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AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

CASTLE OF THE SEA. A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Her voice is like the warbic of a bird,
"Her voice is like the warbic of a bird,
"The soft so sweet, so delicately clear,
"The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
"Without knowing why—an overpoworing tone,
"Whose melody descends, as from a throne."

Brown.

"She dwall amki the world's flark ways.

Pute as in childhood's knows.

And all her boughts are poster,
And all her world are inlyers.

Mas. M. E. Hawith

The Bark Virginia, from Philadelphia, and the Ship Mermaid, from Liverpool, anchored alongside each other in the roadstead of La Toma, one sunny afternoon. Un the deck of the American vessel stood Manuela Gonzalez, radiant with health and expectathe 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 Pepa ?" Frank Wylic and Nelly are gazing with moistened avel and releasing hearts, upon the lear, familiar, shores, the white, glistening beach, the prominent

beauty of Castiglio del mar. On the deck of the Mermaid 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 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 nale, but it seemed to be absence of feeling; exalted her countenance to an name Anita Fernandez, and he buy Custiglio del mar angel's screnity. Her large, dark eyes, so full and from Mr. Golding." deep and tender, were luminous with almost unearthly splendor; their questioning glances seemed to the old lady, Mr. Golding himself?" engerly quesread the soul they challenged into a revelation of it-tioned the English lady, whose manner betrayed conself; to call forth from flower and wave and star, siderable enxiety." the whispered teachings of their spiritual existence and hidden glory. Her smile was peculiarly sweet ver poor; Senora Agnes, she learn the Senoritas to and mournful: the jet black hair disposed in plain play piano, and sing. Ah! ver great pity! great

They have on board the passenger vessels, a large veloped in the folds of the national flag, they are first, and as the strange lady, seated in the arm-chair parted. was hovering above them, for a moment, Manuela met the glance of those unfathomable, glorious eves. Touching her husband's shoulder, she cried admi- bravely! Porto Sereno is a small town but a days ringly: "Oh! what a beautiful woman! what glo- sail from here; we will embark by the first opportuwith grey, but, oh how beautiful-how saint-like ever has befallen them, they are alive and well. The

. As the lady's companion descended the ladder, Nelly caught a glimpse of his face. She uttered a

"Bedad i if me eyes dosn't decave me, that's the erty!" same jintleman I seed at our Castiglio, Miss Agnes' best friend," she said, looking eagerly after the strangers, whose boat was rapidly making for the remember we are not yet certain. Tis but conjec-

In a few moments the Virginia's boat was lowered, and her passengers rowed to the landing-place.

They passed on to the Posoda del Leon, to rest. her husband and Frank to Puerto Sereno.

looking stranger, and the dark, majestic lady. Un Spirit voices bade me proceed hither, on my weariderstanding them to be English, Don Bamon cour some sick bed in my last tedious illness their voices toously, addressed them in that language, and intro whispered Go! seek health and strongth, and thou duced his wife and friend.

Era Golding's. At the close of the repast, when that the commanding figure and handsome face of

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 Cartiglio 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 hermotisina, Benor; ver fine place, my

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 tion, leaning upon her husband's arm, and holding reside in her old home? But her father and stepmother, and the old lady, where have they removed to? Are they no longer living there?" with much interest demanded the Englishman.

"El Senor miscomprehende. The familia Golding all go away. Miss Eva no marry Don Felix—all broke up. I see the Senor here in my hotel before once, twice, three times. You know the Senor Golding, youamigo, 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 commanding; there was something in the bend of 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 leasure in my possession ;" replie with the paleness of thought, or grief long borne and "especialmente if the Senor and Senora think it imhalf subdued; that beautified by an expression of portante. Dunque, the Signorina Eva no marry Don calm so profound it might have been mistaken for Felix; he marry three months ago one Creole lady,

But where—where are the family? Agnes, Eva.

"In Puerto Sereno, Senora. They be pabre now, hands on each side of the expressive countenance was pity; she so good, grand Senora, now have to teach intersected with many a silver thread, for she was la musica!"

a woman in middle life; and the rich fullness of her The lady sunk back in her chair, large tears coursqueenly figure, the lustrous eyes and coral lips, that ing down her cheeks. The voluble landlord constill wore all their youthful freshness, borrowed tinued :-

"Nobody know where Senor Golding gone: busithat freshness and radiance from her spirit's ness all close up long ago; many people lose much money; is one ver great pity, for he one fine Senor. arm chair, which is kept expressly for the convenience amigo yours. Old Senora ver sick, and no able to of lady passengers. Securely seated in it, and en- promenade. Miss Eva she help teach la musica, and no married yet, dunque, Senor, I give you all the inlowered from the deck into the awaiting boat, thus formation I know; and if the Senor and Senora will rendering the descent far easier than by the incom- excuse me, I go see to my business. Your most modious ladder. The Mermaid's boat was lowered obedient servidor!" and, with a low bow, he de-

"Dearest Emilia!" said the gentleman to his companion, "bear up! bear up, my sister, even against and a sweet smile wreathed the finely chiseled lips. this disappointment; you have borne up so long, so rious eyes! she is not young; her hair is tinged nity; and fear not but we shall find them. What rest can soon be remedied."

"Oh!" cried Emilie, fervently clasping her hands. and casting an imploring look to heaven: "My hasty exclamation : Frank looked at her inquiringly, child! how shall I meet her! in sorrow and in poy-

"Dear sister!" said the affectionate and sympathining brother, kissing her, lofty brow, "You must ture on our part. After all, Eva Golding may not

"She is, she is my child!" cried Emilia. "Oh. Malcolm! Spiritual intuitions never lead astray. awhile, and send the news of their arrival to their For years my dreams and waking visions have picpeople at the Palma Sola. It was Manuela's intentured to me a tropical scene—like this; the palm tion to leave her child with his old nurse, Peps, and and cocos drooping over a sanded beach, that was her favorite woman, Dolores, while she socompanied layed by waves as blue and musical as these. The white walls of the mansion you peinted out to me At the dinner table, they sat opposite the mild- this morning-it is, it was my own child's residence. shall find thy child!' When I recovered from that Manuela started at the first sounds of the lady's illness, and you told me of the inmates of that house, voice; the clear, musical, peculiar tones were so like I knew that the search of many years was endedof the young girl, whose soft voice had startled you an' Miss Eva a slapin on the bed, as white as a wax child of thy every thought.' Oh, Malcolm! beloved, is makin' yet heart ache too, bedad!" faithful, much enduring brother! for years I have hoped and prayed, for years we have traveled and Nelly regarded her with pitying admiration. sought in vain! But now my presentiments are strong and real-I shall meet my child! But she, soul yearns to look upon her food!"

"All will be well, dear Emilia! I share your oon return."

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

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

"Misther Mackensie—the Lord bless you, sir, for the best friend me young misthress iver had in the wurld," 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 Eys for many years. Nelly, this lady is my sister; she takes a great interest in all relating to your coully. I will leave you together, while I go to see that your passing to

Nelly dropped a respectful curtesy, and stood gaz ing 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 dis. call folks names any more, as she user to, an' is tended 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

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

"Oh, my leddy!" cried the bewildered little woman, dropping her eyes and a still lower curtesy, "I beg's yer pardin for appearin! so onmannerly fornist ye, but yer swate voice sthruck me so! It's list like who have lived with her so long. Tell me!" our Miss. Eva's, for all the wurld, an' in listenin' to ve. my leddy. I thinks I was a hearin' her spake. shure! Plase forgive my onmannerliness, dear leddy!" and Nelly looked pleadingly, searchingly,

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 fales jist like Miss Eva's, so soft, and taper like, an' ve has the same look outer yer eyes, my leddy, only her's be sich a beau-tiful grey, an' yours'be black : an' ve smiles like her, my leddy, an' mebbe"-Nelly

"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 liberthy,

my leddy—as how you might be related to my dear young leddy, though I never hearn 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 Castiulio del mar, Agnes' logarante devotion to her step daughter and enfeebled nother in law, the young Eva's heroically borne sorroy and altered lot.

"Ye sees, my leddy!" said the warm-hearted Nelly, "it's to yersel' I'll be aftler tellin' all, a relavin' my heart and sowl, bedad! for I knows the lintleman, yer brother, is a thrue friend to me young misthress, Miss Agnes. Well, ye ledy, my leddy, our Miss Eva wur promised to a fine lookin, smake-eyed Creole jintleman, Don Felix Rivero he is very handsum, shure, and he's got big manners, an' time grate big wurreds outer the dickertionary, but Nelly niver liked him, my leddy, an' diers called him snakeeyed, so me did! Miss Eve, the darlin', she loved him dearly, purty young imposent crayther she is, burning on the table, "does she ever speak of her bedad! an' he spoke jist like an angel forninst her. poethry and flower langwidge an' sloh like, an whin out'er her sight, bedad! but he wur a divil, savin' ver presence, my leddy! Well, thin, the masther Misther Golding, he wur gote on a jirney, an Miss Eva was to be married on the sixteenth of Aprel, an' so the mastherwrites as how we war all to git ready an' see Miss Eva married widout him, as he wur bothered wid bisness an' couldn't come. An'so Miss Eva. the darlin', the avenin afore the weddin', dress. be up in her bride's dress, at white saten and purrels, to them all, why did you leave them? You speak of an' looks as lovely as an adjust his an' the ould leddy helps her to fix the value of flowers, an' she goes on the versular to entire the Don Fellx. Increase it was him as having seen long without you."

"I—I—it isn't me place to be a braggin' bout messel," she replied, with a faltering voice, tears it was him as had conseding to darked as so for to pathering in her mild, hasel eyes, "but I wouldn't place him. Well, honey "Stone" and Market and the thought originately forming yet my leddy, for

your Agnes' husband, could be no other than the manes-I knews nothin' till next mornin', whin Miss Maurice I had known and loved—my cruel husband, Agnes comed inter the ould misthress' room, an' sez the father of my only child! As you drew the por- Don Felix insulted our Miss Eva wid improper langtrait of the old lady, I recognized my mother-in-law, widge, and refused to marry her. The ould miserect and pompous, and as stand of estentation as thress stormed and raved, an' bedad! she tould Nel-ever. I had never described either of them minute. ly all, an' whin I goes inter Miss Agnes' room, me ly, and you had given up the search as fruitless, sees the rich dhress all in a heap flung over a chare, after so many disappointments. When you told me an' the orniments and the purrels a strewin' the floor, by its similarity to mine, my soul's echoes respond himage, wid big tears a droppin' from under her ed—'Eva is your child, the beautiful maiden blos. shut eyes. My leddy, it narely broke poor Nelly's soming in that far tropic land is your own Eola, the heart to see the swate, sufferin', purty lamb! an' I

The lady had covered her face, and was weeping.

"Oh!" she sobbed; "so young, and so severely tried! she, too! and so early in life, to be visited by she mourns me as one departed! I dare not present | the cruel experiences, the blighting disenchantments myself suddenly—yet, oh, heavenly Father! how my | 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 faith and your presentiments. Was not my own trust that my ---- that Eva did not give way to deheart powerfully attracted towards that young girl? spair for one so unworthy! He to discard her! to But come, do not agitate yourself any more—your endeavor to crush her pure, young, trusting heart! health is not yet fully established. I will go and to use insulting language to her, on whom I would see about a vessel to take us to Puerto Screno. I will not have a summer's breath fall—but in blessing! Oh! he must be a villain of the deepest dyc. 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 cruck unmanly descrition?"

> "I hearn, my leddy, it wur bekase Misther Golding had failed, as they calls it, an' couldn't pay the young leddy's dowry; an' before that, the musther had sowld the house an' all as wur in it, furnitur an' silver, an' picthers, an' all the fixins—for we lived ilegant, we did, my leddy! he sowld all to that snakeeyed, haythenish Don Felix, an' he jist comed one mornin' wid a one-eyed, divil-lookin' of a liever, an' brunged the deed, as they calls it, an' we knowed as the Casthle wur his, and his fly-away sister's, shure! Thin, my leddy, the poor ould misthress wur tuk down wid a paraclytic sthroke, all for the fright an' botheration, shure; now she's as helpleas as a baby. Miss Agnes picked up her books an' meusic, an' a for rattle thraps of herd, an we tall comed away to Puerto Sereno, an' fixed onrsels' in a wee bit of a house, no more comfortabler nor some of the nagurs' huts about the Casthle. But Miss Agnes and Miss Eva the two darlins', behaved like angels: musha! but they sit out taching meusic an' dhrawing, an' me ould misthress is quite broke down, an' don't quite mild an' religious like, iver since the night of the big storrum, as nearly kilt us all on board ship, agoing to Puerto Sereno."

Emilia was pacing the chamber in strong excitement, her check 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,

"Is it the young misthress, Miss Agnes, ye manes. my leddy?"

"No-I know her. I soon shall see her, that no ble, 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 rap-

"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 leddy!" replied Nelly; "she's as good as a angel, bedad, she is ! she sez her pray'rs 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 tinder a heart as any saint in Paradise, an' she ain't proud, nuther. Bless you, my leddy I she's like a little child wid them she loves, as obsdient as a lamb to the ould misthress. shure. But whin anybody spakes wrong, or sinful ly, or tells a lie-howly saints defind us I we should see her then, my leddy! Her eyes sparkles an' blazes like lightnin' in the heavens, an' ye can't look her sthraight in the face, musha! that ye can't, to save ver sowi! 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! niver heerd her complain. though me's seen her crying so softly whin she thought no body was about, the darlin'!"

"Tell me, Nelly," said the lady, scating herself, and shading her eyes from the lamp, which was mother?"

" Yes, often, my leddy. I heerd her tell Miss Agnes one day, how she dramed 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 leddy, wid soft, shadowy eyes, she sed, an' a wearin' a dark dhress, jist like yersel, bedad, my leddy!"

Emilia warmly pressed Nelly's hand. "But" said she, after a pause, " you appear so devotedly attached

Nelly's heart is dhrawn 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, unedicated crayther, my leddy, 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 misthress, Miss Agnes; an' I heerd say she wur a goin' to Europe, so I thought if I found her, an' she heard of her friends' distresses, it wad be right back sthraight home she'd come, an' take Miss Agnes an' the young leddy, an' the poor ould misthress to live wid her in the Palma Sola, that's a sight grander than our dear old Castiglio. So I made a scuso to the family, an' comed over the big san; an' waited four months in Philadelphy for the Senora Gonzalez, for they were a travelin' wid a young jintleman 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 leddy, shure enough."

"And you have returned with them?" Nelly polded

"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, leddy;" 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 betther for me to go back to them, as they must think me ongrateful as a haythen; but then me spent part of the money as wur to pay me passage: an' me ould misthress requestered me, wid prayers and tears, on my sowl, to deliver a scrap of letther she guv me, to Misther Frank Wylie, so I waited 'till they comed, my leddy."

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

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, gleaming 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, cornest 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 solfish 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 leddy!" she faltered, "ye knows a good deal: ye rades the heart; an spakes like one as foretells the time a comin'; an' ye knows that Nelly is thrue to thim she loves, an' dom't wickedly hate a sowl. An' will ye forgive me for makin' se bould ab' will

Emilia rose, and winding her arms around Nelly's neck, whispered in her car: "I am her, mother, Nelly!" Pushing back the lady's hands, she gazed intent 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 soulreading 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 Endia, 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 leddy! Nelly is too happy to see this you is Miss Eva's mother, as I thought war in Paradise! Oh, but I've often prayed to ye, my leddy. thinkin' you were 'mong the angels! Blessed be the howly saints for iver an' iver! An' it's mad wid joy me was forninst ye, misthress, honey! leddy dear! Miss Eva's own darlin' mother, as ye is! An' now the swate, purty, young, sufferin' lamb, wull come out of her throubles; an' me purty, young misthrees, my leddy Agnes, too, as wun as good as mother to our darlin'; an' me poor, sick, ould misthress, too! She wur iver so wicked agin Miss Agnes one time, but now she's an old angel an' no throuble, barrin' the sickness. Oh, my leddy! but she loves ye too, she allers cried whim the 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 sarve 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 neavenly beatitude.

"Yes, yes! you beckon-the spirit banners unroll! ye becken across the sen-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 thimselves," 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 Eya's relationship to herself, until she should obtain. the pecessary proofs enter the best full severed to

Manuela was enraptured with the manners and friendly advances of the English lady, her husband English. and Frank acting as interpreters between them. passage together in the first vessel to Puerto Sereno. When they were about retiring for the night, Emilia recalled Frank Wylie, while Mr. Mackensie carried the little boy for Nelly, to his mother's apartments. and then lingered awhile on the moon-lighted bal-

man. She had won his love and confidence; and, ther, let us go-the atmosphere here has grown kneeling at her feet, while a noble pride and a oppressive, as with an evil presence. Farewell, becoming modesty crimsoned his brow, he confessed Senora," she said, turning to Anita; "be happy, if to her his life's most sucred aspirations, his youth's you can; I desire you no harm." Without a word, most fervent hopes, and pure desires, his unalterable, undying love for Eva! Confessed all to her, whom and self-possessed manner, she took her brother's that day he had met for the first time; and she, arm, and passed down the broad stairway, followed bending over him, laying her hand in benediction by old Sacarro, who received a liberal compensation 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 husband, with a dark frown, and a contemptuous forest's odorous message, and the garden's sweetest glance at his wife, 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! are not meetings in this world of change Sadder than parting oft?" Mrs. HEMAN

The next morning mine host brought the welcome ntelligence 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 young Dolores accompanied the master to the hotel, too, without inquiring whether the English lady yours." were maid or widow. Frank blushed, but soon turned her bantering into another channel.

Nelly, much to her own embarrassment, was which arrangement Manuela Gonzales fully acqui- they signalize the vessels." esced; 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 I implore you!" would have bestowed on the little woman, silks and satins, and fineries innumerable; but here, Nelly her crazy to dhress in flounces, and sich-like fly nways. She wasn't agoin' to forget hersel' altoge. ther that way! 'So she accepted a black silk dress sweet, good humored voice.

absent, with his wife and sister, Emilia prevailed on the terrors of the tempest. He assured the Senora had so long been the home of her child. The morn. San Antonio, and the "Virgin of Mercies;" descanted ing was deliciously cool, the sky unclouded, and the upon her merits and fast sailing qualities, and ansea bright and peaceful, as they rode towards the nounded, with much satisfaction, that her cabin had castle. Old Sacarro, who lived in a little cabin close been enlarged, and he felt certain that the ladies by, seeing a lady and gentleman dismount at the would be enabled to pass the night comfortably on garden gate, hobbled up to them, and in expressive board. He shook hands heartily with Nelly, welpantomime offered to show them through the house. coming her back to Venezuela, and, with many obei-Old Sacarro was feared by the superstitious negroes; held in especial dread by Don Felix, mulatto house-room, vowing, as he went, that the tall Senora was old negress appeared. She dared not, therefore, refuse when Sacarro led the strangers to the marble man a witch, and her half intelligible mumblings, and strange contortions of face and body, she deemed sufficient proofs of diabolical possession; therefore owing to the strange lady and gentleman, she suffered them to pass on unquestioned. Mumbling a and sublimity, grandeur and repose; the balmy air, few words of broken English, old Sacarro hobbled how fragrant! The blue sea murmured its awakenon before, and led them to hall and balcony, through ing hymn; the wind-stirred leaves, the nodding sleeping chambers and oratory; everywhere the crests of the majestic cheoa, the salutations of the sweet poetic taste of Agnes was displayed, but the fan-like palm, the mingling odors of a thousand symmetry and arrangement was much disturbed; flowers responding. Deep forest depths and shadowy carelessness and extravagance had usurped the place mountain passes beckening to contemplation and of refinement and order.

her quick ear had caught Sacaroa's explanation, that with a silver brightness the white beach glistened in this was the Senorita Eva's own room. Seated in the same chair, on the same spot, where the young clouds. On the distant, sea-bound horizon, lingered girl had often sat and pondered, the mother's yearn- shadows, but light and radiance beamed overhead, ing 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-encircled verandah 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

Malcolm Mackensie had never beheld Don Felix, Emilia. She knew at once the heartless deceiver, Figure Biles Don Remon and Manuela, followed by Donna Isabella. Mackensin simply announced him waying grass and leaves, and bought the ocean's Frank Wills. satered the room. Mr. Mackensin self, as a friend of Agnes. Fmills, still fixing, her greeting to the mountain sanguary. On the rugged,

soon joined them. Nelly had taken charge of the stern glances upon Don Felix, seemed to read his little Ramon, and sat beside him on the sofa very soul. He paled beneath that searching gaze, and, to cover his embarrassment, addressed her in

She replied, with a few words, that meaningless They were gratified to meet with one who had known to the rest, caused the coward and libertine to quail Agues in her native land. They agreed to take 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 hiready 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 Emilia held a long conversation with the young Sereno. My name is Emilia Mackensie. Come, broor a glance towards Isabella, with a queenly step 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

"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 plantation, and ordered the house to be prepared tune, left the loving couple to themselves. Let us for their return, and for the accommodation of the leave them to the fate they have merited, and return friends they would bring with them. Old Pepa and to those that interest us, for the love we bear them.

"Malcolm," said Emilia, that afternoon, to her and with many demonstrations of joy embraced brother, I feel an intense desire to explore one of their mistress and the little Ramon. Emilia and those mountain pathways that lead from the Castle. Manuela were much together, even her husband I have had a strange dream relating to that locality. day! Blessin's on all the saints in glory!-and so f noticed the peculiarity of her voice; and all spoke I should have spoken to you this morning about it, of the forthcoming days of joy, when Agnes would but the sun was getting too high. Let us go this again meet with the friend of her youth, and become afternoon, or very early in the morning. Do, dear acquainted with his sister. Frank Wylie watched brother, indulge me in this fancy. I have a presenevery motion of Emilia's, hung upon her every word timent, strong and vivid-but I dare not tell you so intently, that Manuela smilingly told him, she what it is-and, Malcolm, let us go alone; do not feared he was becoming unfaithful to Eva, and that, say anything about it; I desire no one's company but

> "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 obliged to take a sent at table beside Emilia; in to climb the 'Telegraphic Hill,' as 'tis called, where

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

"I will order our mules to be saddled immediately after the first breakfast," replied her brother, lookstood her ground, declaring that "people would think ing anxiously into her more than usually pale and

serious countenance.

The little Captas 1f2 the terig that was to convey them to Puerto Sereno called upon his passengers at from which she took off the flounces, and all the the hotel, desiring them to be ready to embark at superfluous trimming. Thus attired, with a neat sunset on the following day. It was our old friend ace kerchief folded over her bosom, her rosy face Rodrigez, and the brig Catalina, long since repaired beaming with modest smiles, her light brown hair and newly decorated, was to convey the mother to simply parted over her benevolent brow. Nelly O' her child. Emilia conversed long with the garrulous Flanigan looked the true little lady; despite of the old Captain, Frank Wylie acting as interpreter. The sometime queer and unrefined figures of her speech; mother listened with a throbbing heart and paling for her oddities of expression were delivered in a cheek to the old Captain's recital of that night of storms, of the courage and resignation displayed by Hearing that the owner of Castiglio del mar was the young Eva, and her beautiful step-mother, amid her brother to accompany her, to view the spot that that his vessel was under the especial protection of sances and offers of unbounded service, he left the keeper, who devoutly crossed herself whenever the as gracious as a queen, and might be some English Duchess in disguise.

The next morning, the mules being duly saddled staircase, and expressed her intention of showing at the appointed hour, brother and sister started off them through the castle. She thought the old wo 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 rest, inviting coolingly the world-tired wanderers' Emilia paused awhile to pray in Eva's chamber; feet. Light skiffs darted 20ross the blue, calm waters; the sun-rays, breaking athwart crimson and purple penetrating more and more the dense depths of shade formed by giant foliage and interlacing flowers, along

the sca-girt 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 frigrant 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 tangling weeds, obstructed by overlanging rocks, skirted by beetling precipices. The lindscape grew wild-sublimely beautiful! amid its sterner elements, yet retaining some features of ripose and calm. The towering mountains and overhanging, jutty rocks were clothed in the eternal verdire, the gem-like green of that bounteous clime; natural bowers, whose dense shade seemed fitting for the abode of forest elves, but it was not necessary for Sacarro to name him to thick groves, erected there by Nature's hand, were vocal with the matin songs of birds, the shrill cries that had won her pure child's love with his seeming of troops of parraquets and flying vultures mingof great and noble attributes. As he approached, ling with their harmonious strains. Impenetrable surprise and displeasure upon his countenance, she foliage, thickly clustering, gorgeously hued flowers, controlled him by her fixed, unwavering gaze, bind- decked the far-stretching precipies that spread being him in a respectful silence, subduing into sub- low, over which floated the morning's lightest clouds, missive attention the haughty Anita, the flippent far, for beneath. A cool, delicious breeze stirred

uneven ground, glistened shining peobles, wined "Emilia," he orled pressing her hand to his lips, with gold and blue; the penetrating sunlight flashed while tears raised from his once proud eyes, now souls communing, but their lips at rest.

Prayer and adoration was in the heart of Malcolm Emilia forward; the tranced expression was upon her face, her soul was in communion with unseen intelligences. A bend in the road brought to their foring, innocent wife !-- forgive, oh, forgive." view the straggling town of La Toma, with its quaintly built houses, and intersecting bridge, its trees. The blue sea, visited by the joyous sunbeams, in the midst of so much sorrow!" danced with a spirit's lightness; the intense blue of the dazzling sky enfolding the smiling picture of a ling earnestly upon Malcolm. charmed and peaceful life. From their elevated powrapt in shadow, clouds floating far beneath them, 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 roseda and crimson blossoms nestling amid the wild, white beauty of the orange buds and flow-

Malcolm anxiously scanned the countenance of his sister. It was pale and rigid, her brow was 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 cure 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. tently upon the ashen face, and said, in low, manifest tones-" Is it thus I meet thee, Maurice! Thus

She shed no unavailing tears, poured forth no rash 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 unclose. Fortunately, I have some cordial with me, directed soul, is it thus we meet after so many deeply. 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 sympathise 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 wo man: none of the anguish of lingering love threaten ed with its nigh bereavement. Emilia went 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-dedi cated 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 scraph's breast, or pearled in tear drops from a scraph's eye, held watch above the wounded man. Tenderness and forgiveness spread their augel 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, aghast 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 lins. Emilia, strong in faith, continued her magnet ic passes; the painful rigidity of his features relax ed. his moanings ceased, his dark grey eyes unclosed. He gazed around in bewilderment.

Emllia 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. Mackensie ?" 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 press ing his hands; there was a grateful pressure in re-

"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 forchead? It cannot be Agnes'-nor my daughter-they do not] know—they are far away—ruined—disgraded—impoverished—through me !—Thank God for the fallthat 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" resombles 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!" oried Emilia, throwing her veil aside, revealing her pale, compassionate face, with its dark, lustrous eyes bent in tenderness and forgiving pity upon the prostrate

Texast the char, must sel, pointless on one or veries blight coars with the state of the month of the class of the repost, when the coarmanding figure and handson then of

while tears raiged from his once proud eyes, now on hidden garnets, embedded in the mountains, side. alas! so dimmed, by illness and remorse! "I knew They rode on in silence, brother and sister, their you were yet living-I heard at times-Emilia! I will atone-I will restore thee Eola, thy child-but say you forgive me !-tell me_that you say so-not Mackensie; a spiritual influence seemed to urge in pity to a dying man-but from the depths ofyour pure-loving-elevated soul! Emilia-I have sinned grievously !- but most against theo my suf-

" From my soul, I forgive thee, dear Maurice! Here is my brother who feels toward thee as a friend. We wharves, and the distant vessels anchored in the have come to this country to find my child; from roadstead, all gloriously illumined by the risen sun; what he has told me, from my own spiritual premothe far extending line of forest upon the sanded nitions, I have become convinced that Eva Golding, shore, nodding its morning salutation, and the white as she is called, is my child, my long wept-for daughwalls of Castiglio del mar gleaming amid encircling ter! Thank God for this beautiful consolation, even

" This your brother, Emilia?" oried Maurice, gaz-

"My only brother, Maurice; to whom those letters: sition they gazed upon the scene, themselves half were addressed that first destroyed our household pence. I was too proud to stoop to acknowledge mountains towering above and around, and gorgeous | ments, to explain then-I do so now; to my dear absent brother, then involved in weighty political dif. ficulties, I wrote those letters, which calumny point. ed to as a clandestine correspondence with a lover! I have loved but him my brother, yourself, and mylost 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-for the property I basely robbed you of. You reproach me not! you curse me not!-are you painfully contracted, her lips compressed as if by 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 the lowly portal. It took Malcolm some time to se- 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 over which was cast a cloth mantle, lay the figure all are hastening! Repentance in words availeth of a man, with bandaged head, and pallid visage, all not, dear Maurice! but the glowing, uprising fervor streaked with the blood trickling from his wounded of the awakened soul, the struggling angel thoughts brow. Emilia tenderly raised his head, gazed in- cleaving their prison gates of clay, the firm resolve, 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! complainings, but kneeling beside him, she took off 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 fuscination 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, ordered for my own failing strength; let us try to a dawning sense of pure religious triumph, thrilled make him swallow some. Oh, Maurice I poor, misthat long darkened, earth-bound spirit. He sighed

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ADDRESS TO THE IDEAL. BY GEORGE L. RING.

Hast thou stores of gold from the darken'd mine. Hast thou pearls from the deep blue sea? Where the jewels shine 'mid the occan brine, Hast thou culled a gem for me? Canst thou call a star from its orbit far In the azure vault of Heav 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 vore. The sage and the heary seer, Who walked the earth in its early prime. Wholooked through 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 tred. Where light never dims with the eventide, Where beings too pure for this earth abide. The unmarred work of Gon?

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 altur's shrine? Canst thou breathe again o'er the slumb'ring 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 i In the poet's mind and the poet's dreams I give the rein to his fancy's flight, And I cult for him holy and rapturous themes, die A. Till his vision teems with a new delight; were with

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, start Where the light of the montal eye grows dim, with 169

O'er the mists which darken the spirit-land. Where the harp is struck by the scraphim; I wave my wand, and a light appears That plorees the gloom of the coming years. I had had

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

"I point the worn and weary one is at north rell To a place of final rest on high, Where the light dies not with the setting sun, when it it And the stars fade not from the evening sky ;

Where pure, immortal Joys abide, and more write welfact Buch Joys as the apirit may only know, guildentary In its radiant form, all purified

From the crimes that darken the world below. Vertocal

Spiritualism is steadily progressing in Belvices,

THE INCENDIARY

WEOM THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY. اختيا

Tknew James Dutton, as I shall call him, at an early period of life, when my present scanty locks of way." 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 to the summons, and after a few words in an under done their work on both of us; and if his course of life has been less equable than mine, it has been this true, James Dutton?" 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-follows for a considerable time; and married." 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 ear | kind. Sharp," he added, sotto voce, "come with us; liest moment that his darling and only son could sit I may want you." 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 | The matter was soon settled. Five hundred pounds operation of circumstances, they neither created nor for the lease—ton years unexpired—of Ash Farmi 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 forcthought, 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 him. self of the lamentable privilege to a great extent. It was, however, a remarkable feature in the lad's understand what you can be thinking about." 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. 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 of a prosperous yeoman." a certain quantum of educational power should be attained; and so he really acquired a knowledge of reading, writing, and spelling, and then withdraw 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 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 preparatives for the farmers' market-dinner. Prices had ruled high that day; wheat had reached 301 a load; and the numerous groups of hearty, stalwart yeomen once. 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 Bonaparte's army. James Dutton was in the room, but not, I observed. in his usual flow of animal spirits. The crape round his hat might, I thought, account for that, and as he tremendous rates; so it was time, you see, I pulled did not see me, I accosted him with an inquiry after up, and rubbed the frog out of my eyes a bit. And his health, and the reason of his being in mourning. hark ye, Master Sharp!" he added, as we rose and He received me very cordially, and in an instant cast off the abstracted manner I had noticed. His father, playing with the world-it's a place of work and he informed me, was gone—had died about seven; business; and I'll do my share of it so effectually, months previously, and he was alone now at Ash that my children, if I have any, shall, if I do not. Farm-why didn't I run down there to see him some- reach the class of landed gentry; and this you'll times? &c. Our conversation was interrupted by a find, for all your sneering, will come about all the summons to dinner, very cheerfully complied with; more easily that neither they nor their father will and we both-at least I can answer for myself-did be encumbered with much educational lumber. Good ample justice to a more than usually capital dinner, bye." even in those capital old market-dinner times. We were very jolly afterward, and amazingly triumphant | change he had predicted had thoroughly come to pass. over the frost-bitten, snow-buried soldier-banditti Farms were everywhere to let, and a general cry to 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.

voice from out the dense smoke-cloud that by this She was the daughter of a farmer, whom-it was no time completely enveloped us. On looking towards fault of hers-a change of times had not found in a 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 economist. The instant Dutton had secured an elichoking atmosphere.

"Everybody," rejoined Dutton, hasn't had the luck to sell two hundred quarters of wheat at to-day's ding, he had brought me the draft of his lease for price, as you have, Tom Southall."

"That's true, my boy," returned Master Southall. sending, in the plentitude of his satisfaction, a jet of smoke towards us with astonishing force. "And. I say, Jem, I'll tell 'ee what I'll do; I'll clap on ten Sharp," he added gayly. "And, let me tell you, that guineas more upon what I offered for the brown those who will stoop to do that I mean, take their 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 countries they talk so much about. You know what table. "And here-here," he added, with an exult I told you down at Romford. Well, we'll manage ant chuckle, as he extricated a swollen canvas bar from his pocket-" here's the dibs at once."

This transaction excited a freat 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!" in the army. There'll be a chance against Boney,

now; and it's a life I'm fit for." The farmers looked completely agape at this annonnoement; but making nothing of it, after silently one child only-n daughter. The mother, Mrs. Dutstaring at Dutton and each other, with their pipes ton, died when this child was about twelve years of in their hands, and not in their mouths, till they had ago; and Anne Dutton became more than ever the gone out, stretched their heads simultaneously across apple of her father's eye. The business of the farm

the table towards the candles, relit their pipes, and smoked on as before. a smartly-cut velveteen coat with mother-of-pearl catching comeliness-although certainly not in the buttons, who had hastily left his seat farther down refinement of manner which gives a quickening life

the table..." perhaps you will sell the double Man- and grace to personal symmetry and beauty. James ton, and Fanny and Slut ?" "Yes; at a price."

concluded, and the money paid at show. Possibly cast aboutints, and superintend the home business the bayer and a vague hotton that a portion of the lawn a great deal of the Duttons mature, to stake again, as he evidently had done, his magnetrates, on the charge of having fired Mr. Dut-

vender's skill might come to him with his purchases. "You are in 'arnest, then, in this fool's business, James Dutton, observed a farmer, gravely. "I be sorry for thee; but as I s'pose the loase of Ash Farm will be parted with; why—John, waiter, tell Master Hurst, at the top of the table, vonder, to come this

Master Hurst, a well-to-do, highly respectablelooking, and rather elderly man, came in obedience tone with the friend that had sent for him, said, "Is

"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

"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...

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.

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

"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

"Is that all you have seen in the papers?" "Not much else. What, besides, have you found

"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. Boney'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 the first week in January: the weather was bitterly 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, bythe by, I never reached, what they'll be when it's over, and the thundering expenditure now going on is stonged. 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

"You will take another farm when one can be had on ensier 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 rounds to the good, even by selling at the present shook hands with each other-"I have now done

I did not again see my old school fellow till the 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 "How quiet you are, James Dutton!" cried'a loud education in the conventional sense of the word. better condition for weathering them. Aune Mosley, in fact, was a thoroughly industrious, clever farm gible farm, at his own price and conditions. he married her; and now, on the third day after the wedexamination.

"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. 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 that before our hair is gray, depend upon it, bad as

the times may be-won't we, Nance?" "We'll try, Jem," 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 "Yes; I don't like it. I shall buy a commission late, ate the bread of carefulness, 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 went steadily on in its accustomed track : each succeeding year found James Dutton growing in wealth "Then, perhaps, Mr. Dutton, said a young man in and importance; and his daughter in sparkling, Dutton remained firm in his theory of the worthlessness of education, beyond what, in a narrow accep-Prices were named; I forget now the exact sums, tetion of the term, was absolutely "necessary;" and but enormous prices, I thought, for the gun and the Anne Dutton, although now heiress to very considerdogs, Fanny and Sint The bargain; was; eagerly able wealth; knew only how to read, write, spell,

about this time, my brother-in-law, Elsworthy, and all of life and happiness upon one frail existence. his wife having taken up their abode within about An illustration of my thought or fear occurred just half a mile of James Dutton's swelling house; and I after we had finished tea. A knock was heard at perous farmer upon the positive danger, with refer- reling, drunken remonstrance with the servant who ence to his ambitious views, of not at least so far opened it. The same deadly soowl I had seen sweep cultivating the intellect and taste of so attractive a over Dutton's countenance upon the mention of with the rude, unlettered clowns, with whom she ned finding, after a moment or two, that the intruder cessarily came so much in contact, should be impossible. He laughed my hints to scorn. "It is idle-removed Annie from his knee, and strode out of the ness-idleness alone," he said, "that puts love fan- room. cies into girls' heads. Novel-reading, jingling at a piano-forte-merely other names for idleness-these highly respectable widow of about forty years of 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, out, and Mrs. Rivers, addressing me, said in a low not far distant now to establish her in marriage, voice: "Her presence will prevent violence; but it she will wed into a family I wot of; and the Rom- is a sad affair." She then informed me that Hambford prophecy of which you remind me will be real. lin, to whom Mr. Dutton allowed a hundred a year. ized, in great part, at least."

He found, too late, his error. He hastily entered the office one morning, and although it was only knowledge for his own sordid ends, and preluded 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 remarked Mrs. Rivers in conclusion, "that Mr. Dutupon 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 Hum-

brought his father to the verge of a workhouse by is a very unfortunate business, and I often fear will 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, locking her up; but it's useless. of a few tears and hysterics; but Dutton stopped me

"It is useless talking," he said. "The die is cast; villiain's legal claim to his child?" 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 has no wits to lose. That being so- But let us talk mate the bitterness of such a disappointment to a incoherently, and I soon bade him good night. proud, aspiring man like Dutton. I pitied him sin. cerely, mistaken, if not blameworthy, as he had

"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 Hamsettlement, and my will, to be so drawn, that every paper, that my dwelling-house took fire the night farthing received from me during my life, and after my death, shall be hers, and hers only; and so would consult you. Will you come?" I agreed to strictly and entirely secured, that she shall be with- do so, and he withdrew. out power to yield control over the slightest portion of it, should she be so minded." I took down his had commenced in a kind of miscellaneous storeinstructions, and the necessary deeds were drawn in room; but the origin of the fire appeared to me, as accordance with them. When the day for signing did to the police officers that had been summoned, arrived, the bridegroom-elect demurred at first to perfectly unaccountable. "Had it not been discovcontract; but as upon this point, Mr. Dutton was Rivers, "you would all have been burned in your found to be inflexible, the handsome, illiterate clown | beds." -he was little better-gave up his scruples, the more readily as a life of assured idleness lay before his mark to the marriage deed. I reddened with play." shame, and the smothered groan which at the mo- "But the servants might have perished?" ment smote faintly on my ear, again brokenly coning placed his beautiful child beyond all possibility the same roof with himself; and those new outof mental contact or communion with such a person, houses, where their bedrooms are placed, are, you The marriage was shortly after solemnized, but I see, completely detached, and are indeed, as regards did not wait to witness the ceremony.

The husband's promised good behavior did not long endure: ere two months of wedded life were 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 are safe from any accusation of having set fire to girl, appeared to me rather a matter of rejoicing your premises with the intent to defraud the inthan 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.

My brother-in-law left James Dutton's neighbor good for a distant part of the country, about this period, and I saw nothing of the bereaved father for est penalty for the crime of incendiarism?" about five years, save only at two business interviews. The business upon which I had seen him. restored; and although now fifty years of age, the injury of any person." bright light of his young days sparkled once more | "I sec. But here there could have been no loss of in his keen glance. His youth vas, he said, renewed life." in little Annie. He could even bear to speak, though still with remorseful emotion, of his own lost child. ers, and Annie, chanced to sleep out of the house." "No fear, Sharp," he said, "that I make that terrible mistake again. Annie will fall in love, please God, with no unlettered, soulles booby! Her mind Sharp, and will assist, I know. Yes, yes—it's some shall be elevated, beautiful, and pure as her person fellow that hages me-that I perhaps hate and charming and attractive. You must come and see ness, and striking his hand with furious violence on her." I promised to do so; and he went his way. the table-"as I do a spotted toad!" At one of these interviews—the first it must have been-I made a chance inquity for his son-in-law Hamblin. As the name passed my lips, a look of done or to be inquired into, I soon went away. hate and rage flashed out of his burning eyes. I did not utter another word, nor did he; and we sepa- Mr. Flint, one morning after glancing at the newsrated in silence.

It was evening, and I was returning in a gig from ed, in redemption of my promise, upon James Dutton. Annie was really, I found, an engaging pretty,

ventured once or twice to remonstrate with the pros- the outer door, and presently a man's voice in quarmaiden as his daughter, that sympathy on her part | Hamblin's name, again gleamed darkly there; and would not be denied, the master of the house gently

> "Follow grandpapa," whispered Mrs. Rivers, a age, whom Mr. Dutton had engaged at a high salary to superintend Annie's education. The child went having become aware of the grandfather's extreme fondness for Annie, systematically worked that every fresh attack upon Mr. Dutton's purse by a threat to reclaim the child. "It is not the money," ton 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 shil-"I have seen him once or twice. Has he not ling would be parted with rather than the child. It 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 respite as long as the money lasts." I could hardly I shall kill the silly fool if I persist, and I have at look at James Dutton when he re-entered the room. length consented to the marriage; for I cannot see | There was that in his countenance which I do not her die." I began remonstrating upon the folly of like to read in the faces of my friends. He was yielding consent to so ruinous a marriage, on account silent for several minutes; at last he said quickly, sternly: "Is there no instrument, Mr. Sharp, in all the enginery of law, that can defeat a worthless

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

"Tush! tush!" interrupted Dutton; "the fellow about my heart-my life!" It is difficult to esti- of something else." We did so, but on his part very

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 blin. But let's to business. I wish the marriage- matter of business. You have seen, perhaps, in the before last. You have not? Well, it is upon that I

The fire had not, I found, done much injury. It the stringency of the provisions of the marriage | ered in time, and extinguished," I observed to Mrs.

"Why, no," replied that lady, with some strangeness of manner. "On the night of the fire, Annie him, from the virtual control he was sure to have and I slept at Mr. Elsworthy's" (I have omitted to over his wife's income. These were the thoughts notice, that my brother-in-law and family had rewhich passed across his mind, I was quite sure, as turned to their old residence), "and Mr. Dutton taking the pen awkwardly in his hand, he affixed remained in London, whither he had gone to see the

"No. A whim, apparently, has lately seized Mr. fessed the miserable folly of the father in not hav- Dutton, that no servant or laborer shall sleep under this dwelling, made fire-proof."

At this moment Mr. Dutton appeared, and interrupted our conversation. He took me aside. "Well," past, he had fallen again into his old habits; and he said, "to what conclusion have you come? The the wife, bitterly repentant of her folly, was fain to 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,

surers." "To be sure-to be sure, I am." he rejoined with quick carnestness, as if taking my remark seriously. That is quite certain. Some one. I am pretty sure. the father very willingly resigning the onerous bur- it must be," he promptly added, "that owes me a grudge-with whom I have quarreled, ch ?

"It may be so, certainly." "It must be so. And what, Mr. Sharp, is the high-

"By the recent change in the law, transportation only; unless, indeed, loss of human life occur in was the alteration of his will, by which all he might consequence of the felonious act; in which case, the die possessed of was bequeathed to his darling English law construct to be willful murder, although Annie. His health, I was glid to find, was quite the incendiary may not have intended the death or

"There might have been, had not you, Mrs. Riv-

"True-true-a diabolical villain, no doubt. But we'll ferret him out yet. You are a keen hand, Mr. -she is the image of her mother-promises to be loathe"-he added with a sudden gnashing fierce-

I hardly recognized James Dutton in this fitful, disjointed talk, and as there was really nothing to be

"Only one week's interval,",I hastily remarked to paper, "and another fire at Dutton's farm-house ?"

." The deuce! He is in the luck of it, apparently." a rather long journey into the country, when I call replied Flint, without looking up from his employ. ment. My partner knew Dutton only by sight.

The following morning, I received a note from Mrs. blue-eyed, golden-haired child; and I was not so Rivers. She wished to see me immediately on a much surprised at her grandfather's doting fondness | matter of great importance. I hastened to Mr. Dut--a fondness entirely reciprocated, it seemed, by the ton's, and found, on arriving there, that George Hamlittle girl. It struck me, albeit, that it was a peril- blin was in custody, and undergoing an examinaous thing for a man of Dutton's vehement, flery tion, at no great distance off, before two county

ton'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 prose-

Subsequently, Mrs. Rivers and I had a long private conference. She and the child had again slept at Elsworthy'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-attempted 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 Elsworthy's. This promised results. James Dutton, who rode into town, was punctual,

and, as always of late, flurried, excited, nervousnot, 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, Elsworthy, 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

"Yes-res," 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 shrick -yell is perhaps the more appropriate expressionburst 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 Elsworthy, who feared we had gone

"Out of the way !" screamed the madman. "Let go or I'll dash you to atoms!" Suiting the action to the threat, he hurled my 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 nttributed to Mr. Dutton being in drink, mechani, cally 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 graytinted hair streaming in the wind. It was absolutely necessary to follow. I therefore directed Elsworthy'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 bace 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 hasted.

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 hurling forth the wild despairing ory 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-

stored to his accustomed health. Very cautiously had the intelligence been communicated to him, that Annie had not met the terrible fate, the image of which had incessantly pursued him through his fevered dreams. He was a deeply grateful, and, I believe, a penitent and altogether changed man. He distant county, in order to be out of the way, not only of Hamblin, on whom he settled two hundred a year, but of others, myself included, who knew or suspected him of the foul intention he had conceived against his son-in-law, and which, but for Mrs. Rivers, would, on the last occasion, have been in all probability successful, so cunningly had the evidence of circumstances been devised. "I have been," said James Dutton to me at the last interview I had with him, "all my life an overweaning, self confident fool. At Romford, I boasted to you that my children should ally themselves with the landed gentry of the country, and see the result! The future, please God, shall find me in my duty-mindful only of that, and content, while so acting, with whatever shall befall me or mine.

Dutton continues to prosper in the world; Ham. blin died several years ago of delirium tremens and Annie, I hear, will in all probability marry into the squirearchy of the country. All this is not perhans what is called poetical justice, but my experience has been with the netual, not the ideal world.

Banner of Night.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1857.

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Cincinnati.—R. Duncan is our authorized agent in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

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HUMOR.

There is none too much of this valuable essential, either in our life or our literature. Men, especially Americans, are in the habit of living at so fast a rate, that they do not stop to relish any of those little side dishes, the taste of which now and then so delights the mind's palate. Humor is not wit. The one burns, while the other warms. Humor is the central heat of a sunny nature. It penetrates, like the sun of the natural world, through all the mists and fogs of life, and clears the atmosphere of their unhealthy presence. He who carries a genial smile always within his heart, is proof against all the trials that can come.

A man, or a woman, who loves to sport in the winding paths, and revel in the unrelated connections of language or thought, fishing up fun, drollery, or sunny humor out of depths that, to others, furnish only unsightly mud, is able, of himself, or herself, to create enjoyment that no influence can control or steal away. And that is the charm of the endowment; a person who steeps every picture of life in this spirit of sport; who looks at the worst side of things freshly, and sometimes oddly, and who cannot be made unhappy as long as the sources of quiet delight lie around him so thickly, has a perpetual pledge of a life which others, less gifted than he, may well envy.

There is not enough made of humor. It is not thought to be so essential an element in a healthy nature, as it really is. It would be a good thing for all of us, if we could devote more time to the cultition of it; let it coze through the porous walls which we build up around us-walls of dignity, and pride, and stiffness; suffer it to lie upon the level of our existence, that the latter might dawn in warmth and geniality. A genuine humorist is, or might be, a thoroughly happy man. He sees all the necessary elements of happiness within him; he sees things as a philosopher would look at them; he should not be easily disconcerted; his views of life are healthy. and not morbid; and whenever affront, passion, or any of the disquieting troubles of life are thrown in his path, he, of all other men, knows how to turn them every one into jest, and convert perplexity and enmity itself into laughter.

We like humorous persons. There is a something strangely contagious about them. If we sit in their company, we become refreshed. How soon their rich talk dissipates gloom! How speedily the ugly blue-devils scamper before their nimble words! They are always at the central point of life. You can never catch them off their balance. They are always themselves. They live in a strip of sunshine, if all the world around is plunged in an eclipse. Nothing comes to them that is not proper; no day is a dull one in their calendar; their friends feel an attraction more strong than they can describe; and the -world they can create and inhabit is rounded in overhead with an airy element, out of which they on, at any moment, evoke grotesque and fanciful pictures, and genial and grat-ful smiles.

We have but a trifling smack of true humor in our literature; would we had more. But that is chiefly the fault of our people. Reading with such haste as they have been in the habit of doing, and gobbling down the contents of books exactly as they swallow their ten minutes' dinner, they have no time left to study sly pleasantries, no leisure to linger over droll and quiet expressions, and of course. no increasing appetite for food that is spiced with humor. By their gluttonous haste they are fast destroying their relish. By and by, if the tendency receives no correction, they will feed on nothing but lightning passion, and breathe the atmosphere only of blimstone sentiment.

Hawthorne's humor is fine, too fine for general relish. It lacks the very element of popularityconseness. He can write exquisitely for the scholar. or the man of letters; but to the great mass his humorous proposities are captare. There is some

appreciated, as a general thing, of any in the entire settled, that this is not a mere rebellion, but a regubook. Lowell is a genuine humorist, seeing things lar revolution. exactly as a humorist loves to look at them, and de: It will take years for England to recover this purchased, through my agency, a valuable farm in a scribing them with a style of expression and a sud-country, and perhaps she can never do it at all. We den turn of thought that surprises and delights you. know but little of the misgovernment of the licensed His "Biglow Papers" are as good things as our East India Company in that far-off country, yet literature has produced. They are popular with the enough has come to the surface to satisfy us that crowd of readers, and hence belong to literature. this disorder has been gathering for a long time, and Would we had more such men among us; not simply has finally broken out in the form of a violent disthose who set out to force us into a laugh by their case. It will drain the English capital of her gold grotesqueness of conception, or their oddity of ex- and silver to carry on this war; and while the great pression, or the drollery of their unexpected illus- manufacturing towns and cities of the British Empire tration,-but men whose pages light up the daily must take care of their working population, and so, gloom, cheer the heavy heart, kindle the sensibilities of course, draw on us for our cotton, we shall be with their own natural warmth, set the whole being calling on them for their surplus gold. So that beinto a blessed glow of delight, and new create the tween India and herself, we shall not be astonished very world itself.

cal subject. It comes closer to our happiness than also, that will throw our temporary trial into the we are in the habit of thinking for. On its natural shade entirely. play depend more of the enjoyments of life than we many are the enmities and dislikes that are caused ing, but dangerous gift. by its contact and presence?

Cultivate so much needed a quality as far as possible, then. We shall require all the aid and strength it will give us on our way; and when we grow old, and the hair turns to silver, we shall be happy as we sit in the centre of age, with all the surroundings of calm delight to make us contented that life is so nearly through, and we are so much nearer home.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Those of our friends who have had the satisfacwas submitted a report by the Secretary, Mr. F. R. out of existence. Woodward, denouncing the persons, among others, who on the Sabbath congregated to hear Spiritual Robinson, and S. B. Croft.

and, as evils, even by the side of intemperance and pride, prejudice, and association. other generators of pauperism !

diversion from the long strain upon their faculties." | brothers.

"If we could," says the Ledger, "but restore the ple's religious turn to a charm, and symbolize, as deal better than they are. All our opinions have nearly as might be, the tone of their spiritual na- been much too partizan, and are so still. We speak ture. There are those who are persuaded-Heaven and act one-sidedly, when we ought to consider all have mercy on them !-that men are to be made re | the various relations, and that there may be even ligious, temperate, pure, righteous, and everything more than two sides. We show our dislikes even else that represents goodness, by holding over their heads the terrors of the law; that force is of more avail than love and persuasion; that no meetings exist, morally speaking, at the centre of anything, should be tolerated but "our" meetings, and no minister be allowed to preach but "our" minister: and that one man, or one set of men, should be allowed to keep the key of every one else's consci- else that is either mean or evil. Nothing gives us ence, and lock and unlock it at his pleasure. We had supposed that the day had passed when they ling tends more to cheat us out of the very wealth. dared to propose their old inquisition schemes as a and beauty, and philosophy of our existence. panacea for all the unorthodox views held by the

ommunity; but it appears that we were mistaken. This charming Report of the Secretary of the Society for the prevention of pauperism is the regular old Mather redivirus; and the action of the society in appointing a committee to confer with a yet-to be appointed committee on the part of the city government, in reference to the meeting of Spiritualists on the Sabbath, signalizes the day and the year thorities will meet this most charitable, religious, en this crooked matter out.

ists; we stand only for common sense and common decency. For a body of men to call on the City ing. Government to assist them in driving those who attend on Spiritualistic preaching out of doors, is a deserves to be laughed to scorn. When will that sion. Their religion trey wish to make an experience, spirit of persecution finally die out, about whose and no longer a mere theory—a creed. The human When will men and women be permitted to assemble God, of the true spirit from on high, of real devotionand worship God in their own way, without the alattitudes, of a better faith, and of a loftier and betinterference of those who do not happen to entertain ter grounded hope. views of exactly the same character, even if they are guilty of entertaining any views at all? When will the much boasted era of free speech, free thought, ling authority from Him have presumed to thrust and 'freedom to worship God,' be really introduced, themselves in between. Humanity feels the need of so that bigots and fanatics may not still threaten to His assistance. It prays to lean on Him. to unhurpersecute and expel?

We look to the City Government at this time, by He may send lovingly apon His children. Coldness the action they take on the subject in hand, to an- and cant, however, have driven humanity away. swer this question so far as Boston is concerned. Perhaps the reply will be appropriate to this century, they are unsatisfied with the dogmas and the husks. and not to that in which flourished the spirit of per it has been the fashion to denounce them all in a secution in all its greenness and glory."

ENGLAND IN INDIA.

The last intelligence from India has a very dismal sive and conciliatory terms. ook indeed for the English power. Delhi has not

of the truest humor to be found in literature, in the the force of nine hundred men is fast sinking down Preface to his "Scarlet Letter;" and still that re- before the ravages of the climate; the natives are markable chapter is, we venture to say, the least assembling on every side; and the point is at last

to learn, before the year is over, that a panic has There is much to be said on this, as a truly prace swept over Great Britain, taking France in its way,

This East India possession may be the dearest poshad been willing to suppose. A sour morose un session England ever held. The natives entertain comfortable, peevish, thoroughly unhappy nature, an idea that whatever nation obtains the Kohincor who is there that covets such a possession? What diamond, is doomed. Without doubt they entertain of pleasure, what of joy, how much of comfort, does the belief that the days of England have been name such a nature extract from life as it goes, and how bered, over since Queen Victoria viewed this glitter-

PARTIZAN FEELING.

The pest of our time is partizanship. As lawyers labor for their clients, so do the clergy for their creeds, and politicians for their candidates. Men refuse to look alike at new topics and new inventions with favor, unless they come close within the narrow boundary line of their own sect, calling, belief, or profession. Whether it be a quadrant or a new theory in regard to the upheaval of the continents, a newly discovered fact in the physical or the spiritual world, it is all the same; unless it squares tion of sitting under the inspired preaching of with "our views," unless it agrees with the plat-Thomas Gales Foster, will be apt to read the state- form on which we stand, unless it assists the cause ment we are about to make with a strange mixture to whose advancement we profess to be devoted, we of feelings, indignation, pity, disgust, humor, and will have nothing to do with it. And not that alone; charity. It seems that not many evenings ago the we will raise a howland how it down; we will cry members of the society in Boston "for the prevention it out of popularity, out of the society of respectable of "pauperism" held their annual meeting, at which people, out of fashion in all reputable circles, and

Unless a question is looked at on all sides, calmly. with comprehensiveness of view, and without any preachers, lamenting that there was no law to pre. degree of passionateness whatever, no conclusion revent such preaching altogether, and invoking the specting it can be of any value. The fault with us press to refuse to publish the notices of the meet is, that we are too much inclined to study every ings, and in every other way to discountenance the matter that comes before us, from the stand-point of entire proceedings. Also recommending the appoint self-interest. We do not allow ourselves to weigh, to ment of a committee to confer with the city govern- reason, to consider, and then to impartially decide, ment in regard to the matter, which was duly se- and by so natural a process widen the capadities of lected by the meeting. This committee consists of our nature correspondingly; but we go right off at Deacon Grant/Rev. Mr. Scandlin, Dr. Bigelow, J. P. tho first heat on the track of interest, considering in what way it is going to benefit us, or our side, The meetings of the Spiritualists are classed by and after once becoming committed, adhere to our this secretary with mesmeric and Mormon meetings, feelings, rather thun to any opinion, out of mere

Our churches become sectarian, therefore instead The Daily Ledger, a paper that is accustomed to of religious, in their aims. They allow the vitality treat these matters without fear or favor, goes on to of a true spiritual belief to escape them, and content say that "this is a fitting accompaniment indeed to themselves in the place of it with the husks and holthe great Panic Week,—a sort of ornamental trim- lowness of creeds. The point is, to see how many ming to weightier events, that will not fail to be they can win over to their side prot to study how relished exceedingly by those who are in quest of the greatest benefit may accrue to all who are

Our politics have long been too partizan in their good old pillory times, how happy some people would | character, though, thank Heaven! they are slowly manage to feel about it! we mean, of course, only outgrowing that. They are bad enough, we confess, those who would be certain to have the power. Crop. as it is; but we take heart and hope in the confidant ping and branding would, no doubt, suit some peo | belief that they are in the way of becoming a vast before we are certain that we have not any positive likes. And, as a necessary consequence, we never but forever upon its outward side, or circumference,

> Partizan feeling is bigotry. It is passion, selfishness, uncharitableness, narrowness, and everything more unfair views of the relations of life, and noth-

THEIR MEANING.

More than 20,000 families in Vermont habitually neglect all public worship, only about one-fifth of the people in the average attend upon evangelical worship, and four-fifths of the inhabitants on each returning Lord's day are absent from the sanctuary. What do these things mean ?-New York Evangelist.

They simply mean that what the people of Vermont really want, is not supplied them by the reguof its occurrence as much as did the burning of lar "orthodox" ministry. That is what they mean; John Rogers at the stake, in somewhat bloodier and that is all. There is a peculiar significance in times. We shall now wait to see how the city au statistics like these, gathered as they are by the strait laced religious press, and published in the very liberal, civilized, and wholly intelligent proposal, and face of their wishes. Possibly it may be passed unwho the men are to be who will undertake to straight noticed by this same press, and by the Church itself which this press unlertakes to represent; but to We are not advocating the cause of the Spiritual others, to those who look at events thoughtfully, it will not fail to render its own dedp and proper mean-

The old creeds have lost their life and power. Men want religion in this (ay and generation, and not the preposterous piece of assumption and folly, that mere husks of empty profession and bigoted pretendisappearance people are wont to prate so much? heart shows its own dire need; the need it feels of

God has not been brought near enough; He has rather been kept away, and a class of men arrogatden itself to Him, to breathe of the holy spirit that Men want what they have never yet had. Because lump as heretics, infidels, and unbelievers; but even this practice has finally been found unserviceable, and in a great degree is abandoned for more persua-

The everlasting yearning for the realities of religion been taken; rebellion was widely extending over is the yearning that the priests and the churches these provinces heretofore thought loyal; the mas- have failed to satisfy. We are not disposed to decry sacres reported are all proved to be more than true; them, for they have no doubt done a good work in General Havelock; though successful in so many dest their way. But the day has dawned at last when a perate engagements, is still unrelieved, while his lit better and a greater, and a more giorious work is to

be done. Not the mere building of formal creeds ed preaching of God's own word. Priests and Levites are to be all set aside; nothing is of worth but the actual Word. No man may set himself apart as and best explain and expound itself.

This is what the great falling off in the attendance on church worship in Vermont means. God grant that the fact may not be lost on the minds of those who speculate on it as such a wonder and mystery. It is no mystery at all. Nothing can be plainer than that man's imperishable wants have always been supplied as soon as they have been felt by him.

SUSPENSION OF THE BANKS.

Since our last issue, the banks of New York and Boston have suspended specie payments, the former their notes any longer, thus making the suspension

Great excitement was created over the movement n New York, but here in Boston State street was but triflingly turned from the even tenor of its way. with about as little show of anxiety or fear. A rag about eight years. dollar will now go as far as a rag dollar went before. The small classes of bills, we understand. the banks are making arrangements to redeem in specie until resumption again, that the interests of the small trades may not be impaired too much by this movement.

The whole of this trouble is simply a derangemen of the currency induced of course by the action of both banks and merchants heretofore. It has been getting ready to visit us for a long time. The country, however, is not poor; it is rich. We have a crop to-day, all gathered in, worth two thousand millions of dollars, and there are two hundred and eighty-nine millions of gold and silver in the hands of the people. California still gives her supply, and no coin goes out of the country to England; on the contrary, it will soon be coming back to us in large quantities. There can be no ground for alarm now. This difficulty is but temporary; it cannot last long; confidence on the part of all will assist to restore it: and we devoutly hope that six weeks hence the crops of the West will be put in motion for the seaboard. and that business will resume its wonted aspect throughout the country. The condition of affairs is not to be compared to that of 1837, and all speculations, based on those particular times, are futile and vain.

TWO MORE MURDERS.

Boston will are long, if things go on this way, get to be as bail as New York. Two more murders. consummated within twelve hours of each other, and both as cold-blooded as any that stain the records of humanity. Well may people wonder what is coming next. Well may they hold up their hands in horror, and exclaim in alarm at the horrible state of affairs in which we all live.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17th, three men, named Henry L. Sutton, George J. Sutton, and Syl vester Bacon, returned from the Worcester Depot at about 5 o'clock, considerably intoxicated, and were passing down High street, when Bacon stepped into the yard entrance to the dwelling of Mrs. Margaret Fagan, boarding-house keeper, No. 44, in that street, to answer a call of nature. While so engaged he was seen by Mrs. Fagan, who sent John Donovan out to order him away. Donovan went to Bacon and remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct in view of the females in the house, and Bacon apologized, saying that he was unacquainted in the neighboehood, and was not aware he had been seen by the women. While this conversation was going on, Henry L. Sutton came into the yard, and used some worse language, striking Donovan. The blow was returned, when the three prisoners, Donovan, and a man named John Hilton, got into a souffie. During this, Henry L. Sutton drew a dirk from his side pocket, and stabbed Donovan in four places, twice in the left breast, once in the left arm, and once in the head. Immediately after he had inflicted the wounds, the prisoners all fled in different directions, and Donovan went into the house, bleeding profusely. The stabber ran down Purchase street, on-to Liverpool wharf, closely pursued by Hilton, who is a cousin of Donovan, and is known by the cognomen of "The Limerick Boy," and who has once or twice fought in the prize ring.

On reaching the wharf, Sutton stopped, and intantly, Hilton coming up, asked him why he had stabbed his cousin. He replied that it was none of his business, when Hilton struck him a blow, upon which Sutton drew his dirk and plunged it up to the hilt into Hilton, causing his death in an hour's time. The crowd around tried to capture him, but he fought like a d sperado, and threatened to kill the first man who approached him. A teamster at length came up with a pitchfork, and, while operating with this weapon, another man went around and caught him by his hands. The latter was stabbed badly in the thigh in consequence. Two officers finally succeeded in securing him, and carried him to the station house. Donovan may recover from his many wounds, if inflammation does not set in,

The other murder was that of a police officer in East Boston, on Sunday morning. Shortly after 5 o'clock as officer Tewksbury, of the Seventh Station police, East Boston, was in Maverick square, he heard some persons talking in a loud tone of voice but a short distance from him, in the direction of the Catholic church. Thinking all was not right, he quickened his pace toward the place from whence the sounds proceeded, but he had gone but a very short distance before he heard the report of a pistol. Immediately on hearing this, he started and ran up Havre street, and on the corner of Havre and Maverick streets, found officer Ezekiel W. Hodgdon ying on the ground, bleeding profusely. Presently, officer Aikin, who had heard the report of the pistol came up, and it was found that officer Hodgdon had been shot, the ball entering the head and penetrating the brain. The billy and cap of the officer were also lying beside him, together with another cap, probably belonging to the murderer or his accomplice. When Mr. H. was taken to the Station House, a portion of his brains were loft upon the curb-stone with large clots of blood. He remained entirely unconscious until his death, which took place at precisely ten o'clock the same forencon. When the officers came to the spot, no one was to

be seen, and on the arrival of other assistance, offiwatch for suspicious characters, as one of the mar. or spirits do communicate to mortals or not; but it

derers had left his cap behind, and it was loped and chatechisms, but the direct, personal and inspir- that this might lead to some clue to the apprahen. sion of the assassins.

The whole police force was called up by Capt. Seauer and a vigorous search was immediately institut. its expounder; it will enter the heart of every man ed. Traces of blood were found over several sheds, yards and alleyways for about forty or fifty yards from the scene of the tragedy, to near the railroad crossing, and there lost sight of.

A man who lives near by, states that he heard some men talking loud together, and went to the window, when he could just distinguish two men; he heard one of them say, "You must go with me to the Station house," when the other man said something in reply; the words were repeated; at that moment a third person came up, and said, "Let my friend go," and in an instant after, he saw the flash of a pistol, heard the report, saw the officer fall, and the taking the lead, and the latter of necessity following two men run off in the same direction. From this it suit. The result is that the banks of nearly all the would appear that officer Hodgdon had arrested a Northern cities have declined paying out specie for burglar, and was taking him to the Station House, when he was shot by an accomplice of the thief or burglar.

Mr. Hodgdon was a highly respectable citizen, and an efficient officer. He was appointed in July, 1856. He leaves a wife and one child. His wife is still The action of the bank officers was taken with a confined to her room, having given birth to a child great deal of calminess, as if it were a matter of about a week since. He was 26 years old, and a nacourse, and acquiesced in by the business community tive of Ossipee, N. H., and had resided in Boston

> We learn that two men have been arrested, who are undoubtedly the murderers of officer Hodgdon. One of them was found secreted under the Adams School House, on Sumner street, and has his hand badly wounded. It was from this wound that the blood was tracked. The other was caught in Salem, and his being found there confirms the story told by a milk-man, that he saw a wagon with a man lying in the bottom, covered with a buffalo robe, driving furiously towards the Salem turnpike, at an early hour Sunday morning.

TO M-

Two cloudy fleeces in the morning red, Arose all trimmed with gold from out the East, And side by side through realms of space they sped, Awhile the sun their beauty all increased. Onward! their rich carara fairer still. Above the world that marked their course in awe:

They passed o'er mountain high, o'er stream, and rill, But yet no tendency to join I saw. Onward! as day rolled on to soft decline, And twilight followed close the setting sun:

A happy scene, result of day's design-Those golden clouds passed down the West as one. Though separate long our paths in life have been, A glorious lesson in that glorious scene.

TO THOSE WHO USE THE WEED. Chewing tobacco must be a monstrons sort of a consolation—probably next to smoking it. All our young men smoke and chew-of course they do. They wouldn't esteem themselves manly without those practises. And chewing they spit, and spirt. and squirt-all over the floors, the stairs, the walls, the walks, and the ladies' long dresses. It is horrible to contemplate it. We are literally a nation of great (and little) squirts. In the cars, at hotels, on steamboats, while waiting at the railway stations, walking the streets, everywhere and at all times. we keep up the filthy habit as industriously as if it were a necessity.

And just to think how the breaths of these myriad chewers perfume the air around them! To think how many stomachs are turned every day. while their proprietors are listening to what the chewers are so desirous to say! And to reflect on what the other sex are obliged to put up with, in the shape of bad breath, for the mere sake of being thought agreeable! It is appalling.

The editor of "Life Illustrated," an able paper published in New York, says:--" We were in conversation the other day with a young woman on this subject. She is twenty-eight years of age, and has only been married a few months; and being every way an accomplished and attractable person, we inquired the reason that she came so near being an old maid. In answer, she said that she had, from earliest recollection, such a constitutional antipathy to tobacco that she was satisfied she could never endure a husband whose breath was always polluted with it; and she had firmly resolved at the age of 'sweet seventeen,' never to wed unless she could marry a sweet breath. Several opportunities presented for a match, eligible in all other respects, but she steadily refused them, all. After perseverance in her good resolution for more than ten years, she received a proposal from a poor but respectable young man, who did not use tobacco, and accepted him at once. She says she can walk with her husband in a pure atmosphere; she can converse with him without being sickened at the filthy state of his mouth; and she can sleep in the embrace . of - Morpheus, without being poisoned."

We wish that all the girls would follow that brave girl's example. It is certainly asking a great deal. that a young wife shall submit to the infliction of a foul and fetid breath, poisoned with the fumes of tobacco-and to the filthiness of a mouth, stained and smutted with the juice of a weed, whose extracted oil has power to kill a dog at any time.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH This distinguished medium has arrived in Boston,

and spoke in Chelsea twice last Sunday to a full house. Subject in the afternoon was "Science," selected by the controlling spirit, and is said to have been most ably and beautifully elucidated. In the evening the following subject was selected by a committee :---" For what purpose did Christ come into the world to die? How many, and who, are saved, or to be saved. through his death?"

Dr. Hatch informs us that he is intending to remain with his lady in Boston and vicinity for some " four weeks, after which they will return to New York to spend the winter.

Mrs. H. speaks two evenings (Tuesday and Friday) this week in the Mcionaon Hall, in the Tremont Temple Building. We are not able to announce : where she will speak next Sabbath.

THE REAL QUESTION.

We clip from the Boston Investigator the following sensible and sharp reply to some "Problems," published in the same journal, sent to it by Mr. Sunderland;-

MR. EDITOR—I am not about to enter into a controversy with Mr. Sunderland on the subject of Spir-itualism, for I am not competent; but I would like to say to him; that although his articles on the subject are able and interesting, still in regard to the main point at issue, they are to me defective. I will explain in a few words. He says, in his last article will have a supposed according to

be seen, and on the arrival of other assistance, officers were dispatched to the ferries to keep strict along its not so much in respect to the ferries to keep strict along its not so much in respect to the ferries to keep strict along its not so much in respect to the ferries to keep strict.

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

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. WILLMER.

SUNDAY MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROM-FIELD 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 snirit intelligence to the children of earth. And of this world. But then, most largely, primarily, 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 ments, and indeed all movements-speaking in the things thereof on spirit, which is enduring and main-commence and start, and which are ultimateternal. The whole life of Christ,-his conception, birth, babtism, works, betraval, 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.

o 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 ed; "paper currency," so miserably inflated; a truth, the holy angels, and when this comforter, deficiency of specie in the banks; and the thousand which is angelic, shall be received by us, it mustit shall testify of Him. He believed that when the principle of "faith alone." It is a bubble that the spirit of truth should be recognized in our com; will burit as long as it is blown. It is doing busimunications from spirits, we should see in Christ ness without a genuine foundation. The whole of the only source of true spirit light.

of the N. E. Spiritualist, chained the attention of of faith alone in epiritual transactions. And when the congregation nearly one hour, with his first lecture before a public audience. He evinced a deep world, then all such corresponding business suffers vein of religious thought and feeling, excellent in the natural world. Is it asked, then, what is the scholarship and extensive, comprehensive and liberal cause—the first and grand and primary cause—of views on the subject of religion. He is modest, unthe present financial crisis? The answer is—the assuming, and humble, but his deep and earnest feeling carries every thought he utters, with its spirits. Or in plain truth—the want of specie in the legitimate significance, to the comprehension of his hearers. He is naturally elequent and religiously truth. When the business of the whole spiritual pleasing. His subject was the subfle, unseen mag- world is conducted on these principles, then the netic 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 "Balbronnie," 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 of the first order. Mr. Matthews has been the ground-"Osceola" and "Rip Van Winkle." The last named is destined by them to succeed his sire. old Black Hawk, in equine honors.

horses are entered, among which are "Chicago Jack," and "Hard Boad."

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 Mr. Matthews' engagement closed last week. There 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 etherial beauty, which may not at once attract but enlist the admiration of the beholder by its deep absorbing spiritualle. 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 cloquence head. as the most hesitating 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 betternone 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 unhesitate ing and confident fluency with which the beautiful language was delivered, was critically wonderful. It would have astonished me in an extempore speech by the most accomplished orator in the world."

Philosophers have heard her reason with astonish ment, 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 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 par-ticular star" now shiping in the spiritual firmament, whom our citizens are to have an opportunity of seeing, hearing and judging for themselves.

placing the region of the second and the

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 and originally, it is to that world which we must look-that world beyond, where all great moveed in this world of nature.

Next, then, be it observed, that at certain periodic times, 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 extendand one extravagancies of the day, correspond to this infernal credit system, and false paper cur-In the evening Mr. L. B. Munroe, assistant editor rency, is the legitimate outbirth and correspondent such establishments are overthrown in the spiritual breaking up of false establishments in the world of banks there! Gold corresponds to good, and silver to banks won't fail. neither there nor here. But when a miserable and fictitious system of mere creditfaith 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."

Mramatic.

THE BOSTON THEATEE has been poorly patronized the past week, notwithstanding the playing has been bright particular, and has fully sustained his reputation as an artist of the most superior kind. "A Curious Case," "Twenty Minutes with a Tiger," Mr. James F. Thorndike, of New England Village, "Trying it On," "Used Up," and "Little Toddlewill exhibit his fine stock of horses. Several fast kins," 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 unmistakeable evidences of the great artist. 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 patronised so-so, whilst they have given the public some of their best pieces. They have succeeded well in their attempts at long comedies. "Don Cæsar 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

> 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 s 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 Many a saylour is found where you little look for with their windows open, they ought to be indicted a common nuisance. If this really is a band bers at a common brotherhood.

which is doing this, we hope the public will find out what band 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 cotemporary 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

The Pacific Const.

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 penant of Commodore Paulding, to sail immediately on a short

The State election raturns (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 15,000 against repudiation, but have also refused to call a State Convention to revise the Constitution.

A desperate duel was fought near Stockton on the 15th 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 tou 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 ranche, where he has since remained unmolested by the officers of the law. Casey died on

Mining operations throughout the State are car companies on the rivers are getting fairly to work steamer: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 13th, 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. maintopmast 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 Locke was well known in Hull, and highly respected. hundred and nineteen thousand one hundred and seventy-nine dollars.

OREGON.—The dates from this territory are to the 5th. The Constitutional Convention was making rapid progress, and the mose 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 DROWN-

ING. The Edinburgh Review, some time since, published

"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-terrific in the extreme. He felt himself sinking as if for an age; and descent, 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 wrial 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 colonades, 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 hunc 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 enter-

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.

od 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.

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

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 dry sums were hawked about the streets yesterday, human nature will be appealed to through the whole and offered at last for one-half of one per cent. preof the approaching season, in a way that must be mium. The holders wished it had never been drawn 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 cmployment now and then, a kind word, a smile-if nothing more,—these will make those who give receipts of the year have been \$4138 05, which is thrice blessed indeed. Let us entreat every one \$1655 63 increase over last year. The new Asylum whose eyes rest on our words, to open his heart to now in process of erection at the corner of Shawmut the needs of others, and realize that we are all mem- avenue and Camden streets, it is estimated, will ac-

Ante Guropean 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 5th, 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 devel-

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 Shanghae 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. Nena 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 off the canals which supplied the citudel 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 80th September, shows a falling off as compared with the corresponding period last year of 889,000L, owing to reduced taxation: but in every instance the receipts were in excess of the official estimates.

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

LATEST .- The following dispatches were received ried on as vigorously as ever. The various fluming at Liverpool just previous to the sailing of the 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.

The total ascertained subscriptions from all quarters to the Indian fund do not exceed 100,0004. 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 200,000L, 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 Sarycuse, evening of the 15th 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 clonkmaking houses of the city have discharged about 660 girls. A little over two weeks ago, the cloak-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 550, 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 Petropolovski, 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 ashere 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 genteel who "ran" to the Banks after gold last Tuesday, are sorely puzzled to know what to do with it. We understand that sunfrom the Bank .- N. Y. Jour. Com.

Sr. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.—There are, at the present time, in this institution, seventy-nine children, thirty of whom are supported by relatives. The commodate 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 \$3836 26. Twenty-nine thousand dollars have been already paid upon the building and land, and the debt on the Asylum when completed and cocupled is estimated at \$21,836.

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 dertain 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 Athenseum

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 VISITORS .- 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 conts, 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. Cunfingham-Burdell's Appeal.-In the Su-" preme 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 Manupacturing 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 Slatersville, 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 manufactories 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 BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager: Parquette, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 1-4 of 7; ances commence at 7 1-4 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM,-R. G. MARSH, LOSSCO and Manager. Return of the Mausit Children. The Curtain will rise at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely. Prices of ad-mission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE,-W. B. Excuse, Lessee and Manager; J. Priorins, 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 7 clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2 1-3 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. Ondway. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 8-4 o'clock.

T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, · respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Buston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. tf--25

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—THOMAS GALES FORSTER, of Buffalo, will lecture in the Meledeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Binging by the Misses Hall.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission WARREN CHASE lectures in Montpeller, IVt, Wednesday, even-

ing. October 21: in Burlington, Vt., Thursday evening, October 22: in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Sunday, October 25: in Milwaukie, 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. A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifesta-

tions will be held every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield. Street. Admission 5 cents. CAMBRIDGEFORT .- Meetings at Washington Hall, Main

street, every Bunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'-MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at PREMONT HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, reg-

ular 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.

Locturers 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 promnt attention.

H. N. BALLARD, Locturer and Healing Medium, Burling-L. K. Cooniky, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this

WM. R. JOCKLYM, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa, JOHN H. CURRIER, Tranco Speaking and Healing Medium,

No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass. H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Modium. Address New Haven, Conn.

MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Me., is authorized to take subcriptions for the Banner.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These colobrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious pariors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street,) in a quiet and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers, at 3 o'clock P. M., and 7 I-2 in the evening. Private circles if required.

This is one of the best opportubities 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 those things so " is the first question to be decided. Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestallons, as they are given at a private residence.

Price fifty cents each ticket admitting one person to the

Crance Speaking.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS THROUGH MR. IL JUDD PARDEE, AT THE MUSIC HALL, BUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 23, 1857.

Most intimately connected with the spiritual element of civilization, is Inspiration-the channel through which the spiritual elements are conveyed into the inmosts of man. The common error with regard to inspiration is, that it is exclusive; that God has selected special recipients of his diving truth; that these alone are the imparters of inspiration unto mortal man; that in the past, God poured forth copiously from the fount of inspiration his divine truths, and then closed up the fount, and out off men from a fresh supply; that in the past he gave unto men all that was needed; that in a book called the Bible he divulged to man certain spiritual truths which were and are adequate to the progressive spiritual wants of man. This error is based upon the idea of a personal God, and hence of a personal dispensation of that God-head, called special providences. That there are, in one sense, special providences, will readily be admitted, as when the providence meets if special want, and is adapted to special conditions; but that there is a personal delty, in some far-off region, who dispenses unto man, through chosen mouth pieces, special providences, which he has elected them to receive, is a falsity which has prevailed from time immemorial. God, indeed, does by his spirits raise up revelations of his will; doth prepare and educate the receptors of his divine inspiration, through whom he may give unto the peoples that which they need; but that God, at any particular time, gave unto a nation, or unto nations, a revelation, inspiration, or dispensation. adapted and adequate to the wants and demands of all other nations and all other ages, is a falsity, because - and this great primal truth cannot be too often reiterated-God graduates himself to his children. In this sense the Mosaic dispensation was special, or the Christian dispensation, or any other dispensation to a nation, but in no other sense. Is God so far off fromus at this day, that we cannot catch the light of his countenance?

Has he shone refulgently in the past, and then hid himself in a cloud, so that we cannot come near him? Is His inspiration dried up? This is a very narrow conception of the God-head. God speaks to each soul just as freshly and as paternally now as at any time of the past, because He is ever present with his people. Once do away with the idea of a personal Deity, having his likes and dislikes, and you topple over the superstructure of theologic errors-one of which is that of the special inspiration to the Jews being adequate to the demands of all other nations and times. God is as much a presence to-day as ever he was. The inspiration of the past is not sufficient for the needs of the present, but man's spiritual appetites hunger and thirst for fresh inspiration daily, and this is supplied to every needy soul by God, through His holy spirits.

This great error that all the inspiration adequate to the wants of man, at any time, is contained in a book called the Bible, has been fruitful of mischievous results to the spiritual nature of man; not because the truth there has not been useful, for whatever truth is given in that book, is as vital, because as divine, this day as ever; but truth, to be usoful, is adapted to the demand for it, and if, in the past, the Jews were not so unfolded as the men of this age-as it is clear they were not-why should the inspiration which was given to them be deemed adequate to the wants of this age? Other nations, as the Mahometans, Persians, Greeks, have run into the same error, in supposing that the inspirations which they received were adapted to the whole of mankind; but God, more wise and more loving, hasdispensed his inspirations of truth according as those nations needed.

Now, we call not on Spiritualism to sweep away the Bible, nor any other book containing divine truths, as some suppose; but Spiritualism is to winnow out each error, and to apply each divine truth that is applicable to the present, and that the Bible abounds in moral and spiritual truths cannot be doubted. But this age needs other teaching besides; it has scientific, social and moral wants, and there must be an inspiration adapted to them.

As a principle, inspiration is as to receptivity, and impartation is as to receptivity. A nation, but little developed, does not require so high a degree of inspiration as one further advanced. The Jews, as a mass, were unreceptive-though they had their exalted mediums, raised by spirit power-and notwithstanding the broad illumination they had from the spirit land, they were degraded, sensual, warlike. There must be receptivity before there can be impar-

Furthermore, inspiration inflowing through human channels, must be modified and contaminated, in a measure, by individual natural states, and thereby lose somewhat of the original purity which it possessed as it came from God. The inspirations which came through Moses, David, Solomon, Isniah, Jesus, John, Paul, Socrates, Plato, Pythagorus. Confucius, Luther, Swedenborg, or Channing, bore the stamp of their characteristic individuality. Hence the necessity of keeping the reason open, to judge of the quality and adaptedness of any received inspiration. There is a peculiar relation between the Freason, the digestive faculty of the soul, and spirituality, the receptive faculty of the soul. The primal use of inspiration is to illuminate us first, to stir our consciousness; and then to be appropriated by the understanding to the wants of the individuality, to build it up into a harmonic structureafterwards to go forth into the sphere of external life on its mission to others.

The literal signification of inspiration is to breathe into; so that a man may be inspired, not only by spirits out of the flesh, but by spirits in the flesh; and he may be inspired by the indwelling life in material things. The phenomena of nature, in many ways, may magnetize a man, may breathe upon him and inspire him. When you go into the sphere of certain individuals, you feel that their sphere infringes upon your own, their inner life inspires you, and you cannot altogether repel it. In this way men are becoming sensativised by the process of spiritualization; and they begin to feel that they must live in certain spheres and conditions. After a time, by this process of spiritualization, invisibly exercised upon men and women, there will be a necessitous segregation, an allotment of persome to particular spheres, groupings and combinations, until there shall be sphere upon sphere, all but for personation of character. Each spirit though, as such serves to illustrate the power of that opinion. The might see that the number of mistakes of a divine circle, even on earth, as in the heavens, shall ment, and from childhood to old age, manifested in revolution was once a thought. The great changes have given and for personation of character. Each spirit though, as such serves to illustrate the power of that opinion. The might see that the number of mistakes of a divine circle, even on earth, as in the heavens, shall ment, and from childhood to old age, manifested in revolution was once a thought. The great changes have less than a cleration less that the number of mistakes of a ment, and from childhood to old age, manifested in revolution was once a thought. The great changes have less than the number of shall be spirited.

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the societies or spheres of which I have just spoken, ly? Simply because men had not made use of what they had received. Men must tread the lowly vales of love, must become clothed upon with the ality must be broken down; men must be reborn; must become as little children, and then divine individuality will possess them. Inspirations of truth, years have witnessed. of wisdom, and of use, will flow into them, and they will walk in the ways of God as His redeemed children. Then men will find that the proud external strength, which they exercised before, as a huge barrier to their progress-that the prime condition of receptivity is passivity.

Still further, men are not only recipients of insniration from spirits, but when intromitted into the superior conditions, they get into sympathy with the spheres or plains above them, and imbibe truths that pervade those spheres; they see spirits face to face and talk with them, and are breathed upon or inspired by them. As they rise from plane to plane, they are still more inspired and receive larger and diviner draughts of this most holy nature, which becomes broader and still more divine as they progress.

At present but very few can go into these high conditions; but the time is coming when children shall be taken from the cradle and moulded by spirits to their organic inspiration, shall grow up to be seers, prophets, and interpret the speech of God in the celestial and spiritual, as in the natural conditions. Every man to a certain degree may be an inspired man, if he does not so shut un his faculties that no divine truth can penetrate into him. Thank God, the vast spirit world has opened its doors, and its inhabitants are pouring down floods of divine inspiration. Let every man take the truth thus offered, and more than that, let him live up to it, graduating it to his present place of being, and projecting it into spheres of use.

Inspiration in the expression of the Divine him self, not limited to any place or time, but extending over all ages and all space and embracing all mankind. Open your minds to receive this inspiration of God through his spirits, and you will not have to go to sacred books and special teachers, but each man will be unto himself a teacher-a recipient of divine truth day by day. As he receives and lives out these truths does he thus become sanctified iu practicalities before the Father.

Correspondence.

FRANKLIN, N. H., OCT. 11, 1857. Messas. Epirons-Having read an article in the Boston Courier, denouncing Mr. Mansfield (medium) for answering sealed letters,) as a humbug and demediumship. My wife accompanying me, I went to of knowledge. a long strip of paper, and addressing it to her mathe question, two or three times over, completely concealing the contents. Mr. M. during the writing was in the ante-room conversing with me, and was neither looking towards nor giving any attention to the writing of the question. He now stepped into his office and placed his left forefinger upon the fold ed paper, both of us following him immediately and taking seats close beside him. I watched the paper containing the interrogatory constantly, as did my wife, never lifting our eyes from it until after the lapse of a few minutes, when he began to write, commencing with: "My dear grandchild L___," Then followed a distinct and rational answer to the question, and closing with: "Your grandmother D-The names were properly given and written out in

Now, how did Mr. Mansfield know the Christian name of my wife, or the family name of, her grandmother? And how did he know the name of the person-addressed or-that it was her grandmother? There was no possible chance for him to read the

contents of the folded note before him. But not satisfied with this one trial, my wife addressed a question to a cousin who had been in the spirit world some six years. The same precaution was used as before. The paper containing the quescles (and here be it known, we were depriving him brate through eternity. of all and every means by which he is charged, by Prof. Felton, in the Courier, of getting at the contents of letters) he answered the note successfully. commencing with "My dear Cousin I" Then followed a communication four feet in length, written with great rapidity, and evincing a knowledge of the party addressed which was impossible with any person who had not once been an intimate acquaint rest. ance. The communication was entirely characteristic of the party from whom it purported to come addressed in the note.

On the same day we called on Miss Munson, Trance Medium, occupying a room in the same building with Mr. Mansfield. The communications we minating persecution defeats itself. Any apparent received through this excellent medium were very exception to this rule, owes its existence to the force remarkable, not only as affording several fine tests, of public opinion, and not to persecution itself, and

Inspiration is one of the agents by which this is to readiness equalled only by manifestations through be brought about. By the reception of every new one's own organism. I have time only to mention truth, by the influx of every divine idea, the inte- one test which we received through the mediumship riors of men come to be expanded and sensativised, of Miss Munson. The spirit of a most lovely and intill every man snull not only be a reader of inspira- teresting boy, when in the earth form, and connecttion, but a receptor also. He shall receive according ed with me by the strongest ties of affinity, but not to his organism and his fitness for his special pur by consanguinity, manifested in all the pure and beautiful character by which he endeared himself to If a man by nature be a philosopher, a priest, a those who knew him while on earth: And at the poet, an artist, a musician, his peculiar organism close of his communication he said: "Mr. Walcott, being recognized by the developed souls composing of Columbus, Ohio, has taken a crayon portrait of me, for you," and when I got home I found it as he he shall receive through them a peculiar inspiration said, the express having brought it the day before. suitable to him, if a divine use is to be subserved It is a crayon taken by a master hand, purporting thereby, and not otherwise. Why has not the spirit to have been drawn in five minutes by the medium, world hitherto poured out its inspiration more free blindfolded, and is pronounced a good likeness of the child, by those who knew him while here.

The wonders of the present time are many; therefore do not make up your mind with regard to these gentle garments of humility, before they can be strange things without investigation. No authority crowned with wisdom. False conditions of individu- will avail; nothing but the naked facts should govern us in coming to a conclusion upon phenomena the most remarkable the last seventeen hundred Yours &c.,

> Woodstock, Vr., Sept. 25, 1857. DEAR SIRS-Once more in the enjoyment of retirement, amidst the quiet scenes of my green mountain home, my mind has been very naturally led to a contemplation of those strange and wonderful demonstrations of infinite wisdom and power, called (and by us believed to be) Spiritual Manifestations, which are now convulsing society, not only in your beautiful model city, but throughout the world, and, as it were, penetrating the very arcanum of the human soul, and bringing forth those latent energies into active exercise, and a perceptional relation of the unfolding laws of being, and a clear comprehension of the mighty truths which ever lie strewn along the pathway of human progress.

> It was while my mind was agitated with these thoughts, that I was impressed to take up a volume lying upon my table, and my eye was directed to a portion of the work which treats of "Man as an allrelated being in an all-related system;" a few extracts from which. I think, may not be inappropriate at the present time, and under the existing condition of things. I therefore transcribe them for you, to do with them as you may see fit.

> "Man came into a universe of pre-existing relations; a universe in which, at every previous progressive stage, these relations had been multiplying and complicating indefinitely.

> He came to take them all up into his own nature. His mind was constructed on a plan relative to the plan of the universe, in order that he might perceive the rhythm of the whole. But the new powers requisite for this end, still further complicated these lines of relation. Psychology was added to physiology. As the body is the medium through which the outer world gains access to the spirit, so, also, it is the instrument or mediator through which the spirit reacts, reaches the outer world, knows it, and impresses itself upon it. Science is directly conversant with the objective.

> Philosophy finds its elements in the subjective. But, without the objective, philosophy cannot take the first step; without the aid of the subjective, science is impossible.

The ideas of philosophy, the laws of science, and the constructions of art, all proceed together. Every phenomenon is both an antecedent and a consequent. sustains different relations. So vital and perfect is this system of relations, that whatever part or funcceiver, and denying his power to answer letters tion of the human being engages our attention, we closely scaled in an envelope, except by a skillful feel inclined to conclude that the whole has been adcontrivance in opening them or reading their con- susted for that particular point. Nor can any one tents by holding them up to the light, I concluded to department of knowledge be properly arranged, which write you my experience in this singular phase of does not provide for its relation to every other branch

his rooms at No. 3 Winter Street. I had seen Mr. It hardly need be added that these relations are Mansfield before, but to my knowledge, and in all continuous, never pausing from the first moment of reasonable probability, he had never known any- man's existence. Indeed it might be shown that if thing of my family. He paused a moment, after a he lives to draw only a single breath, the record of simple introduction, then said, speaking to Mrs. G., that breath is written on the atmosphere itself, never Will you please to step into my office and write a to be effaced. And, in the same manner, that subtle question to some deceased friend?" She did as re-element becomes the tablet of every word he utters, quested, writing her interrogatory upon the top of and of every action he performs through life. His relations are ever-changing. Like a traveler changternal grandmother, and signing it with her own ing his relations to the scenery through which he is proper name; then she folded the sheet containing passing at every step he takes, man takes up new relations to the objective universe, through every moment of life, relations which modify all those which he already sustains, and which await him in the future. So, also, are they ever increasing.

As his powers are developed and advance towards maturity, the sphere of his knowledge enlarges, the objects which attract his attention multiply; the points, so to speak, at which the subjective and the objective touch, increase daily. He takes up new relations, without ever becoming entirely, and in every sense, divorced from any which he before sustained. And his relations are universal. From-the first hour of life, he is potentially an all-related being. Before he knows it, the capabilities of his nature prepare him for entering into relations with every department of the universe. But as those capabilities are developed by activity, these relations become matters of consciousness. Look where he may, man finds himself in the centre of multitudinous relations, stretching away into infinity and eternity. On no one point could he lay his finger, and positively affirm, Here ends one class of relations, and begins another. Even his will is conditioned by motives, and owes its freedom to its harmonious relation with the Supreme Will. Viewed in this relation, the arched heavens become a dome, in which his lightest whisper is retion was closely folded and constantly observed, and peated through all nature, and carried in thunder to we both know that Mr. M. had no means of knowing the throne of God; and the wide earth a theatre in its contents. But nothwithstanding all these obsta- which his softest step alights on chords which vi-

Among the reflections to which this view of man's relations give rise, one is, that every man must be within certain limits, different from every other man; and another, that the ways in which man's relationships may be disturbed must be indefinitely numerous; and a third, that no one of these relationships can be affected without affecting all the

In harmony with these views, man exercises an influence over the mind of his fellow-man, proporand was signed in full with the name of the party tioned to the rank of the truth and of the faculty which he employs, and of the principle, and the intensity of the principle by which he is actuated.

Mere physical force effects little. The most exter-

as is generally supposed, but by the operation of a than yours, surveys the landscape of God's work as power stronger than all these a power which no limited or bounded by the mountain walls of mysfires can burn, no armies destroy, but which is able tery beyond. He who stands in the broad fields of itself to extinguish the one, and to annihilate the God's great farm, with back turned towards the illuother—the power of thought, opinion, principle.

These are the true sovereigns of the world, By time has been given to them; and all other forms of power are only their creatures.

In the domain of mind, metaphysical ideas are supreme. Their power is not limited to the minds which conceive them. It extends next to the larger circle of minds which comprehend them. These popularize and diffuse them to a wider circle beyond. Thought propagates itself by a law of its own; and in proportion as it loses its metaphysical or scientific form, it becomes a centre of feeling and force, and gains in its influence on the general mass.

The debris of the mountain range, though inaccessible and useless in its Himalayan heights, when triturated and commingled by the streams which bear it down into the valleys, is destined to form the fertile plains on whose produce nations live. While the earth was resounding with Alexander's exploits, Aristotle, his tutor, was silently achieving the might | paper will recollect that I had a son sixteen years of ier conquest of the human mind.

and extinct; but the mental empire of the philoso | habit the material body longer, I would state that pher continued vigorous and entire for more than in just one week from the time of his passing to the two theusand years, moulding opinions, affecting spirit life, I visited Roxbury, and was in company creeds, and indirectly guiding the popular intellect; with a lady, a trance medium of that place. She had nor is it anything like destroyed yet.

verts threnes. It has a throne of its own, "in the I requested it might be written, which was not asspirit and souls of men." Mighty is he to whom sented to; but it was promised that at some future such a truth first comes, or by whom it first speaks, time I should have one written. The same medium, mightier that all men that have it not. Based on Miss Rosa T. Amedy, being on a visit to New Hampall that is most profound and central in our nature, shire, a few weeks since, and whilst in an unconit draws to itself the whole depth and mass of our scious trance state, her companion was requested to being. And as it enlists in its cause the spiritual bring paper and pencil, and copy what was spoken. and untiring part of our nature, it needs no pause, The poem I send you is what was delivered and allows no truce, entails its quarrel from generation | written at that time. to generation. Hence religion is ever struggling for In explanation, I would say the mother of the boy its right place and influence among a people where does not acknowledge her belief in the ability of spir it has not yet obtained them; and when it has, that its to communicate; and also the father's time is place is found to be the centre and summit of power, employed as a healing medium. It appears the boy where it becomes the bond of their unity and their has the spirit name of "Morning Star." strength.

To the idea of God, society is ever unconsciously aiming to adjust itself, and to be assimilated.

We have seen that man is actuated by principles differing in value and importance; and we may expect, therefore, that his influence on others will be proportioned to the rank of his moving principle. Accordingly, we find that the man who surrenders himself to his animal appetites, passes on himself a sentence of isolation and insignificance; and his fellow men ratify the doom with averted face.

Self-government is the primary condition of all relative influence; and in proportion as a man displays this, even in the pursuit of his own interests, he rules the spirits of others. "Men will praise thee when thou dost well to thyself." The man who, under the force of a well-regulated self-love, keeps his eye steadily fixed on some point in the future, and tramples on every present obstacle in the way to it, influences those around him by his example at every step he takes. The benevolent affections tell more powerfully still. They surround him with an atmosphere, which whose breathes becomes like him.

The open heart is a key to open other hearts. Compassion melts and warms the icy to its own temperature. Love begets love, and "is stronger than death." Actuated by these affections, a man goes out of himself only to find that others are coming to him. A sense of duty still further augments his power. The force of a higher will is then added to his own. He 'cannot but speak the things which he has seen and heard." "Necessity is laid on him." He is an agent of heaven. Every great force enters into his acter; sincerity, which all confide in; self-denial, which makes room in his heart for God : faith, which sees "horses and chariots of fire," and which hourly remove a mountain; and an energy which moves with face and step direct towards its object; qualities which all hearts bow down before and reverence."

My task, for the present is done, and if the principles involved in the above selection of sentiments touch the chords of your heart, my friends, as they have mine, I doubt not but it will respond to that touch, and its vibratory tones shall be felt far and Yours, most truly,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

IMPRESSIONAL COMMUNICATION.

BY H. B. S.

Seating myself at the desk, I requested the presnce of a spirit friend, and a communication from him. Passively yielding my mind to his control. I soon felt the efflux of the invisible magnetiser thrilling my nerve-spirit, and pervading the chambers of my soul. As the spirit thought condensed to words, they fell into my mind, and thus he wrote:--

"We come not merely for the individual good of any man, but that through that good others may be blessed. We must need contact somewhere with the chain of human life, that over it our influence may pass unto the lowest of the brotherhood of man-and if to you, as to an individual link in that great chain, we come, 'tis not that you need most our culture or our care, but that through you, more clear, and shining brighter than the rusted links of earth. we best can contact and pervade the chain. Many such links there are, and God be thanked that from vast numbers more the rust cleaves off in scales, and by the polish of angelic hands shall soon shine bright.

It is our office to bestow of what we know-to give of that which freely hath been given to us-and from the school-rooms of the higher grade of knowledge, come to earth, to trace such copies as we may in the great book of life. For we are learners, all and he who needs the care and culture most of angel guides, doth but represent the highest angel's need-God, from the fountain of all truth, pours out abundance o'er the spheres of mind, but some there are who slake their thirst at trickling threads of knowledge, winding in shallow and obstructed places through the scenes of earth. Others come to larger streams others again to rivers and there be those who stand upon the ocean's marge, and feel the time will come when they shall ask for more.

In individual progress is our God revealed—and to

minating sun, projects a shadow from himself vast in proportion, which seems to him a God; but 'tis the constitution of the Divine plan, the empire of himself in shade. And yet God is—exists in such perfection that the highest scraph in you world of purest light, finds in his being all that nature craves. He is the source of life-its sustenance-its aim. In every man, and yet above all men-incomprehensible, and yet all wisdom comes from compre-

hension of his parts. Toward Him all aspire that came from Him, and yet beyond all compass of the aspirant, He ever dwells, the unapproachable. Think not God to know, except as growth, development in wisdom, purity and love, shall give you knowledge of yourself. God dwells in every man,

and in all men doth manifest Himself; and 'tis this consciousness of life, this knowledge of existence, that gives individuality to man, and proves the existence of a God."

MESSRS. EDITORS—As many of the readers of your age, injured at a fire in Cambridge, last winter, to The Macedonian Empire was soon dismembered such an extent that it was impossible for him to innever seen the lad who had passed on, but in an un-It may be expected, however, that of all the conscious trance described him accurately to me, and thoughts or theories which move men, the mightiest repeated the last conversation which passed between will be those which partake of a moral nature. And the lad and myself, previous to his being injured. The influence then seemed to change, and for twenty A moral truth is greater than a throne, and sub- minutes, through her to me, came a beautiful poem.

JAMES W. GREENWOOD. Yours truly,

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE." Awake, my muse, though slumbering long. Awake and tune thy harp to song; And may the notes on Heaven's blest shore, Echo—"Not lost, but gone before."

May posey, sweet child of Heaven, Heal the deep wounds by sorrow given, And make thee, brother, strong to fight Thy way through this dread error's night. 'Tis true, the blow struck near thy heart,
'Tis true, that it was hard to part
With thine own darling boy, but he
Thy morning star, will prove to be.

There's one link less on earth to bind. One stronger in the spirit clime ; Thus other chains to thee are given,

Magnets to draw from earth to heaven.

Thine angel mother, and thy boy, Both freed from all of earth's alloy, Are magic staffs to help thee on Through earth life to the spirit home.

I know, dear prother, that full oft With spirit eye thou'lt gaze aloft: And with love's spy-glass thou after Will seek to view that morning star. Have strength, dear brother, Hope thou on,

At last you'll meet—together roam Upon the bright Elysian shore, And know, "He'd only gone before.

I would that mother, too, could know That 'mid her deep distress and woo, Her angel boy had hie'd him back, To mark for her a shining track.

That she could feel he was not dead, Though auburn shades the casket bed. But that the spirit boy sped on, To dwell with angels in their home. That oft in twilight's silent hour,

He hie's him from his rosy bower; Whispering dear mother, mourn i I am "not lost, but gone before."

That knowledge would seem saving power. From death, the grave, and sorrow's hour; That hope would light the mother on, To join her boy in spirit home.

And brother, as thou dost have power, To feel the spirits day and hour; Assisting thee to work for right; Be strong, I pray thee, in thy might,

Pray oft for guidance from above, Pray that thy morning star of love Will with thine angel mother come, And help thee to bring Gllead's balm

To aching hearts, that they may feel That always 'mid earth's wee and weal, A good Samaritan will bring A life elixir from God's spring.

Thus, brother, as I close my song, I'll once more pray you to be strong; To dare to fight—dare to be free— Strike for thy God and liberty. And when thy work on earth is done, When thou dost find that life's great sun

Is setting in the West of Time, May'st thou behold from spirit clime The angels spooding down to thee With thy bright robe of purity; And meeting thus thy morning star, Know "he's not lost, but gone before."

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD! BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN

TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER RARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XIII.-Continued.

I revisited Mrs. Hayden several times, and witnessed many similar "manifestations." On one occasion, a young man was present who obtained intelligence of the death of a brother long lost in distant lands; also the secret of a murder which he suspected to have taken place in his family. The spirit was asked if he should take measures to bring the guilty party to justice; but this was discommended. The spirits, we were informed, are generally tender towards the reputations and interests of living persons. An unmarried literary lady was present on one occasion, and had her somewhat extraordinary name correctly spelled. Then the spirit gave her name as Sarah Taft, appearing to have been a servant in the family, for she was familiar with various circumstances in its history, particularly the death of two young boys, which took place before the experimenter was born. On being asked by the lady to give the maiden name of her mother, it was clear-ly and readily given as "Hannah Hilditch." A little after this lady had concluded her experiments, one of the rings burst upon her finger, to the great in w crease of the wonder already excited in the com-

pany.

It would be tedious to describe more of the procoedings as these seances. I may mention, however,

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 servous tomperament 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 sold 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 pres ence, 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.

0 0 0 0 0 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 nint 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 scances 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 mecanique 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 pres. ent, the temperature was ordinary, and I must pro-fess 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 sur-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 medium's back, where only visitors were present: and I am assured that this is often done with pre-cisely 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 or has flown to the spirit's home. Knock and it shall the matter, from having seen the original manuscript | be opened to you, whether you are in the earth sphere, that Robert Chambers was the bona fide author of or in those beyond earth. that celebrated work, " The Vestiges of Greation," the authorship of which has been attributed to sev- his God for mercy. He has taken the first step by eral distinguished literati; but thus far the talented returning to earth, and asks for forgiveness at the author has succeeded in maintaining his incognito to hands of his enemy. You may learn a lesson from this spirit which shall last you till you join him in the world at large.

STRIKING CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Dr. A. C. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Conn., claims to have, from a boy, possessed the 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 hs 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 scale of love and harmony. Oh, learn, and profit the hair, and as the result of his impressions wrote by what you may learn. Your circle is closed by substantially as follows: "As for your ox. I would order of R. G. Shaw. 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 in Lowell; my name was Ann Paul, my disease conand 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 Allegraphy on the survey pures

A restless sleeper is said to be like a lawyer, from

The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its head partially im-plies, 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 be-

youd, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but Finitz beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirita," 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 poted—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 showeth 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 sense, 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 criticise 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 carth 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 unclad. 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

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.

Maker.

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 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 of imposture through this means is premature, for I dellaid the foundation of that trouble. Oh, in ave seen the alphabet used successfully behind the God's name, don't tamper with it. Tell John to lead Oh, pray for me! Don't neglect me, will you? Good

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 rightcousness, for they shall be filled. And it matters not whether the spirit inhabits a clay tenement, The spirit who has just manifested has been freed

from earth, and he sees his errors, and calls upon 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 one prayer some poor benighted soul may find its way up to God. See how quick the spirit rises when it is freed from the thraldom 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

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

Ann Paul, Lowell.

I believe you permit strangers to come and send messages to their friends. I died in the year 1854, sumption, 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 mother can't see me. She will weep over the body which is turied in the ground; while I stand

and beautiful. Heaven is everywhere I go. I never feel sick, never feel tired, never feel anything but I lived in Water street once. 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 s ved me, but I know better, and that everything was done for me that could have been. When I knew I was dead I clapped 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 byc. 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 to mortal sight near twenty years. Yes, its 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 knew 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 thing she had on earth was there, hence she could 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 supoose I found that wife? Well, I found her dancing -all right I suppose-but there was no mourning

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 as I'm obliged to tell why, but it was so. Well, I asked my wife to take care of that cat, but when I went, 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 1 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

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.

me she had been here some little time, and said that been back to earth to God! said I, 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 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 himwe 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 ie as fast as a horse can trot. I knew I was dead-I knew I was being out 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 book caseno 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 lody 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 carcaso 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 out 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 alms-

went to the alms-house because I wanted to go there.

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 forget much, but I think Sally's daughter married a Foster. My daughter married a Tripp, Ann says; but I

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, everynot 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 permis-

sion to come here. I told you then I was very unhappy. I took your advice, and have been stendily 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 cars 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 disease 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, heeds 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 cased 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 se-I am down in my own estimation: you see I sold there, and have done what I could, but hear seid since I was a good deal that has 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. Man y 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. urge her to do it, for the power about her will do I saw old Mother Hoit the other day, and she told that; but I earnestly hope that my friends in London will dilligently 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, toothis sitting, and was much interested in this mani- he gets drunk; he licked me so I died, and God don't festation, inasmuch as the party was not thought of love him at all, and he won't love him at all if he by him, and was the last person he would have 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 to-day, 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 die before I did, 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 time over it, and he kick-

Mother says I must not hallon 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 house 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, wont you? Perhaps you'll learn me something, and may be I shall learn you some-

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 sleeps 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 house. If I had lived a little longer, I should have in body. Tieft on earth a husband, child, one sister, been 97 years old... I'm young now when I'm away one brother, and a father. One of them has since from here, I.I. was in Boston once. What's the year oome to me, yes, two. I say come to me; one has A restless sleeper is said to be like a lawyer, from by her side without her notices. I saw much when I how? Then I've, been dead most eight, years. I come to dwell with me—another has entered the the fight that he lies on one side, then turns and less that came here, which caused most ownder. Every, want you to tell the children that I can, come, and spirit life, but does not dwell with me. I was 22 on the other in New York, keeping in two years.

what used to be called Daguerrian Rooms-where the portraits of mortals are taken. Now I might come feeling sad if I were to look at things as many spirits do. But few 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 know it would, for many angels came to me and assured me it would be so. And it did come.

My mother passed to the spirit land when I was about 16 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 shild is now living and well and resides in Boston, Mass., and is now 19 years of age. I watch over her—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

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 before mentioned. It was Angusta McKeene.

Elizabeth Mills, Providence.

It is now near ten years since I came here, and 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 took laudanum to commit suicide, but it is not so; 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 deared up this mistake in reference to my death. My busband is now married, and has three children. am not happy, because of the mistaken idea entertained about my death; but as I have set this right, l 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 gruel. He's a nice man, and he brought mo 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. Lucking 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 off 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 well 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, sad, 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, 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. 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 un. certainty and fear till the present time-now I am happy. I have a sister living on earth who is sickvery 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 slokness. 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 Mills, in which an average of eighty persons are employed, 187 girls have been married with.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. T'THINK OF THEE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

I think of thee, When keys of light ope morning's massive gate, And sunbeams chase the lingering shades of night; And does thy soul's deep fervor light A single thought of me?

I think of thee, In all the hum and clatter of the town, And then my thought's are scaled to all around; Thy heart with love's rich dews abound, liast not a drop for met

I think of thee, When friends, that little feel, are clustering near, When all my being yearns in solitude; Sweet soul with sympathy imbued Wilt shed its power on me?

I think of thee, When twilight comes with heavenly eyes agem, And trails its mystic silence on the air. , And pray for thee; hast thou no prayer To offer up for me?

I think of thee, When weary with the turmoit of the day, I go to rest; the Past again expresses Through memory's power the fond caresses:

Hast yet caress for mo? I think of thee, But most of all when darkness hides the world, And earth is kissed by moonlight's softest beam, For then I dream : dost never dream

Thou'rt wandering forth to me?

Che First Sach of Delbi.

In a wretched little tent, which was pitched near the fortress of Kelnt, in the Persian province of Khorassan, a poor woman gave birth to a son who was named Nadir Kooli, or the slave of the Almighty, in the year 1688. The child's father carned his livelihhood by making sheep-skin coats for the peasants, and Nadir was brought up as a shepherd until the age of thirteen, when his father died.

An ass and a camel were his only patrimony, and he kept his mother by gathering sticks in the woods and carrying them to market.

In 1704 a marauding band of Toorkmans carried himself and his mother away into slavery. The latter died; but young Nadir escaped after four years of servitude, and, having stolen a flock of sheep, fled into the mountains of Khorassan, and adopted the life of a robber. His reputation for daring and bravery soon spread abroad over the country. In 1714, he received the command of a large force from the governor of his native province, with which he repulsed the invasions of the Toorkmans.

At this time Persia was groaning under the yoke of the conquering Affghans, and the rightful shah was a fugitive in the mountains which border on the Southern coast of the Caspian Sea.

The intropid robber-chief, therefore, offered his services to his unfortunate sovereign, and received the command of his armies. He now displayed most extraordinary ability, and in two years had conquered the Affghans in several hard-fought battles, thus completely ridding Persia from foreign invasion. Shah Tahmasp was restored to the throne, with the powerful Nadir as General of his armies. But the ambition of the robber could never rest satisfied with the position of a subject. In 1732 he dethroned the Shah, and in 1736 he was proclaimed sovereign of Persia by a vast assemblage of chiefs. on the plains of Mogan, near the shores of the Cas-

This extraordinary man was rude and illiterate, but possessed a magical influence over the soldiers and an intuitive instinct which seemed to point out to him the exact moment for action. He was six feet high, with round shoulders, and large expressive eyes, fixed under a broad expanse of forehead. His voice was thundering, and a terrible battle-axe was his favorite weapon.

Having defeated the Turks, and put down every attempt at revolt amongst the restless tribes of the mountains of Persia, Nadir Shah, turned an eye of longing cupidity on the rich but now almost powerless Indian empire of the Great Mogul.

The empire of the Moguls in India, which had been founded by the brave and learned Baber, most charming of autobiographers, had risen to the height of its splendor during the reign of Aurungzebe, who died in 1707, and at the time of Nadir's rise was sunk to the lowest ebb of degradation. Mohammed Shah, the reigning Great Mogul, passed his time in sensual pleasures in the palace of Delhi, while the Mahratta tribes plundered his southern frontier, and the Sikhs and Rohillas assumed virtual independence in the north and west. One of the great omras, or lords, who enjoyed the title of Nizamoo-Moolk, (regulator of the state,) governed the important province of the Deccan; while Devran Khan, the chief adviser of the Mogul, exposed hii pusillanimous weakness by bribing the Mahrattas with large sums to desist from their incursions.

The rich and splendid city of Delhi, the centre of all this pitiable weakness, was founded by the Mozul Shah Jehan, in 1631, on the west side of the river Jumna, in the midst of a fertile plain. The palace, surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, of reddish stone, is built along the banks of the river, with gardens planted with orange groves and apricot trees surrounding it. The Dewan-i-kass, or hall of audience, was the chief pride of the palace, and an inscription proclaimed-" If there be an elysium on earth, it is this-this is it!" In its palmy days it contained the famous throne which stood on six legs of massy gold, set with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, with golden peacocks covered with precious stones and pearls forming its canopy. The ceiling of this superb hall consisted of satin canopies, and the walls were hung with silken tapestries embroidered with gold. Here the great Mogul, surrounded by omras in gorgeous dresses, gave audiences to governors and ambasadors. On these state occasions he was attired in white satin covered with gold embroidery, a turban of cloth of gold surmounted by the figure of a heron, whose feet were covered with large diamonds,

and a collar of enormous pearls. The other chambers of the palace were no less magnificent, and the vaults were filled with count. less treasure. The houses of the rich and luxurious omras beautified the two principal streets of the city, but the houses of the poorer classes were mean and thatched with straw.

It can be no matter for wonder that these vast treasures were coveted by the victorious Nadir. and that the Great Mogul and his effeminate court should have been suddenly startled, in the midst of their pleasures, by the news that a Persian army was on the frontier.

June, 1738. The Persian army then advanced caused by the ravages of the invaders. through the narrow mountainous passes between It would have been well for the fame of the once

The court of the Mogul was at length thoroughly alarmed. A vast army of 200,000 mon, under the their doom in the city of Delhi. joint command of Devran Khan and Nizam-ool-Moolk, (who hated each other most cordially,) was sure, and deposited it in the castle of Kelat, close t: collected outside the walls of the capital; and having been joined by Mohammed Shah in person, with native province of Khorassan, became his capital. a splendid court, they advanced to the plain of Kurnaul, about sixty miles north of Delhi.

Having crossed the Indus, Nadir Shah rested his army for a few days at Lahore, and then advanced at length became intolerable. towards the plain of Kurnaul. In twenty-eight months he had marched eighteen hundred and fifty miles, and more.

At the same time the Mogul was reinforced by Saadit Khan, a powerful omra, with twenty thousand suspected. men; but the vast assemblage of Indians, without discipline valor or unanimity, had little chance against the veterans of Nadir.

The engagement commenced by a party of six thousand Kurds, who began to pillage the baggage of Sandit Khan's division, on the extreme right of over the cords, and Seleh gave him a mortal wound. the Indian army. Devran Khan led his men up to strengthen Sandit, and Nadir advancing at the same time with a thousand chosen horse, the action became warm; but the Indians, by the judicious arrangement of the Persian, were also attacked inflank, their brigade of elephants was routed by the clever contrivance of placing stages full of blazing tow on the backs of camels, and a panic seized their army." In the thick of the fight Devran Khan was mortally wounded, and fell back senseless on his

Night put an end to the strife, but only a small portion of the Indian right wing had been engaged, and the Great Mogul was desirous of renewing the battle on the following day. But the cowardly or treacherous counsel of Nizam-ool-Moolk prevailed, and the Emperor of India submitted to the terms of the rude conqueror.

Mohammed Shah, the following day, was conducted to Nadir's tent by the Persian vizier, Tahmasp Khan, where he was received with courtesy, but upbraided for having given the conqueror the trouble to march so far to chastise him. The Mogul listened with silence and shame, and the next day the melancholy march to Delhi commenced.

The Great Mogul was attended by twelve thousand Persians, followed by Nadir with the bulk of his army, and in six days the disgraced monarch found himself a prisoner in his own capital. On the following morning, Nadir Shah made his entry into the city, where every house was closed, and proceeded straight to the palace. Here the Indian lords, with true, oriental servility, vied with each other in obsequious flattery of their new master. Saadit Khan, alone, preferred a dose of poison.

Next day, Tahmasp sent some Persian cavalry to open the granaries, which caused the assemblage of mob, and soveral Persians were killed. Nadir issued out of the palace to suppress the tumult, but moderation only increased the insolence of the cowardly Indians; and at length the fierce warrior's wrath was kindled. He ordered the whole city to be given up to pillage and massacre, and, drawing his sword, stationed himself on the roof of a mosque with three gilded domes, near the centre of the city, whence he overlooked the work of destruction in grim and sullen silence. He had ordered that in any street where the dead body of a Persian was found, no soul should remain alive. Neither age nor sex spared, rivers of blood flowed through the streets, and every house, from the palace to the hovel, was filled with mourning.

At length the wretched emperor threw himself at Nadir's feet and implored him to spare his people. The cruel conqueror answered that the Mogul's prayer was granted. He sheathed his sword, and the massacre ceased. It had lasted from eight A. M. to three P. M., and not less than 120,000 souls, or. according to another account, 200,000 had perished: while many women had suffered most infamous treatment before they were relieved by death.

Next day, under threat of punishment, all persons were ordered to pursue their usual employments and a festival celebrated the betrothal of Nadir's second son to a niece of the Great Mogul.

The etiquette of the Imperial Court required that the bridegroom should prove seven generations of noble ancestry. "Tell them," said Nadir, "that he is the son of Nadir, the son of the sword, the grand of the alliance, ceased to have their jokes upon Engson of the sword, and so on for seventy-instead lishmen, and one of the drollest is told as follows, of seven—generations, if they like." The fallen by the Union Bretonne, from which it is translated: monarch was satisfied with the nobility of this terrible pedigree.

Tahmasp Khan, the Persian vizier, was commis- workers in fancy articles. sioned to inspect the collection of the treasure to be extorted from the court and people of Delhi. The contributions were exacted from high and low, with the utmost rigor; no cruelties were left unpractised; and at length an enormous sum was amassed. The jewels taken from the Mogul himself and his nobles, amounted to 42,500,000L; the famous peacock throne being alone valued at 11,250,0004. Gold and silver man. plate, melted into large ingots, came to 37,500,000L; and other spoils, consisting of rich furniture, cannon, and warlike stores, brought the amount of the spoils up to the gigantic sum of 87,500,000L Another when he is no longer looked at." account gives it at 70,000,000L; and the lowest estimate is considerably above 80,000,000L

This wholesale spoltation gives some idea of the splender of the court of Delhi, previous to the ruin- like a clever man, understanding how to take advanus invasion by the Persians.

Before leaving Delhi, Nadir Shah replaced the grown on the head of the Great Mogul with his own such a snuff-box will be very expensive; it will cost hand, and gave him a long lecture on the govern- a thousand crowns." ment of India, concluding with these alarming words: "If necessary, I can be with you myself . "Then, my lord, it shall be made according to in forty days from Candahar. Never reckon me your wishes, and in a month I shall have the honor for oft?

On the 4th of May, 1789, the conqueror mustered his army in the gardens of Shalimar, on the north side of Delhi, with a vast train of camels, horses, and elephants laden with the spoils, and the follewing day he commenced his march towards is my chateau, with its turrets, and there is the 1964 M. E. Edward E. well 1 . Lyk 10 spe

The detention of an ambassador-gave a pretext for It is estimated that, besides the treasure taken invasion. Having captured Candabar, Nadir invest- away, the Indians lost 30,000,000/ by damage done ed the city of Cabul, which was bravely defended by to houses burned and fields laid waste. At least a chief named Sherzih Khan. But his applications 200,000 human beings perished in this terrible visifor aid were neglected by the court of Delhi, and, tation; 40,000 between Peshawur and Kurnaul, after a month's seige, Cabul was taken by storm, in 110,000 in the massacre, and 50,000 by a famine

Cabul and Peshawur, and Nadir succeeded in brib- mighty family of Timour, if Mahommed Shah had ing the warlike Affghan tribes to remain neutral. He fallen, sword in hand, at Kernaul, instead of lingerthus conducted his forces in safety through those ing a disgraced existence in the ruined capital. His dangerous defiles, and captured Pushawur. Having pitiable descendants sank lower and lower, first in surmounted this difficulty, the invader led his army the power of Affghans and Mahrattas, then as penncross the Indus at Attock, by means of two iron sioners of the British government; and now the chains, to which inflated skins were made fast, representative of the mighty Timour, the accomand covered with planks, thus forming a bridge of plished Shah Rokh, the brave and learned Baber, and the magnificent Aurungzebe, has become the miserable puppet of that gang of miscreants who await

> Nadir Shah returned to Persia with his vast treathe place of his birth, and Meshed, the capital of his But the robbery of the riches of Delhi proved a curse to him. From the time of his return, he became avaricious, and so unjust and cruel, that his tyranny

> In the year 1747, he encamped his army on the plains of Sultan Meshed, where he meditated, with the assistance of his Unbeg and Toorkman forces, the massacre of all the Persians whose fidelity he

But the plot was overheard, and recoiled upon himself. At dead of night, an officer, named Seleh Beg, passed the guard, and having discovered Nadir's tent, cut him with a sabre while asleep. The tyrant sprang up, but, in retiring from the tent, he tripped

"Spare me," he cried, "and I will forgive you all!"

The assassin answered:

" You have not shown any mercy, and, therefore, merit none."

His head was sent to his nephew, Ali Kooli, but the courier lost it on the road, and to screen his negligence, substituted that of some other man. The body was buried at Meshed, under a small tomb. with a garden planted round it; but the founder of the present reigning dynasty of Persia, whose family had been persecuted by the mighty conqueror, desecrated his tomb, destroyed the garden, dug up his body, and placed his bones under the steps of the throne at Teheran, that all who passed might trample on them. Over his grave at Meshed some industrious peasant has planted a crop of turnips.

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

A countryman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see; as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with rosy cheeks, soft plum-like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking—

"How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the oldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit, so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved a stone that I may cultivate a tree."

"Bright and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks for regarding the future with care, and is becoming a young husbandman."

"I have caten mine and thrown the stone away." said the youngest, "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet and melting in my mouth !"

"Indeed!" answered the father, "thou hast acted prudently. However, it was very natural and child. like, and displays wisdom enough for four years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and ate the kernel; it was as sweet as a nut to the taste, but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, Beware, my boy of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser! And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his son, who replied-

"I gave my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has had a fever. He would not take it, so I left it on the bed, and I have just now come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund I" the three exclaimed aloud; brother Edmund!" Edmund was still silent, and his mother kissed

him with tears of joy in her eyes. THE ENGLISHMAN'S SNUFF-BOX.

The French papers have not, under the influence

Lord C-, well known for his eccentricities, went to the establishment of one of our most celebrated

"I want you to make me," said he, " a snuff-box, with a view of my chateau on the lid." "It is very easily done," was the reply, if my lord

will furnish me with the design." "I will; but I want, also, at the entrance of my chateau, a niche, in which there shall be a dog."

"That, too, shall be provided," answered the work-"But I want, also, that some means should be contrived, by which, as soon as any one looks at the dog, he shall go back into the niche, and only re-appear

The workman looked inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether his customer was not the victim of some mystificatiom. Re-assured, by his examination, and tage of the affair, he said to the Englishman:

"What you ask of me is very hard to comply with

" Very well; I will pay you a thousand crowns." of delivering it to you."

A month later, the workman presented himself to

"My lord," said her "here is your snuff-box." Lord 0-took it, examined it, and said, "That plobe by the doorway. But I see no dog.

"Did not your lordship," said the workman, "say that you wished the dog to disappear when he was looked at ?"

"That is true, also," was the reply.

claimed, "All right, all right." He put the box in his pocket, took out of his pocket-book three bankbills, of a thousand francs each, and handed them to

Agricultural.

Soiling.—As yet soiling has not obtained to any great extent in the United States. A few, only, of our more intelligent and enterprising farmers and dairymen have tried it, but the results of their experience indicate that little doubt should be entered of its utility. We have read with deep interest during our somewhat protracted connection with the agricultural press, the numerous statements which have been spread before the community by those who favor the new system, both in this country and in Europe, and we have now before us, as we write, a number of those statements originating with men of the highest standing, and of the most unquestionable veracity, all of which will go to show the entire feasibility of soiling, and its probable superiority, in most respects, over the system new in vogue. We F. A. Dzovin, No. 47 South Third Street, Philadelphia. can, however, at present, furnish but one of them, and to this we ask attention. The gentleman-a resident of Waltham, Massachusetts-had four cows. but "not a rod of ground, which could be appropriated to pasturage. These animals were, therefore, never out of the barn or barnyard, and were fed with grass mown for them, with green corn-fodder, which can be sown broadcast for this purpose, and with about three pints of meal each per day. The amount of their produce was kept for thirteen weeks. Two of these animals were heifers of two years old, who had calves the same spring; and the milk of one of them was taken by her calf during six weeks out of thirteen. Some of the milk of the other was taken for family use, but the quantity not determined. Under these circumstances, these heifers could not be rated as equal to more than one cow of full age and milk. From this stock however, thus circumstanced and fed, 389 pounds of butter were made in the thirteen weeks. An additional pound would have given an average of 30 pounds a week for the whole time, to a stock which must be in fairness set down as three cows only."

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June 20

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May 28

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May 7—tf

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Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to. prepay their postage.
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June 15, 1857. Sundays excepted.

Sundays excepted.

June 15, 1857.

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July 8

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August 4.

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