assumed by the harmonial philosophy years back, that the earth became incrustated in this wise through the operation of organic law, applicable to the then condition of things.

After the lapse of ages, according to scientific evidence, you find that other manifestations begin to show themselves, and in the second strata of the earth are to be found fossil remains, not one of which appear in the first strata, and there are more than thirty thousand species of which remains in the second strata, not a living sample of which exists in your day—going to show the general development of matter, and, through that fact, the universal application of law, the eternal operation of the Divine will. Consequently, then, in establishing the position assumed, geology demonstrates that first appeared the igneous strata, the primary rock; next followed a lower order of vegetable life, and next a lower order of animal life—for instance, those found in the second strata of the earth, many of which give evidence of a close affinity to the vegetable kingdom, by indications exhibited to the scientific mind in the investigation of these fossil remains; then you find indications of a higher order of vegetable, and then of a higher order of animal life, as assumed by the harmonial philosophy in its general hypothesis of universal progress; next you find that, owing to the peculiar condition of the then existing state of things, the animal condition became extinct before the developing influences above the plane of their existence, and, in the progress of time, through the developments growing from the then condition of the physical globe, a higher order of life appears, and also a higher order of vegetable and atmospheric surroundings, in order to sustain this life; and in this wise, progress is demonstrated by the geological investigations of the past—resulting in the evolution of man, through the varied operations of the different kingdoms below him.

There are other investigations which go to demonstrate the theory of modern Spiritualism, in opposition to the Adamic account. It is related in Genesis that the race originated from one pair, but investigations into the history of the past establish the fact that mankind originated from many. Let me advert briefly to some of the manifestations that are of most recent occurrence, and let me say that they are the results of the investigating processes of a mind that exists within the peculiar locality that I now address, a mind high in its order, elevated in its tone of philosophic research and scientific attainment, and most admirably calculated to dive deep down into the physical sciences—and yet incapable of looking into the spirituality of a grand and noble theme. It has been demonstrated by the investigations of this mind, that not only do these differences exist through the general plane of humanity, but in the Flora and Fauna of the earth are to be found corresponding differences; his researches having established that, in the plane of creation, plants exist in certain families—that soil, elevation, and climate, are but secondary considerations in this distribution of these plants; and it has also been ascertained and demonstrated by the same great mind, that in the fauna, the animal kingdom, are to be found similar circumscribed limits of peculiar families, and in both the flora and fauna the natural boundaries of these contributions, correspond to distinct marks that characterize the different races of beings,—going to demonstrate the fact that all organic life has, under the operation of Divine will, been determined into distinct circles—the lower orders of the vegetable and animal kingdom constituting, as it were, the outer rim or edge of these circles, and the developed mind and spirit of certain races of man, the different centres of the same. Thus are the physical sciences being brought in by the very enemies of Spiritualism, to prove its philosophical assumptions—which are being rapidly demonstrated by geological, archaeological, ethnological, zoological, and physiological investigations. It has also been established as a fact, that where opportunity has been afforded scientific minds for examining and comparing the craniological developments of any people of the past, with the craniological developments of that people in the present age, the same distinctive marks existed centuries since, that exist now—establishing the position beyond controversy, that man originated from many, and, through the agency of the establishment of that fact, the assumption that universal progress is attainable, being an organic law of being.

You find as far back as what is called the fourth dynasty, three thousand four hundred years anterior to the birth of Christ, that the same distinctive national characteristics existed then that exist now between the different nations, that have undergone this examination. The same idea is conveyed by the vases taken from the tombs of Etruria, by the hieroglyphics of the Chinese annals, and indeed by all that can be brought up from the past, in this grand thought of universal progress in the development of man being established beyond the possibility of successful contradiction. How foolish, then, is it to oppose a system that comes from the great reservoir of the Eternal, developing itself amid the dawning light of newer thought, and which corresponds so magnificently and gloriously with the rising development of the physical sciences of earth,—and yet you find men standing upon the platform of the physical sciences, rejecting these more ennobling truths, now sought to be inculcated.

Thus, then, man stands, according to this method, upon the apex of all that went before him, on the apex of creation, as the individualized finite representative of the Eternal source of all power.

There I will leave him for a moment,—proceeding to other points of my argument. Remember, however, that I have aimed briefly, by the representation of the facts of matter, to demonstrate that man is the ultimate of all that went before; remember his position, then, as I proceed. I have said that your globe originally constituted a portion of this vast ocean of primordial heated matter. As with your globe, so with all the globes of the solar system, which you remember is constituted of eleven, revolving at different distances around your sun, Uranus being considered the outer limit, until more recent discoveries of science; and the estimated extent of the limits of this system was about thirty-six hundred millions of miles. Now it is being demonstrated that as the planets constituting your solar system, have been formed by the various processes of organic law operating upon matter, to which I have alluded, so throughout the vast realm of being, the same primordial condition at one time existed, and that the different astral systems that exist throughout the wide universe of space, have all come up through the same regular gradation of consecutive developments. Science has demonstrated, as far as it is possible, in its present stage of development, that the nearest fixed star to your globe, Sirius, is about twenty thousand millions of miles distant. With the naked eye, standing on the surface of your globe, and gazing on the heavens above, you are enabled to see something over three thousand stars.

Suppose for an instant, that each particular one of these three thousand stars that you can perceive, was lying as distant from another, and so on through the whole, as does the bright faced Sirius from your globe—what a gorgeous field there is of matter, in which the Divine Will is operating through organic law! But science is demonstrating that each particular star that you look upon without comprehending its magnitude and glory—each of those beautiful luminaries which the old theology has taught you were created merely to light your globe—is a sun of itself, pertaining to a solar system as does your sun to your system, and therefore throughout this vast field, consecutive solar systems after solar system is revolving in the great immensity of space. It is also demonstrated that lying far beyond this region are what are denominated astral systems, connected with other astral systems, that comprehend each particular solar system, to which I have had reference. It has been determined, that the nearest astral system is thirty-five thousand times more distant than Sirius; and so you see what a gorgeous idea is presented of the materialism that lies beyond the conception almost of humanity; but beyond these astral systems are consecutive conditions of astral systems; and remember too that the misty substance that seems to span the heavens, called the milky way, is constituted of worlds, and that deeply far within the womb of the great spaces, lie oceans of worlds, as it were, and that this vast convocation of universes was once constituted in a mass of primordial matter, and that the will of the everlasting, Divine Intelligence of the Universe has been, and will ever be, operating on the varied conditions that matter shall bring forth through the effect of that operation in the sphere of manifestation, and yet matter in the sphere of existence has not altered its substantive character. God, then, by the gradual operation of organic law, has been exercising a general providence over this ocean of worlds, and not a mere special providence, that created the stars for the benefit of the earth. In proof of this fact science is demonstrating that there will yet be other manifestations through the agency of mediumistic power, that will go more clearly to illustrate the idea that I am about to touch upon. Science is demonstrating that worlds are still forming nearer the sun than your own, and lying beyond the outer limit of Uranus, and of the most recently discovered planet, also; and there are to be found nebulous conditions congregating around different nuclei, some presenting a vast mass, as it were, without form and void, others in different processes of formation, others approaching nearer and still nearer to what might be termed orbicular existence. The conclusion, therefore, is unavoidable, that there is a regular graduating process of development throughout all these realms of creation. And further, it is also demonstrated that the elemental conditions might exist anywhere within the astral systems as well as in your sphere; if so, then the deduction is, that all the fixed stars are inhabited, relatively in proportion to their peculiar development, and that those which are forming are going on, approaching still higher through the conditions of being—first, through the igneous rock, then through the vegetable condition, then through the animal, then through the condition which approaches the intellectual, then through the semi-intellectual, up to the Spiritual, and consequently to the apex, as has been demonstrated in your sphere. Therefore, man is the apex of all that has gone before him; throughout the vast realm of worlds, man, wherever the development of matter has reached that point, stands as the ultimate,

upon the apex of creation, and is consequently connected with all that went before him throughout the pathway of materialism, and by his spiritual development with all that is to come after him likewise. It is a legitimate conclusion, that, as up to a certain point of development everything has been progressing under the operation of law, so hereafter and forever, everything must continue to progress in the same way, and as the spirit of man is the ultimate of development, the law that produced that development must operate intermediately on the results of that development; the operation is unchanged, but it is within, upon the inherent qualities of the ultimate; and by it the soul is expanded and the emotions are brought forth into broader fields of sympathy and love. This organic development of universal progress as the law of being, is therefore substantiated by the comical arrangements of the past, by the philosophical relations of the present, and by the glorious prognostications of the future.

Now let me ask my theological friend, if there be one here, who adheres to the idea of the Adamic account of the race, who supposes that man has fallen, that God made some tremendous mistake in the creation of man, and has required four thousand years to make amends for that folly—if there be one here that believes this, let me ask him or her, is it possible that this vast convocation of worlds could have been necessary for the production of the human soul, if destined only to pass a brief period on earth, and then to be plunged into irremediable woe? God save us from such a belief! God save the nation from the superstition and fanaticism of the past! No! man was formed for a nobler purpose, and as you progress onward, and still onward, in the higher appreciation of the noble faculties that exist within you, the more and more satisfied you become of the capability of the race; the more and more satisfied you become of the inherent purity of the race, the more and more satisfied you become of the everlasting power and almighty force and will of the great Source of that race. As you cast your eye over the long series of ages in the past, and see how organic law has been operating in all the conditions of matter, so do you perceive how the power and force of all God's attributes have been gradually operating, ever moving man upward and onward toward the apex of development. As you learn to appreciate all the grandeur and glory manifested by these principles of development, is there anything to be found in all that you recognize, calculated to deny the existence of the varied attributes that are attributed theoretically to the everlasting Father? Is there not in the teachings of universal progress, as attempted to be demonstrated by harmonial philosophy and the physical sciences, the most incontrovertible evidence of the power of God? Is there not more power manifested in this chain of consecutive development, than is shown in the literal translation of Genesis? In all this grand march of creation, without a solitary error, is there not a grandeur worthy of a God? The Spiritualist, recognizing the grandeur and glory of the past, how beautifully is he prepared equally to recognize the glory of the coming future; how beautifully, when he recognizes the great fact that this Almighty Father is his father, and that he, the child, is the representative of all that has been before him, is he prepared to appreciate all that may rise up from the great womb of the developing future! Think, if mere materialism, mere inorganic matter, has required all this labor of law, all this amount of love, all this demonstration of power, to ultimate the individualized spirit, think what must be the destiny of that spirit! Think, when that spirit shall have been eliminated from earth, to dwell forever in the vast ocean of eternal existence, (your physical being constitutes simply the birth-throes of the spirit, and death is the great agent by which your spirit will be born into life),—think, if the human mind, contracted as it must be by the influences of its material surroundings, if this jewel within its earthly casket can, by the agency of its developing powers, and on the wings of aspiration, form a conception of this ocean of materialism, far indeed up towards the hill-tops of the coming future; if the mind within the form can reach this elevated point of conception, what will be its realization when it shall have left the realms of earth? Think of the vast store-houses of intelligence which you have to explore, as you wander from world to world, from star to star; and even within the depths beyond, within the vast illimitable spaces that exist beyond the conception of the most developed unchange, as forever you shall continue soaring on the pinions of still developing aspiration! Think of this, O mind of earth, and even now let your spirit plume its wings of aspiration! As the glorious eagle of your native clime mounts higher and higher, and seeks to build his eyrie where he can look into the bright material eye of day, and as he rises, perchance lets fall a feather here and there, which but impeded his progress; so with you, my aspiring brother, or sister, as you rise on the pinions of aspiration, and seek to build your eyrie higher, and still higher, amid the realms where the eternal sun of everlasting wisdom is giving forth its gorgeous beams, oh! let fall the decaying plumes of old dogmas, and upward and onward, forever, and still forever, is the destiny of your developing soul!

THE "STUPENDOUS DELUSION" IN 1842.

A writer in the "Spiritual Age" relates the following— "About fifteen years ago, as nearly as memory serves, there was, in the neighborhood of Green and Montgomery streets, Jersey City, what was termed a 'haunted house.' So notorious had it become for noises, and nocturnal visitations of some kind, that no one familiar with the facts could be induced to occupy the house as a tenant. In the Spring of 1842, however, a family arrived from England, the head of which—being doubtless more familiar with roast beef and plum pudding than ghosts or ghostesses—declared his willingness to brave all the shades and 'goblins' of Tophet for the sake of a cheap rent. In brief, the English family moved into the 'haunted house.'

The first night's occupancy being undisturbed, Mr. Bull began to boast that former tenants had been 'sold'—frightened at their own shadows, &c. But the second night, about twelve o'clock—the hour at which the disturbances usually occurred—a sudden rattling of the door-latch was heard. At first it was thought to be—well, it might be the scratching of a cat, the—the—or—but it couldn't be a ghost! Mr. B. and his wife, both of whom had risen up to listen, again laid down and invoked forgetfulness in sleep. Rat-ta-tat-tat—went the door! Up jumped the Englishman, in a pet rather than in affright, and threw open the hall door. Nothing could be seen. On returning again to the bed, various slight scratches and rattlings were heard, at intervals, for nearly an hour, when all was still.

No disturbances having occurred on the third night, and many inquiries of course being made, the jolly Mr. Bull laughed heartily at the supposed temerity and superstitions of the Americans, and boasted that he was a match for anything in the shape of a ghost that ever showed itself. But his bravery was doomed to a severe trial, as, on the fourth night, about the hour of twelve, the sudden pounding, as with a heavy mallet, brought Mr. Bull and wife from a sound slumber to a square sit-up in the bed, and their hair, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, stood on 'end!' An incessant rat-ta-tat—bang-bang! was kept up on the door and wall; the latch was wriggled; on the floor overhead was rolled, or seemed to be rolled, a dozen or two canister-balls; a rattling, as of trace-chains, was intermingled to harmonize the din, while agonizing groans seemed issuing from the closet. The brave gentleman from over the water trembled—his teeth chattered. Remembering his valiant mien of the morning, however, and summoning all his courage, he seized a light that was burning on the table, and, with protruding eyes, peered into the darkness up the stairway—then cautiously ascended. All was quiet! He went

down and opened the hall door. Nobody was there. All things remaining for a while undisturbed, he took a drink of 'hale,' and again retired. But the 'ghosts' wouldn't retire; as it seems they had determined to put fully to the test some of 'Johnny's' declarations. No sooner had he got covered—nearly all over—with the bed-clothing, than the light on the table was suddenly blown out! Then commenced such a thumping, rattling, banging, rolling, squeaking, scratching, and groaning, as never was dreamed of. Even the bed upon which he and his wife lay was repeatedly shaken, and it really seemed—as he described it—as if all the furies of pandemonium were holding a wake!

The next morning, quite early, an Englishman—the brave Mr. Bull—was seen in quest of a house that wasn't haunted."

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 XI.

Dr. Ashburner's letter to the Leader.—Sir Charles E. Isham's letter to the Leader.—"A" letter to the same.—A letter from Dr. Ashburner to the Author.

To THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER:—

40 York Place, 14th March, 1859. Sir:—As Mr. Lewes has thought it proper to sign his name to a document which has appeared in your paper, I claim the right to answer him through the same channel of communication with the public: Men who are capable of writing tolerable good school exercises or abridgments of long and tedious works on abstract philosophy, are not necessarily deep philosophers. Sometimes their statements of doctrines may be wide of the mark, but the weight of the authority of a man whose highest reputation depends upon the translation of another man's thoughts, does not suffer much with that public which rarely troubles itself about the fountain of those thoughts, and so, inaccuracies apart, the abridgment maker acquires a reputation.

Take him away from his abridgments, ask him to examine into the positive depths of positive philosophy, Mr. Lewes founders in flippancy—revels in frivolity, and exposes the complete inability of his nature to examine into matters that are delicately material, and metaphysically real. Mr. Lewes' phrenology might explain to us the reason of this deficiency in his mental configuration. No doubt the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation overpower and unbalance the faculties, which in a head otherwise intellectual would lead to the elimination of truth.

Mr. Lewes' article on what he is pleased to call "the Rappites," is so completely unphilosophical that I am anxious to endeavor to deprive of every privilege of judgment in case where his assumption of a high position has allowed him to indulge his wretched taste and ill manners in applying the term "Imposture" to extremely slight grounds, to a lady, whose character would bear scrutiny far more severe than his own; and whose sex ought to have protected her, in your publication, from language so grossly insulting. No man has a right to apply the term "Imposture" to any human being without ample proof of imposture. I offered Mr. Lewes the opportunity of investigating the phenomena developed in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, and before he published her as an impostor, he was bound to have thoroughly inquired into the justice of his conclusions. I challenge him to offer better proofs than he has yet done of Mrs. Hayden's impostures, or to do what he did on a former occasion, when he lost his sense of propriety towards another American lady; to retract absolutely his unwise assertion. "Sir, you and maybe others, think that I consider too much personal feeling into this affair; I pray you to think that I had mentioned Mr. Lewes to Mr. Hayden, who is a brother member of the quill, formerly an Editor of a most widely circulated newspaper in New England, and I have endeavored to restrain Mr. Hayden's feelings toward the slanderer of his wife.

Now, Sir, I declare to you, that Mrs. Hayden is no impostor, and he who has the daring to come to an opposite conclusion, must do so at the peril of his character for truth. I defy Mr. Lewes, or any one else, to prove the acts of imposture or fraud in the phenomena that require the presence of such a medium as Mrs. Hayden for their development. I have calmly, deliberately, and very cautiously studied this subject. It may please superficial thinkers to treat it as they long treated mesmerism and clairvoyance. The fire from the Zoist, the researches of the Baron von Reichenbach, Mr. Rutter's important discovery of the magnetoscope, have settled, for posterity, the questions scouted by the twaddling psychologists of this generation. A battle is to be fought for the new manifestations. I have no hesitation in saying, that, much as I have seen of mesmerism and of clairvoyance,—grand as were my anticipations of the vast amount of good to accrue to the human race, in mental and physical improvement, from the expansion given to them by the cultivation of their extensive relations,—all sink into shade and comparative insignificance, in the contemplation of those consequences which must result from the spirit manifestations. I am not now to express an opinion on the magnetic origin or analogies of these phenomena; I do to declare my opinion on their genuine character, which I do unreservedly. However astounding may be the fact, I am clear that we have the power of communicating with intelligences, only magically present, unseen by us, who are capable of expressing thoughts full of the tenderest sympathy, redolent of the highest and purest love, and occasionally conveying, through accents of displeasure, the most awful lessons of sublime morality. This is a very serious truth, and must and will force its way. Animal magnetism and its consequences appeared marvellous to petty minds. The spirit manifestations have, in the last three weeks, produced miracles, and many more will, ere long, astound the would-be considered philosophers, who may continue to deny and sneer at the most obvious facts.

This is a very serious truth, and I hope that the tone in which I request you to publish this letter, approximates more to that communication of your German correspondent, who related the occurrence in Sussex Place, than those which degrade the character of the Leader.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN ASHBURNER.

As the reader has already been informed, only a part of the doctor's letter was published in the Leader, for reasons which are at once obvious to the dullest comprehension.

Letter from Dr. Ashburner to the Author.

My dear Mr. HAYDEN—You perceive from the kind of notice taken by the editor of the Leader, and his very flippant coadjutor, Mr. Lewes, that you have here no chances of a fair or candid examination of the phenomena you have crossed the Atlantic to lay before the public of our islands. You must expect high-minded conduct from the editors of the press. The writer who characterizes my communication, signed with my name, as an insulting letter, dare not publish the whole of that letter, for it would have been found that its severe tone applied, with some force, to a person who has ventured, before now, to insult more than one woman. Of course, I felt personally aggrieved that, having introduced the name of Mr. Lewes to you, as that of a person of talent, who might be received into your house, being desirous of investigating the subject of spirit manifestations in a fair, calm, and candid frame of mind; as one who, having written Abstracts of the Positive Philosophy of Comte, a kind of school exercises, tolerably well, as well as other Essays on the Philosophy of the Mind—might be expected to have some talent for quiet philosophical judgment; but if I had reflected upon the taste displayed in the productions which some of my correspondents in Bristol aptly designate as the pitiful tomfooleries of the Leader, I might have concluded that Vivian had too much self-esteem, too much egotism, to be entitled to the position for which I had given him credit. The very silly conceit which allows a man to think himself capable, without reading the American works, without knowing of the mental exertions of numerous talented individuals in the United States, for the last five years devoted to the investigation of these facts, of settling the question by his own guffaw, is an ample proof that not only is this wretched coxcomb unfitted, by his habits, for real philosophy, but that the weight of his opinion is too light to influence any but those who admire the class of productions which injure the character of the Leader. I do not think that you ought to regard the offensive expressions of this person, levelled at your wife, as a matter of the slightest importance.

You have in this country a high mission; pay no attention to the absurd insinuation respecting money; you must take money, unless you can manage to live without it, and we find that pounds sterling are as essential in England as you do dollars in America. I do not believe that our countrymen worship Mammon less fervently than the inhabitants of Yankee-land. It is your mission to the Doctor alluded, in one instance, to an extraordinary fact, relating to the gift of healing. A very engaging child, of about four or five years old, was so dangerously ill that it was not expected to recover. The spirit, while sitting as one of a harmonical circle, was suddenly thrown up into a condition of somnambulism, and immediately, in this state, bestowed upon the child, who, thrown into a trance, slept a condition for three days and completely recovered. The fact can be amply substantiated. The parties are of the highest respectability.

to introduce a knowledge which shall tend to diminish this worship, and which shall, in due time, inevitably lead to a far more exalted knowledge of the moral and physical laws of this universe...

I remain, my dear Mr. Hayden, Yours very truly, JOHN ASHEDORNER. 40 York Place, 30th March, 1853.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

EVENING FINDS ME STILL THE SAME. Another day has passed and evening finds me still the same. The golden hued sunset is throwing feebly its last rays...

Oh! Nature when oppressed by the cares and calls and disguises of society, the sensitive one shall court solitude and the, how many are thy solacing scenes!

Oh! Nature when oppressed by the cares and calls and disguises of society, the sensitive one shall court solitude and the, how many are thy solacing scenes!

And fier transient glory alike shall ebb on. On deepest sorrow, as on joy divine. Ah! how few who tread the paths of quiet, Dispel joy for wanton riot!

Yes, the sunset finds me still the same, for it reminds me, as it ever will, of one who has crossed the tempestuous gulf to her destined home among the pure and blessed of the Spirit Land.

She grew weaker as we advanced, and we stopped at a beautiful villa in the interior, situated at least four miles from the village of S—.

The Sun had gone down in his glory to rest. Still over the earth was left fragrant perfume; While the first star of eve shows its beautiful crest.

I mourned her loss long after, but I did not then realize that she would once again linger near me, and with her gentle power sooth and win my thoughts from the cares and bustle of life.

Look down through every channel of humanity, and not a thought is hid to us; and however secret you may be to mortal life, all is plain to those looking through the spiritual telescope.

The Messenger.

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

A REQUEST.

We are obliged to request the public not to call upon Mrs. Conant for sittings. It has been absolutely necessary for her to suspend all exercise of her medium powers, except such as is demanded for our columns.

Her advertisement has been withdrawn from the N. E. Spiritualist, and the Banner, and there is now no excuse for persons to request her to do what it is absolutely necessary for her health to refuse.

Elder Bisbee, Waterville, Maine.

Oh, thou from whom all goodness cometh, we pray thee that thou wilt bless thy children everywhere. We thank thee, Oh Divine source of love, that thou hast opened the channels of thy grace—the Heavenly spheres, and that through those channels countless blessings are coming down to thy children on earth.

God of wisdom, we would also crave thy blessing upon those on earth who bear the sacred titles of parent. We ask thee, Oh parent of spirit and mortal, that thou wilt so inspire them with love for those thou hast given them, that they will by love draw them from temptation and sin, and place them far beyond that which thou hast taught thy children to shun on the earth sphere.

Oh, may the coming generation be like a city set upon a hill, reaching even unto the Heavens above. Again, Oh Superior Strength, we would crave thy blessing upon the mortal child; we would pray, Oh Father, that they may never reverse their earthly parents, that they may reverse them in thy works; that they may be drawn higher and taught holier things.

And again we ask thee to bless those who are in mental darkness. We ask thee, O Creator, not to withdraw thy love, thy strength, but draw nigh to them, and teach them that in thy giving, they must render an account for each gift received!

Fountain of wisdom, three in form are gathered here; they come to gather messages from the higher life, that they may scatter them upon the earth sphere; that they may do good to mankind; that they may honor them. Oh do thou impress them with the high importance of their mission, and teach them to revere thee. Do thou, O God, so fill them with the Holy Ghost, that they shall speak with wisdom, that they shall draw all men after them, and shine like diamonds in thy kingdom, to which they are coming.

Oh bless those who were once connected with thy servant, the spirit. Wilt thou, in thy wisdom, send angels to sooth their sorrows, to whisper peace to their souls, to give them light, to gather them home; for thou knowest, O Father, that some of them wander from thy fold. Bless them; we invoke thy blessing constantly, and with faith, for we know that thou art a living God, having power to grant our every wish, and that thou wilt answer according to our faith.

Nathaniel Emerson, Pawtucket, R. I.

It is a long time since I was on earth. At least, it seems so to me; and yet I have near and dear friends on earth, and with them I wish to commune, with your approbation, however. My name was Nathaniel Emerson; I lived in Pawtucket, R. I., and from thence I passed on to the spirit life. I wish my friends to understand Spiritualism as it is—not as it has been, or as it may be in the future. Take things as they are. Spiritualism in the past was a pure article; Spiritualism in the present is more or less a spurious article—Spiritualism in the future will again resume its purity. But you must take the present for what it is worth; don't borrow from the past, nor from the future. If you have an article which is filled with impurities, sift it, find out the purity, and throw away the chaff. I have a grandchild on earth. That child is anxious to take a look into the future. Now, it is my wish, and the wish of many others, that he commence away back in the alphabet of Spiritualism as it was, and then come up to the present moment, seeing every branch of the phenomena; let no one be before him in this, and they who will guide him, will give him knowledge in regard to conditions around about him.

Yes, that query will be answered, which has long been revolving in his mind. If spirits can do one thing, why not another; if they can manifest to one, why can they not to me? Now, I shall answer the query in this wise, and when he can give me a satisfactory answer to what I request, then I, or others, will give all he can ask.

Now, you have four seasons in the year; they come and go regularly, in order; you have your fine spring days, your sultry summer days, your cool, refreshing autumnal winds, and winter, with its bleak blasts. Now I should like to know why winter does not take the place of summer, or spring of autumn? This is my question, and when it is answered I will answer the question why spirits cannot give as powerful manifestations to one, as to another. As we, in the spirit life, look abroad upon you in the mortal, we are sometimes lead to cry out—How can it be possible that the Creator has formed so many children, differing one from another—no two alike? Every organism is of itself. Search the wide world o'er, and you will find not one exactly like it. And again, look abroad into the spirit life, and we find a vast company which have come up from your life. And are they alike? No, for what my brother likes I dislike; and yet to mortal eye there may be no difference.

Look down through every channel of humanity, and not a thought is hid to us; and however secret you may be to mortal life, all is plain to those looking through the spiritual telescope. Well may the skeptic charge us with reading the minds of mortals. We plead guilty to the charge—at least I do, and yet let us plead our own cause. I say we do take up their thoughts, look at them, analyze them. But do we, in looking at the open, well-read book of mortal mind, when we wish to approach it, so do, in order to know how to approach them? We plead not guilty, and who is there in heaven, on earth, or in the sphere below, able to convince us? In speaking thus, I speak of the class of spirits to which I belong. I speak for myself and for those who stand equal with me. There are many beneath me who will first read the page, and give you communications corresponding with that. If they wish for happiness they will, in time pass beyond that, looking for happiness from above, not from those beneath them. All Spiritualists should strive so to live, that all spirits coming to them may see that they have walked

with God. Like begets like, and if you are dark, you are liable to draw to you spirits who may deceive you. This may not always be so, but you are liable to be imposed upon.

Now, in respect to my particular friends, I have but one charge to give. I would have them make themselves familiar with all the forms of Spiritualism in the present—and, if they succeed in doing this, I am sure they will not ask how can these things be thus or so. They will not, like the little child who is reading his alphabet, ask why you cannot let him read in some other language than his own. This is as reasonable as it is for one to ask, when he has seen one manifestation, why he cannot see the others. Why did not God create devils and saints to mingle harmoniously together, they might as well ask. God is wise, and if you wish to comprehend Him, you must step upon every step of the ladder of his Wisdom. Sept. 8.

Oliver March—Lowell, Mass.

I've come according to agreement, but I confess I'm bewildered, astonished. Everything is new and strange to me. I've lived in the Spirit life but a moment, as it were—no time is mine here. I cannot understand it, and I come to you to gather knowledge. I was here yesterday and was refused admittance through the channel I am now admitted to. I am neither happy nor unhappy but in an uncertain state. I had no more thought I should die, than now I have that I shall inhabit a mortal form again. My body has just left my sight, just been taken from one place in your land to another, and deposited where all are placed which are cast off by the spirit.

I know you. I heard of Spiritualism. I read your paper; I read the communications, and I said if this be true, I would to God it would prove itself to me—now I am where I cannot doubt its truth. But my wife—oh, my wife! she is sick, suffering, and the agony that seems to be within her soul, seems to be almost insupportable.

A spirit that has been in the spirit land but four days, can but poorly understand that life. I cannot tell whether I shall like or dislike it, for I seem to be in a strange and foreign land. But the chord which bound me to mortal form is cut, and I can never inhabit it again. I rushed here to see, to know, if possible, what there was in Spiritualism. I have a numerous circle of relatives and friends on earth. They are in darkness in relation to my death, and I wish to give a little light upon that subject. Domestic duties called me up at night; feeling a little faint, I stepped to raise the window that I might get a little fresh air, that I might feel a little better. There seemed to be a stoppage in the stomach, a sudden cessation of attraction, and I am told by my spirit friends that I lost control of my body, fell against the window, and went to the spirit land—so you see my departure was all unexpected.

I see many beautiful things here, and am quite astonished; for it bears so much resemblance to earth, that I see little difference, except in beauty. It is my wish that my friends cease to mourn for me—there is nothing to mourn for. Oh, my wife, my wife! to leave her is hard, but I know it is right, that she will be cared for, and that she will one day meet me.

I must now go to my wife. I have done the best I could, but perhaps will come again and do better. My name was Oliver March. I died in Lowell.

This spirit came to our circle at its close, on Thursday, September 10, but having set all the time that our spirit guide dared to allow the medium to be influenced, we were obliged to deny him the privilege of manifesting then. We found him the first to manifest at our circle to-day.

He says he knew us. It is very likely as our acquaintance is extensive, but we have no recollection of him, or that we ever saw him.

We inquired and found that he was a book-dealer, and as we have been in that business, it is likely he knew us by it. We can truly say that his name and death was alike unknown to us.

Henry Baxter, Lowell.

I came to help my friend, who, you see, is just arrived here, and it is nothing more than fair that we, who are here should help him, although I confess I need aid as much as he does. I have been here sometime longer than he has, and I confess I don't know much more about the spirit life than he does. I never got any opportunities to manifest. I am anxious to, and I see no reason why I should be so constantly refused everywhere I go.

He has got one thing to bless God for, he came here sober—that's more than I did. It's true—I don't know any class of spirits who come to the spirit land, and suffer so much as those who drink. There is no class of spirits who know what hell is, so much as they. Rum put me under its feet on earth, and when I came here to suffer for taking away God's best gift to man—my own Reason. I have folks on earth that I am exceedingly anxious about; my son Henry, in particular. He is a good boy, and I hope to God he will never suffer what his father has; I do hope he will avoid liquor in every shape. I tell you what it is, my friend, he or she who makes a practice of stealing away their intellect by the use of liquor, will find they have committed an almost unpardonable sin. The influence of the drunkard is felt throughout heaven and hell. Sometimes it becomes a disease, and then I suppose they are to be pitted. But there is a time to stop, and that's when you say I can drink now and then without getting drunk. I know it—I don't guess at it—it is knowledge.

Well, I don't know what to say of those who go on in sin, that have the spirits of those who once lived in mortal bodies, coming back to them, telling them how miserable they are, and begging them to stop. If I had had the light some of you have, I should not have expected forgiveness. But I expect it is something like the old fellow that wanted to come back and warn his brethren. The good spirit said, they have teachers, and they won't believe them, and it would do no good for you to go back. That is proved true now. I, however, speak to those who drink; I want them to hear my voice, and I beg of them, in the name of God, to quit it. I have been to you before. I am happier now, thank God, than I was then, but I am miserable now to what I might have been. My name was Henry Baxter. My friend March came here three days ago. I met him then, and he could not have been in the spirit land many minutes. He told you he had been dead four days, but if he said, his spirit had not left the mortal body.

(It is often said to be the case, that spirits do not leave the body immediately, after they seem to be dead to all around.—En.)

A great many on earth suppose I lost my property by gambling. That was false, I was not quite as bad as my enemies would have made me out. My greatest sin was drinking liquor. It is well enough to have things all right, and I want to correct this. Sept. 11.

Mehitable Lothrop.

Over forty years ago I left earth; and now, after a lapse of years, I return, being called unto by those I leave still in the earth life.

My spirit yearns to guide, to bless them, and to lift from their shoulders the burden I find weighing so heavily there. And yet I find spots of sunshine also, like so many gems lighting up the gloom of the soul. And I must say to those dear ones, have patience and hope, for those bright spots shall yet make the darkness no longer gloomy. They shall wipe out the stain of sin, and give new life to that which has been dead for years.

When I passed from earth, I beheld one, an infant, and I said, "Oh, Father, into thy hands I commend this child; gather me to thyself, but oh scatter peace about the path of that child, which shall send some wherever it may chance to dwell."

Time has rolled on, and that child is standing upon the hill of life, as it were between two spheres;

waiting to find some new joy, some new hope to bind her still to earth.

But I see, that child dwelling on earth a much longer time than she anticipated, and I find joy clustering around her, bearing her soul heavenward. Then in view of the future let her have patience, and hope in the present also. And to others dear to me I come to give light and hope, for they have long been without a ray of sunshine to penetrate their future. Tell them I live—live to bless and to greet them on their journey to the abodes of joy.

A mother's love, however high in the spheres it may have been transplanted, still returns to earth, and entwines about the object of her love—and for what? To draw it nearer herself and the Great Creator of her child.

The ancient speaks of the pitcher being broken at the fountain, of the silver chord being loosed. Can that be love? No! for the pitcher of love cannot be broken, the chord cannot be loosed. But it may be drawn out—one portion nearer God, the other drawn to earth. Oh, tell my dear ones, that I am ever with them in love, and that the trials they endure on earth, are but bright gems which shall light their passage through the realms of joy. Tell them, then, to hope on, and we shall ever continue to draw them upward in aspiration to ourselves.

From Mehitable Lothrop—given by request.

Charles Todd.

There is a time for all things. Strange to say, I am here again, and, like some ancient philosopher, come to philosophize on myself. Yes, I'll take self for the starting point. Good God, is there any power in heaven? I have not yet been in the spirit life one year. I am dead, and yet I am alive. I wish to God I was dead, but there is no such thing, I find. I have got a medium in Lexington, but she won't let me come to her. She is a good medium, and I know she was before I came here, but I would not believe in Spiritualism. I used to know her three or four years ago, before she was married to one Wyman. She has been married about two years. I came to this medium some months ago, and they told me I injured her; God knows I did not wish to do it, and I left and went to the medium at Lexington, but she was not inclined to give an ear to my call.

Oh, my God! I wish to God I had never seen a drop of rum! but it is no use to say so now. I try to be happy, as they all tell me here, but when I see so much misery all around me, it is hard work to get up. I am perfectly sober now, but I was not when I left earth. Take it down, for although it's rough, it is mine, and I was a rough customer. I must do good in my way.

The amount of it is, I sold rum—I drank rum; I plunged into dissipation, I was going to say, over my head, and I have found to my sorrow that I was traveling in the wrong path. Circumstances around me were such; that it seemed as though I could not control them, and was dragged down. But there are those who can arise above these circumstances, and it is my business to come back and point out two paths—one I trod, which you see from my very manner is a hard one, and the other directly opposite from the one I trod, which is happiness.

There's B—, he had better turn round and go the other way, or he will get a worse doom than I have got. He's one of the hardest sticks in the way of thousands getting to heaven I know of.

Then there's my wife—she's a good woman—she might be better, for there is no one so good, but they may be better. I think if her mother and brothers would do different, she might do better. I stop here, because I do not wish to be too personal. And there's the rum shop; I have been there, and told them to stop it, but they have paid no attention to me, and I swear to God I will burn it down if they don't stop it! I will do it, and you will see it. I will influence some one to do it, and that is the same as doing it myself. I have been kept in hell long enough, and I am bound to put that down, and then I think I shall have a seat near old Elijah.

I do not see anything bright or beautiful in the spirit world; they tell me it is according to my own emotions, whether I see brightness and beauty or not; but how can I see such, when the past and present is full of misery? I am Charles Todd, and I want that medium in Lexington to set for me. I will not harm her for the world; I used to like her once. I can't afford to let them keep me in hell, and I will get out if I burn down the whole house. If I could see them trying to blot out the stain, I could bear with patience; but when I see no hope of it, I will work myself out of hell the best way I can.

This spirit is well known in Boston. He has, as he says, endeavored to influence parties to abandon the trade in liquors he carried on while on earth, which they have continued. But a spirit finds it difficult to control material things, and the effort in this case has been fruitless. That this spirit is in hell, or a state of mental misery, may be plainly seen from his communication. And he sees nothing in the spirit world bright or beautiful. We find that a spirit makes his own heaven or hell; if all within is at peace with God and his fellow-man, the glories of the spirit world, it may be truly said, mortal eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived. If, as in the case of this spirit, all is dark within, without all is gloom. He has not learned the lesson to bear patiently the results of his own sin, but seeks to avenge himself, because he is not heeded; forgetting that, if one had come from the dead to him, when he was on earth, he would have been equally deaf to his voice, as are his own friends. Immediately following this spirit, came one who threw some light upon his communication, and as this is read, that of Fanny Judson should be.

There is one other point which interests all who seek to know of spirit power. The spirit makes threats affecting the peace of parties who are persuading a course which is averse to his happiness. That spirits are permitted to influence kindred minds in the form to commit evil deeds, is as true as that good spirits are permitted to return and influence minds in harmony with them to do good. In ancient spirit manifestations, we read that God sent lying spirits to deceive and work the destruction of one who preferred evil to good. He may do the same thing now, and just so sure as there is a mind on earth evil enough to receive the evil impressions of the spirit of darkness, and will strong enough to act upon those impressions, the evil spirit may satisfy the thirst of his soul. And perhaps in no other way than this accumulation of guilt may the redemption of the spirit be worked out. The power of evil is strong—stronger than many think, and more to be guarded against. The only safety man has against the power of evil spirits, is in his own blameless life—in a steady, unwavering walk with God; in the minutest particulars of life, exercising caution, hourly, momentarily, that he steps not one step aside from the path of Truth and Light.

Fanny Judson.

Two spheres, the one mortal and the other immortal! I beheld them mingling with each other. I beheld the Mortal acting upon the Immortal, and the Immortal upon the Mortal. Yes, the two worlds are connected, and the acts, thoughts, deeds of the mortal, reach the spirit land. And again the power from the spirit land comes to earth; if it be good, it comes for good, if evil, for evil.

Oh, you inhabitants of earth, you know not the evil which lays above you! and the good which would lift you up, and cause your souls to go out in thankfulness to the Giver of all things. The spirit who has just left you, is one coming from the darker circles; and he speaks like one who has borne from across the Jordan of death the chains which bind him here.

And he cries out that he will avenge himself, forgetting that vengeance belongs alone to God, and that He that doeth all things well, will cast out the power which chains him to hell, in good time. He who suffered the evil to enter the swine, permits evil now to enter into the inhabitants of earth. Oh, then, you mortals, as you value your own happiness, and the happiness of those who come to you from the spirit life, cast off the sin which covers you, that the spirit which comes to you may be led above, to that home where peace dwells, and the spirit shall be at rest.

Man dieth! He passes from earth, and his works do follow him, and those works prove the instruments which shall bring him heaven or hell. And if those works are still carried on after him, how much longer his hell, you mortals may never know, until you have passed on. And if those deeds be good, and still be carried on after him, his spirit bids home, home where the Great Spirit smiles upon him.

When I dwell on earth, it was my work in part to enlighten the dark minds of many of the children of the Father. It was mine to lift them up where intellect should shine brighter; mine to teach them of the future, of their God and Father. And in my own imperfect way, thanks be to God, for none are due to me, I led many home to happiness.

Oh, then, marvel not that I return to earth to plead the cause of those who are in sorrow. Oh, strive with those beyond you to lead the dark ones of earth to light; for know that the brightest gems are sometimes found down deep in the bowels of darkness.

Prayer, or the uprising of the soul to the Creator, to superior elements, will do much for the unfortunate. But shall you pray in public, or shall you enter the closet of the soul, and by each kind word, deed, and thought, pray for all who are in sorrow and sin. FANNY JUDSON.

Immediately preceding this, we had a manifestation from an unhappy spirit, Charles Todd. It is in part to do away with the bad impression he might leave, that this spirit came. Is there any difficulty in distinguishing good from evil spirits in these two? MARY CASWELL.

Oh, I come to talk, but it's so hard! Oh, why don't all the world do right? It's so hard to die in sin—it's so hard to be murdered! I guess I've been here about seven years. Oh, I wish I had never died, I wish I had never sinned. I must come to talk—I must come. Everybody has believed lies about me, but I am going to tell the truth; then, perhaps, I'll be happier—perhaps I'll see heaven. Oh, my mother, my mother! how I wish I could dwell with her, and speak to her—oh, it's very hard. There are long days coming, and hard days for some people on earth. I prayed to live, but it was of no use; I might as well have prayed to die. Why could I not see, why was I lead astray? I see it all, but cannot understand it. I think sometimes I was crazy, but no, for then I should not have remembered it.

About seven years ago, I was murdered. When I was a child, I was very happy; my parents were poor, but respectable. I was taught to love and serve God, but was kept in ignorance of the ways of the world. I believed when people told me they would do certain things, they meant what they said, especially if I had confidence in them. I was kept closeted from the world for my goodness, no doubt, but it resulted in ill. I was only nineteen, when I was murdered. I left my home, went to work in a mill, and worked there a good while—many months. I was happy, but I seemed to form many acquaintances, and I suppose they were bad ones. I was not capable of judging for I was kept so strict that I knew nothing of man. Well, I learned to love. I believed all he told me was true—every promise he made me, I believed. Oh, how foolish! In time I learned he was not free, but bound to another; and to save myself from open disgrace, I cast myself upon his mercy, and the mercy of one who was a physician.

I supposed in time I should get well, but it was not so. Something was given me that would have caused my death, so they murdered me, and carried me out of the house in a wagon, and left me. I remember, after I had left my body, seeing it on the water, and wondering how I came there. Soon I was made acquainted with my condition, and knew how it all was.

After three days I left my body, for I saw that others had taken charge of it, and went to the doctor's house; and I thought if I am in hell, where is he? His hell was worse than mine, and I prayed that the sin they committed might never be brought to light, I pitied them so much. I did not want to come back.

Much disturbance was made on account of my death, but those who caused it were not brought to light. I am not sorry, only I want to see them leading a different life. I want them to pray for light, and never forget the time they swore never to forget. But, oh, I fear God will one day visit punishment upon them if they do not repent!

I might say many things were I talking to these two men, but I am aware that public eyes are to gaze upon what I now give you, and I would not expose them. Oh, tell them I forgive, and if they expect forgiveness from Him who is beyond me, they must do better. And for her who is the lawful wife of him who took my life, I pray constantly. I would not have her know her husband's guilt; but the time will come when all secrets shall be made plain; when all things shall be divulged, and then she will know him as he is. I wish I could talk as I desire to, but I cannot. Oh, be kind to all those who sin, and never forget the worst forgiveness. I worked for some time in Biddeford and Saco, and my name was Mary Caswell.

Phoebe B. Howe.

I would like to commune. Mightier, still mightier suns are yet to arise in the firmament of Spiritualism, and you shall bid them go out in darkness? Will the Lord our God? No, for by his will they arise, and will be sustained.

Thousands of souls are calling for more holy Light, and is the Lord of Hosts answer that he cannot hear, or will he hear and answer? Aye, he will hear, and the cry of the multitude shall not come up in vain. I, dear friends, have friends on earth, to whom I wish to draw nigh in communion. I shall not come in vain; no, for already angel voices have echoed through their souls; have brought them into new life, new being, new hopes of the future. For aye upon the earth life there still shines love for those who have gone before you; and the rays thereof do reach the spirit-land. Yet I must approach my friends in this way, that I may benefit myself, them, and many others. Oh, I must bid those dear friends on earth to hope, and doubt not the Truth of the Sun of Righteousness. Doubt not the balm that has already healed many wounds, and is able to heal ten thousand times ten thousand more. I have been an inhabitant of the Spirit life three years, during which time I have seen much, and progressed much; and hope in time to manifest to my friends so as to clear away all mists and make all plain.

Samuel Jones.

My name is Samuel Jones. I never was in these parts but once before, and then I was as you are. I lived in Johnston, Vt., that's where I came from. I had a consumption—that's the last I remember till a few days ago somebody came to me and said I had been asleep long enough and my friends wanted to hear from me; but how am I talk to them when they are so far off? I have any quantity of near friends there. Betsey was my wife's name. I was pretty old when I passed away, about 60. I was a farmer. Tell my people I am still alive. I never came this way before, but was urged by the people here to come. I can do no more now, but will try to come again.

We know nothing of this, and have not been able to discover aught respecting it. We give it as it came.

Pearls.

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

Softly sinking down the steep of heaven, With moisture's dew-drops glistening on the eye— Resigns his seat to splendor's gilded throne, But decorates, while he descends the sky.

Should the whole race of man combine To celebrate some glorious festival day, The simple splendors of the setting sun Would far surpass their most superb display.

Plato says, that "labor is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust."

Good night! howe'er its music falls In soothing cadence on the ear, And every gentle feeling calls Responsive to its earnest cheer.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine, Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers; Spirits that suffer and do not repine— Patient and sweet as lily-trodden flowers.

When clouds of sorrow, black as night, And mists of doubt around me rise, This charmed space glows so bright, Hope's rainbow spans before these eyes!

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cases of barbarous cruelty, when the buccaners either refused to give quarter altogether, or else held out the dreadful alternative of death or slavery.

Land and sea alike felt their power; Panama, Vera Cruz, Porto Bello, all were taken and pillaged by these sea-rovers. Gallions, though under a strong convoy, in vain resisted them.

St. Christopher, Tortuga, and Jamaica. L'Olonnois and De Basco now began to rise into notice among the buccaners—the former being captain.

He and De Basco resolved to attack Maracaibo and Gibraltar. They took many vessels, much merchandise, and four hundred thousand pieces of eight.

(worth 3s. 6d. apiece.) Morgan had just then joined the confederacy. The first expedition in which he took a prominent part was under the leadership of Mansvelt, and issued in the capture of Santa Catalina.

On the sudden death of Mansvelt, he was elected leader. Having resolved to attack Porto Bello, Morgan advanced with nine ships and four hundred and sixty men; and to those who opposed the design, on account of the smallness of their force, he answered, "That, though their numbers were small, their hearts were great, and the fewer there were the more union, and better shares they should have in the spoil."

They forthwith assaulted the town; no quarter was given, and, after the capture, fifteen days of the most frightful excesses ensued, and they evacuated the town at the end of that period on receipt of a ransom of one hundred thousand pieces of eight, worth, in our money, about 15,000.

When the booty was divided, it was found to amount to two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, besides silks, linens, cloths, and various other articles in great request among the West Indians. Thus they obtained three hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight from one single town.

A second time, under the command of Morgan, the buccaners attacked and took Maracaibo and Gibraltar, but, owing to the time spent in pillage, they were nearly caught in a snare. While the buccaners were staying at Gibraltar, the Spaniards rebuilt the fort of Maracaibo, and stationed three men-of-war at the entrance of the lake.

They being far outnumbered by the Spaniards, it was determined, after a long consultation, that one of the ships should be rigged as a fire-ship and should take the lead; on the decks they placed logs, dressed as men, and armed with swords and muskets. The fire-ship, keeping ahead, grappled with the largest of the three men-of-war; it soon set its opponent on fire, and she went down in a very short space of time; the second Spaniard escaped from the fight, and the third was captured. The victors then pursued the routed enemy, and, in the confusion of their retreat, attempted to storm the fort, but were repulsed after the loss of thirty killed and thirty wounded.

Though the men-of-war were disposed of, yet the fortress had to be passed—to accomplish which, Morgan had recourse to stratagem. The mortified Spaniard, deceived by the ruse that Morgan employed, permitted the fleet to escape in safety.

The accounts being cast up, they found to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight in money and jewels, besides the huge quantity of merchandise and slaves, all which purchase was divided unto every ship and boat, according to their shares.

Morgan now planned a monster expedition against Panama. As a beginning, he sailed with thirty-seven ships and thousand men against Old Providence, which they easily captured. From that point he detached four hundred of his followers against Chagres, which was taken after a fierce fight of two days.

"Of a garrison of three hundred and fourteen men, only eighty remained alive, and of these twenty were wounded." Morgan having made the prisoners repair the castle of Chagres, left there as a garrison of five hundred men, with one hundred and fifty in the vessel; and, January 18th, 1671, marched with twelve hundred hardy buccaners across the isthmus of Panama. After a ten days' march, in which they suffered fearful hardships, they approached the town, where they found four hundred cavalry, four regiments of infantry, and a large body of Indians, drawn up to oppose them.

They fought for two hours, when the Spaniards gradually retreated, and left the field in the possession of the freebooters. After a short interval they stormed the town, and captured it after a hot combat of three hours, in which about six hundred on each side fell. No sooner had the buccaners taken possession than a fire broke out, that consumed the whole of this magnificent city, which contained seven thousand houses, eight monasteries, and two churches.

On February 24th, Morgan evacuated Panama with one hundred and seventy-five mules, laden with booty, and more than six hundred prisoners. On his way home, being suspected of embezzling part of the spoil, he and the buccaners deserted the filibusters, who were not content with 30l. apiece as prize-money.

This daring leader of the buccaners was afterwards knighted by the "Merry Monarch," and became Sir Henry Morgan, Vice-Governor of Jamaica, where he busied himself in "living cleanly"—hanging his ancient comrades, and building churches.

In 1683 the foreign rovers, under the command of Grammont, Van Horn, and De Graaf, shaped their course towards Vera Cruz, with twelve ships and one thousand men. They took the city by stratagem without shedding of blood. They demanded ten million livres as a ransom for the town; but when they had received five million, seeing a large Spanish fleet approaching, they departed, carrying with them fifteen hundred slaves, and booty to the value of 210,000.

The power of the buccaners was now on the wane, but was revived for a short time by Dampier. No very important exploits were performed under that leader; for the star of the buccaners had passed the meridian, and was declining towards the horizon through a more cloudy atmosphere than that which favored its ascent. At this period England and Holland, the two great rival commercial powers of Europe, began to be aware of the injury done to their commerce by these privateers, and, no longer at war between each other, but united under one head, undertook vigorous measures for their suppression.

The buccaners, under the command of Dampier, sailed round the world, and left the West Indies to the Filibusters, who, contumacious by their government, flourished till the close of the reign of William III., and served their country well in the war against England.

It may be worth while to recount the following anecdote, as illustrative of the bravery of these Brethren of the Coast. While the power of the buccaners was on the increase, Pierre le Grand resolved to attack a rich gallion, strongly guarded. To make the courage of his men more desperate, he

ordered holes to be bored in the bottom of his boat, so that they all must be, if they failed, killed, captured, or drowned. Noiselessly having approached, they sealed the sides of the gallion, and one detachment, bursting into the great cabin, intimidated the officers by pointing their pistols at their heads, while another, after a short skirmish, captured the gun-room; and the Spaniards were so completely taken by surprise, that the buccaners gained the vessel with comparatively little bloodshed.

The minor exploits of these rovers need not be enumerated; the boldness shown in some cases would scarcely be credited, if not well authenticated.

The buccaners of America, as a whole, evinced a courage not surpassed by any body of men that ever existed; that of the ancient Vikings seems alone worthy of comparison with it—indeed, there was a good deal of similarity between the two associations. Both were pirates—rovers of the sea; both were the dread of peaceful merchants; both (the royal expeditions under Sweyn and Canute must not be confounded with those of the Vikings) were composed of men of different nations; both sallied forth from "those islands that dispersedly are scattered about the main, like to beautiful pearls that compass a diadem"—the one from the bleak islets of the Northern Sea, the other from the bright isles that lie, far away towards the sunset, thickly scattered throughout the Caribbean Sea.

The voyage of Dampier through the Straits of Magellan may find a just parallel in the voyages of the Norsemen between "the Pillars of Hercules" to the fair and sunny shores of the Hellespont, especially when we take into consideration the subsequent discovery of the mariner's compass, and the advancements in nautical science. The sacking of Panama, Porto Bello, Vera Cruz, Maracaibo, etc., may find their equals in those of Paris, Bordeaux, Amiens, Seville, and Inverness. The establishments of the West Indian isles may be compared to the Norseman republic of Gomsborg: there were no women found, and among them the booty was gathered together and distributed by the leader.

Sufficient has been said to prove the justice of the parallel, and, as a conclusion, it may be well to examine, of what, use these scourges of commerce, these merciless tyrants of the sea, have been. No body will say there is anything useless in the world, directly or indirectly, the most insignificant being that ever walked upon the earth has been useful; either directly by the works of his hands or head, or indirectly by perhaps his very apparent uselessness, or worse than uselessness, he has served

To point a moral or adorn a tale, which may have had influence over some more important member of the human family. But, perchance, some might not very readily perceive any useful feature in the characters of the buccaners. Looking at the subject in a moral point of view, it might be said that the awful end of D'Olonnois and others should lead men to avoid the crimes of smuggling and piracy.

But the buccaners were of most use to subsequent generations by means of their famous chieftain, Dampier. His discoveries were many and important, his descriptions accurate, his genius powerful, his knowledge of nautical science incomparable. No navigator has conferred such lasting blessings on posterity, Columbus excepted. Dampier was eminent, not only when rooked in the vast expanse of the lonely Pacific, but also as a naturalist and philosopher. Malte-Brun calls him "the learned Dampier."

It is asked by the author of the "Voyages to Australia," "Mais ou trouve-t-on des navigateurs comparables a Dampier?" Pinkerton styles him "the Cook of a former age," and Admiral Burney says, "It is not easy to name another voyager or traveler, who has given so much useful information to the world, or to whom the merchant and mariner are so much indebted. Yet strange as it may seem that, while scarcely known as a navigator in his native country, England, the French and Dutch have heaped honor on his name, and have attributed to him every quality required to compose a matchless seaman or a profound philosopher. You may seek through the length and breadth of this fair island for the spot where the spirit of Dampier left the world of time for that of eternity, or for the spot where his bones repose, either secluded in the quiet of a country churchyard, or surrounded by the tumult of a busy world in a city's overcrowded burying-ground. For no one knows where Dampier died, nor where his body rests. Let not this be thought too great a digression, for Dampier and his comrades were buccaners."

Looking at the subject in a political point of view, it might be said that the first foundations of the British power in the West Indies were laid by the buccaners. They cleared a way for the peaceful settlers who succeeded them. They prevented the Spaniards from realizing the ambitious hopes of Charles V. and Philip II., who wished to see Spain, the ocean queen, the mistress of the world.

How to MANURE TREES IN GRASS LANDS.—Very few persons manure trees growing in sod or grass land, in a judicious or economical manner. The general practice is to dig the manure in, within a circle of six feet, having the body for the centre. The tree takes its food from the young rootlets whose mouths extend "just as far on every side as the branches of the tree," hence, this manure, applied close to the "body" of the tree, is not where the roots can take it up, and of course but little of its value is absorbed by the tree. If you doubt it, just try the experiment on two trees. Serve one as above named, and the other as follows, viz:

Mark a circle around the tree, having for its outer line the exact radius formed by the overhanging branches; dig on the inner side of this circle a trench two feet wide and one deep; mix well rotted manure, half-and-half, with the best of soil, or the earth dug out of the trench, and fill the trench with it; then replace the turf, and wheel away the refuse or extra earth; rake clean and smooth; you will have a good growth of tree, your fruit larger and more fair, and no unsightly or unnatural hillock or mound around the body of the tree.

GRAPES VINES.—The Homestead, speaking of the best method of treating old grape vines, so that without losing the fruit of any season they may be got into good shape for regular pruning; so that all the wall and trellis surface available may be regularly covered and so that the load of fruit may be evenly distributed over the whole, says that Mr. Nelson Hollister, of Hartford, has some old vines which he has treated very successfully, on a plan mainly as follows: he prunes rather severely one year, in order that the vine may throw up some thrifty canes from

the root. The next year he cuts away all the old vine to the root, and trains the new canes, some horizontally and the rest in a fan upon the trellis. This gives him command of bearing, wood till he can arrange his permanent canes, and cover his trellis. The editor says he has rarely seen vines promising better things than his. The canes are those of last year, all the old vines having been cut away last winter.

Flashes of Fun.

PUNISHMENT.—I've breathed this lonely air too long, Ere as an heir I felt the wrong. How shall my brain devise some plan, Whose plain device all eyes may scan? Where shall the ALGER then be got, Where hopes the ALGER then be got? Find that return it FAIL would gain?

How NABE the heart where love's own soil Will bear no bud, will own no till! A COUNCIL of my best ideas, Give counsel such as chase my fears— If seeming coldness FREEZE thy trust, Make faith thy YOLKRE—have faith thou must: Within thy heart hoard kindness' sweets, A HOARD at which all HOAD retreats; Thus trust will HEAL each doubt innate, Then turn thy HEAL on GUY fate

But speak, and VAIN to thwart thy will; And time a FROTH on one who knows; SO PROFIT thou by what he shows; For if in time ABOUT thy LOVER prove, A LESSON that you LOSE not love. For worthless is the love that's born, And borne through night to die at morn; But FAIR the love that comes from soul's full store, On such you will not FAKE forever more. So might thy heart a CENSER, and find LOVE'S INCENSE true, And let thy Reason CENSURE, and doubt in SENAR eschew.

A KNOT EASILY UNTIED.—A young lady engaged to be married, getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now while it's only a beau-tie."

GUTTER PERCHERS.—If refined India Rubber makes, as it does, good Gutta Percha, why would not pigeons do as well?

DIALOGUE.—Scene—Apple stand. Young American—"Here old lady" (taking up an apple) "what are these?" "Four cents, sir."

Y. A.—"Ha! I have a list the're apples." Exit followed closely by the apple-brush.

A WORTHY GENTLEMAN, who for many years has been striving to outdo the horticulturist who raised chickens from egg plants, has at last succeeded in producing a colt from a horsechestnut and a calf from a cow-ard.

If a vessel sails under bare poles, does it therefore become a polar bear? As the question will bear inspection we bare-ly hope for a speedy answer!

Why is a piece of roasting beef on a spit like a missionary? Because it's going round doing good.

IRISH EPITHET: Owen lies the body of... Owen Mc'Eathaghn. Lost at sea, and we can't find his body back again.

PERFECTLY CLEAR.—Clerk—Patriot, will you answer the Court whether or not you are GUILTY? "Arrah, your worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

A COLUMBIAN.—Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more liable to see sickness. (The perpetrator of this was "sent over" for six months.)

"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir. If the old hen laid any, she mislaid them."

A BUD ON EARTH—A FLOWER IN HEAVEN. Upon our cheerful heartstrings, The fire is burning bright, And merry playing children, And merry laughing light; But in your quiet corner, There stands a vacant chair, And we who love the little ones, Know one is absent there.

No more my hand in blessing Will rest upon her head— No more across our threshold Her tiny feet will tread; But in our Father's mansion, The sunny summer skies, Our buds that withered on the earth, In beauty will arise.

Up in the bright empyrean, Beyond the ether blue, Do you her loving child-eyes At twilight looking through; And when her joy, happy smile And she could not be hurt and her mother, It seems a winning messenger, Entreating us to come.

"Oh, beautiful, how beautiful, That Marked voice appears— It is no longer now to us The shadowy vale of tears; But the dark, grim portals Our souls with longing wait; We know our angel watch us Up at the Golden Gate."

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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 be ready 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, Thomsonian and Patent Medicines, of the best quality, which will be sold at wholesale and retail, and carefully put up for patients in the most desirable manner. Also, the great variety of my own PECULIAR COMPOUNDS. Office, No. 60 Kneeland Street, May 23. N. H. DILLINGHAM, M. D.

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MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, EXAMINING AND PRESCRIBING MEDIUM, No. 12 Wilnot Street, Portland, Maine, having been more than three years in Portland and vicinity, in restoring many who were given up by physicians, now feel bound to offer her services to those who may need them. Mrs. D. will give special attention to female complaints. Examinations private and strictly confidential. Mrs. Danforth's course of treatment cleanses the blood, gives circulation to the fluids and vitalizes the system. Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Scrophulous, Catarrhs, Rheumatism, Sciatic Affections, Gravel, and those subject to Fits, have yielded to her treatment. Persons from the country are requested to give their name, age, and town they live in, and they will have a description and prescription sent, and medicine, if required, sent. The fee for examination enclosed will secure attention. Medicines all vegetable. Terms.—Examination and prescription if present at the house, \$1.25; in the city, absent, \$1.50; out of the city, \$2. June 11, 1857.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED, HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MAITZ, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms. Patients desiring to be admitted should in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival. Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stating to properly their postage. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 5 to 6 P. M. May 23

REMOVAL.—J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WITNESS MEDIUM, (ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS), gives notice to the public that he may be found at his late office, at No. 8 Winter Street, near Washington Street, (over George Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store), the rapidly increasing interest in the phenomena of spirit communication rendering it necessary for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of visitors.

As 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 \$1.00 (ONE DOLLAR), and three postage stamps. Admissions hours from two to three o'clock, on Wednesdays, Sundays excepted. June 16, 1857.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found in Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remedies, the most successful in his practice during the last twelve years, takes this method of informing those interested, that he has taken to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his special attention. J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 25 Winter Street, Boston. July 2

A GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE OURE."—Prepared through the mediumship of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, the Clairvoyant, June 8th, for the cure of Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Catarrhs, Liver, STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, and for the cure of HEMORRHOIDAL COMPLAINTS, General Debility and Wasting of the Frame. Put up in strong bottles with full directions, and sent by mail to any part of the country by express, on the receipt of one dollar, or 5 Hays, and the receipt may be obtained. Dose—10 to 60 drops. Very agreeable to take. July 8—19

GEORGE ATKINS, CHIROVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, may for the present be consulted at West Hill, Mass. In cases where sickness or distance prevents personal attendance, by enclosing the name, age, and place of residence, the patient will obtain an examination and prescription, written out, with all requisite directions. Mr. A. also cures the sick by the laying on of hands, and, when desired, visits the sick in person. Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent, \$2. Payment strictly in advance. June 4

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—Professor Housar may be found at his residence, No. 13 Oxbow Place, leading from South Street, a few blocks from Washington Street, Boston. Ladies and Gentlemen who are favored by him with such accounts of their Past, Present and Future, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed. Hours of consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. 15—21

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LIFE OF A BEER.—JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, and the "MAGIC BRAW." One volume, royal 16mo. 600 pages. Price, \$1.25. BELLA MARSH, 15 Franklin Street. August 4

D. O. ROBBINS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS. HAYBERRY, No. 3, State Street, has made the world his debtor by the discovery of a Remedy for the Epileptic Fit, of some 40 years' standing. 47—53 August 11

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