

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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AGNES, THE STEP-MOTHER: OR THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"My voice is like the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That even the simplest music ne'er was heard;
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whose melody descends, as from a throne."

"The dark Virginia, from Philadelphia, and the Ship *Mormada*, from Liverpool, anchored alongside each other in the roadstead of La Toma, one sunny afternoon. On the deck of the American vessel stood Manuela Gonzalez, radiant with health and expectation, leaning upon her husband's arm, and holding the little Ramon by the hand, who with childish eagerness is importuning mamma, to tell him, "whether they will now soon be home, with dear nurse Pepe?" Frank Wyllie and Nelly are gazing with moistened eyes, and welcoming hearts, upon the happy, familiar shores, the white, glistening beach, the prominent beauty of *Castiglio del Mar*.

On the deck of the *Mormada* stood a lady and gentleman, both gazing intently on the shore; his hand was outstretched, pointing to the former residence of the Goldings; her head bent in eager listening. The port of the lady was majestic, her figure tall and commanding; there was something in the bend of neck, in the motion of her head, that bespoke power and dignity. Manuela felt irresistibly attracted toward her, and as she turned and fully revealed her face, the impulsive Creole could not refrain from an exclamation of mingled surprise and admiration. The face of the lady was pale, but it seemed to be with the paleness of thought, or grief long borne and half subdued; that beautified by an expression of calm so profound it might have been mistaken for absence of feeling; exalted her countenance to an angel's serenity. Her large, dark eyes, so full and deep and tender, were luminous with almost unearthly splendor; their questioning glances seemed to read the soul they challenged into a revelation of itself; to call forth from flower and wave and star, the hidden teachings of their spiritual existence and glorified glory. Her smile was peculiarly sweet and mournful; the jet black hair disposed in plain bands on each side of the expressive countenance was interwoven with many a silver thread, for she was a woman in middle life; and the rich fullness of her queenly figure, the lustrous eyes and coral lips; that still wore all their youthful freshness, borrowed that freshness and radiance from her spirit's purity.

They have on board the passenger vessels, a large arm chair, which is kept expressly for the convenience of lady passengers. Securely seated in it, and enveloped in the folds of the national flag, they are lowered from the deck into the awaiting boat, thus rendering the descent far easier than by the inconmodious ladder. The *Mormada's* boat was lowered first, and as the strange lady, seated in the arm-chair, was hovering above them, for a moment, Manuela met the glance of those unfathomable, glorious eyes, and a sweet smile wreathed the finely chiselled lips. Touching her husband's shoulder, she cried admiringly: "Oh! what a beautiful woman! what glorious eyes! she is not young; her hair is tinged with grey, but, oh! how beautiful—how saint-like she is!"

As the lady's companion descended the ladder, Nelly caught a glimpse of his face. She uttered a hasty exclamation; Frank looked at her inquiringly. "Bedad! if my eyes don't deceive me, that's the same gentleman I seed at our *Castiglio*, Miss Agnes' best friend," she said, looking eagerly after the strangers, whose boat was rapidly making for the shore.

In a few moments the Virginia's boat was lowered, and her passengers rowed to the landing-place. They passed on to the *Posada del Leon*, to rest awhile, and send the news of their arrival to their people at the *Palma Sol*. It was Manuela's intention to leave her child with his old nurse, Pepe, and her favorite woman, Dolores, while she accompanied her husband and Frank to Puerto Sereno.

At the dinner table, they sat opposite the mild-looking stranger, and the dark, majestic lady. Understanding them to be English, Don Ramon courteously addressed them in that language, and introduced his wife and friend.

Manuela started at the first sounds of the lady's voice; the clear, musical, peculiar tones were so like Mrs. Golding's. At the close of the repast, when

nearly all had left the table, the gentleman called aside the host, who was an Italian, and spoke English but imperfectly. He inquired for the inmates of *Castiglio del Mar*.

"They are well, gracious Senor," replied mine host. "You know *la Castiglio* got one new owner this time, Don Felix Rivero and *La Senora Dorella* live there; before time, was Senor Golding Don Mauricio. Fine place, oh, is *la hermosa*, Senor; ver, fine place, my dear sir!"

The lady was listening intently; Manuela and her husband had retired to their chamber; Frank was standing dreamily on the balcony.

"Then Miss Golding is married, and continues to reside in her old home? But her father and step-mother, and the old lady, where have they removed to? Are they no longer living there?" with much interest demanded the Englishman.

"El Senor miscomprende. The familia Golding all go away. Miss Eva no marry Don Felix—all broke up. I see the Senor here in my hotel before twice, three times. You know the Senor Golding, you amigo, friend of his, not so? And you not here the news—all what appear?"

"I have been to Europe for many months," replied the gentleman, "but you will confer a favor on me if you tell me all you have learnt about the matter. I do not question you from curiosity; I am interested as a friend—of the Golding family."

The lady leaned her arm upon the table, her large eyes were fixed upon the Italian's face, with eager questioning, as she repeated: "Gone away?"

"I give you all the information possible, with all the pleasure in my possession," replied the landlord, "especialmente if the Senor and Senora think it importante. *Dunque*, the Signorina Eva no marry Don Felix; he marry three months ago one Creole lady, name Anita Fernandez, and he buy *Castiglio del Mar* from Mr. Golding."

But where—where are the family? Agnes, Eva, the old lady, Mr. Golding himself?" eagerly questioned the English lady, whose manner betrayed considerable anxiety.

"In Puerto Sereno, Senora. They be pabre now, ver poor; Senora Agnes, she learn the Sonoritas to play piano, and sing. Ah! yer great pity! great pity; she so good, grand Senora, now have to teach la musica!"

The lady sunk back in her chair, large tears coursing down her cheeks. The voluble landlord continued:—

"Nobody know where Senor Golding gone; business all close up long ago; many people lose much money; is one yer great pity, for he one fine Senor, amigo yours. Old Senora ver sick, and no able to promenade. Miss Eva she help teach la musica, and no married yet, *dunque*, Senor, I give you all the information I know; and if the Senor and Senora will excuse me, I go see to my business. Your most obedient servidor!" and, with a low bow, he departed.

"Dearest Emilia!" said the gentleman to his companion, "bear up! bear up, my sister, even against this disappointment; you have borne up so long, so bravely! Porto Sereno is a small town but a day's sail from here; we will embark by the first opportunity; and fear not but we shall find them. Whatever has befallen them, they are alive and well. The rest can soon be remedied."

"Oh!" cried Emilia, fervently clasping her hands, and casting an imploring look to heaven: "My child! how shall I meet her! in sorrow and in poverty!"

"Dear sister!" said the affectionate and sympathetic brother, kissing her lofty brow, "You must remember we are not yet certain. 'Tis but conjecture on our part. After all, Eva Golding may not be—"

"She is, she is my child!" cried Emilia. "Oh, Malcolm! Spiritual intuitions never lead astray. For years my dreams and waking visions have pictured to me a tropical scene—like this; the palm and cocoa drooping over a sandy beach, that was laved by waves as blue and musical as these. The white walls of the mansion you pointed out to me this morning—it is, it was my own child's residence. Spirit voices bade me proceed hither, on my weary, sick bed—in my last tedious illness their voices whispered:—Go! seek health and strength, and thou shalt find thy child! When I recovered from that illness, and you told me of the inmates of that house, I knew that the search of many years was ended—that the commanding figure and handsome face of

your Agnes' husband, could be no other than the Mauricio I had known and loved—my cruel husband, the father of my only child! As you drew the portrait of the old lady, I recognized my mother-in-law, erect and pompous, and as a kind of ostentation as ever. I had never described either of them minutely, and you had given up the search as fruitless, after so many disappointments. When you told me of the young girl, whose soft voice had startled you by its similarity to mine, my soul's echoes responded—Eva is your child, the beautiful maiden blossoming in that far tropic land is your own Eva, the child of thy every thought! Oh, Malcolm! beloved, faithful, much-enduring brother! for years I have hoped and prayed, for years we have traveled and sought in vain! But now my presentiments are strong and real—I shall meet my child! But she, she mourns me as one departed! I dare not present myself suddenly—yet, oh, heavenly Father! how my soul yearns to look upon her face!"

"All will be well, dear Emilia! I share your faith and your presentiments. Was not my own heart powerfully attracted towards that young girl? But come, do not agitate yourself any more—your health is not yet fully established. I will go and see about a vessel to take us to Puerto Sereno. I will soon return."

As he passed along the corridor he met Nelly; the recognition was mutual and most cordial.

"My dear Nelly!" he exclaimed; "you here! are you no longer with Agnes, or do you come from her?"

"Misther Mackensie—the Lord bless you, sir, for the best friend me young mistress iver had in the world," cried Nelly, heartily shaking his proffered hand, and raining her faithful tears upon it.

"Come with me, Nelly! You, better than any one, can give us an account of the family," and Mr. Mackensie led Nelly to his sister's room.

"Emilia, love!" said he, "this is the faithful attendant—no, the friend, I should say, of my dear Agnes, who has been with Eva for many years. Nelly, this lady is my sister; she takes a great interest in all relating to your family. I will leave you together, while I go to see about our passages to Puerto Sereno."

Nelly dropped a respectful courtesy, and stood gazing with mingled admiration and awe upon the strange, dark lady, who had reached forth her hand, and now smiled upon her benignantly.

"Sit down, Nelly; use no ceremony with me," said Emilia. But Nelly gazed upon her with distended eyes, forgetting to accept the lady's proffered hand and the indicated seat, stood gazing upon her like one transfixed with wonder, or overcome by a sudden revelation!

"Why do you look so strangely upon me, Nelly?" questioned the lady, in sweet, mournful tones.

"Oh, my lady!" cried the bewildered little woman, dropping her eyes and a still lower courtesy, "I beg's yer pardon for appearin' so onmanly forment ye, but yer swate voice struck me so! It's jist like our Miss Eva's, for all the world, an' in listenin' to ya, my lady, I thinks I was a hearin' her spake, shure! Please forgive my onmanliness, dear lady!" and Nelly looked pleadingly, searchingly, into her face.

The lady smiled, and her dark eyes filled with tears, as she again offered her hand to the faithful, humble friend, who, taking it, respectfully imprinted thereon a fervent kiss, saying:—"It's yer hand fates jist like Miss Eva's, so soft, and taper like, an' ye has the same look outer yer eyes, my lady, only her's be slich a beautiful grey, an' yours be black; an' ye smiles like her, my lady, an' mebbe?"—Nelly hesitated.

"Say on, my friend! what do you think? Be frank with me, for I have many things to ask you." "I thought—an' I hopes you'll forgive the liberty, my lady—as how you might be related to my dear young lady, though I never learn her spake of an auntie, or any mother's relations, at all. Ye is so like her, bedad! somehow."

Emilia smiled, and again urged her to be seated. The little woman obeyed, and at the lady's desire told her all she knew of the family's departure from *Castiglio del Mar*, Agnes' devoted devotion to her step-daughter and enfeebled mother-in-law, the young Eva's heroically borne sorrow and altered lot.

"Ye sees, my lady!" said the warm-hearted Nelly, "it's to yerse! I'll be after tellin' all, a relavin' my heart and soul, bedad! for I knows the jittle man, yer brother, is a true friend to me young mistress, Miss Agnes. Well, ye sees, my lady, our Miss Eva wur promised to a fine lookin', smake-eyed Creole jittleman, Don Felix Rivero—he is very handsome, shure, and he's got big manners, an' these grato big wurrdes outer the deketionary, but Nelly never liked him, my lady, an' allers called him snake-eyed, so me did! Miss Eva, the darlin', she loved him dearly, purty young innocent crayerther she is, bedad! an' he spoke jist like an angel forment her, poetry and flower langwidge, an' slich like, an' whin outer her sight, bedad! but he wur a devil, savin' yer presence, my lady! Well, thin, the master, Misther Golding, he wur gone on a jirney, an' Miss Eva was to be married on the sixteenth of April, an' so the master writes as how we wur all to git ready an' see Miss Eva married without him, as he wur bothered wid business an' couldn't come. An' so Miss Eva, the darlin', the avenin' afore the weddin', dresses up in her bride's dress, an' white satin and purrels, an' looks as lovely as an angel, an' the old lady helps her to fix the veil, an' gawdin of flowers, an' she goes on the verandah to spake to Don Felix—

it's jist like our Miss Eva's, so soft, and taper like, an' ye has the same look outer yer eyes, my lady, only her's be slich a beautiful grey, an' yours be black; an' ye smiles like her, my lady, an' mebbe?"—Nelly hesitated.

—I knows nothin' till next mornin', whin Miss Agnes comed inter the ould mistress' room, an' sez Don Felix insulted our Miss Eva wid improper langwidge, and refused to marry her. The ould mistress stormed and raved, an' bedad! she tould Nelly all, an' whin I goes inter Miss Agnes' room, me sees the rich dress all in a heap flung over a chair, an' the ornaments and the purrels a strowin' the floor, an' Miss Eva a slapin on the bed, as white as a wax himage, wid big tears a droppin' from under her shut eyes. My lady, it narely broke poor Nelly's heart to see the swate, sufferin', purty lamb! an' I is makin' yer heart ache too, bedad!"

The lady had covered her face, and was weeping. Nelly regarded her with pitying admiration.

"Oh!" she sobbed; "so young, and so severely tried! she, too! and so early in life, to be visited by the cruel experiences, the blighting disenchantments that come with years. But her love will now be all my own! Tell me more, tell me all, dear Nelly! I am a friend, scruple not to tell me all you know. I trust that my — that Eva did not give way to despair for one so unworthy! He to discard her! to endeavor to crush her pure, young, trusting heart! to use insulting language to her, on whom I would not have a summer's breath fall—but in whom! Oh! he must be a villain of the deepest dye. The miscreant! to trample thus upon her feelings—on the eve of her bridal, too! Nelly, tell me, what reason did he give for his cruel, unmanly desertion?"

"I hearin, my lady, it wur becase Misther Golding had failed, as they calls it, an' couldn't pay the young lady's dowry; an' before that, the master had sowed the house an' all as wur in it, furnitur an' silver, an' plothens, an' all the fixins—for we lived elegant, we did, my lady! he sowed all that, snake-eyed, haythenish Don Felix, an' he jist comed one mornin' wid a one-eyed, devil-lookin' of a lieyer, an' 'brunged the deed, as they calls it, an' we knowed as the Castle wur his, and his fly-away sister's, shure! Thin, my lady, the poor ould mistress wur tuk down wid a paralytic stroke, all for the fright an' botheration, shure; now she's as helpless as a baby. Miss Agnes picked up her books an' music, an' a few little things of her'n, an' we all comed away to Puerto Sereno, an' fixed ourseles' in a wee bit of a house, no more comfortable nor some of the nagurs' huts about the Castle. But Miss Agnes and Miss Eva, the two darlins, behaved like angels; mushal but they sit out tuckin' music an' drawin', an' me ould mistress is quite broke down, an' don't call folks names any more, as she user to, an' is quite mild an' religious like, iver since the night of the big storm, as nearly kilt us all on board ship, agoing to Puerto Sereno."

Emilia was pacing the chamber in strong excitement, her cheek was flushed, her eyes doubly luminous. She paused before Nelly, and placing a hand on her shoulder, said:

"Tell me, Nelly—describe her to me! my brother has already told me, but let me hear again from you, who have lived with her so long. Tell me!" "Is it the young mistress, Miss Agnes, ye manes, my lady?"

"No—I know her. I spon shall see her, that noble, self-sacrificing, heroic woman! My heart yearns towards her as to a sister; but it is of Eva I would have you speak."

Nelly, in an enthusiastic strain, described her young lady, her beautiful eyes, and waved chestnut hair; her graceful walk and unstudied grace, her bird-like voice, and model hands, her diminutive feet, and rounded, girlish figure. The mother's eyes brightened with delight, her heart dilated with rapture.

"But tell me, Nelly, is she religious, humble, benevolent? Under her grandmother's tuition I fear she may have become bigoted or proud, or wedded to the world."

"Oh, my lady!" replied Nelly; "she's as good as an angel, bedad, she is! she sez her pray's mornin' an' evenin', an' I often seed her gazin' on the heavens, as if she wur a seein' the blessed Vargin an' all the saints in glory. She has as tander a heart as any saint in Paradise, an' she ain't proud, nuther. Bless you, my lady! she's like a little child wid them she loves, as obedient as a lamb to the ould mistress, shure. But whin anybody spakes wrong, or sinful, or tells a lie—howly saints defend us! ye should see her then, my lady! Her eyes sparkles an' blazes like lightnin' in the heavens, an' ye can't look her straight in the face, mushal! that ye can't, to save yer soul! she 'pears so proud and scornful-like, then, an' she pints her finger an' turns away her head, jist like a quane. But she's an angel, for all that, dear, sufferin' lamb! never heard her complain, though me's seen her cryin' so softly whin she thought no body was about, the darlin'!"

"Tell me, Nelly," said the lady, seating herself, and shading her eyes from the lamp, which was burning on the table, "does she ever speak of her mother?"

"Yes, often, my lady. I heard her tell Miss Agnes one day, how she dremed of her mother, and felt a hand on her forehead, and a swate voice, a sayin'—'Eva, my child, so swate and mournful like, an' how she allers imagined her mother a tall, dark lady, 'wid soft, shadowy eyes, she sed, an' a wearin' a dark dress, jist like yerse, bedad, my lady!'"

Emilia warmly pressed Nelly's hand. "But," said she, after a pause, "you appear so devotedly attached to them all, why did you leave them? You speak of them as having been long without you?" "I—I—it isn't me place to be a braggin' 'bout meesel'," she replied, with a faltering voice, tears gathering in her mild, hazel eyes, "but I wouldn't be thought ongrateful an' thin' ye, my lady, for

Nelly's heart is drawn to ye as if ye had put a chain 'round it, bedad! an' were a haulin' me to yer side all the time. I is but a poor, uneducated crayerther, my lady, ma'am! but me heart is in the right place, an' I prayed to the howly Vargin an' saints to 'lighten me wid onnerstandin', 'till one day, it popped into my head that it wur best for me to go to 'Merica, an' find out the Senora Gonzalez, an' her husband, as wur thrue friends to me young mistress, Miss Agnes; an' I heard say she wur a goin' to Europe, so I thought if I found her, an' she heard of her friends' distresses, it wud be right back straght home she'd come, an' take Miss Agnes an' the young lady, an' the poor ould mistress to live wid her in the *Palma Sol*, that's a sight grander than our dear old *Castiglio*. So I made a scuse to the family, an' comed over the big sea; an' I waited four months in Philadelphia for the Senora Gonzalez, for they were a travelin' wid a young jittleman as I wanted to deliver a message to."

"Gonzalez!" repeated the attentive listener. "Was that the beautiful woman with a little boy, who sat opposite to me at table, whose husband entered into conversation with my brother?"

"That's them, my lady, shure enough."

"And you have returned with them?" Nelly nodded.

"And you undertook the voyage solely on their account? for the sake of Agnes, for my—for Eva, for the crippled old lady? And you waited for them, in a strange city? How did you live, had you resources? Tell me, I am your friend!"

Emilia laid her soft hand, whose touch thrilled as with electric power, upon Nelly's shoulder, and gazed earnestly into her face. A strange, unaccountable, but most soothing sensation thrilled Nelly's breast, as she raised her eyes to that pale, expressive countenance; an impulse of irrepressible tenderness stirred her heart, and overflowed her eyes; she raised the lady's hand to her lips, and pressed it fervently to her throbbing, faithful heart.

"I only did me duty, lady," she softly replied, "I had a few dollars saved, but me spent 'em nearly all a waiting for the Donna Gonzalez. Perhaps it wud have been better for me to go back to them, as they must think me ongrateful as a bayleyn; but then me spent part of the money as wur to pay me passage; an' me ould mistress requested me, wid prayers and tears, on my soul, to deliver a scrap of a letter she giv me, to Misther Frank Wyllie, so I waited 'till they comed, my lady."

The lady threw her arms around the serving woman's neck, and gently drew her to her bosom. Nelly felt as if an angel's lips were impressing a hallowed seal upon her brow and cheek, as the tall, queenly lady proudly kissed her; her countenance irradiated with the gratitude and joy of a thankful spirit.

Still holding the trembling, embarrassed Nelly in her arms, she cried in exultant tones of fervent thanksgiving:

"Oh, Heavenly Father! the treasures of the soul are far spread as the bounties of Thy universal spirit! In this humble breast dwells the pearl beyond all price! the rich, unbought gem of affection, glowing pure and brilliant with an angel's disinterestedness! Nelly! dear, faithful Nelly! humble in thy outward garb and form—how beautiful, how radiant is thy spirit to my spirit's inner vision! Thou faithful friend! fully proven by adversity! heart of gold, withstanding all base alloy! passing unscathed the fiery ordeal of affliction! I bless and thank thee, friend! and equal as thou art, in thy aspirations for the good of others, be not humbled before me, hide not thy face in modest diffidence. Sit here, and let me hold thy hand awhile."

With a heart filled with yearning affection, that mingled a trembling awe, as if she lived in the presence of a superior being, Nelly obeyed the lady's behest; still gazing upon her inspired countenance with its deeply luminous and spiritual eyes, that seemed to view the brightness of near immortal worlds. Nelly's eyes dwelt charmed upon that face, with its rapt smile of ecstacy, its queen-like impress of legitimate power! Emilia gently took her hand, and spoke: "This humble heart lies revealed before me; disinterested affection flows in golden waves, beside the humble flowers of purest aspiration; the blossoms of a child-like mind, contented with other's happiness. There is no ambition in this pious soul; no pride, no vain presumption; but a calm, earnest faith builds there a flower-girt shrine; where lovely song-birds, unknown and unnamed, nestle in the shade, and bring sweet thoughts, it is not given thee to translate into language. Here are the purest elements of self-denial, forgiveness of injuries; immortal yearning by thyself not understood; great benevolence, and a spirit all devotion and contentment. The passions of earth have never troubled or darkened thy tranquil soul—they never shall. Thy pure spirit shall be exempted from life's tumultuous joys and fears, from blighting influences and overwhelming sorrows. In a better sphere thou shalt be hailed as one who concentrating no selfish love, bestowed its radiance on all. Nelly, thy heart's wishes shall be gratified, thou shalt share in the happiness of thy loved ones; such happiness as earth can give. Fear not; God is all love, and the rewards of goodness, the retributions for evil, begin in this life."

The lady gently released her hand; strange thoughts were mingling in Nelly's brain; sensations of tenderness, awe, and wonder, thrilled her breast.

"My lady!" she faltered, "ye knows a good deal; ye reads the heart; an' spakes like one as foretells the time a comin'; an' ye knows that Nelly is thrue to them she loves, an' don't wickedly hate a soul. An' will ye forgive me for makin' so bold, an' will

ye tell me, do you know anything 'bout our Miss Eva? An' isn't you some relation to her, my fiddy?"

Emilia rose, and winding her arms around Nelly's neck, whispered in her ear: "I am her mother, Nelly!" Pushing back the lady's hands, she gazed intently and speechless upon her face. The dark eyes read every passing shadow of doubt and bewilderment that passed over Nelly's heart, their magnetic glances sent assurance, joy, and conviction to her troubled senses. With a sudden cry of joy, she threw herself at Emilia's feet, and embraced her knees, clinging to her garments, kissing her hands in tearless, voiceless rapture! Moved to tears, and trembling with emotion, the stately lady bent over the humble friend, soothing, encouraging, gently rebuking the joy that was almost insane in its manifestations.

Still frantically kissing the hands, the robes, even the feet of Eva's mother, Nelly at last found words to pray, most wild and incoherently. She laughed and cried by turns; never before had she been so overwhelmed, so completely surprised out of her characteristic self-command.

Gently, most soothingly, Emilia unwound her arms, and placing both hands on her shoulders, gazed benignantly upon her; there was a power, a voiceless command, in the expression of the lady's face; beneath the wondrous spell of those soul-reaching eyes, Nelly grew composed; her tumultuous agitation calmed, as the soft palm pressed her brow; a lulling sense of forthcoming joy, a blissful serenity, usurped the place of the bewildering tumult. Nelly sat still and spell-bound upon the matted floor, at the lady's feet; her faculties and thoughts bound, as by some dreamy chain, sweet and soothing and magical.

"I am her mother, Nelly," softly repeated Emilia, stroking the little woman's hands. "The announcement has surprised you? You thought me long since departed to the spirit land? My child has been misinformed, and my life has been spent in vain endeavors in search of her. I have as yet no proofs; but my heart, my spiritual guardians, dreams, and visions, have led me hither. I now shall meet my child. I know it. I shall behold her, my only one, my Eola! My stolen child, is Eva Golding."

"Oh, my fiddy! Nelly is too happy to see this day! Blessing on all the saints in glory!—and so you is Miss Eva's mother, as I thought was in Paradise! Oh, but I've often prayed to ye, my fiddy, thinkin' you were 'mong the angels! Blessed be the howly saints for ever an' ever! An' it's mad wid joy me was foinest ye, mistress, honey! Liddy dear! Miss Eva's own darlin' mother, as ye is! An' now the swate, purty, young, sufferin' lamb, will come out of her troubles; an' me purty, young mistress, my liddy Agnes, too, as was as good as mother to our darlin'; an' me poor, sick, old mistress, too! She wur iver so wicked agin Miss Agnes one time, but now she's an old angel an' no trouble, barrin' the sickness. Oh, my fiddy! but she loves ye too, she allers cried when she spoke of ye, and called ye her dear, innocent Emilia."

"I am glad to hear that," replied the lady with brightening eyes. "Yes, her influence has been most pernicious; I feared its power over my daughter's heart, but surely angels have guarded her; superior intelligences have preserved her soul from contamination, her mind from evil spells. My poor old mother-in-law! doubtless adversity has purified her heart, and freed it from its false ambitions."

"Och, the dear, kind misthresses, I shall have!" cried Nelly, clapping her hands; "I won't know who to serve first; oh, if me had but two pair more hands, bedad!"

"Your heart is large enough, dear Nelly; and you shall not serve any of us. Do not start; I mean that henceforth you shall be our friend, our equal. Long since I have done away with the false distinctions of society, that often elevates the rough and brutal to earth's highest places, and condemns the hearts of gold to clothe themselves in the guise of servitude. No, Nelly, no; nevermore our servant, but our friend and companion. Answer me not; on this point I shall command! Now tell me more of the Senora Gonzalez, who is so good a friend of Agnes; tell me of the young man accompanying them. Speak freely; you can harbor no secrets before Eva's mother!"

And Nelly told her all; of Frank Wylie's love for her daughter, of the wicked plot against the young man; the forged letters, and her old mistress' acknowledgment of them; also, of the letter so sacredly entrusted to her care by the repentant Mrs. Greyson, which she had faithfully delivered.

"Poor, suffering Agnes," said Emilia, wiping away her tears; "noble martyr that she was! I cannot regain for her the love and faith forever lost—would that I could! But I can offer her the beautiful consolations of a purer faith than earth-creeds ever revealed. I can gather around her soul the music of the better land! the glorified faces of the departed, the loving messages of exalted, progressed spirits! I thank Thee! Giver of all Bounties, for this great and glorious privilege! Let the world stigmatize it as madness—I know its truth, its elevating power. The world shall acknowledge it in years to come!"

The rapt, illumined face was upraised, the dark eyes beaming with the reflected lustre of the worlds beyond; the mournful lips unclosing in a smile of heavenly beatitude.

"Yes, yes! you beckon—the spirit banners unroll! ye beckon across the sea—to the lonely house where dwells my child! Ye are filling her heart with gentle, loving thoughts of me! Thrilling her soul with the sense of her mother's nearness. Thanks, oh, angel friends! exalted companions of my heart's long solitude! Thanks for your unswerving love and guardian sympathy!"

Nelly gazed upon her with awe and wonderment, as she stretched forth her graceful hands, in recognition to the bright forms her spirit saw. Overcome by the felt influence, the solemn stillness around, Nelly fell upon her knees and prayed, without fear or superstition. The rapt, enthusiast, the queenly woman before her, the mother of Eva, could be in communion with naught that was evil. "Shure an' she looks as good and howly as the saints themselves," she murmured softly.

Passing her hand across her brow, Emilia returned to the outward world, and requested Nelly to go with her, respects to Don Ramon and the Senora, and if it were not too late, entreat the pleasure of their company; Frank Wylie was also cordially invited. She desired Nelly to guard the secret of Eva's relationship to herself, until she should obtain the necessary proofs.

From above Don Ramon and Manuela, followed by Frank Wylie, entered the room. Mr. Mackenzie

soon joined them. Nelly had taken charge of the little Ramon, and sat beside him on the sofa, Manuela was enraptured with the manners and friendly advances of the English lady, her husband and Frank acting as interpreters between them. They were gratified to meet with one who had known Agnes in her native land. They agreed to take passage together in the next vessel to Puerto Sereno. When they were about retiring for the night, Emilia recalled Frank Wylie, while Mr. Mackenzie carried the little boy for Nelly, to his mother's apartments, and then lingered awhile on the moon-lighted balcony.

Emilia held a long conversation with the young man. She had won his love and confidence; and, kneeling at her feet, while a noble pride and a becoming modesty crimsoned his brow, he confessed to her his life's most sacred aspirations, his youth's most fervent hopes, and pure desires, his unalterable, undying love for Eva! Confessed all to her, whom that day he had met for the first time; and she, bending over him, laying her hand in benediction on his head, whispered softly: "Hope, hope on—I am Eva's mother!"

The balmy tropical night, with its golden moonbeams and near-seeming stars, beamed upon their sacred conference; the mingling perfumes of the sweet wild flowers wafted to the ocean's breeze, returned mingling its briny fragrance, with the forest's odoriferous message, and the garden's sweetest breath. The ocean's lullaby to the expectant shore seemed to echo, musically sweet and clear, a cheering watchword—"hope on, hope ever."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Oh! I am not meetings in this world of change
Badder than parting off?" Mrs. WILKINS.

The next morning mine host brought the welcome intelligence that a brig was to sail for Puerto Sereno at sunset on the following day, and that the captain would wait upon them that day to arrange about their passages. Don Ramon rode over to his plantation, and ordered the house to be prepared for their return, and for the accommodation of the friends they would bring with them. Old Papa and young Dolores accompanied the master to the hotel, and with many demonstrations of joy embraced their mistress and the little Ramon. Emilia and Manuela were much together, even her husband noticed the peculiarity of her voice; and all spoke of the forthcoming days of joy, when Agnes would again meet with the friend of her youth, and become acquainted with his sister. Frank Wylie watched every motion of Emilia's, hung upon her every word so intently, that Manuela smilingly told him, she feared he was becoming unfaithful to Eva; and that, too, without inquiring whether the English lady were maid or widow. Frank blushed, but soon turned her bantering into another channel.

Nelly, much to her own embarrassment, was obliged to take a seat at table beside Emilia; in which arrangement Manuela Gonzalez fully acquiesced; saying, that she had won a place beside the highest of earth by her fidelity and devotion. In the extreme of her gratitude and appreciation, she would have bestowed on the little woman, silks and satins, and fineries innumerable; but here, Nelly stood her ground, declaring that "people would think her crazy to dress in founces, and sick-like fly aways. She wasn't agoin' to forget herself altogether that way!" So she accepted a black silk dress from which she took off the founces, and all the superfluous trimming. Thus attired, with a neat lace kerchief folded over her bosom, her rosy face beaming with modest smiles, her light brown hair simply parted over her benevolent brow, Nelly O'Flanigan looked the true little lady; despite of the sometime queer and unrefined figures of her speech; for her oddities of expression were delivered in a sweet, good humored voice.

Hearing that the owner of *Castiglio del mar* was absent, with his wife and sister, Emilia prevailed on her brother to accompany her, to view the spot that had so long been the home of her child. The morning was deliciously cool, the sky unclouded, and the sea bright and peaceful, as they rode towards the castle. Old Sacarro, who lived in a little cabin close by, seeing a lady and gentleman dismount at the garden gate, hobbled up to them, and in expressive pantomime offered to show them through the house. Old Sacarro was feared by the superstitious negroes; held in especial dread by Don Felix, mulatto house-keeper, who devoutly crossed herself whenever the old negress appeared. She dared not, therefore, refuse when Sacarro led the strangers to the marble staircase, and expressed her intention of showing them through the castle. She thought the old woman a witch, and her half intelligible mumblings, and strange contortions of face and body, she deemed sufficient proofs of diabolical possession; therefore bowing to the strange lady and gentleman, she suffered them to pass on unquestioned. Mumbling a few words of broken English, old Sacarro hobbled on before, and led them to hall and balcony, through sleeping chambers and oratory; everywhere the sweet poetic taste of Agnes was displayed, but the symmetry and arrangement was much disturbed; carelessness and extravagance had usurped the place of refinement and order.

Emilia paused awhile to pray in Eva's chamber; her quick ear had caught Sacarro's explanation, that this was the Senorita Eva's own room. Seated in the same chair, on the same spot, where the young girl had often sat and pondered, the mother's yearning spirit communed with the distant child. Seated at her grandmother's feet, Eva felt a sudden thrill of awakened tenderness, and involuntarily exclaimed, "My mother!" Malcolm led his sister to the flowery bath-house; there, lost in a deep reverie, she seemed to view the scenes that there had passed. From the flower-circled veranda she gazed upon the glorious prospect, and her pale cheek glowed with its appreciation of the beautiful, her dark eyes flashed with a firm resolve. She determined that that stately castle should again become the home of her much wronged child. As they lingered awhile, gazing delightedly on the grandeur of the scene around, they were startled by the sound of horse's hoofs, and Don Felix Rivero, with his proud young wife, and handsome sister, dismounted at the garden gate.

Malcolm Mackenzie had never beheld Don Felix, but it was not necessary for Sacarro to name him to Emilia. She knew at once the heartless deceiver, that had won her pure child's love with his seeming of great and noble attributes. As he approached, surprise and displeasure upon his countenance, she controlled him by her fixed, unwavering gaze, blinding him in a respectful silence, subduing into submissive attention the haughty Anita, the flippant Donna Isabella. Mackenzie simply announced himself as a friend of Agnes; Emilia, still fixing her

stern glances upon Don Felix, seemed to read his very soul. He paled beneath that searching gaze, and, to cover his embarrassment, addressed her in English.

She replied, with a few words, that meaningless to the rest, caused the coward and libertine to quail before her, so much of reproach, of prophetic warning was couched in a few simple words.

"I wish to buy this house from you," she said, as she turned to depart. "I know that you are already weary of your purchase. You feel as if it were haunted—and you will leave it soon. Demand your own price; I will negotiate with you from Puerto Sereno. My name is Emilia Mackenzie. Come, brother, let us go—the atmosphere here has grown oppressive, as with an evil presence. Farewell, Senora," she said, turning to Anita; "be happy, if you can; I desire you no harm." Without a word, or a glance towards Isabella, with a queenly step and self-possessed manner, she took her brother's arm, and passed down the broad stairway, followed by old Sacarro, who received a liberal compensation for her attentions; mounting their awaiting mules, they speedily returned to town.

"That proud, crazy woman! she has nearly frightened me out of my senses!" cried Anita, at last finding speech.

"It don't take much to do that," replied the loving husband, with a dark frown, and a contemptuous glance at his wife.

"You are an unfeeling monster! I wish I were at home again with my kind old father!" said Anita, pouting and turning from him. "But who can she be? Do you know, Isabella?"

"How should I know? I never saw her before. She's some mean upstart, of course."

"Well, what did she say? You understand English," continued the persistent Anita.

"She said something that does not concern you. You are as prying and inquisitive as a monkey!" said Don Felix.

Anita burst into tears, and Isabella, humming a tune, left the loving couple to themselves. Let us leave them to the fate they have merited, and return to those that interest us, for the love we bear them.

"Malcolm," said Emilia, that afternoon, to her brother, I feel an intense desire to explore one of those mountain pathways that lead from the Castle. I have had a strange dream relating to that locality. I should have spoken to you this morning about it, but the sun was getting too high. Let us go this afternoon, or very early in the morning. Do, dear brother, indulge me in this fancy. I have a presentiment, strong and vivid—but I dare not tell you what it is—and, Malcolm, let us go alone; do not say anything about it; I desire no one's company but yours."

"We cannot go this afternoon, dearest for we have promised our friends to accompany them, to inspect the ruined fortresses in the neighborhood, and also to climb the 'Telegraphic Hill,' as 'tis called, where they signalize the vessels."

"I forgot all about that arrangement. Well, let it be in the morning, then, but as early as possible, I implore you!"

"I will order my mules to be saddled immediately after the first breakfast," replied her brother, looking anxiously into her more than usually pale and serious countenance.

The little Captain of the brig that was to convey them to Puerto Sereno, called upon his passengers at the hotel, desiring them to be ready to embark at sunset on the following day. It was our old friend Rodriguez, and the brig Catalina, long since repaired and newly decorated, was to convey the mother to her child. Emilia conversed long with the garrulous old Captain, Frank Wylie acting as interpreter. The mother listened with a throbbing heart and paling cheek to the old Captain's recital of that night of storms, of the courage and resignation displayed by the young Eva, and her beautiful step-mother, amid the terrors of the tempest. He assured the Senora that his vessel was under the especial protection of San Antonio, and the 'Virgin of Mercoires'; descended upon her merits and fast sailing qualities, and announced, with much satisfaction, that her cabin had been enlarged, and she felt certain that the ladies would be enabled to pass the night comfortably on board. He shook hands heartily with Nelly, welcoming her back to Venezuela, and, with many obeisances and offers of unbounded service, he left the room, vowing, as he went, that the tall Senora was as gracious as a queen, and might be some English Duchess in disguise.

The next morning, the mules being duly saddled at the appointed hour, brother and sister started off for a ride to the mountains, telling their friends they would return before the noonday's heat.

It was early morn, the risen sun just gilding the verdant mountains' sides, yet how gorgeous was that tropic scene, with its mingled elements of beauty and sublimity, grandeur and repose; the balmy air, how fragrant! The blue sea murmured its awakening hymn; the wind-stirred leaves, the nodding crests of the majestic eucaly, the salutations of the fan-like palm, the mingling odors of a thousand flowers responding. Deep forest depths and shadowy mountain passes beckoning to contemplation and rest, inviting coolly the world-tired wanderers' feet. Light skills darted across the blue, calm waters; with a silver brightness the white beach glistened in the sun-rays, breaking advent crimson and purple clouds. On the distant, sea-bound horizon, lingered shadows, but light and radiance beamed overhead, penetrating more and more the dense depths of shade formed by giant foliage and interlacing flowers, along the sea-girl shore, or by the mountains' pathway.

Gently winding at first, the pathway led over sandy ground, enclosed by sloping hills, that were bright with innumerable flowers, and thickly studded with blossoming hedges and fragrant fruit trees; then the path grew more rugged and steep, changing from the smiling aspect of gradually sloping declivity and partial shade, to a road all overgrown with tangle weeds, obstructed by overhanging rocks, skirted by beetling precipices. The landscape grew wild—sublimely beautiful! amid it, sterner elements, yet retaining some features of repose and calm. The towering mountains and overhanging, jutting rocks were clothed in the eternal verdure, the gem-like green of that bounteous clime; natural bowers, whose dense shade seemed fitting for the abode of forest elves, thick groves, erected there by Nature's hand, were vocal with the matin song of birds, the shrill cries of troops of parakeets and flying vultures, mingling with their harmonious strains. Impenetrable foliage, thickly clustering, gorgeously hued flowers, decked the far-stretching precipices that spread below, over which floated the morning's lightest clouds, far, far beneath. A cool, delicious breeze stirred waving grass and leaves, and brought the ocean's greeting to the mountain sanctuary. On the rugged

unworn ground, glistening pebbles, veined with gold and blue; the penetrating sunlight flashed on hidden garnets, embedded in the mountains' side. They rode on in silence, brother and sister, their souls communing, but their lips at rest.

Prayer and adoration was in the heart of Malcolm Mackenzie; a spiritual influence seemed to urge Emilia forward; the trance expression was upon her face, her soul was in communion with unseen intelligences. A bend in the road brought to their view the straggling town of La Toma, with its quaintly built houses, and intersecting bridge, its wharves, and the distant vessels anchored in the roadstead, all gloriously illumined by the risen sun; the far extending line of forest upon the sanded shore, nodding its morning salutation, and the white walls of *Castiglio del mar* gleaming amid encircling trees. The blue sea, visited by the joyous sunbeams, danced with a spirit's lightness; the intense blue of the dazzling sky enfolding the smiling picture of a charmed and peaceful life. From their elevated position they gazed upon the scene, themselves half wrapt in shadow, clouds floating far beneath them, mountains towering above and around, and gorgeous flowers bedecking the wayside chasms.

Emilia urged her mule forward.

"Shall we not return, sister?" said Malcolm; "we must be half way to the capital."

"We will soon return," she answered dreamily, and urged her sure-footed beast onward.

"We must enter yonder hut, Malcolm," she said, after a pause, during which they had ridden steadily, and with her whip she designated a rude hut, almost concealed from view by embowering foliage; drooping roses and crimson blossoms nestling amid the wild, white beauty of the orange buds and flowers.

Malcolm anxiously scanned the countenance of his sister. It was pale and rigid, her brow was painfully contracted, her lips compressed as if by some great, inward agony, but her eye wore its usual expression of lofty calm. She steadily guided her mule along the intricacies of the path, and springing lightly from the saddle before her brother could assist her, secured the animal to a sturdy tree, and with rapid paces hastened towards the rack-built tenement. Bowing her queenly head, she passed the lowly portal. It took Malcolm some time to secure his refractory beast, which seemed bent upon an immediate return homewards.

As he neared the hut, faint moans fell on his ear; he entered hastily. Twilight still reigned in the low-roofed, gloomy chamber. On a rude, hard bench, over which was cast a cloth mantle, lay the figure of a man, with bandaged head, and pallid visage, all streaked with the blood trickling from his wounded brow. Emilia, tenderly raised his head, gazed intently upon the ashen face, and said, in low, manifest tones—"Is it thus I meet thee, Maurice! Thus—at last!"

She shed no unavailing tears, poured forth no rash complainings, but kneeling beside him, she took off the soft mantle she wore, doubled it up for a pillow beneath his head. She bent tenderly over him, passing her hand across his brow, and over his breast, saying, in the same mournfully subdued voice—"Come hither, Malcolm, you are somewhat of a physician, and feel his pulse. He is wounded, and I believe insensible. Now he moans, but his eyes do not flutter. Fortunately, I have some cordial with me, ordered for my own falling strength; let us try to make him swallow some. Oh, Maurice! poor, misdirected soul, is it thus we meet after so many years? Oh, Father! she fervently implored, "let him not die thus, benighted, misdirected, as he is! let him but live to acknowledge Thy love, and holy truths! Pitying spirits! that sympathize with mortal suffering, strengthen the wailing soul to burst the bonds of error! Grant me my soul's desire! to lead this soul into the paths of righteousness, into the ways of peace and faith! Father, hear my prayer!"

Tears of pity and supplication rained from her uplifted eyes; but there was none of the impassioned tenderness of the deserted wife, and yet loving woman; none of the anguish of lingering love threatened with its high bereavement. Emilia wept for pity, interceded with her soul's deepest fervor for a stricken sinner, for a suffering fellow-being, for a benighted, solitary brother. The throbbings of earthly passion were forever stilled in that heaven-dedicated breast, the lamp of earthly love had long since been extinguished, nor ever again relumed by the hand vowed to the eternal union of the blest, by the heart admitting only spirit visitants, that deceive not with earthly wile; that heart enshrined the one pure angel of undying, maternal love. Pity, as pure as ever warmed a seraph's breast, or pealed in tear drops from a seraph's eye, held watch above the wounded man. Tenderness and forgiveness spread their angel wings around the couch of pain; he was Eola's father! She forgave him her wrongs, her bitter, aimless life for years! the solitary existence she owed to his cruelty and revenge.

Moved to his benevolent soul, agast with pity and sorrow, Malcolm chafed the icy hands, and spread his cloak over the form of Maurice Golding, and vainly endeavored to pour some cordial into the closed lips. Emilia, strong in faith, continued her magnetic passes; the painful rigidity of his features relaxed, his moanings ceased, his dark grey eyes unrolled. He gazed around in bewilderment.

Emilia had drawn the folds of her black veil across her face, but her hand rested upon his brow. Malcolm held his hands and was gazing tenderly upon him.

"Where am I?" he faintly uttered. "Who is here?—ah! you, Mr. Mackenzie?" and he endeavored to raise himself, but sank back exhausted. "Yes, I am here, my friend! accident—I should say Providence, led me hither; I will do all I can for you, as brother should for brother," he said, tenderly pressing his hands; there was a grateful pressure in return.

"Thanks! thanks!" he replied in a broken voice. "I have not long to live—my hours are numbered. But what soft hand is this, laid upon my forehead? It cannot be Agnes—nor my daughter—they do not know—they are far away—ruined—disgraced—impoverished—through me!—Thank God for the fall—that will deprive me of this hated life! Thanks for the accident—that relieves me from the necessity of self-destruction! But who, who are you?" he continued in strong agitation. "Your form" resembles one I have wronged—oh, so deeply—oh, Emilia! Emilia! my wronged, my injured wife—forgive!"

"She is with thee! she is here! to sooth, console and watch beside thee, while thou livest!" cried Emilia, throwing her veil aside, revealing her pale, compassionate face, with its dark, lustrous eyes bent in tenderness and forgiving pity upon the prostrate form of the repentant husband.

"Emilia," he cried, pressing her hand to his lips, while tears rained from his once proud eyes, now alas! so dimmed, by illness and remorse! "I knew you were yet living—I heard at times—Emilia! I will alone—I will restore thee Eola, thy child—but say you forgive me!—tell me—that you say so—not in pity to a dying man—but from the depths of your pure—loving—elevated soul! Emilia—I have sinned grievously—but most against thee—my suffering, innocent wife!—forgive, oh, forgive."

"From my soul, I forgive thee, dear Maurice! Here is my brother who feels toward thee as a friend. We have come to this country to find my child; from what he has told me, from my own spiritual admonitions, I have become convinced that Eva Golding, as she is called, is my child, my long wept-for daughter! Thank God for this beautiful consolation, even in the midst of so much sorrow!"

"This your brother, Emilia?" cried Maurice, gazing earnestly upon Malcolm.

"My only brother, Maurice; to whom those letters were addressed that first destroyed our household peace. I was too proud to stoop to acknowledge, to explain them—I do so now; to my dear absent brother, then involved in weighty political difficulties, I wrote those letters, which calumny pointed to as a clandestine correspondence with a lover! I have loved but him my brother, yourself, and my lost Eola, with absorbing love. Mankind I love with that universal sympathy that is an attribute of the Father: I love my race in faith and hope of their future regeneration and rescue from evil. Are you satisfied, dear Maurice?"

"Angel!" he cried with tears. "You condescend to explanations with so lost a wretch—as I am! You overwhelm me not with reproaches—for the loveless life I doomed you to—for the abduction of your child—for the property I basely robbed you of. You reproach me not! you curse me not!—are you a woman? oh! if such hearts—dwell on earth there must be—a life beyond—an immortality for such souls—as yours!"

"I were not a Christian woman," responded Emilia, with solemn earnestness, "if I could not forgive. Maurice! your noble propensities have been misdirected, from your very birth; your soul, naturally lofty and aspiring, has been early warped. The seeds of goodness and greatness are within you, as in all created souls. They will expand—unfold in the light of immortal life! Maurice, by the remembrance of your innocent childhood, of our early love—by your purest thoughts and holiest aspirations, look up to God! believe in the life to which thou and all are hastening! Repentance in words availeth not, dear Maurice! but the glowing, uprising fervor of the awakened soul, the struggling angel thoughts cleaving their prison gates of clay, the firm resolve, the sworn victory—thou may'st attain to yet! Look upwards, Maurice! angel faces are around us; they guided me to thy couch of suffering. Life with its illusive visions is departing from thy sight—look up! angel hands are outstretched! be akin to them in spirit and resolve. None are lost—and thou canst not forever reject the heavenly promise!"

As if by some invisible fascination his eyes fastened upon her face, he listened spell-bound, his bodily anguish well nigh forgotten, to her inspired language, that thrilled the heart at whose depths remorse was tugging. A heavenly hope, a faint glimmering of the promises his worldliness had scoffed at, a dawning sense of pure religious triumph, thrilled that long darkened, earth-bound spirit. He sighed deeply.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ADDRESS TO THE IDEAL.

BY GEORGE L. KING.

Hast thou stores of gold from the darkened mine,
Hast thou pearls from the deep blue sea?
Where the jewels shine 'mid the ocean brine,
Hast thou culled a gem for me?
Hast thou cast a star from its orbit far
In the azure vault of Heaven,
And send it back in its flaming track
To the source whence its glory's given?

Canst thou people this ancient earth once more
With the mouldered forms of the days of yore,
The sage and the hoary seer,
Who walked the earth in its early prime,
Who trod the time with a faith sublime,
And pointed its sons to a cloudless clime,
A holy and happy sphere?

Canst thou journey swiftly and far and wide,
Where mortals have never trod,
Where light never dims with the eventide,
Where beings too pure for this earth abide,
The unmarred work of God?

Canst thou follow the trail of the shooting star,
Canst thou dip thy brush in the hues of even?
Canst thou paint the sun in his chariot-car,
As he gleams afar in the upper heaven?
Canst thou call from the dim and shadowy land
The early loved and the early lost?
Canst thou gather again the household band,
And breathe new life in the sleeping dust?

Canst thou kindle afresh the holy fire
That burnt on the ancient altar's shrine?
Canst thou breathe again of the slumbering lyre,
And waken once more the tones divine?
Canst thou read the Present, survey the Past,
From what hath been, to what shall be?
Canst thou rival Time in his flight, and cast
A glance o'er his vast Eternity?

I asked, and a spirit thus answered me,
With a voice like the wind o'er a summer sea:
"I dwell with men, and a power is mine
To soothe the soul in its low despair,
To raise from depression to light divine,
And cancel each trace of corroding care;
Though the body languish in captive chains,
'Tis mine to set the spirit free,
And send it abroad where freedom reigns,
Unchecked by the minions of tyranny!"

"In the poet's mind and the poet's dreams
I give the rein to his fancy's flight,
And I call for him holy and rapturous themes,
Till his vision teems with a new delight;
And he looks on Nature with other eyes,
And I haunt him with visions of future praise,
And he sighs for a place in the memories
Of those who shall live in the after days."

"O'er that which the spirit hath darkly scanned,
Where the light of the mortal eye grows dim,
O'er the mists which darken the spirit-land,
Where the harp is struck by the seraphim;
I wave my wand, and a light appears
That pierces the gloom of the coming years."

"I teach the wings of Faith to rise,
And bear them on in their upward flight,
Till she can gaze with unquelling eyes
On the fount of Heaven's pellucid light."

"I point the worn and weary one
To a place of final rest on high,
Where the light dies not with the setting sun,
And the stars fade not from the evening sky;
Where pure, immortal joys abide,
Each joy as the spirit may only know,
In its radiant form, all purified
From the crimes that darken the world below."

Spiritualism is steadily progressing in this land, and many are turning to the spiritual world for help and comfort.

THE INCENDIARY.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

I knew James Dutton, as I shall call him, at an early period of life, when my present scanty looks of iron-gray were thick and dark, my now pale and furrowed cheeks were fresh and ruddy, like his own. Time, circumstance, and natural bent of mind, have done their work on both of us; and if his course of life has been less equable than mine, it has been chiefly so because the original impulse, the first start on the great journey, upon which so much depends, was directed by wiser heads in my case than in his. We were school-fellows for a considerable time; and if I acquired—as I certainly did—a larger stock of knowledge than he, it was by no means from any superior capacity on my part, but that his mind was bent on other pursuits. He was a born Nimrod, and his father encouraged this propensity from the earliest moment that his darling and only son could sit a pony or handle a light fowling piece. Dutton, senior, was one of a then large class of persons, whom Cobbett used to call bull-frog farmers; men who, finding themselves daily increasing in wealth by the operation of circumstances, they neither created nor could insure or control—namely, a rapidly increasing manufacturing population, and tremendous war-prices for their produce—acted as if the chance-blown prosperity they enjoyed was the result of their own forethought, skill, and energy, and, therefore, humanly speaking, indestructible. James Dutton was, consequently, denied nothing—not even the luxury of neglecting his own education; and he availed himself of the lamentable privilege to a great extent. It was, however, a remarkable feature in the lad's character, that whatever he himself deemed essential should be done, no amount of indulgence, no love of sport or dissipation, could divert him from thoroughly accomplishing that. Thus he saw clearly, that even in the life—that of a sportsman-farmer he had chalked out for himself, it was indispensably necessary that a certain quantum of educational power should be attained; and so he really acquired a knowledge of reading, writing, and spelling, and then withdrew from school to more congenial avocations.

I frequently met James Dutton in after years; but some nine or ten months had passed since I had last seen him, when I was directed by the chief partner in the firm to which Flint and I subsequently succeeded, to take coach for Romford, Essex, in order to ascertain from a witness there what kind of evidence we might expect him to give in a trial to come off in the then Hilary term at Westminster Hall. It was the first week in January: the weather was bitterly cold; and I experienced an intense satisfaction when, after dispatching the business I had come upon, I found myself in the long dining-room of the chief market inn, where two blazing fires shed a ruddy, cheerful light over the snow-white damask tablecloth, bright glasses, decanters, and other preparations for the farmers' market-dinner. Prices had ruled high that day; wheat had reached 30s a load; and the numerous groups of hearty, stalwart yeomen present were in high glee, crowing and exulting alike over their full pockets and the news—of which the papers were just then full—of the burning of Moscow, and the flight and ruin of Napoleon's army. James Dutton was in the room, but, not, I observed, in his usual flow of animal spirits. The scrape round his hat might, I thought, account for that, and as he did not see me, I accosted him with an inquiry after his health, and the reason of his being in mourning. He received me very cordially, and in an instant cast off the abstracted manner I had noticed. His father, he informed me, was gone—had died about seven months previously, and he was alone now at Ash Farm—why didn't I run down there to see him sometimes? &c. Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to dinner, very cheerfully complied with; and we both—at least I can answer for myself—did ample justice to a more than usually capital dinner, even in those capital old market-dinner times. We were very jolly afterward, and amazingly triumphant over the frost-bitten, snow-buried soldier-banditti that had so long lorded it over continental Europe. Dutton did not partake of the general hilarity. There was a sneer upon his lip during the whole time, which, however, found no expression in words.

"How quiet you are, James Dutton!" cried a loud voice from out the dense smoke-cloud that by this time completely enveloped us. On looking towards the spot from whence the ringing tones came, a jolly, round face—like the sun as seen through a London fog—gleamed redly dull from out the thick and choking atmosphere.

"Everybody," rejoined Dutton, hasn't had the luck to sell two hundred quarters of wheat at to-day's price, as you have, Tom Southall."

"That's true, my boy," returned Master Southall, sending in the plenitude of his satisfaction, a jet of smoke towards us with astonishing force. "And, I say, Jim, I'll tell 'ee what I'll do; I'll clap on ten guineas more upon what I offered for the brown mare."

"Done! she's yours, Tom, then, for ninety guineas!" "Gie's your hand upon it!" cried Tom Southall, jumping up from his chair, and stretching a fist as big as a leg of mutton—well, say lamb—over the table. "And here—here," he added, with an exultant chuckle, as he extricated a swollen canvas bag from his pocket—"here's the dibs at once."

This transaction excited a great deal of surprise at our part of the table; and Dutton was rigorously cross-questioned as to his reason for parting with his favorite hunting mare.

"The truth is, friends," said Dutton, at last, "I mean to give up farming, and—"

"Gie up farmin'!" broke in half-a-dozen voices. "Lord!"

"Yes; I don't like it. I shall buy a commission in the army. There'll be a chance against Doney, now; and it's a life I'm fit for."

The farmers looked completely agape at this announcement; but making nothing of it, after silently staring at Dutton and each other, with their pipes in their hands, and not in their mouths, till they had gone out, stretched their heads simultaneously across the table towards the candles, relit their pipes, and smoked on as before.

"Then, perhaps, Mr. Dutton, said a young man in a smart-cut velvet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, who had hastily left his seat farther down the table—"perhaps you will sell the double Manton; and Fanny and Blot?"

"Yes; at a price."

Prices were named; I forgot the exact sum, but enormous prices, I thought, for the gun and the dogs, Fanny and Blot. The bargain was eagerly concluded, and the money paid at once. Possibly the buyers had a vague notion that a portion of the

vender's skill might come to him with his purchases.

"You are in 'arrest, then, in this fool's business, James Dutton, observed a farmer, gravely. "I be sorry for thee; but as I s'pose the lease of Ash Farm be parted with; why—John, waiter, tell Master Hurst, at the top of the table, yonder, to come this way."

Master Hurst, a well-to-do, highly respectable-looking, and rather elderly man, came in obedience to the summons, and after a few words in an undertone with the friend that had sent for him, said, "Is this true, James Dutton?"

"It is true that the lease and stock of Ash Farm are to be sold—at a price. You, I believe, are in want of such a concern for the young couple just married."

"Well, I don't say I might not be a customer, if the price were reasonable."

"Let us step into a private room, then," said Dutton, rising. "This is not a place for business of that kind. Sharp," he added, *collo quoe*, "come with us; I may want you."

I had listened to all this with a stupid wonderment, and I now, mechanically as it were, got up and accompanied the party to another room.

The matter was soon settled. Five hundred pounds for the lease—ten years unexpired—of Ash Farm about eleven hundred acres, and the stock and implements; the plowing, sowing, &c., already performed, to be paid for at a valuation based on present prices. I drew out the agreement in form, it was signed in duplicate, a large sum was paid down as deposit, and Mr. Hurst, with his friend, withdrew.

"Well," I said, taking a glass of port from a bottle Dutton had just ordered in—"here's fortune in your new career; but, as I am a living man, I can't understand what you can be thinking about."

"You haven't read the newspapers?"

"O, yes, I have! Victory! Glory! March to Paris! and all that sort of thing. Very fine, I dare say; but rubbish, moonshine, I call it, if purchased by the abandonment of the useful, comfortable, joyous life of a prosperous yeoman."

"Is that all you have seen in the papers?"

"Not much else. What, besides, have you found in them?"

"Wheat, at ten or eleven pounds a load—less, perhaps—other produce in proportion."

"Ha!"

"I see farther, Sharp, than you book-men do, in some matters. Doney's done for; that to me is quite plain, and earlier than I thought likely; although I, of course, as well as every other man with a head instead of a turnip on his shoulders, knew such a raw-head-and-bloody-bones as that must sooner or later come to the dogs. And as I also know what agricultural prices were before the war, I can calculate, without the aid of vulgar fractions, which, by-the-by, I never reached, what they'll be when it's over, and the thundering expenditure now going on is stopped. In two or three weeks, people generally will get a dim notion of all this; and I sell, therefore, while I can, at top prices."

The shrewdness of the calculation struck me at once.

"You will take another farm when one can be had on easier terms than now, I suppose?"

"Yes; if I can manage it. And I will manage it. Between ourselves, after all the old man's debts are paid, I shall only have about nine or ten hundred pounds to the good, even by selling—at the present tremendous rates; so it was time, you see, I pulled up, and rubbed the frog out of my eyes a bit. And hark ye, Master Sharp!" he added, as we rose and shook hands with each other—"I have now done playing with the world—it's a place of work and business; and I'll do my share of it so effectually, that my children, if I have any, shall, if I do not, reach the class of landed gentry; and this you'll find, for all your sneering, will come about all the more easily that neither they nor their father will be encumbered with much educational lumber. Good bye."

I did not again see my old school fellow, till the change he had predicted had thoroughly come to pass. Farms were everywhere to let, and a general cry to Parliament for aid rang through the land. Dutton called at the office upon business, accompanied by a young woman of remarkable personal comeliness, but, as a very few sentences betrayed, little or no education in the conventional sense of the word.

She was the daughter of a farmer, whom—it was no fault of hers—a change of times had not found in a better condition for weathering them. Anne Mosley, in fact, was a thoroughly industrious, clever farm economist. The instant Dutton had secured an eligible farm, at his own price and conditions, he married her; and now, on the third day after the wedding, he had brought me the draft of his lease for examination.

"You are not afraid, then," I remarked, "of taking a farm in these bad times?"

"Not I—at a price. We mean to rough it, Mr. Sharp," he added gayly. "And, let me tell you, that those who will stoop to do that—I mean, take their coats off, tuck up their sleeves, and fling appearances to the winds—may, and will, if they understand their business, and have got their heads screwed on right, do better here than in any of the uncleared countries they talk so much about. You know what I told you down at Romford. Well, we'll manage that before our hair is gray, depend upon it, bad as the times may be—won't we, Nance?"

"We'll try, Jim," was the smiling response.

They left the draft for examination. It was found to be correctly drawn. Two or three days afterwards, the deeds were executed, and James Dutton was placed in possession. The farm, a capital one, was in Essex.

His hopes were fully realized as to money-making, at all events. He and his wife rose early, sat up late, ate the bread of carefreeness, and altogether displayed such persevering energy, that only about six or seven years had passed before the Duttons were accounted a rich and prosperous family. They had one child only—a daughter. The mother, Mrs. Dutton, died when this child was about twelve years of age; and Anne Dutton became more than ever the apple of her father's eye. The business of the farm went steadily on in its accustomed track: each succeeding year found James Dutton growing in wealth and importance; and his daughter in sparkling, catching comeliness—although certainly not in the refinement of manner which gives a quickening life and grace to personal symmetry and beauty. James Dutton remained firm in his theory of the worthlessness of education, beyond what, in a narrow acceptance of the term, was absolutely "necessary;" and Anne Dutton, although now heiress to very considerable wealth, knew only how to read, write, spell, cast accounts, and superintend the home business of the farm. I saw a great deal of the Duttons

about this time, my brother-in-law, Elsworth, and his wife having taken up their abode within about half a mile of James Dutton's swelling house; and I ventured once or twice to remonstrate with the prosperous farmer upon the positive danger, with reference to his ambitious views, of not at least so far cultivating the intellect and taste of so attractive a maiden as his daughter, that sympathy on her part with the rude, unlettered clown, with whom she necessarily came so much in contact, should be impossible. He laughed my hints to scorn. "It is idleness—idleness alone," he said, "that puts love-fancies into girls' heads. Novel-reading, jingling at a piano-forte—merely other names for idleness—these are the parents of such follies. Anne Dutton, as mistress of this establishment, has her time fully and usefully occupied; and when the time comes, not far distant now, to establish her in marriage, she will wed into a family I wot of; and the Romford prophecy of which you remind me will be realized, in great part, at least."

He found, too late, his error. He hastily entered the office one morning, and although it was only five or six weeks since I had last seen him, the change in his then florid, prideful features, was so striking and painful, as to cause me to fairly leap upon my feet with surprise.

"Good Heavens, Dutton!" I exclaimed, "What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, Mr. Sharp," he replied, "but what you predicted, and which, had I not been the most conceited dolt in existence, I, too, must have foreseen. You know that good-looking, idle, and, I fear, irreclaimable young fellow, George Hamblin?"

"I have seen him once or twice. Has he not brought his father to the verge of a workhouse by low dissipation and extravagance?"

"Yes. Well, he is an accepted suitor for Anne Dutton's hand. No wonder that you start. She fancies herself hopelessly in love with him—Nay, Sharp, hear me out. I have tried expostulation, threats, entreaties, looking her up; but it's useless. I shall kill the silly fool if I persist, and I have at length consented to the marriage; for I cannot see her die." I began remonstrating upon the folly of yielding consent to so ruinous a marriage, on account of a few tears and hysterics; but Dutton stopped me peremptorily.

"It is useless talking," he said. "The die is cast; I have given my word. You would hardly recognize her, she is so altered. I did not know before," added the strong, stern man, with trembling voice and glistening eyes, "that she was so inextricably twined about my heart—my life!" It is difficult to estimate the bitterness of such a disappointment to a proud, aspiring man like Dutton. I pitied him sincerely, mistaken, if not blameworthy, as he had been.

"I have only myself to blame," he presently resumed. "A girl of cultivated taste and mind could not have bestowed a second thought on George Hamblin. But let's to business. I wish the marriage-settlement, and my will, to be so drawn, that every farthing received from me during my life, and after my death, shall be hers, and hers only; and so strictly and entirely secured, that she shall be without power to yield control over the slightest portion of it, should she be so minded." I took down his instructions, and the necessary deeds were drawn in accordance with them. When the day for signing arrived, the bridegroom-elect deputed at first to the stringency of the provisions of the marriage-contract; but as upon this point, Mr. Dutton was found to be inflexible, the handsome, illiterate clown—he was little better—gave up his scruples, the more readily as a life of assured idleness lay before him, from the virtual control he was sure to have over his wife's income. These were the thoughts which passed across his mind. I was quite sure, as taking the pen awkwardly in his hand, he affixed his mark to the marriage-deed. I reddened with shame, and the smothered groan which at the moment smote faintly on my ear, again brokenly confessed the miserable folly of the father in not having placed his beautiful child beyond all possibility of mental contact or communion with such a person. The marriage was shortly after solemnized, but I did not wait to witness the ceremony.

The husband's promised good behavior did not long endure; ere two months of wedded life were past, he had fallen again into his old habits; and the wife, bitterly repentant of her folly, was fain to confess, that nothing but dread of her father's vengeance saved her from positive ill usage. It was altogether a wretched, unfortunate affair; and the intelligence—sad in itself—which reached me about a twelvemonth after the marriage, that the young woman had died in childbirth of her first-born, a girl, appeared to me rather a matter of rejoicing than of sorrow or regret. The shock to poor Dutton was, I understand, overwhelming for a time, and fears were entertained for his intellects. He recovered, however, and took charge of his grandchild, the father very willingly resigning the onerous burden.

My brother-in-law left James Dutton's neighborhood for a distant part of the country, about this period, and I saw nothing of the bereaved father for about five years, save only at two business interviews. The business upon which I had seen him, was the alteration of his will, by which all he might die possessed of was bequeathed to his darling Annie. His health, I was glad to find, was quite restored; and although now fifty years of age, the bright light of his young days sparkled once more in his keen glance. His youth was, he said, renewed in little Annie. He could even hear to speak, though still with remorseful emotion, of his own lost child. "No fear, Sharp," he said, "that I make that terrible mistake again. Annie will fall in love, please God, with no unlettered, soulless booby! Her mind shall be elevated, beautiful, and pure as her person—she is the image of her mother—promises to be charming and attractive. You must come and see her." I promised to do so; and he went his way. At one of these interviews—the first it must have been—I made a chance inquiry for his son-in-law Hamblin. As the name passed my lips, a look of hate and rage flashed out of his burning eyes. I did not utter another word, nor did he; and we separated in silence.

It was evening, and I was returning in a gig from a rather long journey into the country, when I called, in redemption of my promise, upon James Dutton. Annie was really, I found, an engaging pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired child; and I was not so much surprised at her grandfather's dotting fondness—a fondness entirely reciprocated, it seemed, by the little girl. It struck me, albeit, that it was a perilous thing for a man of Dutton's vehement, fiery nature, to stake again, as he evidently had done, his

all of life and happiness upon one frail existence. An illustration of my thought or fear occurred just after we had finished tea. A knock was heard at the outer door, and presently a man's voice in quarrelling, drunken remonstrance with the servant who opened it. The same deadly scowl I had seen sweep over Dutton's countenance upon the mention of Hamblin's name, again gleamed darkly there; and finding, after a moment or two, that the intruder would not be denied, the master of the house gently removed Annie from his knee, and strode out of the room.

"Follow grandpapa," whispered Mrs. Rivers, a highly respectable widow of about forty years of age, whom Mr. Dutton had engaged at a high salary to superintend Annie's education. The child went out, and Mrs. Rivers, addressing me, said in a low voice: "Her presence will prevent violence; but it is a sad affair." She then informed me that Hamblin, to whom Mr. Dutton allowed a hundred a year, having become aware of the grandfather's extreme fondness for Annie, systematically worked that knowledge for his own sordid ends, and precluded every fresh attack upon Mr. Dutton's purse by a threat to reclaim the child. "It is not the money," remarked Mrs. Rivers in conclusion, "that Mr. Dutton cares so much for, but the thought that he holds Annie by the sufferance of that wretched man, goads him at times almost to insanity."

"Would not the fellow waive his claim for a settled increase of his annuity?"

"No; that has been offered to the extent of three hundred a year; but Hamblin refuses, partly from the pleasure of keeping such a man as Mr. Dutton in his power, partly because he knows the last shilling would be parted with rather than the child. It is a very unfortunate business, and I often fear will terminate badly." The loud but indistinct wrangling without ceased after a while, and I heard a key turn stiffly in a lock. "The usual conclusion of these scenes," said Mrs. Rivers. "Another draft upon his strong-box will purchase Mr. Dutton a reprieve as long as the money lasts." I could hardly look at James Dutton when he re-entered the room. There was that in his countenance which I do not like to read in the faces of my friends. He was silent for several minutes; at last he said quickly, sternly: "Is there no instrument, Mr. Sharp, in all the machinery of law, that can defeat a worthless villain's legal claim to his child?"

"None; except, perhaps, a commission of lunacy, or—"

"Tush! tush!" interrupted Dutton; "the fellow has no wits to lose. That being so—But let us talk of something else." We did so, but on his part very incoherently, and I soon bade him good-night.

This was December, and it was in February the following year that Dutton again called at our place of business. There was a strange, stern, iron meaning in his face. "I am in a great hurry," he said, "and I have only called to say, that I shall be glad if you will run over to the farm to-morrow on a matter of business. You have seen, perhaps, in the paper, that my dwelling-house took fire the night before last. You have not? Well, it is upon that I would consult you. Will you come?" I agreed to do so, and he withdrew.

The fire had not, I found, done much injury. It had commenced in a kind of miscellaneous store-room; but the origin of the fire appeared to me, as did to the police officers that had been summoned, perfectly unaccountable. "Had it not been discovered in time, and extinguished," I observed to Mrs. Rivers, "you would all have been burned in your beds."

"Why, no," replied that lady, with some strangeness of manner. "On the night of the fire, Annie and I slept at Mr. Elsworth's" (I have omitted to notice, that my brother-in-law and family had returned to their old residence), "and Mr. Dutton remained in London, whither he had gone to see the play."

"But the servants might have perished?"

"No. A whim, apparently, has lately seized Mr. Dutton, that no servant or laborer shall sleep under the same roof with himself; and those new out-houses, where their bedrooms are placed, are, you see, completely detached, and are indeed, as regards this dwelling, made fire-proof."

At this moment Mr. Dutton appeared, and interrupted our conversation. He took me aside. "Well," he said, "to what conclusion have you come? The work of an incendiary, is it not? Somebody, too, that knows I am not insured—"

"Not insured!"

"No; not for this dwelling-house. I did not renew the policy some months ago."

"Then," I jestingly remarked, "you, at all events, are safe from any accusation of having set fire to your premises with the intent to defraud the insurers."

"To be sure—to be sure, I am," he rejoined with quick earnestness, as if taking my remark seriously. "That is quite certain. Some one, I am pretty sure, it must be," he promptly added, "that owes me a grudge—with whom I have quarreled, eh?"

"It may be so, certainly."

"It must be so. And what, Mr. Sharp, is the highest penalty for the crime of incendiarism?"

"By the recent change in the law, transportation only; unless, indeed, loss of human life occur in consequence of the felonious act; in which case, the English law construes to be willful murder, although the incendiary may not have intended the death or injury of any person."

"I see. But here there could have been no loss of life."

"There might have been, had not you, Mrs. Rivers, and Annie, chanced to sleep out of the house."

"True—true—a diabolical villain, no doubt. But we'll forget him out yet. You are a keen hand, Mr. Sharp, and will assist, I know. Yes, yes—it's some fellow that hates me—that I perhaps hate and loathe"—he added with a sudden gnashing fierceness, and striking his hand with furious violence on the table—"as I do a spotted tond!"

I hardly recognized James Dutton in this fitful, disjointed talk, and as there was really nothing to be done or to be inquired into, I soon went away.

"Only one week's interval," I hastily remarked to Mr. Flint, one morning after glancing at the newspaper, "and another fire at Dutton's farm-house!"

"The devil! He is in the luck of it, apparently," replied Flint, without looking up from his employment. My partner knew Dutton only by sight.

The following morning, I received a note from Mrs. Rivers. She wished to see me immediately on a matter of great importance. I hastened to Mr. Dutton's, and found, on arriving there, that George Hamblin was in custody, and undergoing an examination, at no great distance off, before two county magistrates, on the charge of having fired Mr. Dutton's premises. The chief evidence was, that Hamblin had been seen lurking about the place just before the flames broke out, and that near the window where an incendiary might have entered, there were found portions of several lucifer matches, of a particular make, and corresponding to a number found in Hamblin's bed-room. To this Hamblin replied, that he had come to the house by Mr. Dutton's invitation, but found nobody there. This however, was vehemently denied by Mr. Dutton. He had made no appointment with Hamblin to meet at his (Dutton's) house. How should he, purposing as he did to be in London at the time? With respect to the lucifer matches, Hamblin said he had purchased them of a mendicant, and that Mr. Dutton saw him do so. This also was denied. It was further proved, that Hamblin, when in drink, had often said he would ruin Dutton before he died. Finally, the magistrates, though with some hesitation, decided that there was hardly sufficient evidence to warrant them in committing the prisoner for trial, and he was discharged, much to the rage and indignation of the prosecutor.

Subsequently, Mrs. Rivers and I had a long private conference. She and the child had again slept at Elsworth's on the night of the fire, and Dutton in London. "His excuse is," said Mrs. Rivers, "that he cannot permit us to sleep here unprotected by his presence." We both arrived at the same conclusion, and at last agreed upon what should be done—attempts rather—and that without delay.

Just before taking leave of Mr. Dutton, who was in an exceedingly excited state, I said: "By-the-by, Dutton, you have promised to dine with me on some early day. Let it be next Tuesday. I shall have one or two bachelor friends, and we can give you a shake-down for the night."

"Next Tuesday?" said he quickly. "At what hour do you dine?"

"At six. Not a half-moment later."

"Good! I will be with you." We then shook hands, and parted.

The dinner would have been without interest to me, had not a note previously arrived from Mrs. Rivers, stating that she and Annie were again to sleep that night at Elsworth's. This promised result.

James Dutton, who rode into town, was punctual, and, as always of late, hurried, excited, nervous—not, in fact, it appeared to me, precisely in his right mind. The dinner passed off as dinners usually do, and the after-proceedings went on very comfortably till about half-past nine o'clock, when Dutton's perturbation, increased perhaps by the considerable quantity of wine he had swallowed, not drunk, became, it was apparent to everybody, almost uncontrollable. He rose—purposeless it seemed—sat down again—drew out his watch almost every minute, and answered remarks addressed to him in the wildest manner. The decisive moment was, I saw, arrived, and at a gesture of mine, Elsworth, who was in my confidence, addressed Dutton. "By the way, Dutton, about Mrs. Rivers and Annie. I forgot to tell you of it before."

The restless man was on his feet in an instant, and glaring with fiery eagerness at the speaker.

"What! what!" he cried with explosive quickness—"what about Annie? Death and fury!—speak! will you?"

"Don't alarm yourself, my good fellow. It's nothing of consequence. You brought Annie and her governess, about an hour before I started, to sleep at our house—"

"Yes—yes," gasped Dutton, white as death, and every fibre of his body shaking with terrible dread. "Yes—well, well; go on. Thunder and lightning; out with it, will you?"

"Unfortunately, two female cousins arrived soon after you went away, and I was obliged to escort Annie and Mrs. Rivers home again." A wild shriek—yell is perhaps the more appropriate expression—burst from the conscience and fear-stricken man. Another instant, and he had torn his watch from the fob, glanced at it with dilated eyes, dashed it on the table, and was rushing madly toward the door, vainly withstood by Elsworth, who feared we had gone too far.

"Out of the way!" screamed the madman. "Let go, or I'll dash you to atoms!" Suiting the action to the threat, he hurled his brother-in-law against the wall with stunning force, and rushed on, shouting incoherently: "My horse! There is time yet! Tom Edwards, my horse!"

Tom Edwards was luckily at hand, and although mightily-surprised at the sudden uproar, which he attributed to Mr. Dutton being in drink, mechanically assisted to saddle, bridle, and bring out the roan mare; and before I could reach the stables, Dutton's foot was in the stirrup. I shouted "Stop," as loudly as I could, but the excited horseman did not heed, perhaps not hear me; and away he went, at a tremendous speed, hatless, and his long gray-tinted hair streaming in the wind. It was absolutely necessary to follow. I therefore directed Elsworth's horse, a much swifter and more peaceful animal than Dutton's, to be brought out; and as soon as I got into the high country road, I too dashed along at a rate much too headlong to be altogether pleasant. The evening was clear and bright, and I now and then caught a distant sight of Dutton, who was going at a frantic pace across the country, and putting his horse at leaps that no man in his senses would have attempted. I kept the high-road, and we had thus ridden about half an hour perhaps, when a bright flame about a mile distant, as the crow flies, shot suddenly forth, strongly relieved against a mass of dark wood just beyond it. I knew it to be Dutton's house, even without the confirmation given by the frenzied shout which at the same moment arose on my left hand. It was from Dutton. His horse had been *staked*, in an effort to clear a high fence, and he was hurrying desperately along on foot. I tried to make him hear me, or to reach him, but found I could do neither: his own wild cries and imprecations drowned my voice, and there were impassable fences between the high-road and the fields across which he madly hastened.

The flames were swift this time, and defied the efforts of the servants and husbandmen who had come to the rescue, to stay, much less quell them. Eagerly as I rode, Dutton arrived before the blazing pile at nearly the same moment as myself, and even as he fiercely struggled with two or three men, who strove by main force to prevent him from rushing into the flames, only to meet with a certain death, the roof and floors of the building fell in with a sudden crash. He believed that all was over with the child, and again hurled forth the wild despairing cry I had twice before heard that evening, he fell down, as if smitten by lightning, upon the hard, frosty road.

It was many days ere the unhappy, sinful man recovered his senses, many weeks before he was re-

"The question now before the community for solution, is not so much in respect to the fact as to whether spirits do communicate to mortals or not; but it

is in respect to the grade of spirits which thus operate on the nervous systems of the medium."

Now the above fact is precisely the thing I want to know. As for the grade of spirits, I can easily satisfy myself in regard to that, after I am certain that spirits can and do communicate with us. Therefore, will Mr. Sunderland please to inform me how I am to know the fact in question? J. WILLIAMS.

SUNDAY MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

A large and interesting circle for the development of mediums, and for manifestations, was held at this place last Sunday, A. M. There were present about 125 persons. Dr. A. B. Child, in the afternoon, presented the evidence recorded in the gospel of Christ for a belief in Spiritualism. He defined Spiritualism as being the manifestations of spirit power and spirit intelligence to the children of earth. And the whole tendency of the teachings of Christ invited the soul to come away from earth, to set our affections on things above the fleeting, perishing things thereof on spirit, which is enduring and eternal. The whole life of Christ—his conception, birth, baptism, works, betrayal, crucifixion, death, resurrection, and appearance after death, were manifestations of spirit power and spirit intelligence. All the works of Christ were done by spirit power, while the works of Herod, the doctors, and lawgivers of the Jewish church, were done by material earthly power. One is a power that triumphs over time, death, hell and the grave; the other is a power that is uncertain, doubtful, and ends with time in death.

Mr. H. G. Cole made some appropriate and excellent remarks in confirmation of the views advanced by Dr. Child. He said that truth was the all-powerful influence that would save and redeem the world from sin and error.

Mr. Duncklee said that Christ had promised that he would pray to the Father, and the Father would send the comforter to earth, which is the spirit of truth, the holy angels, and when this comforter, which is angelic, shall be received by us, it must—shall testify of Him. He believed that when the spirit of truth should be recognized in our communications from spirits, we should see in Christ the only source of true spirit light.

In the evening Mr. L. B. Munroe, assistant editor of the N. E. Spiritualist, chained the attention of the congregation nearly one hour, with his first lecture before a public audience. He evinced a deep vein of religious thought and feeling, excellent scholarship and extensive, comprehensive and liberal views on the subject of religion. He is modest, unassuming, and humble, but his deep and earnest feeling carries every thought he utters, with its legitimate significance, to the comprehension of his hearers. He is naturally eloquent and religiously pleasing. His subject was the subtle, unseen magnetic fluid that pervades all created things, and the inevitable influence that one soul must have upon another when brought within its sphere, through the agency of this fluid.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

The State Fair, which is now open at the grounds on the Neck, promises to afford sufficient attractions to the lovers of stock, to draw them all to the city.

About two hundred entries of horses have been made, among which are some fine animals, a few of which are "Balbronnies," a splendid thorough bred stallion, recently imported by Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston; "Sultan," the famous thorough bred, owned by Phillips & Hammond, of Roxbury; "Trustee, Jr.," owned by J. J. Merrill & Co., of Roxbury; "Omar Pasha," a thorough bred Arabian stallion, owned by Capt. Codman, of Milton.

Dr. Hill & Son, former owners of the celebrated "Black Hawk," have two young stallions on the ground—"Oseola" and "Rip Van Winkle." The last named is destined by them to succeed his sire, old Black Hawk, in equine honors.

Mr. James F. Thorndike, of New England Village, will exhibit his fine stock of horses. Several fast horses are entered, among which are "Chicago Jack," and "Haf Road."

Eight thousand dollars in premiums will be awarded. The arrangements are perfect for a large display of cattle, sheep, swine, farming machinery, farm products, and everything which interests the class to which it appeals for support.

A REMARKABLE YOUNG LADY.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, whose notice to lecture in this city will be found in another column, if we may believe all the accounts we have read of her is one of the most remarkable women the world has ever produced. She is seventeen years old, of medium height, delicately formed and possessed of an ethereal beauty, which may not at once attract but enlist the admiration of the beholder by its deep absorbing spiritual. In ordinary circumstances she is simple and childlike to a charming degree, but on the stage, when laboring under what she believes to be the spirit agency, her flights of eloquence are bold, lofty, sublime and beautiful beyond description.

Having never attended school since she was ten years of age, it cannot be supposed that her education is of the most thorough character; nevertheless, she will discourse by the hour upon the most profound sciences, never lacking a word, never making a mistake, and never repeating what she has said before.

"Believe what you will of Mrs. Hatch's source of inspiration," says the editor of the Home Journal, "whether she speaks her own thoughts, or those of other spirits—it is as nearly supernatural eloquence as the most hostile faith could reasonably require. I am, perhaps, from long study and practice, as good a judge of fitness in the use of language as most men; and, in a full hour of close attention, I could detect no word that could be altered for the better—none indeed (and this surprised me still more) which was not used with strict fidelity to its derivative meaning. The practiced scholarship which this last point usually requires, and the curiously unhesitating and confident fluency with which the beautiful language was delivered, was critically wonderful. It would have astonished me in an extemporaneous speech by the most accomplished orator in the world."

Philosophers have heard her reason with astonishment, and orators have listened to her declamation with boundless enthusiasm. She has carried the New Yorkers by storm, and every one of her lectures in that city have been attended by wondering thousands; and frequently the streets have been thronged with a whole square with persons eager but unable to obtain admittance. The New York Journals have devoted whole pages to minute descriptions of her personal appearance, and elaborate reports of her addresses. Such is the new divinity—the "bright particular star"—now shining in the spiritual firmament, whom our citizens are to have an opportunity of seeing, hearing and judging for themselves.

Many a journey is found where you little look for

Correspondence.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow a "whimsical, visionary, impractical man" to guess at the cause of the present financial crisis? Know, then, that all effects in the natural world must have spiritual causes. If men's spirits were right, of course all their external and material relations would be right. But the spirit of the men of this world are most intimately connected with the spirits in the spiritual world. Now, then, we never have a revolution in this world—never have any movement of any kind, but what has its cause and origin in the world of spirits. Mind—I have said that the spirits of both worlds are connected, and when I speak of the world of spirits, you may, if you please, include the spirits of this world. But then, most largely, primarily, and originally, it is to that world which we must look—that world beyond, where all great movements, and indeed all movements—speaking in the main—commence and start, and which are ultimately in this world of nature.

Next, then, be it observed, that at certain periods of time, there are great judgments effected in the spiritual world. Hosts and hosts of spirits, who are more or less fictitiously established—who are not grounded in absolute good, but who are trusting to their faith, or their false appearances of good, and who are in grievous falsities grounded in evil, are judged and cast down. So, I apprehend, it is at the present time, and has been in previous times. These spirits who are predominantly in faith alone—who have not real goodness of heart, and who persist in living in this way, are explored, judged, and cast down from their false eminences. Their position is revealed to them as fictitious and unsound, and away they go into the destruction that awaits them.

The ultimate of this is experienced in the natural world. The "credit system," so erroneously extended; "paper currency," so miserably inflated; a deficiency of specie in the banks; and the thousand and one extravagancies of the day, correspond to the principle of "faith alone." It is a bubble that will burst as long as it is blown. It is doing business without a genuine foundation. The whole of this infernal credit system, and false paper currency, is the legitimate outbirth and correspondent of faith alone in spiritual transactions. And when such establishments are overthrown in the spiritual world, then all such corresponding business suffers in the natural world. Is it asked, then, what is the cause—the first and grand and primary cause—of the present financial crisis? The answer is—the breaking up of false establishments in the world of spirits. Or in plain truth—the want of specie in the banks there. Gold corresponds to good, and silver to truth. When the business of the whole spiritual world is conducted on these principles, then the banks won't fail, neither there nor here. But when a miserable and fictitious system of mere credit—faith alone, without any solid gold and silver basis, without any character, or worth, to ground such a system upon—when such a system prevails, then look out for breakers! All such paper is worthless at the bank of heaven, and in due time it must be proved so both there and here.

N. B.—There is more truth in the above suggestions, than in all the speculations of all the merchants in the land, concerning the cause of the present crisis. And "let those laugh that win."

VERITAS.

Dramatic.

THE BOSTON THEATRE has been poorly patronized the past week, notwithstanding the playing has been of the first order. Mr. Matthews has been the bright particular, and has fully sustained his reputation as an artist of the most superior kind. "A Curious Case," "Twenty Minutes with a Tiger," "Trying it On," "Used Up," and "Little Tiddlers," have been among the pieces presented, and in all Mr. Matthews has achieved new honors, with one exception, viz., as Sir Charles Coldstream, in the farce of "Used Up." His performance of that character was not as good as many others we have seen. Mr. Matthews never ought to attempt that part again. It is an injury to his reputation; and on the night of the performance, it was a very generally expressed opinion that it was a failure. In the "Game of Speculation," Mr. Matthews was "at home," and gave unmistakable evidences of the great artist. Mr. Matthews' engagement closed last week. There was quite a large audience at his benefit on Friday evening, and much enthusiasm was manifested.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE has done a very fair business during the stay of Mrs. Charles Howard, and her style of acting takes with almost all classes of theatre-goers. Mr. Proctor plays a round of his characters the present week. Mr. P. we consider a sterling, good actor, and one who never disappoints you in anything he undertakes.

The Marsh Troupe, at the Howard, have been patronized so well, whilst they have given the public some of their best pieces. They have succeeded well in their attempts at long comedies. "Don Caesar de Bazan" was given with very good effect; and the chorus, "When the muffled drum," was sung exceedingly well by the juvenile choristers. Master Alfred Stewart is a very talented little fellow. His delineations of Irish character are exquisite, and his rendition of "Marseillaise" is worthy of an older head.

We have some little fault to find with one or two of this young company. Miss Louise pitches her voice too high, and is too boisterous; it is painful to the ears of the audience. The result of this loud speaking is the rapid exhaustion of air from the lungs, followed by equally rapid inspiration of air, accompanied with a sound so unpleasant as to destroy the good effects of her acting, which would otherwise be produced. Little George gabbles through his speeches so, that it is almost impossible to understand the words. He should practice a slower method of articulation, in order that his acting may be effective.

MUSEUM.—The "Sea of Ice" has been brought out at this popular place of amusement in fine style, and has proved very attractive the past week, and bids fair to do so the present week.

They are having some very good performances in the way of singing at the "Howard Temple," so called, in Howard street. During the week there has been a band, (heaven save us for the expression,) not of music, but of men, each armed with a brass instrument, making most hideous noises, night after night, much to the annoyance of visitors to this place of amusement, which is directly opposite. If this annoyance is continued, and this band wish to practice with their windows open, they ought to be indicted as a common nuisance. If this really is a band

which is doing this, we hope the public will find out what paid it is, and when they have occasion for the services of musicians, direct their patronage in another quarter.

Mrs. Barrow will give a reading, entitled, "An Evening with the Poets," at the Museum, on Saturday evening next. These readings have been eminently successful throughout New England. A contemporary well remarks, that Mrs. Barrow's re-appearance in any capacity before a Boston audience, is an event that will be hailed with acclamation by a host of admirers.

The Pacific Coast.

The steamer Northern Light, which arrived at New York on the 16th, brings the California mails of September 21, and one million six hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars in treasure on freight, and 723 passengers.

The Northern Light left at Aspinwall the United States frigate Wabash, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Paulding, to sail immediately on a short cruise.

The State election returns (official), in most of the counties, show a majority for John B. Weller, the Democratic candidate for Governor, of 11,000 over both Brown, American, and Stanley, Republican nominees. The latter leads his Know-Nothing competitor 1000 votes. The Legislature is also overwhelmingly Democratic.

The people have resolved to pay the State debt due, by a majority of 16,000 against repudiation, but have also refused to call a State Convention to revise the Constitution.

A desperate duel was fought near Stockton on the 16th inst., between Col. Casey, of Merced county, and C. M. Blair, a resident of San Joaquin county. The affair originated out of a dispute regarding a young lady, of whom both were admirers. The parties fought with Colt's navy revolvers; distance ten paces; terms, each party to fire at option. Colonel Casey received four balls in the right side, two of which were mortal. Six shots were fired by both parties. Mr. Blair escaped injury, and left after the duel for his ranch, where he has since remained unmolested by the officers of the law. Casey died on the 16th.

Mining operations throughout the State are carried on as vigorously as ever. The various fluming companies on the rivers are getting fairly to work in the bed of the stream, and many of their enterprises are resulting successfully.

The crops throughout the State have generally been garnered in excellent condition.

Colonel Fremont had been in Mariposa, attending to disputes about his great claims there. On the 18th, at 9 30 A. M., lat. 31 N., lon. 79 W., fell in with the wreck of a ship, of about 500 tons, Eastern built, water-logged and deserted; foremast, mainmast and bowsprit gone; spars drifting alongside; name gone from the stern with the exception of "on,"—the termination of her port, metal letters; she had evidently been boarded, as her anchors, chains, sails, etc., were gone.

The treasure list per steamer Central America, (the lost steamer), shows a total of one million two hundred and nineteen thousand one hundred and seventy-nine dollars.

Seizure.—The dates from this territory are to the 5th. The Constitutional Convention was making rapid progress; and the more important reports had been under discussion.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Few further Indian depredations are reported. The arrival of the steamer Constitution, in Puget Sound, from between the various ports to which she is to carry the mails, was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people.

THRILLING SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Edinburgh Review, some time since, published the following experience:—

"We are acquainted with a gentleman, who, being unable to swim but little, ventured too far out, and became exhausted. His alarm was great, and after making strenuous, but ill-directed efforts to regain the shore, he shouted for assistance, and then sank, as he supposed, to rise no more. The noise of the water in his ears was at first horrible, and the idea of death—and such a death—terrible in the extreme. He felt himself sinking as if for an age; and, despondent, it seemed would have no end. But this frightful state passed away. His senses became steeped in light. Innumerable and beautiful visions presented themselves to his imagination. Luminous arial shapes accompanied him through embowering groves of graceful trees; while soft music, as if breathed from their leaves, moved his spirit to voluptuous repose. Marble colonnades, light-pierced vistas, soft grassy walks, picturesque groups of angelic beings, gorgeously plumaged birds, golden fish that swam in purple waters, and glistening fruit that hung from latticed arbors, were seen, admired and passed. Then the vision changed; and he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his own being from the first down of memory to the moment when he first entered the water. They were all grouped and ranged in the order of succession of their happening, and he read the whole volume of existence in a glance."

From this condition of beatitude—at least, these were the last sensations he could remember—he awoke to consciousness, and consequently to pain, agony and disappointment.

THE SUFFERERS.

It is estimated, on tolerably reliable data, that upwards of 11,000 laborers, have been thrown out of employment in this city and vicinity, within a few days, from the effects of the "crisis."—New York Paper.

To think of the probable suffering that is entailed on the poor by the derangement of business, is indeed lamentable. These 11,000 laborers—what is to be done with them? They number as much as the population of a respectable city. They are to go through weary days and nights of which they can now have no adequate idea. It looks gloomy enough at present to them; but each added day will be sure to make it look only gloomier. The better feelings of human nature will be appealed to through the whole of the approaching season, in a way that must be novel to every one for its extent and earnestness. But let no one forget that he or she can do a little. Something to eat, something to wear, a little employment now and then, a kind word, a smile—if nothing more—these will make those who give thrice blessed indeed. Let us entreat every one whose eyes rest on our words, to open his heart to the needs of others, and realize that we are all members of a common brotherhood.

Late European Items.

Steamship Asia, from Liverpool 8d inst., reached her dock on Saturday morning at half past eight o'clock. The Asia brings one hundred and thirty passengers and twenty thousand dollars in specie. She passed the Europa the afternoon of the 8d, the Baltic on the morning of the 6th, and the Persia the afternoon of the 7th.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The newspapers and correspondence by the overland mail had added a vast quantity of detail to the telegraphic news received per Atlantic, but few facts of importance are developed.

According to Prussian journals, the diplomatic agent of England in Germany and Belgium had given notice that the trade in firearms with India would no longer be permitted.

The gun manufacturers of Liege and the German States had been doing a very large business with Calcutta.

A proclamation had been issued in China announcing additional imposts on tea and silks. The foreign consuls appealed to the Chinese authorities against the increase, but without success.

The imposts levied upon opium had been increased from \$12 to \$24.

The United States steamship San Jacinto, and sloop-of-war Portsmouth, were at Shanghai on the 30th July, and the sloop Levant at Hong Kong on the 10th of August.

The Pays gives the following as the position of affairs at Lucknow. Nana Sahib arrived at Lucknow on the 1st of August, and was made Governor of the town and Commander-in-Chief of the army of Oude. He had out of the canals which supplied the citadel with water, and the English shut up in the fortress were besieged by him in person.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The official revenue returns for the quarter ending on the 30th September, shows a falling off as compared with the corresponding period of last year of \$89,000, owing to reduced taxation; but in every instance the receipts were in excess of the official estimates.

Reenrolling for the army was going on with much activity, the number enrolling exceeding a thousand a week.

LATEST.—The following dispatches were received at Liverpool just previous to the sailing of the steamer:—

London, Saturday morning, Oct. 3.—It is semi-officially announced this morning that it is intended to reduce the standard for recruits from 5 feet 6 inches for the cavalry, to 5 feet 5 inches; and from 5 feet 5 inches for infantry, to 5 feet 4 inches, the age to be extended to 30 years.

It is also announced that a further force of 10,000 militia is to be at once called out. This will raise the force of embodied militia to 25,000.

It is reported that Mr. Thomas Bently Locke, formerly a partner in the firm of Messrs. Harrison, Watson & Co., bankers, of Hull, has put an end to his life. The assumption is that the unfortunate gentleman was involved as a large creditor of the bank, or of the parties implicated in its failure. Mr. Locke was well known in Hull, and highly respected.

The total ascertained subscriptions from all quarters to the Indian fund do not exceed 100,000.

Sir E. Bering has resigned his seat for East Kent, and William Eades has again become a candidate.

The funds were prejudiced yesterday by large sales. The amount of stock thrown upon the market is stated as not less than 200,000, and the sales are believed to have been partly on banking account.

The demand for money is extremely heavy in all quarters, and the applications at the bank are extensive. The mass of bills falling due to-day are extraordinarily large.

The Busy World.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The mail train on the New York Central Railroad was thrown off the track west of Saratoga, evening of the 16th inst., in consequence of a piece of the road being washed away. The whole train, consisting of baggage car, mail car and four passenger cars, was thrown down an embankment of twenty feet, and all smashed. There were sixty passengers. Miss Brown, of Toronto, was drowned. Mr. Bronson, of New Britain, Conn., was badly injured, and died the following day. Twenty other passengers were injured, six of them seriously. The mail car and mail bags, excepting one, were burnt.

Since the crisis came on in New York, the clock-making houses of the city have discharged about 650 girls. A little over two weeks ago, the clock-maker's association could hardly supply the demand for labor. The bookbinders have discharged about 700, the sewing machine manufacturers about 210, the clothiers about 650, and other manufacturing establishments (miscellaneous), about 1900.

Col. Henry and Col. Rogers, of the Nicaraguan army, fought a duel with rifles near St. Louis, on Monday week, distance thirty paces. A the first fire Col. Henry received a very severe wound in the head, when his challenge was withdrawn.

The Governor of Maine has appointed November 19th for Thanksgiving.

A BOSTON SHIP FROZEN UP IN RUSSIAN TERRITORY.—Captain Turner, of schooner Lewis Perry, which arrived at San Francisco Sept. 15, in seventeen days passage from Petropavlovsk, reports that the ship Europa, of Boston, Capt. Robertson, had been frozen in the ice in the Amoor river for twelve months, and was got out just before the Lewis Perry sailed, and safely anchored in Castro's Bay. Some of her crew had gone ashore intoxicated, and were frozen to death upon the ice while lying upon it. Two others of the crew had their fingers frozen so badly that they had to be amputated, which rendered their hands entirely useless.

GOLD.—Some of the gentle who "ran" to the Banks after gold last Tuesday, are sorely puzzled to know what to do with it. We understand that sundry sums were hawked about the streets yesterday, and offered at last for one-half of one per cent. premium. The holders wished it had never been drawn from the Bank.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.—There are, at the present time, in this institution, seventy-nine children, thirty of whom are supported by relatives. The receipts of the year have been \$4188 05, which is \$1655 63 increase over last year. The new Asylum now in process of erection at the corner of Shawmut avenue and Camden streets, it is estimated, will accommodate between four and five hundred children.

Its cost is estimated at \$81,887. To pay for it the trustees have, estate on Purchase street, \$25,000; estate donated by Andrew Carney, \$12,000, and other assets \$3886 26. Twenty-nine thousand dollars have been already paid upon the building and land, and the debt on the Asylum when completed and occupied is estimated at \$21,886.

RIGHTS OF COLORED PERSONS IN THEATRES.—On Friday an important case was decided in our Superior Court, in which the right of theatrical managers to restrain colored persons from entering certain parts of the house was involved, and which was decided by the Court (Judge Abbott) in favor of the assumption of the defendant, that managers had the right to elect into what parts of a house a colored man may be admitted. The case grew out of the refusal to admit two colored persons to the Howard Athenaeum last winter.

On the morning of the 14th inst. a detachment of the New York Curb-stone army made a sortie upon us "down-easters;" but General Suspension drew up his forces in State street, and put the enemy hors du combat without suffering the slightest loss.

MILITARY VISIONS.—The City Cadets, Capt. F. Liebenan, a volunteer corps of New York city, intend visiting Boston in November next. The uniform of the Cadets is dark blue coats, light blue pants, and regulation caps.

Newfoundland papers deny the statement that the land portion of the Atlantic telegraph is abandoned, or likely to be abandoned. Indeed, a considerable outlay has just been made in alterations and repairs, and there is competent authority for the statement that there is scarcely any line on this side of the Atlantic which is so substantially built or works with equal facility.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM-BURDELL'S APPEAL.—In the Supreme Court, New York, on Thursday, Mrs. Cunningham, under the name of Burdell, entered her appeal from the decision of the Surrogate against her. The judge said, that until that decision should be reversed, she could only be known to the Court by the name of Cunningham.

BUSINESS IN MANUFACTURING TOWNS.—The Hamlet, George C. Ballou & Son's, Harrison, and Cook Cotton Mills, in Woonsocket, are now idle; the Jencks Mill will soon suspend; the Lyman, Bartlett, Harris, Clinton, and Social, are running on short time; the Bernon, Globe, and Smith Cotton Mills, and the Woolen Mills of Edward Harris, are running full time. The Slater Mills, of Slaterville, are running half time, as are also the mills at Millville, Blackstone and Waterford. The Millville mills will stop in a week or two. At Pawtucket all the manufacturing have closed except one, where a few hands are employed. At Central Falls they will stop as soon as the stock on hand is exhausted.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HARRY, Lessee and Manager. J. B. Vincent, Assistant Manager. Harcourt Balcony and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 7 1/4; performances commence at 7 1/4 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Return of the Market. The Theatre will sit at 7 1/2 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. PHILIPS, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2 1/2 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite to South. J. B. Vincent, Assistant Manager. Opening, August 31. Manager, J. P. Ordway. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 3/4 o'clock.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. J. 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. (4-25) Sept. 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—THOMAS GALES FORSTER, of Buffalo, will lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Mimes Hall.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission free.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Montpelier, Vt. Wednesday evening, October 21; in Burlington, Vt. Thursday evening, October 22; in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Sunday, October 23; in Milwaukee, Wis., Sunday, November 1, and in Fondulac, Wis., Sunday, Nov. 8. Friends wishing to subscribe for our paper, at the above, or other places, can do so through Mr. Chase.

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FENNETT HALL, Winthorpe street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

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

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

L. K. COOKLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

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

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

H. B. BRONER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

Mr. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Me., is authorized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street,) in a quiet and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers, at 5 o'clock P. M., and 7 1/4 in the evening.

Private circles if requested.

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

"Are these things so?" is the first question to be decided. Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence.

Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.

The Messenger.

which came proved to be a different person from the one invoked or expected; generally a stranger to the inquirer. Sometimes when the desired spirit came, it gave its name with difference, inserting perhaps, a second Christian name, where there ought not to be any. A studious person known to me, of highly nervous temperament and delicate health, was readily attended by several spirits, which readily answered for some time, and then became obstinately silent. At a subsequent visit, they came to him again, and entered into conversation. They were then asked why they had stopped short in their communications on the former occasion; to which an answer was given: "Because we feared to excite him." Many particulars of this kind could be told, curious on the assumption of the verity of the pretended phenomena; but in the opposite assumption, only interpretable as tricks or caprices of the Medium. The table has moved in Mrs. Hayden's presence, both in her own lodgings and in the houses which she has visited; but it has not been my fortune to see any phenomena of that kind in her case, excepting a very slight movement of a circular kind, such as could be easily produced by a person sitting beside the table and using either foot or knee for the purpose.

Such is, I trust, a candid account of the Spirit Manifestations, so far as yet introduced into London. It now remains that we should speak of the principal theories which have been formed on natural grounds intelligible to us, for the explanation of the so-called mystery. In the first place, your own hint that dollars are at the bottom of it all, will scarcely bear handling, since it is perfectly certain that Spiritual manifestations form an evening recreation in numberless private families in America, where money is not at all concerned. A lady sitting by my side, who left Boston less than a month ago, assures me she has been present at several seances in private circles, where the individuals were known to her as of the highest ranks in society in that city. This idea, therefore may be set aside. Then as to the mechanics of the sounds, we have had an hypothesis suggesting their depending on some operation with the foot, for which a very strong fire was necessary in the room. But at all meetings where I was present, the temperature was ordinary, and I must profess a difficulty in believing that sounds which so plainly appear to proceed from the board of the table, and which one will at one minute hear at one part of that surface, and at another time at another, can be produced by the foot at all. Moreover, a trustworthy friend has been present at Mrs. Hayden's, when eight different sets of sounds were going on at the same time in different parts, not merely of the table, but of the room. Therefore, if ordinary mechanical means are employed for this part of the alleged imposture, they must be of a more profound and complicated kind than have yet been surmised.

With regard to the alphabet-oracle, I have already mentioned the theory which occurred to my own mind after my first visit to Mrs. Hayden. I felt not the slightest doubt that the experimenter in that case, unconsciously gave significations on arriving at the proper letters. Though I could recollect no such acts on my own part in the communication with my brother's spirit, I could not be assured that I had not in this manner betrayed the date of his death, as well as his father's Christian name, while the mistakes regarding his own and his mother's might be assumed as caused by a misapprehension of certain pauses or accidental movements on my touching certain wrong letters. It was, I must own, a hard supposition to form regarding a lady whom I had met under sanction of the courtesies of society, and whose husband was by profession my equal; and it required little reflection on the singular nature of the thing held out to observation, to assure me that Mrs. Hayden must have made up her mind to encounter skepticism and all its consequences. I speedily heard of circumstances lending great support to the theory. A clever journalist, for instance, found that he could, by such significant pauses and movements, bring out any response he pleased, even including one to the effect that the ghost of Hamlet's father had seventeen noses, and another affirming that Mrs. Hayden was an impostor. A friend of my own, a scientific man of high reputation, inquiring who was the first man, did in the same way lead to the answer, "Brian Boru," this person being in reality an Irish hero of the eleventh century. On the other hand, the believers allege that, where such tricks are attempted, tricks are played off by the spirits in return, so that it is hopeless to realise the test which is sought for—a view to which we may, of course, attach as much importance as we please. I am at least satisfied that the assumption of proof of imposture through this means is premature, for I have seen the alphabet used successfully behind the medium's back, where only visitors were present; and I am assured that this is often done with precisely the same effect as when the alphabet is displayed on the table.

Previous to the appearance of the foregoing, (March 26th.) William Chambers wrote an article on the "Rappings;" giving a brief history of the phenomena at Hydeville, New York, concluding with these words:—"Ah! dollars, dollars, ye are at the bottom of it all!" which it will be observed Robert Chambers somewhat modifies in "Spirits Come to Town," and still more so in an article which subsequently appeared in the Journal.

During our stay in London we had the pleasure of meeting Robert Chambers on several occasions, and we most cheerfully bear testimony to his urbanity and many gentlemanly qualities. We were informed by a member of Parliament, who was posted up in the matter, from having seen the original manuscript that Robert Chambers was the bona fide author of that celebrated work, "The Vestiges of Creation," the authorship of which has been attributed to several distinguished literati; but thus far the talented author has succeeded in maintaining his *incognito* to the world at large.

STRIKING CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Dr. A. C. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Conn., claims to have, from a boy, possessed this faculty of perceiving by a clairvoyant sense, the interior conditions of the human system, pointing out its local and general diseases, etc. In his medical practice he has sometimes given diagnoses of the diseases of distant persons by holding a look of their hair in his hand. In order to put his pretensions to the *experimentum crucis*, Mr. William Clarke, of Westville, Conn., cut off a lock of hair from an ox that appeared to be ailing. The hair was taken from under the ox's chin, and so nearly resembled human hair as not to be distinguishable from it by any ordinary observation. This, without any intimation as to where he obtained it, he forwarded in a letter to Dr. Stiles, with a request that he should give a diagnosis of the condition of the patient. Dr. S., received the letter, examined the hair, and as the result of his impressions wrote substantially as follows:—"As for your ox, I would advise you to slaughter him, especially as I perceive that he is fat. He will not be able to work much more in consequence of a blow which he has received across the back, which has both injured the kidney and the spine."

Mr. C. accordingly killed his ox, and found in one of the kidneys and in the spine the evident marks of injury which he had received from a heavy blow or contusion—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

A restless sleeper is said to be like a lawyer, from the fact that he lies on one side, then turns and lies on the other.

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

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

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

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

W. E. Channing.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth forth the glory of the Father. We do not return to earth that our words may fall with a silvery ring upon the ears of mortals; we do not come to please the outer scene, but we come to benefit the spirit—that immortal part of man. We do not come to so fashion our communications that they shall be faultless. No! that which mortals criticize so closely—that which they look upon as coming from God, comes only from us, his humble subjects. And the children of earth must remember that they are his subjects also, and that we are not subject to the modern improvements among the children of men. Spirits of all classes return to earth to commune with mortals, and they sometimes find it exceedingly hard to control your mediums successfully, for there is ever an antagonistic power going out in the spirit world and the earth sphere; and the controlling spirit is first obliged to overcome that power ere he can manifest at all. And again we are obliged to govern the material, physical, animal nature of a medium, that they shall be our own, not theirs, for the time being.

Mortals are poorly aware of the vast amount of power that is exerted over the medium, in giving these simple, ungrammatical manifestations. And, as I said before, we do not come to elevate mortals in their notions of propriety, but we come to so elevate them in spirit above those notions, that they may praise God with pure souls, unadulterated by falsehood, with thoughts as high as God is high. And again, my dear friends, the spirit who descends to your plane through these material organisms, sending simple epistles to his friend or friends, may not be aware that it will go to the skeptic to be criticised. He comes with Truth, and gives it in all its simplicity—no pearls or robes of fine purple are needed to decorate Truth. No folly of earth can enhance its value, and henceforth it will not be clothed with it. The folly lived in earth—it is dead in our spiritual existence. Now we, as earnest, truth-loving spirits, do most earnestly entreat, nay, we beseech, those who are on earth, propped up by false notions, held up by English grammar, or classic lore, and that alone, to strip themselves of these bubbles, and come before the public and us, in the simple earnestness of truth.

When they send forth their ideas to us, we pray them, in the name of God, to send them to us unclouded. We ask no robes of purple or fine linen—but send us Truth, in the fear of God.

We have been charged with elevating our brother in the false scale of flattery. Now we do not come to flatter the children of earth. If we find them standing upon a high place of intelligence and purity, we shall tell them so—if we find them standing upon a level plane, we shall tell them so; for our God calls upon us for a true record of all we do. Oh, that mortals would only see that the pages of their own book of life may carry no blot to their Maker.

We come in obedience to the commands of God and the calls of the multitude, and ask to be received only as children of Truth. Oh, pray without ceasing, dear children of earth, and let your pearls of truth be cast upon the sea of life all unclad.

Jeremiah Agin, Boston.

The following was written, the influence not being able to control the vocal organs:—

I am strangely confused—can you tell me where I am? I want to speak—but I cannot; I am Jerry Agin. Charley Todd brought me here. Will you do me a favor? Go tell him I came—that I was at fault, and I ask to be forgiven. Oh, I do not want him punished. Will you do it? I cannot rest—I am very unhappy. I have been with this medium two days learning how to come to you. It was rum that laid the foundation of that trouble; Oh, in God's name, don't tamper with it. Tell John to lead a different life. Oh, my God, my God, how I suffer! Oh, pray for me! Don't neglect me, will you? Good day.

This manifestation was very affecting in its manner. That this was not in our mind, may be learned from the fact that we had come to the conclusion, from what we knew of the party, that he would not so soon be permitted to manifest, because we looked for a display of revenge, passion, and hatred toward the young man who has the misfortune of sending the deceased to his spirit home. The style is totally different from what we expected. Immediately after it came the following from

Wm. Whittemore.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. And it matters not whether the spirit inhabits a clay tenement, or has flown to the spirit's home. Knock and it shall be opened to you, whether you are in the earth sphere, or in those beyond earth.

The spirit who has just manifested has been freed from earth, and he sees his errors, and calls upon his God for mercy. He has taken the first step by returning to earth, and asks for forgiveness at the hands of his enemy. You may learn a lesson from this spirit which shall last you till you join him in the realms of light. Men may brand him with theft; they may speak harshly of him; they may stamp his memory with obloquy, but they look not at the God which shone within him, and, in spite of all they may say of him, he will go upward, for God has called him. He returns to bless, not to curse, to crave prayers for himself. Oh, then, see that your thoughts go up to God, asking blessings upon those in the sphere, and that those in the earth life may flee from sin; for by any prayer some poor benighted soul may find its way up to God. See how quick the spirit rises when it is freed from the thralldom of earth. Oh! then be charitable to the erring one, and chide him not, but seek to lead him above his temptations.

Friday, 16th Oct.

This was followed by the closing of the morning's circle by

Robert G. Shaw.

Heaven's high courts are echoing heaven's sweet songs of praise over the repentant sinner, and shall the children of earth be less happy, as one rises in the scale of love and harmony. Oh, learn, and profit by what you may learn. Your circle is closed by order of R. G. Shaw.

Ann Paul, Lowell.

I believe you permit strangers to come and send messages to their friends. I died in the year 1854, in Lowell; my name was Ann Paul, my disease consumption, and I wish particularly to communicate to my dear mother. I wish her to know I am happy, and that I would not return to earth again if I could. I wish her to know that I have often been with her since I died, and I don't want her to go to my grave and weep any more. It seems strange to me that my mother can't see me. She will weep over the body which is buried in the ground, while I stand by her side without her notice. I saw much when I first came here, which seemed so wonderful. Everything is strange, and every day I see something new

and beautiful. Heaven is everywhere I go. I never feel sick, never feel tired, never feel anything but happiness all the time.

I met grandmother here and grandfather, and have seen a great many people that I used to know, some of them very dear to me. I want mother to be very happy, for when I come to her and see her so unhappy, I go away and feel very sad. She will soon see and know much that I know. I feel very anxious about her. She thought something more might have been done for me—that the doctor might have saved me, but I know better, and that everything was done for me that could have been. When I knew I was dead I clasped my hands for joy, for I knew I should not have to die again. I knew I was with the angels and in a good place. Good bye. I will send messages to the rest of my friends soon.

Stephen Ferguson.

Did you ever hear of any body being dead and living at the same time? Well, I'm dead and I'm alive. I'm not happy, although I have been dead for mortal sight near twenty years. Yes, it's some where in the vicinity of twenty years since I left my old worn out miserable body, and I have sought to manifest, I'll be bound to say, a hundred times, and thanks to you, old fellow, for your help. You must excuse my manner, for I was rough on earth, and must be so now.

I have a great deal I want to say, but it is not fit for the eyes of the public. There was a great deal of scandal in private circulation, around among many of my friends when I died, that was false. I've got an old fellow assisting me, who came to see me when I was sick. I know him well on earth. Your Bible says it is hard for a rich man to enter Heaven. I left a goodly amount of money; cash, yes, it was cash, and that was the only thing that ever caused me hell.

I'll tell you how it made me unhappy. First of all, it was an avenue for me to walk through into all kinds of sin. Second, it brought me a handsome wife. I had the wife without the love—somebody else had that. Its true I knew all about it. When I lay upon my bed I said to her, I would like to have certain things done. Four weeks after I died, I was permitted to return to earth, and where do you suppose I found that wife? Well, I found her dancing—all right I suppose—but there was no mourning for me.

Money does not trouble me now, only I want them to know I am not dead. I don't blame my wife, only for one thing—she married me for money. She was a poor girl, and the old doctor here told her I should not live three weeks—she knew it. But promises should be kept. Now I had a cat—I thought a great deal of her, and she loved me; I don't know as I'm obliged to tell you, but it was so. Well, I asked my wife to take care of that cat, but when I went away, away went old Tabby. Now this may seem nonsensical to you, but it is not to me, and I must talk just as I feel here, not to suit you. You will, perhaps, say I have been standing still a good while, but I have not. I have been getting happiness all the time, and would not now return to earth if I could, to live there.

If I could talk to some persons on earth I should like to, and I could tell them a great deal which would be of service to them.

My name was Stephen Ferguson. I lived in Portsmouth, and died there. When you ask my occupation you ask too much, for during the latter years of my life I had none. Do you think it strange that I come back as I do? I was not old in years, but almighty old in physical infirmities. Yes, there was something mysterious in my last sickness—it was a little criminal and careless—a mixture—but there was a good deal said that was not true. I'm not sure I was hurried out of the world, but it's my opinion—take it for that. The old fellow says he gave me no medicine that would injure me, and thus clears himself of blame. I have never met him till now, and have had very hard feelings toward him.

I am down in my own estimation; you see I sold rum, drank it too. I've heard a good deal that has been said since I was dead, and alive, too, and it has soured me against all the people on earth. I thought I would come, and if you knew me by my talk, and was willing to recognize me, I'd shake hands. Eliza came to me—knew I had been unhappy—and said, if you will come here this morning you will see some one you know. I asked her if I could talk, and she thought I could. Well, I came here, and I saw old Kittredge—I knew he had gone from earth, but never met him. He said I could talk, and as I had often seen spirits manifesting, I wanted to, and his power and mine overcame the spirit of the medium, and here I am.

I saw old Mother Hoyt the other day, and she told me she had been here some little time, and said that she had been back to earth to communicate. My God! I said, you've done better than I. She wants to talk about her folks, and to them, but Kittredge won't let her. Good day.

A former resident of Portsmouth was with us at this sitting, and was much interested in this manifestation, inasmuch as the party was not thought of by him, and was the last person he would have thought of hearing from. He was but slightly acquainted with the spirit while in the form. The doctor he speaks of was Dr. Rufus Kittredge, of P., now in the spirit life.

John Henry Stephens.

This spirit manifested a few days before this, and we published in No. 1, Vol. 2, the result of the sitting. He stated he was drowned, that his body was given to the dissecting knife. We told him we heard he was decently buried, and that it was against law to give to physicians the bodies of strangers found dead, when unclaimed by friends. He said:—

I was buried, perhaps, after I was cut up. They lie as fast as a horse can trot. I knew I was dead—I knew I was being cut up. Nobody came to claim me, and I was given up. Now, if you think being cut up in six inch pieces, and then chucked into a box, decent burial, I don't.

The place where I was cut up was a small room—larger than this—There were four or five pictures in the room, representing some men who lived a long time ago. On the other side was a large box case—no carpet on the room—there were two tables, covered with canvas; in another place were all sorts of instruments, and a big rough box. There were seven men there; my God! if I could have got hold of them, I would have made seven pieces of each of them. Why? because I felt every stroke of the knife. Now, have you got children? Then suppose one of them was being cut up. Well, I felt just as you would, when I saw my body cut up. There was one old fellow there, much as seventy years old; he seemed to be foremost in the battle; he was bald-headed, cared no more about me than if they had been cutting up the carcass of a hog. I have not got over it yet. It was in a very large building.

I am not happy in spirit life at all; there are more attractions on earth for me than there are here. I came here before my time—don't belong here. I always did swear—how am I to get over it? Everybody was ready to kick me when I was on earth. I am ready to kick everybody now, that cut me up. There are two things I can judge on earth—rum and doctors.

I have seen that girl in Ann street, and written through her. Well, I suppose you did all you could for me, and I'll go now.

Betsey McDonald, Portsmouth.

Why, where's the children, Elizabeth, and Sally? They told me I could talk to them; if I came here. My name was Betsey McDonald; I died in the almshouse. If I had lived a little longer, I should have been 97 years old. I'm young now when I'm away from here. I was in Boston once. What's the year now? Then I've been dead some eight years. I want you to tell the children that I can come, and the doctor, too. His name was Dr. Boardman.

went to the almshouse because I wanted to go there. I lived in Water street once.

I come to Sally sometimes, but I can't talk to her; she's a good child. The doctor was good to me. I ain't seen him for years, nor the children; I go to them, but can't see very good. Elizabeth, Betsey it used to be, has got four children here with me. She married little William. Do you smoke? I don't; but I used to, and I see smoking things round.

Ann is here and wants to speak to you. Poor child, she used to love me once. I have not seen her for years before. She used to bring me things when I was very poor. I know her and remember when she died. I wanted to go to the funeral, but I could not go, but the children went. Sally's child, Sarah Ann, went too—she loved her dearly. I forgot much, but I think Sally's daughter married a Foster. My daughter married a Tripp, Ann says; but I forget.

I don't see you, but I see the spirits here, and I hear your thoughts. There's a wide difference between me and Ann. I was most 97, and she 30 when she came here, so there's no wonder she sees better.

It was difficult to make this spirit believe, she was not in Portsmouth, but in Boston; and when we asked where she used to live, she answered "here," but after many trials she gave us the name of Portsmouth. We have seen much to convince us that a spirit creates his own surroundings, and there is a wider and more important truth than is by many supposed. It is the only explanation we can give to what many persons would at once pronounce a falsehood. This spirit knew nothing of earth life but what she knew of Portsmouth, all her ideas were of that place, everything she had on earth was there, hence she could not divest herself of the idea that she was there, and no doubt really supposed she was.

Sept. 19.

Charles Hardy, to his Daughter and Friends, in London.

Some months ago, I believe, you gave me permission to come here. I told you then I was very unhappy. I took your advice, and have been steadily growing happier, till the time has now come when I can manifest to my friends on earth. Since then, one after another have come to me—some are below me, some are above me in happiness. My chief object in coming to you this morning, is to commune with my daughter Mary. She is the last of our family that remain upon earth. I expect, according to the common course of things in your natural kingdom, that she will soon come to me, and I wish her ears to be unstopped, and her eyes unclosed, before she comes. I wish her to be divested of that false pride which has ever hung around our family, and kept it from all that might have approached it. I have now been dead something like fourteen years. The first four years of my spiritual existence was passed in a sort of unsettled state. My disense was upon the brain, principally induced, probably, by a loss of this world's goods. I have often made the old front chamber, where I died, musical with spiritual sounds, through my daughter Mary, but she understands it not; needs it not. The time must come when she must understand it. The place seems changed—it looks desolate to me there, and when I see her plucked from that desolate place, I shall see her happier. My wife and nearly all my earthly connections are here. I would like to manifest to people I have in London. I have sought to do so, but have failed; I have been requested to, and have failed to do so. You must know I was an Englishman by birth. I have friends in London, by the name of Atkinson and Hardy. They are tightly caught in gold, and it is hard to get at them, but the great light that has been streaming all over the world, has reached them, and they are asking in secret, Give me some proof of spirit presence.

I have been there, and have done what I could, but it was but little. Something like four months ago, some of my friends in London were sitting at a table for the purpose of getting some spirit manifestations. May physical movements were made, but nothing intelligent could be given, and they said, if it be spirits, let them give us some proof, even if they have to go to America to do it. Now, the time has come, and I seem to be the one to lift the veil. Thank God for the privilege! I should be extremely happy if my daughter Mary would sit occasionally, that the many dear ones she has, in heaven, she says, may come to her, and give her proof of their presence. I will not urge her to do it, for the power about her will do that; but I earnestly hope that my friends in London will diligently search for proof of this.

Billy Carter, to his Father in New York.

I'm glad, glad I'm dead—was glad when I was sick, was glad when I died, too. I got fixed to come here nicely—mother fixed me right, and wants me to talk to father. I'll talk to him finely, too—he gets drunk; he licked me so I died, and God don't love him at all, and he won't love him at all if he drinks. My father was good, and smart, and nice once; but he got drunk, and then he whipped mother, and she died with quick consumption. He sent me once for a pint of gin, and I didn't go quite so fast as he wanted, and he struck me over the stomach so I vomited blood. I lived in New York, and father lives there now. He was in Brooklyn today, and carrying brick to build a new house. I want him to do good and be happy. Mother wants him to go to the little red trunk and get a letter she wrote to him before she died. He has never got it, and she thinks it will do him good to get it. I wished I could do before I died, and go to mother. I was the only child and was ten years old. I'm Billy Carter and my father's name is William Carter—my mother's name was Eliza.

I want to talk to father through this medium; I want to go to him. I want to tell him if he gets drunk much more, he will die and will not be happy. But if he will leave off drinking, mother and I will come to him and make him happy. I am happy—I don't have any sick spells now. I have all I want to eat and all the clothes I want, lots of little boys and girls to play with, and lots of flowers. I had one when I was on earth, but father got drunk and said I was always spending my money over it, and he kicked it over.

Mother says I must not hallow so, but I always did on earth—she is just as happy as I am. When I died she took me, and I was so glad to get to her. Oh, said she, Billy, I'm so glad you're come to me, but I am sorry you came as you did. I told her I was not sorry. Father took folks in the home nights and they used to fight, but nobody fights here, and there is no rum here nor gin. I used to sleep cold, nights: He had a quilt, but it was ragged some. I had none, but I had a straw bed and used to crawl into it to keep warm. Oh, I'm so glad I'm dead! I knew I should die, and I was so glad. My mother was born in New Hampshire, and father in New York State—she'll tell me what town soon, but she has gone to talk to somebody. She says she was born in Claremont, N. H., and her name was Eliza Wilson. Mother says I must go now—you'll let me come to you again, won't you? Perhaps you'll learn me something, and want me I shall learn you something.

Augusta McKeene.

No stone marks my resting place. My body sleeps beneath the sod, and there is nothing to tell you where it sleeps. But the spirit is often conscious of the locality of its body, until that body mingles to form something in the vegetable kingdom. Seven years ago I died of consumption in Boston, and the body I left behind slept in a place which was known to me on earth as Copp's Hill. Many a time have I wandered there, little thinking I should sleep there in body. I left on earth a husband, child, one sister, one brother, and a father. One of them has since come to me, yes, two. I say come to me; one has come to dwell with me—another has entered the spirit life, but does not dwell with me. I was 22 years of age. I have a brother in New York, keeping

what used to be called Daguerrian Rooms—where the portraits of mortals are taken. Now I might come feeling and if I were to look at things as many spirits do. But I thought much of me when I went away, and they cared so little that they never thought of putting a grave-stone over my remains. When I went away I prayed that the child might come to me, for I knew that those who were around me administering to my wants, were not capable of taking care of the little one. And I knew it would be so. And it did come.

My mother passed to the spirit land when I was about 15 years of age. My father was given to dissipation, and we children knew but little about him. After his death, I took charge of my sister, my only sister—she was then a child, a poor sickly child; dependent upon me for support, and I had ill health also. That child is now living and well and resides in Boston, Mass.—is now 19 years of age. I watch over her, and there is not a day passes in her natural existence that I do not draw near to her and influence her in some way. Oh, if mortals could only realize that we are guarding them, they would walk in far different paths from what we see many of them walking in now.

Oh, I would draw nigh to my husband, but too many obstacles are in the way. But the time will come when I shall do so, and draw him nigh to God. But now I must work silently with him, for reasons which, if you knew, I am sure you would say were good. My brother and my sister will see this and will know that I am not dead. I came to manifest to them particularly, to tell them I am happy, and that however hard my natural life was, my spirit is at peace.

Near the place where my body reposes, there was a large old-fashioned stone. There were two stones setting side by side, both marking the resting place of husband and wife, near the northeast corner of the burial ground. A small tree grew directly at the head of the grave—near by there was a small stone bearing the inscription, "Our Willie." Now my body sleeps between these graves. If these things remain there, you will easily see there is a grave, and yet no stone is there.

I was marveling whether I had better give you my maiden name, or the name I bore after marriage. I think it will be better to give you the former, the name I bore before intended. It was Augusta McKeene.

Elizabeth Mills, Providence.

It is now near ten years since I came here, and I have labored hard during that time to learn how to communicate and to obtain a medium; and when I came here this morning I was obliged to work harder than I ever supposed I should.

My name was Elizabeth Mills, and I wish to clear up some mysteries concerning my death. My husband's name was John T. Mills, and he is now living in Providence, R. I. All my friends supposed that I took Laudanum to commit suicide, but it is not so; I took it by mistake. I had no thoughts of dying when I took it, nor of its being what it was. I had two bottles sitting on my table, one containing Laudanum, and the other a preparation given me by a physician. At night I reached out and took what I supposed to be the preparation, and turned out about two ounces of it, and did not know my mistake until I found myself in the spirit life.

Now I lived an unhappy life, and made many unwise speeches about taking my life, but I had no idea of committing suicide. I was one of those sensitive people on earth, who could not bear to have anything floating about me that was evil, and I am the same now, and cannot rest until I have cleared up this mistake in reference to my death. My husband is now married, and has three children. I am not happy, because of the mistaken idea entertained about my death; but as I have set this right, I shall be happy now.

Sept. 29.

Mary McGinnis.

I want to get prayed-out of this place. My name was Mary McGinnis. I lived in Boston, and its most four years since I died. Dr. Clark will tell you, for he tended me for fever. I was in the Station house in Hanover street. I was picked up in the street and carried there. I can't pray myself out. My husband is now in East Boston. He won't get me prayed out. I knew Father McCarthy. It was cold weather when the watchman brought me. Capt. Savage fixed things right for me, and brought me good food. He's a nice man, and he brought me the doctor, but he wouldn't bring the priest. He said it was no good—but, poor man, he didn't know. Well, if I can only find a priest, I shall be happy. They told me you would send one to me, so I came.

Sept. 25.

This woman returns with the same anxiety to find a priest that she had when she left earth. It was the only way she saw of salvation, and she saw no other even after death. Lacking the comforts of her religion, she was unhappy, and could not therefore see beauty in the spirit world. These impressions must be obliterated ere she can be happy. We have met with several such cases, which show how strongly the religion of the church binds its votaries.

Ellen Wilkinson.

Love is the great magnet that draws the spirit back to earth, and a thousand times ten thousand spirits are constantly coming to earth, because drawn by it. I have strong ties on earth, so strong that death has failed to sever them. Once more I take possession of your medium to bear a message of Love to those I have with you. I will remember I came to you many months since. I told you my name was Ellen Wilkinson. I told you I came to bear a message to my mother, who was in sorrow, and, sick at heart. Oh, I have succeeded in casting gems before her. I have succeeded in plucking out the weeds, and the garden is blooming. I come to tell her that when she sometimes sits down, she wonders if I am near her, I would delight to manifest more brightly to her. Tell her to do her duty in all things; to draw to her by love; and all those that have wandered from the path of right; and tell her that nothing else will conquer.

Farewell; I only come to assure that mother dear that I have not forgotten her.

Eunice Spinney.

I have been here but a short time and hardly know what to say. I have many dear friends I would like to talk to. I died of cancer in the stomach, I have been told since I came here, and I wish my friends to know this. Everything was done for me that could have been done, and I am happy. This was not what my disease was supposed to be by the physicians who attended me.

I was a partial believer in Spiritualism, and had a sister who was a writing medium; but I only believed in part, though I saw many manifestations. I was a native of Nova Scotia. I have friends in Argyle, Yarmouth and Halifax, and many in Boston. I died very near here, but my body was carried home and buried beside the forms of those near and dear to me. My name was Eunice Spinney. I should have communicated to my friends before, could I have done so, but I have remained in a state of uncertainty and fear till the present time—now I am happy. I have a sister living on earth who is sick—very sick. She is a delicate flower, and they must be cautious, or she will soon come to me.

I cannot say more now—this is the first time I have manifested, but shall do better by and by. Oh, send messages of love to those dear to me, and to the one who was so kind to me during my sickness. Oh, I trust peace will ever attend those who were so true to me.

There appears to be a great wife manufactory in Indian Orchard, Mass. From the weaving room of the Ward Mill, in which an average of eighty per cent are employed, 187 girls have been married within two years.

